

**Help That Bad Back!**

Is a bad back wearing you out? Are you lame, aching, nervous and depressed? Suffer headaches, dizziness and disturbing bladder irregularities? These are often signs of kidney disorder and too dangerous to neglect. Your kidneys keep the blood stream pure. Once they slow up, poisons accumulate and upset the whole system. Why risk neglect? If you suspect your kidneys, give Doan's Pills a trial. Doan's have been used successfully over thirty-five years. Are recommended by thousands. Ask your neighbor!

**A Utah Case**

Mrs. C. M. Erdmann, 22 N. First St., E., Brigham, Utah, says: "My kidneys became affected and I suffered with back-ache. My nerves were in bad condition. I had dizzy spells and attacks of blurred sight that made me feel wretched. I was tired and all run down. My kidneys didn't act regularly. I used Doan's Pills and several boxes rid me of kidney trouble."



**DOAN'S PILLS**  
STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS  
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't be annoyed by ugly blemishes, when red, irritated, blotchy skins can be quickly cleared by

**Resinol**



Boschee's Syrup for Coughs and Lung Troubles

Successful for 29 years. 50c and 90c bottles. ALL DRUGGISTS

**Cannot Put "Age Limit" on Singers**

Since John McCormick decided to maintain a silence, as golden as his voice is silver, after he reaches fifty years of age, singers have held lengthy debates with vocal authorities on the subject of the age at which they should retire professionally.

Some claim the voice at or near that age begins to fail—that too many singers have been either too impecunious or too egotistic to cease at that time and have disgraced themselves thereby.

Eldorado Petri, director of the free choral school of the Metropolitan Opera company, is a member of the dissenting body which believes a singer is still capable of much melody long past the mooted age.

"It is the physique—the health—the physical condition that determines the time for resignation from the field of professional singing," he protested heatedly when the discussion reached him.

**Bee Left Remembrance in Small Boy's Finger**

A child's original conception of what a bee uses for his weapon is told in the object lesson Frank Abbott King, age four, son of John King, federal coding to the Indianapolis Star.

Frank Abbott was playing in the back yard of his home and feasting on sweet, ripe, juicy pears which had fallen to the ground. He picked up one that had a bee on it and the boy became aware with frightful suddenness that he had been stung on one of his fingers. It being his first experience with a bee sting, Frank Abbott yelled, inspected the injured and rapidly swelling finger and then, crying, ran to his mother for first aid.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "a bee stung me and left his leg in my finger."

**Confined "Bach" Fan**

A prolific writer of striking letters to newspapers, Sir Harry Poland of London, at ninety-six boasts that he owes his long life and enduring physical and mental vitality to the fact that he never married.

**Sure Relief**



**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

**FOR OVER 200 YEARS**

Haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.



correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

**King Tommy**

By **George A. Birmingham**

**CHAPTER XVI—Continued**

Casimir's preparations for the reception of the princess were complete. The greater part of the Lystrian army was there to greet her, drawn up on each side of the road. As the car passed the men fired their rifles into the air, each one shooting off round after round, refilling his magazine when it was exhausted. There was plenty of ammunition, which showed that some of Cable's money was wisely spent. No doubt it was his money, too, which had provided new uniforms for the whole army, not dingy khaki tunics and breeches like those worn by unimaginative soldiers of western lands, but fine blue cloaks and crimson tunics and great boots with fur tops to them and wide black trousers or short pleated petticoats like Highland Scottish kilts. Some of the men wore caps with tall green feathers in them. Some had shiny metal helmets.

At the gate of the palace stood a group of the magnates of Lystria, the very least of them a count by right of four or five hundred years' descent from other counts. Perhaps half of them were Casimirs, members of one branch or other of the family of which Count Istvan was the head. They, like the soldiers, were splendidly clad. Some of Cable's money had gone in providing gold-laced coats, fur-lined cloaks and green breeches. But their jewels were their own. Blue turquoise, red garnets and green stones like emeralds shone on the gilt metal belts which held their swords, on the broad collars round their necks, on multitudinous buttons of their clothes, on tall cap badges, even on their spurs.

In the middle of the group of nobles stood the patriarch, perhaps the tallest, certainly the broadest man there. He wore a long purple cassock and a purple cape lined with white fur. Round his neck, on a heavy gold chain hung a double-armed Greek cross, thickly studded with jewels. On his head was a shiny mitre. Behind him stood four priests, white-robed, with long black silky beards. One of them held the patriarch's immense pastoral staff. Another carried a tall ebony pole with a gold star on it, a very large and splendid star with sharp pointed rays sticking out of it in all directions. The other two held aloft a kind of canopy made of embroidered silk, not unlike a huge two-handed umbrella. If they had held it, as they should, over the patriarch's head, it might have kept the dew from settling on his mitre. Held crooked, a little behind him, it served no useful purpose. But it was highly striking and ornamental.

Calypso, now at last a veritable princess, stepped from the car, paced slowly forward to where the patriarch stood while the magnates cheered wildly and the army fired its guns. The patriarch raised a plump, pudgy hand in benediction. The four priests behind him wailed a loud "Amen." The nobles shouted and the guns fired. Calypso stood erect. The patriarch, a heavy man, afflicted with rheumatism in his legs, knelt slowly and stiffly. He gravely kissed Calypso's hand.

Then one by one the nobles stepped forward, headed by Count Albert Casimir. They bent until their foreheads touched the ground and then kissed the toe of one of Calypso's boots. The patriarch was, I gathered, the only man entitled by his rank to kiss her hand. Cheers and more firing of guns greeted each act of homage. When the last was accomplished a band, set on the battlements above the gate of the schloss, began to play the national anthem, the same tune which Calypso and the chauffeur had sung in the car earlier in the afternoon. The whole mass of men, the patriarch and his priests, the nobles and the army, down to the remotest of them, shouted the song wholeheartedly. Tommy, excited by all he had seen, joined in and sang as bravely as the best. Janet Church would no doubt have sung, too, but Sandor, the chauffeur, stood beside her with the most murderous looking of his knives in his hand. He made it clear to Janet—indeed she could scarcely have mistaken his meaning—that if she attempted to sing she would immediately be killed.

When the whole ceremony was over the princess and Janet Church were led away together to the state apartments in the schloss. Count Albert Casimir conducted Tommy to the suite of rooms which had been prepared for him. Albert's English was not nearly so good as Istvan's. Indeed, he seemed to be able to say very little except "Please." He said that every time he said anything, and he always smiled in a friendly way. But language, for the simpler affairs of life, is not really necessary. Tommy understood without difficulty that the rooms were entirely for his use, that a bearded savage, who bowed to the ground every time any one looked at him, was his

servant, that there was hot water for the bath, and that as soon as he was ready he could descend to—There he would have been thankful for a few intelligible words. He had to descend somewhere and supper would be waiting for him when he did, but where the place was Tommy could not make out.

Half an hour later, washed, brushed and very hungry, Tommy was led by his servant to a large stone-paved hall. It was an immense room with a vaulted roof, high-placed tiny windows, and a raised dais at one end. On this dais a small table was spread. Four servants stood stiffly behind the chair set for a solitary dinner. They wore dark green liveries decked with silver buttons nearly as big as half-crowns, and had silver epaulettes on their shoulders. The whole scene was strikingly medieval, and Tommy, who was fond of Scott's novels, appreciated it. There was just one jarring note. A stone-flagged vaulted hall in a medieval schloss ought to be lit with torches stuck into iron brackets on the walls, or—and even this would have been a concession to modernity—with tall wax candles in silver sconces. But King Wladislaw, who used to come to the schloss occasionally, had conceived the idea of making use of the water power supplied by the torrent in the valley. The whole castle, from turret to dungeon, was lit by electric light. Bright groups of bulbs hung from the vaulted roof of the hall. On Tommy's table stood a silk-shaded lamp, like those in use on the table in the Mascotte.

After supper, just as Tommy had lit his first cigarette, the patriarch entered the room. He came in some state, clad in his purple cassock, accompanied by Count Albert Casimir and two of the Lystrian clergy.

Tommy, rather uncertain how he ought to receive such company, laid down his cigarette, stood up and bowed. The patriarch bowed, a little stiffly. He was a portly man and had no doubt supped somewhere else. The girle of his cassock seemed a little



Tommy Was Led by His Servant to a Large Stone-Paved Hall.

tight for him. One of the four servants set a chair for him and he sat down. The two clergymen bowed, muttering softly as they did so. What they said may have been the Lystrian equivalent of the American "Vurry vurry glad to meet you," or they may have felt it their duty to offer a short prayer. They sat down. Count Albert clicked his heels together, bowed and saluted. Tommy failed to click his heels together, though he tried; but he managed a fair imitation of a military salute. He and Count Albert sat down. The patriarch gave an order and a servant brought a fresh bottle of wine. One of the priests drew a box of cigarettes from some pocket among the folds of his cassock and handed it round.

The business of the meeting began. Count Albert acted as interpreter.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch, please," he said.

Tommy understood that and replied emphatically that he did not.

"Franzoesche?"

Tommy with an effort recognized Franzoesche as the German for French.

"Nein," he said. "That is to say Non, at least nothing worth mentioning, though of course I know a few words like petit-dejeuner, and bonjour, and l'etat c'est moi."

"Itallianisch?" said Count Albert, but not very hopefully.

"No," said Tommy. "I don't. Nor Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Russian, nor modern Greek. In fact, I may as well own up at once, that it's English or nothing with me."

It was evidently very difficult to communicate with Tommy. There was consultation in the course of which one of the priests made a suggestion which was regarded as hopeful. Count Albert turned to Tommy.

"Patriarch," he said, pointing to him. "Lateinisch."

"All right," said Tommy. "I'll try. I've learned Latin of course and I used to know it quite well, but not conversationally."

The patriarch was not so fluent with his Latin as he might have been. It is the ecclesiastical language of the world, but—Well, I once knew a priest who asked whether temere in the title of the famous Ne Temere Bull was a second or a third conjugation verb. Yet that man read his breviary faithfully. There was more excuse for the patriarch than for him. The services of the Lystrian church are not said in Latin.

had been much better than it was, there would have been difficulties. Our English schools have, of late years, altered their way of pronouncing Latin. No doubt the new sounds are better than the English a's, i's, and soft c's, to which I was brought up, but they have not yet achieved the true Italian ecclesiastical whine. Tommy did not understand the patriarch, nor could he make the patriarch understand him.

"Es ist trauerlich," said Count Albert at last. "A pity, not so?"

Every one, especially the stout patriarch, was extremely good-humored, but no one knew how to say what had to be said to Tommy.

"If—" Count Albert's English came very slowly. "If—here—were—Castmair Istvan Graf—Ach!"

"I say," said Tommy. "What about getting the princess to come and interpret? She knows all the languages there are."

He must have pronounced the word "princess" very badly, for no one knew what he meant.

"Calypso," he tried.

This time the patriarch understood; but he shook his head decisively. For some reason the presence of the princess was not desirable.

"Well, then, try Miss Church," said Tommy. "She knows German though she can't talk Lystrian."

"Mees Zurz?" said Count Albert doubtfully.

"Yes," said Tommy. "Miss Church; Fraulein Kirche. That is to say, if you really speak French, Mademoiselle Eglise, or—here he turned to the patriarch and spoke very clearly—"Ecclesia—Virgo Janetta Ecclesia."

The party of Lystrians was entirely bewildered; but Tommy was not beaten yet. He took a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket and made a rapid sketch of Janet. Tommy was no artist, and any resemblance his picture bore to Janet must have been that of a caricature. But it was instantly recognized and greeted with applauding laughter.

"Ach so," said Count Albert. And the patriarch made sounds which are the Lystrian equivalent of "Ach so."

One of the priests was sent to fetch Janet. The patriarch ordered a fresh bottle of wine. The cigarettes were handed round and the party settled down very comfortably to wait. There was no conversation, for the Lystrians were much too well bred to talk to one another in a language which their guest did not understand. But everybody smiled amiably at everybody else.

Janet had gone to bed; but the priest who was sent to fetch her was a determined man. A quarter of an hour later he led her into the hall. She was clad in the pink dressing gown and the slippers, which she had worn when Tommy first saw her in the corridor of the Adlon hotel.

Janet was not in the least embarrassed by her costume, or by the company in which she found herself; but she was very much annoyed at being rushed out of her first sleep.

"I wish to goodness," she said to Tommy, "that you'd learn enough German to be able to get on without perpetually appealing to me."

The patriarch unfortunately shared the view of Sandor, the chauffeur, that Janet was the princess' maid. He neither stood up to greet her nor invited her to sit down. This, very naturally, increased her feeling of irritation. If Tommy had not rushed off to get a chair for her, the chances of the reunion of the other Christian churches with that of Lystria would have been compromised.

The patriarch spoke to her. Janet listened for a while and then cut the poor man short in the middle of a sentence.

"He says," she told Tommy, "that the marriage is fixed for tomorrow morning."

"Marriage! The princess and I?"

"I suppose so," said Janet. "It's certainly not you and I."

"But he can't do that," said Tommy. "Marriages can't be rushed in that way. It takes a fortnight to get a license. If he calls the banns it'll take three weeks."

Janet said something to the patriarch and he replied.

"He's surprised," she said to Tommy, "to hear that you are unwilling to marry the princess."

"I'm not in the least unwilling," said Tommy. "Tell him there's nothing in the world I'd like better. Make that clear to him, will you? It's a most important point, and I don't want any misunderstanding about it."

Janet translated; but Tommy did not altogether trust her. He tried an explanation of his own in Latin.

"Jucundus et laetus ero," he said, "regnum in matrimonium ducere, any time you like."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Actor Badly Rattled**

A young man had to take part in some amateur theatricals. His part was quite a minor one and there was really not a great deal for him to do or say.

After the shooting scene the young man had to enter the wings and say: "Hark! 'Tis the pistol!"

Now, during rehearsal a real pistol was never used, and the youth, on receiving his cue, walked in and performed his part quite efficiently.

On the opening night, however, a real pistol was substituted for the cue, and this apparently took the young man by surprise, for as the pistol went off he rushed on and gasped:

"Ye gods! What on earth was that?"

**Spendthrifts and Envy**

When we say people spend their money foolishly, we mean they spend it for the things we'd like to have.

Large amounts of fat-soluble vitamins are contained in fatty food.

**MRS. BORGELIN'S REMARKABLE RECOVERY**

Gives Credit for Restored Health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. All Women Interested



MRS. OSCAR F. BORGELIN, FOREST CITY, IOWA

Forest City, Iowa.—"My first child lived only a short time and I was sick for a year after. When I bent over and raised myself up again I could almost scream with pain in my back. One day I was so bad that I had to leave my washing and get ready to go to the doctor. He gave me medicine, but it did no more good than if I drank just water. Once when we had been in town a little book telling about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was left in our car. I have taken five bottles of the Vege-

table Compound now and I do all my housework and help with the milking, and taking care of chickens and garden. Besides I have a fine baby girl eight months old, just the picture of health, and I am feeling fine myself. You may use this letter as a testimonial and I will answer any letters asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. OSCAR F. BORGELIN, Route No. 5, Forest City, Iowa.

**A Bad Case of Nerves Relieved**

Denver, Colorado.—"I was very despondent, blue and sad all the time, which is worse than real pain, and extremely nervous, with no appetite. I was this way for about two years and thought no one cared for me. My mother had had the same trouble and had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it. I tried everything else, then I began to take it. I soon had a better appetite and restored mental condition. I moved to a bright, sunny house, began calling on different people, and changed many other things. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash for my female weakness. With the aid of your medicines I am now a fairly healthy, happy and contented woman. I've used the Vegetable Compound at different times and will say it always helps me over the bad spells that come to every woman past 40 years."—Mrs. HELEN FINE, 35 South Washington Street, Denver, Colorado.

**The Worst**

"How did you get on in your examination?"  
"I failed in mercantile law, canon law and international law."  
"That's bad!"  
"The worst is yet to come. I have to tell my mother-in-law!"

**Niagara Lights Itself**

Power generated from Niagara falls water power was recently thrown back onto the falls in the form of colored electric lights in order to make a spectacle of the falls at night. Twenty-four searchlights were used and the effect was startling.

**Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA**



**Fletcher's CASTORIA**

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *W. D. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**Exactly**

"I see that the man who shot and killed his brother-in-law who had been living on him for ten years was acquitted on the grounds of self-defense," stated Farmer Fumblegate.  
"Yep!" replied Farmer Flint.  
"When a man shoots a brother-in-law who is living on him it is always in self-defense."—Kansas City Star.

**Why Can't We?**

Roseco Pound, the brilliant head of the Harvard Law school, talked at a dinner in Boston about the millions that the American people, with unflagging zeal, lose every year in bogus stocks.  
"The people learn by doing," said Mr. Pound. "Why can't they learn by being done?"

**In bed four months ... now a well man**

Gives Tanlac full credit.



Over twelve years of stomach misery had made a physical wreck of "Jacob Ferdinand. He spent hundreds of dollars seeking relief but every attempt failed until he tried Tanlac. This great tonic brought him immediate relief. "After seven bottles," he says, "I am a well and happy man. I will gladly talk to anyone personally and will answer all letters regarding my experience with Tanlac. For it proved a god-send to me."

\*Authentic statement. Address on request.

Tanlac is Nature's great Tonic and builder. Compounded after the famous Tanlac formula, from roots, barks and curative herbs alone, it is absolutely harmless. Millions owe their health and happiness to this great remedy.

Don't let stomach trouble make your life miserable a day longer. Get a bottle of Tanlac at your druggist's at once. The first dose will make you feel better. You'll be a new person with the sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks that come from perfect health.

NOTE: For Constipation, take Tanlac Vegetable Pills, Nature's own harmless laxative.

**TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH**