

Get Back Your Health!

Are you dragging around day after day with a dull backache? Are you tired and lame mornings—subject to headaches, dizzy spells and sharp, stabbing pains? Then there's surely something wrong. Probably it's kidney weakness! Don't wait for more serious kidney trouble. Get back your health and keep it. For quick relief get Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A North Carolina Case

E. E. Powell, proprietor of a general store, Main St., Scotland Neck, N. C., says: "I had a dull backache and if I stooped I suffered with such pain it seemed as though my back were going to break in two. Mornings my back was stiff and sore. My kidneys were out of order and the secretions passed too often. A couple boxes of Doan's Pills stopped the backache."

DOAN'S PILLS 60c

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

Ananias Club

"I'm tired of freezing," remarked the flapper to her mother, "and I wish you would hunt me up that old pair of woolen leggings you said you had in the trunk."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Farmers in Hard Luck

Farmers of Spain, in the last five years, have not received sufficient prices for grain to pay for the production.

For Tan and Sunburn.

Use O. J.'s Beauty Lotion, The Quickest Way to Beauty. Removes Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads and Beautifies the Skin. 75c at all drug stores on a money-back guarantee. Adv.

Thirty-one per cent of all hospital treatment in the United States in 1923 was given free and 19.3 per cent was only partly paid for.

A Household Remedy

for Cuts, Burns, Wounds, Any Sore. Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh prevent infection and heals. Three sizes; all stores.—Adv.

Adversity is the only scale that gives the correct weight of our friends.

MOTHER!

Child's Harmless Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to gently clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach.

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.



Fever Weakens

Build Up Your Strength With Wintersmith's For 65 years the standard remedy for Chills, Fever and Ague, Dengue and other fevers has been Wintersmith's Chill Tonic. Taken at the first sign of these troubles, it wards them off. Fine to take after almost any illness. Its tonic effect is always good. At your drug store, popular size, 50c; mammoth size, 1.00.

Wintersmith's Chill Tonic

Wintersmith Chemical Co., Inc. Louisville, Kentucky

Boschee's Syrup for Coughs and Lung Troubles

Successful for 69 years. 30c and 90c bottles. ALL DRUGGISTS

BOILS

There's quick, positive relief in CARBOIL. At all Druggists—Money-back Guarantee

KEEP YOUR SCALP Clean and Healthy WITH CUTICURA

BY ETHEL HUESTON



PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

"A PRESENT"

SYNOPSIS.—PART ONE.—At a merry party in the studio apartment of Carter Blake, New York, Jerry (Gerardine) Harmer, Duane's daughter, meets Duane Allerton, wealthy idler. He admires her tremendously, and she likes him. But Allerton gets a bit exhilarated, with unfortunate results. Jerry, resenting his assumption of familiarity, leaves the party abruptly. The story turns to Jerry's childhood and youth at her home in Des Moines. Only child of a wealthy father, when she is twenty she feels the call of Art and asks her parents to let her go to New York for study. With some misgivings, they Jerry makes her home with a Mrs. Delaney ("Mimi"), an actress, who, with Theresa, a painter, occupies the house. Jerry takes an immediate liking to Theresa, who is talented and eccentric, and the two become fast friends. Jerry now devotes herself to Theresa, who returns her liking. Jerry poses for Theresa's masterpiece, "The Ocean Rider." Allerton calls on Jerry. The girl refuses to see him. At a hotel dinner Jerry sees Duane and is conscious of his admiration, but refuses to change her attitude toward him. Jerry becomes convinced she has not the ability to become an artist and gives her expensive painting equipment to an almost penniless girl student, Greta Val, who cannot understand her generosity.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Jealous? Not a bit of it. I'm just tired of supporting husbands, that's all."

"Well, the last two were—a little—uh—"

"I should say they were. One stole half the furniture to hock for booze, and the other made love to everybody in the house—including me—so you know he was crazy—and neither one of them earned a cent during their incumbency, as you might say. Well, suppose you go on down now, Mimi, you make me wild. I want to work."

"Isn't she polite, Jerry? I don't see how you can stand her. It makes me furious, just to look at her."

Mimi trailed off, in a fine hauteur, and closed the door upon the two girls.

"If you ever get married, Jerry," Theresa said, "don't let Mimi have anything to do with picking him out. She has the rottenest luck with husbands."

Jerry professed her entire disinclination for a husband of any picking. But her eyes were cloudy.

A few nights later she saw Duane Allerton again. It was a studio dinner at Almee Glorian's. While the other four of the little party played bridge, Jerry and Leonid Koraeve, one of the new school of Russian actors, with whom New York abounds, wash, and dried the dishes, and then turned on the phonograph, and tazed gayly about the table in the center of the room where the others were playing. Leonid was obviously enchanted, Jerry gay and not deterring. He held her close in his arms, drawing her ardently closer at frequent intervals. Jerry laughed, thrust a bare white elbow between them, crooking it impudently almost in his very face, holding him a little away. Leonid kissed her arm. Jerry was looking up, directly into his eyes, teasing, laughing, as they danced slowly about.

He shifted his arm suddenly, crushing her elbow away, holding her so close that she was obliged to tilt back her head to avoid his face touching hers.

"I shall bite your chin if you do that again," she warned him merrily. That was when she saw Duane, who had come in quietly and was standing in the shadow of a towering highboy in the corner. Jerry strove in vain to throw off the chill of depression, to smile with the same assiduous warmth upon Leonid. She could rot.

The others at the table, quarreling fiercely over a hand, did not even stop to welcome Duane when he joined them. When Jerry and Leonid paused to hear the argument Duane hurriedly around the phonograph and asked her to dance. Jerry shook her head.

"No, thanks. Not now. I'm tired." She even smiled a little, to deceive the others in the room.

Duane turned his back upon them, forcing her to withdraw from them a little and stand alone with him.

"Will you—after a little when you are rested?"

She shook her head again, smiling, not looking at him. "I fancy I shall be tired all evening," she said.

"You are more beautiful than ever, Jerry."

"Thank you." She did not even flush beneath the warmth of his eyes. She would have returned to the table, but he retained her one instant longer. "Then you really prefer the violent Russian method to my more plebeian style?"

"Yes, very much."

They abandoned bridge, then, and played penny ante, the seven of them, gambling furiously for pennies. Jerry was very quiet, her hands like ice, but she kept a steady eye upon her cards, and after two hours was a winner by 42 cents. She said she knew it was playing a wicked poker to win and leave, but she had an appointment with Theresa at eleven, she must really go. Leonid also insisted he had

an engagement uptown and would walk by Itelly's alley with her on his way for a bus. And they went out quickly, the others barely pausing in their play to say good-by, although Duane's eyes followed her to the door. She did not look back.

Theresa surprised her one morning by asking abruptly: "When are you going home, Jerry?"

Jerry blushed and marveled that she did so. She would have said she had never thought of going home.

"I don't know—perhaps not at all," she said confusedly. "I am not thinking of it—yet. Theresa, what do you do when—there is nothing to do—and I reason for doing it?"

"God knows. I've often wondered," said Theresa tersely.

She had tried to help Jerry come into her own, had offered countless suggestions in that impersonal way of hers which kept her interest free from all intrusiveness. But to every suggestion Jerry had but the one answer: "But why, Theresa? Why?"

For Jerry, still passionately in search of a raison d'etre, saw no enlightenment in a hard manual work which would wear her out mentally, physically—for the sake of earning a few dollars she did not need—depriving some other girl who did need it of just that same amount. It seemed to Jerry it would be little more than a robbery.

Theresa watched her moodily during those days, wondering what would come of it, knowing that eventually Jerry would go home. "When you go home," she would say—not "if," and Jerry always flushed and answered stubbornly:

"But I do not know yet if I shall."

Theresa came to her door one night. Jerry was just ready to leave, going uptown to a theater with Almee (Glorian).

"Theresa, you go to bed," said Jerry crossly. "You look so tired. I just wish my Prudence could get hold of you for a few days. She'd make you step around!"

"I step around too much as it is," said Theresa, laughing faintly. "That's the trouble with me. But I am tired, Jerry. I am really going to rest."

"I'll believe that when I see it," said Jerry. "You're flesh may be tired, but it won't rest."

"You'll see, one of these days. Jerry, I have a present for you!"

Jerry was girlishly excited. "A present for me, Theresa? Where is it? What?"

"Leave your door unlocked. It will be in your room when you come back. I hope you are going to like it."

"Oh, Theresa, I know I shall love it. I can't imagine what—oh, Theresa, I hope—"

"You hope—what?"

"Oh, I shall love anything you give me, Theresa, you so seldom do things like that. But I hope it is just a little teeny scratch of yours—a splash of paint on an inch of canvas if no more. I should love something of yours. I've been wanting one so awfully much and—"

"You're very inquisitive," said Theresa. "But I shan't tell you a thing. It will be here when you come back."

"I've a big notion not to go at all," declared Jerry. "I don't care for the old show—I want to see my present."

"You go along," Theresa tossed her wrap from the chair across her shoulders. She followed her out into the hall and leaned over the banister as Jerry stood on the second step below, smiling up at her. "Jerry, you wished once that I might have been your sister. Do you still?"

"Yes, more than ever."

"I wish so, too," Theresa acknowledged soberly. "But of course it couldn't possibly be, not by any manner of means." She hesitated a little. "The things that go into making a Jerry, and those that go into a Theresa—Oh, no, not by the wildest stretch of imagination." She laughed a little, ruefully, and, leaning over, kissed Jerry suddenly on the top of her head. "Run along now, and be a good girl."

CHAPTER VII

And Jerry Saw Prudence

Jerry left Almee at the entrance to Itelly's alley, hurriedly left herself into the house, and started up the stairs on a light run. She was impatient to see the present Theresa had left for her. She noticed no unnatural quiet in the house. And yet when she saw Mimi waiting for her at the top of the stairs, a lovely picture in her bright gown with trailing tulleed fringes, she felt a sudden chilling of her engendered.

"Oh, hello," she said. "You startled me a little. You look like a solemn ghost in silk and fringe."

"Come into my room a while, will you?" Mimi asked, and there was a hollowness in her usually lilting voice. "Everybody's out. You're the first one home. I don't want to be alone."

Jerry, with her usual willingness to please, followed along into her sitting room in the rear of the narrow hall, an effective room, which Theresa found unbearably stuffy, but into which Mimi fitted to nice perfection, all shaded lights, with great bronze burners of pungent incense, oriental hangings, silk cushions.

"Sit here, dearie, in this light, it

just suits you," Mimi said absently, from force of habit, tucking a cushion against Jerry's shoulder as she had done a hundred times before. "I'm frightfully upset. You don't mind my troubling you, do you? You are so soothing."

"Not a bit. I like it," Jerry spoke with truth. She loved being wanted. "But I hope it isn't a real trouble, just a little attack of moods."

Mimi lit a cigarette and sat: among the cushions on the chaise longue, puffing a cloud of smoke about her. With the light on her face, Jerry could see that she was ghastly pale beneath the creamy layers of rouge and powder.

"It's Theresa." Her voice sounded almost irritable.

"She works too hard," Jerry assented. "We must take her in hand, and make her spare herself a little. I wanted her to go to the theater with us, but she would not hear of it."

"In a way I suppose she could hardly go tonight," Mimi spoke apologetically, the tone in which she always tried to excuse Theresa's abruptness. "Don't mind her, Jerry. She doesn't mean to be rude."

"I don't mind her. I think she's wonderful."

Mimi twisted her fingers into a rigid, knotted gnarl.

"She was wonderful, but, but—she killed herself," she said hollowly.

Jerry cried out, struggled to her feet, and then sank back white and horrified among the cushions.

"Mimi—oh—oh, don't," she cried. "You—mustn't say such things—you—frighten me."

Mimi inhaled a great gulp of cigarette smoke.

"They have taken her to Mietta's at the corner—you know, the one with flowers in the windows. I'm frightfully upset. It—it makes a wreck of one."

Jerry's hot young blood ran cold, a great blackness yawned before her eyes.

"This terrible woman is making a fool of me," she stammered aloud, incoherently.

"She shot herself. Right in the heart. There is blood all over the floor. She slashed her pictures—every one—with that little bronze dagger I



"Oh, Hello," She Said. "You Started Me a Little."

brought her from Rome. Her room is a perfect mess. You—you don't mind my talking about it, do you, Jerry? I can't help it. I'm a wreck!"

"No, of course not," Jerry stammered. "Of course not." After a moment, when she could speak, she asked in such a soft and pitiful voice: "Why did she, Mimi? She was so clever. Wasn't she happy?"

"I don't know why. Of course she was happy. Everyone said how brilliant she was, what a genius. She had a lover—she gave him up. She said she couldn't serve two masters. She was right. I tried it, and made a muddle of both. She was quite right. She didn't mind much—giving him up. She worshipped her pictures."

Jerry brooded over it bitterly. "I could have loved her much more," she said. "But she never seemed to want—too much."

Beautiful, unfathomable Theresa, what tragedies had underlain that tense alertness! Jerry cried a little. "She might have left the pictures," Mimi chattered nervously, with cold lips. "Some of them were fine. I could have sold them for a great deal of money."

"Mimi, did she owe you money—Theresa?" Jerry's voice was eager. She should love to do that parting kindness to the memory of strange Theresa—to pay her final debts.

Mimi stared at her, shook her head. "Of course not. She owed nobody anything. We took this house together, but she has always borne the expense of it, from the very first."

"Um, she would," whispered Jerry, disappointed that she was denied that final happiness, but, understanding Theresa with the cold but kindly hand. "Oh, that is why she said good-by."

and "kissed me," Jerry whispered. "That's why she said she would—give me a present—"

Mimi caught upon the words hopefully. "A present! Theresa said it? Come, quickly."

They ran feverishly down the hall to Jerry's room and reached for the button. Mimi's hand ahead of Jerry's, flooding the room with light. They saw it instantly, standing out vivid and bright in the small room, propped upon the piano against the wall, Theresa's parting gift to the one who had most desired her—the "Ocean Rider," a tumult of green and white.

Jerry stood before it, sobbing pitifully, twisting her hands together.

"Oh, Theresa, how could you?" she wept. And then, remembering Mimi, she tried to stifle her emotion, to be quiet, self-possessed. "She—she wasn't unhappy about it," she stammered weakly. "She was quite gay. She laughed at me and kissed me—her voice broke on the pitiful words. 'Perhaps—she is really getting—rested, as she said.'"

"Come on back," said Mimi. "It makes me nervous. I never liked that picture. There is something so—defiant—about it."

They sat down opposite each other, stiffly, Jerry in the great chair, Mimi lighting another cigarette as she lay tense and rigid on the chaise longue. Looking at her suddenly Jerry realized that the painted woman in the trailing silken gown was broken-hearted, suffering things indescribable that her very thoughts were bleeding.

"Mimi, you loved Theresa, didn't you?"

That curious, clinging friendship between the young girl with her terrific energy, and the frivolous, light-hearted woman was the greatest mystery Jerry had touched upon in the great city.

Mimi smoked passionately, twisting the cigarette between her lips. Suddenly she tossed it into the fireplace, lit another. Her fingers were blue.

"You didn't know that I am Theresa's mother, did you, Jerry? I don't suppose she told you."

That was more than Jerry could bear. She broke into high, hysterical laughter.

"Mimi! Don't!"

Mimi nodded again. "She was my daughter." She began to explain with nervous intensity. "She called me Mudder when she was a little baby, but she grew up into such a funny, long-legged monster of a child! And I had—my admirers, my career. In the profession they want you always to remain young, unmarried and free. It was absurd to lay claim to youth with a great girl like Theresa brandishing my past in my face. So we fell into the way of using Mimi and Theresa. Lots of them do, on the stage. She liked it—Theresa liked it."

Jerry said nothing, could say nothing. Poor Theresa! She thought of the terrible, tragic loneliness of the brilliant young artist. Her mother, she had sacrificed to youth and beauty, her love she had given up for Art. Now she was dead, glad of her freedom from a life which had only tired her. Jerry shuddered. She sat motionless, shocked beyond words.

"Oh, you are blaming me!" Mimi cried suddenly. "You do not understand!—I tell you it is often done in the profession. We think nothing of it. You have never understood me, nor Theresa—none of us! You were never one of us!"

"No, I was never really one of you," Jerry did not resent it. She was glad.

"Theresa didn't mind. She liked it. From the time she was a baby she wouldn't be free, to be left alone. She didn't like a fuss made over her."

Jerry shook her head, not grasping it. "Children—they never know what they want. But you, Mimi, didn't you want people to know? You should have been so proud of Theresa. My mother—why, she is even proud of me! She—when she meets people I have known she likes to introduce herself that way—just, 'I am Jerry's mother.'"

"I was proud of Theresa," insisted Mimi. "I know how wonderful she was. But—a woman can't stop being a woman just because she has a baby, can she? I had my life, my work, my lovers. Oh, everyone will blame me! But Theresa liked her freedom! She should have thought of me before she did this thing—she never thought of me—Art, always, before everything."

"But, Mimi," Jerry interrupted her, stammering, "if you are her mother, you must know why!"

Jerry did not resent it. She was glad.

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POULTRY

RIGHT ATTENTION TO MOLTING HENS

One of two things should be done with hens around molting time, says a raiser in an exchange. One is to let the older hens go before they fairly get to the time for shedding their feathers. They have now laid out their litter and must have some time to get through their "sick" period, during which they bring in nothing and keep eating. Every hen that is getting along in years should walk the plank, right now, unless she is specially valuable as a breeder. If we would sort our flocks over and do this early, we would be a good deal better off at the end of the season.

For the younger birds a different course must be followed. The one great thing is to get the hens back to laying after the molt as soon as we can, and have them in good physical condition. For that reason our treatment must not be so radical, as some advise, but natural and steady. If you watch a molting hen you will see that she is inclined to be weak and less vigorous than formerly. If she is not really sick, still she is "under the weather." This is because of the drain while losing the old plumage and growing a new crop of feathers.

Begin the treatment by cutting down on the food, especially the heavy, hearty food, for a few days. Meanwhile give the hens all possible chance to roam around at will. It may take some coaxing to get them to do this, but it is better for them than to dump about in the houses. The more the hen stirs around, the healthier she will be.

About the same ration may be given during the period of molting that is used when the hen is laying eggs regularly. But as the molt goes on, it is a good plan to add some oil meal, which enters into feather construction quite largely. Ten per cent of oil meal in a mash mixture, increasing to twice that, will do nicely. Watch the droppings and act accordingly. Don't give drugs; they are dangerous and may lead to trouble. Sunflower seeds are better than medicine. Be kind and patient with the molting birds.

Market Demands Plump, Well-Fattened Turkeys

The market demands plump, well-fattened turkeys and prime birds bring the best prices. In order to get the benefit of this extra price it is necessary that the turkeys intended for market be fattened