

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Read This Letter from Mrs. W. S. Hughes

Greenville, Del.—"I was under the impression that my eldest daughter had some internal trouble as ever since the first time her sickness appeared she had to go to bed and even had to quit school once for a week. I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound myself so I gave it to her and she has received great benefit from it. You can use this letter for a testimonial if you wish, as I cannot say too much about what your medicine has done for me and for my daughter."—Mrs. Wm. S. Hughes, Greenville, Delaware.

Mother and oftentimes grandmothers have taken and have learned the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So they recommend the medicine to others.

It has been the best of any medicine I have used for my daughter's trouble. It has done for her what no other medicine has done. I have published letters from mothers, daughters, and women, young and old, recommending the Vegetable Compound. They know what it did for them and are glad to tell others. In your own neighborhood are women who know of its great value.

Mother-daughters, why not try it?

PALMER'S LOTION SOAP
CONTAINS THE WONDERFUL PALMER'S LOTION AND I USE IT.
ALL DRUGGISTS. GUARANTEED BY SOLON PALMER NEW YORK

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

for that **KEMP'S BALSAM**
Pleasant to take Children like it.

ABSORBINE
Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book A free.

W. F. Young, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

MAD OVER A MERE TRIFLE

Surely Any Man Who Has Seen Service Will Agree That Corporal Was Unreasonable.

A couple of recruits of the latest vintage were discussing the pros and cons of service life at Paris Hotel.

"It ain't so bad," confided one. "Most of it is all right, but it's that blasted relief from guard duty that gets me."

"Relief from guard duty?" ejaculated the other. "Man, you're cuckoo! There's nothing to being relieved from guard duty. It's being on guard duty that's tough."

"No," maintained the first. "It's the relief. Why, the other day they put me on guard duty for two hours—and it wasn't bad at all just standing around and watching the rest of 'em drilling and knowing that I didn't have to do it myself, but when the time for relief came the corporal came up and gave me the devil."

"What for?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. I just couldn't remember where I left my rifle."—The Leatherneck.

Total of Nothing.

There were seven of us in all, at lunch. One proposed:

"Guys, for diversion, suppose we each take a piece of paper and, without consultation, write down as many benefits of war as we can think of, and then put them together and see what they make."

So, being essentially children anyhow, each busied himself with his part of the job and delivered the result to the teller, who proceeded to tally—on blank sheets of paper and one on which had been written:

"Yuh got me, Bill. I can't think no more."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Apropos.

"Where are you going?" "Hunting."

"For what?" "Money. I'm on the cent."—Judge.

MURINE
Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they itch, Smart or Burn, if sore, Irritated, inflamed, Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes, Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Retail Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

The ORIOLE

by Booth Tarkington
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

MASTER MIND IN CHARGE.

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a printing press and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Hingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Root, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-sized newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "be" is frankly annoyed, and not at all backward in saying so. However, a poem she has written is accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly commercial basis—such as the publishers in the "heart 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 Sunday following, Florence's particular chum, Patty Fairchild, pays her a visit. They are joined, despite Florence's open hostility, by Herbert and Henry. Florence will not play. Patty and the visitors indulge in a series of interesting and amusing 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 daily carried out. Florence is told as a family secret that her beautiful aunt, Julia Atwater, has apparently become engaged to a man named Crum, although unknown to the Atwater family. Florence finds the notes in the "Truth" game, in which both Herbert and Henry admit that they have known of the engagement for some time, and threatens to tell the much-favored Wallie Torbin of the episode. Florence becomes the master mind of the Oriole.

PART II—Continued.

"I don't say we will and I don't say we won't," Henry added. "That's the way I look at it. My father and mother are always telling me; how I got to be polite and everything, and I guess maybe it's time I began to pay some attention to what they say. You don't have your father and mother for always, you know, Henry."

Herbert's mood at once changed with this unprecedented flash of melancholy.

"No, you don't, Henry. That's what I often think about, myself. So, sir, a fellow doesn't have to have a mother to advise him on his whole life, and you ought to do a good deal what they say while they're still alive."

"That's what I say," Henry agreed gloomily, and then, without any apparent change of his countenance or thoughtfulness of his attitude, he changed the subject in a way that painfully startled his companion.

"Have you seen Wallie Torbin today, Herbert?"

"Have you seen Wallie Torbin today?"

Herbert swallowed. "Why, what makes—what makes you ask me that, Henry?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," Henry said, but his eyes upon his gloomily scuffing toe.

"I just wondered, because I didn't happen to see him in school this afternoon when I happened to be in the door of the Eighth when it was open."

I didn't want to know on account of anything particular. I just happened to say that because I didn't have anything else to think about just then, so I just happened to say what I said."

"You ought to go when you haven't got anything much on your mind, and might get to thinking about you can't tell what. That's all the way it was; I just happened to kind of wonder if he was around anywhere, maybe."

Henry's tone was obviously, even elaborately, sincere; and Herbert was reassured. "Well, I didn't see him," he responded. "Maybe he's sick."

"No," he said, "he's not," said Florence, who said she saw him chasing his dog down the street about noon."

At this Herbert's uneasiness was unaccountably renewed. "Florence didn't? Where'd you see Florence?"

Her Root, said she saw him in the white dog," he said, and again smiled. "On the way home from school."

"Look—look here!" Herbert was flurried to the point of panic. "Henry didn't Florence—did she go and tell you—did she tell you?"

"I didn't hardly notice what she was talking about," Henry said, doggedly. "She didn't have anything to say that I'd ever care to remember about. She came up behind me and walked along with me a ways, but I got too many things on my mind to hardly pay the least attention to anything she ever talked about. She's a girl, and I think about her less than people pay any attention to what she says, the better off they are."

"That's the way with me, Henry," his partner assured him earnestly. "I never pay any notice to what she says. The way I figure it out about her, Henry, everybody's a good deal better off if nobody ever paid

the least notice to anything she says. I never even notice what she says, myself."

"I don't either," said Henry. "All I think about is what my father and mother say, because I'm not going to have their advice all the rest of my life, after they're dead. If they want me to be polite, why, I'll do it and that's all there is about it."

"It's the same way with me, Henry. If she comes flapping around here blabbing and blabbing how she's going to have somepin to do with our newspaper, why, the only reason I'll ever let her would be because my family say I ought to show more politeness to her than up to now. I wouldn't do it in any other account, Henry."

"Neither would I. That's just the same way I look at it. If I ever begin to treat her any better, she's got my father and mother to thank, not me. That's the only reason I'd be willing to say we better leave the plunk down and let her in. If she comes around here like she's liable to."

"Well," said Herbert, "I'm willing. I don't want to get in trouble with the family."

And they mounted the stairs to their editorial, reportorial, and printing rooms, and began to work in a manner not only preoccupied but apprehensive. Now and then they would give each other a furtive glance, and then seem to rest upon their feet further on.

She might have been easier to bear had her manner of arrival been less—sneaky. She snuggled up the stairs, came skipping across the old floor, swinging her hat by a ribbon, flung open the gate in the sacred railing, and bounded into the principal chair, immediately placing her feet on the noble in front of that chair. Addi-

tioned in Henry's attic; but Florence gave him to understand that the theater could not be.

Henry and Herbert had both stopped "speaking" to Patty Fairchild, for each believed her treacherous to himself; but Florence now informed Herbert that far from depending on mere hearsay, she had in her possession the possession of his knowledge that he had uttered beauty—the ruinous bit of writing in his own hand and signed with his complete name—that she had discovered the paper where Patty had lost it; and that it was now in a secure place, and in an envelope upon the outside of which was already written, "Wallie Torbin, Kindness of Florence A."

Herbert collapsed. So did Henry Root, a little later; that evening after a telephoned conversation with the slave-driver.

The two miserably printers were back in their place the next afternoon.

And on Saturday the new Oriole, now in every job (and item the inspired organ of feminism, made its unobtrusively sensational appearance.

A copy, neatly folded, was placed in the hand of Noll's girl, as he set forth for his place of business, after lunching at home with his mother. Florence was the person who placed it there—without a fly. She came hurriedly from school, where, in the neighborhood, out of what yard or alley he did not notice, and slipped the little oblong sheet into his lax fingers.

"There!" she said, breathlessly. "There's a good deal about you in it, this week, Mr. Doll, and I guess I guess—"

"What, Florence?"

"I guess maybe you'll—" She looked up at him shyly; then, with no more to say, turned and ran back in the direction whence she had come—and was gone. Noble walked on, not at once examining her little gift, but carrying it absently in fingers still lax at the end of a dangling arm. There was no life in him for anything; Julia was away.

Away—and yet the dazzling creature looked at him from sky, from earth, from air; looked at him, with the most poignant kindness, yet always shook her head. She had answered his first letter by a kind little note, his second by a kinder and littler one, and his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth by no more at all; but by the staidest housewife (through one of her aunts) that she was thinking about him a great deal. And even this was three weeks ago. Since then, from Julia—nothing at all.

But yesterday something a little stimulating had happened. On the street, downtown, he had come face to face, momentarily with Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senator, Julia's peculiar old father, and the result, to Noll's life this Mr. Atwater nodded to him pleasantly. Noble went on his way, elated: Was there not something almost fatherly in this strange greeting? There had been an assurance of the pain of absence; and he glowed with thoughts of Mr. Atwater.

The glow faded somewhat when Noble when he reached a telephone; he called up his mother, and she said there was to be a reunion of Julia current in the Atwater family connection that she could hear of; none of them had word that she was coming home. However, Noble did not descend all the time of his glow remained and kept him a little more cheerful than he had been for several weeks.

The kind greeting of Julia's father had stirred his imagination. An event so singular, might—? Interpreted in the happiest way: "What had Julia written her father, to change him so toward Noble? And Noble was still dreamily interpreting as he walked down the street with the North End Daily Oriole in his hand.

The blackmarket partners made no reply, on account of an inability. That was perfect for the moment.

tionally, such was her riotous liveliness, she affected to light and smoke the stub of a lead pencil. "Well, men," she said heartily in a voice, assumed to be that of a tall, powerful man—"I don't want to see any loafers around here, men. I expect to have a pretty good newspaper this week—yes, sir, a pretty good newspaper—and I guess you men got to jump around pretty brisk to do everything I think of, or else maybe I guess I'll have to turn you off and get some new ones that'll be more obedient. I don't want to have to do that, men."

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Florence made it clear to them that henceforth she was sole editor of the North End Daily Oriole. (She said she had decided not to change the name, after all.) She informed them that they were to be her printers, nothing more; she did not care to get all ink and nasty, she said. She would, however, do all the writing for her newspaper, and had with her a new poem. Also, she would furnish all the news and it would be printed just as she wrote it, and printed nicely, too, or else—"look out!"

Thus did this cool head take possession of an established industry, and in much the same fashion did she continue to manage it. There were no suppressible protests; there was no revolt; there was even a strike—but it was a short one. When the printers remained away from their late newspaper building, on Wednesday afternoon, Florence had an interview with Herbert after dinner at his own door. He explained coldly that Henry and he had grown tired of the printing press and had decided to take all of their spare time building a the-

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Some startling news in our next.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Lover's Quarrel.

They stood beneath the stars; the silence of the night being only broken by the intensified sound of two hearts beating as one.

For a moment he withdrew his gaze from the dazzling depths of her eyes to the diamond-studded skirt front of the sky.

"Is that Mars?" he whispered, as he slipped his arm around her small, slim waist, and gazed upon a glittering orb in the heavenly domain.

"No, it isn't!" she exclaimed angrily, jerking herself free of his embrace. "It's mine, and if you can't tell the difference between my waist and mother's after you've been counting me for eight years, well, you—"

Her voice broke; and her head fell forward upon her arm.

"We had better part!"

It is pleasing to report that the matter was amicably adjusted before any thing more serious resulted—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Electricity in Canada.

The popularity of electricity in Canada for lighting homes and operating household appliances, is shown by the fact that 74.9 per cent of the residences so situated that electricity is available for use, are wired. Electric fans are used in 45.7 per cent of these; electric toasters in 38.2 per cent; electrically-operated washing machines in 5.0 per cent; electric fans in 5.4 per cent; electrically-operated vacuum cleaners in 5 per cent; electric ranges in 3.1 per cent; electrically-operated sewing machines in 1.2 per cent; electric dishwashers in 0.7 per cent, and electric refrigerators in 0.8 per cent.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S P-K

This new sugar-coated gum delights young and old.

It "melts" in your mouth and the gum in the center remains to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.

There are the other WRIGLEY friends to choose from, too:

Shining-up Days Are Here, Use

E-Z STOVE POLISH

Save the expense for window polish. Make it shine like a mirror. (Chicago, Ill.)

Why?

"Gentle goodness!" exclaimed a Russian citizen. "What is the matter with those mensik wallowing in the ditch?"

"Oh, an American offered to pay a penny in U. S. money for every hundred pounds of rubles that were delivered to him," replied an acquaintance, "and those idiotovich tried to swindle him out of a dime apiece!"—Kansas City Star.

Worse and Worse.

A correspondent says that us a few more of those crazy s'flies from recent novels such as we printed a little while ago. They are:

"Laughter dropped from her lips like a dead bird."

"Her breath sounded in his ear like gouts of blood."—Boston Transcript.

The wisest of us can learn.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 4-1222.

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