

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



NURSE TALKS ABOUT CARDUI

She Found This Well-Known Tonic for Women Beneficial in Her Own Case and Recommends It to Others.

Hopewell, Va.—This famous Dupont gunpowder town, that suddenly sprang up and gave employment to thousands during the World War, was eight years old in April. Most of the families that came in war times have gone, but many bought homes and remained. Among the first arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Trevathan, of Vermont, who bought property here and now have a pleasant home in Battle Ground Annex. In a recently-given statement, Mrs. Trevathan said: "At times I have had such severe pains in my sides I did not know what to do. I am a trained nurse by profession, and nursed until I married. I was on my feet a great deal and this seemed to aggravate my trouble. "One day I read about Cardui in the paper at my home in Vermont. I got a bottle and tried it. It has done me a great deal of good. . . The pains in my side used to grow very intense. I would take the Cardui by the directions and it helped me wonderfully. . . My appetite grew very poor. I did not care for anything to eat, but when I took a few doses (of Cardui) my appetite picked up. I wouldn't be without it." Mrs. Trevathan said she had recommended Cardui to a great many women whom she had nursed—"and always with beneficial results." "I am glad to give this statement," she said, "so that other women may know about the wonderful benefits of Cardui." At all druggists.



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Gude's Pepto-Mangan Tonic and Blood Enricher

You Can't Dodge It. The captain entered the officers' mess kitchen. "Do you understand that there will be no dessert tonight?" he demanded sternly. "Yes," replied the new and careless private. "Yes—what?" roared the captain. "Yes—we have no bananas."—American Legion Weekly.

Artists' cherubs are like boarding-house turkey—mostly wings.

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The Brown Mouse

By HERBERT QUICK
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LINING UP JIM

SYNOPSIS.—Jennie Woodruff refuses to marry Jim Irwin, young farm hand, because of his financial condition and poor prospects. He is intellectually above his station, and has advanced ideas concerning the possibilities of school teaching and farming, for which he is ridiculed by many. In short, Jim is an ox. He looks by himself and reads books and has a philosophy of his own. But there are latent powers in him unsuspected even by himself and Opportunity comes knocking at his door. Jim is nominated for school-teacher, as a joke. The joke results in his election. He visits the scholars. Jennie is nominated for county superintendent of schools. Jim speaks at a public meeting, condemning rural school methods. Prominent women condemn Jim's method of teaching; they demand "culture." His pupils defend him.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Jennie blushed, and to conceal her slight embarrassment, got out for the purpose of cranking her machine. "But if I cannot line him up?" said she. "I tank," said Haakon, "if you can't line him up, you will have a chance to rework his certificate when you take office." Jennie thought of Mr. Peterson's suggestion as to "lining up" Jim Irwin as so thoroughly sensible that she gave it a good deal of thought that day. To be sure, everybody had always favored "more practical education," and Jim's, farm arithmetic, farm physiology, farm reading and writing, cow-testing exercises, seed analysis, corn clubs and the tomato, poultry and pig clubs he proposed to have in operation the next summer, seemed highly practical; but to Jennie's mind, the fact that they introduced dissension in the neighborhood and promised to make her official life vexatious seemed ample proof that Jim's work was visionary and impractical. Poor Jennie was not aware of the fact that new truth always comes bringing, not peace to mankind, but a sword.

"Father," said she that night, "let's have a little Christmas party." "All right," said the colonel. "Whom shall we invite?" "Don't laugh," said she. "I want to invite Jim Irwin and his mother, and nobody else." "All right," reiterated the colonel. "But why?" "Oh," said Jennie, "I want to see whether I can talk Jim out of some of his foolishness." "You want to line him up, do you?" said the colonel. "Well, that's good politics, and incidentally, you may get some good ideas out of Jim." "Rather unlikely," said Jennie. "I don't know about that," said the colonel, smiling. "I begin to think that Jim's a Brown Mouse. I've told you about the Brown Mouse, haven't I?" "Yes," said Jennie. "You've told me. But Professor Darbishire's brown mice were simply wild and incorrigible creatures. Just because it happens to emerge suddenly from the forests of heredity, it doesn't prove that the Brown Mouse is any good." "Justin Morgan was a Brown Mouse," said the colonel. "And he founded the greatest breed of horses in the world." "You say that," said Jennie, "because you're a lover of the Morgan horse."

"Napoleon Bonaparte was a Brown Mouse," said the colonel. "So was George Washington, and so was Peter the Great. Whenever a Brown Mouse appears he changes things in a little way or a big way." "For the better, always?" asked Jennie. "No," said the colonel. "The Brown Mouse may throw back to slant-headed savagery. But Jim . . . sometimes I think Jim is the kind of Mendelian segregation out of which we get Franklins and Edisons and their sort. You may get some good ideas out of Jim. Let us have them here for Christmas, by all means."

There is no doubt that on Christmas day Jennie Woodruff was justified in thinking that they were a queer couple. They weren't like the Woodruffs, at all. They were of a different pattern. To be sure, Jim's clothes were not especially noteworthy, being just shiny, and frayed at cuff and instep, and short of sleeve and leg, and ill-fitting and cheap. Jim's queerness lay not so much in his clothes as in his personality. On the other hand, Jennie could not help thinking that Mrs. Irwin's queerness was to be found almost solely in her clothes. The black alpaca looked undeniably respectable. Jennie felt it must have a story—a story in which the stooped, rusty, somber old lady looked like a character drawn to harmonize with the period just after the war.

But Jennie had the keenness to see that if Mrs. Irwin could have had an up-to-date costume she would have become a rather ordinary and not bad-looking old lady. What Jennie failed to divine was that if Jim could have invested a hundred dollars in the services of tailors, haberdashers, barbers and other specialists in personal appearance, and could have blotted out his record as her father's field-hand, he would have seemed to her a distinguished-looking young man. Not handsome, of course, but the sort people look after—and follow.

"Come to dinner," said Mrs. Woodruff, who at this juncture had a hired girl, but was yoked to the ox nevertheless when it came to turkey and the other fixings of a Christmas dinner. "It's good enough, what there is of it, and there's enough of it such as it is—but the dressing in the turkey would be better for a little more sage!"

The bountiful meal piled mountain-high for guest and hired help and family melted away in a manner to delight the hearts of Mrs. Woodruff and Jennie. The colonel, in stiff starched shirt, black tie and frock coat, carved with much empressement, and Jim felt almost for the first time a sense of the value of manner.

"I had bigger turkeys," said Mrs. Woodruff to Mrs. Irwin, "but I thought it would be better to cook two turkey-hens instead of one great big gobbler with meat as tough as tripe and stuffed full of fat."

"One of the hens would 'a' been plenty," replied Mrs. Irwin. "How much did they weigh?" "About fifteen pounds apiece," was the answer. "The gobbler would 'a' weighed thirty, I guess. He's pure Mammoth Bronze."

"I wish," said Jim, "that we could get a few breeding birds of the wild bronze turkeys from Mexico."

"Why?" asked the colonel. "They're the original blood of the domestic bronze turkeys," said Jim, "and they're bigger and handsomer than the pure bred bronzes, even. They're a better stock than the Northern wild turkeys from which our common birds originated."

"Where do you learn all these things, Jim?" asked Mrs. Woodruff. "I declare, I often tell Woodruff that it's as good as a lecture to have Jim Irwin at table. My intelligence has fallen since you quit working here, Jim."

There came into Jim's eyes the gleam of the man devoted to a Cause—and the dinner tended to develop into a lecture. Jennie saw a little more plainly wherein his queerness lay.

"There's an education in any" meal, if we would just use the things on the table as materials for study, and fol-



Talk Jim Out of Some of His Foolishness.

low their trails back to their starting points. This turkey takes us back to the chaparral of Mexico—"What's chaparral?" asked Jennie, as a diversion. "It's one of the words I have seen so often and know perfectly to speak it and read it—but after all it's just a word, and nothing more."

"Ain't that the trouble with our education, Jim?" queried the colonel, cleverly steering Jim back into the track of his discourse.

"They are not even living words," answered Jim, "unless we have clothed them in flesh and blood through some sort of concrete notion. 'Chaparral' to Jennie is just the ghost of a word. Our civilization is full of inefficiency because we are satisfied to give our children these ghosts and shucks and husks of words, instead of the things themselves, that can be seen and hefted and handled and tested and heard."

CHAPTER IX

The Brown Mouse Escapes.

Jennie looked Jim over carefully. His queerness was taking on a new phase—and she felt a sense of surprise such as one experiences when the conjurer causes a rose to grow into a tree before your very eyes.

"I think we lose so much time in school," Jim went on, "while the children are eating their dinners." "Well, Jim," said Mrs. Woodruff, "every one but you is down on the human level. The poor kids have to eat!"

"But think how much good education there is wrapped up in the school dinner—if we could only get it out." Jennie grew grave. Here was this Brown Mouse actually introducing the subject of the school—and he ought to suspect that she was planning to line him up on this very thing—if he wasn't a perfect donkey as well as a dreamer. And he was calmly wading into the subject as if she were the ex-farm-hand country teacher, and he was the county superintendent-elect!

"Eating a dinner like this, mother," said the colonel gallantly, "is an education in itself—and eating some others requires one; but just how 'larkin' is wrapped up in the school lunch is a few one on me, Jim." "Well," said Jim, "in the first place the children ought to cook their meals as a part of the school work. Prior to that they ought to buy the materials. And prior to that they ought to keep

the accounts of the school kitchen. They'd like to do these things, and it would help prepare them for life on an intelligent plane, while they prepared the meals."

"Isn't that looking rather far ahead?" asked the county superintendent-elect.

"It's like a lot of other things we think far ahead," urged Jim. "The only reason why they're far off is because we think them so. It's a thought—and a thought is as near the moment we think it as it will ever be."

"I guess that's so—to a wild-eyed reformer," said the colonel. "But go on. Develop your thought a little. Have some more dressing."

"Thanks, I believe I will," said Jim. "And a little more of the cranberry sauce. No more turkey, please."

"I'd like to see the school class that could prepare this dinner," said Mrs. Woodruff.

"Why," said Jim, "you'd be there showing them how! They'd get credits in their domestic economy course for getting the school dinner—and they'd bring their mothers into it to help them stand at the head of their classes. And one detail of girls would cook one week, and another serve. The setting of the table would come in as a study—flowers, linen and all that. And when we get a civilized teacher, table manners!"

"I'd take on that class," said the hired man, winking at Selma Carlson, the maid, from somewhere below the salt. "The way I make my knife feel my face would be a great help to the children."

"And when the food came on the table," Jim went on, with a smile at his former fellow-laborer, who had heard most of this before as a part of the field conversation, "just think of the things we could study while eating it. The literary term for eating a meal is discussing it—well, the discussion of a meal under proper guidance is much more educative than a lecture. This breast-bone, now," said he, referring to the remains on his plate. "That's physiology. The cranberry sauce—that's botany, and commerce, and soil management—do you know, Colonel, that the cranberry must have an acid soil—which would kill alfalfa or clover?"

"Read something of it," said the colonel, "but it didn't interest me much."

"And the difference between the types of fowl on the table—that's breeding. And the nutmeg, pepper and coconut—that's geography. And everything on the table runs back to geography, and comes to us linked to our lives by dollars and cents—and they're mathematics."

"We must have something more than dollars and cents in life," said Jennie. "We must have culture."

"Culture," cried Jim, "is the ability to think in terms of life—isn't it?" "Like Jesse James?" suggested the hired man, who was a careful student of the life of that eminent bandit.

There was a storm of laughter at this sally amidst which Jennie wished she had thought of something like that. Jim joined in the laughter at his own expense, but was clearly suffering from argumentative shock.

"That's the best answer I've had on that point, Pete," he said, after the disturbance had subsided. "But if the James boys and the Youngers had had the sort of culture I'm for, they would have been successful stock men and farmers, instead of train robbers. Take Raymond Simms, for instance. He had all the qualifications of a member of the James gang when he came here. All he needed was a few exasperated associates of his own sort, and a convenient railway with undefended trains running over it. But after a few weeks of real 'culture' under a mighty poor teacher, he's developing into the most enthusiastic farmer I know. That's real culture."

"It's snowing like everything," said Jennie, who faced the window.

"Don't cut your dinner short," said the colonel to Pete, "but I think you'll find the cattle ready to come in out of the storm when you get good and through."

"I think I'll let 'em in now," said Pete, by way of excusing himself. "I expect to put in most of the day from now on getting ready to quit eating. Save some of everything for me, Selma—I'll be right back!"

"All right, Pete," said Selma. Mrs. Woodruff and Jim's mother went into other parts of the house on research work connected with their converse on domestic economy. The colonel withdrew for an inspection of the live stock on the eve of the threatened blizzard. And Jim was left alone with Jennie in the front parlor.

Scanning him by means of her back hair, Jennie knew that in another moment Jim would lay his hand on her shoulder, or otherwise advance to personal nearness, as he had done the night of his ill-starred speech at the schoolhouse—and she rose in self-defense. Self-defense, however, did not seem to require that he be kept at too great a distance; so she maneuvered him to the sofa, and seated him beside her. Now was the time to line him up.

"It seems good to have you with us today," said she. "We're such old, old friends."

"If you can't change your methods," said Jennie, "I suggest that you resign!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A mountain farmer near Beaufort West, Cape Colony, wanted a telephone. The authorities said a connection would cost him £500. So he laid the line himself. It was inspected and passed—and he has saved £450.

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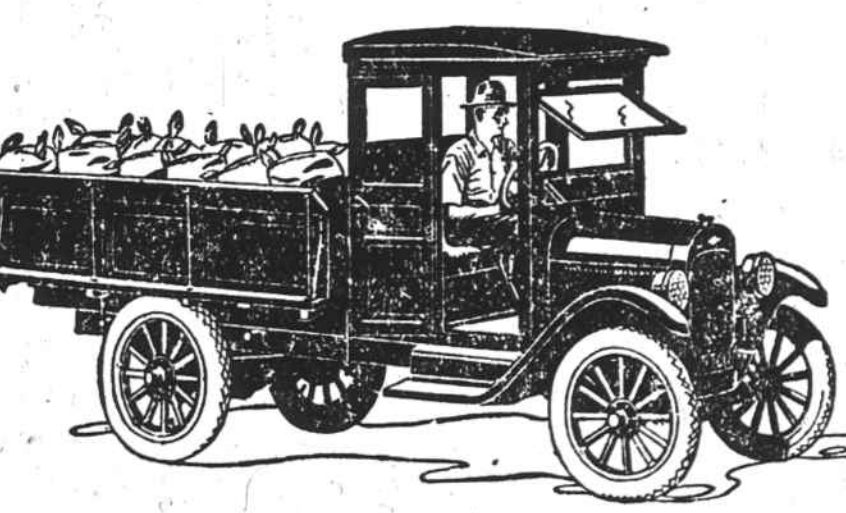
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TANGLED UP BY PHONE CALL

Colonel Gives Remarkable Denouement to His Story That Was Interrupted by the Chief.

The colonel had only two types of stories, one concerning his amorous adventures, the other his adventures while tiger shooting. It was night in the mess and the colonel, as was his wont, began to tell an exciting story of an encounter with a wounded tigress which sprang at him before he could reload and bore him to the ground. At the critical moment an orderly entered to report that the G. O. C. wished to speak to the colonel on the telephone, and the colonel was compelled to break off abruptly. He was absent for ten minutes and on his return had forgotten which of his favorite stories he had been telling.

"What happened, colonel?" asked one of the guests. "You were telling us of your dangerous situation." "Oh, I kissed her," responded the colonel airily. "She simply couldn't resist me and we dined together that evening."—London Sporting and Dramatic News.

Form and Fashion.

"Do you think hoop skirts will come back into fashion?" "They may become stylish," replied Miss Cayenne. "But they'll never be good form."

SEDATE OLD WOMAN SHOCKED

Article Hung on Clothesline Brings Many Laughs From Persons Passing Yard.

She is a nice, dignified old lady, living in Suburbia, with an unquestioned reputation for righteousness, and is renowned for her stand on prohibition and her antipathy for anything savoring of gambling. She recently engaged the service of a maid from "the old country."

The maid, a fine, strapping girl, was anxious to give satisfaction, and when instructed to put the attic in order she more than did the job well, for not only did she tidy it, but old rugs, blankets and the like that she came across she put out on the clothesline to air. The line was in full view of passers-by.

It was with an alarmed suddenness that the dignified old lady noticed that those going by her house after gazing surprisedly at her backyard should burst out laughing. Finally she ventured out to see. On the clothesline was hanging among other things a roulette table cloth, the property of a sporty brother of hers, long since gathered to his fathers.—New York Sun and Globe.

It Pleased the Girl.

Love—Every time I kiss her I'm a better man. Sick—Oh, you little angel, you.

Why the Doctor asks: "Do you drink coffee?"



If you are troubled with headaches, insomnia, indigestion, or sluggishness of the liver or bowels, probably one of the first questions your doctor asks is, "Do you drink coffee?"

He knows, better than anyone else, that the drug, caffeine, present in coffee, tends to irritate the nervous system and is a frequent cause of disturbance to health.

If coffee causes trouble, and you value health, stop coffee and drink Postum. Postum is a pure cereal beverage—absolutely free from caffeine or any other drug. It has a delicious flavor, that many people prefer to coffee.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the cereal brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes. The cost of either form is about one-half cent a cup.

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