Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by

IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

JEROME HATHAWAY CALLS.

...wonder if I can tell him all my ... I questioned myself as my father ... Mr. Hughes left the room. I did ... want to tell him until after he had ... Ken, because instinctively my tale ... would prejudice him against the man I ... and yet I had reached the point ... I must tell someone. I had to ... someone to help me to keep Ken's ... from being utterly ruined. Finding ... tête-a-tête with Sellers in a popular restaurant so soon after she had ... through her terrible confessional ... told me that she was utterly ... I could not see any hope ahead ...

"Look here, fair maid! Do you realize ... have been in this room at least a ... and you did not know that I was ... Is your eyes always take on that ... away look when you are alone? If ... I shall never leave you alone ...

...turned quickly at Jerry's familiar ...

"I'm afraid that you have transferred ... affections to another man, fickle Woman, a man who does not know what he ... Confess your love for another ... I will have to listen and bring him ... even though it breaks my heart."

Jerry hastily.

"I am glad to see you, although ... say you are more asinine than ...

"That is better," interrupted Jerry. "The smile has come back."

"Wait a minute, crazy man, ... I tell you that my father is here ... I am the happiest girl in the world." ... that is the way you look when ... happy. I beg your pardon. How ... look when you are sad?" Then ... dropped his jones of raillery. "Oh, ... I am gladder than I can tell. I was ... that you would never see your ... I regret you wouldn't accept more ... your friends while you were alone." ... give you credit, Jerry, for making ... a lot," I said.

"What do you mean, Ann?" he said, ...

"I mean that I want to return to you ... the thousand dollars that ... loaned me."

"That thousand dollars" I didn't lend ... at money. I only returned the money which you had lost, and which I fortunately found," he lied valiantly.

"That is just what you told me, Jerry, and I accepted your statement without question, perhaps because I needed money so badly at that time. But I should have known that you were not telling the truth, although at that time you did it very convincingly. Jerry, the long arm of coincidence could not have stretched far enough for you to have found my money. Now that I understand, I have been wondering whether you are a modern Quixote, going round the country rescuing damsels in distress at a thousand per rescue."

"Ann, my dearest girl, don't try to make me think that you believe that I would do for any other girl what I would gladly do for you!" said Jerry owning up. "Don't you know that I have loved you from the moment that I caught sight of your worried face in the car that day. Of course, I didn't find your money, but I was happier than I will ever be again when I made you believe that I had, and I knew that it was my thousand dollars that stood between you and the world's hard knocks. You must know that I love you, Ann. I had not intended to tell you this today, especially after you had told me that your father had returned, but please don't give me back that money. It means nothing to me except the pleasure that came when you accepted it, not suspecting my ruse."

"If I gave you joy in acceptance, dear Jerry, you will have to give me the joy of returning it to you. Do you know that I sometimes think that we do not interpret the act of giving quite right, even when we say the words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The truth is that to give raises one's self in one's own esteem. The mere fact of being able to give makes one have a feeling of superiority. The test of character is not in giving generously but in receiving appreciatively. Often a person of small soul delights in giving, because it is a kind of self-glorification that magnifies him in the eyes of the world, while to receive means a certain humiliation which is hard to take publicly."

I had purposely turned the conversation to philosophy, because I did not want him to tell me again that he loved me—at least not yet.

Tomorrow—Jerome Guesses Ann's Secret.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE FLOUR SIFTER.

...1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Breakfast! Breakfast! I'm coming to breakfast!" called Uncle Wiggily ... morning, in the hollow stump bungalow. "What have you ready for me, Nurse Jane, pancakes or fried eggs?"

There was no answer from the kitchen ... the rabbit gentleman waited and listened. Then he twinkled his pink nose ...

"This is strange! No word from Nurse ... And she is generally so jolly in the morning. I wonder if the mud turtle ... back again, and if Miss Fuzzy ... down cellar, flopping him over ... the pancake turner? I'll see."

Uncle Wiggily opened the cellar door ... called:

"Is Nurse Jane down there?"

"I haven't seen her," answered the ... horse, who was staying in the coal ... until warm weather came. "Anything the matter, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Why, that Nurse Jane isn't here to ... breakfast," spoke the bunny gently. "Wait a moment, though. She ... a note on the table."

Uncle Wiggily, just then, saw a piece ... birch bark paper on the kitchen ... On the bark, written with a black ... was this little note:

"Dear Uncle Wiggily: I had to go to ... to get some things for dinner. ... should wake up, and come down ... before I get back, your breakfast ... the stove oven. I am going to ... a chocolate cake when I re-... Your loving muskrat lady housekeeper, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy."

"Well, that is very thoughtful of Nurse ..." said Mr. Longears, when he had ... in the oven and found some ba... and fried pumpkins all ready ...

As Uncle Wiggily ate he started ... about the chocolate cake Nurse ... had said in her note she was going ... when she came back.

"I think I'll surprise Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy ..." said the bunny to himself. "I'll ... that cake myself. Then she and ... go to the movies this evening."

... Uncle Wiggily thought of this ... he liked it, and as soon as he ... finished his breakfast he started ... the chocolate cake that Nurse ... said she would bake.

"I know lots about chocolate cakes," ... the bunny gentleman. "I know ... eat them, and that is the best ... of all, but I also know how to make ...

"It is to be remembered how, in making ... Nurse Jane mixed up flour, ... sugar, water and other things in ... stirred the batter well and, after ... it in a pan, baked it in the ...

"I get the flour, sugar, butter and ... things and mix them up," said ... Wiggily. "I'd also better get the ... as this is to be that kind ...

... the bunny gentleman had all the ... he needed, and he was just going ... a bit of flour in a bowl with water, ... sugar and other things when he ... a knock at the door.

"Hope that isn't Nurse Jane coming ... before I have had a chance to ... the cake," thought the rabbit gentleman. But before he could open the ... it opened itself, and in walked the ... back, bushy bear.

"Ah! I am just in time, I see!" said the bear. "What are you doing, Uncle Wiggily? Tell me before I go off to my den so my little bears can close your ears. What are you doing?"

"I am going to make a chocolate cake," said Uncle Wiggily. "And if you let my cars alone I'll give you a large slice and also some for your little bears."

"Nope!" growled the big bear. "I want to nibble your ears. But I'll take the chocolate cake also, so you may as well go ahead and bake it!"

Poor Uncle Wiggily didn't know what to do. He picked up the flour sifter, which is like an ash sifter, only smaller, and it turns with a crank like a hand organ.

"What are you going to do?" growled the bear, coming close over to the table where Uncle Wiggily was working.

"I'm going to sift the flour," the bunny answered. And then he thought of a trick. All of a sudden he took up the flour sifter and held it close to the bear's nose. Then Uncle Wiggily turned the crank. Out came floating a lot of fine, white flour, sifting all over the bad chap. And it tickled his nose so that he sneezed: "Ker-choo! Ker-zoo! Ker-fooZium!" And he sneezed himself out of the door backward, and down the steps he fell, bumping his head so hard that he cried:

"Oh, wow! This is no place for me! I guess I don't want any rabbit ears today!" Then the bear shuffled off and Uncle Wiggily finished the cake, which Nurse Jane said was very good. And if the bottom doesn't fall out of the apple pie and let the raisins go skipping around the table like lollypops, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the red flower.

—oo—

Sister Mary

PLANNING LENTEN MEALS.

During the lenten season fish and eggs figure prominently in the menus of many housekeepers. These foods are nourishing and easy of digestion but nevertheless create a bit of a problem when it comes to keeping a balanced diet. To so many minds they seem like "light eating" that in the effort to supply plenty of food too much protein is allowed in the diet. Fresh vegetables, fresh and dried fruits, and coarse cereals should all be included in an egg or fish menu.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

Breakfast—Stewed prunes, fried bread, syrup, coffee.

Luncheon—Corn fritters, syrup, orange salad, cheese, straws, tea.

Dinner—Broiled halibut steak, creamed potatoes, onions baked in husks, pickled beets, lemon ice, sponge cake, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

So much depends on the life a person leads when he is choosing his food. The man who works outdoors needs one sort of thing and the man who works in an office another. For the man who is active and in the open air all day a heavier dessert could be served. Lemon or apple pie, or steamed fruit puddings, would make the meal "heartier."

CORN FRITTERS.

1 can corn.
2 eggs.
½ teaspoon salt.
¼ teaspoon sugar.
2 tablespoons top milk.
1 teaspoon baking powder.
⅜ cup flour.

Beat yolks of eggs, add corn, salt, sugar, milk and flour with baking powder sifted in it. The flour should make a thick batter, add more if necessary. Add whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Fry in a frying pan in lard and butter.

CHEESE STRAWS.

1 cup bread crumbs.
¼ cup milk.
½ teaspoon salt.
1 cup grated cheese.
Flour to stiffen.

Use bread crumbs from the soft part of loaf. Mix all ingredients and roll about one-fourth inch thick on molding board. Cut in long narrow strips and bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes.

—oo—

HAIR NOW DRESSED TO SHOW THE EARS.

For some time past even the woman who is the happy possessor of beautifully shaped ears has so obeyed the dictates of Dame Fashion as to cover them from sight with her hair.

But now that fickle lady has decided in favor of brushing the hair back in such a way as to show all but the upper rim of the ear. Earrings may or may not be worn with this style of hair dress, but the low Spanish comb is in high favor when worn down under the hair at the nape of the neck.

—oo—

St. Thomas' hospital in London, was founded in 1223.

NERVOUS SPELLS

Mrs. Werner Tells How They Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

...ton, N. J.—"Before my baby ... I was run down and weak, had pains in my back and stomach, was very nervous and would have fainting spells. I certainly suffered awfully with those nervous fainting spells. I did not know anyone at times and used to scream. A doctor treated me for the spells but did not seem to do much ... I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills be... I began taking them again. I ... a change and could do my work ... pain and was cured of those ... spells. Now I have a nice fat ... girl and had an easy time at birth. ... to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable ..."—Mrs. WILLIAM C. WERNER, ... Hook St., Camden, N. J.

... a wife finds her energies are ... she is weak, nervous, suffers ... backache, the "blues" she should ... her system up at once by taking ... standard woman's medicine, Lydia ... Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as ... Mrs. Werner.

... there is anything about your condi... you do not understand write Lydia ... Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., ... regard to your health.

STYLES MRS. HARDING WILL WEAR

(N. E. A. Staff Special.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—What will Mrs. Harding wear?

Simplicity characterized the garb of Senator Harding's wife. But will plain little foulards and tailored ready-mades be worn by Mrs. Harding, the president's lady?

"No!" says Milton Wolf, head of the house of Joseph, whose super-exclusive showroom on Fifth avenue has been happily flurried by the patronage of the president-elect's wife. "For appropriateness is the soul of economy. And a certain dignity of dress is demanded of those in high places."

It can be taken for granted that Mrs. Harding figured this way, too, or she would not have come to shop at Joseph's and other ultra-fashionable New York shops.

The president's wife is attended by Milton Wolf himself, artist, designer, colorist and connoisseur in fabrics, periods and historical costuming.

He studies his client while chatting—mentally notes that a long line here, a touch of draping there are needed for the best effects.

"The new silhouette," said Wolf, "is directoire—which means the high waistline. Not necessarily a short waist. The gown may flow in long, slim lines, yet be caught in slightly at the side just underneath the bust.

"For the woman with height and some fullness of figure the directoire model has a slendering effect. It is capable of infinite variation according to the type of the wearer.

"Necks remain low.

"Sleeves are long and tightly fitted.

"Skirts continue narrow but with ample walking room.

"In many models the close inner skirt is overlaid with a long, loose tunic in redingote style, always beautiful, becoming and making for slimness and grace."

The style should be admirable for Mrs. Harding, whose figure is rounded without suggestion of stoutness, straight and slightly more than medium height. She has a small, shapely head with gray hair invariably well coiffed and neatly netted. She likes small, close hats and always wears a veil. Her skin is exceptionally clear and fair, her features regular, teeth perfect and her chin wears a hint of dimple. She is a good "dressin model"—a person with excellent possibilities for showing off clothes.

Joseph's is one of the exclusive houses which imports no Paris creations.

"We have not," says Milton Wolf, "had a French gown here for years. We are of those who are able to create for the American woman more beautiful and suitable things than the foreign style-makers can."

Mrs. Harding insists upon reflecting her own personality in everything she wears, from the most simple and tailored motoring apparel to the gorgeous gowns she has ordered for White House dinners.

"I love rich and beautiful fabrics," says the president-elect's wife, "but I can't bear fussiness! It doesn't suit me. I am an executive woman. I love business and planning and directing. Ruffles and flyaway draperies are no more appropriate for me than a satin bow on a bulldog!

"I am not a slave to fashion and never shall be. But I have two hobbies—hats and gloves. I know good hats and like to wear them. And I won't wear soiled gloves or carelessly fitted ones. There is nothing that so completely spoils a costume as sloppy gloves. And I have always felt clothes are tremendously important. No one can afford to be indifferent about them."

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

The eagle set the twins on a snow-covered rock on the top of a high mountain.

"Now," said he, "I think that I've got you at last, my dears. For, of course, you know that I'm not really an eagle at all, but your friend, the Boladil Jinn, at your service."

"You're not our friend!" exclaimed Nick, stamping his foot.

"And you are not at our service," declared Nancy. "You know very well that you've done everything you can to keep us from getting to the South Pole. It's a shame, too, for Snitcher-Snatch must be made to give up the toys. Children are having birthdays every day and not getting a thing!"

The eagle flew away with a great flapping of wings, leaving the twins alone on top of the world!

The eagle screamed with delight. "Well," said he, "if I am not your friend, at least I am the friend of Snitcher-Snatch. We wicked fairies must stick together!"

"You seem to be proud of it!" said Nancy.

"I should say I am! Just as proud of being a wicked fairy as you are of having that Box of Charms and your Magic Green Shoes."

The twins looked alarmed. What would happen if the Jinn took them all away again?

The eagle hastened to reassure them. "Oh, I won't take your precious belongings again, at least not now, because they cannot be the least bit of use to you. Your Language Charm you may keep so you may understand me when I talk to you. The Map is useless, for you can see nothing of the world up here above the clouds. The Golden Key, too, I am not afraid of, for there is nothing to unlock. And why should I fear your Magic Shoes. Up here they cannot tell North from South. You may keep them."

The eagle flew away with a great flapping of wings. The twins were alone on top of the world!

—oo—

Walt Mason

SILK SHIRTS.

I sadly view the silken shirts I bought some months ago—ah, me, the recollection hurts!—at fifteen bucks a throw. The world was then revolving well, the goose was hanging high; if any man had junk to sell, I was on hand to buy. The haberdasher said that day, in confidential tones, "Now, here's a shirt of blue and gray; I'll sell you for two bones, of honest goods this shirt is made, of fabric good as steel; it will not warp or shrink or fade, or ravel at the heel." "What sort of shate," I asked that guy, "do you suppose I am? I don't buy things unless they're high—all cheap things are a sham. I am no piker, friend of mine, my roubles grow on trees; so show me silks that gleam and shine, and drop the wear-well wheeze." And now my once proud spirit sags, when I look in my trunk; the silken shirts are all in rags, the lot not worth a plunk. And times have sadly changed since then, and once blithe hearts are sore, and kopecks, marks and iron men grow on the trees no more. The posthole works where I'm employed are dropping men each day, and there may be an aching void where once I drew my pay. The briny from my sad eyes squirts, I heave a sigh of woe, when I survey those silken shirts I bought some months ago.

All Run Down Now Feels Fine

Eatonic Ended His Troubles

"Eatonic is the only thing I have found to stop my heartburn and I think it has been a great help in nervous spells," writes G. C. Johnson.

An upset stomach may cause lots of suffering all over the body. Eatonic helps in such cases by removing the cause of the misery, because it takes up and carries out the excess acid and gases and keeps the digestive organs in natural working order. A tablet after meals is all you need. Big box costs only a trifle with druggist's guarantee.

YOUR INCOME TAX

NO. 6.

Deductions for contributions form an important item in the returns of many taxpayers. Contributions during the year to corporate organizations conducting charitable, scientific, educational and religious work, to societies for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals and to the special fund for vocational rehabilitation are allowable deductions if the aggregate amount does not exceed 15 per cent of the taxpayer's net income computed without the benefit of this deduction.

For example, a taxpayer whose net income for 1920 amounted to $20,000 may have contributed to the Young Men's Christian association $1000, to the Young Women's Christian association $1000, toward the construction of a new church $1000, and to the associated charities of a city $500, a total of $3500. Fifteen per cent of the taxpayer's total net income amounts to $3000. Therefore only this amount may be claimed as a deduction and the balance of such contributions must be considered as a gift.

Contributions to a hospital or like institution, the net earnings of which inure to private stockholders are not allowable deductions.

Frequently a deduction is claimed for a contribution to a needy family or individual charity. Such deductions are not allowed, contributions of this kind being considered a gift. Donations to churches are deductible including missionary funds, church building funds, pew rents, church assessments and church dues.

Deductions for contributions are allowed only for the year in which the contributions were made. Promises of future contributions should not be considered by the taxpayer in filing his return.

GRANDMOTHER KNEW

There Was Nothing So Good for Congestion and Colds as Mustard

But the old-fashioned mustard-plaster burned and blistered while it acted. Get the relief and help that mustard plasters gave, without the plaster and without the blister.

Musterole does it. It is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. It is scientifically prepared, so that it works wonders, and yet does not blister the tenderest skin.

Gently massage Musterole in with the finger-tips. See how quickly it brings relief—how speedily the pain disappears.

Use Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

35c and 65c jars; hospital size $3.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

THE PARABLE OF THE SELF-STARTER.

This have I observed, that the signs of Superiority in one generation become the evidences of Inferiority in the Next. For I can remember the time when a man did wear with pride his Right Arm in a Sling as a Testimony that he had broken his wrist in Cranking his Car.

And now every man hath on his car a Self-Starter, and the man whose arm showeth the kick of the back-fire of an antiquated Ford, keepeth in his own Back-yard until the Plaster Cast is off.

I am too rich a man to own a Car, for I have a share in the Cars of all my friends, and as I ride with them I notice how they no longer get out and turn a Crank until they are Red in the Face, but sit in their seat and set their Foot upon the Neck of the Self-Starter.

Then doth the Car go forward, and every man doth straightway forget that it was ever otherwise.

But I who have never Cranked a Car or had a Car to Crank have Suffered Vicariously much misery in seeing my friends Crank their Cars, and I partly earn my passage by a thankful spirit that there is such a thing as a Self-Starter.

I have lived long, and have many associations with my fellow men. And I serve on many Committees. And I have done my full share of Cranking. For the world is tolerably full of Cranks and some of them do not turn easily.

And there are many good men who contribute something to the world's speed, of whom it may truthfully be said that the labor that is necessary to Crank them exceedeth the productiveness of their effort.

Now, it is to be remembered that there are some people who have too good a Self-Starter, and who have no Steering-Wheel, and who go amuck down the Pike colliding with everything in sight. And I say no word of approbation concerning their footless activity.

But I have the impression that when the good people enter Heaven, the Celestial Traffick Angel will say, All you Self Starters may go straight in, and keep to the right, and keep moving; for ye will not impede the Traffick.

But ye who have had to be Cranked for every blessed thing ye have ever done on earth, may park for a few generations outside the Gate, and we will see what we can do for you after the Rush Hours.—William E. Barton.

MY SHEPHERD:—The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—Psalm 23: 1 and 6.

Uncle Sam, M. D.

CONSTIPATION.

Q. My little girl, five and one-half years old, is very badly affected with constipation. She never had a movement only with cathartics, and then they cease to help after a while. I have to give her enemas.

A. Orange juice and prunes are excellent. Include oatmeal, fresh vegetables and fruits, with plenty of water to drink between meals. A teaspoonful of raw bran added to the oatmeal is often very beneficial. Train her in the habit of regular bowel movement.

TUBERCULAR GERMS.

Q. Are tubercular germs alive after they are eliminated from the system? I mean tubercle bacilli which are swallowed.

A. Yes, they are very much alive, and this is one more reason why persons suffering from tuberculosis should be very careful about all their discharges.

CATS.

Q. My little boy is very fond of cats. Is there any danger of his becoming diseased from playing with them?

A. The danger is very slight, probably no greater than the danger from contracting communicable disease from dogs.

SCIATICA.

Q. I have had sciatica for three years. For the past year I have lost 25 or 30 pounds of flesh although my sciatica is some better than it was 12 months ago. What could cause my loss of flesh?

A. Sciatica alone would not account for your loss of weight. Since this may indicate some serious disturbance or constitutional disease, the pelvic organs should be examined to determine whether any pressure is being exerted in this region. If you have rheumatism or gout, treatment will be directed towards the constitutional conditions. In some cases rest in bed with fixation of the limb is beneficial, but your physician will be able to decide what is best in your particular case.

—oo—

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

THE WASTED DAY.

Here I am beset by work,
And promises still unfulfilled—
I have no right today to shirk,
There is a column I should build;
And yet into the room you came
And begged to be allowed to stay.
Oh boy of mine, with many a game
We've frittered half the day away.

Upon my desk the letters lie
Unanswered, and it's afternoon;
The printers will be calling soon;
And yet I bade you to begone,
I ordered you to run and play,
But you somehow have lingered on
And I have killed another day.

Wasted the day the rich would say;
Lost, would the hungry after game
Declare these hours I've spent in play;
Misers would point to them with shame
No single dollar have I made,
No bit of useful service done;
For all the time that we have played
Gravely the clock kept ticking on.

But you and I have closer grown
Than we have ever been before,
We've lived this day of life alone
And it is ours forevermore;
Nor shall I mourn o'er tasks undone
Nor sigh for wealth I failed to claim,
For this glad day shall live as one
Which brought me more than gold or fame.

—oo—

RECORD FOR CALVES.

RALEIGH, N. C.—The record of a cow in Spartanburg county, South Carolina, of having borne two sets of twin calves in 1920, has been equalled if not beaten by a registered Jersey owned by Marion Richardson, of Davis county, North Carolina, which in eleven months and three days gave birth to two sets of twin calves. The two sets of twins calves, all heifers, were born on February 27, 1919, and on January 30, 1920, respectively. On December 10, 1920, she gave birth to one heifer calf, making her record five calves within 21 months and 13 days.

—oo—

HIS TROUBLE IS ALL GONE

"I was affected with pains all over my back and kidneys," writes Charles McAllister, 1 Clark Ave., Kearney, N. J. "After three or four doses of Foley Kidney Pills I became all right and my pain is all gone." Foley Kidney Pills relieve backache, urinary irregularities, rheumatic pains, stiff joints, swollen muscles and other symptoms of kidney trouble. It is a splendid medicine, prompt in action, and always helps. Contains no habit forming drugs.—Advertisement.

Little Benny

Pops black shoes was at the shoemakers being fixed and yestidday after supple he sent me up after them and wen I got back I looked at the packidge on account of it feeling lighter than 2 of pops shoes, and neer wat was in it but jest one shoe on account of the other one having fell out on the way, me thinking, G, good nite, G.

And I went in and pop was smoaking and thinking in the setting room, me saying, Hello pop. Im back frum the shoemakers, pop.

I inpected you, sed pop, put the shoes under my bed. Im glad to get them back, my brown shoes hert my feet.

Gosh pop its a good thing there 2 shoes to every pair, aint it, pop? I sed.

A very fortunate coincidence indeed, I wonder if youre the first one to notice it, sed pop, and I sed, Well, how about a man with a wooden leg, one shoe would be enuff for him, wouldent it pop?

Ample, sed pop, and I sed, Well how about a reguler man, how about you, pop, suppose you had a pair of shoes with only one to it, do you think it would be eny use, pop?

It would be jest as mutch use as one trouser leg, sed pop. Meening none, and I sed, Well suppose you wore one black shoe and one brown shoe, pop, do you think peeple would notice it?

Some mite, but if they were my own shoes and I knew that I was an honest man I should laff at public opinion, sed pop, and I sed, Well G pop, you mite haff to laff at it, because one of your black shoes fell out of the packidge coming back and the other ones the ony one left.

Well for the love of Mud and all the little Muds, sed pop, you martch yourself rite out agen and find that shoe or youll find a slipper. Not meening with my eyes, and I quick went out to hunt, and the fellows was kicking a shoe erround down in the next block and wat was it but the shoe, looking kind of kicked erround but not break, and I took it home and cleened it and put it under pops bed next to his other one.

QUICK RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

That is the joyful cry of thousands since Dr. Edwards produced Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards, a practicing physician for 17 years and calomel's old-time enemy, discovered the formula for Olive Tablets while treating patients for chronic constipation and torpid livers.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do not contain calomel, but a healing, soothing vegetable laxative.

No grating is the "keynote" of these little sugar-coated, olive-colored tablets. They cause the bowels and liver to act normally. They never force them to unnatural action.

If you have a "dark brown mouth"—bad breath—a dull, tired feeling—sick headache—torpid liver—constipation, you'll find quick, sure and pleasant results from one or two of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at bedtime.

Thousands take them every night just to keep right. Try them. 15c and 30c.—Advertisement.

When you are "wide awake as an owl" at night, and can't "keep your eyes open" in the daytime you certainly need

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Self poisoning by imperfectly eliminated food-poisons is a very common ailment.

Beecham's Pills correct it.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World.

Sold everywhere. In boxes. 10c., 25c.

Cuticura Soap AND OINTMENT **Clear the Skin**

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. X, Malden, Mass.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

The Duffs

Even Here Business Is Bad

(By Allman)