

HELP FOR GIRLS WHO WORK

Mrs. Lodic Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Tyrose, Pa.—"A friend told my husband how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped his wife, so my husband bought me a bottle because I was so run-down, had a nervous weakness, no strength in my body and pains in my left side so bad that I could hardly do my work. Before I was married I used to work in the factory, and I had pains just the same then as I have had since I have done my housework. I would not be without a bottle in the house now. It has stopped the pains all right and I have found out that it is a wonderful body builder, as it has made me well and strong. It is going to be the 'old reliable' with me hereafter, and I am always willing to tell other women how it has helped me. You can use this letter as you wish as I can honestly say that my words are true."—Mrs. M. LODIC, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 40, Tyrose, Pa.

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Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, pleurisy, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frostbit feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu."

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c. jars and tubes.



Three Men and a Maid

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

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SAM IN ACTION

Mrs. Horace Hignett, world-famous writer on theosophy, author of "The Spreading Light," etc., arrives in New York on a lecturing tour. Eustace, her son, is with her. Windles, ancestral home of the Hignetts, is his, so her life is largely devoted to keeping him unmarried. Enter her nephew, Sam, son of Sir Malady Marlowe, the eminent London lawyer. It is arranged that Sam and Eustace shall sail together on the Atlantic the next day. Enter Bream Mortimer, American, son of a friend of an insufferable American named Bennett, who has been pestering Mrs. Hignett to lease Windles. Bream informs her that Wilhelmina Bennett is waiting for Eustace at the Little Church Round the Corner. Bream himself is in love with Wilhelmina. Mrs. Hignett marches off to Eustace's room. The scene shifts to the Atlantic at her pier. Sam, heading for the gangplank, meets a glorious, red-headed girl, with whom he instantly falls in love, though her dog bites him. Eustace appears, heart-broken. It appears that his mother had "pinched his trousers" and delayed the ceremony, whereupon Wilhelmina had declared the wedding off.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Samuel Marlowe was not one of those who pass aloofly by when there is excitement toward. To dash to the rail and shove a fat man in a tweed cap to one side was with him the work of a moment. He had thus an excellent view of what was going on—a view which he improved the next instant by climbing up and kneeling on the rail.

There was a man in the water, a man whose upper section, the only one visible, was clad in a blue jersey. He wore a derby hat, and from time to time as he battled with the waves, he would put up a hand and adjust this more firmly on his head. A dressy swimmer.

Scarcely had he taken in this spectacle when Marlowe became aware of the girl he had met on the dock. She was standing a few feet away leaning out over the rail with wide eyes and parted lips. Like everybody else she was staring into the water.

As Sam looked at her the thought crossed his mind that here was a wonderful chance of making the most tremendous impression on this girl. What would she not think of a man who, reckless of his own safety, dived in and went boldly to the rescue? And there were men, no doubt, who would be chumps enough to do it, he thought, as he prepared to shift back to a position of greater safety.

At this moment the fat man in the tweed cap, incensed at having, been jostled out of the front row, made his charge. He had but been crouching, the better to spring. Now he sprang. His full weight took Sam squarely in the spine. There was an instant in which that young man hung, as it were, between sea and sky; then he shot down over the rail to join the man in the blue jersey, who had just discovered that his hat was not on straight and had paused to adjust it once more with a few skillful touches of the finger.

In the brief interval of time which Marlowe had spent in the stateroom, chatting with Eustace about the latter's bruised soul, some rather curious things had been happening above. Not extraordinary, perhaps, but curious. These must now be related. A story, if it is to grip the reader, should, I am aware, go always forward. It should march. It should leap from crag to crag like the chamois of the Alps. If there is one thing I hate, it is a novel which gets you interested in the hero in chapter one and then cuts back in chapter two to tell you all about his grandfather. Nevertheless, at this point we must go back a space. We must return to the moment when, having deposited her Pekinese dog in her stateroom, the girl with the red hair came out again on deck. This happened just about the time when Eustace Hignett was beginning his narrative.

By now the bustle which precedes the departure of an ocean liner was at its height. Hoarse voices were crying, "All for the shore!" The gangway was thronged with friends of passengers returning to land. The crowd on the pier waved flags and handkerchiefs and shouted unintelligibly. Members of the crew stood alertly by the gangplank ready to draw it in as soon as the last scurrier had crossed it.

The girl went to the rail and gazed earnestly at the shore. There was an anxious expression on her face. She had the air of one who was waiting for someone to appear. Her demeanor was that of Mariana at the Moated Grange. "He cometh not!" she seemed to be saying. She glanced at her wrist watch, then scanned the dock once more.

There was a rattle as the gang-plank moved inboard and was deposited on the deck. The girl uttered a little cry of dismay. Then suddenly her face brightened and she began to wave her arm to attract the attention of an elderly man with a red face made redder by exertion, who had just forced his way to the edge of the dock and was peering up at the passenger-lined rail.

The boat had now begun to move slowly out of its slip, backing into the river. Ropes had been cast off, and an ever-widening strip of water appeared between the vessel and the dock. It was now that the man on

the dock sighted the girl. She gesticulated at him. He gesticulated at her. She appeared helpless and baffled, but he showed himself a person of resource, of the stuff of which great generals are made. Foch is just like that, a bird at changing preconceived plans to suit the exigencies of the moment.

The man on the dock took from his pocket a pleasantly rotund wad of currency bills. He produced a handkerchief, swiftly tied up the bills in it, backed to give himself room, and then, with all the strength of his arm, he hurled the bills in the direction of the dock. The action was greeted by cheers from a warm-hearted populace. Your New York crowd loves a liberal provider.

One says that the man hurled the bills in the direction of the dock, and that was exactly what he did. But the years had robbed his pitching-arm of the limber strength which, forty summers back, had made him the terror of opposing boys' baseball teams. He still retained a fair control but he lacked steam. The handkerchief with its precious contents shot in a graceful arc toward the dock, fell short by a good six feet and dropped into the water, where it unfolded like a lily, sending twenty-dollar bills, ten-dollar bills, five-dollar bills, and an assortment of ones floating over the water-lots. The cheers of the citizenry changed to cries of horror. The girl uttered a plaintive shriek. The boat moved on.

It was at this moment that Mr. Oscar Swenson, one of the thriftless souls who ever came out of Sweden, perceived that the chance of a lifetime had arrived for adding substantially to his little savings. By profession he was one of those men who eke out a precarious livelihood by rowing dreamily about the waterfront in skiffs. He



A Moment Later He Had Risen to the Surface and Was Gathering Up Money With Both Hands.

was doing so now: and, as he sat meditatively in his skiff, having done his best to give the liner a good send-off by paddling round her in circles, the pleading face of a twenty-dollar bill peered up at him. Mr. Swenson was not the man to resist the appeal. He uttered a sharp bark of ecstasy, pressed his derby hat firmly upon his brow and dived in. A moment later he had risen to the surface and was gathering up money with both hands.

He was still busy with this congenial task when a tremendous splash at his side sent him under again; and, rising for a second time, he observed with not a little chagrin that he had been joined by a young man in a blue flannel suit with an invisible stripe.

"Svensk!" exclaimed Mr. Swenson, or whatever it is that natives of Sweden exclaim in moments of justifiable annoyance. He resented the advent of this newcomer. He had been getting along fine and had had the situation well in hand. To him Sam Marlowe represented Competition, and Mr. Swenson desired no competitors in his treasure-seeking enterprise. He travels, thought Mr. Swenson, the fastest who travels alone.

Sam Marlowe had a touch of the philosopher in him. He had the ability to adapt himself to circumstances. It had been no part of his plans to come whizzing down off the rail into this singularly soup-like water which tasted in equal parts of oil and dead rats; but, now that he was here he was prepared to make the best of the situation. Swimming, it happened, was one of the things he did best, and somewhere among his belongings at home was a tarnished pewter cup which he had won at school in the "Saving Life" competition. He knew exactly what to do. You get behind the victim and grab him firmly under his arms, and then you start swimming on your back. A moment later the astonished Mr. Swenson, who, being practically amphibious, had not anticipated that anyone would have the cool impertinence to try and save him from drowning, found himself seized from behind and towed vigorously away from a ten-dollar bill which he had almost succeeded in grasping. The spiritual agony caused by this assault rendered him mercifully dumb; though, even had he contrived to utter the rich Swedish oaths which occurred to him, his remarks

could scarcely have been heard, for the crowd on the dock was cheering as one man. They had often paid good money to see far less gripping sights in the movies. They roared applause. The liner, meanwhile, continued to move stolidly out into midriver.

The only drawback to these life-saving competitions at school, considered from the standpoint of fitting the competitors for the problems of after-life, is that the object saved on such occasions is a leather dummy, and of all things in this world a leather dummy is perhaps the most placid and phlegmatic. It differs in many respects from an emotional Swedish gentleman, six foot high and constructed throughout of steel and india rubber, who is being lugged away from cash which he has been regarding in the light of a legacy. Indeed, it would not be hard to find a respect in which it does not differ. So far from lying inert in Sam's arms and allowing himself to be saved in a quiet and orderly manner, Mr. Swenson betrayed all the symptoms of one who feels that he has fallen among murderers. Mr. Swenson, much as he disliked competition, was ready to put up with it, provided that it was fair competition. This pulling your rival away from the loot so that you could grab it yourself—thus shockingly bad the man misinterpreted Sam's motives—was another thing altogether, and his stout soul would have none of it. He began immediately to struggle with all the violence at his disposal. His large, hairy hands came out of the water and swung hopefully in the direction where he assumed his assailant's face to be.

Sam was not unprepared for this display. His researches in the art of life-saving had taught him that your drowning man frequently struggled against his best interests. In which case, cruel to be kind, one simply stunned the blighter. He decided to stun Mr. Swenson, though, if he had known that gentleman more intimately and had been aware that he had the reputation of possessing the thickest head on the water-front he would have realized the magnitude of the task. Friends of Mr. Swenson, in convivial moments, had frequently endeavored to stun him with bottles, boots and bits of lead piping, and had gone away depressed by failure. Sam, ignorant of this, attempted to do the job with clenched fist, which he brought down as smartly as possible on the crown of the other's derby hat.

It was the worst thing he could have done. Mr. Swenson thought highly of his hat and this brutal attack upon it confirmed his gloomiest apprehensions. Now thoroughly convinced that the only thing to do was to sell his life dearly, he wrrenched himself round, seized his assailant by the neck, twined his arms about his middle, and accompanied him below the surface.

By the time he had swallowed his first pint and was beginning on his second, Sam was reluctantly compelled to come to the conclusion that this was the end. The thought irritated him unspeakably. This, he felt, was just the silly, contrary way things always happened. Why should it be he who was perishing like this? Why not Eustace Hignett? Now there was a fellow whom this sort of thing would just have suited. Broken-hearted Eustace Hignett would have looked on all this as a merciful release.

He paused in his reflections to try to disentangle the more prominent of Mr. Swenson's limbs from about him. By this time he was sure that he had never met anyone he disliked so intensely as Mr. Swenson—not even his Aunt Adeline. The man was a human octopus. Sam could count seven distinct legs twined round him and at least as many arms. It seemed to him that he was being done to death in his prime by a solid platoon of Swedes. He put his whole soul into one last effort . . . something seemed to give . . . he was free. Pausing only to try to kick Mr. Swenson in the



"Yesir, You're Wet! Wet's the Word, All Right."

face, Sam shot to the surface. Something hard and sharp prodded him in the head. Then something caught the collar of his coat; and, finally, spouting like a whale, he found himself dragged upward and over the side of a boat.

The time which Sam had spent with Mr. Swenson below the surface had been brief, but it had been long enough to enable the whole floating population

of the North river to converge on the scene in scows, skiffs, launches, tugs and other vessels. The fact that the water in that vicinity was crested with currency had not escaped the notice of these navigators and they had gone to it as one man. First in the race came the tug Reuben S. Watson, the skipper of which, following a famous precedent, had taken his little daughter to bear him company. It was to this fact that Marlowe really owed his rescue. Women have often a vein of sentiment in them where men can only see the hard business side of a situation; and it was the skipper's daughter who insisted that the family boat-hook, then in use as a harpoon for spearing dollar bills, should be devoted to the less profitable but humaner end of extricating the young man from a watery grave.

The skipper had grumbled a bit at first, but had given way—he always spoiled the girl—with the result that Sam found himself sitting on the deck of the tug engaged in the complicated process of restoring his faculties to the normal. In a sort of dream he perceived Mr. Swenson rise to the surface some feet away, adjust his derby hat, and, after one long look of dislike in his direction, swim off rapidly to intercept a five which was floating under the stern of a nearby skiff.

Sam sat on the deck and panted. He played on the boards like a public fountain. At the back of his mind there was a flickering thought that he wanted to do something, a vague feeling that he had some sort of an appointment which he must keep; but he was unable to think what it was. Meanwhile, he conducted tentative experiments with his breath. It was so long since he had last breathed that he had lost the knack of it.

"Well, anchor wet?" said a voice. The skipper's daughter was standing beside him, looking down commiseratingly. Of the rest of the family all he could see was the broad blue seats of their trousers as they leaned hopefully over the side in the quest for wealth. "Yesir! You sure are wet. Gee! I never seen anyone so wet! I seen wet guys, but I never seen anyone so wet as you. Yesir, you're certainly wet!"

"I am wet," admitted Sam.

"Yesir, you're wet! Wet's the word all right. Good and wet, that's what you are!"

"It's the water," said Sam. His brain was still clouded; he wished he could remember what that appointment was. "That's what has made me wet."

"It's sure made you wet all right," agreed the girl. She looked at him interestedly. "Wotcha do it for?" she asked.

"Yes, wotcha do it for? How come? Wotcha do a Brodie for off'n that ship? I didn't see it myself, but pa says you come walloping down off'n the deck like a sack of potatoes."

Sam uttered a sharp cry. He had remembered.

"Where is she?"

"Where's who?"

"The liner."

"She's off down the river, I guess. She was swinging round, the last I seen of her."

"She's not gone?"

"Sure she's gone. Wotcha expect her to do? She's gotta get over to the other side, ain't she? Cert'nly she's gone." She looked at him interestedly. "Do you want to be on board her?"

"Of course I do."

"Then for the love of Pete, wotcha doin' wallop'n off'n the deck like a sack of potatoes?"

"I slipped. I was pushed or something." Sam sprang to his feet and looked wildly about him. "I must get back. Isn't there any way of getting back?"

"Well, you could catch up with her at quarantine out in the bay. She'll stop to let the pilot off."

"Can you take me to quarantine?" The girl glanced doubtfully at the seat of the nearest pair of trousers.

"Well, we could," she said. "But pa's kind of set in his ways, and right now he's fishing for dollar bills with the boat-hook. He's apt to get sorta mad if he's interrupted."

"I'll give him fifty dollars if he'll put me on board."

"Got it on you?" inquired the nymph cooly. She had her share of sentiment, but she was her father's daughter and inherited from him the business sense.

"Here it is." He pulled out his pocketbook. The book was dripping, but the contents were only fairly moist.

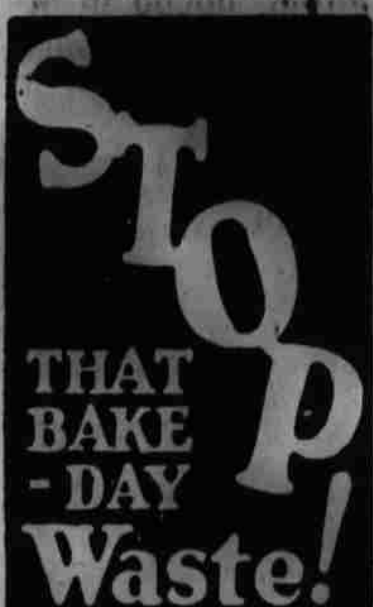
"Pa!" said the girl. The trouser-seat remained where it was—dead to its child's cry.

"Pa! Commere! Wantcha!"

"But I suppose all brave men are modest."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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