A SWEET LITTLE BABY BOY

Makes a Bright Spot in Every Home. A Comfort in Years to Come

Park Rapids, Minnesota.—"I have taken your medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—when I was a girl for pains and before and after my marriage. I now have a sweet little baby boy and will send you his picture if you wish to publish it. My sisters also take your medicine and find it a great help, and I recommend it to those who suffer before their babies are born." — Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Box 155, Park Rapids, Minn.

To marry and arrive at middle age without children is a great disappointment to many women. Think of the joy and comfort other women have in their children as they grow older.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped to bring great happiness to many families by restoring women to health. Often the childless home is due to a run down condition of the wife, which may be helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It brought health and happiness into the home of Mrs. Johnson. Why not to yours?

Pat. Process **Lloyd LOOM Products**

Baby Carriages & Furniture

Ask Your Local Dealer

Write Now for 32-Page Illustrated Booklet

The Lloyd Manufacturing Company
(*Heywood-Wakefield Co.*)
Dept. E
Menominee, Michigan (18)

Cuticura Talcum is Fragrant and Very Healthful

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

PLEATING Side, Box and Accordion

Various styles and sizes. Lowest prices. 24-hour service. Send us your work or write us for prices and information.

THE FOX GARMENT CO.
809-811 Seymour Ave. LANSING, MICH.

Safe Remedy for granulated lids, styes, pink eye. Avoid powerful dangerous drugs—use

MITCHELL EYE SALVE 25c —all druggists FOR **Sore Eyes**

No attention is paid to the chronic liar when he utters an occasional truth.

MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

Trouble comes to those who haven't time to wait.

Back Bad Since the Grip?

Has a cold or grip sapped your strength? Do you suffer constant backache, feel nervous and depressed? Then look to your kidneys! Many cases of kidney trouble are the result of infectious disease. The kidneys have broken down under the strain of filtering disease-created poisons from the blood. That's why a cold or grip often leaves backache, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Help your weakened kidneys with *Doan's Kidney Pills*. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Michigan Case

G. W. Singer, farmer, Whitney St., Grand Ledge, Mich., says: "I had kidney weakness. My limbs were stiff and it was hard for me to stoop or lift anything. I could get no rest at night because of the cutting pains in my back and limbs. I also had headaches and pains across my shoulders. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me fine relief from this trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The ORIOLE

By Booth Tarkington

Copyright, 1921 by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

PART III—Continued.

—13—

"Go on," Aunt Harriet urged. "What did Noble do?"

"Why, his mother said he just went up to his room and changed his shoes and tie—"

"I thought so," Aunt Fanny whispered, hurriedly, but solemnly. "Crazy."

"And then," Mr. Atwater continued, "he left the house, and she supposed he'd gone down to the office; but she was uneasy, and telephoned his father. Noble hadn't come. He didn't come, all afternoon, and he didn't go back to the house; and they telephoned around to every place he could go, that they know of—and they couldn't find him or hear anything about him," Mr. Atwater coughed, and paused.

"But what," Aunt Harriet cried, "what do they think's become of him?"

"Old man Dill said they were all pretty anxious," said Mr. Atwater. "They're afraid Noble has—disappeared."

Aunt Fanny screamed.

Then, in perfect accord, they all turned to look at Herbert, who rose and would have retired upstairs had he been able.

As that perturbing evening wore on, word gradually reached the most outlying members of the Atwater family connection that Noble Dill was missing. Ordinarily, this bit of news would have caused them no severe anxiety. Noble's person and intellect were so commonplace—"insignificant" was the term usually preferred in his own circle—that he was considered to be as nearly negligible as it is charitable to consider a fellow being. True, there was one thing that set him apart; he was found worthy of a superlative when he fell in love with Julia Atwater. Of all the large and ardent group in like condition, he obtained conspicuousness as "The Worst." Of course, this distinction caused him to become better known and more talked about than in his earlier youth.

However, the eccentricities of a person in such an extremity of love are seldom valued except as comedy; and even then with no warmth of heart for the comedian, but rather with an incredulous disdain; so it is safe to say that under other circumstances Noble might have been missing, indeed, and few of the Atwaters would have missed him. But as matters were, they worried a great deal about him, fearing that a rash act on his part might reflect notoriety on themselves through their beautiful relative—and through the North End Daily Oriole. And when nine o'clock came and Mrs. Dill reported to Herbert's father, over the telephone, that nothing had yet been heard from her son, the pressure of those who were blaming the Oriole more than Julia became so wearing that Herbert decided he would rather spend the remaining days of his life running away from Wallie Tarkin than put in any more of such a dog's evening as he was putting in—thus he defined it.

He made a confession; that is to say, it was a proclamation. He proclaimed his innocence. He began the history of it with a description of events distinctly subsequent to the little game with Patty Fairchild, and explained how he and Henry had felt that their parents would not always be with them, and as their parents wished them to be polite, they had resolved to be polite to Florence. Proceeding, he related in detail her journalistic exploit.

Of the matter in hand he told the perfect and absolute truth—and was immediately refuted, confuted and demonstrated to be a false witness by Aunt Fanny, Aunt Carrie, and Cousin Virginia, who had all heard him vehemently declare, no longer ago than the preceding Sunday, that he and his partner had taken secure measures to prevent Florence from ever again setting foot within the newspaper building. In addition, he was quite showered with definitions; and these, though so various, all sought to phrase but the one subject; his conduct in seeking to drag Florence through the mire, when she was absent and could not defend herself. Poor Florence would answer later in the evening, he was told, severely; and though her cause was thus championed against the slander it is true that some of them felt stirrings of curiosity in regard to Florence. In fact, there was getting to be something like a cloud upon her reputation. There were several important things for her to explain; among them, her taking it upon herself to see that Noble received a copy of the Oriole, and also her sudden departure from home and rather odd protraction of absence therefrom. It was not thought she was in good company. Uncle Joseph had telephoned from a suburb that they were dining at a farmhouse and would thence descend to the general region of the movies.

That word of any sort had come from Uncle Joseph was in a measure reassuring, but the air of perturbation and gloom was not noticeably removed. The general impression might be summed up in the words of his sister.

"Nobody knows what that man'll do, when he decides to!" Aunt Carrie said nervously. "Letting the poor child stay up so late! She ought to be in bed this minute, even if it is Saturday night. Or else she ought to be here to listen to her own bad little cousin trying to put his terrible responsibility on her shoulders."

One item of her description of himself the badgered Herbert could not hear in silence, although he had just declared that since the truth was so ill-respected among his persecutors he would open his mouth no more until the next day. He passed over "bad," but furiously stated his height in feet, inches and fractions of inches.

Aunt Fanny shook her head in mourning. "That may be, Herbert," she said gently. "But you must try to realize it can't bring poor young Mr. Dill back to his family."

Again Herbert just looked at her. He had no indifference more profound than that upon which her strained conception of the relation between cause and effect seemed to touch; and, from his point of view, to be missing should be the lightest of calamities. It is true that he was concerned with the restoration of Noble Dill to the rest of the Dills so far as such an event might affect his own incomparable misfortunes—but not otherwise. He regarded Noble and Noble's disappearance merely as unfair damage to himself. He continued to look at this sorrowing great-aunt of his, and his thoughts made his strange gaze appear to her so hardened that she shook her head and looked away.

"Poor young Mr. Dill!" she said. "If someone could only have been with him, and kept talking to him until he got used to the idea a little!"

Cousin Virginia nodded comprehendingly. "Yes, it might have tided him over," she said. "He wasn't handsome, nor impressive, of purpose, nor anything like that, but he always spoke so nicely to people on the street. I'm sure he never harmed even a kitten, poor soul!"

"I'm sure he never did," Herbert's mother agreed, gently. "Not even a kitten. I do wonder where he is now."

But Aunt Fanny uttered a little cry of protest. "I'm afraid we may hear," she said, "any moment!"

And the most tragic views of Noble Dill these sympathetic women could have heard would have surprised them

And Under That Light Sat Noble Dill.

little; they had unanimously set their expectation in so routinically pessimistic a groove. But if the truth of his whereabouts could have been made known to them, as they sat thus together at what was developing virtually into his wake, with Herbert as a compulsory participant, they would have turned the session into a riot of amazement. Noble was in the very last place (they would have said, when calmer) where anybody in the world could have madly dreamed of looking for him. They would have been right about it. No one would have expected to find Noble at night inside the old, foursquare brick house of Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, chief of the Atwaters and father of the disturbing Julia. This was an old man of rigidly limited sympathies; and his opinion of Noble Dill had become almost notorious; here was no bosom of refuge for a torn Noble needing solace, nor was his house for any moment hospitable with Julia out of it. Moreover, Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, was not at present in the house; he had closed and locked it yesterday, giving the servants a week's vacation and telling them not to return till he sent for them; and had then gone out of town to look over a hominy mill he thought of buying. And yet, as the wake went on, there was a light in the house, and under that light sat Noble Dill.

Returning home, after Florence had placed the shatteri news within hi hand, Noble had changed his shoes and his tie. He was but a mechanism; he had no motive. The shoes he put on were no better than those he took off; the fresh tie was no lovelier than the one he had worn; nor had it even the lucidity to be a purple one, as evidence of grief. No; his action was, if so viewed, "crazy," as Aunt Fanny had called it. Agitation first took this form; that was all. Love and change of dress are closely allied; and in happier times when Noble came home from work and could see Julia in the evening, he usually changed his clothes. No doubt there is some faint tracery here, too indistinct to repay contemplation.

When he left the house he walked rapidly down-town, and toward the end of this one-mile journey he ran; but as he was then approaching the railway station, no one thought him eccentric. He was, however; for when he entered the station he went to a bench and sat looking upward for more than ten minutes; then rose and went to a ticket-window and asked for a time-table.

"What road?" the clerk inquired.

"All points south," said Noble.

He placed the time-table, still folded, in his pocket, rested an elbow on the brass apron of the window, and would have given himself up to reflections, though urged to move away. Several people wishing to buy tickets had formed a line behind him and they perceived that Noble had nothing more to say to the clerk. The latter encouraged their protests, and even went so far as to exclaim, "For heaven's sake! Can't you let these folks buy their tickets?" And since Noble still did not move: "My gosh, haven't you got no feet?"

"Feet? Oh, yes," said Noble gently. "I'm going away." And went back to his seat.

After a while he sought to study his time-table. Ordinarily, his mind was one of those able to decipher and comprehend railway time-tables; he had few gifts, but this was one of them. It failed him now; and he wandered back to the ticket-window, and, after urgent coaxing, eventually took his place at the end instead of at the head of the line that waited there. In his turn he came again to the window, and departed from it after a conversation with the clerk which left the latter in unconscious accord with Aunt Fanny Atwater's commiserating adjective, though the clerk's own pity was expressed in a oath. "The poor nut!" he explained to his next client. "Wants to buy a ticket on a train that don't pull out till ten thirty-five tonight; and me bein' it all out stampin' it and everything, what for! Turned out all his pockets and couldn't come near in eight dollars short o' the price! Where you want to go?"

Noble went back to his bench and sat there for a long time, though there was no thought one or short for him. He was not consciously suffering greatly; nor was he thinking at all. True, he had a dim, persistent impulse to action—or else why should he be at the station?—but for the clearest expression of his condition it is necessary to borrow a culinary symbol; he was jelling. The state of shock was slowly dispersing while a perception of anguish was slowly increased. He was beginning to swallow nothing at intervals, and the intervals were growing shorter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INVENTOR OF VANE UNKNOWN

But Devices for Showing the Direction of the Wind Have Been In Use for Centuries.

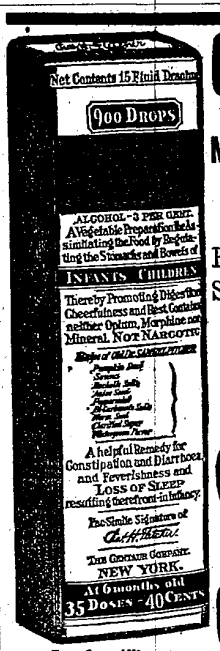
The origin of the weather vane is unknown. One of the most ancient of which there is any record is that mentioned by Vitruvius, and the ruins of the Tower of the Winds, of which he speaks, still stand in Athens. This building was erected about a century before the Christian era. He writes:

"Those who have paid most attention to the winds have them eight in number, and partitionally Andronicus Cyrrhestes, who built at Athens an octagonal tower of marble and cut on each face the figure of the several winds, each looking to the quarter from which that wind blows.

"On the tower he placed a marble column, on which was a Triton of bronze holding a rod in his right hand. And he contrived that the figure moved round with the wind so that it constantly stood opposite it, and the rod, which was above the figure, showed in what direction the wind blew."

Effigies of many creatures have done duty as vanes. Man himself has not escaped. The female form divine even has not been spared this indignity. Such a sentiment as is expressed in the sentence, "Woman fickle as the wind," may have been in the mind of Theodosius the Great when he erected at Constantinople, in the Fourth century, the vane called the "Lady of the Winds."

Don't think that large practice will enable you to avoid folly as it flies.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

is indispensable in treating

Influenza, Distemper, Coughs and Colds

so prevalent among horses and mules at this season of the year. For nearly thirty years "SPOHN'S" has been given to prevent these diseases, as well as to relieve and cure them. An occasional dose "conditions" your horse and keeps disease away. As a remedy for cases actually suffering, "SPOHN'S" is quick and certain. 60 cents and $1.20 per bottle at drug stores.

SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY GOSHEN, INDIANA

Thrilling.

Our memory goes back to the time when our idea of a fast life was to stand on the corner and say, in full and rather scared voice, to girls who chanced to pass, "Ah there!"—Ohio State Journal.

Personality in a man is what makes you wonder "who that man is that you see so often."

For every man who is unable to stand prosperity there are millions who are willing to try.

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

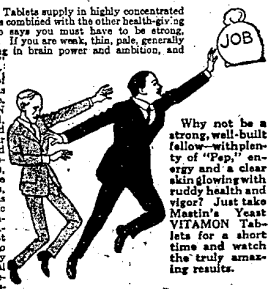
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Take Yeast Vitamon Tablets To Get Job-Winning "Pep"

Easy and Economical—Results Quick.

Thin, run-down folks who find that business is bad and employment is scarce should try taking two of Mastin's tiny yeast VITAMON Tablets with their meals for a short time and watch how their physical and financial conditions improve.

Mastin's VITAMON Tablets supply in highly concentrated form true yeast-vitamines combined with the other health-giving vitamines which Science says you must have to be strong, well and fully developed. If you are weak, thin, pale, generally run-down, or feel lacking in brain power and ambition, and want that firm fresh "pep" which gets the money, you surely need some of these precious vitamines in your system at once. Mastin's VITAMON mixes with your food, helps it to digest and supplies just what your body needs to feed and nourish the shrunken tissues, the worn-out nerves, the thin blood and the starved brain. Pimples, boils and skin eruptions seem to vanish like magic under this healthful influence. Mastin's VITAMON Tablets will not cause gas and they help to correct constipation. They are easy and economical to take. Be sure to remember the name—Mastin's VI-TA-MON. You can get Mastin's VITAMON Tablets at all good druggists.



Why not be a strong, well-built fellow—with plenty of "Pep," energy and a clear skin glowing with ruddy health and vigor? Just take Mastin's Yeast VITAMON Tablets for a short time and watch the truly amazing results.

MASTIN'S VITAMON
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE TABLETS YEAST VITAMINE TABLETS

Are Positively Guaranteed to Put On Firm Flesh, Clear the Skin and Increase Energy When Taken With Every Meal or Money Back

if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON