

MRS. NANCY SHARP, of Los Angeles, who says she received the greatest surprise of her life when Tanlac completely restored her health, after she had almost lost hope of ever getting well. Suffered twelve years.



"After seeing the wonderful results my husband obtained from Tanlac I began taking the medicine myself, and now we both agree that it is the greatest medicine on earth," said Mrs. Nancy Sharp, a prominent and highly esteemed resident of Los Angeles, Calif., living at 921 Camillus street, whose husband is proprietor of the Merchants' Express Co.

"During the twelve years that I suffered with indigestion and stomach trouble I tried nearly every medicine I heard about, but nothing helped me and I lost faith in everything. So, my wonderful restoration to health has been the greatest surprise of my life.

"I began to feel an improvement on finishing my second bottle of Tanlac, and now after taking six bottles I am like a new woman. I have a splendid appetite, eat three hearty meals a day, enjoy them thoroughly and am never troubled in the least with indigestion or any other disagreeable after effects.

"Before taking Tanlac most everything I ate caused my stomach to rebel and I would suffer for hours afterwards. I was so dreadfully nervous that many nights I never closed my eyes in sleep, but now I am not the least nervous, and I sleep like a child. My strength has been wonderfully increased, and I have much more energy.

"I just wish it was so everybody troubled like I was knew about this wonderful medicine."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Experiences Compared.

"Were you lazed when you were at college?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but it wasn't anything like the heckling I have gone through since."

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proves safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Varicella, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few Cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid.—Adv.

A Prize?

"Where did you win your wife?" "At a bridge tournament."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WOMEN! USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Use Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies—Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.—Adv.

Don't be afraid to ask questions. That's the only way you can find out a good many things.—Farrington.

MURINE Night and Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear and Healthy Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.



EVERYBODY DOES IT.

Synopsis.—In the village of Bingville thirteen-year-old Robert Emmet Moran, crippled son of a poor widow, is known as the Shepherd of the Birds. His world is his mother and friends, his little room, the flower garden of Judge Crooker, and every flying thing he sees from his window. The painting of pictures is his enjoyment, and little Pauline Baker, small daughter of a neighbor, the object of his boyish affection. To him, J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingville, is the ideal of a really great man. The village becomes money mad, reflecting the great world in its state of unrest. The Bing family is a leader in the change.

CHAPTER ONE—Continued.

The great white bird in the Congregational church tower—that being Bob's thought of it—flew out across the valley with its tidings of good will.

To the little Shepherd it seemed to say: "Bing—Bing—Bing—Bing—Bing! Coming, Coming, Coming!"

Many of the friends of his mother—mostly poor folk of the parish who worked in the mill—came with simple gifts and happy greetings. There were those among them who thought it a blessing to look upon the sweet face of Bob and to hear his merry laughter over some playful bit of gossip and Judge Crooker said that they were quite right about it. Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Bing were never to feel this blessing. The Shepherd of the Birds waited in vain for them that Christmas day. Mrs. Bing sent a letter of kindly greeting and a twenty-dollar gold piece and explained that her husband was not feeling "quite up to the mark," which was true.

"I'm not going," he said decisively, when Mrs. Bing brought the matter up as he was smoking in the library an hour or so after dinner. "No cripples and misery in mine at present, thank you! I wouldn't get over it for a week. Just send them our best wishes and a twenty-dollar gold piece."

There were tears in the Shepherd's eyes when his mother helped him into his night clothes that evening.

"I hate that, twenty-dollar gold piece!" he exclaimed.

"Laddie boy! Why should ye be sayin' that?"

The shiny piece of metal was lying on the window sill. She took it in her hand.

"It's as cold as a snow-bank!" she exclaimed.

"I don't want to touch it! I'm shivering now," said the Shepherd. "Put it away in the drawer. It makes me sick. It cheated me out of seeing Mr. Bing."

CHAPTER TWO

The Founding of the Phyllittines.

One little word largely accounted for the success of J. Patterson Bing. It was the word "no." It saved him in moments which would have been full of peril for other men. He had never made a bad investment because he knew how and when to say "no." It fell from his lips so sharply and decisively that he lost little time in the consideration of doubtful enterprises. Sometimes it fell heavily and left a wound, for which Mr. Bing thought himself in no way responsible. There was really a lot of good-will in him. He didn't mean to hurt any one.

"Time is a thing of great value and what's the use of wasting it in idle palaver?" he used to say.

One day, Hiram Blenkinsop, who was just recovering from a spree, met Mr. Bing at the corner of Main and School streets and asked him for the loan of a dollar.

"No sir!" said Mr. J. Patterson Bing, and the words sounded like two whacks of a hammer on a nail. "No sir," he repeated, the second whack being now the more emphatic. "I don't lend money to people who make a bad use of it."

"Can you give me work?" asked the unfortunate drunkard.

"No! But if you were a hired girl, I'd consider the matter."

Some people who overheard the words laughed loudly. Poor Blenkinsop made no reply, but he considered the words an insult to his manhood in spite of the fact that he hadn't any manhood to speak of. At least, there was not enough of it to stand up and be insulted—that is sure. After that he was always racking his brain for something mean to say about J. Patterson Bing. Bing was a cold-blooded fish. Bing was a scrapper and a grinder. If the truth were known about Bing he wouldn't be holding his head so high. Judas Iscariot and J. Patterson Bing were off the same bush. These were some of the things that Blenkinsop scattered abroad and they were, to say the least of them, extremely unjust. Mr. Bing's innocent remark touching Mr. Blenkinsop's misfortune is not being a hired

girl, arose naturally out of social conditions in the village.

Furthermore, it is quite likely that every one in Bingville, including those impersonal creatures known as Law and Order, would have been much happier if some magician could have turned Mr. Blenkinsop into a hired girl and have made him a life member of "the Dish Water Aristocracy," as Judge Crooker was wont to call it.

The community of Bingville was noted for its simplicity and good sense. Servants were unknown in this village of three thousand people. It had lawyers and doctors and professors and merchants—some of whom were deservedly well known—and J. Patterson Bing, the owner of the pulp mill, celebrated for his riches; but one could almost say that its most sought for and popular folk were its hired girls. They were few and snifty. They exercised care and discretion in the choice of their employers. They regulated the diet of the said employers and the frequency and quality of their entertainments. If it could be said that there was an aristocracy in the place they were it. First, among the Who's Who in Bingville, were the Gilligan sisters who worked in the big brick house of Judge Crooker; another was Mrs. Pat Collins, seventy-two years of age, who presided in the kitchen of the Reverend Otis Singleton; the two others were Susan Crowder, a woman of sixty, and a red-headed girl with one eye, of the name of Featherstraw, both of whom served



"I Don't Lend Money to People Who Make a Bad Use of It."

the opulent Bings. Some of these hired girls ate with the family—save on special occasions when city folk were present. Mrs. Collins and the Gilligans seemed to enjoy this privilege, but Susan Crowder, having had an ancestor who had fought in the Revolutionary war, couldn't stand it, and Martha Featherstraw preferred to eat in the kitchen. Indeed there was some warrant for this remarkable situation. The Gilligan sisters had a brother who was a magistrate in a large city and Mrs. Collins had a son who was a successful and popular butcher in the growing city of Hazelmead.

That part of the village known as Irishtown and a settlement of Poles and Italians furnished the man help in the mill, and its sons were also seen more or less in the fields and gardens. Ambition and education had been working in the minds of the young in and about Bingville for two generations. The sons and daughters of farmers and ditch-diggers had read Virgil and Horace and plodded into the mysteries of higher mathematics. The best of them had gone into learned professions; others had enlisted in the business of great cities; still others had gone in for teaching or stenography.

Their success had wrought a curious devastation in the village and countryside. The young moved out heading for the paths of glory. Many a sturdy, stupid person who might have made an excellent plumber, or carpenter, or farmer, or cook, armed with a university degree and a sense of superiority, had gone forth in quest of fame and fortune prepared for nothing in particular and achieving firm possession of it. Somehow the elective system had enabled them "to get by" in a state of mind that resembled the Mojave desert. If they did not care for Latin or mathematics they could take a course in Hierology or in The Taming of the Wild Chickadee or in some such easy skating. Bingville was like many places. The

young had fled from the irksome tasks which had roughened the hands and bent the backs of their parents. That, briefly, accounts for the fewness and the sniffliness above referred to.

Early in 1917, the village was shaken by alarming and astonishing news. True, the sinking of the Lusitania and our own enlistment in the World war and the German successes on the Russian frontier had, in a way, prepared the heart and intellect of Bingville for shocking events. Still, these disasters had been remote. The fact that the Gilligan sisters had left the Crookers and accepted an offer of one hundred and fifty dollars a month from the wealthy Nixons of Hazelmead was an event close to the footlights, so to speak. It caused the news of battles to take its rightful place in the distant background. Men talked of this event in stores and on the street corners; it was the subject of conversation in sewing circles and the Philomathian Literary club. That day, the Bings whispered about it at the dinner table between courses until Susan Crowder sent in a summons by Martha Featherstraw with the apple pie. She would be glad to see Mrs. J. Patterson Bing in the kitchen immediately after dinner. There was a moment of silence in the midst of which Mr. Bing winked knowingly at his wife, who turned pale as she put down her pie fork with a look of determination and rose and went into the kitchen. Mrs. Crowder regretted that she and Martha would have to look for another family unless their wages were raised from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

"But, Susan, we all made an agreement for a year," said Mrs. Bing.

Mrs. Crowder was sorry, but she and Martha could not make out on the wages they were getting—everything cost so much. If Mary Gilligan, who couldn't cook, was worth a hundred dollars a month Mrs. Crowder considered herself cheap at twice that figure.

Mrs. Bing, in her anger, was inclined to revolt, but Mr. Bing settled the matter by submitting to the tyranny of Susan. With Phyllis and three of her young friends coming from school and a party in prospect, there was nothing else to do.

Maggie Collins, who was too old and too firmly rooted in the village to leave it, was satisfied with a raise of ten dollars a month. Even then she received a third of the minister's salary. "His wife being a swell lady who had no time for wurruk, sure the boy was no sooner married than he yelled for help," as Maggie was wont to say.

All this had a decided effect on the economic life of the village. Indeed, Hiram Blenkinsop, the village drunkard, who attended to the lawns and gardens for a number of people, demanded an increase of a dollar a day in his wages on account of the high cost of living, although one would say that its effect upon him could not have been serious. For years the historic figure of Blenkinsop had been the destination and repository of the cast-off clothing and the worn and shapeless shoes of the leading citizens. For a decade, the venerable derby hat, which once belonged to Judge Crooker, had survived all the incidents of his adventurous career. He was, indeed, as replete with suggestive memories as the graveyard to which he was wont to repair for rest and recuperation in summer weather. There, in the shade of a locust tree hard by the wall, he was often discovered with his faithful dog Christmas—a yellow, mongrel, good-natured cur—lying beside him, and the historic derby hat in his hand. He had a persevering pride in that hat. Mr. Blenkinsop showed a surprising and commendable industry under the stimulation of increased pay. He worked hard for a month, then celebrated his prosperity with a night of such noisy, riotous joy that he landed in the lockup with a black eye and a broken nose and an empty pocket. As usual, the dog Christmas went with him.

When there was a loud yell in the streets at night Judge Crooker used to say, "It's Hiram again. The poor fellow is out a-hirandng."

William Snodgrass, the carpenter, gave much thought and reflection to the good fortune of the Gilligan girls. If a hired girl could earn twenty-five dollars a week and her board, a skilled mechanic, who had to board himself, ought to earn at least fifty. So he put up his prices. Israel Sneed, the plumber, raised his scale to correspond with that of the carpenter. The prices of the butcher and grocer kept pace with the rise of wages. A period of unexampled prosperity set in.

Some time before, the Old Spirit of Bingville had received notice that its services would no longer be required. It had been an industrious and faithful Old Spirit. The new generation did not intend to be hard on it. They were willing to give it a comfortable home as long as it lived. Its home was to be called The Past. There it was to have nothing to do but to sit around and weep and talk of bygone days. The Old Spirit rebelled. It refused to abandon its appointed tasks.

"Why shouldn't people enjoy themselves?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ex-President in Congress. Only one president returned to public life after quitting his office. John Quincy Adams, retiring from the presidency in 1829, returned to Washington in 1831 as a member of the house of representatives at the age of sixty-four. Friends feared this step would dim the luster of his great fame, but his service in congress only added to his renown.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. D. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 3

THE IDEAL CHRISTIAN.

LESSON TEXT—Rom. 12: 2, 3. GOLDEN TEXT—As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6: 31.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Matt. 5: 1-16; 6: 2, Phil. 4: 8, Col. 3: 12, 1 Pet. 3: 8-17. PRIMARY TOPIC—Making Others Happy. JUNIOR TOPIC—Living Happily With Others.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Marks of a True Christian. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Christian's Standard of Character.

1. In His Relation to God (vv. 1, 2). He is dedicated to God. He conscientiously presents his entire being to God.

1. The basis of this dedication (v. 1). "The mercies of God." The grand reason for the dedication of ourselves to God is because we are recipients of the mercies of God.

2. The nature of the dedication (v. 1).

(1) An act of the free will. Those who voluntarily present themselves to God, He consecrates to His Service. (2) It embraces the whole man (v. 1). By "bodies" is meant the entire personality—body, soul and spirit (1 Thess. 5: 23). The inner life expresses itself through the body. (3) It is a living sacrifice (v. 1). In the Old Testament the victim was slain before being placed upon the altar, but in our case God wants our bodies as living instruments of service. (4) It is for rational service (v. 1). The logical outcome of our union with Christ is an intelligent service for Him.

3. The obligation of the one dedicated to the Lord (v. 2). It is non-conformity to this world. The one who has handed himself over to the Lord will not be fashioned by this evil, devil-governed age (1 John 5: 19).

II. In His Relation to His Fellow Christians (vv. 9-13).

1. Love without hypocrisy (v. 9). We should not merely pretend to love people while hating them in our hearts.

2. Abhor the evil and cleave to the good (v. 9). God's children must be like Him. God hates wickedness of all sorts, so His children will have the same attitude towards sin that He has.

3. Be kindly affectioned to one another (v. 10). This is to be a brotherly love, namely, that which passes between those who are of one blood—members of the same family.

4. In honor preferring one another (v. 10). This is most difficult. It is natural to claim the best places for ourselves. Christ pleased not Himself.

5. Be not slothful in business (v. 11). This hardly refers to secular affairs, but rather to the church life which was to be characterized by zeal—energy and warmth, being regarded as service to the Lord.

6. Rejoicing in hope (v. 12). Affliction shall surely come to the Christian. In all trials the Christian should be filled with hope of future glory.

7. Patient in Tribulation (v. 12). This blessed hope will make possible a life of patience.

8. Continuing in prayer (v. 12). Only by constant and persistent prayer shall we be able to live above our circumstances and fix our hope upon Him whose coming shall bring deliverance from all our trials and transform us into His glorious likeness.

9. Distributing to the necessity of saints—given to hospitality (v. 13). It is obligatory to Christians to divide their wages with fellow Christians who are destitute (Eph. 4: 28).

III. In His Relation to Unbelievers (vv. 14-21).

1. Do good for evil (v. 14). We are to bless those who persecute us. The natural man pays back in the same coin, but the renewed man responds in kindness and good deeds.

2. Be sympathetic (v. 15). We should rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep. Christ entered into the joys of the wedding at Cana, and wept with Mary and Martha.

3. Find points of agreement (v. 16). We should seek for points of agreement in all things, instead of being vain in our own conceits.

4. Live honestly before all men (v. 17). We should so live that our characters may attract others to Christ.

5. Live in peace (v. 18). We should exhaust every means to bring about reconciliation. If the other party will not yield, we should see to it that it is not our fault.

6. Be not vindictive (vv. 19-21). Instead of rendering eye for eye and tooth for tooth, we should heap coals of fire upon our enemies by deeds of kindness.

Mothers Lead the Way.

Children are what the mothers are; no fondest father's fondest care can go fashion the infant's heart, or so shape the life.—Landon.

They That Bow Heads.

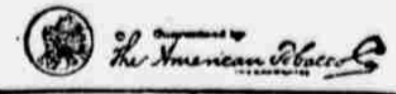
They that bow their heads before God may hold them erect before the world.—A. S. Wilshire.

Mothers.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—Napoleon.



LUCKY STRIKE cigarette. Flavor is sealed in by toasting



WATCH THE BIG 4

Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Lives

Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—



The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

When Run-Down

St. Joseph, Mo.—"I became all run-down in health due to woman's weakness I was weak, nervous and got very thin I doctored and took different medicines for this condition but did not get any relief until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it soon restored me to health and strength."

"My father took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for a catarrhal cough and it gave him relief where all other medicine had utterly failed."—MRS. J. W. EVALSON, 2801 S. 23rd St.

All druggists. Liquid or tablets. Send Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., 10 cents for a trial pkg. of any of his remedies.

There are two classes of college graduates—those who accept positions and those who hunt for jobs.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum.—Adv.

Fortune smiles on some people and laughs at many.

Don't Go From Bad to Worse!

Are you always weak, miserable and half-sick? Then it's time you found out what is wrong. Kidney weakness causes much suffering from backache, lameness, stiffness and rheumatic pains, and if neglected brings danger of serious troubles—dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. Henry Cooper, Humbolt, Neb., says: "After I had the 'flu,' my back and kidneys bothered me a great deal. There was a continuing pain in the small of my back. As a member of the family I had used Doan's Kidney Pills with good success I got a box and they helped me from the first. Two boxes cured me and I haven't been troubled since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Freed From Torture

Eatonie Cleared His Up-Set Stomach

"The people who have seen me suffer tortures from neuralgia brought on by an up-set stomach now see me perfectly sound and well—absolutely due to Eatonie," writes R. Long.

Profit by Mr. Long's experience. Keep your stomach in healthy condition, fresh and cool, and avoid the ailments that come from an acid condition. Eatonie brings relief by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases—does it quickly. Take an Eatonie after eating and see how wonderfully it helps you. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 13-1921.