

STRAHL FEELS LIKE NEW MAN

Portland Citizen Declares Tanlac Completely Overcame Stomach Troubles.

J. P. Strahl, 6517 88th St., Portland, Oregon, speaking of his experience with Tanlac, says:

"Tanlac has ended my stomach trouble, built me up eighteen pounds and I now enjoy the best health of my life. But for two years before I got Tanlac, stomach trouble had me in its grip, and all sorts of ailments kept bobbing up to cause me misery. Scarcely anything I ate agreed with me, and I kept falling off till I was sixteen pounds underweight. Gas on my stomach bloated me till I could hardly breathe. I had attacks of biliousness and had to be all the time taking laxatives.

"Tanlac put me on my feet, fixed me up so I can eat heartily, sleep like a top and work at full speed. There's no two ways about it: Tanlac sure builds a solid foundation for health."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 35 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

Gas Keeps Strides With Electricity.

In spite of the tremendous strides of the electrical industry, the gas industry today employs five times as many men and twenty times as much capital as in 1890.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

Wail Heard in All Ages.

How great a pity that we should not feel for what end we are born into this world, till just as we are leaving it.—Walsingham.

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.

Where the Money Went.

Doctor—"Well, I hope you profited by my advice." Patient—"Yes, doctor, but not so much as you did."

Baby Was Soon Playing With Daddy Again

"My baby cut two teeth at 4 months and cried so much I could hardly quiet her. Really I didn't know what to do till a friend said give her Teething, which I did, and in a day or two she was laughing and playing with Daddy again. She has cut several teeth since and they never gave her a bit of trouble," writes Mrs. Charles H. Parrain, 211 Shell Road, Mobile, Ala.

Many a distressed mother would find comfort and relief if she would give her baby Teething all through its teething time. It soothes the inflamed gums and relieves every distressing symptom.

Teething is sold by leading druggists, or send for it to the Moffett Laboratories, Columbia, Ga., and receive a full-size package and a free copy of Moffett's Illustrated Baby Book.—Advertisement.

People who look for trouble never look in vain.

The Custard Cup

By Florence Bingham Livingston
Copyright by George H. Doran Company

"A HELLUVA TEMPER"

SYNOPSIS.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as "The Custard Cup," originally "Cluster Court." Her income is derived from laundry work, her chief patron being Mrs. Horatia Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Penzie." Thad tells Penzie a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name. A tenant, Mrs. Gussie Bosley, induces Penzie to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings. Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, veteran at the game, encounters a small girl, Lettie, who proves a foeman worthy of his steel.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Could, too." With a shriek, she lifted one hand and landed a lightning blow on Crink's right cheek. "Want me to pick your gizzard out?" There seemed to be so much possibility behind this question that Crink freed one hand and struck into the girl's neck. With the yell of a tortured demon, she doubled both fists and lighted into him with a quick rain of blows. Her lean arms proved as strong as steel, her knuckles like sharp twists of metal; and her skill was not a matter for dispute. On the instant, Crink abandoned the wheel and devoted himself to methods of defense.

Kicking, striking, choking, they beat and scratched, pushed and pulled, clawed and twisted, slipping in the ashes, stumbling over charred lath and lumps of plaster, till they landed down in the grass in an angry snarl. Picking themselves up, they glared at each other through a breathless moment, their hard young bodies intact, their hard young spirits unconquered.

Crink was conscious of an unwelcome feeling of respect for his antagonist. She was no larger than he—smaller, if anything—but, golly, couldn't she hit out?

"What's your name?" he inquired, for the first time honoring her with individuality.

"Lettie. What's yours?"

"Crink."

Since both belonged to a stratum in which superfluities were lopped off, these brevities were all that either expected.

"Gee!" he continued, venturing on the wily path of strategy. "You're the quickest thing I ever saw. I guess you're 'bout a ten-second kid. I guess



She Lighted into Him.

your real name is Ten-Second Lettie. Whatever want it for?" A dip with his snub nose indicated the wheel.

Lettie looked down, as if she were seeing it for the first time. "I dunno. I always take ev'rything."

"What for?"

"Have to."

"Why?"

"Get beat if I don't."

"Beat? Who beats you?"

"Women I live with."

"Do they beat you often?"

"All time—fierce." Lettie's hardened indifference was more eloquent than a plethora of details.

Crink stared at her with a new expression, of wonder and incredulity. He was acquainted with hardship, with privation, with eternal searching for odds and ends, but he had been saved from cruelty.

"And if you take things home—do you get beat up then?" he pursued.

"Nop. Not except when some'n else goes wrong."

A picture flashed across Crink's mind—Penzie, with the comfortable arms, the love that never failed. With his wide stare entangled in the black eyes still defying him savagely, he slowly lifted one hand, then the other.

"Take it," he said shortly.

The small girl was amazed. "You giving it up?"

He nodded. "Take it along." He showed the wheel toward her. "I can't get beat."

"Ye-ah, you don't!" she jeered. "Where you living at?"

Briefly he told her. In the telling, a startling thought popped into his mind. "Mebbe Penzie'd like you, too," he finished.

Lettie's lips curled.

He continued. "She's intrusted in kids that don't intrust nobody else."

This subtle flattery was allowed to permeate Lettie's consciousness before Crink overlaid it with a further contribution.

"We're going to have stew for supper."

Lettie gulped. Her armor had been pierced in a weak spot. She had had nothing to eat since breakfast—and that a meal of exceeding sketchiness.

"You come 'long to supper and let her look you over," he proposed.

"Did you say stew?"

"Uh-huh."

"Meat in it?"

"Uh-huh."

"Is it an honest-to-goodness invite?"

"Sure."

"Lay down, cut you in two?"

Crink took the oath.

"I'll go," she shrieked. "You can have all the junk here." She swung her arm wildly and rose.

Crink did not move; he was well-nigh paralyzed with strange glimpses into a life far darker than his own.

"Get up," she shouted. "You little nunny! I'll lick you if you go back on it now. Rattle your bones—lively."

When they had gathered up the surface treasures, Crink escorted Lettie through vacant lots and friendly alleys to The Custard Cup—eyes to the high privilege of the back-door entrance.

"Penzie," he shouted, plunging into the lean-to in high excitement. "Penzie, look what I brought you. It's Ten-Second Lettie."

Mrs. Penfield set down her flatiron and turned to see what she had unexpectedly acquired. A pair of bright black eyes stared back at her, unwinkingly out of a small sun-browned face.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Penfield genially. "Ain't this nice! Come right in, Lettie."

Lettie did not move. Her expression was noncommittal—the hard, wary expression of over-experience estimating, preparing for possible combat. Her curly black hair framed her face in ragged waves. Her presentation gown was of the simplest—a one-piece garment, obviously intended to close in the back, but long since refusing to close at all. Finding this a hindrance to untrammelled action, Lettie had faced the garment about and laced it down the front with bits of twine, making use of the original buttonholes and accidental perforations. Her emancipation from shoes and stockings was no affair of recent date. With the mere substitution of a trifle of fringed grass for her scrap of shredded cotton, Lettie might appropriately have punctuated the pebbly beach of a sunny island in the South seas.

Mrs. Penfield, feeling her way in a situation which she was far from understanding, took refuge in general hospitality.

"Sit right down here, Lettie," she invited cordially, shoving along a tub of soaking clothes and wiping the bench free of spatters. "I guess likely you're a friend of Crink's, ain't you?"

The cautious Lettie was not prepared to say. She took the offered seat, but immediately fixed her wary eyes again upon her hostess.

"Do you live somewhere 'round here, Lettie?" inquired Mrs. Penfield gently.

No answer!

Crink, wriggling uneasily by the door, felt that the time had come to talk up his exhibit.

"She's awful strong, Penzie. Ain't any bulldog stronger'n she is, by cracky!"

Lettie visibly expanded, wrapping this tribute about her as a lady might her silken robes. For the first time her gaze wandered—to a busy saucepan on the stove from which issued savory odors no longer to be ignored; for the first time she spoke.

"I'll stay to supper," she conceded, with marked condescension.

"Sure you will," agreed Mrs. Penfield warmly. "We're going to have a grand parsnip stew."

Crink, vastly encouraged by the reception of the first point, proceeded with another.

"Say, you oughter see Ten-Second Lettie fight. I never saw nothing like it—honest, I never! She spits and scratches and pulls and—"

Lettie, immensely pleased, looked brightly into Mrs. Penfield's face. "I've got a belluva temper," she acknowledged placidly.

"Have you, now?" inquired Mrs. Penfield conversationally. "That's good. Ain't nothing can move things faster'n temper. All you got to do is to learn when to use it, else you're likely to give the wrong thing a shove."

Lettie was unwilling to allow even this modification to dim the luster of her chief virtue. "I don't leave nothing standing when I get to going," she continued, "not nothing, nowhere—no nobody."

Having swept the earth clean of all obstacles, Miss Lettie devoted her

whole attention to the saucepan working her thin nostrils after the manner of a hungry dog. Mrs. Penfield's keen eyes took in this detail as she turned the final fold in a pillow slip and ironed it flat.

"Where you been living, Lettie?"

"Living? Hain't been living. I been hanging out with two old women—old devils, both of 'em." Lettie, totally at ease as the center of flattering attention, threw off this information with great carelessness.

"And your father and mother—do you remember 'em at all?"

"Never had none." With a scornful grunt, Lettie repudiated all natural connections.

"Yes, you did. 'Course you—"

"Shut up," flashed Lettie, turning on Crink in wrath. "Shut up! Don't you dare to sass me."

"Never mind, children," said Mrs. Penfield, setting her iron on the back of the stove. "Tain't always a matter that amounts to much. Don't nobody stay long at the starting-point; question is, what's he doing right this minute? Land, if I ain't most forgetting that I got cornbread in the oven! Ain't it wonderful we're having an extra-special supper just the night we got company?"

"Ye-ah," rejoiced Crink, clasping one foot and dancing around on the other. "And say, ain't it grand the way she fights at you? Say, Penzie—"

He came to the floor on both feet and stooped to wheeling. "Don't you think she's bad 'nough off so't we can keep her?"

Mrs. Penfield, down on her knees in front of the oven, was critically examining the cornbread. "Well, I—"

She glanced over the oven door at

her guest. "Would you like to stay and live with us, Lettie?"

If she had feared an impetuous acceptance, she must have been immediately relieved. With a lightly trained big toe, Lettie was engaged in loosening a silver in the rough board floor, and not until she had finished this fascinating operation did she make any reply whatever. "I don't know," she said frankly. "I'd have to see what I think." Then, as if to ease the blow of her ungraciousness, she added hastily. "But I'll stay to supper, anyhow."

Mrs. Penfield closed the oven doors and rose. She put her hands on Crink's small shoulders and looked into his eyes with unaccustomed acrimony. "You know what it'd mean, Crink, if we was to take her in? Would you be willing to divide what we have to eat into fourths, 'stead of thirds?"

"Sure," agreed Crink easily. "I'd as soon as not; and besides, she—"

"Lord!" exclaimed Lettie, against. "Do you think I'm a piker? I've always brung in more'n I've et. Lord!"

"Brought in?" queried Mrs. Penfield. "Brought in? From where?"

"Dumps and places," explained Lettie, with a generous wave of her arm.

"Honest, Penzie," contributed Crink, in a confidential tone, "she's the quickest grabber I ever saw. I know she'd find heaps of things we need. That's one reason I thought—"

Lettie, lending an attentive ear to this eulogy, broke in with amplifications. She had no intention of identifying herself with any household so speedily as to minimize the honor she conferred; rather, she meant that household to appreciate fully that here was no ordinary applicant.

"I'm easy the best skiver there is," she announced. "If some'n goes to pieces or there's a fire or anything, you oughter see me. I'm sure Johnny-on-the-spot, horns and bells to boot. Way 'tis—if I don't get there first, I lick the feller that does, so it all comes out in the wash. Trust me for the best pickings." She shrugged her thin shoulders, like one who carries honors easily.

"Then I'll tell you," he said. "I'm your Uncle Jerry!"

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Have You Tried Them

from your modern bakers' ovens?

—These big, brown loaves of "old-fashioned" full-fruited raisin bread?

Note the raisin flavor that permeates these loaves.

Count the big, plump, tender, juicy raisins in each slice.

It's real raisin bread—the kind you're looking for.

Ready-baked to save baking at home. Delicious and convenient—and economical in cost.

We've arranged with bakers in almost every town and city to bake this full-fruited raisin bread.

Order from your grocer or a neighborhood bake shop.

Say you want the bread that's made with Sun-Maid Raisins.

Good raisin bread is a rare combination of the benefits of nutritious cereal and fruit—both good and good for you, so serve it at least twice a week.

Use more raisins in your cakes, puddings, etc.

You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maid's, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on Sun-Maid brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes.

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The Supreme Bread Raisin

Sun-Maid Raisins are grown and packed in California by Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, a co-operative organization comprising 14,000 grower members.

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Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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Blue Package

STONECYPHER'S IRISH POTATO BUG KILLER

Every year you plant Irish Potatoes. Every year you have Potato Bugs. Every year you should use STONECYPHER'S Irish Potato Bug Killer

Guaranteed to destroy the bug without damage to the plant. Also destroys all leaf eating insects on cabbage, cucumber, cantaloupe, squash and tomato vines. Apply lightly. Cost low. Application easy. Results sure.

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Some Girls! Some Girls!

Exchange—The bride is a woman of wonderful fascination and a remarkable attractiveness, for with manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and disposition as sweet as the odor of flowers, and spirit as joyous as the carolling of birds and mind as brilliant as those glittering tresses that adorn the brow of winter and with heart as pure as the dew-drops trembling in a coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment, where the heaven-tuned harp of marriage shall send forth those strains of felicity that thrill the senses with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture.—Boston Transcript.

Taught England to Smoke.

The first man to make cigarettes for the benefit of these islands was Mr. Nicholas Coundouris, a Greek who became an American citizen. It was in 1858 that he brought ten bales of Turkish tobacco to England and started to make cigarettes, which were then unknown.

"At first," Mr. Coundouris told me, "only a few people adopted the new habit; they included the then Prince of Wales and Lady Mordaunt. It took much patience and perseverance before cigarette smoking became popular."

Mr. Coundouris, who is one of the most picturesque figures in London, is eighty-seven, and is able to speak 20 languages.—London Tit-Bits.

We Believe Him.

A university professor declares that the money spent for cosmetics and perfumes last year was 50 per cent more than the endowments of all universities and colleges. And judging from the number of times the dear things have to make up their faces every day we believe him.

Individual Dictionary.

Leonidas W. Van Quentin is going to write a letter of protest to the maker of his dictionary. "The dictionary is always careful to define 'cat,' 'dog,' 'house' and the other words everybody knows. But when I come to look up a new word I rarely find it. Why doesn't somebody get out a dictionary with the words I want to know and leave out the words that not even a child in the first grade would have to look up?"—Kansas City Star.

Odd Cause for Rejoicing.

Nothing tickles us as much as having Opportunity knock at a woman's door when she's away somewhere playing bridge.—Buffalo Evening Times

Car-bo-hy-drates make up about 60 per cent of the average diet. They produce heat and energy. They are largely secured from the grain and vegetable starches.

In the long, slow baking by which Grape-Nuts is produced from wheat and malted barley, the grain starches are partially predigested. They are changed to "dextrins" and "maltose"—forms of carbohydrates so easy to digest that they form the basis of the most successful baby foods.

Many people have digestive trouble caused by the food-starch in its original form, but Grape-Nuts has been famous for a quarter-century for its exceptional ease of digestion, and assimilation, and its splendid, building nourishment. It is a food for strength and energy, delightfully crisp and appetizing, made today by the same formula which first brought this charm for taste and aid to health to the world's dining table. Grape-Nuts contains the iron, phosphorus and the essential vitamin, so often lacking in modern, "refined" foods.

Many servings of real food value in a package of this economical food. At your grocer's today—ready to serve with cream or milk. Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder. There's a Reason. Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

What to Eat and Why

Making a Big Word an Easy Part of Your Diet

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