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Before She Spruces Up.

No woman is as old as she looks to herself with her hair up in curl papers.—Judge.

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and has brought contentment and happiness to thousands of home seekers and their families who have started on her FREE homesteads or bought land at attractive prices. They have established their own homes and secured prosperity and independence. In the great grain-growing sections of the prairie provinces there is still to be had on easy terms

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—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—oats, barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. Healthful climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, excellent markets and shipping facilities. The climate and soil offer inducements for almost every branch of agriculture. The advantages for

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COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. C.O., ATLANTA, GA.

Why Not Enjoy Life Now?

A seasonable quiz was given by the minister Cyneas to the ambitious Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, when that great conqueror began to speak of his designs (B. C. 280).

"Well," said Cyneas, "when thou hast vanquished the Romans, what wilt thou then do?"

"I will then," said Pyrrhus, "sail over to Sicily."

"And what wilt thou do when that is won?"

"Then we will subdue Africa."

"Well, when that is effected, what wilt thou then do?" asked Cyneas.

"Why, then," said Pyrrhus, "we will sit down and spend the rest of our time merrily and contentedly."

"And what hinders thee," said Cyneas, "that without all this labor and peril thou canst not now do so beforehand?"

Women in Serbia.

Woman suffragists in Serbia, writes Mrs. Slavko Grouitch, wife of the Jugo-Slav minister to the United States, interest themselves not only in legislation that give women equality before the law, but are also sponsoring legislation for the protection of child labor. In addition to continued endeavor to raise help for the Serbian aid fund, to which Mrs. Grouitch has rendered such sustained service, she is now asking for support also for some of the distinctive movements, such as woman suffrage, which are making for the permanent reconstruction of that country.

A Postponed Repentance.

There was a man out in Wisconsin who went to a revival meeting and was pressed to repent. He wavered for a time and finally arose and said: "Friends, I want to repent and tell how bad I have been, but I dasn't do it when the grand jury is in session."

"The Lord will forgive," the revivalist shouted.

"Probably He will," answered the sinner; "but He ain't on that grand jury."—Boston Transcript.

Some Display.

"Will knickers do?"

"I don't see why not. There's about the same length of hosiery exhibited."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ARE YOU GIVING OUT?

Does every day mean just another day of suffering? Are you lame, stiff and achy—tortured with a nerve-racking backache? Surely there's a reason why you feel so badly and likely it's weakened kidneys. When the kidneys fail, poisons accumulate and upset the whole system. That's why you have constant backache and sharp, stabbing twinges. You may have headaches, nervous and dizzy spells with annoying bladder irregularities. Don't risk serious kidney disease. Use *Doan's Kidney Pills*. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. *Ask your neighbor!*

An Ohio Case

Mrs. W. K. Neer, 121 Miami St., Urbana, Ohio, says: "A steady, dull ache through the small of my back bothered me. I suffered from headaches, sometimes getting dizzy. My kidneys were weak and too active. I bought Doan's Kidney Pills and after using a couple boxes, the backache went away, and my kidneys acted regularly. I haven't had to use Doan's for some time."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
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Skin Troubles — Soothed — With Cuticura
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford-Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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"MIDNIGHT MASQUER!"

SYNOPSIS.—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jachin Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Ansley, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who, invariably attired as an aviator, has long defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Ansley, on their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball. Lucie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine. At the ball, Bob Maillard, son of the banker, again proposes to her and is refused. He offers to buy some of her property. A Franciscan monk interests her

CHAPTER II—Continued.

—3—

"So," the girl smiled a little, "you would betray your business friends in order to make a bit of money for me?"

Maillard stared at her. "Well, if you put it that way, yes! I'd do more than that for——"

"Thank you," she interrupted, her voice cold. "I don't think I'd trust your sagacity very far, Robert. Good-night."

She turned from him and was gone, dancing through the great rooms like a true Columbine.

Midnight neared, and brought a concern to many; the Midnight Masquer had gained his name by invariably appearing a moment or two before the stroke of twelve. Jachin Fell, who divided his time between enjoying the smoking room and wandering about among the masquers, perceived that Joseph Maillard was watching the time with anxiety.

A large man, stern and a bit scornful of look, Maillard was imposing rather than handsome. He appeared the typical banker, efficient, devoid of all sentiment. Amused by the man's evident uneasiness, Jachin Fell kept him in view while the moments dragged. One might have thought that the little gray man was studying the financier as an entomologist studies a butterfly on a pin.

Shortly before twelve Columbine pirouetted up to Fell and accepted the arm he offered her. They were for the moment alone, in a corner of the ballroom.

"I must see you tomorrow, please," she breathed.

"Gladly," he assented. "May I call? It's Sunday, you know——"

"If you will; at three. Something has happened, but I cannot speak of it here. Does any one else know that you—that you are interested in my affairs?"

The pale gray eyes of the little gray man looked very innocent and wondering.

"Certainly not, my dear! Why?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow." Then she broke into a laugh. "Well, it is midnight—and the Masquer has not appeared. I'm almost sorry."

The lights flickered off for a moment, then on again. The signal for unmasking!

The dancing ceased. From the whole room arose a babel of voices—cries of surprise, exclamations, merry laughter. Columbine removed her

"So," the Girl Smiled a Little, "You Would Betray Your Business Friends in Order to Make a Bit of Money for Me?"

mask. An instant later Joseph Maillard approached them, chuckling to himself and looking hugely relieved.

"Ha, Lucie! I guessed you beneath the Columbine daintiness! Have you examined your favor yet?"

Remembering, the girl caught at her corsage. Cries of delight were arising on all sides as the favors were revealed—most handsome favors, even for Mardi Gras! From the heart of the rosebuds in her hand Lucie removed a brooch of old filigree work set with a group of pearls. She glanced about for Jachin Fell, but he had vanished with Maillard. A voice rose at her elbow:

"Mademoiselle, you are not less lucky than beautiful! Pearls to the pearl!"

She turned to see the Franciscan—no longer masked, but now gazing at her from a frank, laughing countenance, still partially veiled by the brown cowl that was drawn up close about his head.

"Henry Gramont!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I half suspected that it was you——"

"But you were not sure?" he chuckled. "You're not offended with me, Lucie?"

"I should be." She tossed her head. "You were impertinent, M. le prince!"

He made a distasteful gesture. "None of that, Lucie! You know I don't like it——"

"Oh, la, la!" she mocked him. "M. le prince is seeing America, n'est ce pas? He has come to America to find a rich wife, is it not?"

Gramont's face lost its smile, and suddenly became almost harsh.

"I shall call upon you at four tomorrow, Lucie," he said, abruptly, and turned. Nor did he pause to get her reply. An instant afterward Lucie was surrounded by a merry group of friends, and she saw no more of Henry Gramont.

About five minutes later those in the ballroom distinctly heard, through the open windows, the heavy pulsations of an airplane motor.

CHAPTER III.

The Bandit.

Joseph Maillard's library was on the ground floor of the house; it was a sedate and stately room, and was invariably shut off to itself. Not even tonight, of all nights, was it thrown open with the remainder of the house.

Here Maillard summoned half a dozen of his particular cronies and friends, after the stroke of midnight had assured him that there was no danger to be expected from the bandit. His son was not among the number. The half dozen were nearly all elderly men, and, with the exception of Jachin Fell, all were men of prominent affairs.

About the table grouped Maillard and his guests, Maillard, standing before a small wall safe that flanked the open hearth, lifted his silver goblet, asteam with beads. The moment for which he had been waiting was here; he launched his little thunderbolt with an air of satisfied importance.

"My friends, I have a confession to make!" he announced. "Today I received a note from the Midnight Masquer stating that he would be with us this evening, presumably at the hour of midnight, his usual time."

These words brought an instant silence. The half-dozen men were tense, watchful, astonished. But Maillard swung up his silver cup and laughed gaily.

"I took full precautions, gentlemen. The hour of danger is past, and the notorious bandit has not arrived—or, if he has arrived, he is now in the hands of the law. So up with your cups, my friends—a lifelong health to Mardi Gras, and damnation to prohibition and the Midnight Masquer!"

From everyone broke a swift assent to the toast, a murmur of relieved tension. The silver goblets were lifted, touched in a musical clinking of edges, and the aromatic breath of juleps filled the library as the drinkers, in true southern fashion, buried noses in the fragrant mint. Then, as the cups were lowered, from the recess of the curtained windows at one end of the room came a quiet voice:

"I thank you, gentlemen! But I must remind you, Maillard, that there was not a time limit set in the note."

With a simultaneous gasp everyone turned. Maillard staggered; his face went livid. Every eye was fastened upon that amazing figure now advancing from the shadows of the recess.

It was the figure of an aviator, clad in leather from top to toe, the goggles and helmet shield completely masking his head and features from recognition. In his hand he held an automatic pistol, which covered the group of men before him with its threatening mouth.

"Not a sound, if you please," he warned, his voice thin and nasal—obviously disguised. "I trust that none of you gentlemen is armed, because I am very quick on the trigger. A very pleasant surprise, Maillard? You'd given me up, eh?"

For an instant no one spoke. Then Maillard moved slightly, moved his hand toward a button set in the wall near the safe. The voice of the bandit leaped out at him like thin steel:

"Quiet, you fool! If you touch that button——"

Maillard stiffened, and gripped the table edge with his shaking hand.

The bandit bowed slightly, and addressed the gathering in a tone of dry raillery:

"The rights of property are to me far more sacred than human life; there I agree with the law. So, gentlemen kindly empty your pockets on the table." His voice became crisp. "The jeweled scarfpins which you received as favors this evening may be added to the collection; otherwise, I shall not touch your private possessions. No watches, thank you. Maillard, kindly begin! I believe that you carry a wallet? If you please."

The banker could not but obey. His hands trembling with fear and rage, he took from his pocket a wallet, and emptied a sheaf of bills upon the table. One after another, the other men followed his example. When it came his turn, Jachin Fell drew a single bill from his pocket, and laid it down.

"You put some faith in that warning, Mr. Fell?" The bandit laughed. "Do you think that you will know me again?"

"I hardly believe so, sir," answered Fell in his apologetic fashion. "Your disguise is really excellent."

"Thank you." The bandit's voice held a thin mockery. "Coming from you, sir, that compliment is most welcome."

"What the devil does the fellow mean?" exploded Judge Forester.

"Then you are not aware that Mr. Fell is a man of large affairs?" The

"If You Don't," Was the Cool Threat, "I'll Shoot You Through the Abdomen."

bandit's white teeth flashed in a smile. "He is a modest man, this attorney! And a dangerous man also, I assure you. But come, Mr. Fell, I'll not betray you."

Jachin Fell obviously did not appreciate the pleasantry. His shy and wondering features assumed a set and hardened look.

"Whoever you are," he responded, a subtle click of anger in his tone, "you shall be punished for this!"

"For what, Mr. Fell? For knowing too much of your private affairs?" The bandit laughed. "Fear not—I am only an amateur at this game, fortunately! So do your worst, and my blessing upon you! Now, gentlemen, kindly withdraw a few paces. All but you, Maillard; I'm not through with you yet."

The automatic pistol gestured; under its menace everyone obeyed the command, for the calm assurance of the bandit made it seem extremely likely that he would use the weapon without compunction. The men withdrew toward the far end of the room, where a word from the aviator halted them. Maillard remained standing where he was.

The Masquer advanced to the table and gathered the heap of money and scarfpins into the leathern pocket of his coat. During the process his gaze did not waver from the group of men, nor did the threat of his weapon lift from the banker before him.

"Now, Maillard," he quietly ordered, "you will have the kindness to turn around and open the wall safe behind you. And don't touch the button."

Maillard started.

"That safe! Why—why—d—n you, I'll do nothing of the sort!"

"If you don't," was the cool threat, "I'll shoot you through the abdomen. A man fears a bullet there worse than death. It may kill you, and it may not; really, I care very little. You—you financier!"

Scorn leaped into the quiet voice, scorn that lashed and bit deep.

"It was natural then that Lucie should take Jachin Fell into her confidence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A RAINBOW SCARF

By HILDA L. HARRIS

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Sonner Brett scowled as he swung open the heavy hotel vestibule doors and stepped into the crowded street. Evidently the charm of the sunny afternoon, which seemed to brighten the faces of the passing throngs, had no effect upon him, for the scowl grew deeper as he meditated. To Brett, the thought that he had three whole hours in a strange city, with only the prospect of a rather dull dinner with Ambrose Potter, when he could be enjoyably spending the time elsewhere—the Lindale Country club golf links, for instance—was annoying, and his scowl deepened into a heavy frown.

But, suddenly, all signs of annoyance disappeared and the man's face brightened with interest. Involuntarily he threw back his shoulders and buttoned his topcoat.

A golden-haired, blue-eyed bit of feminine daintiness was the cause of his sudden change of mood. The colors in her silken scarf fairly fascinated him. In a flash, he called it a "rainbow" scarf.

The girl stopped at shop windows; the man paused by near-by shop windows. His courage failed him, however, when his vision of loveliness disappeared into a quaint little bookshop, but he lost no time in deciding that the bookstore probably had just the volume of Kipling that he had wanted for some time.

The girl, who had evidently selected a book, was murmuring something about having lost her money, as she fumbled in her little purse, while the sales clerk, with suspicious eyes, waited impatiently. Then the girl glanced at him, a distressed look in her deep blue eyes, and before he realized it, he had paid for the book and was standing out in the street again. And his "rainbow" scarf girl was actually speaking to him, thanking him for his kindness!

"I can't imagine how I lost the money," she said in a perplexed tone. "I wonder—I wonder if you would mind very much walking down a few blocks to the Betty Brown tea-room? I am going to meet a friend there, who will return the money to you."

Then she smiled. In a flash the man understood why men wrote songs about smiles that made one happy.

The walk to the tea-room was ridiculously short, but luck again favored Brett, for the girl, with a tiny pout of disappointed surprise, found that her friend had not arrived.

But the pout changed into a dimpling smile when a "Waffles and Syrup" sign tempted Brett to suggest a cup of tea, and the adventure progressed famously.

* * * * *

It was not until he met Ambrose, waiting as stiffly and sedately as only Ambrose A. Potter could wait, that Brett came back to earth, and then he tried to visualize the look of polite incredulity that would appear on his friend's face, if he were to hear of the afternoon's adventure. Brett smothered a chuckle as he discovered that he had not heard one word of Potter's conversation.

"Sorry you're here for so short a time, Sonner," Ambrose was saying, unfolding his napkin with a precise gesture. "I wanted you to meet Mary."

Oh, yes, Brett remembered. Ambrose, old chap, had got himself a fiancee with the growing prosperity of his hay and grain business. He wondered if waffles were included on the menu.

"Do you serve waffles?" he inquired of the waiter, who promised vaguely to "see."

"You were surprised to hear of my engagement?" Potter asked, as he fumbled in his coat pocket. He produced a photograph and, with a flourish which surprised Brett, exclaimed: "Meet the future Mrs. Ambrose Augustus Potter."

Brett glanced rather carelessly at the picture, and then stared and stared!

"Is that one of the scarfs from—India—she's—wearing?" he finally blurted, mopping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Yes," complacently answered Ambrose, "she has an aunt in India—"

Brett sank back weakly in his chair, but managed to summon enough strength to stop the passing waiter.

"Never mind the waffles!" There was a savage tone in his voice.

"Of course, this little picture doesn't do Mary Anne"—Brett winced—"justice," said Ambrose, as he carefully put the picture back into his pocket. "She has nice eyes, and rather pretty, light hair. Speaking of waffles made me think of Mary Anne. I promised to meet her at a little tea-room on —— avenue this afternoon, but I was tied up all day at a meeting. Mary is a dear girl," Ambrose went on, "but she's a bit childish and chatters—"

Sonner Brett smiled grimly as he listened.

A Narrow Escape.

Fisher was proudly exhibiting to his young wife his day's catch.

"Aren't they beauties!" she enthused. "But, dear, I've been so anxious for the past hour."

"Foolish child!" he said, caressingly, "why, what could have happened to me?"

"Oh, I didn't worry about you, dear," she replied, "but it grew so late I was afraid before you got back to town all the fish markets would be closed."

Immunizing Against Cholera.

When immunizing hogs against cholera do not make injections in the ham or shoulder as this lowers the value of those portions of the carcass. Inject serum in the flank or between the fore legs.

Oats Not Fattening.

Oats make a very poor feed for fattening cattle, as they are so bulky that the cattle cannot eat enough of them to put on the necessary amount of fat.

Nothing in Scrub Stock.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a man to get rich raising scrub livestock.

Eradicating Scrub Sires.

The United States Department of Agriculture reports that Ohio leads all other states in maintaining interest in eradicating the scrub sires.

Summer Hog Needs.

Shade and fresh water are indispensable for hog raising.

Many Wear Purple

All Shades Fashionable for Milady's Outdoor Togs.

Women Must Carefully Consider Complexion in Making Choice of Tint to Be Worn.

All the shades of purple are to be intensely fashionable this summer in outdoor garb. Purples, violets, lavender, orchid and mauve are replacing the strong yellow tones which ran riot a year ago. In the exclusive shops violet silk sweaters pose beside silk ginghams of checked lavender and white; and there are enchanting pastime hats of purple straw trimmed with bunches of parma violets, for wear with violet homespun suits and with frocks of lavender handkerchief linen.

Now to wear any shade of purple successfully one must be either vivid and dark in coloring—with clear skin and dark hair and eyebrows; or ethereal if the blonde type. Sallow brunettes and faded blondes are at their very worst in any shade of violet, mauve or lavender. So every woman who hankers after a purple outfit is looking to her complexion these days. There is something in the very suggestion of lilac or lavender that calls up a thought of unusual daintiness and rather spiritual loveliness. Imagine a ruddy-faced fat woman in mauve or orchid. Or a thin, sallow-faced woman in a hat heaped with violets! To wear violet or any of its shadings one must be youngish and fair-skinned and dainty, or of that elderly type which has daintiness and grace combined with silvery hair and a complexion not time or weather beaten.

If you want to look poetic in lavender this summer, begin now and diet. Avoid butter and gravy and let up a bit on red meats. And never think of chocolate in candy or cake or sundaes. Consume plenty of fresh salads and fruit. Drink milk rather than coffee. Take salted nuts instead of dessert—you'll be just as well satisfied. And you'll see your face taking more delicate contours almost immediately—and a sweeter fairness. Try to be in bed by 10 o'clock at least three nights a week—this to make your eyes brighter and more soft and liquid as young eyes are.

And give a little personal attention to the skin. Winter with its harsh winds, its late hours and lack of fresh air, its heavy, rich foods, and the lack of perspiration through cold months when one lives mostly in dry, artificial heat, has taken its toll out of the complexion. It needs warm water and cleansing cream every night; and perhaps—if one is over 30—a good tissue cream three times a week. Stroke the cream gently over and under the eyes to remove the puffy, baggy look caused by late hours and stroke upward from the chin to coax away any tendency toward sagging and resultant "jowls" that spoil the delicacy of contour that becomes violet tints.

POPULAR GINGHAM FROCK

Nothing can compete with the gingham frock for morning wear. This is one of lavender and white check.

MUSLIN FOR GIRLS' DRESSES

Unbleached Material Splendid for Play Frocks; Various Embellishments Are Available.

The practicability of unbleached muslin needs no aid, and is therefore easily understandable as a medium for girls' play frocks. This obvious quality—which does not make for handsomeness—is entirely overcome by the use of delightful embellishments, such as cretonne applications, worsted embroideries and tinted linen applications.

One firm showed a group of these dresses, which lay their origin to Paul Poiret. The dresses included a number that were made for fourteen-year-old girls, and, like the smaller sizes, also showed bloomer attachments.

Large motifs of cretonne patterns, such as birds, flowers and trees, are cut out and applied to the dress, which is of the simplest slip composition, worn with and without belts. Worsted stitching is frequently introduced, forming a line of continuity in the applied figures. One model introduced a motif worked out in painted linen.

FEATHERS AND FLOWERS

Feathers are employed in almost unexpected manner on this original parasol. A double ruching of silk follows the outline, while beautifully blended flowers adorn one corner. The orchid hat is embroidered in wool.

Parasol Handles.

Parasol handles are as varied and interesting as the covers, some being hand painted, many hand carved and some studded with semiprecious stones.

ORGANDIES POPULAR IN FRANCE

Fabric Promises to Have Definite Revival; Picturesque and Smart Designs Hold Over.

It is at Cannes that the really warm weather fashions, originated in Paris, are first seen, and judging from the opening season there, avers Good Housekeeping Magazine, one of the most interesting features is that organdie is going to have a very definite revival. In France, organdie has two moods—the picturesque and the smart. In its former mood, we find it in dainty summer dresses in white or colors, with flounced or "petal" paneled skirts below a simple, short-sleeved corsage. It is girdled with gold or silver ribbon, flower wreaths or beads, and one occasionally sees the white organdie frock with a "sweet blue ribbon" at the waist. Then, again, it becomes a party to the Parisienne's love of the unexpected, and joins forces with black felt and becomes a typically Parisian hat. A very smart costume had a white organdie overblouse, with an underslip of green crepe marocain of which the plain wide belt was also of crepe marocain and caught with a large gold buckle. The variations of the organdie mode are many and extend to the entire wardrobe.

Hats made wholly or partly of the same material are worn with these organdie frocks, in either matching or contrasting colors. Many wide picture hats are made of white or colored organdie, and a new departure is the black organdie hat, trimmed with great flowers made of soft, brilliant-colored quills, clusters of bright quills, or huge, soft artificial flowers. Many have the shirred brim, which is peculiar in that it may be pulled or shaped anew each time it is worn—the stiff shirring holding it in position. Lanvin features great flowers of tinted organdie, on hats of crin or crepe de chine, the crisp petals being formed with the greatest precision.

Organdie is also used in the unusual collars, cuffs, vest and sleeves, which one sees on many of the kasha or serge frocks to which the Parisienne is still faithful, and is the inevitable accompaniment of the linen frocks one sees at the resorts.

SUMMER TUB SILK DRESSES

Shirting Material Is Being Used; Is Also Suitable for Dresses for the Children.

Tub silk dresses are in vogue this summer, and white washable crepes are much to the fore, perhaps the most practical and least expensive of these dresses are made of shirting silks. The same silks that are usually sold for men's shirts are being bought in large quantities by women for their own appareling, and dainty and serviceable dresses for children are also made of these shirting silks. Whether for children or grownups, tub silk dresses are usually made on somewhat plain or tailored lines, with no ruffling or bouffant effects. Pipings or bindings of ribbon or fabric in contrasting color provide the popular trimming touch, if trimming is used at all.

BURR'S PURPOSE IS NOT KNOWN

Historians Have Never Been Sure of Plans the Brilliant Adventurer Had in Mind.

Aaron Burr's conspiracy has never been entirely understood by historians. He went West on some mysterious mission shortly after his duel with Alexander Hamilton, which resulted in the latter's death, and it is suspected that his purpose was either to found a new empire by separating the portion of the country west of the Mississippi from the rest of the Union, or to make a conquest of Mexico. In 1806 he gathered up a number of reckless persons around him and set out in the direction of Texas, ostensibly on a colonizing expedition. President Jefferson issued a proclamation warning citizens against joining this project, and later Burr was arrested by Jefferson's orders and sent to Virginia for trial.

There he was indicted for treason and levying war within this country with a friendly nation. Various legal technicalities prevailed to secure his acquittal on both these counts. The matter of Hamilton's death was dropped, and Burr passed out of public sight.

Banishing the Totem Pole

The age-old Indian custom of erecting totem poles is falling into disuse in British Columbia and Alaska. Formerly the totem poles were designed by very expensive artists working over periods of years in some instances, and wealthy influential families lavished fortunes on these monuments. But real expenditure came when the totem pole was finished, and hundreds of gift-bearing guests of ranks were invited to attend the installation at which specially written "copyrighted" songs were sung relating the history of the family as depicted on the pole. The gifts consisted mostly of rare furs, foods and canoes, and often a native, in order to present them, would impoverish not only himself, but sometimes his family, and even his clan. The Canadian government has stopped the natives in these quaint spending orgies and now, with a very few exceptions, the custom has practically passed.

The Lesser Bore.

"Let's go and see the 'Sorrows of Samantha.'"

"I hate those weepy films."

"Then we'll take in a revue."

"All right. I prefer drivel to snivel every time."—Boston Transcript.

More Than Nine.

Betty—Jack says he'll die if I give him up.

Marie—Don't worry, dear. In the matter of lives a cat isn't in it with Jack.—Boston Transcript.

COUNTRY CLUB FROCKS IN NEED

Women Require Outfit Always in Readiness and Which Adapts Itself to All-Around Wear.

For summer the smart woman must have an evening dress or two of the type which is always in readiness and which adapts itself to country club wear or to the restaurant dinner dance.

If she lives in the country or a smaller place, the country club frock is apt to be most needed, and lends itself to the class of things strictly for evening.

For the woman who needs a restaurant or roof garden costume, the gown is less decollete in style, and probably simpler in inspiration. Usually the smart woman prefers a darker gown for such occasions, and she may have the choice of a semi-evening model or of one which she could don in the afternoon and still find appropriate for the less formal restaurant or roof dinner.

The outstanding difference between the two is in the sleeve treatment. While almost all strictly evening things are sleeveless, the afternoon frock boasts sleeves—and takes almost any liberties in this direction.

Sleeves are things of temperament and may range anywhere from the most abbreviated bits to knee length or even more alarming proportions. And the smart woman who has many frocks finds it amusing to indulge her whims in sleeves, and to try them all. That is, of course, among the types which are becoming to her.

Organdie Sophisticated.

Organdie used to be considered the most approved material for the unsophisticated costume. Now we find organdie trimmed with metal embroideries and with exotic colors that have quite changed its character and made it a most sophisticated fabric.

Pretty Effect.

A negligee foundation of silver cloth is covered with a tunic of mauve georgette.

MRS. FRANK WILKIE, of Syracuse, N. Y., formerly matron at the State Reformatory at Industry, N. Y., who says she is delighted with Tanlac since it restored her health after she suffered eight years.

"This is the first time in eight years that I have been free from stomach trouble and it is all because of the wonderful good Tanlac has done me," said Mrs. Frank Wilkie, 229 Cedar St., Syracuse. Mrs. Wilkie formerly resided in Buffalo and for two years was matron of the State Reformatory at Industry, N. Y.

"I was eating scarcely enough to keep alive," she declared, "for I would rather not touch a bite than suffer the misery I knew would follow. Even sweet milk disagreed with me. I was sick in bed for two and three days at a time, and gas on my stomach made such awful pressure on my heart it almost cut off my breath. I had horrible dreams at night and in the morning was all tired out.

"Well, the longest day I live I will praise Tanlac, for my improvement has been simply remarkable. I have no more heartburn, my appetite is wonderful, I can eat most anything I want, and my sleep is sound and restful. I am thoroughly delighted with Tanlac. It is wonderful."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

Too Much for the Ducks.

A newly married woman once made a cake. It was rated a very good cake by her family. A little heavy, but very good.

Well, the cake didn't disappear particular fast, and so, after a few days, the woman got tired of seeing it about, and threw it out into the duckyard.

An hour or so passed, and there came a loud knocking at the kitchen door. It was a horrified little girl.

"Well?" said the woman.

"Your ducks have sank!" gasped the little girl.

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

According to a Greek writer effeminate dandies in ancient Greece sometimes slept on beds of sponge.

The Roman bridal wreath was of verbena, plucked by the bride herself.

WILL ANSWER ANY WOMAN WHO WRITES

Woman Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Makes This Offer

Cumberland, Md.—"My mother gave me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I was between thirteen and fourteen years old and was going to school, because I suffered with pains and could not rest. I did not have any more trouble after that until I was married, then I always was troubled in my back while carrying a child and could not do my work until I took the Vegetable Compound. I am strong, do all my washing and ironing and work for seven children and feel fine. I always have an easy time at childbirth and what it did for me it will do for other women. I am willing to answer any woman if she will write asking what it did for me."—Mrs. JOHN HEIER, 53 Dilley St., Cumberland, Md.

During girlhood and later during motherhood Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought relief to Mrs. Heier. Her case is but one of many we constantly publish recommending our Vegetable Compound. She is willing to answer your letter. Write to her.

WATCH THE BIG 4

Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Liver

Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

quickly relieves the distressing paroxysms. Used for 55 years and result of long experience in treatment of throat and lung diseases by Dr. J. H. Guild. FREE TRIAL BOX. Treatise on Asthma, its causes, treatment, etc., sent upon request. 25c. and $1.00 at druggists. J. H. GUILD CO., RUPERT, VT.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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Choose what you will, within the limits of reason, and by the exercise of the average ability you possess, you will in time, reach your mark.—Marden.

MORE GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Here is a dish to be used where fresh fish are to be obtained:

Fish Pudding.—Cook one cupful of rice in boiling water until tender, drain and pour through it enough cold water to separate the grains. Cook two pounds of pickerel, bass or other fresh white fish until well done, steam in a steamer or tie in a cloth and cook in water. Flake the fish, removing all skin and bones. Combine the rice and fish, add two well beaten eggs, one cupful of fish stock and the same of milk, season with two teaspoonfuls of salt or more to taste, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of butter, using the seasoning between the layers of fish and rice. Bake one-half hour and serve hot with drawn butter or sauce.

Dakota Potatoes.—Peel eight medium-sized potatoes. Into a saucepan place a teaspoonful of sugar, and when melted add two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Put the potatoes into the pan cut in quarters lengthwise, one large onion chopped fine and one tablespoonful of parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, two bouillon cubes, one-half teaspoonful of paprika and just enough boiling water to cover and simmer until the potatoes are tender, but unbroken. Remove the potatoes with a skimmer to a hot dish. Thicken the liquor with two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with a little cold water. Pour over the potatoes and sprinkle with another tablespoonful of minced parsley on top.

Cherry Cake.—Cream three tablespoonfuls of shortening with one-half cupful of sugar; add an egg well beaten and two-thirds of a cupful of milk alternately with two cupfuls of pastry flour which has been sifted, with one-half teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well and spread evenly in a long sheet in a baking pan. Over the top place a quart of pitted cherries, sprinkled lightly with a teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half cupful of sugar. Bake in a moderate oven. Dried or canned cherries may be used, if the first are well soaked and the latter drained from some of the juice.

Fattigman Bakelse.—Beat two eggs until very light, add one tablespoonful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of cream, then add gradually one and three-fourths cupfuls of pastry flour and roll very thin. Cut in diamond-shaped pieces and cut two slashes in each. Fry in deep fat, drain and sprinkle with powdered sugar. These are very dainty and delicious served with tea or a glass of ginger ale.

Let this be your teaching: Anticipate nothing but good in the future. Burn all doleful prophecies. They are lies. Some evil must befall you but those about which you are certain will never come true. The devil is no prophet.—Frank C. Haddock.

GROWING USE OF FRESH FISH

With quick transportation and refrigeration, there is hardly an inland city of any size in which sea food or fresh water fish may not be had once or twice a week. This applies not only to the finny tribe, but also to shell fish. With fish, as with many other foods, certain ideas, many of them false, have gained circulation. One is that fish and milk or any milk or cream dishes, such as ice cream, or milk as drink, should never be taken with crabs, oysters or lobster. When these combinations have been found to disagree with a person, such food mixtures should be avoided, but there is no reason why the average person may not combine the two, provided the fish or lobster is not served with an acid sauce.

In buying salmon the steaks are always the most expensive, though there is almost no waste. The red or Chinook salmon is considered best; then the pink and chub salmon, all good, but varies as to flavor as well as price. The practical housewife will use the cheaper grades for all made dishes, as the nutriment is the same. The more of this grade demanded will tend to lower the price of the red, which is now selling at a high figure.

There should be no reason for the absence of fish on our tables, even if far inland, as canned fish are always obtainable.

Next to salmon and tuna comes the sardine in popularity. The sardine is not found in American waters—that is the true sardine. Millions of cans are imported from Spain, Portugal and Scandinavian countries. There are, however, certain small fish caught in large quantities off the coast of Maine, known as American sardines; they are good, and relatively cheap. Pound for pound, fish is not considered by most dietitians as nourishing as meat, as fish has a larger percentage of water, but it is much more easily digested, and in most places more economical.

Nellie Maxwell

His Growl.

"Wimmen flatter themselves," declared Mr. Flubdub, who is somewhat henpecked.

"Well, old topper?"

"My wife is always telling me that if she was to die I'd marry a flapper."

"Well?"

"She doesn't stop to consider that I might not want to marry anybody."

Definition of Age.

Growing old is merely a process of becoming too sophisticated to enjoy anything.—From the Baltimore Sun.

CAMP ON LAKE ERIE

Washington (Pa.) scouts are rejoicing in the possession of a new camp site on Lake Erie a mile from North Girard. The site is considered ideal for the purpose as it is easily accessible and yet practically isolated from the outside world. It is on a bluff some twenty feet above the lake and Elk creek which runs along the rear of the site. Surrounded by dense woods it gives every opportunity for real pioneering and woodcraft.

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

VACANT HOUSES

IN THEIR grave solitude and desolation, vacant houses are pathetic reminders of empty minds, neglected and forgotten by those able to take best care of them.

On old country roads you may often see such habitations, seemingly eager to proffer a smile of welcome, but quite unable to do it.

Rank weeds are about the doors, the walls are weather-worn and stained, presenting altogether a sad picture.

And these vacant houses started gayly in life; warm in friendship and love, full of hope and aspiration. As the years rolled by they dreamed less and finally sank into a hopeless state of despondency.

You may like vacant houses or not, but there they are, telling in a language of their own of the days that are departed and the joys that are done.

And what happens to vacant houses happens in a far more lamentable way to empty minds, whose owners habitually neglect them, and pay for their disregard the sharpest penalties, at a time when their own reward should be munificent.

If you are wilfully neglecting your mind, allowing the weeds to grow about the doorway, you will find some day that you are living in solitude in a dreary dwelling, from which your friends of old turn away in sadness.

You were so self-reliant in your youth that you did not care to enlarge and beautify your thoughts.

Gradually you neglected this important duty until the weeds grew and crowded out the flowers. Too proud to stand up straight and stretch out your arms to embrace knowledge, you sat down in idleness or shirked your opportunity.

Being now your own witness and your own judge, there is alas! no possible escape from punishment.

The world has moved on and left you behind in a wilderness of mold and darkness, where you have time to reflect and repent.

But, be it known, whatever your age, you may yet improve your vacant house and make it a thing of beauty.

Women, as a rule, can do this more readily than men, yet men at forty and fifty have been known to form studious habits and flood their old vacant houses with light until its brilliancy illuminated up the whole world!

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YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies — the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

A BUSINESS PERSON'S HAND

IN THE hand of a good man or woman of business the fingers are well opened, when held naturally, this showing versatility and self-confidence. The mount of Mars, which lies below the mount of Mercury (the latter is at the base of the little finger), should be strong and well-marked, because this indicates courage and willingness to take risks when necessary.

An exceptionally favorable sign for a man or woman of business is a trident, or three-pronged division of the line of fate at its end. The line of fate runs up the center of the hand. This sign shows great success in business. If the finger of Mercury is unusually long, in proportion to the other fingers, it shows acquisitiveness and care of money, and is therefore a good sign for a business person. If there is a short line running upward from the line of life to or toward the finger of Jupiter, which is the index or first finger, it is a sign of ambition that is or will be gratified. Last, look in the center of the palm for a triangle that is well formed. This indicates forethought and intuition, valuable qualities in business.

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KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

TODAY

DON'T waste time in sighing
For old days;
Don't waste time in crying
For old ways.
Better days than yesterdays
Leave no time for sorrow;
On them better fix your gaze—
Today and tomorrow.

Don't waste time in fretting
For lost hours;
Don't waste time regretting
The lost flowers.
Better hours are growing
Than memory can borrow;
Sweeter flowers are blowing
Today and tomorrow.

Don't waste time repining
O'er bad days;
Don't waste time declining
The good ways.
Smile and look around you,
And new courage borrow;
Better days surround you—
Today and tomorrow.

(Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)

SCHOOL DAYS

Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

HOW THEY DO IT

SPENDING your days addressing to the world at large the question: "How do they do it?" is not going to bring you any information.

You will see in your travels the banker, the railroad president, the painter, the author all respected, all useful, all getting a great deal out of a life that they have, each in their own way, made easier for others.

You will read, perhaps, that this man started on a farm, that the other began as an office boy, that the railroad president once wiped engines on the line which he now rules.

And if you are normal the question "How do they do it?" will occur to you very frequently.

For these men will look much like other men; they will talk like other men. They will have the same interest in baseball scores and the outcome of a big prize fight.

And it will be difficult for you to understand just what it was that placed them in the high positions they occupy, and kept them there.

The answer to your question is fortunately not inaccessible. You can find out how they do it, if you try.

Nearly all of them have written, or will write, exactly how they did it or if they do not they will tell others who will put it on paper for you to see.

And you will be very much surprised to discover that in most cases the one thing that did it was application and industry—in other words hard work.

Geniuses are men apart. They don't know how they do it, and they can't tell.

But successful business men and lawyers and doctors are not geniuses, they are merely men with good natural ability, and enough energy to keep working till they get what they are after.

Study and read their biographies wherever you find them. They will answer for you a very important question. And if they can help you just a little toward exerting more energy and cherishing a little higher purpose, the time you spend in reading about them will be paid for at the rate of many thousand dollars an hour.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

Mother's Cook Book

It is well to scrutinize your own shortcomings before calling attention to those of your neighbors. "You have a hole in your tail," said the sieve to the needle.

VARIATIONS OF STANDARD SALAD DRESSINGS.

MAYONNAISE dressing should be thick like whipped cream, and remain so for a long time, if kept in a cool place. Olive oil is by far the most tasty to use in making mayonnaise, but corn oil makes a very good substitute, and as far as appearance is concerned, is equally as good.

To vary mayonnaise add to three-fourths of a cupful two tablespoonfuls of tomato puree; this is tomato cooked down until very thick and put through a sieve.

Piquante mayonnaise—add two tablespoonfuls of chopped olives and pickles.

Cream mayonnaise is prepared by adding three or four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream to three-fourths of a cupful of mayonnaise.

Chutney mayonnaise—add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of chutney.

Connelly mayonnaise—add one-half cupful of cold boiled rice.

Thousand Isle dressing—to one cupful of mayonnaise add one-half cupful of salad oil, very slowly; one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of chopped chives, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of green peppers chopped; and one-third of a cupful of chili sauce.

Russian dressing—to one cupful of mayonnaise add three tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, two tablespoonfuls of pimento cut in small pieces, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful of chopped chives and three-fourths of a tablespoonful of worcestershire sauce.

Lemon Filling.

Boil together five minutes one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of melted butter, one-half cupful of water and the juice of two lemons. Add two well-beaten eggs. Beat well; cool before using.

Butter Scotch.

Take one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a cupful of milk. Boil until it hairs. Use on spice cake.

Fig Filling.

Cook one cupful of chopped figs in one-half cupful of water, the juice of a lemon and when cool stir in powdered sugar until thick. Use on layer cake.

Nellie Maxwell

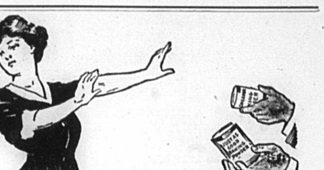
(© 1922, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Green-Mountain Boys

The Green-Mountain Boys were a band of Vermont settlers, organized in 1773, under the leadership of Ethan Allen, Seth Baker and others, for the purpose of protecting themselves against the attempts of the governor of New York to drive them from their lands and take possession of their territory, on the ground that it belonged to New York, under the charter granted by Charles II. During the Revolutionary war the Green-Mountain Boys, 300 in number, led by Ethan Allen, rendered great service in securing the passes into Canada, and thus preventing the British troops from overrunning Vermont.

Why Does Water Rise to Tree Top?

One of the most puzzling questions in botany is, "Why or how does water rise to the top of a tree?" Various explanations of the phenomenon have been proposed, but none is regarded as altogether satisfactory. One investigator attacked the problem by means of interesting and novel experiments. For instance, he constructed an artificial tree of plaster of paris and found that water moved upward in it more than 40 feet high. Yet he was unable to base any definite conclusion upon the results that he obtained. The water travels a large part of the way in a film, between bubbles on one side and the wall of the conducting vessel on the other. But the physical properties of the film are yet unknown.



No Thanks, I Must Have CALUMET

The Economy **BAKING POWDER**

—Never fails to produce pure and wholesome bakings.

—You save when you buy it. You save when you use it.

—If you buy big can or cheap baking powder you don't get the Calumet quality.

BEST BY TEST

The World's Greatest Baking Powder

Two Phone Directories in France.

Think of a great European country, with a population of 40,000,000 persons, in which the telephone is so poorly developed that two telephone directories will contain the names of all the subscribers. Such is the state of affairs in France, where the government, which operates the service, issues one directory for Paris and one for the rest of the country. Both books together contain fewer names than there are in the Chicago telephone directory.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

CANADA HAS STEADY GROWTH

Recent Census Shows Healthy Increase in Population, Despite Losses Caused by War.

Canada's census for 1921 indicated a total population of 8,769,489, distributed as follows: New Brunswick, 387,839; Nova Scotia, 523,837; Prince Edward Island, 88,615; Quebec, 2,349,067; Ontario, 2,929,054; Manitoba, 613,008; British Columbia, 523,363; Yukon, 4,162; Northwest territories, 6,684, and Canadian navy, 485. The gain for the whole Dominion during 1910-1920, was 1,600,000 or 21.5 per cent. The war cost the lives of 56,680 Canadians killed in action, while 40,000 more died from indirect causes. The percentage increase in population is the same as that for Australia, while the increase for New Zealand 20 per cent was very little behind. In the Union of South Africa the increase was 19.2 per cent. The Prairie provinces made the most pronounced gain in Canada, Alberta showing a 55 per cent increase; Saskatchewan over 53 per cent, and Manitoba, 33 per cent. For the next ten years the unit of distribution for determining the membership of parliament will be 36,250. This total is arrived at by dividing by 65 the population of each province.

Eyes of Youth.

Wood—There is no accounting for youthful impulses.

Park—Meaning what, may I inquire?

"In a movie comedy the other day I saw a big lion chasing one of the slapstick artists—"

"Uh, huh—"

"And a little kid in the audience yelled, 'Run, lion, run.'"

Refreshing Ignorance.

Mrs. Kawler—"I can't do without my matutinal coffee." Mrs. Newrich—"Is that a good brand? We've tried so many that are poor."—Boston Transcript.

Thyroid for the Bald.

How baldness was cured by doses of thyroid gland is described in the Lancet by Dr. H. W. Barber, physician in charge of the skin department at Guy's hospital. A Dutch girl who had suffered from almost complete baldness for several years was given ten grains of thyroid gland daily for several weeks. As a result hair is now growing freely over the whole of her scalp.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

Gray Hair is out of fashion; is unnecessary—for you can have abundant hair of the original shade by using Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer—safe as water—try it. At all good druggists, 75 cents, or direct from HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.

WOULD TAKE MANY HEARSES

Firms That Have Died Since Drop in Prices Would Make Large Funeral.

Suppose a funeral passed your house with 38,000 hearses, each hearse containing an American business firm. It would be impressive, wouldn't it? It would also give you an accurate idea of the number of business failures since prices began to tumble in May, 1920, notwithstanding they haven't tumbled so very much for some things. But don't get gloomy over it. Standing on curbstones watching their brethren go to Dun & Bradstreet's cemetery, are nearly 2,000,000 business organizations that have weathered the storm. In two years of severe depression only one business in every fifty-three has failed. The percentage of farmers that have gone broke is larger. Business failures have totaled about $600,000,000 a year in liabilities. Assets have averaged about enough to pay 50 per cent on the dollar. The net loss has been about $300,000,000 a year, or about $3 a year for each American. Might be much worse, remarks Capper's Weekly.

Sugar-Beet Seed.

Much of the sugar-beet seed imported into the United States comes from Germany, and is received through the port of Galveston.—Scientific American.

Prosperity.

Hard Times—I'm out.
Harding Times—I'm in.

RADIO

Apparatus will be sold to millions of people this fall and winter. Have you considered the advantages to your general business of installing a Radio department?

Just how to establish such a department and maintain it at a high level of efficiency is told by

Radio Merchandising
The Semi-Monthly Magazine of the Radio Industry

One dollar will bring it to you for four months—Three dollars a year.

Radio Publishing Corporation
Incorporated
Dept. 24, 342 Madison Ave., New York City

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 30—1922.

GOLD TEETH OUT OF STYLE

Present Trend Is to Preserve Tooth and Make It Look as Much Like Original as Possible.

Gold teeth are going out of style, according to practitioners and dental experts. The present trend is to preserve the tooth to make it look as near as possible like it was originally. If this can't be done the offending molar or incisor must be pulled out.

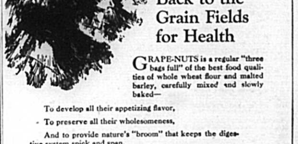
The idea of pulling teeth is something comparatively new in American dentistry. The tendency was to save the tooth at all costs. But dentists have discovered that gold crowns are unhealthful and permit foreign matter to get into the teeth.

Bridge work also is not as popular as it once was. To make a bridge two good teeth were filed down as anchors for the mass of gold in between. If the bridge failed the two good teeth on the ends went with it. Now dentists recommend a plate of false teeth instead of the bridge. These being removable, are easily kept clean. The dental science is now spending its energies more on serviceable plates rather than on bridges or crowns.—New York Sun.

The Sacrifice.

Edith—I don't see why you like that group picture of our society. It wasn't particularly good of you.

Isabel—I know it, but it had such a perfectly horrid portrait of that conceited Miss Gushing.—Boston Evening Transcript.



Back to the Grain Fields for Health

GRAPE-NUTS is a regular "three bags full" of the best food qualities of whole wheat flour and malted barley, carefully mixed and slowly baked—

To develop all their appetizing flavor,

To preserve all their wholesomeness,

And to provide nature's "broom" that keeps the digestive system spick and span.

There's not a bit of artificial sweetening in Grape-Nuts—it just *becomes* sweet of its own accord in the long baking.

And that enticing flavor—how good it is with good milk or cream! Fruits, too, fresh or cooked, add to the delight of a dish of Grape-Nuts, morning, noon or sundown.

It is a compact, ready-to-eat food—no cooking needed. Why not try it for tomorrow's breakfast?

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.