



Your Labor Counts—every ounce of work you do helps some soldier. This war was fought as truly in the household and in the work-shop as it was in the trenches.

Some of our American women are borne down physically and mentally, by the weaknesses of their sex. They suffer from backache, dragging sensation, bearing-down pains, very nervous and pain in top of head. If they ask their neighbors they will be told to take a Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce's which has been so well and favorably known for the past half century.

Weak women should try it now. Don't wait! Today is the day to begin. This temperance tonic and nerve will bring vim, vigor and vitality. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c. for trial pkg. tablets.



Washington, W. Va.—
"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was a great help to me during pregnancy. My health seemed to fail—I became all rundown, weak and nervous, could not eat nor sleep and was nauseated all the time. I began taking 'Favorite Prescription' and it brought me through in splendid health and my baby was strong and healthy."
—Mrs. A. R. Hicks, 1719 Virginia Ave.

Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing powder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample Free. See all druggists, or received by mail, The Paxtine Tablet Company, Boston, Mass.

MANY OWN LIBERTY BONDS
Conservative Estimate That There is One in Every Home Throughout the Country.

Before the war there were substantially 11,000,000 savings bank depositors. Add to this 3,000,000 depositors in state banks, which list, of course, includes many commercial accounts; 400,000 postal savings bank depositors and 100,000 depositors in private banks. After eliminating duplications, it would likely be liberal to estimate that there were 14,000,000 money savers in the United States before the war, with not to exceed 10,000,000 families probably represented in this number. The fourth Liberty loan was supported by 21,000,000 subscriptions. It would likely be extremely conservative to say that 3,000,000 others have subscribed to former issues of the Liberty loan, and were unable to do so in the fourth loan. We can then with safety say there are 24,000,000 owners of Liberty bonds in America today. By the elimination of 4,000,000 for duplicates when we say that there is now a bond in every home in the country.—Thrift Magazine.

Keeping the Faith.

A man returning from Philadelphia tells of a ragged newsboy, who, after his papers were all sold, still stood near Independence hall lustily shouting the news of Germany's surrender. "I'm just a-doin' what the Liberty bell would do if it could," explained the little patriot.

There is no graduating from the school of experience.

Solid Winter Nourishment

The real food elements of wheat and barley so made as to be rich in sugar, and ready to eat from package with milk or cream. That is Grape-Nuts. A Substantial Food and Economical.

Propinquity's Part

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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"Oh, yes, I shall be brave!" Her tone was light. Her heart held tears. "I shall wait for you—always," she said, a smile as gay and brilliant as if it played about happy lips.

"But—of course you will, girl! You're that kind of stuff. And I'll come back to you with a chest full of medals and arms full of love." Her head drooped on his khaki shoulder for a moment while she almost gave way. "Good-by," she whispered and pushed him from her.

He held her for one more moment. "Good-by, my girl," he said, swallowing the lump that almost choked him. Then he took his cap and strode down the garden path, closed the gate behind him and was lost to her among the shadows of the trees.

June twisted her handkerchief to a hard knot, bit her lips and kept her eyes glued to the opening in the trees where she had last seen him. Then, slowly, she let the tears flow down her cheeks, threw herself into the hammock and sobbed.

Capt. Teddy Blake was soon back in his quarters with the knowledge in his own heart that this was the last time he should see June for many a day. That he would sail on the following day or the next at the latest he was sure. It seemed very hard to leave June; they had been so happy; she was wonderfully lovely. But—he would come back and claim her some day. That she would not wait for him, that he could forget—those were impossible suggestions.

June answered the call of the Red Cross for nurses. She felt in her first dejection and loneliness as if she must do something to help hasten the end of the war that had separated Teddy from her. She was accepted and went into a hospital for training almost at once. She became absorbed in the work, met many new and interesting persons and soon found herself quite cheerful again. At night when she wrote her letter to Captain Teddy she told him of her work, of the new faces, of her ambition to get "over there" and help, and perhaps take care of him. But she did not weep; rather she grew more and more proud of having sent her captain off so bravely, and congratulated herself for her own cheerfulness.

"You're going to make a wonderful nurse, Miss Prince," one of the doctors told her after she had helped him in some surgical dressing. "Oh, am I?" she exclaimed. "I love the work."

Doctor Buchanan watched the wonderful color flood her face at the compliment he had paid her. He was thirty-five and had been so absorbed in his profession that he had never taken time to get married.

June worked more earnestly than ever after that word of praise from so clever a surgeon as Doctor Buchanan. Also she now had the temerity to smile at him when she passed him in the corridors or he chanced upon her in the wards. Heretofore she had never noticed any of the doctors, some one having told her it was better to attend strictly to the professional side of the work and not permit herself to know the doctors socially.

Captain Teddy's letters were filled with interesting stories of jaunts here and there, when he had time to himself. He spoke more than once of the alacrity with which he was picking up the French language. A pretty French girl, Jeanne de Naeyer, whom he had met at a canteen, was giving him lessons on every available occasion. Oh, he would come back to June quite an accomplished French student, and he hoped she was not being too lonely.

The war dragged on and June finished her training, grew even more lovely, with a more serious expression in her eyes, forced there by the knowledge she was gaining of the suffering in this world.

Instead of being sent to France, Nurse June was sent to a base hospital "somewhere on Long Island" to take care of the poor wounded soldiers who were being brought home by every boat. She had little time for letter writing now. Her leisure hours, many of them, were spent with Doctor Buchanan, studying, always learning more thoroughly the requirements of a good nurse. Without having become aware of it, she had become very fond of the able surgeon who had done so much for her throughout her training. And she had not noticed that he sought her out on every occasion. There was a serious sort of companionship and they had been drawn together almost daily in their work.

Letters from Captain Teddy, now in action, still referred to Jeanne, the little French girl. He spoke rather casually of her—rather too casually, June thought once or twice, but she seemed not to mind.

"Did you ever realize what a dangerous thing propinquity is?" she asked Doctor Buchanan one night, when they were leaving the grounds of the big base hospital for a couple of hours of rest from duty.

"Dangerous?" he asked. She nodded. "Yes—dangerous. Now, don't think I'm going to weep and have hysterics or be love-sick at what I'm going to tell you. You know I'm not that sort—don't you, by this time?"

"Oh—don't I, though? You're just the bravest, finest!"

June stopped him. "This is my story, not yours," she reminded him. "It's a story about Teddy—my Captain Teddy, you know. He has fallen really and truly in love with a French girl, and he's afraid to tell me so in so many words, and he's waiting for me to find it out through my woman's intuition—which I've done, true to type—and write him that I know all about it and hope he'll be happy, and that his affair and mine, while very sweet, was only a young love, not very deep." June looked up at the doctor for the effect of her story on him.

"And that is the danger of propinquity?" asked the doctor quietly. His own heart was beating very fast, and he longed to tell her that a wonderful thing he thought propinquity was, and of how he would like to write the letters high everywhere. That French girl! How glad he was that she had happened to be there—if that was what caused Captain Teddy to fall out of love with June Prince.

"Wouldn't you call it a danger?" she was asking.

"No—I should not."

"When you realize that falling in love must be only a matter of propinquity, doesn't that seem rather dreadful?"

"Dreadful—dreadful!" mocked the doctor, patiently, waiting for his turn.

"And all your young ideals are smashed—your ideals which include the one and only man in the world no matter where he be?"

The doctor looked at her. "Dare I tell you, June, what I think of propinquity?"

"But—of course—why not?" said June.

He took her arm and tucked it under his as they strolled beneath the old Long Island trees that surrounded the hospital. "I think it is the greatest thing in the world, dear. It has been propinquity that has shown me the beautiful character, the sweetness, the dearness of you. I love you, and I'm going to make you love me, and you may write to your one-time captain that you have intuitively felt he was falling in love with the pretty French girl, and that you—well, you are not too lonely. Will you, June? Will you go on making ours a case of propinquity?"

Now that it had come, June knew she had long expected it.

"Yes, I think I've been happier in these three years of working side by side with you than I've ever been in my life. Wouldn't it have been dreadful if—" She blushed and hesitated.

He leaned down to look into her face. "If Teddy hadn't found the French girl?"

SURE DEATH TO COCKROACH

Commercial Sodium Fluoride Recommended as Effective in Warfare Against Common Household Pest.

The Bulletin of the Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction has been dealing with domestic pests, the latest issue describing a simple and effective way of ridding premises of these unpleasant arthropods. Commercial sodium fluoride mixed in equal parts with flour is dusted over places frequented by the insects, or applied with a dusting or powder blower.

The immediate effect will be noticed that the insects will come out of their hiding places, and after rushing about in a frantic manner for a time become paralyzed and soon die. The dead or paralyzed cockroaches may then be swept up and burned. As a rule, premises can be rid of roaches by this method in 24 to 48 hours.

The same mixture is said to kill caterpillars when fed on foliage that has been dusted with it. The fluorides should be used, however, with care and the inhalation of the dust should, of course, be avoided, as these salts have an injurious action on the human subject. Their use as preservatives in food is legally prohibited in the United States.

That Remarkable Sheep.

Some of the most singular plants in the world are the vegetable sheep of New Zealand. These are known to science as *raoulia eximia*, and although they are of such a strange habit of growth they are members of the daisy tribe. The vegetable sheep grow at high altitudes, usually on some bleak mountain slope, which may be 5,000 feet above sea level. The whole plant is a compact mass of stems densely covered with small woolly leaves. So closely do the raoulias resemble will often climb a long way up the mountain, thinking that they see some missing member of their flock huddled against a rock, only to discover that they have been deceived by a plant! During a recent exhibition at Christchurch, in New Zealand, some specimens of the vegetable sheep were collected for the show. The plants are often large and heavy, and it required the efforts of half a dozen strong men to secure some fine examples of raoulias.

First Official Newspaper.

The first newspaper came into existence when written accounts of the imperial armies of Rome were sent to the generals in command in all parts of the provinces. In 1568 the first official news sheets were published in Venice. They were written by hand and exhibited in public places, people paying the small coin of a gazetta to read them. The church, averse to all diffusing of knowledge, tried to impede this source of education, and Pope Gregory even prosecuted the editors.

Costumes for Travel and Street Wear



Costumes, to take the place of suits for travel and street wear, are appearing with considerable insistence. They have been introduced for the sake of variety and are not expected to rival the tailored suit, which is so well fortified in its position of favorite that nothing can dislodge it. In these new arrivals, instead of coat and skirt to match, we find a coat and frock to match, so far as material is concerned. The coat may be long or short, is made in a variety of ways and usually plainly tailored. The frock is much less plain—something of an unpretentious afternoon gown—which the coat converts into a costume suitable for the street.

There is a lot of style and trimness in this one-material street outfit and it admits of variations that emphasize the idea. Occasionally hat and bag are made to carry the material through to the limit of its usefulness. Perhaps, if the whole figure were shown in the

picture above, we might even discover spats of the same cloth as the rest. Even the coat buttons and belt are made of it. But there is one digression—since fur is expected to lend tone to every sort of costume this season, it has not been neglected in this one. It appears at its best in a short scarf-like collar of seal skin. A little ornament, made of ostrich feathers, has a daring pose on the hat and its rich black makes a fine combination with the taupe-colored velours that it embellishes. The plain bag, of the velours, is mounted on black celluloid, altogether very quiet and practical looking. The chances are that it is lined with rose or cerise or some other vivid color in satin and that the same touch of color appears in the bodice of the frock somewhere. Canes and swagger sticks make only spasmodic entries into the scheme of things for street wear and are not an important feature of styles.

Three Hats for Mourning



The very definite character of apparel to be worn during periods of mourning is the result of custom, deeply rooted in sentiment. In recent years periods of mourning have grown shorter and apparel has become less somber than in the past, but it has lost nothing in dignity and has gained in beauty. There is some difference of opinion, among people of equal intelligence, as to whether it should be worn or not, but there is no question as to the privilege of individuals to decide this matter. The demand for mourning continues and specialists give their time to designing it. Black and white crape for first mourning, certain silks and other fabrics in black or white are used in making it.

The three hats shown in the group above employ silk and crape. The first one is of silk laid in tucks over the crown and plain on the upper brim. Black georgette makes a soft facing. For trimming a few dull black beads are scattered about on the upper brim, a flower motif with leaves and stem, made of folds of silk, is applied to the crown.

Corduroy Rest Robe.

Corduroy has immense popularity, both for the dinner rest robe and for the less formal negligee. Lined with a softer silk it is an excellent material for cool days and it does not crush and get out of shape as finer fabrics will, though it does rub and soon will present a worn look unless carefully handled. It is a curious notion these days to make all sorts of garments of strips of cloth, leaving just room enough in an undergarment for the arms to go through. Of course these are so simple to make that it is easy enough to achieve one at home; at any rate, one can always thus select the special colors one likes.

A hat of English crape, which is moisture-proof, is a dignified model for a matron. The brim turns up at the left side and is faced with silk. Three flaring folds of silk about the top-crown give the required height. Small leaves of silk are posed against the side crown at the front. Nearly all the trimmings used on mourning millinery are made of the same materials as the hats they adorn.

Another hat in which crape and silk are combined is a smart turban with wide coronet. This is covered with folds of silk with a border of crape. Small, dull jet beads with a plating of silk, form a handsome ornament for this model. It is a becoming shape suited to many faces.

Few long, heavy veils are worn even by older women. Small net veils of ten with borders of crape, have replaced the all-crape veil. Crape is used as a trimming and in dress accessories for first mourning and is not used for any other wear.

Julie Bottinley

French Evening Gowns.

An unusual angle of the fashion subject from the French point of view this season is in the evening gowns. Modesty and conservatism is the watchword in the designing of the upper half of these garments, very few low-cut gowns being shown and practically all having sleeves of one sort or another. But the skirts are definitely quite the opposite. They are narrow and short. A very faint effort appears to have been made to have some of the evening frocks look longer than they really are by veiling the silk or satin foundation skirt with a filmy lace or other fabric; but the result is often really grotesque.

Plenty of exercise, fresh air, regular hours—is all the prescription you need to avoid Influenza—unless through neglect or otherwise, a cold gets you. Then take—at once



Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Makes back stiff fall. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Acid-Stomach Ruins Health of Millions

Besides those painful attacks of indigestion; that awful bloated, lumpy feeling after eating and downright stomach misery that you who have experienced it know so well; besides disgusting belching, food-repeating, sour stomach and distressing heartburn—besides all this, ACID-STOMACH undermines the health and saps the strength of millions.

If you don't get rid of those stomach miseries there is no telling where your stomach troubles will end, for it is a well known scientific fact that many serious ailments have their start in an acid-stomach.

Start now—this very day to get rid of your stomach miseries—take EATONIC—the wonderful remedy that absorbs the excess acid from the stomach and brings INSTANT relief. You simply have no idea how much better, stronger and brighter you feel at once. It drives out all the gas and bloats, puts an immediate stop to belching and heartburn, ends stomach suffering and makes it cool, sweet, comfortable and strong.

There can be no further excuse for you to allow acid-stomach to wreck your health—pile up misery upon misery until you get to the point where you feel down and out and that life has lost all its joys. Remember, just as acid-mouth ruins teeth, so acid-stomach ruins health.

Take EATONIC. It's good, just like a bit of candy and makes the stomach feel fine. You can then eat the things you like and, what is more, enjoy powerful you eat will count in creating power and energy. You'll feel so much better—have punch and pep—the power and will to do things and get results, and your stomach misery will be gone.

Take our advice. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It costs so little. If it fails to remove your stomach distress, he will refund your money. That is guaranteed, you are to be satisfied or money refunded.

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FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE
Magic Relief for Bad Stomachs



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Mr. R. T. Wright, of 326 Archella St., Knoxville, Tennessee, Pa., suffered for 20 years with stomach, liver, bladder, kidney troubles and indigestion. He suffered, he tried everything advised to him, which cost him a fortune. He bottles of Dr. J. C. Heron's Special Blood Purifier proved to him its merit. This Master Remedy can be received by parcel post, prepaid, three bottles \$3.00. For special advice and testimonials, give thorough diagnosis of your case. J. C. HERON, Manufacturing Chemist, Carrick, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 50-1918.
Ypres.

In the salient of Ypres there are not less than one hundred thousand graves of allied soldiers, sometimes marked by plain wooden crosses, sometimes obliterated by the debris of ruined trenches, sometimes hidden in corners of fields. The ground is forever England; it is also forever France. When the war is over this triangle of meadow land, with a ruined city by its base, will be an enclave of Belgian soil consecrated as the holy land of two peoples. It will never be common ground. It will be for the most beloved spot on earth, for it holds our bravest dust, and it is a proof and record of a new spirit.—John Buchan in Kansas City Star.

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