

Keep Your Butter Uniform and Hold Your Customers

Don't wait for your customers to complain about the variable color of your butter. Keep your butter that golden June color everybody likes by putting a few drops of Dandelion Butter Color into the churn. It is purely vegetable, wholesome and absolutely tasteless. It meets all State and National Food laws. All large creameries have used Dandelion Butter Color for years. It does not color or butter milk. You can get the large bottles for 35c from all drug or grocery stores.

Send for FREE Sample

Wells & Richardson Co., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont

SCHOOL FOR MEN

Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS
Enroll any time. Send for literature.
OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
T. M. C. A. Bldg. Portland, Oregon

Chinese Wrecking Truck

The Chinese, say scholars, have contributed much to the ancient and modern world of art. Particularly have their dragons in gold and green and varied colors, embellished paintings and decorative motifs. But it remained for an East New York street garage owner, as far as could be ascertained, to place the Chinese dragon to practical use first. He has named his great, green wrecking truck, "the Green Dragon."

For Colds, Grip or Influenza

and as a Preventive, take Laxative PHOMO QUININE Tablets. A Safe and Proven Remedy. The box bears the signature of E. W. Groves. 25c—Adv.

Early Iron Vessel

The U. S. S. Wolverine was the first vessel built by the United States navy. She was launched at Erie, Pa., in 1844 as the Michigan. Her name was changed to Wolverine on June 17, 1905. She was constructed by Stackhouse & Tomlinson, Pittsburgh, Pa., between 1842 and 1844. Her length (b. p.) is 164 feet 11 inches; beam, 27 feet; mean draft, 9 feet; displacement, 685 feet.

Maybe He Couldn't

Father (indicating statue)—That is Sir Thomas Tiptop, my boy. He gave big sums to the school's.

Son—So that's him, is it? Why didn't he work out the beastly things himself?—TIT-BITS.

A tender conscience is a stronger obligation than prison.—Thomas Fuller.

Slowing Up?

You Can't Feel Well When Kidneys Act Sluggishly.

OVERWORK, worry and lack of rest, put extra burdens on the kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, impurities remain in the blood and are apt to make one languid, tired and aching, with dull headaches, dizziness and often nagging backache. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS
Boster-Mills Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

DR. STAFFORD'S

OLIVE-TAR

for your children's COLDS

FROZEN FEET

After the first measures for frozen feet, fingers or ears Carbolic is the ideal treatment. Its medicinal oils and antiseptic chemicals soothe the tissues, kill germs and help to prevent complications. A 50-cent box from your druggist is all that is required.

Your money back if it fails to satisfy.
SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., Nashville, Tenn.

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right

By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator, **MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP** brings satisfying, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at toiling time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.

At All Druggists

Alabaster Lamps

By Margaret Turnbull

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

With the pulling together process, Mary hardened her heart. If Mother was going to shut her out completely, she could not, of course, confide in Mother. Ordinarily she might have told her mother a little, if not quite all, about Ned Carter, especially as she had remembered thus late in the day Dorothy Selden's warning. Mary would like to know now just what it was Dorothy had hinted. But Polly Johnston barred every avenue of approach, and continued to keep the bars up during luncheon. So Mary went to the Academia twenty minutes early, with mirth in her heart.

Ned stood waiting in the doorway. His face was turned from her as she alighted from her gondola, and Mary had time to study it.

It was extraordinary, the effect this man had upon her. She did not like it. She was used to men, and to their attentions. Why should this good-looking grocer's assistant stir her in this manner? For one moment she contemplated flight. The next moment she rejected the thought as cowardly. Ned caught sight of her, and the look on his face revealed to Mary the extent to which this young man was enamored. Along with all the other emotions, she felt a sudden sense of power.

"Anything wrong?" Ned inquired, scanning her face anxiously.

"Everything! Where can we go and talk quietly until Father comes?"

"We could take a gondola."

"No! We could not!"

"Oh I say—" Ned began.

Mary interrupted. "I simply won't! Do be sensible and help me. What shall I say to Father? Mother found out last night. She was waiting for me when I came in."

"I thought her far too clever to be fooled long," commented Ned.

Mary continued: "Mother sent for—er—telegraphed to Mr. Rangeley, Mr. Loren Rangeley, to join her here."

Ned's exclamation made her look up, surprised. "How can you know what that means?" she asked, astonished.

"I—I'm not quite sure," Ned managed to say.

"It means that Mother will try to divorce my father and marry that cold-blooded fish—"

"Mary, don't! Loren Rangeley's my father!"

Only Ned's strong arm saved Mary from stumbling, perilously near the canal. "How can he be your father? Why, you're—"

"I'm Ned Carter Rangeley. I quarreled with my father. I told you all about that, long ago. That is, I told you everything except his name. You see, I wanted you to love—the grocer's clerk."

"It would be much easier than to marry Loren Rangeley's son."

"Mary! You don't mean that."

"I do. How could that be the reason for calling yourself 'Carter'? You did it before you ever saw me."

"I was tired of being just my father's son. I wanted Claude to like me for myself. Mary, you must believe me."

"I see my father," Mary interrupted. "I'm going to him."

"Not until I—Mary, marry me now, and then your mother won't marry you father, and Claude will have his chance."

"Utter and complete nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense. You know it isn't. Mary, look at me. Is it such utter nonsense?"

"Father!" called Mary, moving quickly forward. "Here we are."

They moved together into the Academia, and as Ned stopped to pay the fees, Claude and Mary went up stairs together.

"What's wrong, darling?" asked Claude.

Mary put her hand on his arm and drew him into a little room at one side, empty of sightseers for the moment. She noticed, with extreme annoyance, that it contained two or three paintings by Bellini. She feared she would always forget their beauty and only associate them with this most troublesome day of her life. "Mother knows," she said in a low voice.

"Well, that's all right," Claude answered easily. "Polly must know, sooner or later. I meant, what's the trouble between you and Ned?"

Mary decided that her father would be safe. "He wants me to marry him."

Claude looked at her. "The young devil! But I hardly blame him."

"He's Loren Rangeley's son."

"He couldn't help that. Don't you like him, Mary? Ned has sudden ways, but he's a nice boy."

"Father," announced Mary irrelevantly, "if you'll come behind that easel I'll kiss you."

"Sure," said Claude.

They came from behind the easel, presently. Claude studiously avoided a glance at the painting, which he privately thought too ugly for words.

"Don't ask me to look at any more big, fat women who wouldn't take any exercise, lost their figures, and yet would have their portraits painted," he begged Mary. "Let's find Ned."

But Mary protested. "He can wait. You don't know everything yet, Father. Mother's sent for Loren Rangeley. She's going to marry him for his money."

"Loren's got quite a pile," Claude agreed calmly, "but then, there's me. She'll have to get rid of me, first. Un-

less she has?" He cocked an inquiring eye at Mary. Mary shook her head.

Ned joined them. Claude looked at him critically.

"Mary told me about you."

Mary gasped. Father was terribly direct.

"If there has to be a husband, right away," Claude observed to the Bellini in that room, "I'd rather it was Ned."

"If you'll come behind the picture of that big, thick woman, who's been roughly handled," Ned told him, "I'll kiss you."

"Don't be sickening," Claude warned him, as they moved away toward the entrance. "Where can we three go to talk about our lives in general, and have a little privacy. No churches, no palaces, and no picture galleries," he warned. "My feet ache at the very thought of them, and they are all full of gabby guides." He paused near the gondola steps, and considered a moment. "We can take a gondola—"

He was unprepared and a little startled by the mirth of his companions, but continued gravely and without waiting for an explanation, "and go to my sitting room."

He handed Mary in, and turning to Ned, surveyed him coolly. "On second thoughts, which are often best, we'll leave you to find your way there yourself, and slowly. I've something to say to Mary, and," he added with a look that quelled Ned's tendency to rebel, "there are times when a father and daughter actually like to be alone together, though you don't seem to think so."

A fatherly squeeze of Ned's arm helped Ned to interpret these re-

marks and to withdraw with better grace than Mary expected.

"What a comfort you are, Father."

"You don't have to marry Ned, you know, unless you happen to want to."

"Don't worry! Loren Rangeley will put his foot down. He knows Mother's money's gone. I'm only a poor grocer's daughter."

"Is your mother's money all gone?"

"Pretty nearly. That's why she's considering Loren Rangeley."

Claude considered her gravely. "Do you mind the grocery business, very much?"

Mary patted his arm. "Of course I don't. Only, Father, you're foolish to spend so much money traveling. When I go back we'll need to alter things a little. I can save you money by waiting behind the counter or keeping the books, until we see what I'm best fitted for. I do hope you'll let me ride around in the car with you when you deliver orders."

Claude's arm tightened about her. "You're my girl, all right," he said with husky voice. "But that isn't necessary. As a matter of fact, Loren will jump at the chance of getting my daughter for his son. Ned, of course, doesn't know this," he added quickly.

"Ned thinks he's asking you to put up with what he's got. He has some of his mother's money, and he can earn more. He quarreled with Loren, you know."

"Why should Loren Rangeley 'jump' at me?"

Her father looked at her. She was so pretty, so lovable, and so unlike Polly, in that money meant so little to her.

"You see, daughter, I'm 'SCOUR-EEEN' the 'Dirt Destroyer.' Then, in answer to her look of amazement: "You've seen the signs, surely. They're everywhere. It's a good article, too. I invented it out of Mom's

old kitchen cleaner recipe. Then I had an idea for a fancy tin can. It caught on. It's years since I've been a poor grocer. At first I kept quiet about it—well, because of Polly. I was fool enough to fancy she'd come back, if I had money. I thought I'd keep it dark and go and find her myself, and surprise her. But I never did. There was a time, when I had no money, when I really wanted to find her; but after considering everything—well, I just couldn't. Remember, I didn't know about you."

"It kept piling up," Claude continued. "The money, I mean. If a man failed, and I as agent, mind you," and he twinkled at Mary over this time-honored joke, "loaned him money, blamed if his business wouldn't boom. He'd be paying it back to me in no time and I'd have all that spare cash on my hands. Money breeds money. I've spent all I wanted to, in a quiet way. I lived behind the grocery mostly to keep Aunt Lyddy happy, but I've had fun building and remodeling houses to suit me. The White house you and Polly lived in was one of them. I own nearly all of Clover Hollow. But, till I met Ned here, I never really enjoyed traveling about and using money on myself. I'm a kind of timid man about some things. With Ned, it's been grand. And you! When I knew about you, I knew what the money was for. Think of the fun I'll get out of just buying things for you! Now that Polly knows you know me, can't we go and do some shopping? I want to buy you all the things I've wanted to hang on somebody—and didn't know you were waiting for me."

"Father, we mustn't be reckless. I can't take it quite all in. How many thousands have you?"

"It runs nearer to millions, Mary."

"Mercy, what will Mother say?"

Claude, watching her face, saw it change.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked bluntly.

But Mary could not, or would not, say. Her father helped her from the gondola.

When they entered the sitting room, he said: "You're not afraid of me?"

Mary shook her head. "I simply love you!"

"H'm, I'm always afraid of those I love getting away from me."

He watched her remove her hat, and then move about the room. It was lovely, she told him, to be in his rooms. Still Claude had a feeling she was not at rest.

"If it's Ned, you needn't be uneasy," he told her, cryptically. But Mary apparently did not hear.

Claude went to the balcony and looked down.

"Here's Ned now. Pretty prompt, you are. I said half an hour."

"It seemed half a century," Ned told him, coming straight toward Mary. "Well, have you talked me over thoroughly, and come to the right conclusion?"

"Funny, isn't it," drawled Claude, as he saw Mary color, "but we had other things to talk about. When Mary mentions it, we'll take up your case. The question to consider just now is, are you prepared to face your father?"

"Father! Coming her?"

Claude nodded, surveying Ned coolly, but avoiding Mary's eyes. "You see our advantage. We can decide what we're going to do—and pull the strings."

Ned, still astonished, looked at him in silence. He wondered, confusedly, whether this could be the explanation. Was Claude Dabbs the agent for Loren Rangeley? There was no time to follow that train of thought at present, but he would return to it. "I see. Take the wind out of Mrs. Johnston's sails, eh?"

Mary rose with decision. "I'm going back to Mother. Father, you can see that I can't—"

"Can't join in with a lot of men to let a woman down, you mean?"

Mary looked at him dubiously. "I—well, something like that, only—"

"Only you wouldn't have put it that way. That's called sex-antagonism, daughter. Don't you trust me any more than that? I'm a man, but do you think I'd hurt you, or let Polly down for any man?"

"Father, it's all perfectly horrid. I'm so mixed up. I love you, and I do trust you, but Mother—well, she's mother."

"Sure," agreed Claude. "It would all be quite plain and simple if Polly hadn't muddled things up. It's the children who suffer from mixed motives and marriages. Well, my girl, we'll make it plain and simple again. All I ask of you is to stay here and give Mr. Rangeley, the elder, some tea, and keep him waiting while I go and talk to your mother."

Mary gasped. "Mother will never see you!"

"I think better of Polly than that," said Claude, and was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Banking Account Really an Economy

Angelica did a little mental arithmetic with her fingers.

"Well, I didn't buy anything much—just a dozen pair of stockings, a plain bottle of eau de cologne, two jumpers, a three-piece suit, some chocolates, that little fur I've been wanting for so long, one or two—"

"Here, hold up!" I exclaimed. "How much did you spend altogether?" I stretched out my hand. "Let's have a look at your check book. You can tell from the stubs."

But she had neglected to fill them in, so they gave no clue to her expenditure. After an hour's calculation, however, we worked it out at

about \$125. \$25 more than she had deposited in the bank that morning.

"That's what I like about a banking account," my wife said as we went upstairs. "It's economy, really. How else could you make \$100 go as far as \$125?"

Age of the Oyster

For a young oyster to grow to adult size requires four years in New England waters, and two years in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The temperature of the moon at 10 noon time is 250 degrees Fahrenheit, 25 above the boiling point.

Young Divine Had Not Caught On to Signals

Bishop Dickey said in a witty after-dinner speech in Waco:

"Church coughing is usually condemned, but I rather like it."

"Perhaps you know the story of the theater owner who went to sleep while a play was being read to him, and when the playwright woke him up and said reproachfully that he had been reading his play in the expectation of some valuable criticism, the theater owner yawned and smiled and said sleep was a criticism."

"By the same token, a young divine said irritably one Sunday to his sexton:

"The congregation's coughing quite spoiled my sermon this morning. Such coughs! Such volleys of coughs!"

"Coughs?" chuckled the old man. "Them warn't coughs. They was time signals."

Left-Handed Problems

The problem of training a left-handed person to use the right hand is not a simple problem of training the hand, declares Dr. Samuel T. Orton in Hygeia Magazine. The normal writing of a left-handed child would not be to the right with the left hand but to the left with the left hand, that is, true mirror writing.

It is becoming well known that the attempt to force a naturally left-handed person to use the right hand may result in stuttering. In some less severe cases no stuttering may result, but it is probable that greater fluency and greater accuracy, both of writing and spelling, might follow the use of the hand which is naturally dominant.

Nowadays

The late Francis Grierson, the distinguished writer who died destitute in Los Angeles, disapproved of post-war morals.

"Morals are turned quite upside down nowadays," he said at a Los Angeles reception. "In a conversation with a beautiful movie star the other day I nodded towards an old man and said:

"He's as ugly as sin, isn't he?"

"No," said the beautiful young star; "he's as ugly as virtue."

Is It Your Nerves?

Bakersfield, Calif.—"I had a nervous breakdown, unable to leave my bed. I was under the care of a doctor, but was not getting along as well as I thought I should, so I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it is the tonic and nerve restorer I needed. Its soothing effect upon my nerves was wonderful while taking the first bottle, but I continued its use until I had taken five bottles and was then completely restored to health. I have never had a physical or a nervous breakdown since, which proves the thoroughness of the 'Prescription' in reaching the source of the trouble and then over-correcting it."—Mrs. Gertrude Higley, 1224 Truxton Ave. All dealers.

Municipal Economy

A bob-haired, scantily clad flapper was making her application at the pearly gates, and St. Peter was putting her through her category.

"What was your occupation?" he inquired.

"Men called me a gold-digger," she giggled.

"I'm sorry—but on account of the paving we can't let you in here."—American Legion Monthly.

Nature is the Art of God.—Browne.

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WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Annie Kwinski of 526 1st Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., writes that she became so weak and run-down that she was not able to do her housework. She saw the name Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the paper and said to her husband, "I will try that medicine and see if it will help me." She says she took six bottles and is feeling much better.

Mrs. Mattie Adams, who lives in Downing Street, Brewton, Ala., writes as follows: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and since taking it I feel like a different woman."

With her children grown up, the middle-aged woman finds time to do the things she never had time to do before—read the new books, see the new plays, enjoy her grandchildren, take an active part in church and civic affairs. Far from being pushed aside by the younger set, she finds a full, rich life of her own. That is, if her health is good.

Thousands of women past fifty, say they owe their vigor and health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

Coughs and Colds

are not only annoying, but dangerous, if not attended to at once they may develop into serious ailments.

Boschee's Syrup

is soothing and healing in such cases, and has been used for sixty-one years. 25c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

INFLAMED EYES DISFIGURE YOUR LOOKS!

Don't experiment on your eyes. Use MITCHELL'S EYE SALVE for speedy relief. Absolutely safe.

25c at all druggists. HALL & SUGG, New York City.

Making Sales Safer

A new safe that has an almost human power of giving warning should any attempt be made to rob it has been invented. Should burglars attempt to break it open by the usual methods of using heat, the material of which the safe is built gives off a series of loud reports.

The new material is in the form of plates, one inch thick, applied inside the safe. Up to the present, no method has been found of melting, breaking or destroying the material.

It takes from 50 to 150 days for salmon eggs to hatch, the time depending upon the temperature of the water in which they are deposited.

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

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