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"You can't edge into my family on that theory, young man. I'm willing to keep on supporting my daughter, but you'll have to pay board."

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WITH THANKSGIVING AND JOY



For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless The Hand that feeds us; And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness, Our very heart-beats praise the Lord that leads us.
—Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

THE ROYAL GORGE

Mrs. Twitter's Little Dissertation on Mother's Joy in Preparing the Great Dinner.

She Didn't Seem to Take a Very Enthusiastic View of the Matter, But There Was a Reason for Her Well-Expressed "Grouch."

YES, ma'am," said Mrs. Bumpweather, "the mince pie is loaded, and the deadly conflict between peace and comfort on one side and pain and pepain on the other is about to be performed. The coming Thursday will witness our great epicurean festival, which might be technically termed the Royal Gorge."

"I'm not specially keen to listening to any sentimental ravings about the day," said Mrs. Twitter, with her usual suspicious and refrigerated tone of voice.

"It's put in the calendar to pester us, that's all. Autumn brings us every kind of a misery it can pick up and lug home after which we are cordially invited to gather together and be thankful. Thanksgiving day, like matrimony, is a good joke. You pawn the family jewels to send the kid-child to an expensive school. Blow one. You cavern into the recesses of a dark clothes closet and disinter your furs. They are somewhat deadlier than they were ever dead before. In fact, they are not fur at all, ha, ha! They are merely skin what has been skun. Swat two. The first cold day blows in and the radiator of the motor car freezes up, sneezes once, and calmly expires. Slam three. Grand opera stars collect, but father can't. So you don't go to the opera. Grief four."

"We are certainly drifting far away from the sweet and gentle spirit of holidays," said Mrs. Bumpweather. "The good old days are dead."
"And why are they good?" asked Mrs. Twitter. "They are good because they are old and because they are dead. Can't you hear our great-grand-



"For Weeks She Made Mince Pie."

mothers scoffing about new ideas and all that? Don't you suppose they were roasting about the dear old times that had passed? Up to date though you are, my lamb, with your slit skirt and rubber buttons; in your tango shoe soles, your chin strap on your little bonnet, and your own interpretation of the Castle walk—even you, my love, will some time belong to the good old times."
"Even thus," agreed Mrs. Bumpweather, "even so. 'Tis truth, I vow. But I shall belong to my own old times; I shall not be classed with my grand-mother's old time. I shall keep alive with the elixir of the present

moment. Do you know, I think our Thanksgiving days are really much nicer than those old ones. I can't see anything particularly roaring jolly about exploring to church through three feet of snow and meeting a flap hatted gent carrying a wild turkey. All the Thanksgiving pictures are like that."
"But," continued Mrs. Twitter, "do they ever tell about dear mother and what sort of a time she had? For weeks she made mince meat and stewed pumpkins, and during the summer she sweated over the fire to make the jelly. Imagine the thankfulness in her heart when she saw whole days of hard work gobbled up at one meal. How charming to have all the little folk around the house? Yes, ma'am! But what about sweeping up the mud tracks afterwards and plucking raisin seeds off the best hair cloth furniture



"Cold Cloths on Her Brow."

and washing up the tons of dishes! Mother did not sit before the fireplace and tell stories. She was putting little cotton blankets on her burnt thumbs for basting a turkey is perilous business, let me tell you. How jolly it was to crack nuts, too. But where was mother? Oh, she was busy some where. Yes, she recollect now. She was putting a cold cloth on her throbbing brow; she had to pull herself together so as to have strength enough to serve a bit of supper afterward."

"They didn't have the movies then to furnish them with recreation," said Mrs. Bumpweather, "or theaters or tango dances. Visiting and eating were about the best they could do, and after all, that's more fun than anything else. Give me time to get up a good old-fashioned dinner and I can have the biggest spread of my sweet, mid-die-aged life. Compare such a meal to anything you can get downtown, or at any country club! My child there's nothing equal to it, and it is really a lark to cook it."

"Blithers!" remarked Mrs. Twitter. Mrs. Bumpweather said nothing, as if she meant it.
"Blithers!" exclaimed Mrs. Twitter again.

Mrs. Bumpweather slipped her hand through Mrs. Twitter's arm.
"You're tired, little one," said she. "When the enthusiasm gets out of your system, it's a sure sign that some other less pleasant microbes has crept in. You can't afford to let yourself slip away like that. You've got to keep holding on, and feeling interested, ever in human events, and being interested, ever if you're mending a pair of your old man's trousers or picking the roast beef bones for hash. You'll come and eat your Thanksgiving dinner with me won't you, honey?"

Mrs. Twitter wriggled about in a naive, shy twist, supposedly to signify inexpressible joy.

"What for did I do all that growly talk?" asked she. "Little Tommy Tuck or sang for his supper, but I'd rather growl for mine."
And she said it without the slightest show of shame.

THE TWO TURKEYS

One Caused Break in Old Friendship; the Other Brought About Its Renewal.

Gallant Act of Salvation Army Lieutenant Had Its Reward, Though at the Cost of Great Damage to Feelings and Features.

IN THE days when Harlem was so far west that little boys used to long desirously to go out there and kill buffaloes, Indians and other unprotected game, Matthew Dorsey and Wolf Tone Cassidy shook the peat from their feet and emigrated to America in the bowels of a ship that, like all vessels of the aching past, went four feet up and down and six sideways to every one aboard.

On landing at Castle Garden, they remained in the city long enough to purchase a gold brick apiece and get held up and robbed; then their bucolic desires ameliorated with metropolitan disgust and they trekked to the aforesaid west and constructed for themselves two little shacks, perched high on the edge of Somebody or Other's cliff.

And so passed nigh unto half a century; and it was Thanksgiving time.

Mr. Dorsey, having finished the breakfast dishes and lighted his du-deen, went out to his front door to see what Mr. Cassidy was about; and Mr. Cassidy, having done precisely the same thing, did precisely the same thing.

"Good morning, Matchew!" he called across the little gardens.
"Th' same to ye an' manny of thim!" called back Mr. Dorsey.
"Tis a foine da-ay, Matchew, avick," commented Mr. Cassidy, puffing expansively. "Tis th' da-ay of rajjoicin' an' givin' thanks and presents, Matchew," went on Mr. Cassidy. "Tis sorry Oi am taht Oi hov nothin' to give ye."

"Th' sa-ame here an' manny of thim," replied Mr. Dorsey. "O'd gladly give ye th' shirt off me back 'r th' roof over me hid on'y O'd loikely ketch pnoomy an' die. But th' love in me heart-is th' same."
"Tis me own sin'imints yez is ray-paytin' aven befores they's spoke be meself," returned Mr. Cassidy. "If," he went on, in dulcet effort of civility, "a gossoun was to come along wid a box o' good f' cint segars, 'r a millyon dollars, 'r so' thing loike thot, 'in offer thim to 'Good Mornin', Matchew! me, O'd say, 'No, me good sir, no, thank ye, kindly. Give thim to the bes' friend I've had fr manny years, an' more, Dorsey there."

"Arrah, no, Wolf Tone, avick," protested Mr. Dorsey. "T'would never do. D'ye think O'd sthand by an' rayceive all thim gorgus an' xpensive presents whilst you had nothin' O'd ta-ake none of thim, be hivina. 'Give thim to Cassidy, th' noblest, generousst frind—'" He stopped, suddenly, little eyes bent piercingly toward a corner of his little garden.

"Phwat's thot?" he quickly demanded.
"What's phwat?" inquired Mr. Cassidy.
Mr. Dorsey brought a square flat down into a receptive palm with a resounding whack.

"A tur-keey!" he exclaimed. "A tur-keey! An' in my yar-rd! Th' Lord is good to thim He loves!"
Bent, tiptoeing, he started toward the strutting fowl. Mr. Cassidy moved over toward the fence and watched him in helpless indecision.

Just as Mr. Dorsey had his hands extended to grab the turkey, Mr. Cassidy shouted, suddenly; and the turkey, frightened, scuttled through a hole in the fence and into Mr. Cassidy's yard. Whereat Mr. Cassidy made a quick jump for it. But he missed it clean and landed on the place where he was intending to set out early lettuce in the spring.

Meanwhile Mr. Dorsey, half over the fence, distended with rage, was yelling:
"Lave my tur-keey be! Lave my tur-keey be!"

Mr. Cassidy picked a triangular section of broken glass from his person and, commenting upon it briefly and in tense terms, turned upon Mr. Dorsey.
"Yuro tur-keey!" he cried, indignantly.
"Yuro tur-keey!" he cried, indignantly.
"Oi thot you said," howled Mr. Dorsey.
"Lave My Tur-keey Be!"

It was a name along wid a segar 'r a millyon dollars, you'd say. Give it to me friend Dorsey." He snorted, disgustedly. "Tis a divvie of a ma-an,

yez ar-re! Pwhy don't yez kane yer wur-rd?"
"Kape me wur-rd, is it?" cried Mr. Mr. Cassidy, hotly. "Whin th' ma-an wid th' millyon dollars comes, O'll kape me wur-rd. But did Oi sa-ay annythin' about an-ny tur-keeyes? Answer me thot!"

"Oi will an' Oi will not," rejoined Mr. Dorsey, angrily. "But an-nyhow, you lave me tur-keey be, you thievin' ould omadhoun or O'll brain yez."
"A. P. A.!" said Mr. Cassidy, insultingly.
"Phwat's thot?" yelled Mr. Dorsey, looking for an opening in the fence large enough to admit passage to his portly frame.

When one Kerry man asks another, "Phwat's thot?" it is time for peace loving people to retire to a distance, and to a great distance, for a Kerry man can throw a half brick as a rifle speeds a bullet; and at catch-a-catch-can, rough-and-tumble, knock-down-and-drag-out and various other schools of physical combat, he has few equals and no superiors.

And ere Mr. Dorsey, too weak even to wag a threatening finger, and Mr. Cassidy, too tired to call Mr. Dorsey the names that were congesting in his being, retired to their respective abodes to think up things to say to one another on the morrow, old Mrs. Honoria Slattery, who lived farther up on the rocks, already was removing the last pin feather from the turkey with a piece of flaring wrapping paper.

One year later, to a day, Mr. Dorsey, glowering at Mr. Cassidy, and Mr. Cassidy, glowering at Mr. Dorsey, betook themselves down to the express office, each to get the crated turkey that his son had sent him for his Thanksgiving dinner.

Side by side, in armed neutrality, they waited for the agent to finish discoursing to the pretty operator upon the benefits of love to the working man and how the stimulus of having a good woman to work for brings out all there is best in the male being.

Mr. Dorsey and Mr. Cassidy waxed impatient.
They had come for turkeys, not for dissertations; and this one was particularly annoying because they had both been married.

At length, when the agent had wrought himself into a verbal frenzy in an attempt to clinch the point that two can live as cheaply as one, Mr. Dorsey interrupted.

"Two can live as chape as wan if they'll live on half as much," he burst forth, "an' now gi'me me tur-keey." The agent turned in cold hauteur.
"They's one out on the platform in a crate," he returned, frigidly. "The name's rubbed off, so I don't know who it belongs to."

"It's mine," said Mr. Dorsey.
"Ye're a liar," said Mr. Cassidy.
"Twas only yesterday me son Molke writ me tellin' me he'd sint me wan," howled Mr. Cassidy. "Oi hov th' letter!"
"Oh, ho, you hov, hov you!" yelled Mr. Dorsey. "Well, yez couldn't read it, anyhow, so phwat's th' difference?"
Mr. Cassidy throbbed with anger.

"O'll Iarn ye phwat th' difference is!" he howled. He took off his coat, cast it to the floor and, stooping, rubbed the palms of his hands in the dirt. Dorsey, the joy of battle in his little eyes, was not a whit behind.

And then there entered Lieutenant Dalrymple of the Salvation Army. He was a little man, with a pimply face and chest like a washboard. But he valiantly pushed in where would have feared to tread the most fatuous and blindest angel that ever flew.

"Hold!" he cried, extending spindling arms.
Mr. Dorsey eyed him truculently.
"Gowan!" he yelled, threateningly. "Phwat's th' matter wid ye? D'ye wan' ter git kilt? Git out o' me wa-ay!" and he rushed at Mr. Cassidy.

Lieutenant Dalrymple, the peace-maker, with extended hands, stepped between. One befingered fist caught Mr. Dorsey in the eye, while the other enmeshed itself in Mr. Cassidy's Glen-garrys.

It was well for Lieutenant Dalrymple that he was a good runner. The half mile to headquarters he covered in two minutes flat, and he spent the rest of the morning in a Saratoga trunk in the garret, while the rest of the army endeavored to eject from the building the raging Mr. Dorsey and the trumpeting Mr. Cassidy.
It was an ejection long and hard-fought. But it was an ejection. Sitting side by side in the street, Mr. Dorsey timorously wiggled back and forth a loose tooth, while Mr. Cassidy tenderly caressed a fast blackening eye.
"Matchew," said Mr. Cassidy at length.
Mr. Dorsey removed his fingers from his mouth.
"Phwat is ut?" he queried.
"Lave us go home an' ate our tur-keey," said Mr. Cassidy.
Mr. Dorsey nodded profoundly.
"Yis," he said. "An' whin we've finished—'twill be da-ark by thim—we'll coom back an' lay fr thot Salvashun ar-my divvie, be hivina!"—Pennsylvania Grit.

Sprains, Bruises Stiff Muscles

Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing. No need to rub it in—it acts at once, instantly relieving the pain, however severe it may be.

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Charles Johnson, P. O. Box 105, Leiston Station, N. Y., writes: "I sprained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months, then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is helping me wonderfully. I threw my crutches away. Only used two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with one cane. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment."

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Kills Pain



BALANCE KEPT BY NATURE

Increase of the Human Race Seems to Be Regulated by Wars and Other Devastations.

Every year, according to scientists who attempt to keep the general records, at least 80,000,000 human beings are born on this earth and 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 die. This indicates a daily birth rate of about 220,000 and a death rate of 180,000. The daily increase in population therefore is about 40,000. The total population of the globe is estimated at 1,800,000,000. The ravages of war do little to impede the increase. Far more effective have been the upheavals of nature. The Franco-Prussian war killed about 120,000 in seven months. The death roll of the Russo-Japanese reached about 200,000. A single earthquake (1737, in India) has been estimated to have caused 300,000 deaths. The fatalities of the Messina earthquake in 1908 cannot have been far short of 100,000. A tidal wave in 1896 drowned 27,000 persons in Japan, causing a greater loss of life than the whole war with China in 1894. The earthquake in Japan in 1703 is said to have killed 200,000 people. The Lisbon earthquake in 1755 destroyed 50,000 human lives, while 40,000 were lost in the same year if earthquakes in Persia.

Not to Be Thought Of.
"Now let us put our head together and see if we can't arrange matters."
"Put our heads together? That would hardly do, Maude. Your green wig and my purple hair won't harmonize."

Isn't it funny that the things we like to do most are the things we are told we shouldn't do?

Don't envy the bluffer. He isn't always as happy as he looks.

Quick Accurate Thinking

—does much to make the difference between success and failure.

And the food a person eats goes a long way toward deciding the difference.

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