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From the beginning of expectancy until baby is weaned, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia performs the greatest service for many women. It relieves nausea, heartburn, "morning sickness," inclination to vomit; helps digestion. Its mild laxative action assures regular bowel movement.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is better than lime water for neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding.

All drugstores have Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in generous 25c and 50c bottles. Always insist on the genuine, endorsed by physicians for 50 years.

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by Floyd Gibbons

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B.—Won't it? My desk is loaded up with work that I've put aside for a rainy day.



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DRAW them out with a "counter-irritant." Distressing muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness—generally respond pleasantly to good old Musterole. Doctors call it a "counter-irritant," because it gets action and is not just a salve. Musterole helps bring soreness and pain to the surface, and thus gives natural relief. You can feel how its warming action penetrates and stimulates blood circulation. But do not stop with one application. Apply this soothing, cooling, healing ointment generously to the affected area **once every hour for five hours.** Used by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy; jars and tubes. To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



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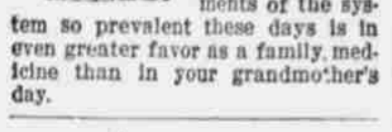
"And could you think of no other way to improve it than by moving?" —London Tit-Bits.

No doubt, Columbus imagined the world was round because it failed to treat him altogether square.

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PORTLAND, OREGON

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W. N. U., Portland, No. 12-1931.

APRIL FOOLISHNESS



The first of April, some do say, is set apart for All Fools' Day; But why the people call it so. Not I, nor they themselves do know. But on this day are people sent On purpose for pure merriment. But 'tis a thing to be disputed, Which is the greatest fool reputed; The man that innocently went Or he that him designedly sent. —Poor Robin's Almanac, 1740.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ONE of the most famous warnings of all history was that uttered to Julius Caesar—"Beware the Ides of March!" But the Ides of March, however fatal they may have been to the great Roman, are of little concern to us of modern times. Another day which will soon be here is the one when we do most of our "bewareing." That's the first of April and unless we're very alert some one is sure to make an April Fool of us.

The practical joker is with us always, but April 1 is the day when he is at his best. We may ignore the hat lying on the sidewalk (with the brick concealed under it) or the pocketbook (either nailed down or attached to a hidden string which whisks it from under our hands as we stoop down to pick it up) and then unsuspectingly accept an explosive cigar which a friend hands us or bite into a tempting chocolate cream and find it filled with cayenne pepper. We may avoid all of these familiar pitfalls for the unwary and then be "taken in" by a fake telephone call. "Mr. Lyon wants you to call him," they tell us. (Or it may be Mr. Wolf or Miss Ella Phant.) But when we call the number and ask for that person, a disgusted voice at the other end of the wire tells us "This is the zoo." Or it may be "Mr. Fish" whose telephone number turns out to be the aquarium or "Mr. Snow" at the weather bureau or "Mr. Coffin" at some undertaking establishment.

Some of the foolery, however, is on the decline. Large candy factories report that they no longer make April Fools' candy. Not that one cannot buy cotton balls disguised as sweetmeats; the obscure shops still supply them. The larger dealers, however, say that not only are calls growing fewer for such trick bonbons, but that they themselves run into the foreign substance law. Today, as every one knows, candy must pass a certain test. The pure food law has sounded the death-knell of the china baby doll dipped in bitter-sweet chocolate.

Where did this April Foolishness originate, anyway? The answer to that question is necessarily a difficult one, for this custom, like so many others, goes back so far and has developed in so many different forms in so many different countries that it is impossible to ascribe it to any one period or any one nation. There is evidence that the custom was prevalent in Asia in ancient times, tracing back to the celebration with festal rites of the period of the vernal equinox in Persia. It was the day when the Persian New Year began and was very close to the old English New Year's day of March 25. The sun was then entering into the sign of frisky Aries and on that day "the season of rural sports and vernal delights" began.

In India the Hull festival on March 81 for centuries has been a general holiday and time for jest. One of the favorite diversions consisted of sending people on long errands of fictitious import. Colonel Pearce, a British army officer and writer of a century ago, says: "High and low join in it. The late Suraja Dowah, I am told, was very fond of making Hull fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank. They carry the joke so far as to send letters making appointments in the name of persons who must be absent from their house at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given."

From the Orient the custom came into western Europe many centuries ago. The ancient Romans took delight in many sorts of practical jokes in connection with their Feast of the Saturnalia and there are those who declare that the first April Fool joke was that one which Romulus and his "early settlers" in Rome played upon the Sabines by inviting them to the regular April First celebration in honor of Neptune and then carrying off by force the Sabine women.

For centuries the French have held a Festival of Fools on April 1, in which "every kind of absurdity and indecency was committed." Their term for April Fool is "poisson d'Avril," a term which means, according to one explanation, a young fish and therefore a fish easily caught. When Napoleon married Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, on April 1, 1810, it gave the waggish Parisians an excellent chance to whisper among themselves that he was "un poisson d'Avril." But the classic French April Fool story is that of a young woman who stole a gold watch from the house of one friend and hid it in the house of another friend. She then turned the case over to the police. But they were sadly lacking in the imagination necessary to appreciate this joke. She was arrested for the theft and the judge, entering into the spirit of the occasion, sentenced her to jail for a year with the remark that she be discharged on April 1 the next year as "un poisson d'Avril!" Another French classic is the escape on April 1, 1700, from prison by the duke of Lorraine and his wife, who shouted back to their guards the French equivalent of "April Fool!"

April Fooling has been prevalent in Great Britain for centuries. There it mostly took the form of sending innocents upon "sleeveless errands." A boy might be sent to the cobbler's for "a pennyworth of his best strapp oil" and then be mighty amazed when the angry shoemaker applied this "oil" to his back. Or he might be dispatched to the milk-vendor for "half a pint of pigeon's milk," to the bookseller's for "The Life and Adventures of Eve's Mother," to the butcher shop for a "meat anger" or to the bakery for "a pie-stretcher."

In northern England and Scotland this practice was called "Hunting the Gowk." An old couplet says: "On the first day of April Hunt the Gowk another mile."

The word "gowk" in reality means a cuckoo and was used metaphorically for fool, which undoubtedly is the origin of the modern slang phrase: "To knock a man cuckoo." There are plenty of connecting threads among all these words, "Gauk" in Teutonic is a fool, whence we get our word gawky, and "geak" in old Saxon was a cuckoo, whence is derived "geek," meaning one easily imposed upon. Remember the words of Malvolio to Olivia:

Why have you suffered me to be imprison'd And made the most notorious "geek" and "gull" That ever invention played on?

Although April Fool's day appears to have ceased to challenge literary wits, there was a time in England when it brought forth observations from such scholars as Joseph Addison and that prolific and satiric writer Jonathan Swift. Swift seems to have entered into the spirit of the day and to have enjoyed the liberties granted to the practical joker on April first. He writes to Stella under date of March 31, 1713, about a jolly evening spent with two good friends "in contriving a lie for the morrow."

One of the commonest forms of April Fool jokes during past years in this country was the practice by newspapers of printing on April 1 some exciting story of an event which never happened and not revealing the fact until the reader came to the end of the yarn. There have been innumerable variations of this stunt, ranging from "scare" stories about the blowing up

of the city hall and the assassination of city officials or the escape of all the animals in the zoo to more innocent stories about the discovery of buried treasure or the exhibition of some marvelous and seemingly impossible feat of skill or strength.

Some 40 years ago a Cincinnati newspaper printed a big story regarding a monster of fiendish aspect and unknown species which had been found inhabiting a cave in the hills east of the city, which had already carried off several children in its slaving jaws and had spread terror in the neighborhood. There was even a picture of the Thing, drawn from the descriptions of the two or three persons who had seen it clearly, and for malignant hideousness of aspect, that monster made all Callibans, dragons, Hurluthrumbos, demons and octopi look tame.

Finally, down at the latter end of the story in very small type, so small that many readers overlooked it, was set the legend, "April 1, 1888." Even some who noticed that date didn't grasp its significance, but continued to shudder with fear at the thought of meeting the monster.

Some Philadelphians still remember the story about the big iceberg that was "being towed up the river." Thousands went to the river front to see the spectacle and then denied that they had been taken in.

A quite modern hoax is told as follows by one who was in Ireland when it "happened": Peace, of a kind, reigned in Dublin on March 31, 1922. There was tension in the air for the Irreconcilables, who refused to recognize the truce with England, had taken over the Four Courts and were known to be preparing resistance to the terms which Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith had signed. Anything was likely to happen.

About 1 o'clock on the morning of April 1 the Morning Post of London, the paper which reflected the views of those who thought that any truce with the Irish was a betrayal of Great Britain, received a telegram from Dublin stating that the Kildare Street club had been seized by the Irreconcilables, that the members residing there had been driven into the streets in their pajamas and that this social stronghold of British aristocracy in the Irish capital had been transformed into a stronghold of the enemy.

With due solemnity and with headlines that had not been surpassed since the declaration of the Armistice with Germany the telegram was published. And that night Dublin was flooded with correspondents—American, English and French—all prepared to cover the new "war." The British cabinet was called to Downing street for breakfast, and the world sighed in dismay and mourned that the Irish, when peace seemed in sight, "were at it again."

Only a few know the true story behind the April fool telegram that started this furore. There was in Dublin at the time a Major Clarke who had served with distinction during the World war, but who had never been the same since his experiences in Flanders. They had developed in him a "sense of humor" that was peculiar. On one occasion he collected all the boots left to be cleaned outside the bedroom doors of the largest hotel in Dublin and dropped them down the elevator shaft.

He was barred from the same hotel for throwing cream-filled eclairs at the guests during dinner. And it was he who sent the telegram. He was tired of peace and he thought it would be a good joke to start the Anglo-Irish struggle again. And, strange to say, he nearly accomplished his object, for the suspicious Irreconcilables thought the wire had been sent by the Free State government as a bait. But they were not yet prepared. The break did not come for almost three months

(By Western Newspaper Union.)

And His Subjects Starved

The hungriest king was Louis XIV of France. It is on record that at one meal he ate four plates of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plate of salad, some roast mutton, two large slices of ham, a fair share of pastry and then a dessert of fruit and preserves.

Flapjack Warfare

Soldiers of the Sixth Infantry at Fort Oglethorpe in 1917 remember with pride the flapjack served in D company's mess. Also, they recall the hand-to-hand battle which followed.

D company's meal was a success. Shovels of golden brown cakes disappeared down eager throats; flagons of fragrant sirup were emptied to add to their seductiveness. Drooping spirits grew warlike as the food was consumed. And over at a corner table two D company soldiers clashed above a disputed flapjack.

Other soldiers shoved them into the company street, meanwhile chewing their own flapjacks. The warriors were pushed to the center of a rapidly-formed ring. They squared off.

The fighters were unevenly matched. "Big Boy," from down in Alabama, led with his left; "Shorty," a small, rather pasty-faced fellow from Fort Slocum, backed away. Again, the big fellow led; again the smaller one retreated. But this time Big Boy's blow almost reached him and his freckles gleamed wanly in recognition of his plight. Suddenly, however, the little man stopped. From somewhere near his canvas leggings he started a left swing.

The blow, which pulled "Shorty" up on his toes at the end, landed, surprisingly, on the point of the big fellow's jaw. The big man flopped forward, rolled over on his back and lay quietly. He was out.

WORLD WAR YARNS

by Lieut. Frank E. Hagan

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The blow, which pulled "Shorty" up on his toes at the end, landed, surprisingly, on the point of the big fellow's jaw. The big man flopped forward, rolled over on his back and lay quietly. He was out.

Victorious, "Shorty" gaped at the evidence of his prowess. Then, overcome and frightened, he turned and fled headlong past the barracks.

A long time later, at the Front, D company soldiers remembered the flapjacks. "When this man's army serves us beefsteaks, just before we're going to step off for an attack, it knows what it's doing," the soldiers declared. "Food has made D company fight, ever since the day of the flapjacks. You tell 'em soldiers!"

Youthful Warriors

The claims of Ernest Sweeney of Haverhill, Mass., and Chester Merriman of Romney, W. Va., both of whom enlisted in the American army at the age of fourteen, to being the "youngest American soldiers in the World war," has brought out the fact that there were other youthful American warriors who served in France even though it was under another flag.

L. S. M. Robinson, secretary of department 6 of the Navy League of the United States, is the authority for the following statement:

"Many very young American boys enlisted in the Canadian army, where regulations were less stringent than those of American recruiting officers. This department has in its files no less than 21 records of boys under sixteen years of age who joined the army, two of whom were killed in battle when barely sixteen years old.

"Among them were L. Goldstein, fifteen years and ten months; E. Doughty, fifteen years all but three days, and Anton Kowalski, fourteen years and eleven months, and Mose James Prenevost, thirteen years old, of whom the latter two were born in Wisconsin and Minnesota and were living in Canada at the time of their enlistment.

A Sharp Affair

No group of stories of the World war can possibly be complete without the gem which involves a colored American soldier, presumably of the Ninety-second division, who took part in an attack.

This man was about to step off in his first engagement and he proposed to be prepared for mortal and sanguinary combat. So, for a half hour or more before the forward movement was to be launched he occupied himself with sharpening his trusty razor.

A brick which some German had left behind made an excellent hone. By "H" hour the colored man had his "equalizer" sharpened to the finest edge. Opening it in his hand he went forward with the rest of the troops.

One of the first places visited was a huge dugout and, according to popular report, the place was occupied by several of the enemy. One of them made a dash for the razor-bearer as he entered.

The colored man, a veteran of levee dances all along the Mississippi, slashed just once with the fine-edged razor as his enemy was about to grapple with him.

"Hard luck, colored boy. You never touched me," the German said in excellent English, but stopping suddenly in his rush.



To be a Healthy Woman watch your Bowels!

What should women do to keep their bowels moving freely? A doctor should know the answer. That is why pure Syrup Pepsin is so good for women. It just suits their delicate organism. It is the prescription of an old family doctor who has treated thousands of women patients, and who made a special study of bowel troubles.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients. It doesn't sicken or weaken you. No restrictions of habit or diet are necessary while taking it. But its action is thorough. It carries off the sour bile and poisonous waste. It does everything you want it to do. It is fine for children, too. They love its taste. Let them have it every time their tongues are coated or their skin is sallow.

When you've a sick headache, can't eat, are bilious or sluggish; and at the times when you are most apt to be constipated, take a little of this famous prescription (all druggists keep it ready in big bottles), and you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the favorite laxative of over a million women!

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

FOR BURNS HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Even When It's Off
Dear—What is your favorite stock?
Bull—Union Pacific. It's "UP" whenever it appears on the tape.

Feel Always Stiff and Achy?



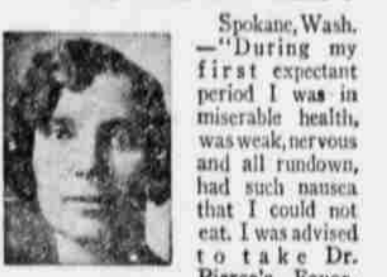
Kidney Disorders Are Too Serious to Ignore.

Are you troubled with back-ache, bladder irritations and getting up at night? Then don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold everywhere.

Doan's Pills A DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS

Modern Method
Clark—Does your milkman sell "milk from contented cows"?
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Spokane, Wash.
"During my first expectant period I was in miserable health, was weak, nervous and all round, had such nausea that I could not eat. I was advised to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it soon relieved me of all my distress and kept me feeling so well that I have never since gone thru expectancy without taking it. I was able to be around doing my own work without tiring or feeling fatigued."—Mrs. G. C. Garber, 1110 N. Lacey St. All druggists.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—6c and 15c at Druggists—Always Chem. Wks., Paterson, N. J.