

FEELS IT HER DUTY TO TELL ABOUT DISCOVERY

Des Moines Lady Is Grateful to Tanlac.

"A good many people already know how I prize Tanlac, but I am glad to let the papers publish my experience for the benefit of suffering humanity everywhere," is the appreciative statement of Mrs. Alex Brown, 1003 Lacona Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. Brown's claim to good health is not only verified by her own likeness, but it is strikingly reflected in the sparkling eyes and chubby cheeks

of her lovely little babe, Darlene Marie.

"Before taking Tanlac, I had a complication of troubles, including indigestion, nervousness and rheumatism that took nearly all the interest and pleasure out of life. But I found Tanlac and took seven bottles and now my health is excellent and I am feeling fine."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation; made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

A Sensitive Scale

The "grand balance" or scale used in the Bank of England is so sensitive that the weight of a postage stamp moves the index six inches.

A Woman's Health!

Joplin, Mo.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and consider it a wonderful tonic for women and superior to any other remedy. It built me up in health and strength and relieved me of all the distressing feelings which usually go with feminine weakness. That is just what other remedies, which I had tried, failed to do."

—Mrs. Ada Hatley, 1317 Virginia Ave. If you want to be well, start at once with this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce's. Get it at your neighborhood store, in tablets or liquid; or send 16c to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg., and write for free advice.



KEEP YOUR SCALP Clean and Healthy WITH CUTICURA

Next to conscience, pride is the best monitor.

If you look for pineapples on a pine tree your search will be fruitless.

Well, We'll Give

That to the Moon

The night was exquisite. The Milky way was a soft glow of light with Mars and the North star shining in all their glory. The two canoes that glided so smoothly down the stream carried only girls; girls who were living again experiences of similar nights. One was dreaming of her last house party at Wabash, and one just back from a trip East was lost in a reverie of just such a night spent tramping along the Hudson with a West Point cadet.

Suddenly the moon, looking like a slice of orange, shot up from behind the dark trees. Memories grew poignant. Finally some one from the depths of the pillows found utterance.

"Look at that moon! Doesn't it thrill you to death?" Casting her weather eye heavenward, she who was supposed to be in love, answered calmly enough, "Well, it does light things up a bit."—Indianapolis Star.

Enumerating Them

"What a fine lot of children," ejaculated a lady motorist in the Rumpus Ridge region. "How many have you, sir?"

"Ought's ought and figger's a figger," began Gap Johnson, the parent of the pack. "Carry one, and—"

"My gracious! What are you doing?"

"Just sorter totaling 'em up, mam,"—Kansas City Star.

Be sure you're wrong; then back up.

The RAGGED EDGE

by Harold MacGrath

What he needed most in this hour was a bottle of American rye-whiskey and a friendly American bar-keep to talk to. He regretted now that in his idle hours he hadn't hunted up one against the rainy day. The bar-maids had too strongly appealed to his sense of novelty. So he marched into the street, primarily bent upon making the favourable discovery. If there was a Yankee bar-keep in Hong-Kong, James Boyle would soon locate him. No blowy barmaids for him to-day: an American bar-keep to whom he could tell his troubles and receive the proper meed of sympathy.

The sunshine was brilliant, the air mild. The hotel on the Peak had the aspect of a fairy castle. The streets were full of colour. O'Higgins wandered into this street and that, studying the signs and resenting the Britisher's wariness in using too much tin and paint. This niggardliness compelled him to cross and recross streets.

Suddenly he came to a stop, his mouth agape.

"Solid ivory!" he said aloud; "solid from dome to neck! That's James Boyle in the family group. And if I hadn't been thirsty, that poor boob would have made a sure getaway and left James Boyle high and dry among the moth-balls! Oh, the old dome works once every so often. Fancy, as they say hereabouts!"

What had aroused this open-air monologue was a small tin sign in a window. Marine Insurance. Here was a hole as wide as a church-door. What could be simpler than, with a set of inquiries relative to a South Sea tramp registered as The Tigress, to make a tour of all the marine insurance companies in Hong-Kong? O'Higgins proceeded to put the idea into action; and by noon he had in his possession a good working history of the owner of The Tigress and the exact latitude and longitude of his island.

He cabled to New York: "Probable destination known." "Make it positive," was the brisk reply.

O'Higgins made it positive; but it required five weeks of broken voyages: with dilapidated hotels, poor food, poor tobacco, and evil-smelling tramps. It took a deal of thought to cast a comprehensive cable, for it had to include where Spurlock was, what he was doing, and the fact that O'Higgins's letter of credit would not carry him and Spurlock to San Francisco. The reply he received this time put him into a state of continuous bewilderment.

"But what, in God's name, possessed you? You have already wrecked your own life and now you've wrecked hers. She doesn't love you; she hasn't the least idea what it means beyond what she has read in novels. The world isn't real yet; she hasn't comparisons by which to govern her acts. I am a physician first, which gives the man in me a secondary part. You have just passed through rather a severe physical struggle; just as previously to your collapse you had gone through some terrific mental strain. Your mind is still subtly sick. The man in me would like to break every bone in your body, but the physician understands that you don't actually realize what you have done. But in a little while you will awake; and if there is a spark of manhood in you you will be horrified at this day's work."

Spurlock closed his eyes. Expiration. He felt the first sting of the whip. But there was no feeling of remorse; there was only the sensation of exaltation.

"If you two loved each other," went on the doctor, "there would be something to stand on—a reason why for this madness. I can fairly understand Ruth; but you . . . !"

"Have you ever been so lonely that the soul of you cried in anguish? Twenty-four hours a day to think in, alone! . . . Perhaps I did not want to go mad

from loneliness. I will tell you this much, because you have been kind. It is true that I do not love Ruth; but I swear to you, before the God of my fathers, that she shall never know it!"

"I'll be getting along." The doctor ran his fingers through his hair, despairingly. "A hell of a muddle! But all the talk in the world can't undo it. I'll put you aboard The Tigress tomorrow after sundown. But remember my warning, and play the game!"

Spurlock closed his eyes again. The doctor turned quickly and made for the door, which he opened and shut gently because he was assured that Ruth was listening across the hall for any sign of violence. He had nothing more to say either to her or to Spurlock. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not undo what was done; nor kill the strange exquisite flower that had grown up in his own lonely heart.

Opals. He wondered if, after all, McClintock wasn't nearest the truth, that Ruth was one of those unfortunate yet innocent women who make havoc with the hearts of men.

Marriage!—and no woman by to tell the child what it was! The shocks and disillusionments she would have to meet unsuspectingly—bitterly. Unless there was some real metal in the young fool, some hidden strength with which to breast the current, Ruth would become a millstone around his neck and soon he would become to her an object of pity and contempt.

There was once a philanthropist who dressed with shameful shabbiness and carried pearls in his pocket. The picture might easily apply to The Tigress; outwardly disreputable, but richly and comfortably appointed below. The flush deck was without wells. The wheel and the navigating instruments were sternward, under a spread of heavy canvas, a protection against rain and sun. Amidship there was also canvas, and like that over the wheel, drab and dirty.

The dining saloon was done in mahogany and sandalwood, with eight cabins, four to port and four to starboard. The bed- and table-linen were of the finest texture. From the center of the ceiling hung a replica of the temple lamp in the Taj Mahal. The odour of coconut prevailed, delicately but abidingly; for, save for the occasional pleasure junket, The Tigress was a copra carrier, shell and fibre.

McClintock's was a plantation of ten thousand palms, yielding him annually about half a million nuts. Natives brought him an equal amount from the neighbouring islands. As the palm bears nuts perennially, there were always coconut-laden proas making the beach. Thus, McClintock carried to Copeley's press about half a million pounds of copra. There was a very substantial profit in the transaction, for he paid the natives in commodities—coloured cotton cloths, pipes and tobacco, guns and ammunition, household utensils, cutlery and glass gewgaws. It was perfectly legitimate. Money was not necessary; indeed, it would have embarrassed all concerned. A native sold his supply of nuts in exchange for cloth, tobacco and so forth. In the South Seas, money is the eliminated middle-man.

Where the islands are grouped, men discard the use of geographical names and simply refer to "McClintock's" or "Copeley's," to the logical dictator of this or that island.

At sundown Spurlock was brought aboard and put into cabin 2, while Ruth was assigned to cabin 4, adjoining. From the Sha-mien to the yacht, Spurlock had uttered no word; though, even in the semi-darkness, no gesture or word of Ruth's escaped him.

Now that she was his, to make or mar, she presented an extraordinary fascination. She had suddenly become as the jewels of the Madonna, as the idol's eye,

infinitely beyond his reach, sacred. He could not pull her soul apart now to satisfy that queer absorbing, delving thing which was his literary curiosity; he had put her outside that circle. His lawful wife; but nothing more; beyond that she was only an idea, a trust.

An incredible road he had elected to travel; he granted that it was incredible; and along this road somewhere would be Desire. There were menacing possibilities; the thought of them set him a-tremble. What would happen when confronted by the actual? He was young; she was also young and physically beautiful—his lawful wife. He had put himself before the threshold of damnation; for Ruth was now a vestal in the temple. Such was the condition of his mind that the danger exhilarated rather than depressed him. Here would be the true test of his strength. Upon this island whither he was bound there would be no diversions, breathing spells; the battle would be constant.

All at once it came to him what a fool he was to worry over this phase which was wholly suppositional. He did not love Ruth. They would be partners only in loneliness. He would provide the necessities of life and protect her. He would teach her all he knew of life so that if the Hand should ever reach his shoulder, she would be able to defend herself. He was always anticipating, stepping into the future, torturing himself with non-existent troubles. These cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of the doctor.

"Good-bye, young man; and good luck."

"You are offering your hand to me?"

"Without reservations." The doctor gave Spurlock's hand a friendly pressure. "Back up! While there's life there's hope. Play fair with her. You don't know what you have got; I do. Let her have her own way in all things, for she will always be just."

Spurlock turned aside his head as he replied: "Words are sometimes useless things. I might utter a million and still I doubt if I could make you understand."

"Probably not. The thing is done. The main idea now is of the future. You will have lots of time on your hands. Get out your pad and pencil. Go to it. Ruth will be a gold mine for a man of your peculiar bent."

"You read those yarns?" Spurlock's head came about and there was eagerness in his eyes. "Rot, weren't they?"

"No. You have the gift of words, but you haven't started to create yet. Go to it; and the best of luck!"

He went out. This farewell had been particularly distasteful to him. There was still in his heart that fierce anger which demands physical expression; but he had to consider Ruth in all phases. He proceeded to the deck, where Ruth and McClintock were waiting for him by the ladder. He handed Ruth a letter.

"What is this?" she wanted to know.

"A hundred dollars which was left from your husband's money."

"Would you be angry if I offered it to you?"

"Very. Don't worry about me."

"You are the kindest man I have ever known," said Ruth, unshamed of her tears. "I have hurt you because I would not trust you. It is useless to talk. I could never make you understand."

Almost the identical words of the boy. "Will you write," asked the doctor, "and tell me how you are getting along?"

"Oh, yes!"

"The last advice I can give you is this: excite his imagination; get him started with his witing. Remember, some day you and I are going to have that book." He patted her hand.

"Good-bye, Mac. Don't forget to cut out all effervescent water. If you will have your peg, take it with plain water. You'll be along next spring?"

"If the old tub will float. I'll watch over these infants, f that's your worry. Goodbye."

The doctor went down the side to the waiting sampan, which at once set out for the Sha-mien. Through a blur of tears Ruth followed the rocking light until it vanished. One more passer-by; and always would she remember his patience and tenderness and disinterestedness. She was quite

assured that she would never see him again.

"You're a dear man," said McClintock. His natal burr was always in evidence when he was sentimentally affected. He knocked his pipe on the teak rail. "Took a great fancy to you. Wants me to look out for you a bit. I take it, down where we're going will be nothing new to you. But I've stacks of books and a grand pianoplayer."

"Piano-player? Do you mean someone who plays for you?"

"No, no; one of those mechanical things you play with your feet. Plays Beethoven, Rubenstein and all those chaps. I'm a bit daffy about music."

"That sounds funny . . . to play it with your feet!"

McClintock laughed. "It's a pump, like an organ."

"Oh, I see. What a wonderful world it is!" Music. She shuddered.

"Ay. Well, I'll be getting this tub under way."

Ruth walked to the companion. It was one of those old sliding trap affairs, narrow and steep of descent. She went down, feeling rather than seeing the way. Someone had thoughtfully wrapped a bit of tissue paper round the electric bulb.

She did not enter the cabin at once, but paused on the threshold and stared at the silent, recumbent figure in the bunk. In the subdued light she could not tell whether he was asleep or awake. Never again to be alone! To fit herself into this man's life as a hand into a glove; to use all her skill to force him into the position of depending upon her utterly; to be the spark to the divine fire! He should have his book, even if it had to be written with her heart's blood.

What she did not know, and what she was never to know, was that the divine fire was hers.

"Ruth?" he called.

She entered and approached the bunk. "I thought you were asleep. Is there anything you want?" She laid her hand on his forehead, and found it without fever. She had worried in fear that the excitement would be too much for him.

"Call me Hoddy. That is what my mother used to call me."

"Hoddy," she repeated. "I shall like to call you that. But now you must be quiet; there's been too much excitement. Knock on the partition if you want anything during the night. I awaken easily. Good night!" She pressed his hand and went out.

For a long time he stared at the empty doorway. He heard the panting of the donkey-engine, then the slithering of the anchor chains. Presently he felt motion.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WARNS AGAINST ALL PREJUDICE

Discrimination on Racial or Religious Grounds Serious Evil, Declares

Milwaukee, Wis.—Discrimination on racial or religious grounds is an evil fraught with dangerous consequences to American life and citizenship, according to Rev. A. C. Fox, president of Marquette university in a recent address on the subject, "Citizenship, the Measure of Service."

Men-and men who do their own thinking—realize that the secret of unity among us Americans must always be and remain the recognition of our common interests, not the emphasizing of racial or religious differences," said Father Fox, "and the attempted discrimination against or disqualification of any man in America, based on any distinction, apart from the essentials of citizenship, are fraught with consequences that are dangerous as the discrimination itself.

"Races and religion in America can withstand such discrimination, but Americans cannot stand it."

"In the first place a citizen who would be a credit to his country and to himself must be a man, before all other things, who is honorable and upright; for whom the voice of conscience is the voice of God, and God the arbiter of his duties and his destiny, before whom he stands as a creature and understands the relationship. He must be a man who in thought and word and action respects the feelings and the rights of others, who hates discrimination of every sort and the evil it alone can do. He should be a man whose conduct is ruled by principle and not by self-interest; a man who is pure in his mouth, clear in his conscience and master of his passions.

"Men of this type are not simply born into this world. Qualities such as these are mere natural inheritance. On the contrary, they are the fruit of many hard and bitter struggles against human passions."

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SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for



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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Deep Dilemma
"In Hawaii they have the same weather the year around."
"How do their conversations start?"

Difficulties
Teacher—This is the third time you have looked at George's paper.
Pupil—Yes, ma'am, he doesn't write very plain.

French Silk Popular
French silk is becoming popular in this country and England, the two countries buying twice as much as last year.

Yes, Once
Irate Employer—Late again; have you ever done anything on time?
Clerk—I bought a car.—Judge.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.