

QUIT MEAT WHEN KIDNEYS BOTHER

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder troubles you.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

It Works! Try It

Tells how to loosen a sore, tender corn so it lifts out without pain.

No humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift out, without a particle of pain or soreness.

This drug is called freezezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callous.

Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callous. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callous will loosen and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This drug freezezone doesn't eat out the corns or callouses but shrivels them without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. If your druggist don't have freezezone have him order it for you.

Your Health IS Paramount and deserves utmost care

One of the greatest drawbacks to health is a weak stomach, but in many cases this can be corrected by careful diet and the assistance of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It is a Splendid First Aid



Alcock PLASTERS
The World's Greatest External Remedy.
Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Any Local Pain.
Insist on Having ALCOCK'S.



USE THIS TO FILL THIS
KOW-KURE
At Druggist and Food Stores, 50c and \$1.00.
DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO., Kenosha, Wis.

PRUDENCE

of the PARSONAGE By ETHEL HUESTON

(Bobbs-Merrill, Copyright, 1916)

THE TWINS TRY TO EM-BARRASS FAIRY WITH SOME PRACTICAL JOKING WHEN HER BEAU COMES TO VISIT HER.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

As soon as they finished supper Lark said, "Don't you think we'd better go right to bed, Prue? We don't want to taint the atmosphere of the parsonage. Of course Fairy will want to wash the dishes herself to make sure they are clean and shining."

"Oh, no," disclaimed Fairy, good-naturedly. "I can give an extra rub to the ones we want to use—that is enough. I do appreciate the thought, though, thanks very much."

So the twins plunged in, carefully keeping Connie beside them. Connie had a dismal propensity for discoveries—the twins had often suffered from it.

Then they all three went to bed. To be sure it was ridiculously early, but they were all determined.

"You keep your eyes open, Fairy," Prudence whispered melodramatically. "Those girls do not look right." And she added anxiously, "Oh, I'll be so disappointed if things go badly."

Fairy was a little late getting up-stairs to dress, but she took time to drop into her sisters' room. They were all in bed, breathing heavily. She walked from one to another, and stood above them majestically.

"Asleep!" she cried. "Ah, fortune is kind. They are asleep. How I love these darling little twinnies—in their sleep!"

An audible sniff from beneath the covers, and Fairy, smiling mischievously, went into the front room to prepare for her caller.

The bell rang as she was dressing. Prudence went to the door, preternaturally ceremonious, and ushered Mr. Babler into the front room. She did not observe that the young man sniffed in a peculiar manner as he entered the room.

"I'll call Fairy," she said demurely. "Tell her she needn't primp for me," he answered, laughing. "I know just how she looks already."

But Prudence was too heavily burdened to laugh. She smiled hospitably, and closed the door upon him. Fairy was tripping down the stairs, very tall, very handsome, very gay. She pinched her sister's arm as she passed, and the front room door swung behind. But she did not greet her friend. She stood erect by the door, her head tilted on one side, smiling, sniffing.

"What in the world?" she wondered. Eugene Babler was strangely quiet. He looked about the room in a peculiar, questioning way.

"Shall I raise a window?" he suggested finally. "It's rather—er—hot in here."

"Yes, do," she urged. "Raise all of them. It's—do you—do you notice a funny smell in here? Or am I imagining it? It—it almost makes me sick!"

"Yes, there is a smell," he said, in evident relief. "I thought maybe you'd been cleaning the carpet with something. It's ghastly. Can't we go somewhere else?"

"Come on." She opened the door into the sitting room. "We're coming out here if you do not mind, Prue." And Fairy explained the difficulty.

"Why, that's very strange," said Prudence, knitting her brows. "I was in there right after supper, and I didn't notice anything. What does it smell like?"

"It's a new smell to me," laughed Fairy, "but something about it is strangely suggestive of our angel twins."

Prudence went to investigate, and Fairy shoved a big chair near the table, waving her hand toward it lightly with a smile at Babbie. Then she sank into a low rocker, and leaned one arm on the table. She wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully.

"That smell," she began. "I am very suspicious about it. It was not at all natural—"

"Excuse me, Fairy," he said, ill at ease for the first time in her knowledge of him. "Did you know your sleeve was coming out?"

Fairy gasped and raised her arm. "Both arms, apparently," he continued, smiling, but his face was flushed.

"Excuse me just a minute, will you?" Fairy was unflustered. She sought her sister. "Look here, Prue—what do you make of this? I'm coming to pieces! I'm hanging by a single thread, as it were."

Her sleeves were undoubtedly ready to drop off at a second's notice! Prudence was shocked. She grew positively white in the face.

Mr. Starr is a widower Methodist minister with five charming daughters. Prudence, the eldest is nineteen. She keeps house. Fairy, aged seventeen, is a college freshman. Carol and Lark, twins, are in high school, and Constance is in the grades. Mr. Starr is assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia., and the advent and establishment of his interesting family in the parsonage there stirs the curiosity of the whole town. The story concerns the affairs of the parsonage girls. Prudence has her hands full with the mischievous twins and Connie. Fairy has just announced that her beau is coming to spend the evening. The twins decide to have some fun, and have made their plans accordingly.

"Oh, Fairy," she wailed. "We are disgraced."

"Not a bit of it," said Fairy coolly. "I remember now that Lark was looking for the scissors before supper. Aren't those twins unique? This is almost bordering on talent, isn't it? Don't look so distressed, Prue. Etiquette itself must be subservient to twins, it seems. Don't forget to bring in the steamer at a quarter past nine, and have it as good as possible—please, dear."

"I will," vowed Prudence, "I'll—I'll use cream. Oh, those horrible twins!"

"Go in and entertain Babbie till I come down, won't you?" And Fairy ran lightly up the stairs, humming a snatch of song.

But Prudence did a poor job of entertaining Babbie during her sister's absence. She felt really dizzy! Such a way to introduce Etiquette into the parsonage life. She was glad to make her escape from the room when Fairy returned, a graceful figure in fine blue silk!

A little after nine she called out dismally, "Fairy!" And Fairy, fearing fresh disaster, came running out.

"What now? What—"

"I forget what you told me to say," whispered Prudence wretchedly, "what was it? The soup is ready, and piping hot—but what is it you want me to say?"

Fairy screamed with laughter. "You goose!" she cried. "Say anything you like. It doesn't make any difference what you say."

"Oh, I am determined to do my part just right," vowed Prudence fervently, "according to etiquette and all. What was it you said?"

Fairy stifled her laughter with difficulty, and said in a low voice,



"Yes, There is a Smell," He Said.

"Wouldn't you like a nice, hot oyster stew?" Prudence repeated it after her breathlessly.

So Fairy returned once more, and soon after Prudence tapped on the door. Then she opened it, and thrust her curly head inside. "Wouldn't you like a little nice, hot oyster stew?" she chirped methodically. And Fairy said, "Oh, yes, indeed, Prudence—this is so nice of you."

The three gathered sociably about the table. Babbie was first to taste the steaming stew. He gasped, and gulped, and swallowed some water with more haste than grace. Then he toyed idly with spoon and wafer until Prudence tasted also. Prudence did not gasp. She did not cry out. She looked up at her sister with wide eyes—a world of pathos in the glance. But Fairy did not notice.

"Now, please do not ask me to talk until I have finished my soup," she was saying brightly.

Then she tasted it! She dropped her spoon with a great clatter, and jumped up from the table. "Mercy!" she shrieked. "It is poisoned!"

Babbie leaned back in his chair and laughed until his eyes were wet. Prudence's eyes were wet, too, but not from laughter! What would etiquette think of her, after this?

"What did you do to this soup, Prudence?" demanded Fairy.

"I made it—nothing else," faltered poor Prudence, quite crushed by this blow. And oysters forty cents a pint! "It's pepper, I think," gasped Bab-

ble. "My insides bear startling testimony to the presence of pepper."

And he roared again, while Prudence began a critical examination of the oysters. She found them literally stuffed with pepper; there was no doubt of it. The twins had done deadly work!

"Revenge, ye gods, how sweet," chanted Fairy. "The twins are getting even with a vengeance—the same twins you said were adorable, Babbie." It must be said for Fairy that her good nature could stand almost anything. Even this did not seriously disturb her. "Do you suppose you can find us some milk, Prue? And crackers! I'm so fond of crackers and milk, aren't you, Babbie?"

"Oh, I adore it. But serve a microscope with it, please. I want to examine it for microbes before I taste."

But Prudence did better than that. She made some delicious cocoa, and opened a can of pear preserves, donated to the parsonage by the amiable Mrs. Adams. The twins were very fond of pear preserves, and had been looking forward to eating these on their approaching birthday. They were doomed to disappointment! The three had a merry little feast, after all, and their laughter rang out so often and so unrestrainedly that the twins shook in their beds with rage and disappointment.

It speaks well for the courage of Babbie, and the attractions of Fairy, that he came to the parsonage again and again. In time he became the best of friends with the twins themselves, but he always called them "the adorables," and they never asked him why. The punishment inflicted upon them by Prudence ranked in their memories for many months.

"The offense was against Fairy," said Prudence, with a solemnity she did not feel, "and the reparation must be done to her. For three weeks you must do all of her bedroom work, and run every errand she requires. Moreover, you must keep her shoes well cleaned and nicely polished, and must do every bit of her darning!"

The twins would have preferred whipping a thousand times. They felt they had got a whipping's worth of pleasure out of their mischief! But a punishment like this sat heavily upon their proud young shoulders, and from that time on they held Fairy practically immune from their pranks.

Prudence did not bother her head about etiquette after that experience. "I'm strong for comfort," she declared, "and since the two cannot live together in one family, I say we do without etiquette."

And Fairy nodded in agreement, smiling good-naturedly.

CHAPTER VI.

Practicing Economy.

It was a dull day early in December. Prudence and Fairy were sewing in the bay window of the sitting room.

"We must be sure to have all the scraps out of the way before Connie gets home," said Prudence, carefully fitting together pieces of a dark, warm, furry material. "It has been so long since father wore this coat, I am sure she will not recognize it."

"But she will ask where we got it, and what shall we say?"

"We must tell her it is goods we have had in the house for a long time. That is true. And I made this fudge on purpose to distract her attention. Poor child!" she added very sympathetically. "Her heart is just set on a brand-new coat. I know she will be bitterly disappointed. If the members would just pay up we could get her one. November and December are such bad months for parsonage people. Everyone is getting ready for Christmas now, and forgets that parsonage people need Christmas money, too."

Fairy took a pin from her mouth. "I have honestly been ashamed of Connie the last few Sundays. It was so cold, and she wore only that little thin summer jacket. She must have been half-frozen."

There are a lot of us careless about providing for the preacher and his family. Some of us seem to forget that his needs are just as real and urgent as our own. Are you prompt with your tithes?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is better to be able to turn your hand to anything than to put your foot in it.

NO RACE SUICIDE IN UNITED STATES

Birth Rate Exceeds Mortality by Nearly 78 Per Cent, Uncle Sam Shows.

IS GREATEST IN MINNESOTA

First Statistics Collected by Government in New Registration Area Discloses Rapid Growth in Population.

Uncle Sam has discovered that the United States need not be alarmed over the possibility of race suicide. The first birth statistics ever compiled and made public by the government show that for what is known as the birth registration area, with an estimated population of 31,150,000 in 1915, the birth rate exceeded the death rate by 10.9 per 1,000, or nearly 78 per cent.

The recently established birth registration area comprises the six New England states, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Minnesota and the District of Columbia. The population in this area represented approximately 31 per cent of the total for the United States. The birth rate for this area in 1915 was 24.9 per 1,000 population, while the death rate was 14 per 1,000. This means that if the birth and death rates prevailing in that year were to remain unchanged, and if no migration were to take place to or from the area to which the figures relate, its population would increase annually by 10.9 per 1,000, or by nearly 1.1 per cent. The birth rate of the registration states ranged from 2.1 in Maine to 26.7 in Connecticut and Michigan; and the death rate ranged from 10.1 in Minnesota to 16.1 in New Hampshire. The highest death rate was thus much lower than the lowest birth rate. The greatest excess of births over deaths—14.4 per 1,000 population—appears for Minnesota, and the smallest—5.5 per 1,000—for Maine.

For every state in the registration area and for most of the cities there was a substantial excess of births over deaths, but this excess was most pronounced in those localities in which the proportion of foreign population is largest.

Deaths Lead in Three Cities. The statistics cover 96 cities and towns having, at the last census, 25,000 inhabitants or more. Of these, there were only three—Kingston and Troy, N. Y., and Norristown, Pa.—in which the deaths exceeded the births in 1915, and in each case the excess was small, being greatest—1.1 per 1,000 population—for Troy.

The cities showing the highest five birth rates are: Detroit, Mich., 37.9; Chicago, Mass., 37.6; Niagara Falls, N. Y., 37.5; New Britain, Conn., 36.4; and Chelsea, Mass., 34.5. The death rates for these cities—15.7, 14.7, 16, 11, and 14.3, respectively—were, with the single exception of that of New Britain, higher than the average for the birth registration but were far below the maximum death rate shown for any city in the area—21.7, for Norristown, Pa.

The lowest five birth rates appear for Brookline, Mass., 12.7; York, Pa., 17.6; Kalamazoo, Mich., 18.2; Kingston, N. Y., 18.5, and Troy, N. Y., 18.6. The death rates for the first five named places were lower than the average for the registration area, and those for the first-named three were lower than the corresponding birth rates; but for Kingston and Troy the death rates—18.6 and 19.7, respectively—exceeded the birth rates.

One in Ten Infants Dies. The rate of infant mortality—that is, the number of deaths of infants under one year of age per 1,000 born alive—is of particular interest. This rate, for the registration area as a whole, was 100 in 1915.

Among the 10 states these rates ranged from 70 in Minnesota to 120 for Rhode Island; and among the 96 cities and towns it varied from 54 for Brookline and Malden, Mass., to 196 for Shenandoah, Pa.

It might be expected that a high rate of infant mortality would accompany a high birth rate, but an examination of the figures fails to disclose this character. Among the states, both the highest and the lowest infant-mortality rate—120 for Rhode Island and 70 for Minnesota—are found in connection with birth rates—23.1 and 24.5 per 1,000 population, respectively—which are below the average for the registration area; and, moreover, the birth rate in the state with that lowest infant mortality is higher than that in the state with the highest infant mortality.

Among the cities and towns the lowest infant-mortality rate—54 per 1,000 births—is shown for both Brookline and Malden, Mass. The former place had the lowest birth rate—12.7 per 1,000 population—given for any city or town in the registration area, but the birth rate of the latter—23.5 per 1,000—was not far below the average for the area. The highest infant-mortality rate—196 per 1,000 births, for Shenandoah, Pa.—is accompanied by a birth rate—32.7 per 1,000 population—which is far above the average, although considerably below the maximum. Of the ten cities in which the birth rates were highest, three show infant-mortality rates lower than the average, and of the ten places in which the birth rates were lowest, five show infant-mortality rates higher than the average.

There are thousands of children who are bright but frail—not sick but underdeveloped—they play with their food—they catch colds easily and do not thrive—they only need the pure, rich liquid-food in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

to start them growing and keep them going. Children relish SCOTT'S and it carries rare nutritive qualities to their blood streams and gives them fresh-food, bone-food and strength-food. Nothing harmful in SCOTT'S.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try It! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fall out, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

A Clever Opinion.

"Did you write to papa, George?" "Asking for your hand?" "Of course." "Yes, I wrote." "That's strange. I supposed papa would be terribly angry. You know he doesn't like you." "Yes, I know. But I fixed that all right. I—I didn't sign the letter."—London Saturday Journal.

No Quarter. Captain—Fifty cents to stay on this deck. Passenger—Oh, I thought this was the quarter-deck.—Punch Bowl.

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates rheumatism, dyspepsia and many chronic ailments.

Jolled the Judge. "This is the seventh time you've been before me," said the magistrate sternly. "That so?" replied the culprit. "It do beat all how some folks hold on to office, don't it?"—Boston Transcript.

"ANURIC!" THE NEWEST DISCOVERY IN CHEMISTRY

This is a recent discovery of Doctor Pierce, who is head of the Bivalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. Experiments at Doctor Pierce's Hospital for several years proved that there is no other eliminator of uric acid that can be compared to it. For those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation—as backache, scalding urine and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, it is simply wonderful how surely "Anuric" acts. The best of results are always obtained in cases of acute rheumatism in the joints, in gravel and gout, and invariably the pains and stiffness which so frequently and persistently accompany the disease rapidly disappear.

Go to your nearest drug store and simply ask for a 50-cent package of "Anuric," manufactured by Dr. Pierce, or send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for a large trial package. If you suspect kidney or bladder trouble, send him a sample of your water and describe symptoms. Doctor Pierce's chemist will examine it, then Dr. Pierce will report to you, without fee or charge.

NOTE:—French scientists affirm that "Anuric" is thirty-seven times more active than lithia in eliminating uric acid, and is a harmless but reliable chemical compound that may be safely given to children, but should be used only by grown-ups who actually wish to restore their kidneys to perfect health, by conscientiously using one box—or more in extreme cases—as "Anuric" (thanks to Doctor Pierce's achievement) is by far the most perfect kidney and bladder corrector obtainable.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the original little Liver Pills. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.