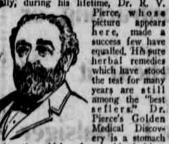
Why He Succeeded

Honored politically and professionally, during his lifetime, Dr. R. V.
Pierce, whose picture appears here, made a



Send 10 cents for trial pkg. of tab-lets to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free advice.

Excellent Reason for That Sable Trimming

Mrs. Charles P. Taft, who with her husband, has founded the magnificent Cincinnati Institute of Fine Arts, con demned at a dinner party the costil-ness of modern fashions.

They get more costly every year," she said. "A woman used to buy leather shoes with real soles, shoes, that could be walked in; but she buys now, for \$40 or \$50, sandals of lizard skin and cloth of gold that would go to pieces on her if she walked mile.

"I heard a story the other day that shows up modern fashions beautifully. A millionaire's wife came down to din ner in one of her new summer gowns
—a diaphanous thing bordered with
sable.

"How do you like this gown? she sked ber husband.
"'Fine,' he answered, as he wiped

his wet forehead, for the evening was warm; 'but I don't quite see what purpose the sable serves."

She inughed complacently.

"It serves the purpose," she answered, 'of showing that we can afford it."

Regiments Once Clashed

The "twin" regiments of the Span-ish-American war, the First Georgia and the Thirty-first Michigan, were at one time on the verge of a pitched battle, according to W. L. Grayson of Savannah, senior commander in chief of the United Spanish War Veterans. The trouble began when the band of Michigan regiment marched through the camp at Chickamauga park playing "Marching Through Georgia," Grayson related. The Geor-gia men were restrained by their officers with difficulty and finally decided on an unique retaliation. The next morning, after a hasty night reheamal of an unfamiliar selection, the Georgia band marched on the parade ground lustly playing the hated "Marching Through Georgia."—Detroit News.

Daily Dialogue

Bloocy-If your garters tighten. look for ruln, is the advice of an Omaha weather expert, I see.

Flooey-And If they loosen, look for something else than rain to come

From Necessity Only

"Do you believe in sleeping out of

"Not while I can pay the rent."



Ends pain at once!

In one minute pain from corns is ended.
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores, Cost but a trifle.



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Big Money Making Goods at Home, Spare or full time, Man, Wansen, Nh experience necessary, Send 10c for sample and ful-inform, H. R. Gillis, Box 536, Oakland, Calif

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 41-1927



"I don't know," Mrs. Johnston rose abruptly. "We sail Saturday, any-

"Mother, don't go tike that, I love

you more than ever, and from the first minute I saw him, I liked Claude Mei-

"Mary!" Her mother held her

"Cross my beart, Mother," declared

money enough to come flying after

Johnston put out the light and left

Left to her own thoughts, Mary

found them thronging thick and fast,

and she felt so excited she could not

sleep. She tried to consider calmly what her mother had told her, but it

was not a thing one could consider

Mary seldom spoke of her own ex-

perlences, but she had tolled among the refugees of the late war. She

had, child though she was, done yeo

man's work with the first awful rush

of the wounded, until Mother carried

her away lest she break under the strain. Though she had only fetched

and carried for trained workers, she

had brushed against birth, death and

raw wounds, and had stamped for-

ever on her plastic soul the truth that

one was either man or woman, or

brute beast, and that clothes, money

and calling were only camouflage for

Mary had her own thoughts in the

matter of her father, Claude Melnotte

Dabbs must be nice, since Mother had

married him and Ned Carter liked

him, so Mary was not at all preju-diced as she thought of her big, dark-

Mrs. Johnston-Dabbs, to give her

proper name, also found it difficult

to sleep. The years, she was fond of

telling herself, had made her philoso-

phic, but philosophize as she would,

she found that retelling her story had taken its tell in nerves and sleep,

Mrs. Johnston believed that mere

parenthood gave neither man nor

woman ownership or legal rights in

human beings. She believed that

parents were indeed privileged when

their offspring truly loved them. She

believed that her child should be ut-

from her or stay, as she chose. But

oh, if she could only own Mary, body and soul, for a few moments!

Life was going to be very difficult

In the morning Polly Johnston

looked like a princess in exile, but

she acted like a weary, bored woman, and she had no time for anything but

the necessary words required to start

them on their work of packing and last-minute shopping. Mary was to attend to the shopping.

Mary had that morning ventured to

open the subject, discussed so freely

inst night, only to find herself snubbed for her pains, he her mother abso-lutely refused to answer questions.

What Mary did not know was that

ber mother's attitude had been aggra-

vated by an early morning message

to the effect that a Mr. Carter wished

to speak to her on the telephone. Ned had arrived in town at an hour

too late for a casual acquaintance to

for her, from now on, unless she could

get Mary to see the necessity for

more!

halred, clean-shaven father,

the human soul,

With this ringing in her ears, Polly

"Hope I may die if I'm not ready to love your Claude. Wouldn't

notte Dabba."

better."

Mary.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"I see. Then you went over to France, where you met my father. But how did you get rid of that poor young man?"

Her mother looked at her, so terribly embarrassed that for a moment Mary's heart stood still.

"Mary, I—I didn't get rid of him, at once. He came back. I—he— But I went to France just the same, and—you came, and I never told him. I've never gotten rid of him. Mary, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" Mary leaned forward and clutched her mother tightly.
"I haven't anything to forgive, You've always been the best mother in the world."

They clung together for a moment Mrs. Johnston glad of the excuse to hide her face. Then Mary's voice came to her, slightly muffled by the fallen over her mother's ear. "Didn't he know about me, Mother, ever?"

"Couldn't be guess? I'll have to hate him, you know, if he guessed and didn't follow you."

Polly felt that justice demanded that she lay no more than his due share of blame on the shoulders of Mary's father, "He didn't know I was going," she said, limply. "I ran away from him."

Mary released her mother with a little amazed gasp. "Poor, poor, Father!"

"Poor Father!" echoed Mrs. John-ston indignantly. "Little he cared for anything but just getting hold of me and my money and dragging me out miserable grocery store in Peace Valley,"

Mary eat upright, with astonished eyes, gazing at this extraordinary parent of hers. "But Mother! You said Peace Valley. You're dream

"It's only too real!" "Then It was our Mr. Dabbs, and

am I-I am really Mary Johnston Dabbs, the grocer's daughter?"

"He need never know!"
"He's got to know!" Mary declared. Her mother looked at her determin-"I've the right to say whether or not be is to know. I owe him nothing," and in her indignant desire to clear herself in her daughter's eyes, she added a few particulars of the story Claude had told Ned. But from own angle. She stopped sud-

queer expression, not shocked, but neither was it sympathetic. Mrs. Johnston stumbled on and reached the locked door spisode. She would have given worlds never to have begun. but once begun the story must be told, and the facts were the same, though from a quite different angle. She thought it would strengthen her case with her daughter to know that Claude had gone back on his sworn

Mary leaned forward with upraised finger and placed it gently across her mother's lips. "I always doubted those wife-in-name-only stories," she said. "Don't try to fool yourself or me. You liked Claude Dabbs more than a little. You singled him out of the crowd in that boarding house Mother, you were romantic about him even then."

"I was not!" Mrs. Johnston indignantly defended herself.

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted Mary, rising to the defense of her absent father. "If you hadn't liked him a lot, you would have telephoned and had him put out."

What can a woman say to a daugh-ter like that? Mrs. Johnston said nothing, just sat back and-blushed.

"I'm giad you can blush," Mary went on. "Nice tale to tell a girl who thought she was a poor half-orphan, while all the time she had a perfectly good father keeping a grocery store. Ned Carter's uncle's store, she added to herself. And this thought brought a new joy. Now her mother could not make such a frightful fuss about

the grocer's boy,
"Was it because you discovered

who the grocer's clerk's uncle was, that you left Clover Hollow?" Mrs. Johnston nodded. She was frightened at Mary's bringing Ned Carter into this intimate discussion. "When did you see him? Futher.

"I didn't see him. He wrote me." "What did he say?" Then Polly told about the note and

Mary frowned. "I think Father's seting awfully well," she remarked.

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ing. She was glad that he was in town, and quite willing to take any measure for Miss Johnston, who had gone out. No, Mrs. Johnston could not tell when her daughter would re-turn to the hotel. Mary was with some dear friends, ,who might only part with her when they brought her to the steamer in time for sailing.

call or telephone, and this morning

the hotel operator had called Mrs.

Johnston Instead of Miss Johnston: Mrs. Johnston was very gracious when she understood who was speak-

alarmed, though be endeavored not to let the latter fact become apparent. "Are you sailing today?" Ned had

asked. "No, not today," had been Mrs. Johnston's half-informative answer. After that there was nothing for

Ned to do but end the conversation.

He had to face the fact that short of giving away Claude's plans and his own, he must talk no more to Mrs. Johnston. Nor must he try to see Mary until they met on the steamer Mrs. Johnston was capable of render ing it extremely unpleasant for him. If he did.

He left word for Claude Dabos at their hotel, and went out to do his best in the matter of finding the satiing date of the Johnstons, and secure their own passige.

Only when she had said the final and conventional good-by and hung up the receiver, did Polly Johnston relax. A wave of loneliness crept over her. She had no real link with he actual world now, save through tightly. "You're a perfect darling, but Mary. Mary, who must soon leave her for some mun. In the back of her mind, when she you don't need to lie to make me feel

was honest with herself, Polly knew that the fear was not that Mary would marry, or leave her, but that Mary would marry some one of whom she, Polly, did not approve, and who would like, and side with, Claude Dubba.

It was Claude Dabbs' shadow that darkened the sky for Polly. What power could Claude have over her, unless she chose to give him that pow er? The answer always mocked her. She was afraid of Claude Dabbs because she had treated him unfairly, and she had always been afraid of him because of Mary. It had been because of that fear she had lived abroad with the child for so many years. As Mary grew older and there was no sign from Claude, she had grown bolder and roamed freely about America, until like a fool she had carelessly blundered into his very stronghold.

her mind's eye, she pictured Claude as a greaf, fat, middle-aged man. She knew that she was only drawing oh her imagination, and that Mary, who had seen him, did not seem have been physically repelled. Polly would, of course, expire by slow torture before she asked Mary what he looked like.

CHAPTER X

Having gone slowly and carefully through the shopping lists to satisfy herself that there remained only toothpaste and lavender water for their traveling bags, Mary entered a firug store. While she walted for change she was suddenly conscious of being closely scrutinized.

Mary did not turn her head, and only when she went from the cushier's desk did she try to locate her per sistent udmirer.

When she dld, she went first white then red. There stood Claude Dabbs better dressed, or differently dressed than Mary had ever seen him.

Claude, who had seen her on the avenue and followed her, now stood terly free to love her or not, to go for her recognition. When it came for not for ten thousand angry moth ers would Mary ignore her own father -he moved quietly to her side and held out his hand for the packages. flight from the pursuing grocer! If Mary were only twelve years old once

"If you're going back to your hotel I'd like to walk with you." Mary, her heart benting quickly.

put the little bundles in his hand. "Yes, I've finished my shopping," she said, simply.

"Will you walk, or ride?"
"Ride, I think," replied Mary.

Claude Dabbs stopped a passing taxi and helped his daughter in. She gave the hotel and street address to the driver, and as she did so, Claude said: "I'm at the Langdon."

Mary had looked at him, a little frightened, when he got into the cab. What was he going to say to her first? Of all the impossible situations in the wide world, this was the most impos sible! If she asked him why he was there, if she asked the simplest ques tion, think what she would precipi tate! She lenned back in the cab and left it to Claude Dabbs.

Mohammed Used Both Precept and Example

He wore a golden ring until he noticed that all the people were begin-aing to follow his example, whereupon he went into the pulpit, pulled the ring off with the words: "By the Lord I will not wear this ring ever again." and then prohibited the use of such

A friend who had sent him a present in the form of a steaming dinner was much chagrined when it was returned uneaten and even untouched by his fingers—for he "used to eat with his thumb and his two forefingers," and 'after he had finished eating, he licked his blessed fingers: first the middle one, then the prayer finger, and last the thumb," but he was pucified when the prophet explained that he had not tasted it because onlons had been cooked with the food; for Gabriel, he went on to say, strenuously objected

to the odor of both onlons and garlle Furthermore, he abstained from tast ing lizards, for he feared that they were descended, by some inexplicable metempsychosis, from a certain tribe of Israel.—From "Molanamed." by R

Other Side of the Fence

An Atchison man who took a week's vacation each year, determined that he would take a month's vacatfor every year. If he ever went into bust for himself. He is in business for himself now and hasn't taken a vacation for the last two years.— Atchison Daily Globe.

Exactly

A real optimist is one who werks cross-word puzzle with a fountain po-



Feel Stiff and Achy?

To be Well the Kidneys Must Thoroughly Eliminate Waste Poisons from the Blood.

DOES every day find you lame, stiff and achy? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage?

Know, then, that these are often signs of improper kidney action. Sluggish kidneys allow acid poisons to remain in the blood and upset the whole system.

If your kidneys are acting aluggishly, assist them with Doan's Pills. Doan's have established a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Only Difference

Townley-Must be great to live out in the country. You're not shut in by

Subbubs-No; only by billboards,-

Beg Pardon

-How much are the oranges! Girl Clerk-Sixty cents a dozen. Jones-Aren't you a little dear?, Girl Clerk-Sir, I'll call the man-

Children Cry for



MOTHER:- Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying

Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chart Hetelere Absolutely Harmless - No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Powder

Teacher-So you don't know what letter comes after "h"? Boy-No'm

Teacher-What have I on either side

of my pose? Boy-Looks like powder from here.

Girls! Marie-I shall not marry a man un-

less he is my exact opposite. Alice-You're asking for an almost perfect man.

A sense of humor will bring a

Tenuine

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

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For generations mothers have been using Cuticura Preparations for all toilet purposes, and have been teaching their daughters that daily use of them produces clear, amouth skin and healthy hair. They find the Soap pure and cleansing, the Ointment soothing and healing, should any itriations arise, and the Talcum an ideal tellet powder.

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