

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a Glass of Salts if Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney and all ailments...

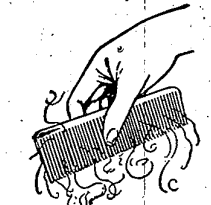
When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts; or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night...

Dr. J. C. Stead's Salts is a table-spoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days...

The fact that his wife uses a little powder is no excuse for a man's coming home shot.

"DANDERINE" STOPS HAIR FALLING OUT

Hurry! A few cents will save your hair and double its beauty.



A little "Danderine" cools, cleanses and makes the feverish, itchy scalp soft and pliable...

After a few applications of "Danderine" you seldom find a fallen hair or a particle of dandruff...

A woman is always grateful to the man who gives her a chance to refuse him.

YOUR COLD IS EASED AFTER THE FIRST DOSE

"Pape's Cold Compound" then breaks up a cold in a few hours.

Relief comes instantly. A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all the gripe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged nostrils and the air passes freely in the head, stops nose running, relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't say stuffed-up! Quit blowing and sniffing! Clear your congested head! Nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store.

Poverty is more of a punishment than it is a crime.

PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How to Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel that a few moments your cold in head of catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely.

It is just what every cold and cold sufferer needs. Don't starve and suffer miserably.

The best you can get is probably better than you desire.

The Cow Puncher

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Elden swung on his heel and paced the length of the office in quick, sharp strides. When he returned to where Miss Warden stood, wrapped about in her misery, his fists were clenched and his veins stood out on the back of his hands.

"Scoundrel!" he muttered. "Scoundrel! And I have been tied to him. I have let him blind me! I have let him set the standard. Well, well, well! There was a menace in his last words that frightened even Gladys Warden, well though she knew the menace was not to her, but ranged in her defense."

"Here," he said, taking some bills from his pocket. "You must tell him you can't go—tell him you won't go; you must return his money; you will be my wife. Well, well, well! Don't be afraid. I will go with you—"

"But I can't take your money, either, Mr. Elden," she protested. "I can't stay here any longer. I will be your job as long as I live. You see, I can't take it, even from you. What a fool I was! For a few clothes—"

"You will continue to work for me," he said.

"She shook her head. "No, I can't. I can't work anywhere near him."

"You won't need it," said the firm of Conway. "Elden will be divided at once. I have always felt that there was something false in Conway—something that wouldn't stand test. Now I know."

There was some of a key in the street door, and Conway entered:

Conway paused as he entered the room. He had evidently not expected to find Elden there, but after a moment of hesitation he nodded cordially to his partner.

"Almost ready, Miss Warden?" he asked, cheerily. "Our train goes in—"

He took his watch from his pocket and consulted it.

Dave's eyes were fixed on the girl. He wondered whether in this tense moment she would fight for herself or lean weakly on him as her protector. Her answer reassured him.

"It makes no difference when it goes, Mr. Conway," she said. "I am ready. My voice trembled nervously, but there was no weakness in it. The money which Dave had given her was still crumpled in her hand. She advanced to where Conway stood, and held the bills before him. "Here is your money, Mr. Conway," she said.

"Why, what does this mean?" "Here is your money. Will you take it, please?"

"No, I won't take it until you explain."

"She opened her fingers and the bills fell to the floor. "All right," she said. "Conway has told me to take it. I mean to harm to Miss Warden."

"It means, Conway," Dave answered, and there was steel in his voice—"It means that for these years I have discovered what a cur you are—just in time to talk you, at least in this instance."

Conway flushed, but he maintained an attitude of composure. "Conway has been drinking," he said. "I meant no harm to Miss Warden."

"Don't make me call you a liar as well as a cur," she said.

"The worst cut through Conway's throat was the one he had taken. "Now by God I won't take that from any man!" he shouted, and with a swing of his arms threw his coat over his shoulders.

Dave made no motion, and Conway slowly brought his coat back to position.

"I was right," said Dave calmly. "I knew you wouldn't fight. You think you're your own man, but you're not. Well—it's better with protection."

"If this girl were not here—Conway protested. "I will not fight—"

"Oh, I will leave," said Miss Warden. "I will go with you, as you will, she shot back, as the door closed behind her.

But by this time Conway had assumed a superior attitude. "Dave," he said, "I won't fight or a quarrel of this kind. But remember, there are some things in which no man allows another to interfere. Least of all such a man as you. There are ways of getting back, and I'll get back."

"Why such a man as me? I know I haven't been much of a moralist, but business matters—I've been in the wrong company for that—but I draw the line."

"Oh, you're the stuff, all right. What would your friend Miss Hardy think if I told her all this?"

drove into the country with Bert Morrison, when on the brow of a hill he switched off his lights that they might better admire the majesty of the heavens. That Conway should place an evil interpretation upon that incident was a thing so monstrous, so altogether beyond argument, that Dave felt back upon the basic human method reserved for such occasions. His fist leaped forward, and Conway crumpled up before it.

Conway lay stunned for a few minutes, then, with returning consciousness, he tried to sit up. Dave helped him to a chair. Blood flowed down his face, and as he began to realize that had occurred it was joined with tears of pain, rage, humiliation.

"You got that one on me, Elden," he said, after a while. "But it was my own blow. Now hit me when I can't look. Very well. I won't play at that game. I'll hit when you're not looking—where you don't expect it—where you can't hit back. I know the stake you're playing for, and I'm going to swing it. He turned his swollen, bloody face to Dave's, and hatred stood up in his eyes as he uttered the threat. "I'll hit you, Dave," he repeated, "where you can't hit back."

"Thanks for the warning," said Elden. "So Irene Hardy's life is the stake. All right, I'll sit in. Add I'll win."

"You think you've won," returned Conway, leeringly, "and then you'll find out that you didn't. I'll present her to you, Dave, like that." He lifted a burnt match from an ash-tray and held it to her hair.

Dave's impulse was to seize the thick, fatty throat in his hands and choke it lifeless. With a resolute effort he turned to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

"Send a car and a doctor to Conway & Elden's office," he said when he had got the desired number. "Mr. Conway has been hurt—fell against a—"

"I'm not so sure. Perhaps not with me in the abstract. You must commercialize it. If you, on the one hand, can make a picture of the Rockies, which you can't sell, and, on the other, can make a picture of a pair of shoes, which you can sell, why, as a woman of good sense, in need of the simoleons, are you going to do? You're going to draw the shoes—and the pay-check. Now I think I can get you started that way, on catalogue goods—"

"Try your pencil on something—anything at all—and bring down a few samples."

So Irene's little studio-room began to take on a practical purpose. It was the work which called for form and proportion rather than color, and in these Irene excelled. She soon found herself with as much as she could do, in addition to the duties of the household, as in days were times which were no longer be afforded and her mother seemed unable to realize that they were not still living in the attitude of Doctor Hardy's income.

Irene, therefore, fell to work of the house, as well as its support.

But her success in earning a living did not seem in the slightest degree to clear the way for marriage. She could not ask Dave to assume the support of her mother; particularly in view of Mrs. Hardy's behavior toward him, she could not ask that she sometimes wondered if Conway—

For a long while she refused to complete the thought, but at length, why not? Why shouldn't Conway marry her mother? And what other purpose could he have in his continuous visits to her home? Mrs. Hardy, although she had by no means surrendered all the attractions of her sex, and Conway was slipping by the period where a young girl would be his natural mate.

The word "Selah," which occurs so frequently in the Psalms, is usually believed to be a direction to the musicians who chanted the Psalms in the temple. Matthewson, the great musician, wrote a book on the subject, in which, after rejecting a number of theories, he came to the conclusion that it is equivalent to the modern "da capo" and is a direction that the air or song is to be repeated from the commencement to the part where the word is placed.

"Ever Contemplate Marriage?" Said Miss Morrison, With Disconcerting Frankness.

desk, or something. Nothing serious, but may need a stitch or two. Then, turning to Conway: "It will depend on you whether this affects to the public—on you and Miss Warden. Make your own explanations. And as soon as you are able to be about our partnership will be dissolved."

Conway was ready enough to adopt Dave's suggestion that their quarrel should not come to the notice of the public, and Gladys Warden, apparently, kept her own counsel in the matter. In a time when friends were going out of business without even the formality of an assignment, and others were being absorbed by their competitors, the dissolution of the Conway & Elden, establishment, occasioned no more than passing notice. The explanation, "for business reasons," given to the newspapers, seemed sufficient.

Irene Hardy found herself in a position of increasing delicacy. Since the day of their conversation in the tea-room Dave had been constant in his attentions, but, true to his ultimatum, had uttered no word that could in any way be construed with any less than platonic. She had no doubt that she felt for Dave that attachment without which ceremonies are without avail and with which ceremonies are not necessary. And yet she shrank from surrender. . . . And she knew that some day she must surrender.

The situation was complicated by conditions which involved her mother and Conway. It was apparent that Conway's friendship for Mrs. Hardy did not react to Dave's advantage. Conway was careful to drop no word in Irene's hearing that could be taken as a direct reflection upon Dave. It was his conscious of an influence, a magnetism, it almost seemed, the whole tendency of which was to pull her away from him.

Dave Hardy had insisted practically all her little fortune in her house. The small sum which had been saved from that unfortunate investment had been eaten up in the cost of furnishing and maintaining the home of Doctor Hardy. In addition to his god name, had left his daughter some few thousand dollars in life-insurance, and this was the capital which was now supplying

their daily needs. It too, would soon be exhausted, and Irene was confronted with the serious business of finding a means of livelihood for herself and her mother.

She faced her problem with Bert Morrison, with whom she had formed a considerable friendship. She wondered whether she might be able to get a position on one of the newspapers.

"I don't think of it," said Bert. "If you want to keep a sane, sweet outlook on humanity, don't examine it too closely. That's what we have to do in the newspaper game, and that's why we're all selfish. Keep out of it."

"But I must earn a living," Irene protested.

"Ever Contemplate Marriage?" said Miss Morrison, with disconcerting frankness. The color rose in Irene's cheeks, but she knew that her friend was discussing a serious matter seriously. "Why, yes," she admitted, "I have contemplated it; in fact, I have contemplated it. That's one of the reasons I want to start earning my living. When I marry I want to marry as a matter of choice—not because it's the only way out."

"Now you're talking," said Bert. "And most of us girls who marry as a matter of choice—don't marry. I've only known one man from whom a proposal would set me thinking. And that was you, Dave. You were a fool. Not since Miss Hardy came West."

"Oh," said Irene, slowly, "I'm—I'm so sorry!"

By Robert J. C. Stead

Author of "Kitchen and Other Poems"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

The Kitchen Cabinet

"All things are for a purpose, and all should be enjoyed, but all should be enjoyed, that they may be enjoyed."

SEASONABLE SALADS.

A most pleasing salad combination is the following: Arrange leaves of lettuce on a salad plate, then place ripe pears cut in eighths. After peeling and coring, add a tablespoonful of finely shredded celery, two dates cut in quarters, and one small banana sliced. Cover with a dressing, using three teaspoonfuls of boiled dressing and half a cupful of whipped cream. Add more seasoning if need, especially salt, and pour the dressing over the salad just as it goes to the table. Mayonnaise may be used with cream in the same proportion.

Japanese Salad.—Cook one cupful of rice in boiling water until tender. Add one small chopped onion, a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of cayenne pepper. Serve garnished with saffron and sweet red pepper cut in strips.

Date and Nut Salad.—Prepare dates cut in eighths and arrange them on lettuce with mayonnaise. Serve with French dressing. Sixteen dates may be used in place of the dates and are equally as tasty.

Shredded Cabbage with Cream.—Shred a firm head of cabbage, or if large, a portion of the head. Sprinkle with salt after letting the fine shredded cabbage become crisp in cold water. Add a dash of cayenne and the salt after draining very dry, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar with half a cupful of thick sweet cream. Sour cream can be used with a very little vinegar.

Orange and Water Cream Salad.—To serve with duck, there is no more appealing salad than this: Arrange a nice bed of well-washed water cress on salad plate, place overlapping slices of orange which has been carefully peeled. Dressing with a highly seasoned French dressing.

Tomato Salad.—Cut small peeled tomatoes in halves or large ones in thick slices. On each slice or half, heap a teaspoonful of chopped onion, celery, an cucumber and top with a spoonful of thick mayonnaise. Dash over the dressing a sprinkling of paprika just before serving.

"Hope and courage and sympathy and are great producers, and they are great factors in a man's doing his duty, as well as in his having the joy of achievement."

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY.

In these days of high-priced eggs the following cake will be fully received:

Cocoa Chocolate Cake.—Grate two squares of chocolate and melt it in half cupful of milk; in another half cupful of milk dissolve one teaspoonful of soda. Mix together one cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of softened shortening; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, mix all together and add 1/2 cupful of flour, then beat in the hot milk in which the chocolate has been dissolved and bake in a loaf pan fifty minutes in a moderate oven.

Mocha Pudding.—Make a baking powder biscuit mixture as usual; roll in an oblong one-half inch thick. Brush with melted butter and spread with meringue sgrated. Dampen the top edges and roll up firmly. Cut in slices of half inch thick, place in a well-greased pan and bake in a hot oven twenty to twenty-five minutes. Chopped nuts may be added with the sugar if desired.

Graham Griddle Cakes.—Take two cupfuls of Graham flour, half a cupful of whole flour, two tablespoonfuls of corn meal, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of melted fat and 2 1/2 cupfuls of milk. Beat the melted fat and the milk. Beat well and fry on a hot griddle.

Cabbage with Milk.—Cook cabbage as usual in boiling water, drain and add a few crackers finely crumbed and milk with a little butter for richness. Season with salt and pepper and serve after the milk has become thoroughly heated.

Hot Chocolate.—Take a dozen large chocolate bars, seed them and place in a double boiler with a pint of boiling water and cook for an hour. Strain the water and return it to the boiler. The thickened with a teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed in a tablespoonful of cold milk while scolding and cook for five minutes. Add salt and sugar. When cool add a half cupful of milk and serve.

Apple Short Cake.—A most delicious and unusual shortcake may be prepared by making the cake in two layers. Bake, spread, while hot, with butter, and then with a thick layer of unsweetened apple sauce; cover with sugar; place the next cake and repeat. Serve hot, with cream and sugar or with sweetened whipped cream.

Neelie Maxwell

OLD SORES, PILES AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had six sores on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut them. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilbur Street, Rochester, N. Y. Get a Jar for 25 cents at any drugstore. Says Peterson, of Buffalo, N. Y.: "I have tried it and it's the best I've ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. It cures burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the greatest remedy for itching sores and piles the world has ever known."

SALESMEN

to solicit orders for well known brands of lubricating oils, greases, paints and water proof roofing. Salary or commission. Permanent. House of Quality.

THE T.O.O. OIL & PAINT CO.

Harvard Ave. and E. 103rd St., CLEVELAND, O.

Are as Radiant.

"Contentment is better than wealth, my boy." It ought to be. It's a blame sight harder to get.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judges from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root is its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the insurance companies, in prominent life insurance companies, has written on the subject, making the astonishing statement that one reason why he rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are rejected do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmor, 100 Broadway, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper—Adv.

No woman can tell until she has her hat is becoming to her until she ascertains the price.

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure you know it is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruit taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

The worst thing a man can do is to do something his friends are sure he would never do.

CONVENIENT!

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, Take "Cascarets."

"Cascarets" are like pills, sicken or inconvenience one like Sals, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. Feel busy! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. You need a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the pleasant, gentle laxative effect you ever experienced. They work while you sleep. Adv.

Happiness is something a fellow has to earn for himself; no one else can hand it to him.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rash.

That Itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointing of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Balm is dusted on at the finish. Use each everywhere.—Adv.

Some folks would rather waste time than make good use of it.

Night and Morning! Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they turn, itch, smart or burn, if they are irritated, inflamed or sore, use Cuticura Eye Liniment. It soothes, refreshes, and cures. At All Drug Stores. Write for Free Eye Book. Write Eye Society Co., Chicago.