SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Saturday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Romance invaded the quiet life of Remember Steddon and smashed all the restrictions and traditions that hedged her about as the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Steddon of the little town of Calvery. Against her father's commands, she continued to meet secretly her lover, Elwood Farnsby, an upright, ordinary young man, second tenor in the choir of her father's church. There came a time when marriage became a necessity to protect her honor, but she hesitated to reveal her secret to Farnsby until too late. He was crushed to death in an automobile accident and Remember, pale-cheeked, appealed to Dr. Breidgelick, the family physician.

A cough from which the girl had been suffering furnished the doctor an excuse to order a trip to the southwest. There, he suggested, she was to marry an hidalgo, Mary Jean and let him die quietly. Mem confessed to her mother the secret of the expected baby and her father was induced to approve the trip as necessary for her health.

On the train she experienced the thrill of a chance meeting with Tom Holby, famous motion picture actor.

In letters home she described attentions paid her by an imaginary "Mr. Woodville," and then from Tucson, Ariz., her first stop, she informed her parents she had become "Mrs. Woodville" and was on her way to Yuma with her husband. Her next problem was to determine how she was to become a widow quickly and safely. In Yuma she obtained quarters at a boarding house whose rooms were so hot during the summer nights that the guests moved their cots onto the lawn when they sought sleep.

Fortunately for Mem's tranquillity, her Woodvillian relative by marriage was already asleep and remore when she slipped wraithlike out into the yard and, after a pause at the brink, ran to her bed and crawled under a tent of mosquito netting and nothing else.

She lay staring up at familiar stars in a most unfamiliar world, and shame and loneliness smothered her, as she smothered her sobs in her pillow lest she wake the neighbors. The hot breath from her own lungs was cooler than the night breeze, and the bed beneath her was so warm that modesty battled almost vainly with nature to keep as much as a sheet over her.

She wondered why she had come to this Gehenna where she did not purge herself of sin, but committed more and more sin. She wondered why anybody was here at all. Having learned to distrust her own wild capabilities for passionate impulse, she wondered how long she would endure the penance.

Here she lay, tossing like a frying fish in a skillet, trying to atone for a moment's rapture with a lifetime of woe, while other women had glorious times and fame and luxury; and did what they pleased, and were fawned upon by the whole world. That Miriam Yore! She got $10,000 a week in spite of the fact that people said she had had two children outside the law. Was she popular in spite of that fact or because of it?

In such insane brooding Mem fell asleep at length.

She fell asleep so late that she slept on far past the daybreak, and when the sun's rays finally flailed her eyelids open she sat up with a start, thinking that some one had moved the house out from under and over her.

Then she gathered up her bedclothes and ran.

She bathed standing up by a washbowl on a washstand, and the cold water was already so warm, her flesh already so tingling with the early heat, that she dreaded to get into clothes.

And, of course, she was suffering nausea every morning; her body was as sick of the complexities of life as her mind. The relentless machineries within herself seemed as bent upon her punishment as the relentless machineries of human society without. Her soul stood aghast between the persecutions of the devil inside her and the deep sea of the people outside.

She grew so distraught with trying to justify the peculiar ways of God to man, and especially to woman, that she felt afraid of her own rebellious soul. She feared her room and herself, and ran down to breakfast.

She was glad to see that the old woman who asked about the Woodvilles was not in her place. But she came in later, and with the kindliest spirit took up the question again.

"I was askin' you about the Woodvilles when you had a chokin' fit last evenin,' and you didn't git to tell me about your husband. I'm a Redman, myself—or was till I married Mr. Sloat. But his mother was a Woodville like I told you, and finer folks never was. It would be funny if you and me was related, kind of, that away, wouldn't it?"

"Wouldn't it?" Mem echoed; and her Echo, contributed nothing helpful to the conversation.

"Just where did your husband come from?"

"I don't know!"

"You don't know!"

"No."

"But he must have come from somewhere."

"No, he didn't. That is—he was an orphan."

"But even orphans have folks. What part of the country was he born in?"

"He doesn't remember."

"Land alive! child, are you tryin' to have fun with me? You're not ashamed of the Woodvilles, are you?"

Naturally, anyone would have said, "No! Oh, no!" So Mem, being in an unnatural frenzy, answered, "Yes."

This stumped Mrs. Sloat completely. It was her turn to choke. When she regained the vocal use of her windpipe she began again, half to herself:

"So you're ashamed of the Woodvilles, eh? Well, well! Who'd 'a' thought it? Still, o' course, there's a black sheep in all families. Where'd you say your husband—Oh, he was an orphan, wa'n't he? I'd like to talk to him when he gits here. You're expectin' him, I believe you said."

"Did I?"

"Well, didn't you?"

"Maybe. I'm liable to say anything when it's so hot."

"Say, you'd better go lay down. You're talkin' awful funny. Go out and set on the corner the porch. They's usually a breeze if they's any anywhere."

"Thanks, I will."

Mem had a keen desire to go to her room and laugh uproariously. She had found a madwoman's glee in bewildering old Mrs. Sloat with her evasive answers. But in her room her insane self would be waiting to nag her with more baffling questions than Mrs. Sloat's. So she went to the porch and sat in the rocker at the corner and found a little nepenthe in watching the tremulous beauty of a pepper tree, all soft foliage and shadow. It seemed to be draped in old shawls with embroideries of deep red.

By and by the sad-eyed man came clumping along the porch and took a chair. He was evidently pining for some one to talk to, but he nearly lost his audience on the first question:

"Scuse me, ma'am, but landlady says your name is Woodville. That right?"

Mem nodded, and her heart began to beat her side so hard that she wondered if he could not see it leap under her light waist. She made ready to escape again, but he allayed her panic:

"Reason I ast was, I knowed a man o' that name—no, dadgone it! his name was Woodward. That's right. His name was Woodward—or—no, it was—well, anyways, it prob'ly wasn't his real name at that. I called him Woodie—or Woodhead." He sat chuckling to himself over his reminiscences. "Woodie was a nice enough feller. Not much sense, but meant all right, I reckon. Many a the mountain him and I prospected, the Choc'late Kooserstitions, all of 'em round these parts. Seen that big peak up there all by itself like a Gyptian obelisk? That's old Picacho. I used to be as rich in gold that a miger who didn't wash three hund'ed dollars of gold a day was fired for a no-count. Now it's all abandoned, towns and camps. There's gold there yit, but it's sure hell to find.

"Well, this Woodville, or whatever it was, seems like him and I went over every inch of this country with a pick and a spyglass. We like to died a dozen times—water give out. Once we got to a water hole so deep down our rope wouldn't just quite reach it, and we couldn't climb down. There was a big rattlesnake there at that. We was both black in the mouth. One of our burros had fell off a ledge and died, and the other's shook off his pack and bolted. And we was took week to chase him. Then Woodie went plumb crazy. He threwed away his blanket and his clo'es and took off his boots and flung 'em down the water hole at the snake, and would 've jumped after 'em only I helt on to him. I was some feeble m'self, but I got him roped and tied.

"Then he cert'ny give me and Gawd about the best cussin' out either of us ever got and we both been aware at consid'rable. Well, my brain begun to dry up and go crazy, too. I was start'n' to throw away my things when a prospector found us. He had water and a string of burros, and he brought us in. After that I told Woodie I was goin' to keep away from the desert. He laughed hisself sick, and says he, 'Bodlin—my name's Bodlin—Bodlin, I'll bet you $50 you come back before the year's out.' I took him up, and I lost and won. Woodie went in again and stayed."

"He stayed?" Mem mumbled. "You mean he's still there?"

"He shore is. Mis Woodville! When we say a feller 'stayed' in the desert we mean he ain't never comin' back at all. There was a piece in the Tucson paper about Woodie. Pore old skate, he went back once too often."

"Did he die of thirst?"

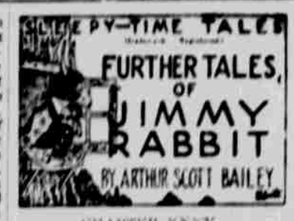
"Not him. Not this time. That ole desert has more ways 'n one of eatin' you up. At was Woodie's luck, after dyin' of thirst a hund'ed times, to git drowned. Yeassum, the desert is fuller of jokes than anybody you know. Take them mirudges, for instances; when you de give your soul for a spoonful of wet scum you see a lake and a river and a waterfall playin' away just ahead of you. It ain't there, and you know it? And yet you know it is and you just can't he'p pushin' on to see if it ain't there this time.

"But Woodie he made his camp in a dry arroyo bed, and durin' the night they was a cloudburst, and he must 'a' been hit by a regular river before he knowed what struck him. They found him in a pile of brush the river had gethered up. When they found him it was as dry as ever and his canteen was empty.

"And now I'm $40 ahead, for I can't pay him his bet. I was braggin' about how smart I was to git out and stay out. But here I am goin' in again as soon as I can git a couple of borros and a few things. Once the desert gits you, it's got you. It's like some of these women you hate and can't git red of. They don't love you and they rob you and torture you and you know they'll kill you some day, but you just can't quit 'em for keeps."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

In Austria every man, woman and child must contribute approximately 60,000 crowns yearly for the salaries of government employes.



CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Frog's Blunder.

Ferdinand Frog, who lived beside Black Creek, claimed to be a first class tailor. He was making a new winter suit for Jimmy Rabbit. It was a spring suit when Mr. Frog began it. But spring had slipped into summer, and summer into fall, and still the suit was not finished.

When Jimmy Rabbit spoke to Mr. Frog about the suit, the tailor always replied that he had been too busy to work on it. And he was busy. There was no doubt about that. He was busy catching flies with his long sticky tongue.

"You've made only one hind leg!" he exclaimed.

With the coming of fall the flies at last vanished. And then Mr. Frog actually began to think about making that suit for Jimmy Rabbit.

"Come tomorrow for a try-on," he said to Jimmy Rabbit one day. So early the next morning Jimmy Rabbit went down to Mr. Frog's place beside Black Creek.

Mr. Frog was glad to see him.

"Step right into this nook under the bank and take off your old clothes," he directed, as his big mouth stretched into a broad smile.

Jimmy Rabbit obeyed him. "Now," said Jimmy, "where's my new suit?"

Mr. Frog caught up the old clothes. "Just wait here," he answered. And then he hurried away.

"Hi, there!" Jimmy called after him. "Come back! Why are you taking my old suit?"

Mr. Frog stuck his head into the hole under the bank.

"I want your old suit for a pattern," he explained. And then he dodged out of sight again. Though Jimmy Rabbit called and called, Mr. Frog never came back until evening. He acted, however, as if he had been gone only a few minutes.

"As I was just saying," he remarked, "I wanted to use your old suit for a pattern. Here is your new winter suit, all ready for you. It didn't take me half as long to make it as I expected it would."

Jimmy Rabbit began to think that maybe he had been lucky. It had been bad enought to wait all day. What if he had to wait all night, too?

He looked at the clothes that Mr. Frog held out to him.

"But that—" said Jimmy—"that's not the color I chose last spring."

"Certainly not!" Mr. Frog agreed. "You chose a green then, so your suit wouldn't show grass stains. But this is a winter suit. I made it white, so it wouldn't show snow stains. Hop into it now! I'm wild to see you in it. I know it will be becoming."

So Jimmy Rabbit thrust a hind leg into his new white trousers. And then he moved about to find a place for his other hind leg. He hunted and hunted. He tried here and he tried there. And at last a queer look came over his face.

"You've made only one hind leg!" he exclaimed.

"I made this suit exactly like your old one," Mr. Ferdinand Frog assured him glibly.

"We'll see about that," said Jimmy Rabbit. "Get my old suit. You haven't brought it back."

The tailor smiled and shook his head.

"I threw your old suit into the creek," he confessed. "It wasn't good for anything. I knew you wouldn't want it."

Well, Jimmy Rabbit was in a terrible fix. Almost anybody else would have made some very disagreeable remarks to Mr. Frog. But Jimmy Rabbit never lost his temper.

"What shall I do?" he asked Mr. Frog.

"Do?" cried Mr. Frog. "Put your new suit on and wear it! I'm sure you'll like it. If you don't come back next spring and I'll alter it for you."

To Jimmy Rabbit that seemed a fair enough offer. So he pulled on the new suit and hopped away—on three legs.

"Dear me!" Mr. Frog muttered, when his customer had left. "I counted wrong. That's what happens when a youngster plays truant during his school days and never learns to count higher than three. I shall have to stop making clothes for four-legged folk. After this I shall make 'em only for three-legged people."

As for Jimmy Rabbit, he didn't like his new suit at all. But everything turned out all right. The next day he found his old suit in the creek, where it had caught on an old log that lay with one end touching the bank. Jimmy put on the old suit and threw the new one away.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "These old clothes are certainly comfortable. I begin to think that Ferdinand Frog is not a first class tailor."

(Copyright, 1922.)

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

What Allen Drake Did as His Farewell.

For a long minute after Lillian's explanation, Allen Drake stood silent, his long, thick eyelashes—the oddly effeminate note about him—concealing the angry frown which I was sure was in his eyes. But when he finally threw up his head with a characteristic gesture, there was nothing but his usual indolent, bored expression to be seen in either face or eyes.

"I will go at once, then," he said decisively. "The chief is with Smith now, and, of course, will attend to all details of his being left to himself when the time comes."

He paused and Lillian struck in promptly.

"Which, of course, will not be until your driver returns with the news that you are in the car at the other end of that road in which the limousine is hidden."

"Naturally," he returned laconically. "Do you know how many miles it is?"

Tom Chester's Reply.

He addressed Lillian directly, although he must have known that only young Mr. Chester knew the answer to his question. She turned to Mr. Chester with a gesture, and the tone in which his answer was voiced showed the hurt the boy was suffering at Allen Drake's unaccountable rudeness.

"Ninesteen and a half," he said with precision. "If the driver could go through the wood road where the car is hidden, the distance would be half that, but he, of course, cannot do that."

"Thirty-nine miles," Mr. Drake mused, as if he had not heard the other's explanation. "The chief can count on over an hour of Smith's company. Very well. If you'll have my driver ready at the side entrance," he bowed to Lillian. "I'll just step up and get my suitcase and then across for a final word with the chief. I'll communicate with you at the usual place. Goodby."

He crossed to her and held out his hand. She took it, and looked at him closely, with anxiety inexplicable to me in her eyes.

"You're sure you're fit?" she asked.

"Absolutely," he returned.

Her next question was meant to be inaudible, but I am able to read lips to some extent, and I was sure I saw here frame the significant word—"Heeled?"

He tapped his coat with a careless, assenting gesture, and I felt myself grow cold with a sudden apprehension of the danger into which he was going so debonairly. I had forgotten that Smith and the men associated with him were desperate and would stop at nothing. To set about the tracking of them as Allen Drake was about to do, was a more dangerous undertaking than hunting a man-eating tiger in the jungle.

I had been so annoyed at his captious rudeness that I do not think I would have spoken to him a word beside the conventional adieus, but the sudden revelation of his danger and of the fine, brave spirit with which he was going into it, made me start to my feet abruptly, go over to him and hold out my hand.

"I did not know you were going away for more than a few hours," I said breathlessly. "I am so sorry."

"Sorry for What?"

Into his eyes flashed the old ironical look—the look which has always puzzled, annoyed and fascinated me, tempered as it is with something inscrutable, unfathomable, at least to me.

"Sorry for what—your cruelty to me?" he said in low-toned raillery. "Surely, not at the prospect of my absence."

I tried nervously to draw away the hand I had held out to him, and which he still held. But instead of releasing it he covered it with his other hand, and smiled down at me tantalizingly.

"Don't be so niggardly," he said. I nervously realized that whether purposely or not, his words must be perfectly audible both to Lillian and Tom Chester. "You may never be compelled to endure my handclasp again."

I acquitted him of any desire to trade on my sympathy—he was patently burlesquing—but his words brought back the terror which had come to me.

"It is—awful—to have you go on this errand," I said. "Please—you always treat danger so lightly—you will be careful, won't you?"

Again that inscrutable flashing look. And this time I had the odd feeling that though he was looking directly down into my eyes, and though his handclasp tightened, yet that he did not really see me at all, but something or some one far beyond my ken.

"Yes, I'll be careful," he drawled. "I have so much reason to be cautious."

He dropped my hand, swung away from me to young Chester, tapping him in friendly fashion on the shoulder. He did not offer his hand, and I guessed that he knew how unwelcome such a gesture would be.

"So long, Chester," he said. "And forgive my cussedness if you can. You've handled this thing in great fashion, lad, and nobody knows it better than I."

He was out of the room before any of us could speak, and Lillian and I exchanged puzzled glances and avoided Tom Chester's eyes.

Uncle Sam Says

First-Aid Instructions.

Every person should know enough about first-aid treatment so that in case of sudden illness or accident, relief can be given to the afflicted person. It is possible for any person to master enough of the art of first-aid to be able to give a great deal of valuable assistance pending placing the patient under regular medical care.

When a person is hurt or suddenly becomes sick, it is almost as important to know what not to do as it is to know what to do. For that reason, the United States Public Health Service has issued this booklet which very thoroughly deals with first-aid treatment.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free by addressing the U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., asking for "Miscellaneous Publication No. 21."

Common Sense

Are You Cursed With Fear?

"Fear is the curse of mankind," someone has said.

You do not branch out for yourself because you fear that you might not be able to meet expenses.

Often you are afraid to stand up for your principles, the principles you know are right, just because you fear that someone may be displeased.

You entertain fear that you may not live long.

You worry because you feel that you would lose your home if you lost your job, and perhaps all your hard earned savings would go before you got another job.

You are constantly fearful about your children—they might get hurt.

In winter, you worry every time you go to bed at night because you think what a terrible thing it would be if the house should catch on fire.

You live in constant dread and fear of thieves and burglars.

You have a little pain and immediately you fear it is a forerunner of some fatal disease.

Worrying about things won't help you, but makes you an easier mark for the thousand and one things you fear.

Baby Badly Scalded.

Broken Bow, Neb., Oct. 8—(Special.)—While Mrs. Clarence Duryea of Dunning was scrubbing the floor her 16-months-old boy slipped and fell backward into a pail half full of hot water, badly scalding the lower part of his body.

Parents' Problems

How can a teacher best instill in high school girls who have acquired the habit of reading rather cheap, sensational novels a love for good literature?

This can best be begun by the teacher's mentioning to the girl good books which she herself has enjoyed—mentioning them one at a time and as casually as possible. The girl will very likely read the books cited, and then the teacher may talk them over with her. Especial care should be taken to recommend good books rather than to condemn bad ones. In this as in many other problems, substitution is the only effectual method of solution.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

JUDGE SEARS
FOR CONGRESS
Republican Candidate
Election November 7

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitation, where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make a diagnosis nor prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

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HOMER HAS A FRIEND.

Dear Mr. Briggs: One of my correspondents (and your admirers) wants me to write to you about what a fine thing you did the other day in one of your "When a Feller Needs a Friend" series.

You had the gang invite the imbecile Homer "over home to play with the radio outfit." I don't think there is any real need for it, since the story tells itself so well.

I have known your dogs for ten years. I must say you have drawn the most doleful dogs this side of the Arctic circle. But not so with this dog. He is laughing all over. The pose of his head and neck is laughing; so are his eyes and his mouth. There is laughter in the way he stands.

And just watch the wag of that tail. It spills ink for inches around. No doubt about this being a happy dog, Mr. Briggs.

And there are the three boys. They are just as sympathetic as they can be. See it on their faces. Why, you have even cured the small boy of his cold "an' he ain't goin' to get a mastoid no mo'."

And what's more, those boys don't propose to stop with sympathy. Sympathy does little good so long as you keep your hands in your pocket. One of these boys has Homer by the arm and he says: "Come on over and let's."

That's the spirit.

Why cannot the rest of us say to the Homers: "Come on over and let's?"

He is telling Homer about his radio. There are imbeciles, so far as the sum total of life's contracts are concerned, who are geniuses, or at least unusual so far as some one thing goes. Some of them have mechanical genius. Some, artistic genius.

What is more important, a large part of the feeble minded—in fact, a very large part—are capable of learning to do some few useful things. Once they learn this useful thing and get set at it, they do their tasks with exceptional faithfulness.

They are not subject to the discontents which destroy the usefulness of so many people. Perhaps the reason is that the doing of the stunt gives them self-satisfaction.

And everybody—rich and poor, brainy and feeble minded, important and unimportant—yearns to have his heart warmed by approval by others and self-satisfaction.

Give Them Shick Test.

Mrs. T. V. writes: "I have three children. The oldest, a girl, was sick with diphtheria twice, when she was younger. She was very sick and we had to give her a lot of antitoxin.

"Now, would you advise me to give her the Shick test, and give it also to my other children?"

REPLY.

Yes, as to all your children. Use T-A on those found susceptible.

She Vanquished the Fleas.

Mrs. E. S. writes: "Perhaps my experience in getting rid of fleas in the house will benefit some other sufferers.

"I bought a spray, such as is used for spraying bushes. Pint size. Bought a bottle of Blackleaf 40. Used according to directions for solution. This I sprayed all over the basement, soaking the floor. Ours is wood board flooring, so the cracks, after being thoroughly swept, got a good soaking. Whenever I had to be in the basement for any length of time, as on washday, I fairly saturated the lower half of my skirts, hose and shoes.

"In the living room I used, upon a veterinarian's suggestion, Persian insect powder. Just coated rugs and floors well with it.

"We were invited for a three day visit to the country, and after taking extreme caution not to take any undesirable guests with us, I peppered every corner with the Persian powder. Upon our return the vacuum cleaner took up all powder and whatever corpses there were. Then I put down a fresh coating of powder.

"It was fully three months of hard work against the enemy before we were sure of having vanquished him. Three months prior to the invasion we had our dog put to death. The veterinarian was sure that the flea attack had nothing to do with the dog, or vice versa. In all the years that we had the dog we were never troubled with fleas. The dog had them, but they stayed on him.

"Gas" For Poison Ivy.

J. A. S. writes: "This is O. K. I have just tried it on a first class job of poison ivy. Broadcast it for the benefit of sufferers.

"The remedy is just an application of ordinary gasoline. Benzine may be used instead. Science has discovered that the irritation of the skin in ivy poisoning is no different from any other chemical burn, and that gasoline and benzine will dissolve and remove the poisonous oil of the ivy on applied in time."

Baking Soda for Hives.

Cured writes: "If C. H. will take baking soda, size of a dime, in a wineglass of water night and morning for three or four weeks, she won't be troubled with hives.

"I obtained this cure from your column four years ago and it cured."

Welch's Talk No. 15

Several years ago a doctor said to me: "The only doctor in Omaha who can afford to run a Ford is Dr. G—. He is a known success and need not put up a front."

In explanation, Dr. G— said: "With an income sufficient for any of my needs, I feel perfectly free to eat in a Welch Restaurant and I see many others I know who are similarly situated.

"I see many young men patronizing expensive luxuries thinking they are deceiving the public about their incomes! "You are not doing it boys. The public are on to you and you are teaching them not to trust you."

Hundreds of successful business and professional men eat at WELCH'S — as do many younger men whose feet are just starting up the ladder to success. Good, wholesome food, tastefully and cleanly prepared, keeps them in health.

Welch's
Six Omaha Restaurants
Member of National Restaurant Association

ADVERTISEMENT.

PAINS ACROSS SMALL OF BACK

Husband Helped in Housework. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Strong

Foster, Oregon.—"I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for pains across the small of my back. They bothered me so badly that I could do my work only with the help of my husband. One day he saw the 'ad.' in our paper telling what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing for women, so I began to take it. It has helped me wonderfully. I am feeling fine, do all my housework and washing for seven in the family. I have been irregular too, and now am all right. I am telling my friends what it has done for me and am sure it will do good for others. You can use this letter as a testimonial. I will stand up for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound any time."—Mrs. WM. JUENGEL, Foster, Oregon.

Doing the housework for a family of seven is some task. If you, as a housewife, are troubled with backache, irregularities, are easily tired out and irritable, or have other disagreeable ailments caused by some weakness, give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. Let it help you.

are you one of the marked 4?

Do your gums bleed easily? If so, take heed. Pyorrhea is coming. It strikes four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, endangering their priceless teeth and health.

Brush your teeth with

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste —it checks Pyorrhea

35c and 60c in tubes

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
IN USE FOR OVER 30 YEARS
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Goodbye Boils!

S. S. S. Will Rid You of Boils, Pimples, Blackheads and Skin Eruptions.

A boil is a volcano—your blood is so chuck full of poisons that these "boils" out into a boil. They'll keep "boiling up" until you destroy them completely by the use of S. S. S., one of the most powerful blood-cleansers known to science. S. S. S. has stood the test of time. The power of its ingredients is acknowledged by authorities. Its medicinal ingredients are guaranteed to be purely vegetable. Right off, it clears the skin of pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, acne, eczema, rash and other skin eruptions, and does it thoroughly. It drives out of the blood impurities which cause rheumatism, makes the blood rich and pure builds up lost flesh. It helps to manufacture new blood cells—that's one of its secrets. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores, in two sizes. The large size is the more economical.

Are you "up to the neck" in blood impurities? S. S. S. is one of the greatest blood-purifiers known. Try it.

Baker's Cocoa

is the ideal drink for growing children

Not only does its delicious flavor and aroma appeal to the palate but it supplies the body with a considerable amount of pure, wholesome and nutritious food.

Children, owing to their almost ceaseless activity, frequently require as large an amount of nourishment as adults, and good cocoa is a valuable aid in the carefully arranged diet. But its quality must be good and no cocoa can quite so well meet the requirements of dietitian, physician, nurse or housekeeper as "BAKER'S"

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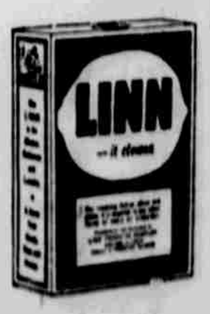
For Washing Dishes

—And Keeping the Hands Beautiful

If you have not tried LINN for washing dishes you do not yet know how *much* your housework may be lightened and brightened. LINN saves your hands—hands that have learned to fear the irritating harshness of ordinary soaps and powders

LINN makes washwater soft as milk. It dissolves grease almost instantly. It cleans china and glassware as if by magic. Just run them through LINN washwater and the hardest part is done. Then a beautiful sparkle and shine to reward you.

LINN has a place in your home for every cleansing purpose. You'll love the lemon fragrance of LINN. You'll appreciate the virgin purity of LINN. It contains no caustic, lye or grit—nothing to affect the most delicate tint or fabric. Try it today. Your money back if you are not satisfied.



Two Sizes
10c and 25c
Get the 25c size for economy

LINN
—The Soap Powder with the Lemon Fragrance

M'f'd by LINN PRODUCTS CO. Chicago, Ill.

At Your Grocers'

Buy One Package—Then Be the Judge