

### SICK WOMAN SOON RECOVERS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"A neighbor advised me to try Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which she said had helped her so much. So I bought a few bottles and tried it out. It sure helped me wonderfully. I felt much better. My work was no longer a dread to me. If I hear of any one who is troubled the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer any letters in regard to the same."—Mrs. HERTHA MEACHAM, 1124 N. Penn. Ave., Lansing, Mich.



Let it! Jim—You shouldn't use rouge. It injures the skin. Mae—Well, who ever sees that?

To Cure a Cold in one Day Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. The Safe and Proven Remedy. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 30c.—Adv.

Simple Enough Boarder—"But why are the towels so small?" Clerk—"Well, there isn't much water."—Detroit News.

Those who follow the Straight and Narrow Path like it, else they wouldn't follow it.

### The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night? If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good. Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

### Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The "Touch" "First of all, my boy, realize that my time is short. Secondly, say what you want. Thirdly, be short." "Well, dad, firstly, I do. Secondly, I will. Thirdly, I am."

Exactly "Madge has postponed answering Jack until she can look up his rating." "The asset test, so to speak."

Does Weakness Detract From Your Good Looks? San Francisco, Calif.—"About two years ago I was weak and rundown in health. I suffered so much with backache and pain in my side, and did not get any relief until I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. A few bottles of the Prescription was a permanent benefit to me and I am glad to recommend it to others for I believe it will do for them what it did for me."—Mrs. E. Webb, 1103 Laguna St.

Obtain this famous "Prescription" now, in tablets or liquid, from your druggist, or write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

### King's Mate

By Rosita Forbes

#### CHAPTER VII—Continued

The sultan did not answer. He sat very still in his hand-woven woaden djellaba, no different from those of his followers. His very white linen and the skull cap he wore, instead of the usual twisted rope agal, accentuated the darkness of his face. "You mean to move the guns across?" "A couple of batteries. I'll trust most to our rifles, but no one must guess. This must be between you and me, Sidl. The Spaniards will have to be tempted farther up from the river and there must be no obvious movement among the hills. The men can march by night, when the airplanes are safe at Adjir."

"They never venture far inland! Hamlet, what an amount of lead they have wasted among the rocks!" The sultan's gesture was contemptuous. "You think peace will follow a Spanish defeat?" "I am sure of it," said Westwyn. Patiently he repeated his arguments. France did not want to rule the Rif. She was out to insure her own territory. Already tired of what she considered a fruitless waste of life, Paris had cut down the war vote by a milliard francs. "It is Spain who is our enemy," he ended.

Still Abd-el Krim hesitated. It was against his whole policy to risk so much. From the first his campaign had been one of pretense, sniping here, a raid there, an exaggerated suggestion of force, never an open attack. "Suppose you are mistaken and Petain pushes into the mountains?" "Then we lose," said the Englishman, but his carelessness did not deceive his chief. "You are very certain." "Yes," Westwyn leaned forward. "It's our chance, Sidl—a desperate one if you like, but the only one. We've got to force the issue." His determination began to have its effect on the sultan. The steadiness of the queer, light eyes was hypnotic. "Risk it, man. Call the French bluff!" Westwyn smashed his fist on the ground. The two men looked at each other, while the slave held his breath, aware of the clash of the wills. "Allah has given you wisdom," said Abd-el Krim at last. "It shall be as you wish."

Westwyn strode up to his house with a smile on set lips. He had forgotten his horse, still tethered by the sultan's gate. God! What a game! They were bound to win, if only the news didn't leak out. He'd have to keep El Krim up to the point. No, the man wouldn't let him down. He'd be on edge all the time, but once he'd given his word he'd stick to it. With his mind full of such thoughts, Westwyn entered his house by the nearest way, which happened to be the little-used harem door. Consequently, he almost fell over Rosemary, who was sitting on a pile of stones inside. "Lord, what a day!" thought the man, and dragged his brain back from the water power in the southern hills. "I say, I'm most awfully sorry. I forgot you were here."

"Women and war! They don't mix well," retorted Rosemary, smiling and annoyed. Westwyn explained. "I've just come from Abd-el Krim. He was full of news." "You look bursting with it." The man laughed. "I say, let's have a truce, or do you want to prosecute me for trespassing?" He studied the slender figure in a short red and blue striped skirt, adapted from a barracane. The indigo jumper bared arms which were faintly sunburned and the ankles, too, were bare, above primrose-yellow native slippers. Rosemary blushed. "My solitary pair of stockings has deserted me—piece-meal have I buried them! I am doing the sun cure. I hope you approve."

The gallantry of her appeal to Westwyn, "With all my worldly goods I have these endowed—temporarily, of course—but I don't know if you'll find anything of much use among them."

"You give me leave to investigate?" The strain was over. Rosemary, defeated, felt there was no need to fight any more. However unwilling she was to accept it, she knew she could rely on this man's protection—horrible word! CHAPTER VIII Rosemary stayed in the yard, though the stones of her seat were sharp. She must forget what she stigmatized as the "ridiculousness" of the last week. If she treated the situation as perfectly normal, it would become so of course. She resolved to interest herself in the Rifian war, to study the customs and politics of the people. In time she might get as excited about them as the Kaid. For an instant she saw herself an African Joan of Arc. Then her bare legs attracted her attention. "Economical," she thought. "Healthy, but not at all engaging!" Her thoughts flew on. "Zarifa" she called. "Isn't there a mirror in the whole village?" "Yes, yes," shrilled the handmaiden. "I will get one." And, when the light was almost gone, she bustled into the room with a fly-blown glass, ornately framed in gilt. "It belongs to Sidl Mohamed's wife and she was proud and grateful to lend it to a bride."

ected, and smiled with firm lips, so thin skinned that the blood underneath was like red, smooth petals. Zarifa watched her draw a damp finger across her eyebrows, which were long and slim, and comb her hair, pushing it into waves with impatient purpose. "Wallah, Allah has given you beauty. The Kaid may well be pleased." The words rolled off Rosemary's new security. She was glad she was beautiful, for it made things more exciting. Some day, perhaps, Westwyn would realize it. Her cheeks began to burn. She must not look back. There were things she couldn't bear to remember, worst of all the moment when the Kaid had picked her bodily off the couch and told her to play the game. D—n him, she thought, and then pushed away her resentment, packing it down amid layers of common sense. It was no use regretting anything. She must begin all over again.

They sat on the bench, talking long after Ahmed had cleared away the dishes, delighted at the destruction which proved his skill. Westwyn was preoccupied, though he took in every detail of the girl's grace, as she twisted into the most comfortable position against the brilliant bolsters. "He can't get away from his soldiery," thought Rosemary, but the man's mind was fixed on pajamas! What the deuce did she sleep in, he wondered. Why on earth hadn't he thought of it before. His teeth bit into the pillow. Planning a southern offensive, decided his companion, half amused, half annoyed. She moved restlessly against the cushions, pushing them into a better angle.

"Do they always stuff their pillows with young potatoes?" "Yes, I think so—pretty neck racking, isn't it?" returned Westwyn, regarding her as if she were a strategic puzzle, and wondering whether he could offer her some pajamas! Oppressed by the problem, his leave taking was somewhat disconnected. "I suppose Zarifa can make this into a decent bed," he remarked, prodding the hard, hemper couch. His gaze wandered round the room, with its bare mud walls decorated with texts from the Koran, and its islands of camp furniture upon a sea of matting. "I'm afraid it's awfully uncomfortable," he said. "I do hope you'll be all right. If you'll wait a minute I'll get you—" and he disappeared through the door into the yard.

Rosemary sat on the window ledge contemplating a corner of starlit sky—it looked as if it were a flower bed. She felt she could pick out the biggest stars and set them like candles on the table. Westwyn's footsteps came slowly across the yard. He hesitated in the doorway, a bundle of pale-colored garments in his arms. His smile was guilty, but there was a twinkle in his eyes. "Look here, Rosemary—you'll have to let me call you that; I can't say Mrs. Westwyn, can I?—It would be indiscreet, I suppose, to ask what you do sleep in, but I thought perhaps you'd let me lend you these." He dumped the pajamas on the couch and retreated, with the air of getting as far away from them as possible. Rosemary struggled not to laugh. His embarrassment made her mistress of the situation. "Thank you, awfully. It'll be a great improvement on a barracane. So scratchy, you know, and my toes always get entangled in the fringe." From sheer mischief she crossed to the couch and picked up a striped coat. "I shall disappear in it altogether and never be found again," she said, measuring the arms. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bond of Brotherhood Between Poetic Souls A certain young woman, a stenographer for a New York firm, is much known in an admiring suburban circle as a "poetess." She jets her inspirations down in shorthand notes, transcribes them on her typewriter and submits the effusions to the local newspaper, which sometimes finds place for them. One morning as she was commuting from New Jersey there was a heavy fog on the North river and the ferryboat was proceeding on its way gropingly, with frequent stops and much whistling. At one time, out of the gloom, a great hoarse whistle, suggesting an ocean liner, sounded near. There was a stir of uneasiness among the crowded passengers, and the poet's male companion looked up from his newspaper with a nervous frown. "Are you afraid?" he asked of the poetess. "Afraid!—the word came with withering scorn. 'Afraid!?' Why, you know Shelley died by drowning."—Harper's Magazine.

Kidd Unjustly Condemned Information has recently been brought to light which would indicate that Capt. William Kidd really was not as great a pirate as he was painted. It is said that a letter from Lord Pelhamton has been brought forth which would have exonerated him if it had been admitted to evidence at the time of his trial. His enemies, however, would not permit its use. Also the forged French passes under which the Moorish vessel which he captured was sailing have been found in the archives of the British public record office. He was not allowed to submit these in evidence.

Ancient Feared Beans Wise men of old had a great fear of beans. Even stern old Hippocrates was frightened when the blooms were on, for fear harm would come to his patients, and Pythagoras and his followers refrained from eating beans lest disaster should befall their persons. But Adonis helped upset the fear of the bean by ordering beans to be offered on the altar of the god of Day and of Fine Arts, but in narrow of Europe, as late as the middle of the Sixteenth century these were communities where the fear of the bean and its blossom were still found.

Easily Deceived The traveling man who has his check for a thousand dollars in his pocket when he found that he had it in his pocket.

### Howe About—By ED HOWE

#### In Trim This Winter? Watch The Kidneys After Winter's Colds.

COLDS and grip are hard on the kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, impurities remain in the blood and are apt to make one tired and achy with headaches, dizziness and often nagging backache. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions. Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS 60c A STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS. Foster-McMullen Co. Mfg. Chem. Buffalo, N.Y.

#### INDIGESTION RELIEVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative assist nature in its digestive duties. Many times one of these little pills taken after meals or at bedtime will do wonders, especially when you have over-eaten or are troubled with constipation. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh A Healing Antiseptic All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.

Full Board Yank—Say, Pat, do we get more than one mail a day here? Pat—Sor, this is a first-class hotel, and it's three males you do be gettin' every blessed day of your life. Breakfast, dinner and supper.

If you would be paid according to your own ideas of your worth, get necessary.

WANTED—Women and girls who need FREE 1-cent publications entitled "COULDN'T BE A MAN" in Free Contest for those who are willing to use a little common sense. Send for literature. MUST BE 18 AND UP. Write now to Mr. Vernon, N.Y.

The individual who uses his tongue for a weapon is apt to use his feet for defense.

The drowning candidate catches at a straw vote.

It is easy to be patient if you are tired out.

Danger signals are displayed everywhere, but for some strange reason the best men we have often disregard them.

Your business is to stand in with the gossips, and you can only do it by being selfish, and keeping your record straight.

In biographies of Europeans, we are usually told of their relations and experiences with women, good and bad. Which is proper, since no man's life may be known unless it includes these particulars. When an American's life is written, his relations with women are omitted, except that the dates of his marriages are given. But you may depend on the date when he united with the church, and the statement that he remained a consistent Christian until he died. Nearly every American biography is mere brag.

If it is easier to be a civilized man than a savage, then success in life is easier than failure. Why have men disposed of plagues? Because living is more comfortable without them. Why do we treat and dispose of sewage? Because it is a more comfortable plan than to permit filth to threaten contagion around every household. Good conduct was never taught for any other reason than that it is easier than bad.

There is so much of value in the old order against which we have rebelled that we shall finally be compelled to send for it and beg for its return.

A man has written about the follies and faults of good women. Now let some women admit that good men are entitled to faults.

I have observed that radicalism is nearly always on the wrong side.

I know an old lady against whom nothing can be said except that she overdoes goodness of every kind; she is an angel who makes angels unpopular. With too much goodness she has ruined her own life, and the lives of eleven children and grandchildren.

Banks are robbed of great sums by armed men appearing at the paying teller's window and scooping every thing in sight into a bag. But banks are robbed of still greater sums by unemployment in a able to out talk the president.



#### French "Zoo" Adapted for Study of Insects

What might be called an insect zoo has just opened in Paris. In the new vivarium in the Jardin des Plantes, the public has the extraordinary experience of watching insects in their natural environments, each group shown in an indoor glass cage fitted up to seem like home to the inhabitants. This has not been so easy of accomplishment as it might seem. The insects come from various climates. Thus a complicated heating system is necessary to simulate the African desert in one cage and a coolish temperature in the next. In some cases it has been necessary to feed the insects for the benefit of the public. The scorpions, if left to their own devices, would completely disappear from sight. However, they seem well satisfied to hide beneath plates of transparent glass through which they can easily be seen. Several cages are devoted to exhibits of insect mimicry. The giant phasmas look like the green leaves they feed upon, and others exactly resemble the straw-colored branches to which they are clinging. The observer must watch closely for some movement to tell which is which.

#### Where Husbands Can Shop

"Blushless" shopping for men has now been established by a Detroit department store, which has a "men's corner," where when he wants a present for her he can be painlessly initiated into the mysteries of step-ins, fancy garters, silks, satins, brocade, etc. Here he is made to feel he is in a masculine atmosphere, despite the femininity of the goods and the judicious salesladies who obtain the customer's confidence and then sell him exactly what he needs, greatly to the benefit of his wife, mother, betrothed, or niece, cousins and aunts.—Capper's Weekly.

#### Could Name It

John Barrymore, whose favorite part is Hamlet, was telling Hamlet stories at a Hollywood reception. "Then there was Garrick Betterton's performance in Milwaukee," Mr. Barrymore said. "His Hamlet wasn't anything to write home about. It went from bad to worse, in fact. "When Betterton hissed out the line, 'There's something rotten in the state of Denmark,' a gallery god hissed down at him: "'And you're it, Ham, old boy.'"—Kansas City Times.

#### Hamlet's Home Restored

Only the canopy taken to Stockholm by the conquering King Charles X in 1658 will be absent when the Kronberg castle at Oeresund is opened as a museum. Denmark's wonderful castle of the Renaissance—home of Hamlet—has been completely restored. Authorities are now ready with plans to refit it as a museum, with its old paintings, furniture and nobelias, these relics to be retrieved from the Danish museums.

Some people seem to think it necessary to tell how little they went to school.

It is easy to be patient if you are tired out.

Check the Flow! Stop the Cold! Colds Four things you must do to end a cold quickly. HILL'S Casca-Bromide-Quinine does all four at one time. Stops a cold in one day. Red box, 30 cents. All druggists.

Sure Relief NO MORE GAS SOURNESS, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, NAUSEA OR DISTRESS AFTER EATING OR DRINKING. BELLANS INDIGESTION 25c. 6 BELLANS Hot Water Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25c AND 75c PACKAGES EVERYWHERE.

PISO'S FOR COUGHS Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective cough-syrup. Restores Color and Strength. 35c. PARKER'S HAIR BALM Beautify to Gray and Faded Hair. FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. BOILS There's quick, positive relief in CARBOIL. SCHOOL FOR MEN Training in BUSINESS, TRADES OR PROFESSIONS. OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY. W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 8-1928.

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A Half Century of Service 1878 1928 Cuticura Soap and Ointment Announce their Golden Anniversary FOR 50 years the name Cuticura has stood for all that is best in Toilet Preparations for cleansing, purifying and beautifying the Skin, Scalp and Hair. First manufactured and distributed in the United States, they are now known and used throughout the world, ever-growing demand necessitating the establishment of additional laboratories for their manufacture in Canada, England and Australia. Originated in 1878, the Cuticura Preparations have been able, through their wonderfully effective super-creamy emollient qualities, to meet the constantly changing demands of successive generations, and are today held in highest esteem for all the needs of the daintiest of modern toilets. The Cuticura Preparations consist of: Cuticura Soap Cuticura Ointment Cuticura Talcum Cuticura Shaving Stick Each is a highly developed product, with the Medicinal, soothing and healing properties of Cuticura so delicately and delightfully blended that they are unique in Toilet Requisites. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION Sole Proprietors of the Cuticura Preparations Main Offices and Laboratories MALDEN, MASS., U. S. A. This announcement is appearing to-day in newspapers throughout the world.