

Prominent Women Testify

Hoquiam, Wash.—"I was in such a run-down condition that I had to sit down to do my work. My back and head ached continuously. I took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it completely cured me. I am doing all my own work and feel good all the time."

Mrs. M. H. HASTINGS, 2428 Simpson. Young Motherhood Vallejo, (So. Vallejo), Calif.—"I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription during pregnancy and found it excellent; it relieved headache, backache, and helped in a great many ways. I was strong and had a good appetite and had a much easier time than with the other children. I was strong and well when I got up and had a nice healthy baby."

Mrs. S. P. HOUSTON, 640 5th St. Women's Troubles Roy, Wash.—"My uncle used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with fine results. I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for woman's trouble and was cured."

"I consider both of these medicines to be wonderfully good and recommend them to everybody."

BELCHING Caused by Acid-Stomach

Let EATONIC, the wonderful modern stomach remedy, give you quick relief from disgusting belching, repeating, indigestion, bloated, gassy stomach, dyspepsia, heartburn and other stomach troubles. They are all caused by Acid-Stomach from which about nine people out of ten suffer in one way or another. Old writes as follows: "Before I used EATONIC, I could not eat a bite without belching it right up, sour and bitter. I have not had a bit of trouble since the first tablet."

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH) SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Most women would rather be flattered than praised.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria. Belgium is making eager inquiries for semi-finished steel.

To kill time try hard work. 48,000 Drug Stores Sell It. Five million people use it to KILL COLDS. HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiate—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Clear Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap and Talcum Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c. W. N. N., Salt Lake City, No. 13-1920.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

THE WELCOME SUN. For days and days and days and days it had rained and rained and rained and rained.

Mathilda van Straelen tucked the blanket about her three sleeping children and, for a moment, regarded the tousled little heads. Maybe if the bedclothes had been clean, she would have noticed how dirty the children's faces were and washed them. But she only pulled the soiled blanket up to the small, grimy chin and left dirt, the harmonizer of all things, undisturbed. Across the room was another cot, its coverings heaped in the midst of it as they had been left in the morning. She started toward it, stopped halfway, then pushing some newspapers from a chair, sat down and dully regarded her husband. He was writing at a small table, the top of which was clear save for a pile of neatly written pages. The flickering light from the lamp on the cluttered dinner table near him emphasized the sharpness of his ascetic features and deepened the shadows under his eyes. Mathilda's gaze followed the movement of the pen in his long slender fingers.

"Come Out." "Oh, we wish Mr. Sun would come out, everyone said. At last the King of the Clouds and Nurse Fog and the Army of Raindrops and the Mist Grandchildren could stand it no longer.

"Here, Mr. Sun," said the King of the Clouds, "everyone is tired and sick of me and of my whole family. It's time we left them alone. I'm not such an awfully popular soul at best, but without you for so many days the people are in a terrible state!"

"Gracious me! the insults which have been flung at me and at my family of late have been awful. Do come out now, Mr. Sun."

"I know you must have a rest and a holiday once in a while, but do come out for a while now, and then take another little rest in a few days again. Each day they've been promising themselves and each other that you would come out that day to see them, and of course you haven't."

Mr. Sun looked at the King of the Clouds when this was said, and smiled. "Poor old King of the Clouds, you're a good fellow. And you're a good loser. When folks are cheering for me and crying for me, you're all right. You're a good sport, and I like you."

"Well, that makes me feel better. Mr. Sun," said the King of the Clouds, "everyone is glad of a word of encouragement and just praise once in a while, and I know it's just praise when it comes from you."

"Well, I do admire you," said Mr. Sun. "I admire you most immensely. Yes, indeed I do. I think you're a good loser and a good sport, and I admire that as much as anything in the King of the Clouds and in grown-ups or in children."

"But now you're going to see them, aren't you?" "Yes," said Mr. Sun, "I will. They're a bit impatient, though, I think."

So Mr. Sun began to shine and the King of the Clouds took a rest after a long time of working.

"Oh, ah, the sun, the sun," everyone called. And oh, what smiles there were at Mr. Sun, what wonderful greetings everywhere.

He was so welcome, oh, so welcome. They hadn't had a sunny day for ever so long, and even the patient ones were tired of the rain.

But Mr. Sun called his Sunbeams to him and said: "Scatter among the people these little thoughts if you can. Tell them that the King of the Clouds and Nurse Fog and the Army of Raindrops and the Mist Grandchildren were doing my work for me, and that they didn't grumble, though folks grumbled of them."

"Tell them I'm so glad they're glad to see me, and that I'm glad to see them all, deeply glad, for the Sun lives on the smiles of people, I do believe."

"But tell them their old friend was having a vacation and that he must have one once in a while."

"He was visiting all his grandchildren, the little Rays. And he was having a beautiful time, tell them, so that he hopes they'll forgive him, and he'll shine longer and harder than ever to make up for it."

So the Sunbeams took the Sun's messages about with them and scattered them everywhere, and the Sun smiled, and the people smiled, for everyone felt sunny and bright!

Too Risky. "How would you like to live always on a farm and do chores and milk the cows, and everything?" mother asked little Emily.

"Oh, wonderful," was the quick response. "but I'm quite sure I could never get enough courage to sit under a bossy and milk, they have so many legs and their tails are so restless."—Hoard's Dairyman.

Belgium Sketches

The Refugee

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Mathilda van Straelen tucked the blanket about her three sleeping children and, for a moment, regarded the tousled little heads. Maybe if the bedclothes had been clean, she would have noticed how dirty the children's faces were and washed them. But she only pulled the soiled blanket up to the small, grimy chin and left dirt, the harmonizer of all things, undisturbed. Across the room was another cot, its coverings heaped in the midst of it as they had been left in the morning. She started toward it, stopped halfway, then pushing some newspapers from a chair, sat down and dully regarded her husband. He was writing at a small table, the top of which was clear save for a pile of neatly written pages. The flickering light from the lamp on the cluttered dinner table near him emphasized the sharpness of his ascetic features and deepened the shadows under his eyes. Mathilda's gaze followed the movement of the pen in his long slender fingers.

"I don't see why you go on with that writing, Andre. You'll never get anywhere with it now. The war spoiled every chance anybody had at everything."

"No, not everything." Then as he looked up the light in his face clouded. "It spoiled just about everything, though," he admitted. "Mathilda, can't you clean things up a little around here? Somehow it wouldn't seem so crowded if everything weren't so strewn about, and dirty."

Mathilda pushed her hair out of her eyes. "I s'pose I could, but why bother? Cook, eat, sleep in one room anyway. It just gets muddled up again. We used to be someone when you were lecturing in the college. Now the college is gone, the town is gone, you're just a refugee like a lot of other Belgians, only you don't know how to dig so well. We used to have a nice house, now we have a shack. What's the use of trying to do anything, anyway? I don't care." Her

voice dragged through the sentences as she dragged through each day, indifferently, without any particular feeling.

"But it's our own shack—at least we aren't living in a regular refugee's home. And as soon as the town builds up, it will get a school, and maybe I can get the work I know how to do. Of course, there's Verbeek next door. He used to teach, too, but the people here know me better than they do him." He paused.

"Uh-huh." His wife shook out the bedclothes and crawled under them. Andre turned back to his writing but the clear thoughts would not come. They were stained by the touch

established here. Some one must take charge of it. We thought you might. We're going to get several candidates and one will be selected."

"Yes, yes, that is it." Monsieur Rameau took up the speech. "We thought you might like to be a candidate."

Andre van Straelen, thinking them, had assured them that he was anxious to be considered, and they had carefully made their way to the door. Out in the road they stopped to talk. One of them indicated the neighboring house. The others nodded slowly and they went to call on Karel Verbeek.

It was then that Andre realized. Their hesitation after they had entered his house, their stammering embarrassment and exchange of glances, their indecision and their consultation in the road after they had left—all meant one thing. There had been no idea of candidates; they had intended to give him the position till they saw how he lived, how his house was kept. Then they had taken the kindest way out of the situation.

He was not surprised to hear the next day that Verbeek was appointed, but, for a long time, he could not make himself go home. When he finally did open his door it was very late. Mathilda was asleep. He awakened her, "Verbeek was elected."

"Uh-huh." She closed her eyes again, apparently uninterested. "Do you know why?" demanded Andre almost fiercely. "It was because—?" But she had gone back to sleep—she had not cared.

He stood stiffly, staring down at her, his fists clenched till the knuckles were white, his teeth set. He hated the injustice of circumstance; he hated his squalid room; he hated his— Then something in him let go and, instead of hate, a wave of pity and tenderness for her as she used to be swept through him. He relaxed and, as he sat down at his table and took out the clean, white sheets of paper, he looked over at his wife. His dark eyes were full of compassion. "After all," he thought, "she isn't to blame and it must be dreadful, terrible, to have lost one's self." And he began to write.

Entrance to Their Home.

of his surroundings. He put the papers in a flat box in the drawer of his table and sat looking into space.

No, he didn't imagine he could ever do anything with his book. That wasn't why he worked on it each evening. It was only because there was consolation in filling the clean white pages with thoughts he could no longer speak aloud. Only to Mathilda could he ever have told them and now

—well, she would just look the other way and answer an uncomprehending "uh-huh" that stabbed him to silence. What had happened to her? With their money, not only her self-respect but her whole self had gone. Why couldn't she keep their little house tidy? Why wouldn't she keep his children clean? Leonie was eight and the twins six. They were old enough to know how to behave to people. Why wouldn't she teach them? Poor little youngsters—buddled together in that dirty bed!

He rose and went to the window. There was a light in Verbeek's cottage. Suddenly his mind pictured the interior. His home should be like that. They had exactly the same things but their dishes shone on the cupboard shelves, their beds were always made when he called, and the children had excellent manners. They were well washed, too. They looked healthier and happier than his little ones. Was the difference his fault? Surely not—he and Verbeek were in the same positions—they did the same things. But Madame Verbeek did not say "why bother." It was true she worked all day long to keep things going and make ends meet. She did it because she had not lost her pride and it was the work that kept her from losing herself. Mathilda—but he must not think that way.

He began to prepare for bed. Though the lamp was burning low, he could still see his wife as she lay asleep. She had been pretty once, but now somehow her face had changed, the skin was sallow, the expression different—that was it—the expression. She had not taken down her hair; wisps of it made a ragged fringe about her forehead and neck. Hairpins stuck out at grotesque angles. He wished she would brush it as she used to do. The bed—he turned out the lamp and finished undressing in the dark and took his place beside her. It was easier so.

It was toward dusk one evening after he had come home from work that Leonie answered a rap at the door. "Yes, he's here," she said, holding the door half shut.

"Who is it? Ask them in," commanded Andre, and hurried across the room.

He gave the priest his chair. Mathilda removed some dishes from the other one, wiped it with her apron, and gave it to Monsieur Rameau. The third man sat gingerly upon the edge of the bed. "We've come to ask you—to ask—" his gaze roamed about the littered room and he paused.

The priest's kindly voice began. "Yes—we've come—a school is to be

Alabastine Instead of kalsomine or wallpaper



We Hand You the Package That Puts Health and Cheerfulness in Your Home

Smoked, grimy, papered, painted or kalsomined walls are a menace to health and offensive to the discriminating housewife. Alabastine is so economical, so durable, so sanitary, so easy to mix and apply that it is universally used in securing proper wall conditions.

Alabastine is used in the homes, schools, churches and on all kinds of interior surfaces, whether plaster, wallboard, over painted walls, or even over old wallpaper that is solid on the wall and not printed in outline colors.

Alabastine is packed in dry powder in full five pound packages, requiring only pure cold water to mix, with directions on each package. You will readily appreciate the economy of Alabastine over other methods, and remember it is used in the finest homes and public buildings everywhere. Be sure you get Alabastine, and if your dealer cannot or will not supply you, write direct for sample card and color designs with name of nearest dealer.

New walls demand Alabastine, old walls appreciate Alabastine. Alabastine Company 1036 Grandville Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

In the Cyclone Belt. The difficulty of finding a house is not exclusively an Eastern problem. Out in Kansas, for instance, a native observed a stranger looking around and ventured to say, "Good morning, sir. House hunting?"

"Yes," replied the stranger. "I wonder if it could have blown this far."—Boston Transcript.

Stupid! Pete—Have you got any mail for me? Postman—What's your name? Pete—You'll find it on the envelope.

Do Not Get Careless With Your Blood Supply

Impurities Invite Disease. You should pay particular heed to any indication that your blood supply is becoming sluggish, or that there is a lessening in its strength and vitality. By keeping your blood purified, your system more easily wards off disease that is ever present, waiting to attack wherever there is an opening. A few bottles of S. S. S., the great vegetable blood medicine, will revitalize your blood and give you new strength and a healthy, vigorous vitality. Everyone needs it just now to keep the system in perfect condition. Go to your drug store and get a bottle to-day, and if you need any medical advice, you can obtain it without cost by writing to Medical Director, Swift Specific Co., 109 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE SAID COMMON ANCESTOR TO BLAME

Reporter Had Much to Learn About Proper Method of Referring to Different Speakers. Unsightly "Apple" is a Legacy Bequeathed to His Posterity by Old Father Adam.

"I'm afraid you won't do for us," said the editor, controlling his temper with an effort, as he eyed the new reporter coldly.

"Why not, sir?" asked the reporter in surprise. "Well, you said you had had considerable experience as a political reporter."

"So I have," retorted the scribe. "Then why on earth did you make use of such unjournalistic language in this report. You said that 'Mr. William Blank addressed the meeting.'"

"Well, isn't that right?" "Right!" the editor's voice was torn with scorn. "It's all wrong. One would imagine that the meeting was in support of our candidate instead of the opposition."

"What difference does that make? How should I have—?" "Why, 'Bill Blank next harangued the mob,' of course."—London Answers.

Getting "Worther and Worther." "Is life worth living?" "I think that question has been answered for good and all. The cost has been more than doubled and we all hang on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Inference. "What's Flubdub prating about?" "The fairness of these magazine contests." "I see. He won a prize."

Both Kinds. Bix—They say those fortune tellers make a lot of money. Dix—Naturally. It is by its nature a business of prophets, you know.—Boston Transcript.

It is as easy for you to please everybody as it is for everybody to please you. More than likely you were considered a handsome baby.

The Satisfying Sweetness of the wheat and barley food Grape-Nuts is a matter of economy as well as delight these days. Grape-Nuts pleases without the addition of sugar, as is not the case with most cereals. Grape-Nuts is economical.