

Oklahoma Girl Strong as Boy



"Louise Alice was fretful, nervous and all run-down from whooping cough," says Mrs. F. J. Kolar, 1700 West 22nd St., Oklahoma City, Okla. "The little I could force her to eat wouldn't ever digest. She became underweight, sallow and weak. "Then I decided to try California Fig Syrup, and the results surprised me. Her bowels started working immediately, and in little or no time she was eating so she got to be a pest at the table, always asking us to pass things. Her weight increased, her color improved and she began to romp and play again like other children. Now she's the picture of health, and strong as a boy."

Pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable California Fig Syrup acts surely and quickly to cleanse your child's stomach and bowels of the souring waste that is keeping her half-sick, bilious, sallow, feverish, listless, weak and puny. But it's more than a laxative. It tones and strengthens the stomach and bowels so these organs continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Over four million bottles used a year shows its popularity. Ask for it by the full name, "California Fig Syrup," so you'll get the genuine endorsed by physicians for 50 years.

Superficial Flesh Wounds Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh All dealers are authorized to return your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.



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 weaker; 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 out 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.

Inasmuch as marriage is a combination of interest it must be a trust.

"Mostly because his eyes are black, and his hair, and partly because he's a decent sort of chap," replied Bassett, staring back at the fattish man. Mr. Spicer immediately dropped me out of notice, took a watch from his pocket, and yawned. Bassett rang the bell for dinner. "Who is he?" I asked, in a whisper of Northanger, as we went into the dining room, a clean, polished rather prisonlike apartment that shouted in every foot of its barren expanse, its owner's bachelor condition. "Follow who's come across to make arrangements for some mineral prospecting crowd," answered Northanger, a little wearily. "We fled in. 'Why did you ask him?' I found time to demand of Bassett. And Bassett, looking at me with large sad eyes, answered simply: 'I never did; he wished himself onto the party,' and took his seat. Through the turtle soup—we are usually sick of turtle soup in Innaruth through the fish (we are almost as ways tired of fish, because we get it plentifully, and free) through the roast of duck, and the inevitable custard pudding and 'time' pears. Mr. Spicer talked, with just so many pauses as would allow of his eating an excellent dinner. It seemed that he had acquaintances among most of the titled families of England; that they all valued him highly and that he had been chosen to review almost and 'organize' the expedition by a mass meeting of marquises, dukes and earls. 'This,' he did not forget to tell us, 'is Emplah stuff. Nothing editorial about it. Development of the British Emplah, on which the sun never sets. "Our chief, Sir Richard Fanshew."



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Phillips Milk of Magnesia

Black Sheep's Gold

By Beatrice Grimshaw Illustrations by Irvin Myers Copyright by Hughes Massie & Co. WNU Service

THE STORY On a pleasure trip in eastern waters, Philip Amory, English World War veteran, now a trader on the island of Papua, New Guinea, plunges overboard to save the life of a musical comedy actress, known as "Gin-Sling." Amory becomes interested in Pia Laurier, member of a wealthy New South Wales family. He tells her of his knowledge of a wonderful gold field on the island, though he does not disclose the name of the place. "Gin-Sling" tells him Pia is engaged to Sir Richard Fanshew, Amory, however, is confident that the girl is not indifferent to him. His holiday ended, he arrives back at Dara.

CHAPTER III—Continued

I could not tell. Often I did not think of it. I was reasonably busy as a trader, and my beat, up and down the coast in a cutter, was a long one; the crucial peak of solvency had just been reached, and passed, and I was beginning to send money up to Port Moresby bank. Not much, heaven knows—but still, it was prospecting, or the dawn of that pleasant condition; and I promised, in due time, the fulfillment of my dream of exploration. Nothing in the world to do with Sir Richard Fanshew, far above me and my little affairs, as Pia Laurier was above us both. Where was the connection? I would have given much to know. But weeks passed, and I was no nearer recalling the vague, three-parts forgotten thing that linked Sir Richard Fanshew to Dara and its sea-scented and windy doorways, and my little trading store.

And now I have to relate when, and in what manner, enlightenment came. I had gone up to the Residency, on an afternoon when there was something doing more than usual; the R. M. (resident magistrate) was back from a wild patrol beyond the utmost rim of civilization or knowledge; an A. R. M. (assistant resident magistrate) and a patrol officer happened to be "in" at the same time, and this was an occurrence so unusual as to warrant, fairly, a dinner party. David Bassett, the R. M., a very good friend of mine, had sent a prisoner to my store with a note— "Dear Amory: "Come round to dinner if you can. Northanger and Purchase are back. No particular food, but a good deal of yarning. Have you an egg? If so, send or bring it, under careful escort. "Yours, "D. Bassett."

I sent him all the eggs I could muster. In Papua, you must know, eggs are the test of popularity, the medium by which friendship, servility, hope, esteem, all find expression. You borrow eggs from prudent people; beg them from anyone who you think may be fool enough to give; buy where you can (but that is seldom), present to your sweetheart, your chum, your friend in hospital; bring, with a servile grin, to the man in high position, the man who has lent you money, or can get you promotion. Eggs, in Papua, are the true social barometer. . . . I had eggs, and always gave Bassett some when he asked for them. Bassett was R. M., and could be useful to me; besides which, I liked him; furthermore, on this occasion, I was going to be asked to eat the eggs, or help to do so.

Following my eggs, I went up to the Residency. Several men, like large joints of meat enclosed in a rather small metal safe, were sitting within the transparent hessian walls. I had expected three, but I saw four. Who else, besides Northanger and Purchase, I wondered, was "in?" "Hello, here's Black Sheep," somebody said; and my host began introducing. "Northanger, Purchase, you know the Black Sheep. Mr. Spicer, Mr. Amory." The newcomer—he was a fattish man with extremely fat feet and a steeked head of fairish hair; young, good looking in a disgusting sort of way, and dowered with an excess of the manner sometimes miscalled "Oxford,"—fixed me with a cool stare, and demanded of the R. M.,—"Why do you call him Black Sheep?"

"Mostly because his eyes are black, and his hair, and partly because he's a decent sort of chap," replied Bassett, staring back at the fattish man. Mr. Spicer immediately dropped me out of notice, took a watch from his pocket, and yawned. Bassett rang the bell for dinner. "Who is he?" I asked, in a whisper of Northanger, as we went into the dining room, a clean, polished rather prisonlike apartment that shouted in every foot of its barren expanse, its owner's bachelor condition. "Follow who's come across to make arrangements for some mineral prospecting crowd," answered Northanger, a little wearily. "We fled in. 'Why did you ask him?' I found time to demand of Bassett. And Bassett, looking at me with large sad eyes, answered simply: 'I never did; he wished himself onto the party,' and took his seat. Through the turtle soup—we are usually sick of turtle soup in Innaruth through the fish (we are almost as ways tired of fish, because we get it plentifully, and free) through the roast of duck, and the inevitable custard pudding and 'time' pears. Mr. Spicer talked, with just so many pauses as would allow of his eating an excellent dinner. It seemed that he had acquaintances among most of the titled families of England; that they all valued him highly and that he had been chosen to review almost and 'organize' the expedition by a mass meeting of marquises, dukes and earls. 'This,' he did not forget to tell us, 'is Emplah stuff. Nothing editorial about it. Development of the British Emplah, on which the sun never sets. "Our chief, Sir Richard Fanshew."

"Who did you say?" For I thought—being bored half asleep—that my ears

were playing me false. So often had that name hammed in my head, between sleeping and waking, that I could not believe I was hearing it actually spoken by some one else. "Sir Richard Fanshew, K. C. V. O. Celebrated air-man in the War. Extremely successful manager of companies devoted to the extension of Emplah interests. Chief in this matter, if any one is chief but myself. I expect him to follow very shortly, via Port Moresby."

I don't know what it was—maybe the new interest, the fresh channel of feeling opened up, by Spicer and his talk; maybe the mention, from an unexpected quarter, of Fanshew, at the moment, set off a fuse beneath the long dormant part of my memory, and exploded it into action. I knew, with certainty, where and how I had seen Sir Richard Fanshew before—my G—d, I knew! In the glass that hung opposite the table, I saw my face turn to something like a piece of white blotting paper, with black blotches for eyes and brows. I didn't know that I saw it; I remembered that after, at the moment, I was only concerned with getting out of the house. Spicer, the R. M., Northanger and Purchase, might all have been taken out and drowned together in a bag, for what I cared. There was nothing that I cared about, nothing that I knew, save that mad instinct to bolt off the course and get away.

We had done dinner, and were just moving back into the miscalled mosquito room. I touched my host on the shoulder. "Sorry," I lied. "But I've got a touch of fever; I'll have to go home." "You do look most awfully sick, Black Sheep. Better get to bed; you might be going down with black water."

"Night," I said, and slipped away. As I descended the veranda steps, the loud, high voice of Spicer was still holding forth. "Where you have failed," he was telling Northanger and Purchase, who had mapped out enough new country to deserve a dozen R. G. S. medals. "Where you have all of you given way"—(there was not a man in the room but had performed feats of surprise, attack, capture among the wild cannibals of the interior, enough to furnish plots to a dozen "movies")—"I shall succeed; I and my chief. We shall plant the flag of the British Emplah where never flag has waved before. We are organized, prepared, for anything that may happen. What we expect to find . . ."

I remember wondering, as I went through the garden, and into the croton walk at dog trot, if Spicer and his gang, perchance, had picked up some rumor of the secret that was my capital and my hope. I remember telling myself that it did not matter if they had. Nothing mattered except what I had. It shook and horror unspeakable, recalled. . . . Nineteen—nineteen the year; myself, newly demobilized, spending my gratuity money in a hurried trip through the South Sea Islands that I, in common with thousands of others, had always wished to know. Somebody who said—"You should have seen the Islands years before, before the War—ten years before. They're not what they were. Too many dashed tourists now. If you can handle boats, get a cutter with a bit of a cabin and go away back. Where from? Anywhere almost. Out of reach of steamers and Cook tickets, that's all. . . ."

The cutter hired; a native or two engaged as crew. Weeks, then, of the happiness I had me far to seek through the Looking Glass, I had gone like the child in the immortal tale—and everything now was learnedly changed. With delight, I learned what life can be when that tyrant, Time, is toppled off his throne; how in the year that is a day, and the day that is a year, a man perhaps may lose his way, drop the clues that lead through the tangled maze called life.

Beautiful Things Seen Amid Coral Formations Stone corals grow like plants. Some look like plants without leaves. Some have the stems and branches of trees and shrub life in an earthly garden. Some resemble different forms of vegetation such as coral, heliconia and mosses. Some corals adopt fantastic forms such as fans, pipe organs, ewers, and curious shapes. All are beautiful. If the observer remains quiet, the underwater inhabitants appear from crevices in the coral from under the anemones and seaweeds. Curiously marked and brightly colored fish will flash here and there, brilliant starfish will swim slowly, the snowy snail or eel to rock surfaces. Some are bright blue, some variegated some or orange-bred and thickly set with tubercles. Though among the lowliest forms of life, the starfish is one of the prettiest of sea dwellers. But it is a truth among sea things and makes us live

Gloves' Early History The monks under Charlemagne (742-814) were granted the unrestricted right to hunt in return for making gloves, gloves and book covers from the skins of the deer they killed. The wearing of gloves was almost universal among the Germans and Scandinavians in the Eighth and Ninth centuries. Pontifical gloves made their first appearance in France and reached Rome toward the end of the Tenth century, about which time silk gloves became the vogue among kings, nobles and church dignitaries. These gloves often were elaborately embroidered and jeweled.

and wander, timeless, aimless, till the dark. . . . It must have been about the sixth month of my journeying, when, with money running low, and mind almost sated with tropic beauties and wonders—so that I began to think I might soon, without regret, return to civilization—I came upon a group of islands that a small call Omega.

There is a town in the Omega group, a town that, for reasons I cannot give here, offers more commercial interests and possibilities than most island places. This is important, and should be remembered; it has to do with what I am going to tell. The town appealed to me but little. It was the outer part of the archipelago that drew me; this atoll islands, barren and very bright; islets with here and there a coconut palm and here and there a lost melancholy looking pandanus tree; shoal waters that were mauve and sapphire, pearl and celadon-green. I had bought the cutter by this time, with a small wind fall of a legacy that came my way, and I had just enough money left to run her for a few more weeks. I hadn't cash for anything of a crew, however, save one old ally fellow who was willing to come without wages. He professed to know the group from end to end, and though I was a little doubtful of his knowledge, I could not afford to quarrel with it, or him. After all, I thought, we shall get something, and come away somehow, and this is all that really wants. . . .

If I had known, I should have known, with high clouds flying, that we got blown away from our course, such as it was: obliged to abandon all attempt to get to the group of atolls for which I had been aiming. I gave the tiller into the hand of Taviti, the "crew," slung my two sleeping boards across the seats, and lay down with a rice sack under my head. Taviti was to call me at moonrise, which I judged to be about ten o'clock. I didn't sleep for a while. The cutter pitched violently in the cross sea raised by tide and wind, hammering with her bows on the water till you might have thought she would starve herself in. It looked like ugly weather, I thought—and then, of a sudden, I slept.

I was awakened by the smothering dash of salt water over my head, and a blow from the cutter's gunwale, that got me in the ribs as I was being swept overboard. Everything about me was white foam and swailing water; I felt sand beneath my toes, but could not grip it, because the short, breaking waves had me at their will, and were knocking me about as a child batters a toy. I fought, and got foothold at last. The cutter was lying on her side, smashing her mast and rigging as she awayed about with the seas. Taviti was just crawling out onto a stone, like a rat escaped from the drowning pall. "Where are we?" I shouted to him, as I crawled out beside him. There was no use, colding him for his careless handling of the boat, now. Low tide would strand the cutter; till then, one could do little or nothing. "I 'd know, Arki (chief)," mournfully answered the old man. Then, with a burst of animation—"I think we somewhere."

"Well, wherever we are," I said, "the first thing to do is to get the cable of the boat fast to something." And that, with considerable difficulty we did, securing what was left of her to one of the big black stones, so that she might not be carried away by outgoing tide. Taviti, after this, found a little hole—you could hardly call it cave—among the rocks, and dragged himself into it, covering his lean, wet body, so far as he could, with a mass of seaweed. I left him there, while I started to explore the place, and find out, if I could, where Taviti's mad seamanship, backed by my own carelessness, had landed me. It was not much past full moon time; and nowhere on earth's surface does the moon shine with more effect, than on a coral island. I could see everything about me almost as plainly as in the day. And I did not like what I saw. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Beautiful Things Seen Amid Coral Formations ing by smothering or strangling its victims. Frequently starfish are found wrapped about shells, which they appear to suck out of their shells after having smothered the occupant or paralyzed it with some acid secretion. Occasionally the oyster retaliates by closing on one of the starfish's rays, but the attacker disengages the limb and goes away to grow another.

Honesty Absolute, unswerving honesty carries the greatest power in the universe to bring results in business or out, and in all things. The dishonest mind may gain money through deceit and trickery, but trickery and deceit ultimately bring disease and death to the body. There is a material honesty which prompts us to do what is right by our fellows; there is a higher and spiritual honesty which concerns our dealing with ourselves, and this reaches much further than that which refuses to steal and pays its bills regularly. It implies an earnest desire to know the right way to live.—Fretwell Milford.

The Boat's Daily Dozen The tows used to say to me sometimes, "Never get mad at the sheep. It doesn't do any good. I never used to get mad when I herded." But at other times I have heard him tell how he would sometimes throw his cap on the ground and dance up and down on it and yell. Since he never got mad it is evident that this was some form of physical culture, or perhaps his way of doing his daily dozen.—From "Sheep," by Archer B. Gillilan



THE KITCHEN CABINET 426 1210, Western Newspaper Union. An easy thing, O Power Divine To thank thee for these gifts of thine: For summer's sunshine, winter's snow, For hearts that kindly, thoughts that glow, But when shall I attain to this— To thank thee for the things I miss? —Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

GOOD THINGS

Rhubarb is one of our good spring fruits—as it is generally termed a fruit and treated as such. A simple pudding which is very easy to prepare in a cup or less of steamed rhubarb as follows:

Rhubarb Pudding.—Take one cupful of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and add enough milk to make a batter not too soft. Grease cups with butter and drop a spoonful of the batter into each, add a generous amount of the steamed rhubarb and cover with more batter, leaving plenty of room for the mixture to rise. Place the cups in boiling water not too deep to boil over them, cover closely and steam 15 minutes. This recipe will make four to six puddings depending upon the size of the pudding cup used. The pudding may be served with cream and sugar or with:

Foamy Sauce.—Take two-thirds of a cupful of rhubarb juice, two egg whites, one cupful of sugar. Boil the sugar and the juice until it spins a thread, then pour over the stiffly beaten whites and beat until smooth and thick.

Rhubarb Sponge.—Scald one cupful of milk with one-third of a cupful of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in one-fourth cupful of water. Stir until the gelatin is well dissolved, then set away to stiffen. Beat well when it begins to thicken and fold in one cupful of rhubarb sauce and two stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a mold and set away to chill. Serve with cream.

Rhubarb Sherbet.—Soften one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of water, add to four cupfuls of steamed rhubarb juice, two cupfuls of sugar and boil five minutes, add the juice of two lemons, fold in the gelatin and freeze.

Another Rhubarb Punch.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of water, three pints of rhubarb juice, one pint of strong tea, the juice of three oranges, and one lemon. Chill and serve. Rhubarb unpeeled, baked with sugar, makes a most delicious sauce. Used in place of apples for Brown Betty, it is also good. A rhubarb shortcake makes a fine dessert, so use it freely while it is fresh and tender.

JELLIES AND MARMALADES

This is the time of the year when the fruit closet looks like a famine where there are husky boys to eat the jellies and jams. Even an immense stock of all the time-honored good things have an unanny way of disappearing, long before the fresh berries and fruits are ready. Gifts to sick friends, guests, and the constant daily demand for such home prepared sweets depleted the supply very early in the year. To restock, one will not be able to make the summer jellies, but there are any number of good things which will take their places nicely. Marmalades from the citrus fruits are always well liked. Apples may be turned into a dozen tasteful delicacies. Prunes, dates, figs, dried apricots and the canned pineapple as well as the humble carrots, all bring their gifts to be turned into delectable conserves.

A bottle of grape juice and a few apples will make some few glasses of delightful grape jelly with little trouble. Soak apricots overnight, add a cupful of pineapple, some sugar and cook down to make a luscious apricot marmalade. Here is one with carrot as a base, try it: Carrot Marmalade.—Take one dozen raw carrots grated, add four cupfuls of sugar, three lemons, seeds removed, and put through the food chopper. Add a cupful of water and cook until thick. Some will like this conserve spiced, so add one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice.

Orange Sweet Pickle.—Take four oranges, two cupfuls of sugar, one and one-third cupfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of whole cloves, one teaspoonful of stick cinnamon. Peel the oranges and remove all the white membrane; cut into thick slices, steam until clear and tender. Boil the sugar, vinegar and spices for 25 minutes. Add the fruit and simmer slowly for one hour. Place in sterilized jars and seal.

Capacity Greatly Increased The poet said: "Man wants but little here below," but that was long before the present era of grab.—Des Moines Register.

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DOAN'S PILLS A Stimulant Laxative to the Kidneys

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Many Weddings in Sight When some girls are already thinking of the wedding ring their health fails, they become nervous, high-strung, irritable, and through this loss of control many a young woman loses her future happiness. As a tonic at this time, and in motherhood or in middle life, there is nothing to equal Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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Don't neglect a COLD

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The devil tempts us not; 'tis we tempt him, beckoning his skill with opportunity.—George Elliot.



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When some girls are already thinking of the wedding ring their health fails, they become nervous, high-strung, irritable, and through this loss of control many a young woman loses her future happiness. As a tonic at this time, and in motherhood or in middle life, there is nothing to equal Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. One woman said: "Occasionally during my early married life I would become rundown, weak and nervous, and if I took the 'Prescription' I would soon be feeling fine. It builds up and strengthens every organ in a woman's body."—Mrs. Anna Dillman, 2055 Cleveland Ave., Everett, Wash. Dealers. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y., for medical advice, free.