WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Annie Kwinski of 526 1st Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., writes that she became so weak and run-down that she was not able to do her housework. She saw the name Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the paper and said to her husband, "I will try that medicine and see if it will help me." She says she took six bottles and is feeling much better.

Mrs. Mattie Adams, who lives in Downing Street, Brewton, Ala., writes as follows: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and since taking it I feel like a different woman."

With her children grown up, the middle-aged woman finds time to do the things she never had time to do before—read the new books, see the new plays, enjoy her grand-children, take an active part in church and civic affairs. Far from being pushed aside by the younger set, she finds a full, rich life of her own. That is, if her health is good.

Thousands of women past fifty, say they owe their vigor and health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Oregon & California Directory

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL
Every room with bath or shower. $2.00 to $3.50. Jones at Eddy. Garage next door.

HOTEL WILTSHIRE, San Francisco
340 Stockton St., near Union Square. Sutter 2260
HARRY BOYLE, Manager
Outside rooms with bath, $2.50 single, $3.50 double. Court rooms with bath, $2.00 single, $3.50 double. Breakfasts 35c, 50c, 60c; Dinners 50c; Sunday $1.00

Start Now EARN BIG MONEY 25 to 50 per cent paid while learning. Position secured. Lectures weekly. 32 colleges. Write for catalog
MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES 306 Burnside Street, Portland, Ore

Getting There by Rocket

Scientists of many nationalities are interested in experiments which are now taking place with a giant rocket, which combines the features of a fire work and an airplane. The scheme which, though it sounds fantastic, is said to be practical enough in reality, is to shoot passengers across the Atlantic at a speed which the inventor, Professor Goddard, of Clark university, declares would be far greater than that of Lindbergh during his recent Transatlantic flight. A number of tests have proved that it would be quite possible to propel such a rocket an enormous distance beyond the earth's gravity by a series of explosions, and to send from New York to London would be a comparatively simple matter.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On, Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets to work off the Cold and to fortify the system against an attack of Grip or Influenza. 30c.—Adv.

Have Burbank Tops

Heard on the street:

"Who's that girl over there near that automobile with a red hat on?"

"I don't see no automobile with a red hat on."

For Croup —What Would You Do

Here is a physician's prescription used in millions of homes for 35 years which relieves croup without vomiting in 15 minutes. Also the quickest relief known for Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough. If there are little ones in your home you should never be without a bottle of this valuable time-tried remedy, recommended by the best Children's specialists. Ask your druggist now for Dr. Drake's Glessco. 50 cents the bottle.

Relief from Kidney and Bladder Trouble. Don't let these organs make a martyr of you. Heed the first warning that "things are not right." Drink freely of water and take Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules. A world famous remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1696.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES
At all druggists. In three sizes. Look for the name on the blue and gold box.

DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR
Applied externally, relieves congestion, hoarseness. Taken internally soothes inflamed membranes, stops coughing. For whooping cough, CROUP, influenza
HALL & RUCKEL New York
FOR COLDS

For Wounds and Sores
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

FROZEN FEET
After the first measures for frozen feet, fingers or ears Carboil is the ideal treatment. Its medicinal oils and antiseptic chemicals soothe the tissues, allay soreness and help to prevent complications.
A 50-cent box from your druggist is all that is required.
Your money back if it fails to satisfy.
SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., Nashville, Tenn.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 3--1928.

IDLE ISLAND

By
ETHEL HUESTON

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WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Delane, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrator." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." Awaking from sleep, Gay imagines she sees the face of a Chinaman peering in the window. On an exploration of the island Gay, standing on the seashore, is horrified by the appearance of the drifting body of a drowned man, which she nerves herself to bring to the shore. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay makes her way to the "Captain" with the story. Returning with him to the shore, they find no body there, and Gay's story of the incident is set down to an attack of "nerves." Gay, unable to convince her neighbors of the truth, draws a picture of the face of the dead man, intending to send it to the authorities. She meets a stranger, apparently another visitor, to whom she tells the story and shows the picture. He asks her to let him take it, but Gay refuses. Next day, after a night spent with "Auntalmiry," Gay finds the picture has been taken from the cottage. "Rand" Wallace, wanderer, and considered something of a "black sheep," by the islanders, expecting to find "Auntalmiry," surprises Gay at household tasks. She likes him at once.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—7—

The days flew away like enchanted things. Gay had never been so happy, although she neglected her sacred canvases and brush. How could she work with Rand sprawling in the window-seat at her side, brown hand touching her hand, gray eyes holding her eyes? Every day he worked faithfully on the Bo's'n, Bemis' yacht, worked very hard for a few hours to spare himself more time to be with her, appearing at the Lone Pine every morning promptly at eleven o'clock, the hour of her late breakfast, which was breakfast and luncheon in one.

"So this is how one lives on nothing a year," she said to him one day, laughing. "Well, I am relieved. I know at least that you will never starve."

The next morning he handed her a pound of the best coffee obtainable at the Pier grocery store. He was very haughty. "I may be low, but I have my pride," he said. "My coffee! And when it is gone, kindly notify me. More will be forthcoming."

"Don't forget the electricity," she reminded him gayly. "It must be a nickel a week."

And laughingly she accepted the dingy coin he selected carefully from a handful to give her.

Every day he went up the slope to the Lone Pine at sunset, that sweetest hour of the day, and sat with her in the window-seat on the west, looking down to the bay where the sky burned with fresh-blown gold and flame and amethyst, burned fiercely for a while before it paled to smoking embers, pastel shades of rose and violet and cream. And when the embers had faded to gray ash, they went into the woods, and walked up and down beneath the trees that gossiped to one another above them, and breathed deeply of the intoxicating spices of the forest—pine, and spruce, and fir.

At that hour they never talked, but wandered slowly here and there, stumbling sometimes over the twisted old roots of trees or fallen logs, sliding over treacherous rocks, holding hands like children, smiling at each other.

One night they lingered long in the forest, so that dusk was blackening the shadows when they turned up behind the Little club, in that pathless bit of the wood. As they went on, laughing softly, and stumbling, suddenly, without a sound, they came up to one who was walking toward them, swiftly, surely, toward the shore.

All feet fall softly on the thick pillowing of pine needles and dry mosses, but those feet that came to meet them made no sound at all. As they came together, Gay looked up, with keen but friendly interest to see who walked in her enchanted wood at nightfall, and then she caught her breath with a sudden startled intake.

The face that she saw in the dusk was sharply familiar, unmistakable, a thin little face that showed yellow in the glooming, like yellow parchment, with narrow, sloping almond eyes, and beneath one of them a faint shining mark, like a seam in the parchment, where a scar seared the flesh, the face of a yellow, little old Chinaman.

In the dusk, as she had seen it before, she saw it again, and in the fraction of a moment, the dusk received him again, noiselessly, as it had received him before.

Gay had not by any means forgotten her first night on the island: when she lay alone in the cottage on the fringe of the woods in her great exhaustion of mind and physical weariness; when, sleeping, she had seemed to feel a gaze upon her, and stirred to see, or think she saw, the thin yellow face in the glooming; and had turned again to her sleep, saying dreamily it was but a dream. She had, however, made inquiry casually, and had been told there were no resident Chinese on the island, but that, on rare occasion, one came on errand from Portland, for the delivery of packages, perhaps, or a day's work. It was only as in a dream that she had remembered the face.

But now, with sudden fear, Gay knew it was no dream. She waited for Rand to come up to her.

"Did you—see—him?" she whispered.

"The Chink? Yes. The men must be down at the club house. They always bring some one along to cook, usually a darky, but once it was a Jap. Perhaps they're giving all nations a try by turn." Then he felt Gay's intensity in her silence, the closeness of her hand on his. "Why, Gay, what is the matter? You're not afraid of him! Don't be afraid of a Chinkie, they never harm anybody.—You afraid! A woman who lives alone, and not according to natur' and brags about it!"

Although Gay realized that the Females Wallace, as he affectionately called them, must no doubt long since have told Rand the story of the affair in the cove as they knew it, he had never referred to it by word or by suggestion. It was that innate courtesy, that delicate New England reserve, which held sacred from reference a subject that might give pain.

Now, suddenly, Gay wished he would speak of it, would ask her what she had seen, or thought she saw. She wished greatly to talk freely with him, to tell him the surprising things that had happened to her on the island.

The closeness of her clasp on his hand relaxed. "I am not afraid," she said easily. "I just wondered who it was."

There was no sound from the wild growth of brush that lay so thickly about them, no faintest crackle of dried, dead, crumbling needles of pine, but as Gay finished speaking, a dark shadow slipped away, almost from beneath her hand, slipped away, shadow-like, and melted with the other shadows. And neither Gay nor Rand suspected one shadow more or less among the many on either side.

Even when the Bo's'n was ready at last for the trip down the coast, Rand put off his departure as long as he could, and when further delay was impossible, he sent his bags aboard, and with all in readiness for sailing, with the two men chosen for his crew aboard, he slowly climbed the hill for a final breakfast with Gay at eleven o'clock.

Gay was very wistful, very sad. She could not eat, although the breakfast tray for two was most enticingly arrayed. Over her cup of coffee her eyes clung to Rand's eyes, very large, very deep, darkly troubled.

"Rand, please eat," she begged. "You will be very hungry before night! Eat, please eat!"

"Gay, I can't. For the first time in my life, my appetite was all filled up before I began. I hate to go and leave you. Gay, you aren't thinking of going away the first of September, are you? I will make the trip as fast as I can, but I cannot be back by the first. You wouldn't go before I return, would you?"

"There's really nothing to hurry me away," she said reasonably. "I like it here, and I do need more rest, and—they say—the weather is very nice in September."

"The weather! Are you staying for the weather?"

Gay shook her head. "No—for you."

Rand stood up suddenly, and Gay, too, rose slowly. Hand in hand they crossed the pleasant room to the door that opened down upon the bay where the Bo's'n waited for Rand, to take him away.

"I kissed you when I came the first time," he said softly, "wouldn't it rather hurt your feelings if I went away—less affectionately?"

Gay nodded. "Terribly. I should think you didn't like it."

Rand took her in his arms, and kissed her, not once, but many times.

"Were you ever in love before, Rand?" Gay asked softly.

"Well—yes," he admitted hesitatingly. "Er—weren't you?"

"Well — yes," she acknowledged, smiling faintly. "But never like this, Rand, never like this."

Her cool, firm, slender fingers caressed his hair, touched his lips, cradled the curve of his chin.

"Rand," she whispered. "Rand."

At three o'clock, with smiling tremulous lips, and tears streaming down her face, but laughing, Gay stood in the highest window of the Lone Pine, and blew a kiss to the wind as Rand turned the Bo's'n east, to sea.

CHAPTER VI

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With the first of September came the breaking up of the summer colony. Gay was grateful for the silence after the clamor of young voices, twanging ukuleles, whining saxophones. Adorable, waiting alone at the top of the hill, for Rand to come! If sometimes she was troubled by a vague presentiment, a prophetic suggestion that all her future life would be something like that, waiting for Rand, she stilled it resolutely. She felt that it was doubly sweet to be alone in awaiting his return, that of all the summer coloury, she alone remained, waiting.

There was a point high on the rocks to the east of the Little club where she often sat by the hour, chin in hand, gazing dreamily off to sea. Rand would not return that way. He would come by fastest State-of-Maine express, but it was the way he had gone, and so intrigued her fancy.

Chin in hand, eyes misty with dreams, thoughts far away to sea in the south, she sat one day when a voice called up to her from a lower place among the rocks.

"Miss Delane! May I come up?"

Gay turned quickly, and her eyes contracted wonderingly. She smiled. It was the man she had directed to the landing on the fateful day of her discovery in the cove.

"Come up, by all means," she said cordially.

And as he came up, climbing carefully and with a caution that spoke of little custom, she gave him her hand in greeting.

"How in the world did you know my name?" she asked interestedly.

"Oh, Gay Delane! It was on your sketch book that day. Do tell me—I have wondered about it so many times—whatever came of it all? Did the police trace him? Did you ever get back the little sketch, and—"

Very briefly she told him of the disappearance of the sketch.

"Are—are you sure?" he asked doubtfully; almost, it seemed to her, quizzically. "It seems—very—well, unnatural, you know. Why, nobody knew about it— Didn't you drop the book? Couldn't it have fallen out? It seems—"

"Now, don't you think I am crazy," she said with some heat. "Everybody else does. But I am trusting you to trust me."

"I will trust you," he said quickly. "I do. It was bad luck all the way round, and I'm sorry. I wish I had taken the sketch from you by main force. I hate that worst of all, losing the sketch. Do you remember the hand—very fine—"

"Don't," she said. "Don't talk of it. I should have done something for that poor boy—but what could I do!"

"Don't think of it. Let's talk of something else.—Are you remaining long on the island? It seems very quiet here now. The summer people have gone, have they not?"

In spite of her best efforts, feeling the curious interest of his eyes, and his words, Gay felt her face flush for her lingering.

"I was worn out," she explained quickly, "I had to have a long rest. I shall stay a little longer—a week or two perhaps. While the weather is nice. I like it better now the summer crowd is gone. Just the nice, good, religious natives are left. And me. I like it. But I did not expect to see you here again."

"I wish I could say I had come only to see you," he said, "but I am afraid I dare not go so far. As a matter of fact, I have learned that they are anticipating rather a land boom around here in the next two or three years, and my partner and I are hoping to pick up something for a song, and sell it after a bit for a—well, a grand opera. I am scouting out the land."

"How interesting. How very interesting!" Gay stood up suddenly. "You offered me tea before, and I refused. I am bolder now. Will you tea with me? And tell me about it."

They passed back over the rocks and into the woods, skirting the Little club, in silence.

"I shall have to take a peep at some of your private papers, I think," Gay said smilingly, as she led the way into the Lone Pine. "Or shall I call you 'Say'?"

"Ingram, Ronald Ingram—I beg your pardon, I seem to feel that I know you so well I quite forgot you did not know my name."

"Well, Mr Ingram, welcome to the Lone Pine. There is something about you—something New Yorky—that makes me tingle for Times square."

They were chatting companionably over their tea, chatting of work, of aims and interests, the big things of life, when Auntalmiry came to the door. She came intentionally, knowing there was a guest; Gay knew that at once, realized it with a vague resentment, although knowing it was not like the little old woman to intrude. She was dressed for the occasion, in her best black Sunday silk, with her coral cameo at her throat. There was a flush of excitement in her cheeks, and as she stepped into the room, not glancing at Gay, she swept Ronald Ingram with an eager breathless gaze.

"Oh, Mrs. Bridges, this is Mr. Ingram," Gay said lightly. "Mrs. Bridges, for company," she explained laughingly. "Auntalmiry to all us home-folks. Sit down, Auntalmiry: tea's nice and hot."

"Yes—yes, I will." Auntalmiry sat down stiffly, her eyes still intent on the young man who had crossed the room to stand by her chair as she sank into it. And intent upon his face, the light faded suddenly from her eyes, the flush died in her cheeks. All in a moment she was smaller, older, very tired.

A little later Mr. Ingram went away with many warm and pleasant words, and with a last light lingering touch on Gay's hand. Their eyes met, understandingly, as they smiled farewell. When Gay returned to Auntalmiry she was sitting wilted slightly in the chair, and her face was sad.

"Gay, you will excuse me, won't you? For coming like that, when you had company. I saw him on the piazza—a stranger—and I thought maybe Buddy had come."

"Buddy? Do you mean Rand?"

"No, Buddy—my son, Buddy"

"Auntalmiry, your son! Have you a son? Oh, I didn't know you had a son. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Yes, Buddy, my son. I didn't tell you, dearie, because—we aren't like that. We just hold things in our hearts, sad things, and say nothing. The glad things, too, perhaps, too much. We don't scatter our feelings, good or bad; we shut them. I thought perhaps some one else had told you."

"No. No one on this island has ever mentioned your son—Buddy. I never heard of him before."

"We are like that," she said faintly. "We hold one another's secrets to ourselves. They would talk to each other—but no one would tell my—sadness—to an outsider, one who didn't belong."

"Was it a sadness, Auntalmiry, having the son?"

Auntalmiry's eyes glowed suddenly, but her voice remained mild and even. "It was heaven," she said gently. "But he went away—and never came back."

"Oh! I am sorry."

"He was a gypsy boy, Buddy, like his father. His father was a singer who came here one summer—a fine singer. But he was a gypsy. He went away, too. But I didn't mind that so much."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

They Are Correct

A noted radio scientist said, laughingly: "Telephone engineers are reluctant to admit the presence of static. They like to call it simply noise."

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

When happiness can be manufactured so cheaply and sell so high, and is always wanted in the market, it seems a pity that more of us do not set up in the business.—W. C. Gannet.

A VARIETY OF MEATS

For those of us who have not yet cultivated a taste for sweetened meats, the following dish may not appeal, when read; but try it, it is very tasty: **Belgian Hash.**—Take one-half cupful of prunes, one-half cupful of dried currants, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half a grated nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, three-fourths of a cupful of vinegar and one-fourth cupful of water. Cook two pig's feet after chopping in the above mixture until the liquid is all absorbed.

Hot Tamales.—Take two pounds of lean beef or chicken cooked and cooled, then chopped fine; one pint of chili peppers, seeded and parboiled; the water changed during the cooking; sift the peppers through a sieve, add one clove of garlic chopped, and salt to taste. Scald well a pint of corn meal in the beef or chicken broth, then spread on corn husks 2 by 4 inches. Roll up, making three turns, fold in the ends carefully and tie securely. Steam two hours.

Meat Loaf.—Take one pound of meat from the round and three-quarters of a pound of fresh pork chops; add two eggs, one cupful of bread crumbs, one cupful of stewed tomato, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and pepper to taste. Stir and mix well, roll into a loaf and bake one hour. Strips of salt pork may be placed on top if desired.

Veal Loaf.—Take two pounds of veal and one-half pound of fresh pork, both chopped; one cupful of bread crumbs, one-quarter cupful of milk, the juice of a lemon and a teaspoonful of the rind, one-fourth teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, pepper to taste, two eggs, a few dashes of cayenne and one-half can of mushrooms. Mix well and pour the liquor from the mushrooms over the loaf, baste often, baking two hours. The sauce to serve with the roast is made from the gravy, adding more of the mushroom liquor.

Stuffed Steak.—Chop a pound of round steak, season well, adding an egg. Prepare a seasoned bread stuffing. Grease gem pans and put in a layer of meat, then one of the stuffing and cover with another layer of meat. Bake in a hot oven until well done. Serve on a hot platter garnished with parsley.

The Important Dessert.

Most people feel that a dinner without dessert is unfinished and unsatisfactory. A simple sweet, even a dish of raisins and nuts is often all that is needed to make a good ending to a meal.

A dessert should be appropriate to the meal with which it is served; that is, a light meal may have a hearty, rich dessert; a heavy meal is best with a light one. A dessert is valued for its decorative effect as well as its food value.

For a decorative as well as nourishing dessert the following will be enjoyed:

Blushing Apples.—Take even-sized juicy apples which will keep their shape when cooked. Core and peel them and put on to cook with a very little water, cook until tender, adding fruit drops of red coloring or a teaspoonful of red cinnamon candies to give color. Sweeten and chill. Serve decorated with halved almonds, and heap a spoonful of whipped cream on each.

Apple Snow.—Peel and cut into quarters about four apples. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until the water is evaporated and apples tender. Cool, put through a vegetable sieve. Add powdered sugar to taste and fold in as much whipped cream as you have apple pulp. Chill and serve.

Date Pudding.—Boil together ten minutes two cupfuls of water, three-fourths of a cupful of brown sugar and three tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Add one cupful of sliced dates. Mold in sherbet cups. Garnish when turned out with whipped cream and chopped nuts, or bits of cherry and dates.

Jellied Prunes.—Stew one-half pound of large prunes after soaking well in water. Drain and cut into squares. Prepare a dish of lemon gelatin, using any kind at hand; when partly thick add the prunes. Pour into a mold and set away to become firm. Serve with sugar and whipped cream.

Apricot Ice.—Take two cupfuls of canned fresh or dried fruit. If fresh put through a sieve; if dried cook until smooth then put through a sieve; add sugar to sweeten, one-half cupful of lemon juice and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, the water in which the fruit was soaked, or the canned juice. Mix all but the egg whites and freeze; when partly frozen add the egg whites and finish freezing.

Nellie Maxwell

Putting One Over

Two little girls were saying their prayers prior to being tucked in for the night. When both had finished the younger of the two climbed on her mother's knee and said: "Mother, Clara only asked for her 'daily bread.' I asked for 'bread and jam.'"

Dressing an Ideal

The average woman has a false picture of herself in her mind and too often she tries to dress this picture.—Woman's Home Companion.

Have Kidneys Examined By Your Doctor

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys if Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Bottles and Bricks Hurled by Aviators

Many of the aviators in the World war had pet peculiarities which they catered to while on night bombing raids, points out Capt. A. Roy Brown, the Canadian ace who conquered the famous German aviator, Richthofen, in an article in Liberty.

Along with the explosives the flyers would take bricks, bottles, old boots, empty tins, and other kinds of junk, and toss them out, over the German lines, with boyish enthusiasm. "A favorite missile was an empty bottle," explains Captain Brown. "It was not unusual for a bomber to fare forth with a dozen empties on board as added starters.

"An empty bottle tossed out with the right flip from a height of several thousand feet, fell—as the wind caught its open mouth—with the screech of a Valkyrie. It could not do much harm, of course, unless it made a direct hit; but the night-raiding pilots felt that these falling bottles had a moral effect that was not to be sneezed at."

Deduction

Inspector—That new man will never make a detective.

Chief—How is that?

Inspector—There was a 50-pound box of soap stolen from a railroad car, and the fool arrested a tramp.—New York Central Magazine.

The Insult

Woman—Judge, that storekeeper insulted me. He said he had everything in stock I could think of.

Judge—No harm in that.

Woman—But his store was empty.

Her Preference

He—Do you read love stories?

She—No; I like to have them told to me.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sharing It

"Do you have your own home?"

"No; you see, we have company most of the time."

Those who tell fortunes are not the ones who make them.

Lazy people sometimes think very diligently.

The BABY

No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! 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

DON'T RUB!
INFLAMED LIDS
It increases the irritation. Use MITCHELL'S EYE SALVE, a simple, dependable, safe remedy. 25c at all druggists.
Hall & Ruckel, New York City

Much Sound Sense in Eastern Ruler's Idea

A way to prevent counterfeiting, used by the governor of Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, is explained by William J. Morden in "Across Asia's Snows and Deserts," the story of his adventures while crossing Asia on a scientific expendition. The tael note, Kashgar currency, printed on rather heavy paper, is worth from 60 to 90 cents. Writes Mr. Morden:

"Several thousand paper taels made a rather bulky mass; so we endeavored to obtain notes of greater denomination, but learned that nothing larger was issued. When I inquired the reason, I was told that were large notes issued there would doubtless be considerable counterfeiting. As the penalty for that crime is death, the governor felt that he was saving the lives of many of his people by not putting temptation in their way, since he thought the incentive with only single tael notes not great enough to encourage counterfeiting." — Kansas City Star.

Young folks have too many exciting things to think about, to notice whether they're cold or comfortable.

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. *But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin.* The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid