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 Florida Farms and Industries Co., Dept. "P" Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Hickory in Autumn.
 Hickories are trees with bright yellow foliage that are decorative to the autumn landscape, says the American Forestry Magazine. One of the most numerous species is native in all sections of the eastern half of the United States.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION
 BELLARS' Hot water Sure Relief
 25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

The ORIOLE

By Booth Tarkington

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FLORENCE'S WEAPON.

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a printing press and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Ellingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Rootier, about the same age, the subject of the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being turned from any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "be a," is frankly annoyed, and not at all backward in voicing so. However, a poem she has written is accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance. The poem suffers somewhat from the inexperience of the youthful publishers in the "art preservative." Her not altogether unreasonable demand for republication of the masterpiece, with its beauty unmarred, is scorned, and the break between Miss Atwater and the publishers of the Oriole widens. The situation, however, Florence's particular chum, Patty Fairchild, says her visit. They are joined, despite Florence's openly expressed disapproval, by Herbert and Henry. Florence will not play. Patty and the editors indulge in a series of innocent Sunday games. Among them is one called "Truth," the feature of which is a contract to write a question and answer, both to be kept a profound secret. The agreement is duly carried out. Florence is told a family secret that her beautiful aunt, Julia Atwater, has apparently become engaged to a man named "Trum," altogether unknown to the Atwaters. Florence finds the note in the "Truth game," in which both Herbert and Henry admit that they have pretty eyes, and threaten to tell the news. Sealed, Walter Terbin of the episode.

PART II—Continued.

"Oh, nothing," she replied, lightly. Herbert began to think that of the old earth. Somewhere there was a fearful threat to his equanimity. "What you talkin' about?" he said, with an effort to speak scornfully; but his sensitive voice almost failed him.
 "Oh, nothing," said Florence. "Just about what pretty eyes you know you have, and Patty's being any way as pretty as yours—and so you're glad maybe she thinks you're pretty. The way you do—do and everything."
 Herbert visibly gulped. So Patty had betrayed him; had betrayed the sworn confidence of "Truth."
 "That's all I was—talkin' about," Florence added. "Just about how you know you had such pretty eyes. Say not so, Herbert! Say not so!"
 "Look here," he said. "When'd you see Patty again between this afternoon and when you come over here?"
 "What makes you think I saw her?"
 "Did you telephone her?"
 "What makes you think so?"
 Once more Herbert gulped. "Well, I guess you're ready to believe anything anybody tells you," he said, with a pained bravado. "You don't believe everything Patty Fairchild says, do you?"
 "Why, Herbert! Doesn't she always tell the Truth?"
 "Her? Why, hilt the time, poor Herbert hobbled. "You can't tell whether she just makin' up what she says or not. If you've gone and believed everything that she said, tell you, you haven't got even what little sense I used to think you had." So base were under strain, sometimes—so base when our good name is threatened with the truth of us. "I wouldn't believe anything she said," he declared, in a sickish voice, "if she told me fifty times and crossed her heart."
 "Wouldn't you if she said you wrote down how pretty you knew your eyes were, Herbert?"
 "What's this about Herbert having 'pretty eyes'?" Mr. Joseph Atwater inquired; and Herbert shuddered. Uncle Joseph had an unpleasant reputation as a joker.
 The nephew, desperately fell back upon the hopeless device of attempting to drown out his opponent's voice as she began to reply. He became vociferous with scornful laughter, and cracked his tongue. "You're a good man!" he shouted, mingling the purported information with loud cackles. "She got mad because I and Henry played games with Patty! She's trying to make up some story to even. She made it up! It's all made up! She—"

"No, no," Mr. Atwater interrupted. "Let Florence tell us, Florence, what it's all about. Herbert knowing he had pretty eyes?"
 Herbert attempted to continue the drowning out. He hiccled. "She made it up! It's some'n she made up herself. She—"

"Heck!" said Uncle Joseph—"if you don't keep quiet, I'll take back the printing press."
 Herbert substituted another gulp for a continuation. "Well, Florence," said Uncle Joseph, "tell us what you were saying about how Herbert knows he had such pretty eyes."
 "Then it seemed a miracle befall. Florence looked up, and said, 'God bless it. Oh, it wasn't anything, Uncle Joseph,' she said. 'I was just trying

to tease Herbert any way I could think up."
 "Oh, was that all?" A hopeful light faded out of Uncle Joseph's large and inexpressive face. "I thought perhaps you'd detected him in some indiscretion."

Herbert laughed. "I was just teasing him. It wasn't anything, Uncle Joseph."
 Hereupon Herbert resumed a confused breathing. Dazed, he remained uneasy, profoundly so; and gratitude was not part of his emotion. He well understood that Florence was never susceptible to impulses of compassion in conflicts such as these; in fact, if there was warfare between them, experience had taught him to be wary when she seemed kindest. He moved away from her, and went into another room where his condition was one of increasing mental discomfort, though he looked for a while at the pictures in his great-uncle's copy of "Paradise Lost." These illustrations, by M. Gustave Dore, failed to aid in reassuring his troubled mind.

When Florence left, he impulsively accomplished her, maintaining a nervous silence as he compassed the short distance between Uncle Joseph's front gate and her own. There, however, he spoke.
 "Look here. You don't haf to go and believe everything that she-girt told you, do you?"
 "No," said Florence heartily. "I don't haf to."

"Well, look here," he urged, helpless but to repeat. "You don't haf to believe what she-girt was went and told you, do you?"

"What was it you think she told me, Herbert?"
 "All that guff—you know. Well, whatever it was you said she told you."

"I didn't," said Florence. "I didn't say she told me anything at all."
 "You did, she did, didn't she?"
 "Why, no," Florence replied, lightly. "She didn't say anything to me. Only I'm glad to have your opinion."

"Oh, about that!" Florence said, and swung the Gate Shut Between Them.

Of her, how she felt such a story-teller and all—if I ever want to tell her, and everything!"
 But Herbert had greater alarms than the lesser. "Look here," he said, "if she didn't tell you, how'd you know it, then?"
 "How'd I know what?"
 "That—that big story about my ever sayin' I knew I had"—he gulped again—"pretty eyes?"
 "Oh, about that?" Florence said, and swung the gate shut between them. "Well, I guess it's too late to tell you tonight, Herbert; but maybe if you and that nasty little Henry Rootier do every single thing I tell you to, and do it just exactly like I tell you from this time on, maybe I—only say 'maybe'—well, maybe I'll tell you some day when I feel like it."
 She ran up the path, up the steps, and crossed the veranda, but paused before opening the door. Then she called back to the waiting Herbert.
 "The only person I'd ever think of telling about it before I tell you would be a boy I know." She coughed, and added as by after-thought, "He'd just love to know all about it; I know he would. So, when I tell anybody about it I'll only tell you and this other boy."

"What other boy?" Herbert demanded.
 And her reply, thrilling through the darkness, left him paralyzed with horror. "Walter Terbin."
 The next afternoon, about four o'clock, Herbert stood gloomily at the main entrance of Atwater & Rootier's newspaper building, awaiting his partner. The other entrances were not only nailed fast, but massively bar-

ricaded; and this one (consisting of the ancient carriage-house doors, opening into the rear yard, through the yard) had recently been made effective as an instrument of exclusion. A long and heavy plank leaned against the wall, near by, ready to be set in the hook-shaped iron supports fastened to the inner sides of the doors and when the doors were closed, with this great plank in place, a person inside the building might seem entitled to count upon the enjoyment of privacy, except in case of earthquake, tornado, or fire. In fact, the size of the plank and the substantial quality of the iron fastenings, could be looked upon, from a certain viewpoint, as a heart-felt compliment to the owner and persistence of Florence Atwater.

Herbert had been in no complimentary frame of mind, however, when he devised the obstructions, nor was he now, in such a frame of mind. He was deeply pessimistic in regard to his future, and also embarrassed in anticipation of some explanations it would be necessary to make to his partner. He strongly hoped that Henry's regular after-school work, as announced at the newspaper-building would precede Florence's, because these explanations required both deliberation and tact, and he was convinced that it would be almost impossible to make them at all if Florence got there first.

He understood that he was unfortunately within her power; and he saw that it would be dangerous to place in operation for her exclusion from the building this feeble mechanism contrived with such halfhearted care, and at a cost of two dollars and twenty-five cents, or nine annual subscriptions to the Oriole out of a present total of thirty-two. What he wished Henry to believe was that for some good reason, which Herbert had not yet been able to invent, it would be better to show Florence a little politeness. He had a desperate hope that he might find the diplomatic way to prevail on Henry to be as subservient to Florence as she had determined to demand, and he was determined to touch any extremity of ungenerosity rather than permit the details of his answer to Henry to come to his partner's knowledge. Henry Rootier was not Walter Terbin; but in possession of material such as this he could easily make himself intolerable. Here was a strange human thing, strange yet common to most minds brooding in fear of publicity. We seldom realize that the people whose devotion we fear may have been as imprudent as we have been.

Therefore, it was in a hurried state of mind that Herbert waited; and when his friend appeared, over the fence, his perturbation was not decreased. He even failed to notice the unusual gravity of Henry's manner.

"Hello, Henry! I thought I wouldn't start in work till you got here. I didn't want to wait to come all the way downstairs again to open the door and let our good ole plank up again."
 "I see," said Henry, glancing nervously at their good ole plank. "Well, I guess Florence'll never get in this good ole door—that is, if we don't let her, or something."
 This last choice would have surprised Herbert if he had been less preoccupied with his troubles. "You bet she won't!" he said mechanically. "She couldn't ever get in here again—if the family didn't go interfering around and give me the dickens and everything, because they think—they say they do, anyhow—they say they think—they think—"

He paused, disguising a little choke, as though of scorn for the family's thinking.
 "What did you say, your family think?" Henry asked slyly.
 "Well, they say we ought to let her have a share in our newspaper."
 Again he paused, afraid, in continuing his hypocrisy, to barfaced as to lead toward suspicion and discovery. "Well, maybe I ought," he said, his eyes suddenly on his toe, which slowly scuffed, "ground."

"I don't say we ought, and I don't say we oughtn't," he said, his eyes suddenly on his toe, which slowly scuffed, "ground."
 He expected at last a burst of outraged protest from his partner, who, on the contrary, remained astonished him. "Well, that's the way I look at it, Henry said. 'I don't say we ought, and I don't say we oughtn't.'"
 And he, likewise, stared at the toe of his own right shoe, which was also scuffing the ground. Herbert felt a little better; this subdivision of his difficulties seemed to be working out with surprising ease.

The partner's feel the heavy hand of the plaster.
 (TO BE CONTINUED)
 Franklin on Thrill
 A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone all his life and die not worth a grant at last.—Benjamin Franklin.
 Why is the woman seldom sincere who tells another woman she's pretty?

For Town or Country— CORDUROY CORDS The Rut-Proof Tire

Corduroy Cords are all-around tires.



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There is plenty of room at the top and the rest is cheaper.

Important to Mothers
 Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Feltner* in blue ink.

Sea Babies.
 More babies were born at sea during last year than at any period since records have been kept. The official figures show that in British ships alone 270 babies were born on the ocean. Sixty-eight babies were born at sea in ships "at anchor" in England and Wales in 1915, and 151 in 1916. Babies born at sea are usually very lucky, as the inevitable collection among the passengers usually reaches \$500, and very often more. Most of these babies are born in the third-class accommodation.

The Oldest V. C. Hero.
 Sergt. George Richardson, ninety years old, of Toronto, is the oldest V. C. hero. He placed a wreath on the grave of America's unknown soldier on Armistice day in behalf of Canada's veterans. Queen Victoria decorated him with the V. C. for his heroism in the Indian mutiny in 1858.—The Argonaut.

Att. Anxious.
 "I hear your father alludes to me as a pup,"
 "Not exactly, Cholly, not exactly. He did threaten to send for the dog catcher, however, if you keep hanging around."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There's always room for several more at the bottom.

Will your "Good Morning" last all day?

Easy to start from the breakfast table with zest and enthusiasm, but how easy is it to keep on? Does ambition last, or lag, as the day develops?

The afternoon "slump" is a factor to be counted upon, in business or social life.

Usually, there's a reason.

Nerves whipped by tea or coffee won't keep on running, and they won't stand constant whipping.

Many a man or woman who has wished the afternoon would be as bright as the morning has simply been wishing that the nerves wouldn't have to pay the natural penalty for being whipped with the caffeine drug.

Postum gives a breakfast cup of comfort and cheer, without any penalties afterward. There's no "letting down" from Postum—no midday drowsiness to make up for midnight wakefulness; no headaches; no nervous indigestion; no increase of blood pressure.

Think it over. There's full satisfaction in Postum—a cup of comfort for anybody (the children included), any time.

You can get Postum from your grocer or your waiter today, and probably you'll begin to have better tomorrows, as so many thousands have had, who have made the change from coffee to Postum.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tin) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

Postum for Health
 "There's a Reason"