

### If Kidneys Act Bad Take Salts

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean that you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and foggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of soft water.

#### Explaining It

"Brederin, we must do something to remedy de status quo," said a negro preacher to his congregation. "Brudder Jones, what am de status quo?" asked a member. "Dat, my brudder," replied the preacher, "am de Latin for de mess we'se in."—The Outlook.

It's a wise woman who knows half that she would like to know about her neighbors.

**1/2 PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER TO DIABETICS**  
Money Back if Not Satisfied



Raymond Smith says:—

**"Now No Doctor Can Find Diabetes In My System!"**

"Three years ago I was rejected by my life insurance Co because my blood sugar test was 200. I had the best medical treatment known. No help! Then a friend who was cured of diabetes brought me the Herb Tea that helped him. This Herb Tea was the result of a

**Legitimate Study by European Chemist Residing in Tropics**

"Instant effect in my case—improvement noticeable in 1 week—big improvement in a month—now blood sugar down to 90 and I'm the picture of health! Every Diabetic should start right away to drink morning and evening—

**INGRAM'S No. 11 TROPICAL HERB TEA FOR DIABETES**

"Have a Blood Test and Urine Test now—drink the Tea twice a day for a month—then have a new Blood and Urine Test and—**Just Notice the Big Improvement!**"  
No Alcohol—No Drugs

**HALF-PRICE OFFER**

Ingram's Tropical Herbs, 241 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco. Send me more information without obligation on my part—

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**SEND TODAY AND SAVE HALF**

### 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 years. 30c and 90c bottles. At all druggists. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.



## The Man with Three Names

by Harold MacGrath

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### CHAPTER VIII—Continued

That detective was clever, he reflected. He had worked upon the simplest line imaginable; taken Cathewe's photograph and gone the rounds of the New York banks, and day before yesterday a teller and a cashier had recognized it. The son of Digby Hallowell!

When the dinner came to the coffee and cigar, the butler withdrew, and Mansfield sloped comfortably in his chair. There is magic for some in coffee and tobacco. The stimulant is negated by the narcotic; the thinking machine moves smoothly. There came into Mansfield's head a plan for the reconstruction of Bannister, through Betty.

To give the girl a free hand without creating a revolution. Somehow that appealed to his sporting blood. Cathewe out of the way, the spark in the powder-room would be extinguished.

But what did the child mean when she said she had the man in the hollow of her hand? Well, that puzzle would be explained away in the morning. She was her father's daughter. Under that grace of form, under that gentle tenderness and charity there was reinforcement of steel.

Cathewe was anxious to have a little chat with Nancy before her guests began to arrive. He had telephoned her to this effect, and she had made the appointment at half after six.

"George Cottar, what in the world have you to say to me that's more important than my new dress?" she began.

"You've been puzzled regarding my conduct in relation to Miss Mansfield. Haven't you?"

"Yes. Are you going to tell me that you came here because you'd fallen in love with Betty—somewhere else?"

"I didn't suspect you were so keen, Nancy. But you've hit upon the truth. Mansfield told me I might pay court to his daughter upon the condition that I come to Bannister and become a force. I shan't go into those details now; some future date, perhaps."

"Do you want me to help you?" She reached over and laid her hand on his. "As between two friends?"

"Nothing but magic or black art could help me, Nancy."

"I'm not so sure," she replied, recalling that peculiar punctuation mark in his manuscript.

"It is not possible, Nancy. I came here because I loved her, at first sight, to find myself hoist 'twixt the devil and the deep blue sea. I had to fight her father. I had elected a certain way to go."

"Loved I not honor more," quoted Nancy, softly. "Or is it that you fear your fate too much?"

"You are making fun of me?"

"No, Brand. I am very sorry. I understand. A miracle must happen."

"And there ain't no such animal. The power of Mansfield's will had lain upon this town until it was pretty bad in spots. So I undertook to hammer into the public mind just how baneful his influence was. I don't suppose he himself realized to what depth he had fallen. I didn't awaken him. He has given me thunder for thunder. But contact with the beautiful mind of his daughter softened him gradually; and your father tells me that now Mansfield loves his daughter. And she is redeeming him."

"And I know positively that I have never been pointed out to her—as I shall be presently. I'm not going to hide any longer. So I have laid the dream away."

Nancy's heart gave a great bound. The buoyancy of hope! But she knew that there was a miracle close at hand. It rested upon her own lips. And yet why be silent and render all three miserable?

"A queer mess all around. The impulse of the moment is invariably a plunge for me. Love isn't something you may direct. You cannot say you will love this or that person."

"No," said Nancy.

"The bolt is blind. Often we love where we don't want to love. And that is my misfortune. I wrote her letters, Nancy. I do not know human nature. There is always something fascinating in the unknown. So I wrote her love letters, unsigned, to keep myself in her thoughts until I fulfilled the conditions of the bargain. Nancy, Bannister is going to be my home. It is the way out I've been seeking. No one shall rob the poor any more and leave them without redress. Oh, I know. It sounds like a boy's dream. But I have the power, Nancy, tremendous power for good. An honest newspaper—There goes the

bell! "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll run away into the greenhouse. I want to fend off the denouement as long as possible. I wonder what in the world I'd have done without you, Nancy."

"Nonsense! You're a nice boy, and any girl ought to be pleased to have you around. I'll send for you."

The greenhouse had once been a long, rambling side porch. There were no orchids or potted orange trees; pansies and garden pinks and geraniums and a few roses. This was the doctor's playground.

There was an incandescent lamp at each end of the greenhouse; but where Cathewe sat there was only the dim light of the winter stars.

He heard a door close, then a light scurry of feet on the cement floor. An intrusion. He stood up. A woman



And Day Before Yesterday a Teller and a Cashier Had Recognized It.

was approaching the spot where he stood. No doubt she believed herself alone. She paused suddenly to inhale the perfume of the pinks. When she raised her head he saw who it was.

When the limousine drew up to the curb before the Maddox place, Betty did not alight at once. She stared through the window at the little house across the way. She wondered if with a mother like that, she would have been the victim of her present unhappiness. She did not want laughter, jests, dancing; she wanted to sit beside that beautiful and remarkable woman while she played.

Upon entering the house she threw her arms around Nancy and kissed her; and Nancy complimented her gaily upon the beauty of her gown. And both of them were passing through that singular phase of life which crystallizes the outlook and makes for misanthropy or tender philosophy.

"And she believes I am happy!" thought Betty.

"What shall I do?" thought Nancy. "How shall I act? To tell her that Brand wrote those letters would only add to the confusion, since he has built a Chinese wall between them."

Betty at once became enfolded. Laughter began to bubble up in her.

### Early Newspapers Met Opposition of Church

The first newspaper was produced when written accounts of the imperial armies of Rome were sent to the generals in command in all parts of the provinces.

In 1508 the first official news sheets were published in Venice. They were written by hand and exhibited in public places. People paid the small coin of a gazetta to read them. Hence the name. The church opposed the enterprise, and Pope Gregory even persecuted the editors.

The oldest form of newspaper in England was in the beginning of the reign of James II—the so-called News-Letters, written by hand, and sent by post to subscribers in the country. In 1709 the first daily paper, the Daily Courant, was issued.

The oldest of the London daily papers, the Morning Chronicle, appeared in 1769. The Morning Post is the oldest of existing morning papers. Founded in 1772, it was followed about 1788 by the first daily evening paper, the Star.

The Times first appeared in 1788 as a continuation of the Daily Universal Register. Its originator and owner, Mr. John Walter, succeeded in 1814 in printing the Times by steam.

She wanted to be alone. It was so funny! She had set forth to wreak vengeance upon mankind for her hurt, and she could not begin even on these! She could not remember how she reached it, but reach it she did—the door to the greenhouse. She remembered there were camp-chairs somewhere; and she walked down the little alley between the boxes and tubs, peering right and left. Raising her head, she saw the white expanse of a dress-shirt, quite alone.

"I thought I was alone," she said. "You say that with a shade of resentment. I was here first."

"Goodness! The anti-man!" She laughed. There was a note of hysteria in the laughter.

For a little while they stared at the stars—without seeing them.

Here, beside him, like this! And now he never could tell her; she would never know. In an hour or so she would learn the truth; and by her faith in her father she must hate and despise Brandon Cathewe.

Pits, no matter which way he turned he dug them. He became aware of a new twist in the many-faceted irony of this adventure. He had risen to power in Bannister by the leverage of her father's misdeeds. Without this capital, the Herald would never have been roused from its moribund state.

Here, her shoulder almost touching his—the woman he loved! And the god of irony had whisked her as far away actually as if she had been transplanted upon Jupiter.

"Jupiter!" he said aloud, unthinkingly.

"And what about Jupiter?"

"Oh, I only want to go there and come back."

"With what?"

"A dream that has, I suspect, flown that far away."

"We do waste a good deal of time—wishing for things we cannot have."

"Do you?"

"I have, naturally, being human, like everybody else. What kind of a dream?"

"The most beautiful of all dreams." Silence.

Still that baffling reserve, she thought. But this time he should not escape. Before they left the greenhouse she intended to ask him point-blank what his name was. A mystery here was utter nonsense.

"Your mother has fascinated me," Betty said suddenly.

"I am quite sure the fascination is mutual. She has done for you what she never does for strangers. You see, I am more or less familiar with her moods. Somehow you touched the flame and passion in her. She sensed the musician in you. You sing."

"You were there?"

"Yes, in the study. I apologize for not making my presence known. But I wanted to hear more of your singing, and was afraid you'd stop if I appeared."

"I shouldn't have minded—after the first song."

The door opened, and the Maddox' itinerant butler—the caterer's son—announced that dinner was served. As they reached the door, Betty turned upon Cathewe swiftly.

"I am Miss Mansfield, as you know. And you are—?"

Nancy herself saved the situation. She caught Betty by the arm and drew her aside. She turned to Cathewe.

"Miss Stoddard is waiting for you." He nodded and hurried off.

"Betty, here is something I want you to read." Nancy put into Betty's hand a sealed envelope. "Under no circumstances open it until you are home. After you read it, telephone me what you think of it."

Betty folded the envelope and hid it in the bosom of her gown. She went into the dining room, angry and confused. Once seated, she saw that her unknown cavalier was directly opposite.

"Mr. Morrison, who is the gentleman opposite?"

"You don't know him? He is Brandon Cathewe, the editor of the Herald."

"I had pictured him quite a different sort," she said, evenly. "Will you present him before we leave the room?"

"If you wish it"—distressed.

The introduction took place after the other guests had left the dining room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CENSUS REVEALS ASTONISHING FACT

### 8,549,511 Working Women in United States



MRS. W. M. BAILEY  
R. F. D. No. 2, Box 27, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

### Many Say Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Keep Them Fit to Work

8,549,511 women would be a vast army. According to the 1920 Census of Manufactures, that is the number of women and girls employed in all trades in the United States. Napoleon said, "An army travels on its stomach." This army of women travels on its general health. Every working girl knows that time lost through illness seldom is paid for and seldom can be made up. Employers demand regularity. If she

wants to keep her job or hopes for a better one, she must guard her health.

Atlanta, Ga.—"My system was weak and run-down, and I was tired. I was this way for five years or more. I read your advertisement in the papers and I decided to try your medicine, the Vegetable Compound, but I did not begin to take it regularly until after I was married. I got so much good from it that I feel fine and have gained in weight. I work in a broom shop, but my work is not so hard on me now, and I keep my own house, and work my garden, too. I am telling all my friends of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and how it has helped me."—MRS. W. M. BAILEY, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 27, Atlanta, Georgia.

### Missouri Woman Helped

Parkville, Mo.—"I am proud to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was so ill that I could not lie down at night. Then I got my husband to go to the store and buy me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I was up and around before the first bottle was gone, although I only weighed about ninety pounds. I took six or eight bottles and was able to do all my housework, washing and ironing, take care of my five boys, and tend to my chickens and garden, where before I had to hire my washing and part of my housework."—MRS. ANNA COLE, R. R. 2, Parkville, Missouri.

### Good Works

Alonzo Potter, president of the Big Brother movement, preached in New York a religion of good works as against a merely passive religion.

"Why, my friends," he cried, "there is almost as much difference between being good and doing good as there is between being a man and doing a man."—Minneapolis News.

### 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 26 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

### Miss Hollywood

Dr. James Spearman of Detroit recently remarked: "Hollywood must be quite a quaint animal. I read the other day that Fannie Hurst, the novelist, claims that it has a heart, and we already know that it is richly endowed with bare arms, knees and backs."

### Sure Relief

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### Learning His Location

"Yesterday a strange motorist came tearing into our progressive little city," said the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "He ran over a child, and then hit the town well and smashed the pump to atoms. He said he didn't know at first that he was in a town."

"How did he learn the fact?" asked a guest.

"He found it out when Constable Slackpooter arrested him for smashing the pump."—Kansas City Star.

### An End to Bones

Grouch—What's become of that fellow Bones, who was known as the perfect driver?  
Morgan—He met Jones, the imperfect one.

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It's a good memory that sometimes admits of discreet forgetfulness.

## Children Cry for



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