

WEAK, RUN-DOWN NERVOUS, DIZZY

Mrs. Lee Suffered From All These Troubles, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well

Terre Haute, Indiana.—"I was weak and run-down and in such a nervous condition that I could hardly do my work. I was tired all the time and dizzy, had no appetite and could not sleep. I tried different medicines for a year but they did not help me. Then my husband saw the ad. for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and had me take it. I regained my strength and never felt better in my life. It completely restored me to health. I had practically no suffering when my baby boy was born and he is very strong and healthy. I know that the Vegetable Compound is the best medicine a woman can take before and after childbirth for health and strength. I would be willing to answer letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. WM. J. LEE, Route E, Box 648, Terre Haute, Indiana.

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Weak, Noble Creatures

In this world there are thousands of weak, noble creatures who fancy that sacrifice always must be the last word of duty; thousands of beautiful souls that know not what should be done and seek only to yield up their life holding that to be virtue supreme. They are wrong; supreme virtue consists in the knowledge of what should be done, in the power to decide for ourselves where to should offer our life.—Maeterlinck.



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which contains proven directions Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monacopolis of Switzerland

Early Handkerchief

Churchmen have been credited with being the first to use handkerchiefs in Europe, and for a time priests alone were permitted to carry them. Even they were subjected to certain restrictions of use, for the handkerchief formed part of the vestments of the cleric's office and as a "facial," by which name it was known, was worn by the priest officiating before the altar.

Very Sad

Trene—"Did you ever see a mosquito fly?" Mildred—"No, but once I saw a moth ball."

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King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

"Wherever a Scot happens to be," said Janet, "is Scotland."

"The law can't really be exactly like that," said the princess. "It would be too inconvenient."

"That is the law," said Janet. "If I say that I'm married to him, I shall be, and there'll be no getting out of it. That would be intolerable."

"It wouldn't be particularly pleasant for me, either," said Tommy.

He ought not to have said that; but he was getting angry with Janet. A woman has a perfect right to refuse to marry any man who asks her; but she ought not to tell him to his face that he is intolerable. No man can be expected to submit tamely to that, particularly when he has not really offered himself as a husband.

"Besides," said Calypso, "if he married you, what would happen to poor Miss Temple?"

"I wish to goodness Miss Temple was here," said Tommy; "you won't listen to me. But if she were here she wouldn't want to marry me any more than either of you does. But anyhow, if we're to go on at all, one of you must own up to being my wife. I'll leave you settle it between yourselves."

He walked off, walked to the car and looked at it, walked a little way along the road and back again, finally sat down on a stone and looked at the river, which ran, turbid and yellow, under a little bridge.

But Tommy's ill temper never lasts long, and he is a man of active and resourceful mind. In a quarter of an hour he was back with a proposal to meet the difficulty.

"According to that Scotch law of yours," he said to Janet, "would you be married to a man if you said you were his wife, but he didn't say he was your husband?"

"Of course not," said Janet.

"Even if there were witnesses present?"

"That wouldn't matter," said Janet.

"Unless we both said we were married we wouldn't be married."

"And supposing while you were saying you were his wife another man said he was your husband—quite a different man whom you didn't claim at all—which of them would you be married to?"

"I shouldn't be married to either," said Janet.

"Even according to the Scotch law?"

"Of course I shouldn't."

"Very well," said Tommy, "when we get to that frontier post you say that Colonel Heard is your husband. He can't say that you're his wife because you won't be there. Therefore you won't be married to him. I shall say that you're my wife, but if you don't claim me as a husband, which you won't, having already claimed Colonel Heard, then you won't be married to me and I shan't be married to you. In fact, we shan't either of us be married to any one, even by Scotch law. That will be all right, won't it?"

"Besides," said Calypso, "Colonel Heard seems to be married already, and nothing you could say would make any difference to that, would it?"

"Exactly," said Tommy. "That's another point. Even Scotch law can't get a man in for bigamy, in that casual way, especially against his will, and I don't suppose Heard particularly wants to marry you."

"So that's settled," said Calypso. Janet did not seem satisfied, and I am scarcely wonder. A woman as intimately connected as she is with the movement for reuniting the Christian churches of the world has to be very careful of her reputation. It would be a terrible thing for her if it were to become generally known that she claimed a married man as her husband. That is the sort of thing a woman never quite succeeds in living down, and the world is censorious.

The men at the German frontier post turned out to be peaceful and quiet. They looked at the passports but made no comment on them. They inquired whether the travelers were taking any new clothes, gramophones, photographic apparatus, surgical instruments, telescopes or dyes out of Germany. The princess said that their dresses were years old, that they all hated gramophones and never took photographs. Janet added solemnly that the party did not possess a single lance or a telescope. Tommy, when he understood what was happening, said "No!" four or five times emphatically. Then there were some inquiries about the car. The princess asked the bearded chauffeur to produce his papers. In getting at an inside pocket he displayed his pistols and knives to great advantage. The Germans asked no more questions about the car, did not look at the papers and permitted the travelers to go on. Very likely, like Dogberrys' watch, they thanked God they were well rid of a knave.

The Megallians, when the car reached their post, turned out to be men of quite a different kind. They looked as savage and were quite as well armed as the chauffeur. They spoke a tongue which was neither German nor the quacking language of the Lystrians. Tommy and Janet did not understand a word of it. Even the princess seemed puzzled

"As well as I can make out," she said, "they're saying that the photographs on the passports are not in the least like us."

"Tell them," said Tommy. "That that's a matter of opinion, and that if they know anything about the recent Cubist and Vorticist developments they'll see at once that these photographs represent our subconscious selves and are exactly like them."

"I don't believe I could say all that even in German," said Calypso, "and I don't know two hundred words of Megalian, which is what they're talking."

The chauffeur, seeing that something had gone wrong, left his car and approached the Megallians with his overcoat flying wide open. They were less impressed than the Germans by his display of weapons. In fact they were not impressed at all. All they did was unbutton their own coats and show that they possessed weapons of similar kinds.

"This," said Tommy, "is getting quite like Ireland."

The chauffeur quaked at the Megallians in Lystrian. They replied in Megalian, a language which consists principally of sounds like hisses. He quaked again, but mingled a few hisses with his quacks. They hissed in reply, but uttered a few quacks too. Gradually the speakers drew together until the Megallians were quacking



Above Them the Schloss, With the Light Still Bright on It, Looked Like a Fairy Palace.

nearly as much as they hissed and the chauffeur was hissing frequently. The princess understood about half of what each party said.

"They've just asked him," she said, "which of us is your wife."

"Tell him," said Janet, "to say I'm not."

But it was too late to tell him anything. He was making a long speech in mingled hisses and quacks.

The princess giggled again.

"He's just told them," she said, "that I'm Mrs. Heard, and that we're all French subjects."

"I won't be called French," said Janet.

"I hope he'll be careful," said Tommy. "I can't talk French any more than I can German. Why didn't he say we were English?"

"It's no use saying that to the Megallians," said the princess. "They think the English never send armies anywhere or do anything except pay other people's debts for them. But they're desperately frightened of the French."

The chauffeur quaked and hissed a little more.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Calypso to Janet, "but he's just told them that you're my maid."

The man had been treating Janet as if she were a servant ever since the party left Breslau. She was determined to assert herself and not to leave the Megallians under a false impression.

"Please tell him at once," she said, "to say that I'm the European representative of the League for Establishing World Peace Through the Union of Christian Churches."

She spoke so fiercely that Calypso dared do nothing but obey her. She did her best to explain to the chauffeur Janet Church's position in the religious world. I do not know what the chauffeur thought or how much he understood of what was said to him. Nor is there any way of finding out what he told the Megalian soldiers, or how much they understood. But the effect on them was excellent.

They all took off their hats, knelt down and crossed themselves piously. They must somehow have gathered that Janet was an ecclesiastic of an unusual kind. They continued to kneel for several minutes in hope of a benediction which Janet did not give them.

Troyte tells me that Megallians have the reputation of being the most religious people in Europe. They take the greatest delight in Passion Plays,

which they continually perform, keep rows of spittoons in their churches (a sign of real reverence) and have several well authenticated miracles every year.

As soon as they realized that Janet was a priestess, deaconess or abbess, they made no difficulties about allowing the party to go on.

Calypso's spirits rose after passing the frontier posts. That corner of the Megalian territory consisted of the old kingdom of Lystria, so that the princess was at last back in her own land. The few peasants who were herding cattle on the hillsides were Lystrians and no doubt talked to one another in the quacking language which the chauffeur used. The cattle were Lystrian cattle, long-horned, active little beasts, which looked as if they afforded little milk when alive and not much meat when dead. The cottages were Lystrian, the roads, the heather, the mountains themselves, all were Lystrian. Calypso drew deep breaths of Lystrian air with keen delight, pointed out one thing after another to Janet, who was not deeply interested. Now and then she clapped her hands with joy.

The spirits of the brigand chauffeur rose too. He still drove carefully. Any other kind of driving would have brought swift disaster on the Lystrian roads. But he blew his horn whenever he saw a man, woman or child, however distant. He threw off his cap and let the mountain air blow freely through his thick curly hair. Once, for a short while, he quickened the car's pace and pursued a hare which was foolish enough to run straight along the road. After a while he began to sing, mere snatches of song at first, in the end whole verses. This was highly unconventional behavior in a chauffeur driving a royal car. But Calypso did not resent it. She seemed actually pleased. Soon she joined him in singing. When the man heard her high treble ring out he dropped naturally into a bass part. The Lystrians, like most half-civilized people, are very musical, and every kind of singing is a delight to them.

Calypso started the Lystrian national anthem, a wild tune, as exciting as the Marseillaise, with something in it of the grandeur of the old Russian czarist national air. The chauffeur joined in with a kind of fierce enthusiasm. They sang the tune through to gether three or four times. Then Calypso leaned forward and laid her hand on Tommy's shoulder.

"Join in," she said. "You sing, too. Let's all sing."

She shook up Janet, who was dozing, and told her to sing.

Janet has no more ear for music than a crow has. Hymns are the only things she ever attempts to sing, and I am told that when she does the rest of the congregation suffers acutely.

It was her attempt at the Lystrian national anthem which put a stop to the singing in the end. Janet, who is quite unconscious of her infirmity, sang loud when she began to enjoy herself. She has a very powerful voice. The chauffeur must have been actually musical, more musical than either Tommy or the princess. His face twitched when Janet's high notes reached him. His steering became very erratic and once or twice he ran the car dangerously near the edge of the road. He tried to assuage his misery by sounding his horn fiercely when he knew a high note was coming in the song. I suppose this only made the discord more intolerable. At last he stopped the car, turned round, and quaked out an angry speech to the princess.

Calypso understood what he said well enough. She would probably have understood his feelings even if he had not spoken, for she was sitting beside Janet. But she was very tactful.

"Sandor says that we had better stop singing. The mountain air is bad for the voice and we shall have sore throats tomorrow if we go on."

What Sandor really said was that unless the English household stopped squalling he would be forced by uncontrollable emotion to stab her and throw her out of the car.

They drove on without singing for the rest of the afternoon, steadily climbing into the mountains by twisting and sometimes perilous roads. At about six o'clock they reached the highest point of a lofty pass. On each side the mountains rose to snow-clad peaks. In front the road dipped steeply into a narrow valley. Beyond the valley stood, steep and frowning, another mountain. On its side, perched on a plateau—Sandor gripped Tommy's arm and pointed forward—there, a gray pile of masonry, stood the schloss, oldest, most impressive and least comfortable of the palaces of the Lystrian kings.

The car plunged into the valley, out of the sunshine into deep shadow. Above them the schloss, with the light still bright on it, looked like a fairy palace. They crawled over a narrow bridge which crossed a foaming torrent. They began a winding ascent along a singularly stony road.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Airplanes capable of carrying 20 men and of traveling 900 miles without a stop have been developed in Italy.

Location of Ores

Revealed by Smoke

Over the entrance to the principal mine of a lead company in Arizona hangs a portrait of "Antonio, the Cave Finder," an employee who roams about the underground passage puffing cigarettes, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. He keeps close watch of the smoke as it drifts away, and if he sees it disappearing through tiny breaks in the rock formation, the workings are extended in that direction, which often leads to inner caves, rich in ore. Minerals in this region seem to have been deposited in cavities which lie in an approximately horizontal plane. The mine is said to have been enlarged by more than half a mile in this manner. Tunnels are driven under the caves and the ore is dropped directly into the cars that carry it out of the mine.

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Bee Library a Memorial

The Miller apicultural library at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture contains more than 1,300 books and bulletins relating to bee culture.

After the death of Dr. Charles C. Miller at Marengo, Ill., in 1920, fellow beekeepers sought some means of perpetuating his memory. A memorial library was finally decided on, which was endowed by the beekeepers and others. Because of the interest which the Wisconsin College of Agriculture displayed in beekeeping the Miller library was established there.

The library is an international monument to beekeeping, says a bulletin by H. F. Wilson, in charge of the agriculture department of Wisconsin college.

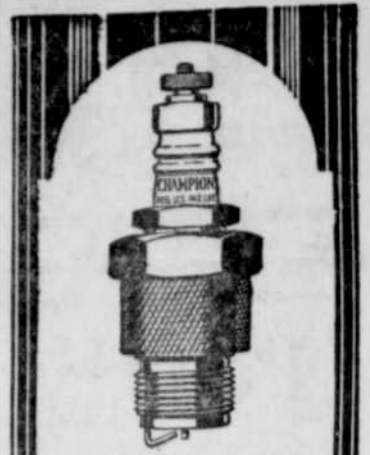
Life's Span Extending

In spite of the fact that the continued betterment of health and living conditions in this century has given Americans the expectancy of longer and longer lives, the average American had his "expectancy of life" reduced from 58.01 years in 1921 to 57.32 years in 1923, or a loss of about eight months. According to statisticians of a leading life insurance company, who compiled the figures, greater prevalence of influenza and pneumonia in 1922 caused the reduction, but from advance indications for 1924 and 1925 the expected span from birth to death will be a larger number of years than it was in 1921, a banner year.

Has Brains to Spare

Six brains in one are said to be possessed by Mr. Harry Kahne, an American now visiting in London. Simultaneously he will read a newspaper, write the headlines upside down and backwards on a blackboard, at the same time spelling the words the right way; speak continuously to his audience; answer questions giving the exact populations and industries of the biggest towns of Great Britain, Canada and the United States; write backward and upside down columns of figures which totaled 7,123,546,337, a figure previously agreed upon by the audience.

In tropical countries the sound of thunder is so common that weather men often forget to register all the storms.



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