

Make Every Meal A Perfect Feast

Tanlac Makes Each Bite a New Delight

WHEN your digestive system is working efficiently and smoothly, extracting from your food abundant stores of vital energy and piling up a reserve force of vigor to meet any emergency, every bite is eaten with keen zest and appreciation. If your meals are not a real event, if you do not approach the table

organ and through ample secretion of digestive fluids. It then promotes energetic action of all the bowel muscles and glands and enables the food to pass through the digestive canal in the normal time. Each of the thousands of little glands whose duty it is to pick up nourishment from the food and send this to all parts of the body are stimulated to their utmost. The whole result is that food is taken care of without distress of any sort in such manner as to derive the utmost benefit from it.

If your appetite is not keen, if your food seems to disagree with you, if you are underweight, nervous, irritable and lack energy, give Tanlac the chance to show you that it can work a miracle



with the most lively anticipation of its delights, then you are only half-living, because you are only half getting the value of your food.

Lack of appetite, or distress from indulging the appetite, are both due to the same cause—failure of the digestive system to properly do its important work. The undigested food remaining in the alimentary canal may merely cause a distaste for more food when it cannot take care of what it has, or it may undergo chemical and putrefaction changes that cause acute disease.

Besides, these chemical changes produce poisonous substances that are carried to every cell and organ of the body and that cause all sorts of distressing symptoms.

Tanlac, the famous digestive tonic and body builder, has achieved its wide success because it is able to invigorate the entire digestive tract. It acts to cause vigorous stomach preparation of the food, both through the muscular churning action of that



In your condition as it has in so many thousands of other cases.

If you are despondent, gloomy, with little taste for and enjoyment of life, try Tanlac and no doubt you will see the clouds of gloom roll away under the sunshine of health.

You are entitled to be healthy, vigorous, efficient and happy. Give yourself the chance to become so as thousands of others have by taking Tanlac.

Get Tanlac from your druggist this very day. Why wait for tomorrow when Tanlac—and health—await you today?

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your Druggist for it, or write to Dr. J. D. Kellogg, 111 Northrop Bldg., New York, N.Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Ladies Let Cuticura Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Tablets 25c

W. N. U., DETROIT, MO. 11-1922

Her Baby

"I've left my babe in there to die!" shrieked a frantic woman who was rescued from the burning building. Policemen were asking the number of her room when a 21-year-old man in pajamas and a janitor had appeared on a balcony and called down: "Don't worry, Lou! I'm safe."

"My baby," gasped the woman, thankfully.

Not Diplomatic

"Why did Miss Oliver discharge her butler?" "He boasted around that he had grown gray in her service."



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. Ready "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocristalline of Salicylic Acid

SPANISH DIPLOMATS

BY CAMILLA KENYON

PICTURES BY AWEIL

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APOLLO.

Epitaph—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old spinster—but never too old to think of marriage with more money than she had. She was a strong-minded spinster. Miss Higgins-Browne had been an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward Island. Her place, Virginia Harding, Leeward Island, makes a happy-go-lucky trip to the Panama Canal and catches the steamer, she demands her aunt, "Another lunatic!" yells the captain.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

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This, then, was Miss Violet Higgins-Browne. I saw a grim, boy, stocky shape, in a common costume to my aunt's. Around the edges of her cork helmet her short iron-gray hair visibly bristled. She had a massive head, and a seamed and rugged countenance which did its best to throw the humiliation of a ridiculous little nose with no bridge.

But what riveted my eyes was the deadly glare with which her were turned on me. I saw that not only was she as certain of my identity as though she had guided me from this telling steps, but that in a flash she had grasped my motives, aims and purposes, and was on the all to face out-general and defeat me with great slaughter.

"So she announced to the company with deliberation: 'The Young Person is misled.'"

"I settled me extremely.

"Mad!" I flung back at her. "Because I wish to save my poor aunt from such a situation as this."

"It would be charitable to inform madame," I said, "that I have led her into it."

When I reviewed this speech afterward I realized that it was not, under the circumstances, the best calculated to win me friends.

"Jane!" said Miss Higgins-Browne in deep and awful tones, "the time has come to save your strength."

Aunt Jane proved it by uttering a shrill yell, and clutching her hair with her fingers, and then she was gone. I had not been there but a few minutes before Aunt Jane came to, and then she would only moan, and I bathed her head, and held her hand, and did all the regulation things under the guidance of Miss Higgins-Browne, who steadfastly refused to go away, but sat glaring like a gorgon who sees her prey about to be snatched from her.

In the midst of my ministrations I awoke suddenly to a rhythmic leave and throb which pervaded the ship. Dropping Aunt Jane's hand I rushed to deck. There lay the various pieces of my baggage, and I saw that the boat with the two brown rowers was skipping shoreward over the ripples. As for the Rufus Smith, she was under way, and heading out for the roadstead for the open sea.

I dashed off to the captain, who stood issuing orders in the voice of an aggrieved foghorn.

"Captain!" I cried, "wait; turn around! You must put my aunt and me ashore!"

He whirled on me, showing a crimson angry face. "Turn around, is it turn around?" he shouted. "Do you suppose I can loaf about the harbor here a-waiting? Your aunt's dead! You came aboard without me asking. Now you can go along with the rest. This here ship has got her course set for Frisco, pickin' up Leeward Island on the way, and anybody that ain't what I call direction is welcome to jump overboard."

"That is how I happened to go to Leeward Island."

CHAPTER II.

Apollo and Some Others.

The Rufus Smith, tramp freighter, had been chartered to convey the Higgins-Browne expedition to Leeward Island, which lies about three hundred miles west of Panama, and could be picked up by the freighter in her course. She was a little dingy boat with such small accommodations that I cannot imagine where the majority of her passengers stowed themselves away. My aunt and Miss Brown had a stateroom between them the size of a peckerbox, and now and then I retired there to dress for dinner. In the haste of my departure from San Francisco I had not brought a trunk, so the best I was able to procure in the way of a crumpler for Miss

things, with no end of revolvers and things. Mr. Shaw—sitting opposite Miss Browne, you know—is rather running things, so if you feel nervous you should talk to him. Was with the South Pole expedition and all that—knows no end about this sort of thing—wouldn't for a moment think of letting ladies run the risk of being eaten."

I peeped around Apollo for a glimpse of the experienced Mr. Shaw, I saw a strong-featured, weather-beaten profile, the face of a man somewhere in his thirties, and looking from this side view at least, not only stern but grim.

I made up my mind at once that the backbone of the party, and inevitably the leader in its projected ventures, whatever they might be, was this rugged-looking Mr. Shaw. You couldn't fancy him as the misled follower of anybody, even the terrible Violet.

As it seemed an unpropitious moment for talking with Mr. Shaw, I asked about cannibals, I tried another tack with the beautiful youth at my side.

"How did you like Panama? I fancy the old town is very picturesque."

"Oh, rather!" assented Mr. Vane. "At least, that is what those painter chaps call it—met a couple of 'em at the hotel. Heavily little narrow streets and houses in a shocking state and all that. I like to see property kept up, myself."

"I am afraid," I said severely, "that you are a philistine!"

He blinked a little. "Ah—quite so," he murmured, recovering himself gallantly. "One of those chaps that backed Gollath against David, what?"

From this conversational impasse we were rescued by the interposition of the gentleman opposite, whose small twinkling eyes had been taking me in with latencies.

"I did some flitting about that little old burg on my own hook," he informed us, "what I got to say is it had some work in it. I might have met up with Miss Browne and your aunt. Yes, sir, I had a sleek little proposition or two up my sleeve. Backed by some of the biggest capital in the U. S. A.—in fact, there's a bunch of fellows up there in God's country that's pretty sure on old H. H. for passing things up this way. Keep the wires humming for two or three days, till they seen I wasn't to be switched, and then the Old Man himself—no use mentioning names, but I guess you know what I mean. Wall, Sever would, quick enough, anyway. The Old Man himself threatened to put his yacht in commission and come down to find out what sort of little game H. H. was playing on him. But I saw like Mr. Robbins—let me say, Hamilton H. Dubois knows a good thing when he sees it about as quick as the next one—and he knows enough to keep mum about it, too!"

Three or four rough-looking men, of whom one, a certain Captain Magnus, belonged to our party and the rest to the ship, continued vigorously to knock their way through the meal with clattering knives and forks. Of other sounds there was none. Such gloom weighed heavily on the genial spirit of Mr. Tubbs, and he lightened it by rising to propose a toast.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to her now unfortunately laid low by the pangs of mal de mer—our friend and bony dear, Miss Harding!"

This was bewildering, for neither by friend nor foe could Aunt Jane be called upon. Later in the light of Mr. Tubbs' position for classical allusion, I decided to translate it bona de, and consider the family complimented. At the moment I sat stunned, but Miss Browne, with greater self-possession, majestically inclined her head and said:

"In the name of our absent friend, I thank you."

In spite of vestigial looks from the beautiful youth as we rose from the table, and the allurement of a tropic moon, I remained constant to duty and Aunt Jane, and I inquired myself in her stateroom, where I passed an enervating evening listening to her moans. She showed a faint returning spark of life when I mentioned Cuthbert Vane, and raised her head to murmur that he was honorable and she understood though not the best, still likely to inherit and perhaps after all Providence.

The unspoken end of Aunt Jane's sentence pursued me into dreams in which an unknown gentleman obligingly broke his neck riding to hounds and left Apollo heir to the title and estates.

"I say, Miss Harding, you're bound to like Shaw. No end—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Has Light of 500 Million Candles.

A one-half billion candlepower searchlight, the most powerful in the world, whose rays can be seen for 70 miles, has just been received at San Francisco, where it will be installed on Mount Tamalpais, at the entrance to the Golden Gate.

The light is ten feet high, weighs nearly three tons and has a 60-inch lens. A searchlight that is ten miles from the light could read a newspaper. Ten feet away he would be able to light a cigar by means of it. A citizens' committee of San Francisco is arranging for the searchlight, which will shoot its rays out across the Pacific ocean and give the first indication to incoming steamships that land is near.

W. D. A. Hyatt, the illuminating engineer, who is lighting the Panama Pacific International exposition, first suggested the use of the light to stand as a sentinel at the Golden Gate.



Mrs. Theresa Wilkeson

South Bend, Ind.—"For some time I suffered from an indigestion, and pains in my side, backache, and bleeding pains. Through this I became nervous and weak that I could not do anything. I was a miserable wreck, and got so thin I only weighed ninety pounds. No medicine seemed to give me relief, until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After I had taken a few doses of this medicine I knew I had at last found something that was going to help me. So much better. I now weigh one hundred and do not have an ache, pain, and am completely rid of all ailments. Can do all my work, am stronger and healthier than for many years. Favorite Prescription has saved my life. Mrs. Theresa Wilkeson, 622 No. Walnut St. All druggists sell 'Favorite Prescription' in tablets or liquid.

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The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's National Remedy since 1866. All druggists, three sizes.

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Keeps the throat from getting sore. Children like it.

100% New Invention to Ease the Throat. The inventor, getting his remedy from nature, has produced a medicine when ages are battled, guaranteed to reach the seat of the trouble. You make a few drops of Kemp's Balsam, and you have a new world of relief. Kemp's Balsam is a new world of relief. Kemp's Balsam is a new world of relief. Kemp's Balsam is a new world of relief.

TO KILL RATS

Always use the genuine STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE. In forces these paste to run from the baiting for the rats. It is a new world of relief. Kemp's Balsam is a new world of relief. Kemp's Balsam is a new world of relief.

MOTHER! MOVE

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruit" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a week's suffering. 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.

See Placard.

"This paragon is something of a wag." "How so?" "I see he dresses air at coat."

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BELLAN'S INDIGESTION

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