REMARKABLE RECOVERY OF MRS. SPINK

Gives Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound **Full Credit**

Minn. June., Wis.—"I was under treatment, but nothing seemed to help me, and I was run-down



and so weak that I had to remain in bed much of the time and was like an invalid. I had pains in my abdomen and in the

abdomen and in the female organs, and my stomach bothered me. My husband saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised, thought it aust be good, and brought it home to a and advised me to try it. After taking one bottle I was able to eat, and after six bottles I was doing my own work, which I hadn't been able to do for years. I have a new baby who is doing sicely, and I am still taking the Vegetable Compound and feeling better than I have for four years. The medicine is surely wonderful and a good thing to have in the house."—Mrs. George Spink, Minnesota Junction, Wisconsin.

A country-wide canvass of purchasers

A country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound reports 98 per cent. benefited. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Get Rid of Dandruff By

Insects Well Provided by Nature With Eyes

Some insects are liberally provided with eyes. In general, they have two Winds simple and compound. Simple eyes are like our own, though less efficient, while compound eyes are composed of numerous facets or

Most people know how difficult it is to catch the common house-fly. This is not surprising when one realfzes that a fly's eye possesses 4,000 facets. Consequently there is not smuch that is out of its line of vision. The dragon-fly's eye has 12,000 facets, and the Mordella beetle's eye is made up of no fewer than 25,000.

While the compound eyes never exceed two, the single eyes vary in num-They are situated in groups on each side of the head.

Spiders and scorpions have both single and compound eyes, though they appear to derive little benefit

De Bergerac Real Person

Savinier Cyrano de Bergerac was a French author who was born in 1619 and who died in 1655. Edmund Rosstand wrote a drama in which De Bergerac was the hero, and the play was ta many ways true to facts. The real De Bergerac was distinguished for his scourage in the field and for the duels the fought. These numbered more than m thousand, most of them fought on account of his monstrously large nose.

Against All Tradition

Approaching the great director, the young chap proceeded to say: "I think you had better get another camera man for the next production, sir." "You mean 'Barbara Frietchie'?"

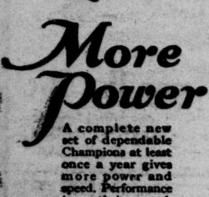
"But I have watched you for a long time. You can do excellent work. "Why not carry on?"

"History forbids. My name is Jackson. I can't shoot Barbara Frietchie." -Louisville Courier-Journal.

Our own faults always look small in comparison with those we see in

Culture is odious when it is employed for showing off.





CHAMPION

The RAGGED EDGE

Harold MacGrath

Presently the unhappy puzzlement left her face; and an inward glow began to lighten it. The curtain before one mystery was torn aside, and she saw in reality what lay behind the impulse that had led her into the young man's room. Somebody to whom she would be necessary, who for days would have to depend upon her for the needs of life. An inarticulate instinct which now found expression. Upon what this instinct was based she could not say; she was conscious only of its insistence. Briefly explained, she was as the child who discards the rag baby for the living one. Spurlock was no longer a man before this instinct: he was a child in trouble.

Her cogitations were dissipated by a knock on the door. The visitor was the hotel manager. who respectfully announced that the doctor was ready for her. So Ruth took another step toward her destination, which we in our vanity call destiny.

"Will he live?" asked Ruth.

"Thanks to you," said the doctor. "Without proper medical care, he would have been dead by morning." He smiled at her as he smiled at death, cheerfully.

The doctor's smile is singular: there is no other smile that reaches the same level. It is the immediate inspiration of confidence; it alleviates pain, because we know by that smile that pain is soon to leave us; it becomes the bulwark against our depressive thoughts of death; and it is the promise that we still have a long way to go before we reach the Great Terminal.

In passing, why do we fear death? For our sins? Rather, isn't it the tremendous inherent human curiosity to know what is going to happen to-morrow that causes us to wince at the thought of annihilation? A subconscious resentment against the idea of entering darkness while our neighbour will proceed with his petty affairs as usual?

"It's nip and tuck," said the doctor; "but we'll pull him through. Probably his first serious bout with John Barleycorn. If he had eaten food, this wouldn't have happened. It is not a dissipated face."

"No; it is only-what shall I say !-troubled. The ragged edge."

"Yes. This is also the ragged edge of the world, too. It is the bottom of he cup, where all the dregs appear to settle. But this chap is good wine yet. We'll have him on his way before many days. But . . . he must want to live in order that the inclination to repeat this incident may not recur. The manager tells me that you are an American. So am I. For ten years I've been trying to go home, but my conscience will not permit me, I hate the Orient. It drives me mad at times. Superstition-you knock into it whichever way you turn. The Orient. al accepts my medicines kowtowing, and when my back is turned, chucks the stuff out of the window and burns joss-sticks. I

bate this part of the world." "So do I," replied Ruth. "You have lived over here?" -astonished.

"I was born in the South Seas and I am on my way to Ameriea, to an aunt."

"Well, it's mighty fine of you to break your journey in this fashion-for someone you don't know, a passer-by."

He held out his dry hard hand into which she placed hers. The manager had sketched the girl's character, or rather had inter-preted it, from the incidents which had happened since din-ner. "You will find her new." New? That did not describe her. Here, indeed, was a type with which he had never until now come into contact—a natural woman. She would be extraordinarily interesting as a metaphysical study. She would be surrendering to all her impulses -particularly the good impulses -many of which society had condemned long since because they entailed too much trouble. Imagine her, putting herself to all this delay and inconvenience for a young wastrel she did not know and who, the moment he got on his feet, would doubtless pass out of her life without so much as Thank you! And it was ten to one that she would not comprehend the ingratitude. To such characters, fine actions are in themselves sufficient.

Perhaps her odd beauty-and that too was natural-stirred these thoughts into being. Ashen blonde, a shade that would never excite the cynical commentary which men applied to certain types of blondes. It would be protective; it would with age turn to silver unnoticeably. A disconcerting gray eye that had a mystifying depth. In the artificial light her skin had the tint and lustre of a yellow pearl. She would be healthy, too, and vigorous. Not the explosive vigour of the north-born, but that which would quietly meet physical hardships and bear them triumphantly.

All this while he was arranging the medicines on the stand and jotting down his instructions on a chart sheet. He had absorbed her in a single glance, and was now defining her as he worked. After a while he spoke

"Our talking will not bother him. He will be some time in this comatose state. Later, there will be fever, after I've got his heart pumping. Now, he must have folks somewhere. I'm going through his pockets. It's only right that his people should know where he is and what has happened to him."

But he searched in vain. Aside from some loose coin and a trunk key, there was nothing in the pockets: no mail, no letter of credit, not even a tailor's label. immediately he grasped the fact that there was drama here, probably the old drama of the fugitive. He folded the garments carefully and replaced them on the chair.

"I'm afraid we'll have to dig into his trunk," he said. "There's nothing in his clothes. Perhaps I ought not to; but this isn't a case to fiddle-faddle over. Will you stand by and watch me?"

The contents of the trunk only thickened the fog. Here again the clothes were minus the labels. All the linen was new and stamped with the mark of Whiteaway. Laidlaw & Co., British merchants with branches all over the East. At the bottom of the trunk was a large manila envelope, unmarked. The docor drew out the contents hopefully.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "Manuscripts! Why, this chap is a writer, or is trying to be. And will you look! His name neatly cut out from each title page. This is clear over my head."

"A novelist?" eried Ruth, thrilling. And yet the secondary emotion was one of suspicion. That a longing of hers should be realized in this strange fashion was difficult to believe: it vaguely suggested something of a trap.

"Or trying to be," answered the doctor. "Evidently he could not destroy these children of his. No doubt they've all been rejected; but he couldn't throw them overboard. I suspect he has a bit of vanity. I'll tell you what. I'll leave these out, and to-morrow you can read them through. Somewhere you may stumble upon a clew to his identity. Tomorrow I'll wire Cook's and the American Express in Hong-Kong to see if there is any mail. Taber is the name. What is he Eng-

lish or American?" "American. What is a-Yale

"Did he say he was a Yale

"He and Ah Cum were talking. . . ."

"I see. Ah Cum is a Yale man and so is this Taber."

"But what is it?"

"An American university. Now, I'll be getting along. Give him his medicine every half hour. Keep his arms down. I'll have my man Wu over here as soon as I can get in touch with him. We'll get this chap on his feet if only to learn what the trouble is." Downstairs he sought the hotel manager.

"Can you pull him through?" was the anxious question.

'Hope to. The next few hours will tell. But it's an odd case. His name is Taber?" "Howard Taber."

"Confidentially, I'm assured that he has another."

"What gives you that idea?" "Well, we could find no letter of credit, no letters, no labels in his clothes not a single clew to his real identity. And stony broke."

"Not quite," replied the manager. "He left an envelope with some money in it. Perhaps I'd better open it now." The envelope contained exactly five hundred dollars. "How long will he be laid up?"

"Three or four weeks, if he doesn't peg out during the night."

The manager began some computations. "There won't be much left for you," he said.

"That's usual. There never is much left for me. But I'm not worrying about that. The thing is to get the patient on his feet. He may have resources of which we know nothing," the doctor added optimistically.

"But, I say, that girl is a queer

"I shouldn't call her queer. She's fine. She'll be mighty interesting to watch."

"For an old bachelor?" "A human old bachelor. Has she any fundst"

"She must have. She's headed for America. Of course, I don't belive she's what you would call flush. But I'll take care of her bill, if worst comes to worst. Evidently her foresight has saved me a funeral. I'll remember that. But "fine" is the word. How the deuce, though, am I going to account for her? People will be asking questions when they see her; and if I tell the truth, they'll start to snubbing her. You undersand what I mean. I don't want her hurt. But we've got to cook up some kind of a story to protect her."

"I hadn't thought of that. It wouldn't do to say that she was from the hospital. She's too pretty and unusual. Besides, I'm afraid her simple honesty will spoil any invented yarn. When anybody is natural, these days, we dub them queer. The contact is disturbing; and we prefer going around the fact to facing it. Aren't we funny? And just as I was beginning to lose faith in human beings, to have someone like this come along! It is almost as if she were acting a role, and she isn't. I'll talk to her in the morning, but she won't understand what I'm driving at. Born on a South Sea island, she said."

"Ah! Now I can get a perspective. This is her first adventure. She isn't used to cities."

"But how in the Lord's name was she brought up? There's a queer story back of this somewhere."

The manager extended his hands at large, as if to deny any responsibility in the affair. "Never heard of a sing-song girl; never heard of a geisha! Flower of the Lotus: the sing-song girl called her that."

"The White Hollyhock would fit her better. There is something sensual in the thought of lotus flowers. Hollyhocks make one think of a bright June Sunday and the way to church!"

"Do you suppose that young fool has done anything?" The doctor shrugged, "I don't know. I shouldn't care to ex-

press an opinion. I ought to stay the night through; but I'm late now for an operation at the hospital. Good night." He departed, musing. How

plainly he could see the patch of garden in the summer sunshine and the white hollyhocks nodding above the picket fence!

Ruth sat waiting for the half hour, subconsciously. Her thoughts were busy with the possibilities of this break in her journey. Somebody to depend upon her; somebody to have need of her, if only for a little while. In all her life no living thing had had to depend upon her, not even a dog or a cat. All other things were without weight or consequence before the fact that this poor young man would have to depend upon her for his life. The amazing tonic of the thought!

From time to time she laid her hand upon Spurlock's forehead: it was still cold. But the rise of the chest was quite perceptible

From where had he come, and

why? An author: It her he would be no less interesting because he was unsuccessful. Stories . . . love stories: and to-morrow she would know the joy of reading them! It was almost unbelievable; it was too good to be true. It filled her with indefinable fear. Until now none of her prayers had ever been answered. Why should God give particular attention to such a prayer, when He had ignored all others? Certainly there was

a trap somewhere. So, while she watched, distressed and bewildered by her tumbling thoughts, the packet, Canton bound, ruffled the placid waters of the Pearl River. In one of the cabins a man sat on the edge of his narrow bunk. In his muscular pudgy hand was a photograph, frayed at the corners, soiled from the contact of many hands: the portrait of a youth of eighteen.

The man was thick set, with a bright roving eye. The blue jaws suggested courage and tenacity. It was not a hard face, but it was resolute. As he balanced the photograph, a humorous twinkle

came into his eyes. Pure luck! If the boy had grown a moustache or a beard, a needle in the haystack would have been soft work. To stumble upon the trail through the agency of a bottle of whiskey! Drank queer; so his bottle had rendered him conspicuous. And now, only

twenty-four hours behind him . . . that is, if he wasn't paddling by on the return route to Hong-Kong or had dropped down to Macao. But that possibility had been anticipated. He would have to return to Hong-Kong; and his trail would be picked up the moment he set foot on the Praya.

Pure luck! But for that bottle of whisky, nobody in the Hong-Kong Hotel would have been able to identify the photograph; and at this hour James Boyle O'Higgins would have been on the way to Yokohama, and the trail lost for ever.

Ho-hum! (TO BE CONTINUED)

An Airplane For Everyone. A. M. Low, in the Continental Edi-

tion of the London Mail. We are not far from the day when we shall be able to buy a safe, swift airplane for something like \$300. It is simply a question of certain obvious improvements, combined with mass production. Such a machine would be of about three and one-half horsepower (which will actually give as much as twenty-seven horse-power). t would have a span of wings of perhaps forty feet. It would be comparatively cheap to run, for there would be no cost of tires, few upkeep expenses, and a running capacity of not less than one hundred miles to the gallon.

The airplane of the future will be widely different from the airplane of today. It will, for example, be able to land in a space little larger than its own dimensions, either by the use of electric air brakes or by landing on highly magnetic ground, which would pull the airplane to rest as a magnet pulls a bunch of iron slugs. The engine will, moreover, be able to run at a comparatively low speed by using some such system as is employed by the marine Diesel engine.

Most important of all for the general public, it will be safe. Half the accidents of the present day are due to fires in the engine. That is hardly surprising, since the aviation spirit generally employed is more inflam mable than ordinary petrol. The airplane of the future, however, will not only contain engines of far greater horsepower than at present, but may be run on either a mixture of alcohol or heavy oil, with tiny engines, com-pletely enclosed and concealed, driv-ing several propellers.

Such a development is bound to

imply a vast change not only in the machines themselves, but in the architecture of the cities with which they come in contact.

Only Campfire Smoke.

From the Indianapolis News. At the recent State G. A. R. encampment in Frankfort the annual campfire was the big public event and created much interest. The meeting was held in Howard Hall, the Frankfort High School gymna-

One woman who lives a short distance from the hall did not attend. Her husband returned home about 9 o'clock, while the gathering was still in session, and as he opened the front door, remarked, "I smell smoke, something must be burn-

His wife looked up from the book she was reading. "I've been smelling that," she said. And then a light spread over her face and with all seriousness she said, "Oh, I know. It's the campfire."

A Japanese Election Joke. From the Christian Science Monitor.

Many "amusing" incidents-if one many "amusing" incidents—if one may call them such—occurred during the recent Japanese elections, though most of them constituted "tokes" of a nature similar to some of the legislative "stunts" pulled off in America in recent years.

In Morioka, for example, the opponents of Mr. Takahashi, the Seiyukai leader informed the fire brigade that

leader, informed the fire brigade that the Seiyukai headquarters was burn-ing. The brigade immediately answered the call and flooded the building, which was crowded with election workers, only to find, after it had thoroughly drenched them, that there was no conflagration. The question might suggest itself of the advisability of keeping a plentiful supply of water for similar use in many legislative assemblies of the world.

TODAY

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE

Of all the news today, for permanent value nothing is more important than the importation by the state of Ohio, of seven thousand wasps from France. These peculiar French wasps, are brought here to fight the corn borer. They and their children's children might save the country hundreds of millions a year.

All candidates have their troubles. President Coolidge's friends worry because they think many, extremely conservative, will prefer Davis to

Coolidge.

La Follette's friends fear that many, extremely radical, will vote for William Z. Foster rather than for La Follette, who opposes the extreme radicalism of "action" as earnestly as Davis or Coolidge.

should follow the advice of some of his friends and put Governor Bryan on his ticket as vice president? The democratic candidate for vice president might get more votes than any one of the three presidential candi-

What would happen if La Follette

Whether Governor Bryan would allow his name to be used is another question, and doubtful.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis' editorial says that Governor Bryan was nominated to "placate Bryanism and the great

open spaces."
Mr. Curtis has probably never seen Governor Bryan, and is too busy to see rauch of the great open spaces. He will know more about Governor Bryan as the campaign progresses.

Charles W. Bryan, of Nebraska, brother of William Jennings Bryan, is an able, stacere, genuine repre-sentative of more than half the people of the United States.

He took the state of Nebraska away from the republicans. And he will take from the republicans among farmers a number of votes that will urprise some editorial writers.

If kind words can elect, John W. Davis will be elected. No man has been more universally praised for his "personal qualities" and the praise is evidently sincere. Those that praise him include the men that opposed him.

William Jennings Bryan, for instance, who told this writer over the telephone last night what a fine man Mr. Davis is, and W. G. McAdoo, who said to your humble reporter yester-day: "I've known John W. Davis for a long time. He is a fine man and an able lawyer."

The wittiest said about the democratic nomination was said by the admirable "Bugs" Baer: "The name of the national anthem is to be changed to 'The Star Spangled Ban-

Here's news of miserable bolshevist Russia to shock our great democracy. The Russians intend to establish a fleet of nationally owned freight ships to make Russia independent of foreign shipping.

And Moscow announces that the even disguised as "boxing" because it is a "degrading sport."

Here we peddle off our "scrap" ships that the people paid hundreds of millions for, announcing that as a nation we are not capable or honest enough to own and manage shipping. At the same time, we pay a million dollars of good money to see a second class prize fight.

Walter Muir, just past 20, was hanged yesterday in Canada. All pleas having failed, he wrote to his mother, "Remember that I died a good Christian and in a state of grace." Reporters say that he was hanged with a smile on his face. British and Canadian justice is severe. But it discourages crime and pays little attention to sentimental bleading. The young man for whom so many appeals were made DID murder a man. Under English law no man is allowed to do that twice.

Epinard, one of the fastest and most beautiful horses in the world, is here. If, instead of Epinard, the French had sent their four greatest men from the Sorbonne, the four wouldn't have got one half the free advertising that Epinard will get. It isn't that Epinard descends by

strange and marvelous evolution from a little four-toed creature as big as a cat. He is a first class gambling machine. That's what interests. They will tell you it is "love of the horse that keeps racing alive. Nevertheless, the tracks close, when gambling stops.

> Too Much Prelim. From Life.

The little son of the great movie producer asked for a bed-time story. "Tell me about the cow that jumped over the moon, papa," said he. "I'm a not a bit sleepy."

Whereupon the great movie producer, drawing up his chair besides the crib, told as follows: "Story of the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon. Released by Papa. Copyright, Mother Goose. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, 1688. Illustrations by Kate Greenway. Decora-tions by Penn and Wash, Subtitles by Ivory Beane. Published by Juvenile Guff Company, Chicago. Type by the American Type Foundry, Plates by the Coppershell Electric Company. Printed by the Flatbed Press, Boston. Proof read by Flannigan. Corrections made by Bill McLeod, Binding by Jacket, Glue and Co., Yonkers, Trucking by Al Smith. Book put out to trade by Whopper Brothers, New York. Serial rights reserved. Passed by the Board of Censors. License Number 45983.

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow—"

The breathing in the crib was suspi-

clously irregular.
"The little lad is asleep," murmured the great movie producer. "And he said he wasn't tired." Patrons of the movies could have told what made him tired.

One of Lamb's Daily Half Dozen. From the Manchester Guardian.

One of Lamb's jobs on the Morning Post was to supply half a dozen jokes a day, for which Dan Stuart paid him

pence each, and held him well paid. Six fresh baked jests a day is a tall order. The fashion of flesh-colore! stockings for the women proved a tockings for the women proved a tolerable help in time of trouble, and Lamb boasts justifiably of his mas-terplece, inspired by pink stockings. He wrote that "Modesty, taking her final leave of mortals, her last blush was visible in her ascent to the heavens by the tract of the glowing instep."