# **Facts** About Motherhood

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hun-dred is prepared or understands how to

properly care for her-self. Of course nearly every woman now-adays has medical treatment at the time of child-birth, but many approach the experience with mism unfitted for the trial of ngth, and when the strain is over system has received a shock from the it is hard to recover. Follow-

right upon this comes the nervous in of caring for the child, and a inet change in the mother results. here is nothing more charming than appy and healthy mother of chil-n, and indeed child-birth under right ditions need be no hazard to health t with all the evidence of shattered

at, with all the evidence of shattered gives and broken health resulting on an imprepared condition, women ill persist in going blindly to the trial. It isn't as though the experience in the in which to prepare, but every for the most part, trust to chance in pay the penalty.

Le many homes once childless there is now children because of the fact the trial in the interest in the

and strong.

woman who would like advice in regard to this is cordially invited to to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Her letter will be held in confidence.

Churches and Tuberculosis. tics showing how serious a m tuberculosis is to the ordimrch congregation have been by the National Association for Study and Prevention of Tuber-725 churches, with a membership ever 212,000 communicants of asminations, and from 208 and towns in 12 states in vari-teaths in 1910, over 700 or 10 L, were caused by tuberculosis. ams 2.24 deaths for every thoumbers or communicants. the percentage of deaths from s compared with other disis not higher in the churches, g to these figures, than in the at large, the tuberculosis ate, as shown by the church is higher per thousand com-its than that for the general tion in the registration area of United States, which the census as 1.67 in 1909.

A' Herford Bon Mot. Herford and a friend were ag through a section of town on which many a family the manner in which these garts chut out the sky and otherwise gured the landscape. Mr. Herford d at them thoughtfully and then murmured: "The short and ale flannels of the poor."

Important to Mothere
Examine carefully every bottle of
ASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for
firsts and children, and see that it Bears the Cattlithing

Cry for Fletcher's Castoria Not a Singer.

my," the teacher said, "here is Now, stand up straight and

The come was "Nearer, My God."

conser had the school commenced sing than a little girl waved her med frantically. Stopping the singe, teacher, I think Johnny will get nearer if he whistles."

Love never clogs a man's memory. He is scarcely off with the old until

### ARE YOU FREE -FROM-

Hendaches, Colds, Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, If you are not, the most estive prompt and pleasant sethod of getting rid of them is to fed of the ever refreshing and truly beneficial laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. It is well known throughout the world as the best of family laxative remees, because it acts so gently and ting the system in any way.

To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genu-ine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., bearing the name of the Company, plainly printed on the front of every package.

## HALF A ROGUE

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Author of the Man on the Box, The Puppet Crown, Hearts and Masks, Etc. Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

CHAPTER VII-(Continued.)

about right."

"Mr. McQuade has a job for you,
Bolles, if you're willing to undertake

"T've got some time on my hands just now," replied Bolles. "Contract work?"
"After a fashion," said McQuade grimly. "Eat your dinner and we'll go up stairs to my office. What I have to say can't be said here."
"All right, Mr. McQuade, If it's dagos, I'll have plenty in hand in November."

ber."

"I shall want you to go to New York," said McQuade.
"New York or San Francisco, so long as some one foots the bills."
"I'll foot 'em," agreed McQuade.
"Hustle your dinner. We'll wait for you at the bar."

Bolles ordered. A job for McQuade that took him to New York meant money, money and a good time. There were no more contracts till September, so the junket to New York wouldn't interfere with his regular work. He had a horse to sell. In that event, they would meet on common ground. But his bellef in this possibility was only half hearted. He filled his pockets with cigars, whistled for the dog, and departed. Both of the Bennington houses were closed; the two families were up north in the woods.

Promptly at 4:30 Warrington and his dog entered the elevator of the McQuade building and were dislodged on the third floor. They went along the dim corridor, scrutinizing doors, each thunting for one of his kind. Jove couldn't read, but he could smell. Finfew minutes later he joined McQuade, ally Warrington came to a stand. Upon were no more contracts till September, so the junket to New York wouldn't interfere with his regular work. He had sublet his Italians. He was free. A few minutes later he joined McQuade, and the trio went up stairs in a cloud of tobacco smoke. McQuade nodded to the typewriter, who rose and left the private office. The three men sat down, in what might be described as a one-two-three attitude: domination, tacit acceptance of this domination, and servility.

'Do you know Richard Warrington, the play-writer?'

"That snob? Yes, I know who he is and I'd like to punch his head for him. McQuade smiled. This manifest ran-

McQuade smiled. This manifest rancor on Bolles' part would make things easier than he thought.

"Well, listen. I've just been tipped that big things are going to happen this fall. That fool Donnelly has queered himself, and is making a muddle of everything he touches. Senator Henderson is a shrewd man, but he wasn't shrewd enough this time. He should have conducted his little conspiracy in his own home and not at a club where servants often find profit in selling what they hear. Henderson is going to put Warrington up for mayor."

"The h—ll he is!" said Bolles.
Martin's jaw dropped, and the eigar

"The h—Il he is!" said Bolles.
Martin's jaw dropped, and the eigar
ashes tumbled down his shirt bosom.
"It's no joke," went on McQuade. "If
he is nominated, he'll win. The people
are wanting a change. If the Henderson people get into the city hall. I
stand to lose a fortune on contracts.
You both know what that means. Warrington must never get a chance to

rington must never get a chance to ccept."
Bolles looked at Martin. McQuade aw the look, and, interpreting it,

laughed.

"These are no dime-novel days. We don't kill men to get 'em out of the way. We take a look into their past and use it as a club."

"I begin to see," said Martin. "Warrington must be side-tracked before the convention. Good. That'll be sim-

"Not very," McQuade admitted. "It's going to be a devilish hard job. You, Bolles, pack up and go to New York. I want some information regarding this young fellow's past in New York. It's up to you to get it. No faking, mind you; good substantial evidence that can be backed up by affidavits. Get the idea? Five hundred and expenses, if you succeed; your expenses anyhow. if you succeed; your expenses anyhow. Five hundred is a lot of money these days. But if you go on a bat. I'll drop you like a hot brick, for good and all. Think it over. Pack up tonight, if you want to. Here's a hundred to start with. Remember this, now, there must

"Yes. A man has no past, if there isn't a woman in it."

"I can land that five hundred," Bolles declared confidently. "I can find the woman. I'll write you every other

"Well, then, that's all. Good luck.
No boozing while you're on the job.
Afterward I don't care what you do.

Bolles took his dismissal smilingly.

Bolles took his dismissal smilingly. Five hundred. It was easy.

"If it's possible, he'll do it," said Martin. "But what's your campaign?"

"Donnelly must remain another term. After that, oblivion. There'll be bids this fail. If Henderson's man wins, there'll be new aldermen. These bids of mine must go through and gas must be kept at a dollar-fifty. I'm a rich man, but at present I'm up to my neck in southern contracts that aren't paying 10 cents on the dollar. Herculaneum's got to foot the bill."

"How'd you find out about Hender-'How'd you find out about Hender-

son's coup?"
"One of the walters at his club said one of the waters at his club said he had some information. I gave him \$10 for something I'd have given \$1,000 for just as quickly. If Henderson had sprung Warrington in September, we'd have been swamped. Now we have a good chance to hang on."

"Force him to back down and with-

"Force him to back down and withdraw?"

McQuade nodded.
"It's simply got to be done. I didn't give Henderson credit for so clever a move as this. A new man, famous and wealthy, under no obligations to his party; the voters would follow him just for the novelty of the thing. Besides, there are other reasons, but I'm keeping them to myself. How about that pavement deal in John street?"

John street possessed but three or four houses. The paving would be a \$19,000 job. As a witty political speaker once said, they paved Herculaneum in the concrete and in the abstract.
"It will go through Monday night,

tryward. McQuade dictated a few let-ters, one of which he directed to be sent by messenger. Then he left the office and called upon the editor of the Times. This conference lasted an hour. Mc-Quade was chief owner of the Times.

These men ate quickly and digested slowly. McQuade took out two fat black cigars and passed one to Martin, who tore off the end with his teeth.

"I want to find out all there is to know about Warrington. I can't explain why just now; too many around." "Set Bolles after him. Bolles used to be with a private detective bureau. If there's anything to learn, he'll learn it. There he is now. Hey, waiter, ask that gentleman looking for a vacant table to come over. Hello, Bolles!"

"How do you, Mr. Martin. Hot day, Mr. McQuade."
"Sit down," said McQuade, with a nod of invitation toward the remaining vacant chair. "Cigar or a drink?"
"Bring me a little whisky—no, make it an old-fashioned cocktail. That'll be about right."

"Mr. McQuade has a job for you. turn that Mr. Warrington was greatly surprised when, at 3:30, a message was brought to him requesting him briefly and policy to do Mr. McQuade the honor to call on him between 4 and 5 that afternoon He had met McQuade at the Chamber of Commerce dinner. The introduction had been most formal. What the deuce did McQuade wish to see him about? Should he go? A natural aversion to the man said no; but policy urged him as well as curiosity. He went to the telephone and called up McQuade's office. Mr. McQuade was not in, but would return at 4. Ah! It was the typewriter who spoke. Would she kindly notify Mr. McQuade on his re-

the deuce did McQuade wish to see him about? Should he go? A natural aversion to the man said no; but policy urged him as well as curiosity. He went to the telephone and called up McQuade's office. Mr. McQuade was not in, but would return at 4. Ah! It was the typewriter who spoke. Would she kindly notify Mr. McQuade on his return that Mr. Warrington would be at his office at 4:30? She would. Thanks. Warrington smoked uneasily. He had no desire to meet McQuade. Their ways were widely separated and reached nothing in common. But he readily recognized the fact that McQuade was not a man such as one might heedlessly antagonize. What could the politician want of the literary man? McQuade dabbled in racing horses; perhaps he had a horse to sell. In that event, they would meet on common ground. But

ally Warrington came to a stand. Upon the glass panel of the door he read:

DANIEY M'QUADE & CO., GENERAL CONTRACTORS

He did not knock. He opened the door and walked in. It is a sign of weakness for a man to knock on the door of a business office, unless it is marked private. Nevertheless, the dingy glass had known the knocks of many knuckles. A girl was hammering on the typewriting machine.

"I have an appointment with Mr. McQuade," said Warrington pleasantly, "would you mind announcing me?"

"Mr. McQuade will see you."

Warrington walked quietly into the lion's den.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Warrington," said McQuade, pointing toward a chair. He did not offer his hand; something told him not to make that mistake.

From under the desk McQuade's dog emerged, stiff and bristling. On his emerged, stiff and bristling. On his side. Jove stood squarely on his legs, head on, as they say, his lips writhing and quivering with rage. Warrington touched the chair that had been offered him. Jove begged. But the the master was obdurate. Joe jumped up, but turned quickly. The white dog stopped. He recognized that he was at a complete disadvantage.

McOunde watched these proceedings

at a complete disadvantage.

McQuade watched these proceedings with an amused twinkle. It was a clever maneuver. So far as he was concerned, a good dog fight would not have been to his distate.

"It doesn't hurt the brutes to fight

once in a while. But, of course," added, "your dog is old,"
"Nothing is old till it is useless."
"An epigram from one of your

plays?"
"No: but it sounds good enough to "No: but it sounds good enough to use. Jove has strong teeth, however, and he comes from a fighting family. But for my part, I had much rather see two men pummel each other."
"So would I, for that matter." McQuade pushed the matchbox toward Warrington but Warrington drew out his own and struck a light. McQuade

his own and struck a light. McQuade shrugged.

"Mr. McQuade, I am interested to learn what is back of your note. Horses?"

"No; not horses."

McQuade viewed the young man through half-closed eyes. The contractor was a big hulk of a man, physically as strong as a bull, with reddish hair, small twinkling eyes, a puffy nose mottled with veins thin lips shaded by a bristling red mustache, and a heavy jaw. The red fell of hair on his hands reminded Warrington of a sow's back.

on his hands reminded Warrington of a sow's back.

"No, Mr. Warrington, I haven't any horses for sale today," he began. "Not very long ago you met Senator Henderson at your club. He offered you the nomination for mayor this fall, and you accepted it."

Warrington could not repress a start of surprise.

"That is true. What mystifles me," he supplemented, "is how this knowledge came to your ears."

"I generally hear what's going on. My object in asking you to call is to talk over the matter on a friendly basis."

"Politically, we have nothing in common."

mon."
"Politically or socially. But the point is this: What have you done that you should merit this honor? I'll talk frankly. What have you done toward the building up of your city? What have you done toward its progress in manufacturing and building? You have done nothing but buy a house on the fashionable street and pay the taxes."
"You might add that I once peddled

taxes."
"You might add that I once peddled vegetables," said Warrington.
It was McQuade's turn to be surprised.
"Then you are not ashamed of the fact that you sold vegetables?"
"In truth, I'm rather proud of it. It was the first step in the fight. And I

was the first step in the fight. And I tell you honestly, Mr. McQuade that I have fought every inch of the way, And I shall continue to fight, when there's anything worth fighting for I'm not a manufacturer or a builder, but I am none the less eligible for four houses. The paving would be a \$19,000 job. As a witty political speaker once said, they paved Herculaneum in the concrete and in the abstract.

"It will go through Monday night, smooth as butter."

"Canvassed the hoys?"

"More than three-fourths vote. Sure."

"Tm depending upon you."

"Tm depending upon you."

"Tm depending upon you."

"Tell you turn down Donnelly at the convention?"

"I tell you he's got to run again. I'll bring him to order, after a little heart-to-heart talk. He's the only man in sight."

"Why not play the same game as Henderson?"

"Tye thought it all out. There's no

"Tve thought it all out. There's no one but Donnelly. Pick up anything you can about Warrington."

Martin telephoned for his team, and 20 minutes later he was driving countains. The dogs growled. They seemed to realize that war of some kind was in the air.

"How?" asked Warrington. The man

"You will go to Senator Henderson and tell him that you have recon-

sidered."
Warrington laughed. "I believed I knew all phases, but this one surpasses any I ever heard of. You have the nerve to ask me, of the opposition party, to refuse the nomination for nayor?"
"I have."

"Are you afraid of me?"
"Not of you, my lad," McQuade answered sardonically, spreading out his great hands. "Do I look like a man afraid of anything? But the thought of a stranger becoming mayor of Herculaneum rather frightens me. Let us have peace, Mr. Warrington.
"I ask nothing better."

"Withdraw."
"I never withdraw. I am not afraid of anything. I even promise to be good-natured enough to look upon this meeting as a colossal joke."

McQuade's eyes narrowed again.

"Personally, you are nothing to me,"
he replied; "politically, you are a meddler, and you are in my way."

"Oh, I am in your way? That is to
say, if I am elected, there'll be too much say, if I am elected, there'll be too much honesty in the city hall to suit your plans? I can readily believe that. If you can convince me that I ought not to run for mayor, do so. I can accept any reasonable argument. But bluster will do no good. For a man of your accredited ability, you are making a poor move, even a fatal one."

"Will you withdraw?"

"Emphatically no!"

"All right. Whatever comes your

"All right. Whatever comes your way after this, don't blame me. I have given you a fair warning."
"You have threatened."

"You have threatened."

"I can act also. And vou can put this in your pipe, Mr. Warrington, that before October comes round, when the republican convention meets, you will withdraw your name quickly enough. This is not a threat. It's a warning. That's all. I'm sorry you can't see the matter from my standpoint."

"Come boy" said Warrington to bis

"Come, boy," said Warrington to his dog. "You had better keep your animal under the table."

McQuade did not move or answer. So Warrington grasped Jove by the collar and led him out of the private office. McQuade heard the dramatist whistle on the way to the elevator. "So he'll fight, eh?" growled McQuade. "Well, I'll break him, or my name's not McQuade. The damned meddling upstart, with his plays and fine women! You're a hell of a dog you are! Why the devil didn't you kill his pup for him?"

McQuade sent a kick at the dog, who dodged it successfully, trotted out to the typewriter and crawled under the girl's skirts.

Warrington went home, thoroughly McQuade did not move or answer.

warrington went home, thoroughly angry with himself. Withdraw? It would have to be something more tangible than threats.

"There was a long distance call for you this afternoon," announced his aunt. "The Benningtons want you to come up at once instead of next week."

Warrington brightened perceptibly. He went to work, but his heart wasn't in it. The interview with McQuade insisted upon recurring. Why hadn't he walked out without any comment whatever? Silence would have crushed McQuade. He knew that McQuade could not back up this threat; it was only a threat. Bah! Once more he flung himself into his work.

self into his work. Half an hour later the door bell rang.

Herculaneum had a unique character. He was a pompous little man to whom the inelegant applied the term of runt. He never could have passed the army examination, for he had no instep. He walked like a duck, flat footed, minus the waddle. He-was pop-eyed, and the fumes of strong drink had loosened the tear ducts so that his eyes swam in a perennial mist of tears. His wife still called him William, but down town he was Bill. He knew everybody in town, and everybody in town knew him. There was a time when he had been on intimate terms with so distinguished a person as Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene. He will tell you to this day how he was wont to dandle her on his knee. Bill was one of those individuals of whom it is said: "He means well." In other words, he was a do-nothing, a ne'er-do-well. He had been comparatively.

was one of those individuals of whom it is said: "He means well." In other words, he was a do-nothing, a ne'erdo-well. He had been comparatively rich once, but he had meant well with his money. One grand splurge, and it was all over. Herculaneum still recolects that splurge. When in his cups, Bill was always referring to those gorgeous days. Afterward, Bill and his family lived from hand to mouth.

Bill had a wonderful memory; he never forgot those who laughed at him and those who nodded kindly. He was shiftless and lazy, but he had a code of honor. Bill could have blackmailed many a careless man of prominence, had he been so minded. But a man who had once dined a governor of the state could do no wrong. His main fault was that he had neglected to wean his former greatness; he still nursed it. Thus, it was beneath his dignity to accept a position as a clerk in a store or shop.

Bill marched into the Warrington place jauntily. He wore a tie. Jove ran out and sniffed the frayed hems

Bill marched into the Warrington place jauntily. He wore a tie. Jove ran out and sniffed the frayed hems of his trousers. The door opened pres-

ently.
"Is Richard in?" Bill asked. He had had only two drinks that evening. (Continued Next Week.)



GAVE HIM AWAY. Willie-Say, maw, pop must tell you lot of riddles.
His Mother-Why do you ask?
Willie-Well, I heard him tell Mr.
Iones last night that he had you

Nothing Wrong.
From the Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate.

"My! Miss Ma'r." said the old darkey to the young lady of the house, the morning after her coming-out ball, "you sho" did look sweet las night. My! I hardly knowed you. Dey wasn't a thing about you dat looked natchel."

The Place to Die. "My hero dies in the middle of my latest novel," said the young author. "That's a grave mistake," replied the ed-or, "te should not die before the reader CALUMET **BAKING POWDER** The wonder of baking powders-Calumet Wonderful in its raising powers — its uniformity, its never failing results, its Wonderful in its economy. It costs less than the high-price trust brands, but it is worth as much. It costs a trifle more than the cheap and big can kinds—it is worth more. But proves its

### ANXIETY WAS FOR THE KEG

Overcharge a Small Matter, but Customer Did Hate to See Good Material Hurt.

Every nail-keg in the store had its occupant, the checker-board was working overtime, and mittens and mufflers were stuffed in bulgy pockets, as their owners drew closer round the big, rusty stove.

The door opened noisily, letting in a blast of the storm raging outside, and in its wake followed Rufe Blevins, a giant wood-chopper, whose good nature and ready wit made him a welcome addition to the store circle.

The loafers moved a little closer together to make room for Rufe on a soap-box, but he marched past the friendly circle, plumped an empty molasses-keg down on the counter, and drew a stained bill from his pocket, which he held out to the proprietor of the store.

An expectant grin went round the circle, for Storekeeper Jones had the reputation of never wronging himself by overweighing or undercharging. The merchant adjusted his glasses and looked expectantly from the bill to the wood-chopper.

"Notice you charged me for five gallons o' molasses last time I had this four-gallon keg filled," drawled Rufe. 'I don't mind payin' for the extra gallon, Mr. Jones, but I do kinder hate to have a good keg strained to pieces.' Youth's Companion.

DIDN'T CARE TO BE DONE.



does everything in his

Powell-Then I'm glad that I'm not

ALL RUN DOWN.

A Typical Case of Kidney Trouble and How It Was Cured.

A. J. Adams, 242 Rose St., Roseburg Dre., says: "My back ached flercely for hours and then eased up only to leave me so weak I could hardly move.

Kidney secretions con tained heavy sediment and burned awfully in passage. Everything seemed to be gradually giving way; my limbs ached, sight became poor and blood

paired that I reeled and had to clutch something to keep .rom falling. I grew worse and for weeks was unable to work. One thing after another I tried without relief and then I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. I now feel like a different per-

Remember the name-Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a ox. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Not Exactly Patriotic.

He was, let us say, Irish, was among everal men of other nationalities, and and imbibed several beverages. He was extremely anxious, moreover, to uphold the glories of Erin, but was ot quite so sure of what was going on about him. A foreigner near him emarked:

"An honest man is the noblest work of God!" The Hibernian didn't quite catch what was said. "Get out!-an Irishman is!" he

coared. Her Way. Mrs. Woggs--So you keep your hus-

band home evenings? I suppose you put his slippers where he can find

Mrs. Boggs-No; I put his overshoes where he can't.-Puck.

On Occasion. "Pop, is it X that is an unknown quantity?" "I have always found it so, my son,

whenever I tried to borrow one."

SHE WAS THE CAUSE.

real economy in the baking.

Use CALUMET—the Modern

Baking Powder. At all Grocers.



Hewitt-I am a ruined man. Jewett-Does your wife know it? Hewitt-No, she doesn't yet realize what she has done.

#### SCRATCHED TILL BLOOD RAW

"When my boy was about three months old his head broke ent with a rash which was very itchy and ran a watery fluid. We tried everything we could but he got worse all the time till it spread to his arms, legs and then to his entire body. He got so bad that he came near dying. The rash would itch so that he would scratch till the blood ran, and a thir yellowish stuff would be all over his pillow in the morning. I had to put mittens on his hands to prevent him tearing his skin. He was so weak and run down that he took fainting spells as if he were dying. He was almost a skeleton and his little hands

were thin like claws. "He was bad about eight months when we tried Cuticura Remedies. I had not laid him down in his cradla in the daytime for a long while. I washed him with Cuticura Soap and put on one application of Suticura Ointment and he was so soethed that he could sleep. You don't know how glad I was he felt better. It took one near one cake of Cuticura Soap to cure him. I think our boy would have died but for the Cuticura Remedies and I shall always remain a firm friend of them. There has been no return of the trouble. I shall be glad to have you publish this true statement of his cure." (Signed Mrs. M. C. Maitland, Jasper, Ontario, Way 27,

Recognize Value of Fresh Air. New York city now has in opera tion twelve open air schools and classes, and definite provision has been made for fourteen similar classes to be opened by next fall, according to an announcement made by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Chicago has six open air classes in its schools,

Happy Family. Mrs. Scrappington (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an account of a woman turning on the gas wiffe her husband was asleep and asphyxiating

and Boston has five.

or for worse!

Mr. Scrappington-Very considerate of her, I'm sure! Some wives wake their husbands up, and then talk them to death.—Puck.

Taking a Chance, Employer-So, then, Miss Willing, you're leaving us for good? Miss Willing-No Sir! For better

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugas-coated easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Ambition is a longing that makes

some men near-great.

Your Liver is Clogged up That's Why You're Tired-Out of Sorts-Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do CARTER

sness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE Genuine mustbear Signature