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LEARN THE DANGER SIGNAL

Nature Always Gives Warning to Those "Below Par," and It Should Be Recognized.

Influenza, colds and other scourges due to germs pass by those who are at "par" and find their victims in those "below par." That expression, used medically, means that your power of resistance is lowered, the red corpuscles in your blood decrease and your spirits—an important factor—are "down," says a writer in London Answers.

A physician has pointed out that most of us can quite easily tell when we are below par, and then it is up to us to "tonic" ourselves over the period of depression until the normal health returns.

A smoker below par either does not smoke or his tobacco gives him but a small proportion of his usual enjoyment.

A brain worker below par is conscious that, for some reason or other, he has to overconcentrate himself on his work.

Other people get ragged in temper and with no apparent cause. The cause, of course, is because they are below par.

A manual worker finds that his tools "jib" most unaccountably. Others are "off their feed," and neither the contemplation of a meal nor the eating of it gives them any pleasure.

Some find that noises usually unnoticed annoy and torture. Others, again, go sleepy and some get a touch of insomnia. There is no "below par" symptom applicable to everybody, and it is therefore necessary and very wise to find out—as one can do by observation—our own particular danger signal, and act accordingly—and in time!

LAST WORD IN DICTIONARY

Possibly Few Know What It Is and Really It Is Not of Great Importance.

Do you know the last word in the dictionary? It begins with the last three letters in the alphabet, placed in their reverse order, and it means an "Indian like a dragon fly having a large head, narrow face and very large eyes." The word is "zyzomma." This is in the New Standard dictionary.

Webster's New International stops one short of this, listing its final word as "zyzium," explained as being "a kind of ancient malt beverage," which the Standard calls a "very excellent beer that Diodorus, though wholly unacquainted to it, affirmed to have been secretly inferior to the Juice of the grape."

Together, then, the two dictionaries, with her and a dragon fly, make fairly unimportant endings.

Reading up the column from "zyzomma," one must traverse strange territory for a distance of 62 words before one reaches "Zuider Zee," the first—or rather the last fairly widely known term in the dictionary. Between this Dutch sea and the libellid fly is a semi-desert country, studied numerously with such thorny obstructions as "Zygaenidae," "Zygnaceae" and "zyzomallaree."

No wonder you were unacquainted with the last word in your dictionary. You are excused.—Kansas City Star.

Exit Humorist. While making a tour of the southern states, we were driving along a country road, when a farmer came walking toward us. One of our crowd, a humorist, thinking he would have some fun with the man, stopped the car, and taking a small satchel and a magazine, gave a ten-minute impression of Billy Sunday. When he had finished, the man looked at him a little queerly, put his hand in his pocket and gave him a card. On it were the words: "I am deaf."—Exchange.

Wanted to Remain Awfully. Betty was looking rather poorly after several weeks' illness. Aunt Edith, who had not seen her since she was a tiny baby, after kissing her, turned to her mother and said, rather thoughtlessly: "My, how thin she is! She looks as if a whiff of wind would blow her away." This must have worried Betty all day, for that night when she had finished all the customary "God blesses" in her prayer she added this earnest postscript: "And, please God, make me thicker, for I don't want to be blowed away."

MY WIFE'S DIAMONDS

By O. B. DU BOIS

My name is Raymond, Henry J. Raymond, and I am a stock broker by profession. You probably remember the rise of G. R. Q. in nineteen-two. Well, I was one of the tight little sticks in the financial kite at that time, and I got mine. I am going to be perfectly frank, my hat-size increased directly after this transaction.

I began to buy diamonds for Mrs. Raymond, and never stopped until I had loaded that clever little lady with gems galore. I even bought them for my wife's sister. The day I gave Mrs. R. the diamond necklace, I gave one to her sister Belle. It was scandalous the way I bought diamonds.

They never came too big or brilliant for me, and every stone was tested by my friend, Silverstein. I used to lunch with Mr. Silverstein quite often, his pawn-broker shop being located on the same block with my office.

Well, you know the condition of the market in nineteen-three. It was simply awful, and things going from bad to worse.

I was living out at Brinton that year, and when the winter came on I was simply cupped for money. You can imagine how bad things were when I tell you that I sifted the furnace ashes and shoveled the snow just to economize, and yet we seemed to be paying our household bills. Somehow that blessed little wife of mine could stretch a ten-dollar bill until it covered fifty dollars' worth of expenses.

Matters came to a focus, however, one morning in December.

Jessie (that's Mrs. Raymond), and I had been to a reception at the club the night before. Ye gods! but she sparkled like a cut-glass chandelier. And there I was going to the city the next morning with just thirty-two cents in my pocket.

I was in the smoker when the idea came to me.

"I'll steal Jessie's diamond necklace," said I.

You see, I had convinced myself that three thousand dollars tied up in a necklace was too much money. Directly after dinner Fate drove things my way on a gallop, for Jessie suggested that we go down and call on her sister Belle.

"Say, Jess," said I, "if you don't mind, I'd sooner run over to the club-house a while."

"Very well," she replied like an obedient little wife. "But you'll call for me, won't you?"

"Certainly, certainly, I'll drop in at 10:30 sharp," I answered.

Oh, but it was easy! I just walked around the block, went in the house, dug down in the trunk and took my plunder.

Just to keep up the little comedy, I introduced a realistic effect. I left the trunk lid open and wrenched off the fasteners from a window opening on the kitchen extension.

Naturally, I went to Silverstein's the first thing in the morning, and he came up dollar for dollar. Of course, I explained that the market was in bad shape and I needed some ready money that day, etc., etc. Do you know that the fellow actually wanted to press more money on me; but the jump from thirty-two cents to three thousand dollars was enough for me.

Maybe I didn't take home some flowers that night.

I invented a charming fabrication about a sudden rise in stock when I presented some roses that evening. Well, all things come in due season, and I felt certain things were about due when Jess went upstairs to dress for dinner. She said she would dress "special" in honor of my good luck and the roses. I knew that "special" meant diamonds.

She had been in her room a few moments only when I heard her scream. "Mercy! Jess, what is it?" I asked.

"Oh, oh! I'll die from laughter. Oh, but this is too funny."

"What is it, Jess? Tell me at once."

"Why, I—why somebody has stolen my diamond necklace." Then she went off into another fit of silly laughter.

"Well, I wondered. 'Tell me, is that something funny?'"

"Oh, yes; it's too funny," she managed to say. "They—they were only paste."

"Paste! Those diamonds paste!" I howled. "You're crazy."

"Oh, no, I'm not; it's too funny. I—I had a duplicate necklace made of paste diamonds," she gurgled. "I always knew that we'd be robbed some day. Oh, isn't it a good joke?"

I saw Silverstein taking the matter in the light of a good joke.

"Where are the real diamonds? That's what I want to know," I blurted out. I must have spoken very rough, for she began to cry.

"They are in our safe-deposit box, safe, and—and you don't even tell me you are glad, and—and, oh, oh! I wish I was dead!"

Well, when I heard that joyous bit of news all of my comfort talk came to the surface, and I soon had her feeling real chipperlike.

"You'll leave them there, where no robber can get them, won't you, dear?" she chirped, drying her tears.

gave an unearthly scream, and I bounded up those stairs like a balloon ascension. I found her on the floor, wringing her hands.

"Oh, Henry, this is terrible. The rest of my diamonds are gone. Rings, sunbursts, everything. All taken by the same robber."

"By George, I never touched them," I gasped before I thought.

"Oh, of course you didn't," she sobbed. "But it was the first thing I thought of, that maybe you had done it for a joke. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

I managed to get about two hours' sleep before morning. The most important problem now was to secure that key. There it lay on her dresser, so near and yet so far. At 5 a. m. I decided to steal it. Jess was in her beauty sleep, her soundest and best; so I quietly took it and substituted one from my pocket that resembled it to perfection.

I was at the Trust company's office before that institution opened its doors.

In ten minutes' time, I was in Silverstein's place, ready to explain how the matter had occurred. But you, you believe it, the fellow actually had a warrant out for me.

"Why, confound it, man," said I, "my wife had a set of paste diamonds made for safety and I never knew a thing about it," and then I walked right in. It was shameful, the way I talked to him, and for a strong finish, I threw the genuine diamonds down on the counter and shook my fist at him.

"I'm through with you, Silverstein, do you understand? I'm through with you."

Silverstein picked up the necklace and after one hasty glance, tossed it back again.

"You're through with me, eh? Well, I'm not through with you. This necklace, also, is the cheapest kind of paste." Then he turned to the rear of the shop and said, "Hey, Louis, call an officer."

I raved and stormed. I pleaded and begged.

But it did no good. In the end I counted out two thousand nine hundred and seventy-five dollars and had to put up my watch to cover the twenty-five dollars I had spent.

It must have been between twelve and one when the officer came in and said that my wife was outside and would like to see me. In fact, she followed right in behind him and commenced to talk the moment she entered the door.

"Oh, Henry, guess what. I phoned after you left, and he came up to the house and asked a lot of questions, and made a whole lot of notes, and—"

"Good heavens! This is too much!" I howled.

"What's too much?" she simpered.

"This police business," I yelled, with visions of the explanations that would have to be made at headquarters.

"Why, Henry, the idea! He said he could find the robber inside of six hours."

"That's it, that's it," I moaned. "You want me to go to jail, don't you?"

"What do you mean, love?" she twittered.

"Mean! Oh, I mean to say that I stole the necklace. Do you understand? I did it. Me—You're truly I am the robber. I stole the necklace. But, by George! I never touched the rest of them in the bottom of the trunk."

Her face lit up with a heavenly smile, and, without any excitement, she said:

"Well, I surmised it all the while so—I stole the others."

"You?" I gasped. "You?"

"Yes, dear," she answered.

"Then you have made a terrible mistake in calling up the police," said I.

"Well, as for that—it's really, it's the only fib I've told, and I rather thought I'd use it to precipitate matters," she answered, cool as ice.

"Well, since you're so clever, maybe you can tell me why I found a second set of paste diamonds in that safe-deposit box?"

"Oh," she said, freezing up. "You've been there, too, have you?"

"I have, madam. Please explain."

"In the first place, Mr. Raymond, she commenced, right on her dignity, "How do you think I can run our establishment on the paltry sum of money you give me? In the second place, Mr. Raymond, those diamonds were mine. The first set of paste I had made for safety, and as nobody seemed to know the difference, I had the second set made because I knew you were hard up."

"Then you used the money for household expenses?" I asked.

"I did," she replied very emphatically.

What could I do? I simply went right over and kissed her, and there in my office we had a heart-to-heart talk.

When she started for the 2:30 train, she said:

"Remember this: Many a man has gone to pieces financially just because he failed to let his wife know how he stood on money matters."

And she was off, taking her original paste diamonds with her.

After dinner that night, Jess placed a small package in my hand, and said: "To show you that a woman can manage these things better than a man, take this and use it."

"What is it, Jess?" I asked very meekly.

The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by National Headquarters of the American Legion)

OFFICERS VISIT WOUNDED MEN AT CHICAGO HOSPITAL



Left to Right—Seaman Clarence McGee, National Chaplain Francis H. Kelly, Horseshoer William Hughes, Chief Nurse Meta C. Cook, National Commander Franklin D'Olier.

National Commander Franklin D'Olier, national chaplain Francis H. Kelly and Commander Milton J. Foreman of the Illinois department of the American Legion recently visited the United States Public Health Service hospital No. 30, Chicago, Ill., where 600 wounded and disabled soldiers and sailors are patients. The legion officers were conducted on a tour of the ward after which Commander D'Olier and Father Kelly addressed a number of the wounded in the recreation hall.

"Service," said the national commander, "is the sole aim of the American Legion—service to our country and our comrades. Our first and foremost duty always has been and will be to the disabled, those who gave their health and strength in battle and the dependents of those who died while with the forces."

"The American Legion put through congress the bill that raised the disabled men's base pay from \$30 to \$80 a month. It has aided in the adjustment of thousands of compensation, allotment, allowance, back pay and insurance claims. It is working to remedy the vocational training situation.

Our first duty is to you men and your comrades. You can always bank on that."

Father Kelly, wearer of the D. S. C. for heroism in action on the British front with the Twenty-seventh New York division, made a vigorous reply to the foes of the ex-service organization who have charged the American Legion is a militaristic body.

"I have heard it said," declared Father Kelly, "that the aim of the American Legion is to impose upon the United States a government of the soldiers, by the soldiers and for the soldiers. The American Legion is a million miles away from any such idea as that. We crossed the sea to put an end to such forms of government and certainly we do not intend or strive or will not tolerate the setting up at home of what we went to war to destroy abroad."

"The American Legion stands solely and simply for the things that make for a better Americanism. We call ourselves Americans. We call ourselves a legion. We are both, and we unite the two in an organization which shall stand for all that is best in our national life for our country and for the flag."

TRAINING FOR DISABLED MEN

Gerald J. Murphy Named Vocational Officer to Aid in Working Out Big Problem.

A system of co-operation with the federal board of vocational training by which it is hoped to obtain vocational training for all eligible disabled men at government expense with all possible speed, has been inaugurated by the American Legion.

It is estimated that about 120,000 crippled veterans are entitled to training under the provisions of the vocational rehabilitation act, but the federal board, after functioning for 20 months, has placed in training only about 26,000 of these.

Officials of the board, in accepting the plan put forth by the legion, declare the combination of effort will solve some of the body's most difficult problems. The arrangement is expected to retrieve a situation which has brought the legion and the board into "repeated controversies in the past and has provoked much criticism of the board, together with a congressional investigation of its alleged dereliction of duty and failure to fulfill the country's pledged obligations to the men who gave their health and strength in battle."

The legion's proposal calls for the formation of an organization in each state which will seek out the disabled men in every community, examine their cases and present them to the proper officials of the board for admission to training. A department vocational officer will be appointed in each state and attached to state headquarters of the legion. A vocational officer also will be chosen in each of the more than 9,000 posts of the legion throughout the country, and conferences of all post officers will be held within the state during the next two months to insure uniform procedure. The whole project will be under the direction of the national vocational officer at American Legion headquarters in Indianapolis.

Gerald J. Murphy of Rutland, Vt., has been named national vocational officer by National Commander Franklin D'Olier.

"The legion's action in this matter was taken not through choice but a sense of duty," said Lemuel Boiles, national adjutant and chairman of the special legion committee of three which investigated the vocational situation, recommended and devised the program of co-operative effort with the federal board.

ACTIVITY IN WEST VIRGINIA

Posts of State, According to Department Adjutant's Bulletin, Are Busy Doing Things.

A recent bulletin issued by Louis A. Carr, department adjutant for the American Legion of West Virginia, reports activities of the various legion posts in that state as follows:

Post No. 44 of Philippi, W. Va., recently presented a minstrel show and realized a substantial sum for the territory. The post will conduct a memorial service.

George D. Jackson post No. 56 of Kingwood, W. Va., is organizing a women's auxiliary and making arrangements for a permanent post clubrooms.

Potomac post of Shepherdstown probably has come nearer than any other post in the state to enrolling every returned sailor, soldier or marine in its community. From the territory from which it draws its members the post claims to have gathered in every eligible person except five.

Clarksburg, Elkins and Parkersburg posts recently contracted with the managements of the Boston-Detroit baseball teams for games in their respective cities.

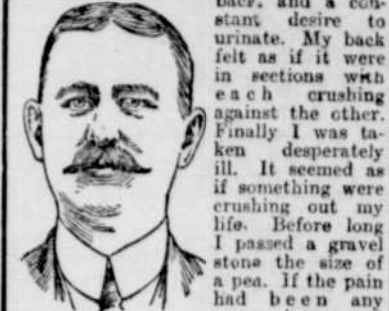
Wheeling post No. 1 recently staged a "Pershing" celebration from which the organization gained more than 600 new members.

For Benefit of Legion. The Rotary club of Newcasttle, Pa., repeated its minstrel show the last of April for the benefit of the post of the American Legion.

Frantic With Pain

Doan's However Brought Complete Recovery and Trouble Has Never Returned

"My kidneys were weakened by exposure in Alaska," says Hermann Schrader, 225 Park Ave., Hoboken, N. J., "and my misery at times became so great I thought I would lose my mind. I had terrible pains in my back, and a constant desire to urinate. My back felt as if it were in sections with each crushing against the chair. Finally I was taken desperately ill. It seemed as if something were crushing out my life. Before long I passed a gravel stone the size of a pea. If the pain had been any more intense I think I would have died. I was having practically no flushing of the kidneys and my weight had reduced from 178 pounds to 125. The doctor told me I had gravel and small stones filling up the passages of the bladder. After all of this I began to use Doan's Kidney Pills and soon improved. In a short time I was well and my cure has lasted fifteen years. Today I am in perfect health."



Mr. Schrader Sworn to before me, W. P. WEISS, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Easy to Remember. "Pop?" "Well, Junior—" "I want you to help me with my letter."

"All right." "I get all mixed up in two words; missile and missive."

"I could easily straighten that out for you." "Good."

"A missive is the one that is sent before marriage."—Youngstown Telegram.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.

With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

Her Wholesale Prayers. Lucile, who is five, does not like to say her prayers at night when she is sleepy.

"Did you say your little prayer last night?" her mother asked her one morning at breakfast.

"No," said the little girl, "I was too sleepy last night, mamma, but Sunday night, when you put me to bed before I was sleepy, I prayed seven prayers—enough to last me all this week."

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Matching the Case. "That is such a loud engagement ring Will gave Bessie." "Yes, but then she is such a big belle."

The Cuticura Toilet Trio

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

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