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PALMER'S LOTION
REMOVED ALL MY PIMPLES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

Through Various Grades. Freda, a delinquent of care, culled in to see me one morning, wearing a red sweater, which was rather large. I said to her, "Freda, does not that sweater belong to your big sister?" She evidently did not have the word "shrink" in her vocabulary, for she answered, "It used to belong to sister, but every time mamma washes it it grows younger and younger until now it fits me."—Chicago Tribune.

Canada's Fish Industry.
Last year the fish products of her two counties netted to Canada the sum of \$28,153,044. The industry gives employment to between 50,000 and 100,000 workers of whom about 70,000 are engaged in the sea fisheries, about 10,000 in the fresh water fisheries, and the remainder in canning, curing and otherwise preparing the product for the market.

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The ORACLE
By Booth Tarkington
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PART III.—Continued.
—12—
"I was takin' a walk," she said dubiously. "I had to take a whole lot of exercise, and I ought to walk and walk and walk. I guess I ought to keep on walkin'."
"Get in," he said. "I'm out ridin'. I don't know when I'll get home."
Florence got in. Uncle Joseph closed the door, and the car slowly bumped onward.
"You know where Herbert is?" Uncle Joseph inquired.
"No," said Florence, in a gentle voice.
"I do," he said. "Herbert and your friend Henry Rooter came to our house with one of the last copies of the Oracle they were distributing. I thought I'd thought they'd be kind of forward that the feller responsible for their owning a printing press was going to be in trouble. I had quite a talk with 'em and they hated they hadn't had much to do with this number of the paper, except the mechanical end of it; but they wouldn't come out right full with what they meant. They seemed to have some good reason for protecting a third party, and said quite a good deal about their fathers and mothers being but mortal and so on; so Henry and Herbert thought they oughtn't to expose this third party, whom she was, I thought, I thought they better not stay too long, because I was compromised enough already, without being seen in their company, and I gave 'em something to help 'em out with the movies. You can stay at my house an awful long time, and if you've got money enough to do so several of 'em, you're fixed for as long as you please. A body ought to be able to live a couple of months at the movies for nine or ten dollars, I should think."
He was silent for a time, then asked: "No, don't suppose your papa and mama will be worrying about you, will they, Florence?"
"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Not in the least! There was nothin' at all for me to do at our house this afternoon."
"That's good," he said, "because before we go back I was thinking some of drivin' around by way of Texas."
Florence looked at him trustfully and said nothing. It seemed to her that she suspected something, she was not sure, but his conversation was a little peculiar—though not in the least sinister. Indeed, she was able to make out that he had more the air of an accomplice than of a detective. Nevertheless, she was contented that fate had for the best course for her to pursue, during the next few days, would be one of steadfast reserve. And such a course was congenial to her mood, which was subdued, not to say apprehensive; though she was sure that her recent conduct, if viewed sympathetically, would be found Christian. The trouble was that probably it would not be viewed sympathetically. No one would understand how carefully and tactfully she had prepared the items of the Oracle to lead sanely up to the news of Aunt Julia's engagement and how it had been done in a manner to save his reason. Therefore, on account of this lack of comprehension, really the only wise and good thing to

take quite a lot of time and trouble with the rest of the paper, because I had to write every single word of it, or else let Henry and Herbert do it, and 'course they'd just ruined it. Oh, it isn't so much to talk about I guess; it just sort of comes to me to do things that way."
Like so many other young, unearthened rebarbats, this one was never to be played for an audience. Adults are un dependable. Thirteen attempts to exercise a great philanthropy, and every grown person in sight with the possible exception of Great-uncle Joseph, goes into wholly unanticipated fits of horror. Cause and effect have no relation: Fate operates without reasonable sequence—like a monkey.
And while Florence, thus generously disturbed, sat beside fat Uncle Joseph during their long, long drive, relatives of hers were indeed going into fits; at least, so Florence would have described their gestures and incoherent cries of consternation. And straight into that fitful scene did the luckless Herbert walk when driven home, after the movies, by thoughts of food, at about six that evening. Henry Rooter had strongly advised him against returning.
It may reasonably be felt that it required a particular gift of prophecy to hazard the prediction that in all probability a most unpleasant form of inequity awaited Herbert on his return to his home. And Henry Rooter had the wisdom (and experience) of thirteen.
"You better not," he said, wisely. "Honestly, you better not, Herbert."
"Well, we got apple dumplings for dinner," Herbert said, his tone showing the strain of mental uncertainty. "Elika told me this morning she was going to make 'em. I kind of hate to go, but I guess I better, Henry."
"You won't see any apple dumplings," Henry predicted.
"Well, I believe I better try it, Henry."
"You better come home with me. My father and mother'll be perfectly willing to have you."
"I know that," said Herbert. "But I guess I better go home and try it, anyhow, Henry. I didn't have anything to do with what's in the Oracle. It's ever' last word of Uncle Florence's doin'. I haven't got any more right to be pecked on for that, than a child."
"Yes, Henry advised me. 'But if you go and tell 'em so, I let 'em get even with you some day. I would bet you'd get me in trouble, too, before I'd get through with the job. I wouldn't tell 'em if I was you, Herbert."
"Well, I wasn't intending to," Herbert responded gloomily; and the thought of each, unknown to the other, was the same, consisting of a symbolic likeness of Wallie Torch in a white coat, shouting to tell on Florence; by right, I ought, said Herbert; "but I've decided I won't. There's no tellin' what she wouldn't do. Not that she could do anything to me, particularly."

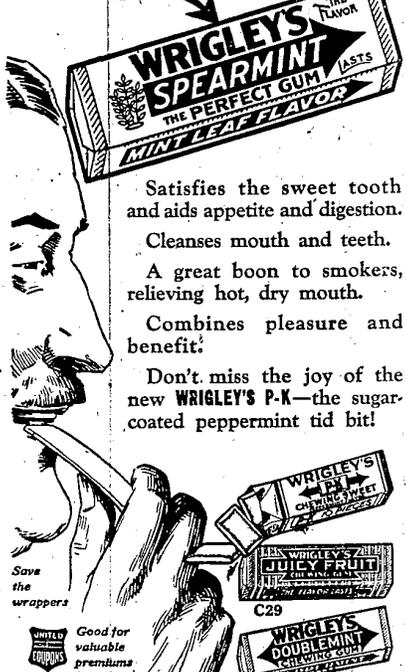
"Nor, me, either," his friend interposed, friendly. "I don't worry about anything like that! Still, if I was you I would, I tell. She's only a girl, we got to remember."
"Yes," said Herbert. "That's the way I'd look at it, Henry; and the way I look at it is just simply this: long as she's a girl, why, simply let her go. You can't tell what she'd do, and so she's the one to go and tell on a girl!"
"That's the way I look at it," Henry agreed. "What's the use? If I was in your place, I'd just tell the same way."
"Well," said Henry, "I guess I better go on home, Henry. It's a good while after dark."
"You're makin' a big mistake!" Henry said, rather calmly. "You won't see any apple dumplings, I bet a hundred dollars! You better come on home with me."
And Herbert no more than half opened his front door before he perceived that his friend's advice had been excellent. "See clearly Herbert, precisely this, that he impulsively decided it to open the door any farther, but on the contrary, to close it, and to get in. He had no other choice, he had not his motor reached forth and defamed him. "He was, in fact, just inside that door in the hall with one of his great-aunts, one of his aunts, two great-aunts, and an elderly, but distinctly agreeable, and all just on the point of leaving. However, they changed their minds and decided to remain, now that Herbert was among them.
"It seemed that to many persons in important consultation, his appearance was distinctly welcome. His own feelings were to howise head, they were distinctly agreeable, and the volley of mingled questionings and reproaches which met him did not tend to remove them. Each member of the party seemed to be in some manner particularly aggrieved.
Herbert's father joined them, a few minutes later, but it had already become clear to the son that the North End Daily Oracle was in one sense a thing of the past, and in another sense this former owner and proprie-

tor was certain that he would never hear the last of it. However, on account of the life of blackmail and slavery now led by the members of the old regime, the Oracle's extinction was far less painful to Herbert than his father supposed; and the latter wasted a great deal of severity, insisting that the printing press should be returned that very night to Uncle Joseph. Herbert's heartiest retrospective wish was that the old printing press had been returned to Uncle Joseph long ago.
"If you can find him to give it to!" Aunt Harriet suggested. "Nobody knows where he goes when he gets the way he did this afternoon when we were discussing it all with him. I only hope he'll be back tonight!"
"He can't stay away forever," Aunt Fanny remarked. "That garage is charging him five dollars an hour for the automobile he's in, and surely even Joseph will decide there's a limit to wildness some time."
"I don't care when he comes back," Herbert's father declared grimly. "Whenever he does he's got to take

that printing press back—and Herbert will be let out of the house long enough to carry it over. His mother or I will go with him."
Herbert bore much more than this that he had seated himself on the third step of the stairway in the hall, and maintained as much dogged silence as he could. Once, however, they got a yelp of anguish, out of him. It was when Cousin Virginia said:
"Oh, Herbert, Herbert! How could you make up a bit of terrible falsehood about Mr. Crum?"
Herbert uttered some sounds, totally incoherent but loud, and expressive of a supreme reversion. The shocked audience readily understood that he liked neither Cousin Virginia's scolding nor Cousin Fido's jeers.
"Shame!" said his father.
Herbert collected himself. It could be seen that his spirit was not broken, even when Aunt Fanny murmured, she had her hand at him, smiling ruefully.
"Oh, if boys could only be girls!" Herbert just looked at her.
"The worst thing," said his father, "is if they're any part of it that's worse than another—the worst thing about it is this about Noble Dill."
"What about that poor thing?" Aunt Harriet asked. "We haven't heard."
"Why, I walked up from downtown with old man Dill," said Mr. Atwater, "and the Dill family are all very much worried. It seems that Noble started downtown after lunch, as usual, and he had a copy of this awful paper that little Florence had given him."
"Who gave it to him?" Aunt Fanny asked. "Who?"
"Little Florence."
"What's that curious," Cousin Virginia murmured. "I must telephone and ask her mother about that."
The brooding Herbert looked up, and there was a gleam in his dogged eye, but said nothing.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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