Business Woman Feared She Had Heart Trouble

"Since Tanlac has overcome a bad case of indigestion and nervousness of three or four years' standing for me, my work here in the store is a pleasure, and I am certainly grateful for the good health it has given me," said Mrs. J. W. Hickins, of 540 E. 15th St., Los Angeles, who owns and operates the book store at 219 Mercantile Place.

"I was so run down that I felt miserable all the time. My sleep was broken and restless. I had no appetite, and the gas from undigested food caused my heart to palpitate so I thought I had heart trouble. For a time I had a swelling in my legs, too, and it was an effort for me to get about.

"It is wonderful how Tanlac has given me such perfect relief from these troubles. I eat heartily now, sleep like a child at night, and just feel fine all the time."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

Gold From the Sea.

This has no reference to the wild plans that have from time to time been exploited for extracting gold from sea-water, but it relates to the attempts made in Queensland and New South Wales to recover gold and other precious metals from the sands on the seashore. The treatment of these sands has been undertaken, it would appear, with some promise of success. Not only gold but platinum and iridium have been found. It is thought that the metals find their way to the strand from submerged rocks which are broken and triturated by the violent waves assailing the coast.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

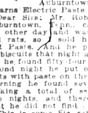
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES—EVERYWHERE

A TRUE RAT STORY



Auburntown, Tenn., 6-26-22.

Stearns Electric Paste Co.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Robert T. Dunnell of Auburntown, Tenn., came in our store the other day and wanted something to kill rats, so I sold him a box Stearns Rat Paste. He put some paste on six biscuits that night and the next morning he found fifty dead rats. After the second night he put out four more biscuits with paste on them, and the second morning he found seventeen more rats, making a total of seventy-one rats in two nights, and there were lots more that he did not find.

This is some fat rat tale, but, never, thless, it is so. But thought I would write to let you know that your paste is good.

Respectfully, KENNEDY BROTHERS.

Buy a 35c Box Today

Enough to Kill 50 to 100 Rats or Mice

Don't waste time trying to kill these pests with low-priced, inferior imitations and preparations. Ready for Use—Better Than Traps, Dogs, and Poisons. Sold everywhere.

STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

OR, STAFFORD'S

OLIVE TAR

Applied externally, relieves congestion, hoarseness. Taken internally, clears inflamed membranes, stops coughing. For whooping cough, Croup, Influenza

HALL & RUCKEL New York

FOR COLDS

BIG GINO PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NA-DRU-CO, INC., BUFFALO

127A

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Burning pain in the Bladder, Scalding passages, Stone and gravel positively relieved by Gino Pills. If not sold by your druggist, send 50c. for full size box or $2.50 for 6 boxes, postage paid, Na-Dru-Co. Inc., 86-88 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Stops Lameness

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. $2.50 a bottle delivered. Book 9 A free.

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

An Era of Publicity.

"You don't mind having the name of your automobile painted in box-car letters on a tire cover?"

"No," said the motorist, "although it's true that I'm a rolling advertisement for the manufacturer who made it, but I have to draw the line somewhere. If my tailor ever asks me to wear his label where all who run may read, I'm going to refuse."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Look to Your Eyes

Beautiful Eyes, like fine Teeth, are the result of Constant Care. The daily use of Murine makes Eyes Clear and Radiant. Soothe. Harmless. Sold and Recommended by All Druggists.

MURINE For Your EYES

Beasley's Christmas Party

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

COPYRIGHT BY HARPER & BROS.

I.

—1—

The maple-bordered street was as still as a country Sunday; so quiet that there seemed an echo to my footsteps. It was four o'clock in the morning; clear October moonlight misted through the thinning foliage to the shadowy sidewalk and lay like a transparent silver fog upon the house of my admiration, as I strode along, returning from my first night's work on the Wainwright Morning Despatch.

I had already marked that house as the finest (to my taste) in Wainwright, though hitherto, on my excursions to this metropolis, the state capital, I was not without a certain native jealousy that Spencerville, the county seat where I lived, had nothing so good. Now, however, I enjoyed its purlieus with a pleasure in it quite unalloyed, for I was at last myself a resident (albeit of only one day's standing) of Wainwright, and the house—though I had not even an idea who lived there—part of my possessions as a citizen. Moreover, I might enjoy the warmer pride of a next-door-neighbor for Mrs. Apperthwaite's, where I had taken a room, was just beyond.

This was the quietest part of Wainwright; business stopped short of it, and the "fashionable residence section" had overleaped this "forgotten backwater," leaving it undisturbed and unchanging, with that look about it which is the quality of few urban quarters, and eventually of none, as a town grows to be a city—the look of still being a neighborhood. This friendliness of appearance was largely the admiration of the homely and beautiful house which so greatly pleased my fancy.

It might be difficult to say why I thought it the "finest" house in Wainwright, for a simpler structure would be hard to imagine; it was merely a big, old-fashioned brick house, painted brown and very plain, set well away from the street among some splendid forest trees, with a fair spread of flat lawn. But it gave back a great deal of fine glamour, just as some people do. It was a large house, as I say, yet it looked not like a mansion but like home; and made you wish that you lived in it. Or, driving by, of an evening, you would have liked to stop your car and go in; it spoke so strongly of hearty, old-fashioned people living there, who would welcome you heartily.

It looked like a house where there were a grandfather and a grandmother; where holidays were warmly kept; where there were boisterous family reunions to which uncles and aunts, who had been born there, would return from no matter what distances; a house where big turkeys would be in the table often; where one called "this hired man," and meant either sex; where people would crack walnuts upon a flatiron clutched between his knees on the back porch; it looked like a house where they played charades; where there would be long streamers of evergreen and dozens of wreaths of holly at Christmas time; where there were tearful, happy weddings and great throwings of rice after little brides, from the broad front steps; in a word, it was the sort of a house to make the hearts of spinsters and bachelors very lonely and wistful—and that is about as near as I can come to my reason for thinking it the finest house in Wainwright.

The moon hung kindly above its level roof in the silence of that October morning, as I checked my gait to loiter along the picket fence; but suddenly the house showed a light of its own. The spurt of a match took my eye to one of the upper windows, then a steadier glow of orange told me that a lamp was lighted. The window was opened, and a man looked out and whistled loudly.

I stopped thinking he meant to attract my attention; that something might be wrong; that perhaps some one was needed to go for a doctor. My mistake was immediately evident, however; I stood in the shadow of the trees bordering the sidewalk, and the man at the window had not seen me.

"Boy! Boy!" he called, softly. "Where are you, Simpledoria?"

He leaned from the window, looking downward. "Why, there you are!" he exclaimed, and turned to address some invisible person within the room. "He's right there underneath the window. I'll bring him up." He leaned out again. "Wait there, Simpledoria!" he called. "I'll be down in a jiffy and let you in."

Puzzled, I stared at the vacant lawn before me. The clear moonlight revealed it brightly, and it was empty of any living presence; there were no bushes nor shrubberies—nor even shadows—that could have been mistaken for a boy, if "Simpledoria" was a boy. There was no dog in sight; there was no cat; there was nothing beneath the window except thick, close-cropped grass.

A light shone in the hallway behind the broad front door; one of these was opened, and revealed in silhouette the tall, thin figure of a man in a long, old-fashioned dressing-gown.

"Simpledoria," he said, addressing the night air with considerable severity, "I don't know what to make of you. You might have caught your death of cold, roving out at such an hour. But there," he continued, more indulgently; "wipe your feet on the mat and come in. You're safe now."

He closed the door, and I heard him call to some one up-stairs, as he arranged the fastenings:

"Simpledoria is all right—only a little chilled. I'll bring him up to your fire."

I went on my way in a condition of astonishment that engendered, almost, a doubt of my eyes; for if my sight was unimpaired and myself not subject to optical or mental delusion, neither boy nor dog nor bird nor cat, nor any other object of this visible world, had entered that opened door. Was this "finest" house then a place of call for wandering ghosts, who came home to roost at four in the morning?

It was only a step to Mrs. Apperthwaite's; I let myself in with the key that good lady had given me, stole up to my room, went to my window, and stared across the yard at the house next door. The front window in the second story, I decided, necessarily belonged to that room in which the lamp had been lighted; but all was dark there now. I went to bed, and dreamed that I was out at sea in a fog, having embarked on a transparent vessel whose preposterous name, inscribed upon glass life-belts, depending here and there from an invisible rail, was "Simpledoria."

Mrs. Apperthwaite Was the Kind of Woman Whom You Would Expect to Have a Beautiful Daughter, and Mrs. Apperthwaite More Than Fulfilled Her Mother's Promise.

II.

Mrs. Apperthwaite's was a commodious old house, the greater part of it of about the same age, I judged, as its neighbor; but the late Mr. Apperthwaite had caught the Mansard fever of the late Seventies, and the building had gone through a period of convalescence, but, rather, a series of relapses, the tokens of which, in the form of a cupola and turrets, were terrifyingly apparent. The earlier edition of Cooper's work; Scott, Bulwer, Macaulay, Byron, and Tennyson, complete; some old volumes of Victor Hugo, of the elder Dumas, of Flaubert, of Gautier, and of Balzac; "Clarissa," "Lalla Rookh," "The Alhambra," "Beulah," "Uarda," "Lanette," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben-Hur," "Trilby," "She," "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" and of a later decade, there were novels about those delicately tangled emotions experienced by the supreme few; and stories of adventurous royalty; tales of "clean-limbed young American manhood;" and some thin volumes of rather precious verse.

"Twas amid these romantic scenes that I awaited the sound of the lunch-bell (which for me was the announcement of breakfast), when I arose from my first night's slumbers under Mrs. Apperthwaite's roof; and I wondered if the books were a fair mirror of Miss Apperthwaite's mind (I had been told that Mrs. Apperthwaite had a daughter). Mrs. Apperthwaite herself, in her youth, might have sat to an illustrator of Scott or Bulwer. Even now you could see she had come as near being romantically beautiful as was consistently proper for such a timid, gentle little gentlewoman as she was. Reduced, by her husband's insolvency (coincident with his demise) to "keeping boarders," she did it gracefully, as if the urgency thereto were only a spirit of quiet hospitality. It should be added in haste that she set an excellent table.

Moreover, the guests who gathered at her board were of a very attractive description, as I decided the instant my eye fell upon the lady who sat opposite me at lunch. I knew at once that she was Miss Apperthwaite, she "went so," as they say, with her mother; nothing could have been more suitable. Mrs. Apperthwaite was the kind of woman whom you would expect to have a beautiful daughter, and Miss Apperthwaite more than fulfilled her mother's promise.

I guessed her to be more than Juliet Capulet's age, indeed, yet still between that and the perfect age of woman. She was of a larger, fuller, more striking type than Mrs. Apperthwaite, a bolder type one might put it—though she might have been a great deal bolder than Mrs. Apperthwaite without being bold. Certainly she was handsome enough to make it difficult for a young fellow to keep from staring at her. She had an abundance of very soft, dark hair, worn almost austerely, as if its profusion necessitated repression; and I am compelled to admit that her fine eyes expressed a distant contemplation obviously of habit not of mood—so pronounced that one of her enemies (if she had any) might have described them as "dreamy."

Only one other of my own sex was present at the lunch table, a Mr. Dowden, an elderly lawyer and politician of whom I had heard, and to whom Mrs. Apperthwaite, coming in after the rest of us were seated, introduced me. She made the presentation general; and I had the experience of receiving a nod and a slow glance, in which there was a sort of dusky, estimating brilliance, from the beautiful lady opposite me.

It might have been better mannered for me to address myself to Mr. Dowden, or one of the very nice elderly women, who were my fellow-guests, than to open a conversation with Miss Apperthwaite; but I did not stop to think of that.

"You have a splendid old house next door to you here, Miss Apperthwaite," I said. "It's a privilege to find it in view from my window."

There was a faint stir as of some consternation in the little company. The elderly ladies stopped talking abruptly and exchanged glances, though this was not of my observation at the moment, I think, but recurred to my consciousness later, when I had perceived my blunder.

"May I ask who lives there?" I pursued.

Miss Apperthwaite allowed her delicable lashes to cover her eyes for an instant; then looked up again.

"A Mr. Beasley," she said.

"Not the Honorable David Beasley?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she returned with a certain gravity which I afterward wished had checked me. "Do you know him?"

"Not in person," I explained. "You see, I've written a good deal about him. I was with the Spencerville Journal until a few days ago, and even in the country we know who's who in politics over the state. Beasley's the man that went to Congress and never made a speech—never made even a motion to adjourn—but got everything his district wanted. There's talk of him for governor."

"Indeed?"

"And so it's the Honorable David Beasley who lives in that splendid place. How curious that is!"

"Why?" asked Miss Apperthwaite.

"It seems too big for one man," I answered; "and I've always had the impression Mr. Beasley was a bachelor."

"Yes," she said, rather slowly, "he is."

"But of course he doesn't live there all alone," I supposed, aloud, "probably he has—"

"No. There's no one else—except a couple of colored servants."

"What a crime!" I exclaimed. "If there ever was a house meant for a large family, that one is. Can't you almost hear it crying out for heaps and heaps of romping children? I should think—"

I was interrupted by a loud cough from Mr. Dowden, so abrupt and artificial that his intention to check the flow of my innocent prattle was embarrassingly obvious—even to me!

"Can you tell me," he said, leaping forward and following up the interruption as hastily as possible, "what the farmers were getting for their wheat when you left Spencerville?"

"I mean he's a man of no imagination. None in the world. Not one ounce of imagination. Not one grain!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PARTY OF FOUR FORMED "MESS"

Term Used Most Frequently in the Army and Navy Has Changed Slightly in Meaning.

Orginally the term "mess," as applied to persons who are in the habit of eating their meals together, and thus particularly of the parties into which a ship's company or an army regiment are divided, was a group of four persons sitting at one table and helped from the same dishes. In the Inns of Court, London, the original number is preserved, four benchers or four students dining together.

In the navy it is usually convenient to have a captain's mess, another for the warrant officers, another for the mess for the sailors or marines is styled the "general mess," but this is generally divided into sections, as a matter of convenience. It has become common to employ ammunition passers as mess attendants.

In early times the word "mess" was applied to food of a more or less liquid character, as soup, porridge, broth, etc. It is probably in allusion to the sloppy nature of semi-liquid messes of food that a mess has come also to mean a state of disorder, confusion and discomfort. Skeat takes the word to be a variant of "mash," originally to mix up.

SOLOMON'S FOUR MYSTERIES

Said old Solomon: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid." The serpent's way of ascending smooth and almost perpendicular surfaces by means of his efficient ribs has been plain to physiologists for centuries. Probably one of Solomon's neighbors knew the secret. The way of a ship in the midst of the sea is no puzzle in these days of Leviathans. Solomon should have said "the way of a shipping board in the midst of the war." As for the eagle in the air, we are only now, 2,875 years after Solomon went to sleep with his fathers, solving the mystery. The eagle knew all about air currents and Solomon didn't. The eagle is easy for the men who make gliders. They prefer to copy the albatross, which does more difficult flying. But the fourth thing that mystified the King of Israel is still giving its students a headache.

Andre Tridon, famous psychiatrist, testifies at a trial that it is impossible for any one to tell "the absolute truth," because no two people see the same thing in exactly the same light. Each gets a certain impression of a happening. None is complete. You have observed arguments, both sides sincere, over what happened at a fire, fight or similar occurrences. Gather 1,000 people at a banquet. Have each write an account of it. You would have to combine the 1,000 accounts to get a complete picture—the absolute truth—and then a waiter would begin raising arguments. It reminds one of the question asked by a person named in Scripture: "What is truth?"

Some remarkable facts have been brought to light recently regarding letter writing in the various countries of the world. It is not a surprise, however, to learn that in the two great English-speaking countries the average number of letters per inhabitant is far and away above that in any other country. In actual figures it works out at 112 a year for each person in America and 84 in England. These figures may not seem to be extraordinary at first sight, but when it is realized that they mean that in the United States there were handled almost eleven and a half billion letters last year, a slight idea of the enormous development of the country's postal facilities, necessary for such a task, may be gained.

The Russian crown jewels, valued at more than $500,000,000, have been listed for sale by the soviet government at Moscow. The realization of such a large amount, translated into Russian rubles, ought to give the soviet presses a breathing spell. At their present rate of publication of paper money with only a soviet flat behind it, the presses must be on the verge of consignment to the junk shop. And several millions of people all over the world would regard such an event with equanimity, at least.

A photograph, sent by wireless from Rome, Italy, is received in New York and printed in a newspaper. This is news—today. Later, when radio movies become common, it will be smiled at, as one of the "crude pioneer attempts." After radio movies will come radio eyesight. People will look into a machine and see events in another part of the world as they happen, without photographs for a go-between. That will drive many nails in the coffin of secrecy, the root of most evil.

The sooner women wear their skirts at any length that pleases them, regardless of whether the so-called "arbiters of fashion" decree they shall be worn ankle length, or shoe-top length, or what not, just that much sooner will women really attain the independence they ask.

A bird hospital reports that canaries have been brought in so severely bitten by mosquitoes that they could not sing. If the bite of a mosquito will make a bird quit singing, why wouldn't it be a good idea—still, maybe that would be asking too much of the mosquito.

Scientists have succeeded in measuring for the first time the heat of the three stars, Aldebaran, Betelgeuse and Capella. They average 10,000 degrees centigrade, but as far as we are concerned it's all wasted.

There were 11,335,000,000 letters mailed in the United States last year, counting the sort written on envelopes with little windows in the front and the address written on the inclosed communication.

One advantage of the new gliding airplanes is that the gasoline, being absent, cannot catch fire.

Many a man who thinks he wants justice would run if he saw it coming.

Often the trouble lies in the fact that safety first is an afterthought.

Take Care of Machinery.

If the operator of a machine will take care to see that all parts of it are in good shape and well oiled he will get much more service and satisfaction out of it.

Immense Damage by Rats.

The United States Department of Agriculture places the value of food and property destroyed yearly by each rat at $2. As the rat population easily equals the human population, the loss due to rats, in this country alone, averages over $200,000,000 annually.

Don't Be Penny Wise and Pound Foolish

Don't think because you can get a big can of Baking Powder for little money that you are saving anything.

There's Only One Way to Save on Bake-Day, Use

CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER

—It costs only a fraction of a cent for each baking.

—*You use less* because it contains more than the ordinary leavening strength.

The sales of Calumet are over 150% greater than that of any other baking powder.

BEST BY TEST

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

ignorance.

Senator Medill McCormick said at a dinner in Washington:

"The League of Nations has failed. To champion it is to show an ignorance equal to the copy reader's.

"You remember, I am sure, the escape of A. Savage Landor, the explorer, from Thibet? Landor escaped, you know, but he bore the marks of brutal tortures.

"This happened back in 1909 or 1910. There was a copy reader in Chicago at the time who had never heard of the explorer, Landor, and when the dispatch about him came in, the poor copy reader edited it so that it appeared in his paper in the morning like this:

"'A savage landor has made its appearance in Thibet but the beast escaped after being badly mauled.'"

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the *result* of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and maybe despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by parcel post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

Reassuring.

Proud Wife (to nervous friend in automobile)—I feel so safe with George driving, now that he has joined the Red Cross. He is learning first aid, and knows where all the hospitals are.—London Opinion.

He an Auctioneer. Make Big Money. No capital required. Send for free Illus. catalog. Reppert Auctioneering School, Decatur, Ind.

"HOW TO MAKE MONEY"

40 pages of facts. Send 6cts. J. H. NEWELL, 902 N. Winchester Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Don't Wear Yourself Out Working—Read "How to Make Money" and let your money actually do the work. Booklet 40 large pp., 50c. H. Jemison, 4654 Thomas St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Man or Woman in Your Town or township to make ready money with our wonderful cold and pain remedy, Golden Balm. Also Snowdrift Cream. Excluctive sales rights given. Call on or address The Stover Remedy Co., 4621 14th Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CURES COLDS — LA GRIPPE in 24 Hours HEADACHES in 3 Days CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy world over. Demand box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature. At All Druggists—30 Cents

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 48—1922.

New Greek Goddess.

The ancient history class at a city high school came to attention. A written lesson was decreed by the teacher.

Replying to one of the questions, a boy in the class wrote: "The Greek goddess of the chase was Diameter."

DYED HER DRAPERIES, SKIRT AND A SWEATER WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run. So easy to use.—Advertisement.

Long Words.

In respect to legitimate words most authorities agree that first in rank comes "antidisestablishmentarianism" (28) letters, followed by "honorificabilitudinity" ((22 letters).

It's easier for a woman to coax a man than to drive a nail.

QUESTION:

Does any mince pie nowadays contain real meat?

ANSWER:

Good, honest, home-made mince meat of course—and you may be sure of real meat in your mince meat when you use

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY SYRACUSE, N.Y.

WESTERN CANADA for Big Wheat Crops

Canada is the world's greatest producer of wheat—second only to the United States—yet only about 12% of the tillable area has been worked. Yields of 40 bushels of wheat per acre are not uncommon. Oats have given as high as 100 bushels per acre, while 40 to 50 bushels per acre are ordinary yields; barley and rye in like proportion. Cattle and horses thrive on the native grasses which grow abundantly and corn and sunflower culture are highly successful.

Stock Raising, Dairying and Mixed Farming

secure for the industrious settler ample returns for his energy. Clearing the cost of one's farm with a single year's crop has an appeal, and has been done by hundreds of Western Canada farmers. Taxes only upon land (not on improvements). Perfect climate, attractive social conditions, good neighbors, churches, schools, telephones, excellent markets and shipping facilities make life happy as well as prosperous.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, reduced railway rates, etc., write

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160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE