Help That Achy Back!

Are you dragging around, day after day, with a dull, unceasing backache? day, with a dull, unceasing backache! Are you lame in the morning; bothered with headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders? Feel tired, irritable and discouraged? Then there's surely some-thing wrong, and likely it's kidney weakness. Don't neglect it! Get back your health while you can. Use Doan's Pins. Doan's have helped thousands of ailing folks. They should help you.

A North Carolina Case

Mrs. W. F. Bell,
Green wood St.,
Scotland Neck, N.
C. says: "At times
sharp pains cut into my back and it
was hard to
straighten. My kidneys acted too
often. Dizziness
and weak spells
leame on and my
lead seemed to
whirl. Specks appeared in front of
ter using one box of Doan's Pills I
was relieved.

PHILS

DOAN'S PILLS

STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.





# Where There's Health There's a Way!

A BILITY and will cannot win through to victory in life unless there is also energy—health. And lack of energy in eight cases out of ten is caused by Anemia—blood starvation.

The test above is a guide to lood condition. Press the flesh etween hand and thumb firmly: unless the blood comes rush back, Anemia is indicated.

back, Anemia is indicated.
For thirty-two years thousands of physicians have seen their patients regain health and energy by the use of Gude's Pepto-Mangan. It rebuilds the latent power in run down bodies by supplying the blood with the iron and manganese it lacks.
Your druggist has Gude's Pepto-Mangan in liquid or tablet form.

# Gude's Pepto-Mangan Tonic and Blood Enricher



Mother of Nine Convinced
After One Dose
"Your pills certainly have done 'Wonders'
for me. I am thirty-staft years of age, been
married thirteen years and un the mother norms. I am thirty-eight years of age, been merried thirteen years and am the mother of nine children.

I was suffering from headaches and constitution for nearly fitteen years. One day I nouse a for of Beecham's Fills. One dose was a life lawer to me. Since then I have used no more headaches, and my health is good. I recommend them to whomever I mest." Mrs. H. La Vigne, Jersey City, N. J. For FREE SAMPLE—write
Allen Co., 417 Canal Street, New York from your draught in 32 and 3000 boass constitution, bilineares, sich headaches and other thanks of the selection and other thanks. cham's Pills





### ROELF POOL

SYNOPSIS. — Introducing "So Big" (Dirk DeJöng) in his infancy. And his mother, Selina DeJong, daughter of Simeon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Her life, to young womanhood in Chicago in 1888, has been unconventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable At school her blum is Julie Hempel, daughter of August Hempel, sin intereen years old and practically destitute. Selina secures a position as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Klaas Pool.

### CHAPTER II—Continued

Selina's quick glance encompassed the room. In the window were a few hardy plants in pots on a green-paint-ed wooden rack. There was a sofa with a wrinkled calico cover; three rocking chairs; some stark crayons of incredibly hard-featured Dutch an-cients on the wall. It was all neat, stiff, unlovely. But Selina had known too many years of boarding-house ugliness to be offended at this.

Maartje had lighted a small glassbowled lamp. A steep, uncarpeted stairway, inclosed, led off the sitting Up this Maartje Pool, talking, led the way to Selina's bedroom. Selina was to learn that the farm woman, often inarticulate through lack of companionship, becomes a torrent of talk when opportunity presents itself.

A narrow, dim, close-smelling hall-way, uncarpeted. At the end of it a door opening into the room that was to be Selina's. As its chill struck her to the marrow three objects caught her eyes. The bed, a huge and not unhandsome walnut mausoleum. reared its somber height almost to the room's top. The mattress of straw and cornhusks was unworthy of this edifice, but over it Mrs. Pool had mercifully placed a feather bed, stitched and quilted, so that Selina lay soft and warm through the win-Along one wall stood a low chest so richly brown as to appear black. The front panel of this was curiously carved. Selina stooped before it and for the second time that day said: "How beautiful!" then looked quickly round at Maartje Pool as though fearful of finding her laughing as Klaas Pool had laughed. But Mrs. Pool's face reflected the glow in her own. She came over to Selina and stooped with her over the chest, hold-ing the lamp so that its yellow flame lighted up the scrolls and tendrils of the carved surface. With one discolored forefinger she traced the bold

flourishes on the panel. "See? How it makes out letters?" Selina peered closer. "Why, sure enough! This first one's an S!"

Maartje was kneeling before the hest now. "Sure an S. For Sophia. chest now. "Sure an S. For Sophia. It is a Holland bride's chest. And here is K. And here is big D. It makes Sophia Kroon DeVries. It is anyways two hundred years. My mother she gave it to me when I was married, and her mother she gave it to her when she was married, and her mother gave it to her when she was married; and her-"

"I should think so!" exclaimed Selina, rather meaninglessly; but stem-ing the torrent. "What's in it? Anything? There ought to be bride's clothes in it, yellow with age."

cried Maartje Pool and gave a little bounce that imperiled the lamp.

"No!" The two on their knees sat smiling at each other, wide-eyed, like "Here-wait." Maartje Pool thrust

the lamp into Selina's hand, raised the lid of the chest, dived expertly into its depths amidst a great rustling of old newspapers and emerged redfaced with a Dutch basque and volum-inous skirt of silk; an age-yellow cap whose wings, stiff with embroidery. stood out grandly on either side; a pair of wooden shoes, stained terra-cotta like the sails of the Vollendam fishing boats, and carved from toe to heel in a delicate and intricate pat-A bridal gown, a bridal cap, bridal shoes.

"Well!" said Selina, with the feeling of a little girl in a rich attic on a rainy day. She clasped her hands. "May I dress up in it sometime?" Martje Pool, folding the garments

Maartje Pool, folding the garments hastily, looked shocked and horrided. Where must anybody dress up in a bride's dress, only to get married. It brings bad luck." Then, as Selina strokad the stiff silken folds of the skirt with a slim and caressing forestinger: "So you get married to a High Prairie Dutchman I let you wear it." At this absurdity they both laughed again. Selina thought that this school-teaching venture was start-

ing out very well. She would have such things to tell her father-ther she remembered. She shivered a little as she stood up now. There surged over her a great wave of longing for her father-for the theater treats, for humorous philosophical drawl, for the Chicago streets, and the ugly Chicago houses; for Julie; for Miss Fister's school; for anything and any one that was accustomed, known, and therefore dear. She had a horrible premonition that she was going to cry, began to blink very fast, turned a little blindly in the dim light and caught sight of the room's third ar resting object. A blue-black cylinder of tin sheeting, like a stove and yet unlike. It was polished like the length of pipe in the sitting-room below. Indeed, it was evidently a giant flower of this stem.

"What's that?" demanded Selina. pointing.

Maartje Pool, depositing the lamp on the little wash-stand preparatory to leaving, smiled pridefully. "Drum." "Drum?"

"For heat your room." Selina touched it. It was icy. "When there is fire," Mrs. Pool added, hastily. Selina was to learn that its heating powers were mythical. Even when the stove in the sitting room was blazing away with a cheerful roar none of the glow communicated itself to the drum. It remained as coolly indifferent to the blasts breathed upon it as a girl hotly besieged by an un-

"Maartje!" roared a voice from belowstairs. The voice of the hungry male. There was wafted up, too, faint smell of scorching. Then came sounds of a bumping and thumping along the narrow stairway.

"Og heden!" cried Maartje, in a panic, her hands high in air. was off.

Left alone in her room Selina unocked her trunk and took from it two photographs-one of a mild-looking man with his hat a little on one side, the other of a woman who might have been a twenty-five-year-old Selina minus the courageous jaw-line. Looking about for a fitting place on which to stand these leather-framed treasures she considered the top of the chill drum, humorously, then actually placed them there, for lack of a better refuge, from which vantage point they regarded her with politely interested eyes. Perhaps they would put up a shelf for her. That would serve for her little stock of books and for the pictures as well. She was enjoying that little flush of exhilaration that comes to a woman, unpacking. She took out her neat pile of warm woolen underwear, her stout shoes. She shook out the crushed folds of the wine-colored cashmere. Now, if ever, she should have regretted its purchase. But she didn't. No one, she reflected, as she spread it rosily on the bed, possessing wine-colored cashmere could be altogether downcast.

From below stairs came the hiss of frying. Selina washed in the chill wa-ter of the basin, took down her hair and colled it again before the swimmy little mirror over the wash-stand. She adjusted the stitched white bands of the severe collar and patted the cuffs of the brown lady's-cloth. The tight basque was fastened with buttons from throat to waist. Her fine long head rose above this trying base with such grace and dignity as to render the stiff garment beautiful. It was a day of appalling bunchiness and equally appalling tightness in dress; of panniers, galloons, plastrons, revers, bustles, all manner of lumpy bedevilment. That Selina could appear in this disfiguring garment a creature still graceful, slim, and pliant was a sheer triumph of spirit over matter.

She blew out the light now and de scended the steep wooden stairway to the unlighted parlor. The door between parlor and kitchen was closed. Selina sniffed sensitively. There was pork for supper. She was to learn that there was always pork for supper.

She hesitated a moment there in the darkness. Then, she opened the kitchen door. There swam out at her a haze of smoke, from which emerged round blue eyes, guttural talk, the smell of frying grease, of stable, of loam, and of woolen wash freshly brought in from the line. With an inrush of cold air that sent the blue baze into swirls the outer kitchen door opened. A boy, his arm piled high with stove-wood,

his steeve and coat-front mechanically, still looking at Selina. Klaas Pool, already at table, thumped with his knife. "Sit down,

teacher." Selina hesitated, looked at Maartje. Maartje was holding a fry-ing pan aloft in one hand while with the other she thrust and poked a fresh stick of wood into the open-lidded stove. The two pigtails seated themelves at the table, set with its redchecked cloth and bone-handled cutlery. Roelf flung his cap on a wall-hook and sat down. Only Selina and Maartje re-mained standing. "Sit down!" Sit down!" Klass Pool said again, jovial-ly. "Well, how is cabbages?" He chuckled and winked. A duet of tit-ters from the pigtalis. Maartje at the stove smiled; but a trifle grimly, one might have thought, watching her. Evidently Klass had not hugged his joke in secret. Only the boy Roelf remained

nervously, and sat down with some suddenness. Maartje Pool now thumped down or the table a great bowl of potatoes fried in grease; a platter of ham. There was bread cut in chunks. The coffee was rye, toasted in the oven, ground, and taken without sugar or cream. Of this food there was plenty. It made Mrs. Tebbitt's Monday night meal seem ambrosial. Selina's visions of chickens, oly-koeks, wild ducks, crusty crullers, and pumpkin pies vanished, never to return. She had been very hungry, but now, as she talked, nodded, smiled, she cut her food into infinitesimal bites, did not chew them so well, and de spised herself for being dainty.

unsmiling. Even Selina, feeling the red

mounting to her cheeks, smiled a little,

"Well," she thought, "it's going to be different enough, that's certain. This is a vegetable farm, and they don't eat vegetables. I wonder why,

What a pity that she lets herself look like that, fust because she's a farm woman. Her hair screwed into that knob, her skin rough and neglect-That hideous dress. Shapeless. ed. She's not bad looking, either. A red spot on either cheek, now; and her eyes so blue. A little like those women in the Dutch pictures father took me to see in—where?—where?—New York, years ago?—yes. But that woman's face was placid. This one's strained. Why need she look like that, frowsy, horrid, old! . . . The boy is, somehow, foreign-looking .— Italian. Queer. . . . They talk a good deal like some German neighbors we had in Milwaukee. They twist sentences. Literal translations from the Dutch, l

Jakob Hoogendunk, Pool's hire hand, was talking. Supper over, the men sat relaxed, 'pipe in mouth.



-What You Said Are Beautiful," He Stam-

Maartje was clearing the supper things, with Geertje and Jozina making a great pretense at helping. If they gig-gled like that in school, Selina thought, their pigtailed heads together.

Roelf, at the table, sat poring over a book, one slim hand, chapped and gritty with rough work, outspread on the cloth. Selina noticed, without knowing she noticed, that the finger were long, slim, and the broken nails

Selina wanted, suddenly, to be alone in her room-in the room that but an hour before had been a strange and terrifying chamber with its towering bed, its chill drum, its ghostly bride's chest. Now it had become a refuge, snug, safe, infinitely desirable. She turned to Mrs. Pool. "I—I think I'll go up to my room. I'm very tired. The ride, I suppose. I'm not used . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"Sure," said Maartje, briskly. She had finished the supper dishes and was busy with a huge bowl, flour, a baking-board. "Sure go up. I got my bread to set yet and what all."

to set yet and what all."
"If I could have some hot water—"
"Roeif! Stop once that reading and
show school teacher where is hot water. Geertje! Jozina! Never in my
world did I see such." She cuffed a
convenient pigtall by way of emphasis.
A whil arose.
"Never mind. It doesn't matter.

outer kitchen door opened. A boy, his arm piled high with stove-wood, entered; a dark, handsome sullen boy who stared at Selina over the armload of wood. Selina stared back at him. There sprang to life between the boy of twelve and the woman of nineteen an electric current of feeling.

"Roelf," thought Selina; and even took a step toward him, inexplicably drawn.

"Hurry then with that wood there!" fretted Maartje at the stove. The boy flung the armful into the box, brushed

"Never mind. It doesn't matter. Don't bother." Selina was in a sort of panic now. She wanted to be the room. But the boy Roelf, with quiet swiftness, had taken a battered tin pall from its hook on the wall, had lifted an iron slab at the back of the kitchen stove. A mist of steam arose. He dipped the pall into the tiny reservoir thus revealed. Then, as Selina made as though to take it, he walked past her. She heard him ascending the wooden stairway. She wanted to be after him. But first she must know the name of the book over which he

had been poring. But between her and the book outspread on the table were Pool, Hoogendunk, dog, pigtails, Maartje. She pointed with a deter-

mined forefinger. "What's that book Roelf was reading?"

Maartje thumped a great ball of dough on the baking board. Her arms were white with flour. She kneaded and pummeled expertly.

Well. That meant nothing. Woorden boek. Woorden b— Dimly the mean-ing of the Dutch words began to come to her. But it couldn't be. She rushed past the men in the tippedback chairs, stepped over the collie, "He's reading the dictionary!" Selina sald, aloud. "He's reading the dictionary!" She had the horrible feeling that she was going to laugh and cry at once; hysteria.

Selina flung a good-night over her shoulder and made for the stairway. He should have all her books. She rould send to Chicago for books. She would spend her thirty dollars a month buying books for him. He had been reading the dictionary!

Roelf had placed the pail of hot water on the little wash-stand and had lighted the glass lamp. He was intent on replacing the glass chimney within the four prongs that held it firm. Downstairs, in the crowded kitchen, he had seemed quite the man. Now, in the yellow lamplight, his profile sharply outlined, she saw that he was just a small boy with tousled hair. About his cheeks, his mouth, his chin, one could even see the last faint traces of soft infantile roundness.

"He's just a little boy," thought Selina, with a quick pang. He was about to pass her now, without glancing at her, his head down. She put out her hand; touched his shoulder. He looked up at her, his face startlingly alive; his eyes blazing. It came to Selina that until now she had not heard him speak. Her hand pressed the thin stuff of his coat sleeve.

"Cabbages — fields of cabbages— what you said—they are beautiful," he stammered. He was terribly in earnest. Before she could reply he was out of the room, clattering down the stairs. Selina stood, blinking a little.

The glow that warmed her now en-dured while she splashed about in the inadequate basin; took down the dark soft masses of her hair; put on the voluminous long-sleeved, high-necked nightgown. Just before she blew out the lamp her last glimpse was of the black drum stationed like a patient unuch in the corner; and she smile at that; even giggle a little, what with weariness, excitement and a gen-eral feeling of being awake in a dream. But once in the vast bed she lay there utterly lost in the waves of terror and loneliness that envelop one at night in a strange house amongst strange people. She listened to the noises that came from downstairs; voices gruff, unaccustomed; shrill, high. These ceased and gave place to others less accustomed to her citybred ears; a dog's bark and an answer-ing one; a far-off train whistle; the dull thud of hoofs stamping on the barn floor; the wind in the hare tree oranches outside the window.

Her watch—a gift from Simeor Peake on her eighteenth birthday with the gold case all beautifully en-graved with a likeness of a gate, and church, and a waterfall and a bird, inked together with spirals and flour ishes of the most graceful description, was ticking away companionably un der her pillow. She felt for it, took it out and held it in her palm, under her cheek, for comfort.

She knew she would not sleep that night. She knew she would not

She awoke to a clear, cold November lawn; children's voices; the neighing of horses; a great sizzling and hissing, and scent of frying bacen; a clucking and squawking in the barnyard. It was six o'clock. Selina's first day as a school teacher. In a little more than two hours she would be facing a whol roomful of round-eyed Geertjes and Jozinas and Roelfs. The bedroom was cruelly cold. As she threw the bed-clothes aside Selina decided that it the United States in 1850. At that took an appalling amount of courage—this life that Simeon Peake had called a great adventure.

Anyway, Selina finds a kindred soul in Roelf, who also thinks cabbages beautiful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Scientific Future Love

The matrimonial reports of our day are undertaking to put love on a sound, scientific basis. Let us skip a few ic romance of a youth and a maid of some generations to come. The young man, armed with a stethoscope, a tape measure and the means of making a blood test, goes to call upon the lady whose charms have attracted him. He taps a vein, listens to the thump of her heart and to the wind whistling through her bronchial tubes and ends his labors with a careful examination of the soles of her feet. Satisfied with a kiss and obtains one, duly hygienized through a strainer whipped from a vanity bag. That is, he does unless the young woman wallops him instead.

—Toledo Blade.

It is doubtful if anybody knows the exact spot where Mozart is buried. A violent storm was raging at the time of the funeral, and the hearse went its way unaccompanied to the churchyard, and his body was committed in the paupers' corner. In 1859 the city of Vienna erected on the probable spot a monument to his memors.

# HOW TWO WOMEN **AVOIDED OPERATIONS**

The Following Letters of Mrs. Thurston and Mrs. Beard Carry an Encouraging Message to Other Sick Women



Vegetable Compound that I told my husband I would try it before I gave up. I soon began to feel that it was doing me good. The awful misery began to leave me, also the backache. I have a good appetite and am gaining in weight. Taking the medicine was the best thing I ever did. I feel like it has saved my life and I do not hesitate to say so to my friends. At least it saved me from a dreaded operation and I am still taking it. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about the medicine."—Mrs. ETHEL THURSTON, 324 North Pine Street, Lima, Ohio.

Mrs. Beard's Letter

MRS. ETHEL THURSTON

SAY N. PINE STREET, LIMA, ONIO

Lima, Ohio.—"I want to tell you how your medicine has helped me. For weeks I suffered with awful pains from inflammation and I was in such misery that I had to bend double to get relief. I sould not be touched or jarred, had awful pain all over my abdomen and could not touch my feet to the floor. It was impossible for me to straighten up and the pains never ceased. I took treatments for some time and finally was told I would have to have an operation. I do not believe in operations, and I had read so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers, and as I could not get any help from doctors I thought I would give that a trial. I began with the liquid and it helped me some, then you advised me to take the tablet form and I began to improve rapidly. I have gained in weight from 105 to 170 pounds. I recommend it to all women with this trouble."—Mrs. M. E. Beard, R. No. 1, Box 111 III. DECOLO 10 ACE III. A TICOLO 1. Mrs. Beard's Letter

## THE BEST RECOMMENDATION



BARE - TO - HAIR

Is the number who are trying to imitate it. If Bare-to-Hair was not growing hair on bald heads there would be no ifnitators. If there is baldness or signs of it you can't afford to neglect to use "Forst's Original Bare-to-Hair."

W. H. FORST, Mfgr. SCOTTDALE



INSECT POWDER

### One Secret of Beauty Is Foot Comfort

Frequently you hear people say, "My feet perspire winter and summer when I put on rubbers or heavier foot-wear—then, when I remove my shoes my feet chill quickly, and often my hose seem wet through"—in every community thousands now use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath daily, and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder. Full directions on box at all Drug Stores. Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent FREE, address

rremota

Nation's Advance

time the wealth of the country was \$7,135,780,000. In 1922, the total wealth had risen to \$320,803,860,000 while the per capita wealth has risen from \$307.69 to \$2,918.

Lowering Herself Since Ethel married she has stopped wearing French heels; her husband disapproves of them." "I always said she'd lower herself by marrying that man."-Tit-Bits

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry Mother! Even .. fretful, peev ish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoon ful today may prevent a sick child

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.

Worst Joke I Ever Heard "Has that dove-eyed girl met her affinity yet?" "Yes; he's pigeon-toed." — Emmay

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" - Genuino

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Headache Toothache

Neuritis

Neuralgia Lumbago Rheumatism



Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.