

# DEMAND FOR TANLAC BREAKS ALL RECORDS

Amazing Success Achieved by Celebrated Medicine Not Only Phenomenal, But Unprecedented—Over 20,000,000 Bottles Sold in Six Years—Foreign Countries Clamor for It.

Never before, perhaps, in the history of the drug trade has the demand for a proprietary medicine ever approached the wonderful record that is now being made by Tanlac, the celebrated medicine which has been accomplishing such remarkable results throughout this country and Canada. As a matter of fact, the marvelous success achieved by this medicine is not only phenomenal, but unprecedented.

The first bottle of Tanlac to reach the public was sold just a little over six years ago. Its success was immediate and people everywhere were quick to recognize it as a medicine of extraordinary merit. Since that time there have been sold throughout this country and Canada something over Twenty Million (20,000,000) bottles, establishing a record which has probably never been equalled in the history of the drug trade in America.

### Fame is International.

The instant and phenomenal success which Tanlac won when it was first introduced has been extended to practically every large city, small town, village and hamlet in North America. Its fame has become international in its scope and England, Japan, Mexico, Cuba, Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico and many European countries are clamoring for it.

From coast to coast and from Great Lakes to the Gulf, Tanlac is known and honored. Millions have taken it with the most gratifying and astonish-

ing results and have pronounced it the greatest medicine of all time.

Tens of thousands of men and women of all ages in all walks of life, afflicted with stomach, liver and kidney disorders, some of them of long standing, as well as thousands of weak, thin, nervous men and women apparently on the verge of collapse, have testified that they have been fully restored to their normal weight, health and strength by its use.

### Restored to Health.

Still others, who seemed fairly well, yet who suffered with indigestion, headaches, shortness of breath, dizzy spells, sour, gassy stomachs, coated tongues, foulness of breath, constipation, bad complexion, loss of appetite, sleeplessness at night and of terribly dejected, depressed feelings, state that they have been entirely relieved of these distressing symptoms and restored to health and happiness by the use of Tanlac.

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.



**GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM**  
tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

### COULDN'T BLAME LITTLE JOE

Small Darkey Had a Perfect Defense Against Teacher's Intimation of Disobedience.

At a social gathering of some darkies in a Georgia town two members fell to disputing which had the smarter children. Tom Lee was proclaimed the victor when he came to the front with the following:

"De other day my little boy Joe went to school with his little dawg. De teacher gits mad with mah boy and tells him to go back home as quick as he can and take de dawg an' never bring him back no mo'. Little Joe do jest like de teacher tell him. Bimeby little Joe goes back to de schoolhouse and jest as soon as he sets hisself down a little dawg comes in an' goes right up to where little Joe sets. Den de teacher gits mad again and says: 'Joe, why do you bring back dat dawg when I tell you not to?'"

"Den little Joe he stan' up and say, 'Teacher, dis ain't de same dawg; he's anudder one. I got two of him.'"

A man's fool friends cause him almost as much trouble as his wise enemies.

Talk is cheap, but, like other cheap things, it is apt to prove expensive in the end.

**Feed the body well**  
Right food for the body is more important than right fuel for the engine.

## Grape-Nuts

is a scientific food, containing all the nutrient of wheat and malted barley. Grape-Nuts digests easily and quickly, builds toward health and strength — and is delightful in flavor and crispness

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

## THE ENCHANTED BARN

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There was something in his tone that made Shirley forget he was rich and a stranger and her landlord. She lifted her face to the stars, and spoke her thoughts.

"You can't possibly know how much like heaven it is going to be to us after coming from that other awful little house," she said; "and you are the one who has made it possible. If it hadn't been for you I know I never could have done it."

"Oh, nonsense, Miss Hollister! You mustn't think of it. I haven't done anything at all, just the simplest things that were absolutely necessary."

"Oh, I understand," said Shirley; "and I can't ever repay you, but I think God will. That is the kind of thing the kingdom of heaven is made of."

"Oh, really, now," said Graham, deeply embarrassed; he was not much accustomed to being connected with the kingdom of heaven in any way. "Oh, really, you—you over-estimate it. And as for pay, I don't ask any better than the fun my sister and I have had helping you get settled. It has been a great play for us. We never really moved, you see. We've always gone off and had some one do it for us. I've learned a lot since I've known you."

That night as she prepared to line down on the mattress and blanket that had been left behind for herself and Carol to camp out on, Shirley remembered her first worries about Mr. Graham, and wondered whether it could be possible that the thought she had been forward in any way, and what her mother would think when she heard the whole story of the new landlord; for up to this time the secret had been beautifully kept from mother, all the children joining to clap their hands over wayward mouths that started to utter tell-tale sentences and the mystery grew, and became almost like Christmas time for little Doris and her mother.

It must, however, be stated that Mrs. Hollister, that last night, as she lay wakeful on her bed in the little bare room in the tiny house, had many misgivings, and wondered whether perchance she would not be sighing to be back even here 24 hours later. She was holding her peace wonderfully, because there really was nothing she could do about it even if she was going out of the frying-pan into the fire; but the tumult and worry in her heart had been by no means bliss. So the midnight drew on, and the weary family slept for the last night in the cramped old house where they had lived since trouble and poverty had come upon them.

### CHAPTER XI.

Shirley was awake early that morning, almost too excited to sleep but fitfully even through the night. Now that the thing was done and they were actually moved into a barn she began to have all sorts of fears and compunctions concerning it. She seemed to see her delicate mother shrink as from a blow when she first learned that they had come to this. Try as she would to bring back all the sensible philosophy that had caused her to enter into this affair in the first place, she simply could not feel anything but trouble. She longed to rush into her mother's room, tell her all about it, and get the dreaded episode over. But anyhow it was inevitable now. They were moved. They had barely enough money to pay the cartage and get things started before next pay-day. There was nothing for it but to take her mother there, even if she did shrink from the idea.

Of course mother always had been sensible, and all that; but somehow the burden of the great responsibility of decision rested so heavily upon her young shoulders that morning that it seemed as if she could not longer bear the strain.

They still had a good fire in the kitchen range, and Shirley hastened to the kitchen, prepared a delicate piece of toast, a poached egg, a cup of tea, and took it to her mother's room, tipping lightly lest she still slept.

But the mother was awake and glad to see her. She had been awake since the first streak of dawn had crept into the little back window. She had the look

of one who was girded for the worst. But, when she saw her daughter's face, the mother in her triumphed over the woman.

"What's the trouble, little girl? Has something happened?"

"The tenderness in her voice was the last straw that broke Shirley's self-control. The tears suddenly sprang into her eyes, and her lip trembled.

"Oh mother!" she wailed, setting the tray down quickly on a box and fumbling for her handkerchief. "I'm so worried! I'm so afraid you won't like what we've done, and then what shall we do?"

"I shall like it!" said the mother with instant determination. "Don't for a minute think of anything else. Having done something irrevocably, never look back and think you might have done something better. You did the best you could, or you thought you did, anyway; and there didn't seem to be anything else at the time. So now just consider it was the very best thing in the world, and don't go fretting about it. There'll be something nice about it, I'm sure, and goodness knows we've had enough unpleasant things here; so we needn't expect beds of roses. We are just going to make it nice, little girl. Remember that! We are going to like it. There's a tree there, you say; so, when we find things we don't like, we'll just go out and look up at our tree, and say, 'We've got you, anyway, and we're glad of it!'"

"You blessed little mother!" laughed Shirley, wiping her tears away. "I just believe you will like it, maybe, after all, though I've had a lot of compunctions all night. I wondered if maybe I oughtn't to have told you all about it; only I knew you couldn't really judge at all until you had seen it yourself, and we wanted to surprise you."

"Well, I'm determined to be surprised," said the brave little woman; "so don't you worry. We're going to have a grand good time today. Now run along. It's almost time for your car, and you haven't had any breakfast yet."

Shirley kissed her mother, and went smiling down to eat her breakfast and hurry away to the office.

There was a big rush of work at the office, or Shirley would have asked for a half holiday; but she did not dare endanger her position by making a request at so busy a season. She was glad that the next day was Sunday and they would have a whole day to themselves in the new home before she would have to hurry away to the office again. It would serve to make it seem less lonely for her mother, having them all home that first day. She meant to work fast today and get all the letters written before 5 if possible. Then she would have time to get home a few minutes before Graham arrived with his car, and see that her mother was all comfortably ready. "It was a good deal to put upon Carol to look after everything. It wasn't as if they had neighbors to help out a little, for they were the very last tenants in the doomed block to leave. All the others had gone two or three weeks before."

Thinking over again all the many details for the day, Shirley walked down to the office through the sunshine. It was growing warm weather, and her coat felt oppressive already. She was so thankful that mother would not have to sleep in those breathless rooms after the heat began. The doctor had said that her mother needed rest and air and plenty of sunshine more than anything else. She would at least have those at the barn, and what did other things matter, after all? Mother was game. Mother wouldn't let herself feel badly over a silly thing. They certainly were going to be more comfortable than they had been for several years. Think of that wonderful electric light. And clear cold water from the spring! Oh, it was great! And a little thrill of ecstasy passed over her, the first she had let herself feel since she had taken the great responsibility of transplanting her family to a barn.

After all, the day passed very quickly; and, when at half-past four the telephone bell rang and Graham's voice announced that

he would be down at the street door waiting for her in half an hour, that she needn't hurry, he would wait till she was ready, her heart gave a little jump of joy. It was as if she was out and she was going on a real picnic like other girls. How nice of him! And yet there hadn't been anything but the nicest friendliness in his voice, such as any kindly disposed landlord might use if he chose, nothing that she need feel uncomfortable about. At least, there was the relief that after tonight mother would know all about it; and, if she didn't approve, Shirley could decline any further kindness, of course. And now she was just going to take mother's advice and forget everything but the pleasant part.

At home Carol and Harley bustled about in the empty house like two excited bumble-bees, washing up the few dishes, putting in an open box everything that had been left out for their last night's sleeping, getting lunch, and making mother take a nap. Doris, vibrating between her mother's room and downstairs, kept singing over to herself: "We goin' to tuntry! We goin' to tuntry! She birdies an' twees and walk on gweeh gwass!"

After lunch was over and the dishes were put carefully into the big box between comfortables and blankets Carol helped her mother to dress, and then made her lie down and take a good long nap, with Doris asleep by her side. After that Carol and Harley tiptoed down to the bare kitchen, and sat on a box side by side to converse.

"Gee! Ain't you tired, Carol?" said the boy, pushing his hair back from his hot face.

"Gee! Don't it seem funny we aren't coming back here any more? It kind of gets my goat I sha'n't see the fellows so often, but it'll be great to ask 'em to see us sometimes. Say, do you suppose we really can keep chickens?"

"Sure!" said Carol convincingly. "I asked Mr. Graham if we might,—George said we ought to, he was such a good scout you'd want to be sure he'd like it, and he said, 'Sure, it would be great.' He'd like to come out and see them sometimes. He said he used to keep chickens himself when he was a kid, and he shouldn't wonder if the yhad a few too many at their place they could spare to start with. He told me he'd look it up and see soon's we got settled."

"Gee! He's a peach, isn't he? Say, has he got a case on Shirley?"

"I don't know," said the girl thoughtfully; "maybe he has, but he doesn't know it yet, I guess. But anyhow you must promise me you will never breathe such a word. Why, Shirley would just bust right up if you did. I said a little something to her like that once; it wasn't much, only just that he was awfully nice and I guessed he liked her by the way he looked at her, and she just fairly froze. You know the way her eyes get when she is sore at us? And she said I must never, never even think anything like that, or she would give the place right up, and get a few rooms down on South street, and stay in the city all summer! She said Mr. Graham was a gentleman, and she was only a working girl, and it would be a disgrace for her to accept any favors from him except what she could pay for, and an insult for him to offer them, because she was only a working girl and he was a gentleman, you know."

"H'm!" growled Harley. "I guess our sister's as good as he is any day."

"Of course!" snapped Carol; "but then he might not think so."

"Well, if he don't, he can go to thunder!" bristled Harley wrathfully. "I'm not going to have him looking down on Shirley. She's as good as his baby-doll sister with her pink cheeks, and her little white hands, and her high heels and airs, any day! She's a nut, she is."

"Harley! You stop!" declared Carol, getting wrathful. "Elizabeth's a dear, and you're not going to talk about her that way. Just because she is pretty and doesn't have to work."

"Well, you said her brother looked down on our sister," declared Harley.

"I did not! I only said he might! I only meant that was the way some gentlemen would. I only said people kind of expect gentlemen to do that."

"Not if they're real gentlemen, they won't. And anyhow he won't. If I find him looking

down on my sister Shirley, I'm punch his face for him. Yes, I will! I'm not afraid. George and I could beat the stuffing out of him, and we will if he does any looking-down stunts, and don't you forget it!"

"Well, I'm sure he doesn't," said Carol pacifically, trying to put a soothing sound into her voice as wise elder sisters learn to do. "You see if he did look down on her, Shirley would know it; right away she'd know it. Nobody would have to tell her! She'd see it in his voice and smile and everything. And, if he had, she wouldn't have gone out there to live in the place he owns, you know. So I guess you can trust Shirley. I think he's been just dandy, fixing up that fireplace and stairs and lights and water and everything."

"Well, mebbe!" said Harley grudgingly. "Say, this is slow. I'm going out to meet the fellows when they come from school, and see what the score of the game is. Gee! I wish I could play to-day!"

"You'll be sure to come back in time!" asked Carol anxiously.

"Sure! You don't suppose I'd miss going out in that car, do you?" said the brother contemptuously. "Not on you tintype!"

"Well, maybe there won't be room for you. Maybe Elizabeth'll come along, and you'll have to go in the trolley with George."

"No chance!" declared the boy. "Mr. Graham said I should ride with him in the front seat, and he looks like a man that kept his word."

"You see! You know he's a gentleman!" triumphed Carol.

"Well, I think you'd better stay here with me. You'll forget and be late, and make a mess waiting for you."

"No, I won't!" said the restless boy. "I can't be bothered sticking round this dump all afternoon"; and Harley seized his cap, and disappeared with a whoop around the corner. After he was gone Carol found she was tired out herself, and, curling up on a mattress that was lying ready for the cartman, was soon asleep. It was so that Harley found her when he hurried back an hour later, a trifle anxious, it must be confessed, lest he had stayed too long. He stirred up the small household noisily, and in no time had Carol in a panic brewing the cup of tea that was to give her mother strength to take the journey, dressing Doris, smoothing her own hair, putting the last things into bags and baskets and boxes, and directing the cartman, who arrived half an hour sooner than he promised. Carol was quite a little woman, going from one thing to another and taking the place of everybody.

Meantime Elizabeth Graham and her brother had been spending the afternoon in business of their own. It was Elizabeth who had suggested it, and her brother saw no reason why she should not carry out her plan and why he should not help her.

She came down in the car after lunch, the chauffeur driving her, a great basket of cut and potted flowers from the home conservatory in the tonneau beside her, carefully wrapped in wax paper. She stopped at the office for her brother, and together they went about to several shops giving orders and making purchases. When they had finished they drove out to Glenside to unpack bundles and baskets. Graham left Elizabeth with the old servant to help her, and drove rapidly back to his office, where he telephoned to Shirley.

Certainly Elizabeth had never had such fun in her life. She scarcely knew which delightful thing to do first, and she had only about two hours to complete her arrangements before the family would arrive.

### (To Be Continued Next Week.)

In the great Pilgrim pageant which will be held on the 20th of this month for the first time, and a few other times within a few weeks, to close the 300th celebration of the landing from the Mayflower, descendants of the original Mayflower passenger list will be used almost exclusively. Among them will be a 3-months-old girl who is a direct descendant of the little girl born on the Mayflower, Miles Standish, John Alden, John Howland, Edward Bradford and others will be represented by one of their own descendants.

The old fort, which Captain Miles Standish set up and manned for the protection of the little Pilgrim colony, is to be armed again. Through the initiative of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, the British government has taken from the royal arsenal at Woolwich two guns of the sixteenth century, similar to those of the Pilgrims' day, and given them as a memorial guard over the graves of the forefathers on Starbuck Hill.

After traveling for a year and eight months a Pennsylvania man has completed a 6,000-mile trip from Chicago to New York by way of the Mississippi river, Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic ocean. It is the longest canoe trip on record.