

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Drive Malaria Out of the System

BABEK for CHILLS & FEVER

A GOOD TONIC AND APPETIZER CONTAINS NO QUININE Special Offer: Mail this advertisement with 10 cents for a full size bottle to the Babek Company, Washington, D. C. Money back if not satisfied.

Toad Spurts Blood. The so-called "horn-toad" of our Southwest, which is really a small lizard, has a habit of "spitting blood," as the boys of that region will tell you. But Prof. Vernon Bally, chief field naturalist of the United States Department of Agriculture's biological survey, says the blood comes from its eyes. The Mexicans call them "sacred ponds," because they weep tears of blood. The weeping, however, is more like shooting, or squirting, a fine stream or spray, sometimes to a distance of several feet.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

American Type.

An American racial type exists and has existed for three hundred years. It is the type that speaks English as its ancestral language, that draws its finest inspiration from the literature written in English and finds its political ideals in the great charters of liberty which represent the conscious struggle of more than a thousand years. The prevalent American type, indeed, is the type that settled the nation in colonial times, fought the American Revolution, wrote the Declaration of Independence, and formulated the Constitution.—World's Work.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Cottonseed in Egypt.

The production of cottonseed oil and cake is a flourishing Egyptian industry. There are seven large crushing mills owned by European companies in Alexandria, Cairo, Kafr el Zayat and Mit Ghamur. In 1922 4,506,000 lbs. of cottonseed oil were exported from Egypt to the value of £183,000; 13,000 metric tons of cottonseed cake valued at £84,000 were also exported in 1922.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

High Cost of Living.

Wife—Oh, Richard, baby swallowed a quarter today.
Hub—Can't you give him a less expensive diet?—Boston Evening Transcript.

A Standard for 90 Years.

As a laxative and blood purifier there is nothing better than Brandreth Pills. In use throughout the world.—Adv.

True Enough.

Perhaps we expect too much of our courtesies. If you give a lady your seat in a car, she is not likely to leave you \$25,000. A dazzling smile is quite enough payment.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CORNS



Stop their pain in one minute!

For quick lasting relief from corns, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the pain in one minute by removing the cause—friction and pressure.
Zino-pads are thin, safe, antiseptic, healing, waterproof and cannot produce infection or any bad after-effects. Three sizes—for corns, callouses and bunions. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone

Ladies—Do Your Hemstitching and Mending at Home. Attachment fits any machine. \$2.95. Agent wanted. Chicago Attachment Co., 22 Quincy Street, Chicago.

THE BROWN MOUSE

By HERBERT QUICK

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"Sure!" said Pete. "We hain't no more sense than to let any one in, Clumb. Come in, the water's fine. We ain't proud!"
"Well," said Clumb, "if this feller is goin' to do school work of this kind, I want in the district, too."
"We'll come to that one of these days," said Jim. "The district is too small."

Wilbur Smythe's car stopped at the distant gate and honked for him—a signal which broke up the party. Hakon Peterson passed the word to the colonel and Mr. Bronson for a board meeting the next evening. The picnic broke up in a dispersion of staid married couples to their homes, and young folks in top buggies to dances and displays of fireworks in the surrounding villages.

Jim walked across the fields to his home—neither old nor young, having neither sweetheart with whom to dance nor farm to demand labor in its inexorable chores. He turned after crawling through a wire fence and looked longingly at Jennie as she was frantically assisted into the car by the suoc-coated lawyer.

"You saw what he did?" said the colonel interrogatively, as he and his daughter sat on the Woodruff-veranda that evening. "Who taught him the supreme wisdom of holding back his troops when they grew too wild for attack?"

"He may lose them," said Jennie.
"Not so," said the colonel. "Individuals of the Brown Mouse type always succeed when they find their environment. And I believe Jim has found his."

"Well," said Jennie, "I wish his environment would find him some clothes. It's a shame the way he has to go looking. He'd be nice-appearing if he was dressed anyway."

"Oh, then you haven't heard the news," said the colonel. "Jim's going to have his first made-to-measure suit for Ames. It's all fixed."

"Who's making it?" asked Jennie.
"Gustaf Paulsen, the Dane that's just opened a shop in town."

"A Dane?" queried Jennie. "Isn't he Bettina's uncle?"
"Ratherly," said the colonel jocularly, "seeing as how Bettina's Mrs. Hansen's daughter."

Clothes are rather important, but the difference between a suit made by Atkins, the tailor, and one built by Gustaf Paulsen, the new Danish craftsman, could not be supposed to be crucially important, even when designed for a very dear friend. And Jim was scarcely that—of course not! Why, then, did the county superintendent hastily run to her room, and cry? Why did she say to herself that the Hansens were very good people, and well-to-do, and it would be a fine thing for Jim and his mother—and then cry some more?

CHAPTER XVI

Jim Goes to Ames.

Jim had never felt more the upstart uneducated farm-hand than when he was introduced to that audience at Ames by Professor Withers, nor more completely disgraced than when he concluded his remarks. Even the applause was to him a kindly effort on the part of the audience to comfort him in his failure. His only solace was the look in Jennie's eyes.

"Young man," said an old farmer who wore thick glasses and looked like a Dutch burgomaster, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"This is Mr. Hofmyer of Pottawatomie county," said the dean of the college.

"I'm glad to meet you," said Jim. "I can talk to you now."

"No," said Jennie. "I know Mr. Hofmyer will excuse you until after dinner. We have a little party for Mr. Irwin, and we shall be late if we don't hurry."

"Where can I see you after supper?" asked Mr. Hofmyer.

Easy it was to satisfy Mr. Hofmyer; and Jim was carried off to a dinner given by County Superintendent Jennie to Jim, the dean, Professor Withers, and one or two others—and a wonderfully select and distinguished company it seemed to Jim. Jennie seized a moment's opportunity to say, "You did beautifully, Jim; everybody says so."

"I failed!" said Jim. "You know I failed. I couldn't remember my speech. I can't stay here feasting. I want to get out in the snow."

"You made the best address of the meeting; and you did it because you forgot your speech," insisted Jennie.

"Does anybody else think so?"

"Why, Jim! You must learn to believe in what you have done. Even Con Bonner says it was the best. He says he didn't think you had it in ye!"

"His advice from her to 'believe in what you have done'—wasn't there something new in Jennie's attitude here? Wasn't his belief in what he was doing precisely the thing which had made him such a nuisance to the county superintendent? However, Jim couldn't stop to answer the question which popped up in his mind.

"What does Professor Withers say?" he asked.

"He's delighted—silly!"
"Silly!" How wonderful it was to be called "silly"—in that tone.

"I shouldn't have forgotten the speech if it hadn't been for this darned balled shirt and collar, and for wearing a cravat," urged Jim in extenuation.

"You ought to've worn them around the house for a week before coming," said Jennie. "Why didn't you ask my advice?"

"I will, next time, Jennie," said Jim. "I didn't suppose I needed a bittin'-rig—but I guess I did!"

Jennie ran away then to ask Nils Hansen and Bettina to join their dinner party. She had a sudden access of friendliness for the Hansens. Nils refused because he was going out to see the college herds fed; but at Jennie's urgent request, reinforced by pats and hugs, Bettina consented. Jennie was very happy, and proved herself a beaming hostess. The dean devoted himself to Bettina—and Jim found out afterward that this inquiring gentleman was getting at the mental processes of a specimen pupil in one of the new kind of rural schools, in which he was only half inclined to believe. He thanked Jim for his speech, and said it was "most suggestive and thought-provoking," and as the party broke up slipped into Jim's hand a check for the honorarium. It was not until then that Jim felt quite sure that he was actually to be paid.

Mr. Hofmyer was waiting to give Jim the final convincing proof that he had produced an effect with his speech.

"Do you teach the kind of school you lay out in your talk?" he asked.

"I try to," said Jim, "and I believe I do."

"Well," said Mr. Hofmyer, "that's the kind of education I believe in. I



"I Want to Have a Talk With You."

kep' school back in Pennsylvania fifty years ago, and I made the scholars measure things, and weigh things, and apply their studies as far as I could."

"All good teachers have always done that," said Jim. "Froebel, Pestalozzi, Colonel Parker—they all had the idea which is at the bottom of my work; 'learn to do by doing,' and connecting up the school with life."

"M'h-m," grunted Mr. Hofmyer, "I hain't been able to see how Latin connects up with a high-school kid's life—unless he can find a Latin settlement som'er'es and git a job clerkin' in a store."

"But it used to relate to life," said Jim, "the life of the people who made Greek and Latin a part of everybody else's education as well as their own. Latin and Greek were the only languages in which anything worth much was written, you know. But now"—Jim spread out his arms as if to take in the whole world—"science, the marvelous literature of our tongue in the last three centuries! And to make a child learn Latin with all that, a thousand times richer than all the literature of Latin, lying unused before him!"

"Know any Latin?" asked Mr. Hofmyer.

Jim blushed, as one caught in condemning what he knows nothing about.

"I—I have studied the grammar, and read 'Caesar,'" he faltered, "but that isn't much. I had no teacher, and I had to work pretty hard, and it didn't go very well."

"I've had all the Latin they gave in the colleges of my time," said Mr. Hofmyer, "if I do talk dialect; and I'll agree with you so far as to say that it would have been a crime for me to neglect the chemistry, bacteriology, physics, engineering and other sciences that pertain to farmin'—if there'd been any such sciences when I was gettin' my schoolin'."

"And yet," said Jim, "some people want us to guide ourselves by the courses of study made before these sciences existed."

"I don't, by hokey!" said Hofmyer. "I'll be dog-goned if you ain't right. I wouldn't 'a' said so before I heard that speech—but I say so now."

Jim's face lighted up at this, the first convincing evidence that he had scored.

"I believe, too," went on Mr. Hofmyer, "that your idee would please our folks. I've been the standpatter in our parts—mostly on English and

—say German. What d'ye say to comin' down and teachin' our school? We've got a two-room affair, and I was made a committee of one to find a teacher."

"I—I don't see how—" Jim stammered, all taken aback by this new breeze of recognition.

"We can't pay much," said Hofmyer. "You have charge of the dis-cip-line in the whole school, and teach in Number Two room. Seventy-five dollars a month. Does it appeal to ye?"

Appeal to him! And yet, how about the Simmsses, Colonel Woodruff, the Hansens and Newton Bronson, now just getting a firm start on the upward path to usefulness and real happiness? How could he leave the little, crude, puny structure on which he had been working—on which he had been merely practicing—for a year, and remove to the new field?

"I'm afraid I can't," said Jim Irwin, "but—"

"If you're only 'fraid you can't," said Mr. Hofmyer, "think it over. I've got your post office address on this program, and we'll write you a formal offer. We may spring them figures a little. Think it over."

"You mustn't think," said Jim, "that we've done all the things I mentioned in my talk, or that I haven't made any mistakes or failures."

"Your county superintendent didn't mention any failures," said Mr. Hofmyer.

"Did you talk with her about my work?" inquired Jim, suddenly very curious.

"M'h-m."

"Then I don't see why you want me," Jim went on.

"Why?" asked Mr. Hofmyer.

"I had not supposed," said Jim, "that she had a very high opinion of my work."

"I didn't ask her about that," said Mr. Hofmyer, "though I guess she thinks well of it. I asked her what you are tryin' to do, and what sort of a fellow you are. I was favorably impressed; but she didn't mention any failures."

"We haven't succeeded in adopting a successful system of selling our cream," said Jim. "I believe we can do it, but we haven't."

"Wal," said Mr. Hofmyer, "I d'know as I'd call that a failure. The fact that you're tryin' it shows you've got the right idee. We'll write ye, and maybe pay your way down to look us over. We're a pretty good crowd, the neighbors think."

CHAPTER XVII

Think of It.

Ames was an inspiration. Jim Irwin received from the great agricultural college more real education in this one trip than many students get from a four years' course in its halls; for he had spent ten years in getting ready for the experience. The great farm of hundreds of acres, all under the management of experts, the beautiful campus, the commodious classrooms and laboratories, and especially the barns, the greenhouses, gardens, herds and flocks filled him with a sort of apostolic joy.

"Every school," said he to Professor Withers, "ought to be doing a good deal of the work you'd have to do here."

"I'll admit," said the professor, "that much of our work in agriculture is pretty elementary."

"It's intermediate school work," said Jim. "It's wrong to force boys and girls to leave their homes and live in a college to get so much of what they should have before they're ten years old."

"There's something in what you say," said the professor, "but some experiment station men seem to think that agriculture in the common schools will take from the young men and women the felt need, and therefore the desire to come to the college."

"If you can't give them anything better than high-school work," said Jim, "that will be so; but if the science and art of agriculture is what I think it is, it would make them hungry for the advanced work that really can't be done at home. To make the children wait until they're twenty is to deny them more than half what the college ought to give them—and make them pay for what they don't get."

"I think you're right," said the professor.

"Give us the kind of schools I ask for," cried Jim, "and I'll fill a college like this in every congressional district in Iowa, or I'll force you to tear this down and build larger."

More nearly happy, and rather shorter of money than he had recently been, Jim journeyed home among the companions from his own neighborhood, in a frenzy of plans for the future. Mr. Hofmyer had dropped from his mind, until Con Bonner, his old enemy, drew him aside in the vestibule of the train and spoke to him in the mysterious manner peculiar to politicians.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wily Woman.
"So you persuaded your husband to join a glee club."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Higgins. "When he starts to sing in the house now I can advise him not to tire his voice."

ANOTHER NURSE PRAISES TANLAC

Mrs. Leona Culpepper, 17 Lucile Avenue, who was a trained nurse for fifteen years, is another highly esteemed Atlanta woman whose gratitude and desire to help others prompts her to tell of the wonderful results she derived from the Tanlac treatment.

"I had suffered from nervous indigestion and loss of appetite for four or five years," said Mrs. Culpepper, "and was nearly always nauseated. I had heartburn so bad I could hardly stand it, and became so weak and nervous I could hardly do my household work."

"Reading what Tanlac had done for others, I decided to try it, and by the time I finished the first bottle I was feeling so much better that I bought two more. When I had finished the third bottle I was feeling fine and had actually gained sixteen pounds. Tanlac is all that is claimed for it."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Take no substitute.—Advertisement.

"Mebbe" He's Right.

Jud Tunkins says mebbe it's better for people not to have so much money that they can afford to start divorce proceedings at the first little family quarrel.

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.



Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.—Advertisement.

Did you ever hear of a girl marrying the kind of a man that the fortune teller said she would?

NO STRENGTH OR APPETITE

Louisiana Lady Says She Used to Suffer "From Morning Nausea and Was Weak and Nervous."

Chacaboula, La.—Mrs. O. J. Pelegrin, of this place, writes that she was very uneasy about her weakened condition six months before her baby was born. "I suffered from morning until night with my sides and back," she says. "I was so nervous. I didn't have any strength or appetite. I couldn't rest night or day, I was so worried about myself."

"I began taking Cardui. After taking three bottles I was much improved. I gained in strength, I was able to eat and sleep. I took fifteen bottles in all and grew strong and well. My baby is the very picture of health, and I am well and so glad I found the Cardui. It is a splendid tonic for womanly troubles."

The medicine which Mrs. Pelegrin took is a perfectly harmless vegetable extract of mild-acting medicinal herbs. Thousands of other women, who have taken Cardui, have reported recovery of strength and normal health by consistent use of this well-known remedy.



DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES

MITCHELL EYE SALVE
heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids, stytes, etc. Sure. Safe. Speedy. 25c at all druggists. Hall & Ruckel, N.Y.C.

First on Record.
"Who was Dellelah?"
"The original lady barber."—Exchange.



SAY "BAYER" when you buy—Genuine
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Genuine—Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrotic Acidester of Salicylic Acid

Silent Admiration.

A clergyman with a large nose was invited to tea with a woman who had a talkative child, whom his mother warned severely not to pass any rude remarks during the meal.

The boy's eyes were fixed on the clergyman so long that the mother frowned upon the child, whereupon he shouted.

"It's all right, mother; I'm not going to say anything. I'm only looking at it!"

Fewer Demands Sought.

"Why did George marry Angy?"
"Well, they were engaged for two years and he got tired of seeing her every day."—Kansas Sour Owl.

Order of Merit.

Twenty-one years ago the Order of Merit was founded by King Edward, carrying with it the right to add "O. M." to a recipient's name. The order is limited to 24 members, exclusive of foreign honorary members. Military members include the Earl of Ypres and Earl Haig, while among the civil members are Lord Morley, Thomas Hardy, Sir George Trevelyan—all octogenarians—Sir J. M. Barrie, Lord Haldane, Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George. The ribbon is blue and crimson.

During courtship a man's word goes about seventeen times as far as it does after marriage.

Children Cry for "Castoria"

Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it. The kind you have always bought bears signature of



Two pleasant ways to relieve a cough

Take your choice and suit your taste. S-B or Menthol flavor. A sure relief for coughs, colds and hoarseness. Put one in your mouth at bedtime. Always keep a box on hand.

SMITH BROTHERS
S.B. COUGH DROPS MENTHOL
Famous since 1847