

AFTER EVERY MEAL WRIGLEYS

makes your food do you more good.

Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating. Sweetens the breath, removes food particles from the teeth, gives new vigor to tired nerves.



Depreciation—Overhead

A man who makes a living with his head was bewailing the other day that he had not begun saving earlier in life and that he had not saved more.

"Well," said a consoling friend, "you've still got your head, and it still works. Why worry?"

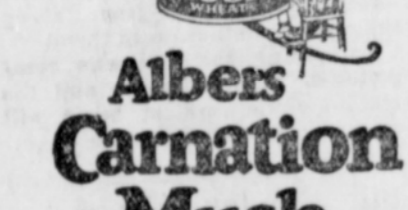
"Yes," said the thriftless one, "but the trouble with me is that I have never set aside enough for depreciation on the intellect."

Submitted as a brief sermon on thrift.—Nation's Business Magazine.

Over 2,000 Miles on One Pair Soles

H. H. Hoehring, a postman of Richmond Hill, N. Y., wore a pair of USKIDE Soles for over 7 months, averaging 12 miles a day in all kinds of weather on hard, rasping pavements—and the soles are still good for more wear.

No man is as perfect as he thinks his neighbor should be.



Albers Carnation Mush

A hot, nourishing cereal is the prime morning need of a growing child. This is why the wise mother always serves Carnation Mush to Her Highchair Highness. Whole wheat and delicious!

Conservation of Feathers

Finland is reported as swinging hard into the lines of conservationists with a law prohibiting the sale of feathers of wild birds for millinery purposes.



The House behind the goods

Our 35 years of improvement and perfection of oil and grease have made MonoMotor the pass word of proper lubrication.

MonoMotor Oils & Greases

Good Fall LAYERS

Green's August Flower

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 41-1925.



PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

BY ETHEL HUESTON

CHAPTER VII

In Jerry's Citadel.

Jerry announced a sudden desire to visit her twin aunts in Mount Mark, down in the southeastern part of the state, and Prudence, with her usual gentle willingness to please, acquiesced at once though with secret reluctance.

From the hours of her earliest recollection, Jerry had assumed a solemn share of her mother's responsibility for all the aunts, and for their husbands, and their children, their homes and their bank accounts.

It was pleasant to be in Mount Mark, among the old friends, in the old home, discussing old days and deeds with the mischievous members of the paragon family.

The twins said it seemed strange that Connie had remained away when Jerry was in New York, that she had gone so suddenly and remained so long.

So when Jerry said briskly, "By the way, mother, we'd better run down to Mount Mark and see what those twin aunts are up to," Prudence could only yield.

Carol was Jerry's favorite, a fact she tried with kindly intention to conceal from the general knowledge of the family.

Baby Julia herself, now grown to a moody, misty-eyed, dream-enraptured girl of fourteen, had fascinated Jerry from the first, and never more than at this time in the light of her new wisdom and understanding.

"You keep an eye on that girl, Aunt Carol," she said warningly. "You keep an eye on Julia."

"Un, that's the kind," she said. "The thing you think is her inmost soul isn't soul at all. It's just a little borrowed cloud put on to hide what's going on inside—like a smoke screen."

"Jerry, that's not nice," protested Julia's mother. "Julia has nothing to hide from anyone. She is the most honest child, the least deceitful, the—"

"Oh, it isn't Julia's fault," Jerry interposed quickly. "Don't think I am criticizing Julia, by any means. She doesn't know what's going on inside her, any more than you do. She'll be as much surprised as anybody one of these days."

And later she said, "Perhaps, after all, I'm just born to be a gorgon lady with snaky locks to feed the fires of somebody else's talent."

"I think she's got it, poor child! The divine spark! It will burn her up."

"Prudence, what in the world is she talking about?" Carol turned to her sister for enlightenment.

"Genius," went on Jerry moodily. "She's the only one of the tribe that has the earmarks, but it sticks out all over her, and believe me, Aunt Carol, I know the symptoms. Such a pretty girl, too. Isn't it a shame?"

"Of course she is a genius," said Carol complacently. "Everybody says so. Why, she's been writing poetry, and books, and plays—even tragedies where everybody dies and commits suicide—ever since she could hold a pencil."

"I knew it," said Jerry despondently. "I felt it the minute I looked at her. I'd rather have the measles, myself. Well, we'll just have to make the best of it. If it proves too much for you, I'll back you." And then she said, "I learned one thing. The gods seem to scatter their good gifts with a free and lavish hand, but I tell you they demand payment in full. For every genius, a human sacrifice. Blood, I tell you, heart's blood! A mother, a lover, a friend, somebody has to be offered up on the altar of every talent."

Carol looked at Prudence. "She's sick, poor child. You ought to do something for her."

"And mind you say nothing to anyone—"

"Oh, no, Mr. Harmer, I wouldn't." She smiled toward Duane with pleasant sympathy and curious interest.

Jerrold took Duane's bags and led the way up the wide comfortable stairs. "This den in the end of the hall is Jerry's idea," he explained, indicating the beautiful lounge at the head of the stairs.

"There were built-in book shelves all over the room, and hundreds of books—fairy tales, poetry, philosophy, love stories, wild adventures. He smiled at the breadth of interest displayed by the assortment and looking more closely he saw that it represented epochs—new shelves having been added to accommodate the changing taste of increasing years.

Turning about suddenly he lifted his eyes and started violently. He was directly opposite the rioting ocean of green and white and saw it clearly for the first time. He felt abashed as though it were Jerry himself, white, unshamed, who rode the waves before him.

"I have many bad habits," Jerrold went on gloomily. "One is that I will smoke every morning before I get up. Prudence doesn't approve of it. So every morning in the twenty-two years

of our connubial bliss, she has lugged my smoking stand out in the lounge where she says it belongs, and every night I lug it back before I go to bed. Twenty-two years of it!"

Duane laughed in keen enjoyment. "Last thing she did before she left was to trot that stand out of the bedroom. Knowing all the time the minute I got home, I'd trot it back."

"Prudence does not smoke, I infer." "Jerry doesn't either—here," said Jerrold quickly. "Mostly the nice women don't—here. It didn't seem to take in the Middle West. Jerry did in college a few times for fun—all the girls do—and she told us she smoked a great deal in New York. But she doesn't here. We didn't tell her not to, mind you. Prudence says even daughters are free souls when they grow up. She's got a stunning little stand that some sculptor made for her in New York—a beauty—uses it for pins."

And then, with that gentleness of instinct that made Jerrold Harmer the man that Prudence could adore throughout her life, he said:

"That's Jerry's room across the hall. Go on over and have a look, while I tell Mary about dinner. It's very cute."

"Do—do you mind?" "Not a bit. It's worth seeing. We did it over to suit her—you know—in opposition to The House Beautiful. I'll be up in a minute." And he struck off downstairs whistling blithely.

Duane waited until a door closed behind him somewhere below, and then he crossed quickly to Jerry's room.

Involuntarily, he smiled. How could he have failed to recognize the incongruity of her gaudy black and orange surroundings in Reilly's alley? This room breathed of her, it sang of her—soft and warm, subtly fragrant with some elusive perfume. He knew with an instant's spite of the presence of the two maids, that Jerry was expected to do her own room. The waste-basket had not been emptied. And lying among the silken cushions of the day bed, lay a soft rumpled bit of lavender and lace—a handkerchief idly tossed and carelessly left there.

He walked slowly up the three steps that led to the day bed, a pretty throne-like dais, with hangings of royal blue velvet, and he stood beside the silk and velvet couch that served as a bed for Jerry at night, looking down at it somberly. He lifted the bit of linen and lace and touched it to his lips and smiled at his own folly, telling himself he was getting to be a sentimental fool.

There were but two photographs in the room, those of Prudence and Jerrold, handsomely framed in blue and gold. No countless snapshots, no schoolgirl chums, no penciled sketches, just the two pictured faces she loved the best. Among the amber and gold-en articles on her dressing table lay a

strand of crystal beads lightly dropped.

There was only one picture upon the delicately tinted walls, and this surprised him, representing as it did the thought of one who had studied Art. It was a great green and white ocean, giant waves lashing themselves into foam and spray.

Lightning Statistics

"Lightning is a gentleman and observes the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry—it won't strike a man when he's down," according to electrical engineers quoted in the bulletin of the Pennsylvania public service committee.

The possibilities are that a man standing directly under a storm cloud would be struck 15 times in 100 strokes, while a man flat on the ground only once in a hundred strokes.

Two million volts of electricity, having characteristics of lightning, have been made by scientists for experimental purposes. Lightning has an average potential of about 100,000,000 volts, about a million times the voltage of house-lighting current.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

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.

Weather Made to Order

Jackie, age six, had been told he might go to the circus if it didn't rain. The night before the grand and glorious day his mother suggested that before he went to sleep, he should ask God to bring nice weather for the circus.

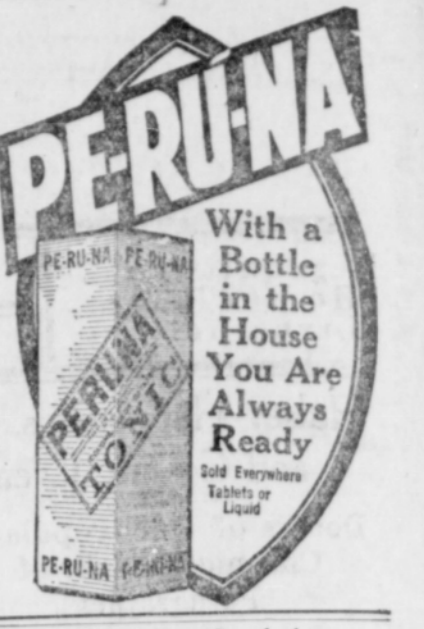
"Did you pray to God as I asked you to?" she asked, the next day. "Yes," responded Jackie, and he said, "It isn't gonna rain no more."—Indianapolis News.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolicaine is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 30c and 60c by all druggists, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Advertisement.

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.

It makes any man nervous to have a woman gaze at him.



PERUNA

With a Bottle in the House You Are Always Ready

Lightning Statistics

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Weather Made to Order

Stop the Pain.

Promote good Health

Don't Suffer With Itching Rashes Use Cuticura

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

HINDERCORNS

MORTON HOSPITAL

Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water

BATHE TIRED EYES