

FARMER'S WIFE GETS STRENGTH

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Schoolfield, Va.—"My mother had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I decided to take it for my own troubles and found great relief. I was hardly able to stand on my feet some times and now I feel better than I have for several years. I credit the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with my present good health. I have taken five bottles of it and I am now able to do all my housework and sewing, feed my chickens, milk the cow and tend the pigs, and feel fine."—Mrs. J. C. BRAWLEY, Box 249, Schoolfield, Virginia.

Sure Relief

No more Over-Acidity

Gas, nausea, sick headache, heartburn, distress after eating or drinking quickly and surely relieved. Safe. Pleasant. Not a laxative.

Normalizes Digestion and Sweetens the Breath



BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Helpless

"These are hard times. Why, I heard of a man the other day who couldn't raise money even on government bonds."

"Indeed! What was the reason?"

"He didn't have the bonds."—Montreal Star.

Fast Traveler

The swiftest of all land creatures is the ostrich, it having been known to attain a speed of 90 miles an hour, according to an answered question in Liberty.

Modern Miracle

"What rent do you pay?" "I don't pay it." "What would it be if you did pay it?" "A miracle."

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

Howe About—

By ED HOWE

Nearly every business that blows up has been founded by a booster, and conducted by booster methods. Everyone believes in success, progress, the best methods, but a good many are suspicious of boosters. Too many devote time to boosting that should be devoted to quietly straightening things out; to hard work by correct methods. In half the towns in this country the real material interests are neglected in boosting for something the town is not entitled to. A good business institution gets all the boosting it needs from the men who built it up, and from citizens envious of its success. Boosting is the politics of business; nearly always boosters do not know much about real business.

A woman has turned up who has been married to six men. She declares they were all unfaithful. A woman who has had such an experience reminds me of a man who has had many business partners and failed to get along with any of them. . . . Such a man usually does not amount to much; but maybe this woman was always right in her six quarrels. Still, a record of six marriages is not very nice; it reminds one of actors, or Indiana, or colored people.

You are punished as your offending is serious to others. Seriously wound a man and the penalty is imprisonment; kill him, and you are hanged. No one much cares if you harm yourself; indeed, everyone will aid you in harming yourself. If you have a dollar, everyone will try to take it from you. You are supposed to have sufficient sense to look out for number one.

It is a poor observer who does not know something must be done about lawyers and judges. In a certain community a lawyer was taken out one night by a mob and whipped. For years the lawyer had been disturbing the community with mischievous and blackmailing suits, and the other lawyers and judges made no protest. Perhaps this was not the best way, but the people knew something must be done, and could think of nothing else.

Too many men cackle over eggs to be laid next week or next year. . . . The cackling of an honest hen over a duty well performed is well enough; but the crowing of roosters—do you know of any good excuse for the crowing of roosters?

A hard-headed old fellow I know, usually disposed to be candid and clean, wrote a piece of foolish sentimentality recently, and it shocked me as would a young girl smoking a pipe.

This financial sense we hear about is extremely simple: It is merely knowing that nearly every man will promise more than he can carry out.

Every man must realize the power of common sense, or he can't amount to much.

Newspaper gossip is not as interesting as that of a neighborhood. Owing to libel laws, the newspapers are restricted to winks and nods, and generalize statements that "we hear from a reliable source," that "a man of great prominence in the financial and social world is about to," etc., but in neighborhood gossip names are given, and the little nasty particulars.

Why are nice women nice? Because of the knowledge that being nice pays, and is easier than being tough. The greatest sermon ever written, or ever will be written, is that honesty is the best policy. No one man wrote this sermon; all men lived, proved it. Those who violate the sermon know better; they are actuated by meanness, recklessness. Many of them are jailed; a few hanged; all punished in one way or another.

I heard a fine old gentleman talking recently, and he said a thing that attracted my attention: "I believe in the boys chasing the girls, not in the girls chasing the boys." There is a lot in it, if you will think awhile, and recall the women you know who are chasing the men. It is a bad, vulgar habit. Nobody believes in it.

Retiring a has-been, if he is able to employ a young press agent, is a very difficult matter. Hundreds of old has-beens are hanging on who should have retired to slippers and fireside years ago. A man who has once had distinction gives up as reluctantly as a pretty woman.

No one is honest unless he candidly looks over his affairs frequently, and confesses: "I've been a fool; I might have done better with less effort." But few of us do it; instead, we declare our sin was right, and fight for it with greater cunning and efficiency.

The trouble in a family is, as a skeleton; but it is usually some fearfully alive flesh and blood person with, unhappily, no immediate prospect of becoming a skeleton.

Quaint Old Munster



Old German Houses.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

MUNSTER, with its winding streets, its ancient houses, gabled, arched, and mottoed, is one of Germany's most alluring towns for the traveler who finds a joy in quiet quaintness. It is especially appealing in the summer when its outdoor beauty may be enjoyed to the full.

The Principal Markt of the city is not, as its name suggests, a great open square, but an arched street, one link in a chain of curving streets and markets, which incloses the cathedral, the university, and other ancient buildings.

To the right one sees the tall, delicate tower of the Lambert Kirche thrust forward where the Roggenmarkt turns out of sight behind the tall gables. To the left, beyond the jutting balcony of the ancient weigh-house, the Rotesburg curves from view—a jumble of steep gray gables and scarlet roofs. One cannot decide which way lies the lovelier picture.

The city is very quiet on Sundays. A few early churchgoers hurry under cover of the arcades to the cathedral or to St. Lambert's. A little girl trips by, in her arms a loaf of bread almost as long as herself.

In the middle of the open space before the church a dog sits, yawning drowsily. Is this all the "livelihood of the market-place"? Munster sleeps late on Sundays.

Across the way are some charming houses, four or five stories tall, gray and gabled; some frankly old, other manifestly "restored." The ground floor is a shop, but the upper stories of the house extend above the pavement, resting upon pillars and arches; the effect is very pleasing to the eye, and in stormy weather the arcade is, for foot-passers, a great comfort.

All German towns can boast charming window gardens, but few are so lovely, so rich in bloom, as those of Munster.

Lovely Window Gardens.

Fancy a high, narrow facade of smooth, cool gray stucco dripping with purple blossoms from attic window to arched ground floor. The sills are apparently our large-flowered purple clematis. Every window is massed with it, the long tendrils swinging and swaying in the light wind, the greenery almost hidden by the mass of bloom. Beside it a gay building, gleaming with new paint and "restorations," finds its fresh colors rivaled by the pink blossoms in its window gardens, and beyond it a structure of dark gray stone makes a delightful background for a wealth of scarlet flowers.

And here and there behind each flowery screen one catches a glimpse of moving hands, of shining watering-cans, and sharp pruning-shears, sometimes of a friendly face. Usually the face is masculine; the master cultivates the flowers while the mistress is busy in the kitchen. Sunday dinner is too important to be left in a maid's incompetent hands.

An hour after church service the market is as quiet as in the early morning. Munster then dines. Afterward it naps, then drinks coffee, after which it is ready for church and amusement once more. But the traveler can well utilize this quiet period in the sunshine for sightseeing.

For a while the streets are deserted, but later smiling family groups begin to appear—father, mother and a troop of chubby children; young couples arm-in-arm, newly engaged or married (one knows whether it is "engaged" or "married" by observing if the girl leans upon the man's right or left arm)—going to the parents for the so-called coffee-drinking, an everyday function, which upon Sunday receives a pleasantly, leisurely holiday flavor and offers convenient opportunity for offering light refreshment to one's family and friends.

St. Lambertus' Tower.

In the Principal Markt one may notice now and then some passer stop and gaze intently at St. Lambertus' tall tower. It is undeniably lovely, graceful, altogether satisfactory, as it soars upward from the market, but these people who look longest do not look like students of picturesque architecture.

Finally one discovers the objects their eyes have been seeking—three long iron cages swinging just above the clock face on the tower. They recall Munster's most harrowing days, those when she went mad with frenzied religious zeal and followed blindly the vicious teachings of John of Leyden.

It is unjust to saddle upon a sect the evils practiced by its leaders, but all Anabaptists suffered in reputation and Munster in stern reality by reason of the vicious excesses there indulged in by this John of Leyden and his associates. The wild orgy ended with John's overthrow. He and his chief intimates, Knipperdollinck and Kreechting, died by torture, and their bodies were exposed in these iron cages upon the stump of St. Lambert's old tower, for the present graceful structure has scarcely been finished a generation.

In the brief period of John of Leyden's rule, all of Munster's church towers were demolished by his order, so it is said; only St. Lambert's was stout and strong and could not be entirely destroyed. Munster has been spoken of as the "city without a tower," and that may well have been the case in the years directly after this religious upheaval, but not today; Munster boasts many graceful towers and spires.

Beside St. Lambertus is a charming little fountain, a children's fountain, its basin carved with quaint nursery rhymes and a ring of chubby marble children, not cherubs, nor fairies, but lovable every-day children, trolicking around the splashing water. Usually it is encircled by living children as well, scrambling and clambering up the basin's sides, dabbling eager hands in the pool, or gazing open-mouthed at their marble representations. The Ludgerus fountain by the cathedral is more celebrated, but this one in the Lambertus Platz is more charming.

Churches and Parks.

Munster has several beautiful churches besides the Dom, the largest and finest church in Westphalia, notably Ludgeri-Kirche, older yet than the cathedral in part, and the beautiful Gothic Ueberwasser-Kirche, more rhythmically the Church of Our Lady. The cathedral (St. Paul) was built in the Thirteenth century upon the site of an earlier church, traces of which may still be found by antiquaries; but the later additions made in the sixteenth century are far more apparent. From some corners of the great tree-shaded Domplatz the edifice is very beautiful, from others unimpressive.

Munster's old walls and gates are all gone. One or two plain old towers alone remain of all her stout fortifications. Her "rampart-promenade," a ring of small parks crossed at intervals by well-paved alleys, takes the place of walls and moat, and from it American cities could well learn the art of landscape gardening within narrow limits.

Nowhere are these parks of great width, yet frequently they give the impression of distance, and beautiful breathing places they make for a population which has long since outgrown the town's ancient limits. Water fowl find homes in the rippling pools that adorn them, ducks and swans so entirely at home and unafraid that, after an inquiring glance up and down a street, they do not hesitate to cross it upon their way from pool to pool.

Flowers and shrubbery, smooth green turf, and thick-foliated trees line the quiet walks; sweethearts and little romping children; old people, slow and patient of step; parents with growing families; soldiers, students, bold and assertive; coquettish nursery maids out for an airing; school girls, blushing and giggling—all to be met with on a holiday afternoon.

Adjoining the ring of promenades is a stately schloss, once the residence of Munster's proud prince bishops, but now belonging to the state, and beyond the promenades are Munster's most charming residences, each with its garden, large or small, but always flower-filled and always with a tiny veranda, or arbor.

Has Your Back Given Out?

Backache Often Warns of Sluggish Kidneys.

EVERY day find you lame, stiff and achy? Suffer nagging backache, annoying headaches and dizzy spells? Are kidney secretions too frequent, scanty or burning?

Sluggish kidneys allow poisons to remain in the blood and upset the whole system.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are recommended everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

At all dealers, 50¢ a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

Small Wonder Charge Made Her Indignant

Mayor Thompson of Chicago, congratulated on the 65 per cent crime reduction that he effected in three months, laughed and answered:

"Why, boy, it's enough to make us all as conceited as the film star, isn't it?"

"A millionaire, you know, married a film star, and he found he could never drag her away from the looking glass. There she'd sit, hour after hour, day after day, looking at herself. 'Goah,' he said one night, 'stop looking at yourself, for goodness' sake. If I was as conceited as you are I'd—'

"But the film star interrupted him. 'I'm not conceited!' she shrieked. 'I'm conceited! Why, I don't think I'm half as beautiful as I really am.'" —Detroit Free Press.

"First Aid—Home Remedy Week" Coming

The National Association of Retail Druggists is urging greater advertising publicity for "First Aid—Home Remedy Week," fixed for March 18-24. This "sales baby," dedicated to the druggists of America by Sterling Products (Incorporated) is seven years old this month. It has scored six successive triumphs, and Secretary Samuel C. Henry, in urging the general adoption of the national slogan, "Fill That Medicine Chest Now," says: "Unpreparedness is seldom, if ever, due to willful neglect, but generally attributable to thoughtlessness or lack of foresight."

With the aid of "Little Johnny Advertising," the sponsors of this national merchandising campaign, which is really a drive against needless suffering, hope to induce householders to be better able to cope with sudden illness and unforeseen accident.

New Jail

Ralph Clark, age six, accompanied his father to Indianapolis recently. They entered the city on Road 31 and were driving along the canal toward Meridian street.

The steel frame of one of the new buildings at Fairview attracted Ralph's attention and he said to his father: "Look, daddy! I guess they are building a new jail. It takes a big one for Indianapolis, don't it, dad?"—Indianapolis News.

No Such Combination

"I want a servant girl who is honest, sober, industrious, and neat."

"Then, madam, you had better take four."

Less and Less

Mrs. Christine Frederick of New York, author of the epigram, "The woman of today is no longer a cook, she's a can-opener," was talking about modern fashions.

"We older people complain about them," she said, "and yet we have less and less to complain about every year. Where it's going to stop—"

Mrs. Frederick shrugged, then she continued:

"A young girl went into her mother's bedroom the other evening and growled:

"'I'm dining downtown tonight, and I can't find my new dinner gown anywhere.'"

"'Look again, dear,' her mother said. 'Maybe you've got it on.'"

Jokes are like nuts—the drier they are the better they crack.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions, Handy "Bayer" boxes of 19 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER-ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Care For Your Hair With Cuticura Soap

And Cuticura Ointment. Before shampooing anoint the scalp with Cuticura Ointment, letting it remain on over night when possible. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. Rinse thoroughly. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair.

Get the Ointment at 25¢ and the Soap at 10¢. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: Cuticura Sales Department, P. O. Box 103, Lowell, Mass.