

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When feverish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moved out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

Her Title. Bacon—I understand his wife has a position now? Eghert—Yes. She's working at a ribbon counter in a department store. "And does he call her his better half?" "No; his counter-part."

KIDNEY SUFFERERS HAVE FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

Swamp-Root is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. According to verified testimony it is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you will find it on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Cruel Treatment. Yeast—The Germans in the internment camps in this country say we are treating them cruelly. Crismont—How so? "They claim we're taking all the 'kick' out of the beer we let 'em have."

Soothe Itching Skins. With Cuticura. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply the Ointment. This usually affords relief and points to speedy healing. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Introspection. "Aren't you a trifle self-centered?" "Can't help it. It's hard for a man to keep his mind off himself after he has tried to do his duty by an income tax report and a few questionnaires."

No Worms in a Healthy Child. All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GIBBER'S SALT-BLENDED CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a general strengthening tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. See per bottle.

To Some Extent. "Mrs. Gaddy claims that she made her husband." "So she did; she made a fool of him."

Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

Unexpected. Clerk—"My salary is not what it should be." Employer—"But could you live on what it should be?"

Not Many. Who remembers the old days, when kids were satisfied with a penny?

Mr. Jenner's Christmas

by Clarissa Markie

Copyright by Western Newspaper Union



Set in his library for many hours

HIRAM JENNER frowned darkly as he rode home behind the glass windows of his luxurious limousine. No matter which way he turned his unhappy old eyes he saw evidences of the happy Christmas season; and he had quite determined to ignore Christmas after his only child, Eve, had flouted her father's objections to her marrying a poor young inventor and eloped with George Lane, the afore-said inventor.

Although Eve had pleaded for forgiveness from her stern parent, Hiram Jenner merely refused to listen to her; he turned a deaf ear to the pleas of her friends in her behalf; returned her letters unopened and in every way possible enacted the role of a hard-hearted and pig-headed father whose daughter had disappointed him.

And the worst of it all was, said Eve's friends, who clung loyally to her, the only objectionable thing about George Lane was that he was an inventor—and that was decidedly an advantage, for sometimes—in fact, quite often—inventors made a lot of money. If that was what was worrying Papa Jenner! And why should it worry him, they argued, when the Jenner fortune was enough to launch three or four inventors on the sea of success? George Lane was not in Eve's social set, but he was a fine fellow—well educated, well bred and mighty good looking—and they loved each other to distraction.

Hiram Jenner was turning these things over in his tired mind for the hundredth time in the past year. He nourished a bitter resentment and jealousy. That his motherless daughter should have chosen a strange young man—in preference to him! That was the sore point—one of them. The other sore point was that he believed young Lane wanted to marry money so that he could finance his idiotic inventions. Well, he wouldn't get any of the Jenner fortune!

A tire on the limousine blew out at this moment and shattered the train of Mr. Jenner's thoughts.

"I'm afraid we can't get home, sir," reported the chauffeur a moment later. "Shall I call a taxicab, sir?"

"No—I'll take a car home. It's only a few blocks and one is coming now."

So Hiram Jenner left his motor and swung onto the platform of a north-bound Madison avenue car that would leave him within a block of his home. There was just one seat left and that was in the forward end by the front window of the car. So Mr. Jenner sat down, fumbled for a nickel, and then sat gloomily watching the broad blue-cloaked back of the motorman on the platform outside.

There was something familiar about that well-shaped head, covered with a crop of thick, fair hair; and the way the shoulders were squared reminded him very strongly of George Lane the night he had ventured to ask Mr. Jenner for his daughter's hand and heart.

"The fellow is on my mind," growled Mr. Jenner to himself, still staring at the fair head beneath the neat cap of the motorman.

Suddenly the man turned his head and Hiram Jenner felt a distinct shock of surprise when he discovered the classic profile of his son-in-law.

"Oho!" So they had fallen upon evil times and the man had given up his foolish inventions and had gone to trolleying! Times must be hard indeed with them. And Eve, how could she stand privation?

Hiram Jenner was worried. He felt a vague sickness as the car became crowded with people laden with Christmas packages. No matter which way he turned he was confronted by Christmas—Christmas—and presents—and happy smiles—and the laughter of children. He remembered how he and Eve used to go Christmas shopping together and. . . . Was Eve going shopping this Christmas? Had she any money? Was she suffering while her father rolled in luxury—while her father's servants perhaps fared better than Eve herself?

And George Lane—why, the fellow must be made of good stuff after all, for he had gone to work at a menial job rather than beg from his rich

grandfathers quite good enough for them, regard all this testing, placarding and sterilizing as nothing but nonsense—funny when it is not expediting.

Scouting for Black Walnut. The appeal to the boy scouts to make a census of the black walnut in the country has already resulted in giving the forest service definite information concerning the whereabouts and quality of about 15,000,000 feet of black walnut timber. The government

father-in-law. Some men would have used Eve as an excuse to wring money from the old man—Eve—well, Eve might be suffering for the very necessities of life this instant!

His sunny-haired, blue-eyed, happy Eve!

Was she happy now? Hiram Jenner groped blindly from the car and went home. He sat in his library for many hours while his servants whispered together below stairs.

"He's feeling bad because of poor Miss Eve," sighed the good house-keeper.

"He'd oughter; hold skinflint!" put in the butler in a disgusted tone.

"There's your bell, Mrs. Dorey," reminded the housemaid from her warm corner by the fire.

Mrs. Dorey wiped her wet eyes and went up to the library. Hiram Jenner was sitting before his great walnut table. The shade of the large electric lamp threw his face in shadow, but his voice sounded odd and husky.

"Tomorrow will be Christmas eve," Mrs. Dorey, he said heavily. "I would like you to prepare a large hamper of food—all cooked and ready to serve—everything that will comprise a fine Christmas dinner. Please have it ready by four o'clock. I will take it with me in the car."

"Yes, sir," cried Mrs. Dorey breathlessly, as she dipped a curtsey and disappeared.

Precisely at four o'clock the next afternoon the limousine stopped in front of the Jenner mansion and the chauffeur went up to the basement door and brought out a heavy hamper, which he with much difficulty lifted into the car beside his master.

"Where to, sir?" he asked. Mr. Jenner named a street far up in the northwestern part of the city—a section given over to great apartment houses.

His cheeks were flushed, his eyes shone, and his hands trembled. In three quarters of an hour they passed before a substantial-looking gray stone building of the better class.

"You are sure this is the right place?" asked Mr. Jenner, wondering at the quiet elegance of the house the address of which had been given to him by one of Eve's friends.

"Yes, sir," said the man, opening the door. So Mr. Jenner alighted, and disdaining help from Hanson, he lifted the heavy hamper and entered the quiet vestibule. In five minutes he was gliding up in the lift and standing before the door of Apartment M, with the hamper beside him.

"There's something wrong somewhere," murmured Mr. Jenner, wiping his brow; "or else that motorman chap is living beyond his means!" A trim maid answered the door and her eyes opened widely when she saw the handsome old gentleman in the fur-lined overcoat standing beside the Christmas hamper.

"Mrs. Lane? Yes, sir—if you will come in and be seated. She is engaged at present."

So Hiram Jenner sat down in a tiny

room tastefully furnished and felt a constriction of the muscles of his throat when he recognized his own portrait hanging over the mantelpiece.

There was a light step behind him and he turned to find Eve standing there, regarding him with shining eyes. "Oh, daddy, you have come!" she cried a little brokenly.

He nodded and held out his arms. Eve came into them like a weary bird to its nest. "I have needed you so," she murmured. "I have missed you!"

Jenner thrilled strangely. "Not when you had your husband," murmured Jenner jealously.

"Ah, but you are my dear father!" protested Eve happily. "he might try—but he could never be that, you know!"

"And you are glad to see me?" asked Hiram just for the pleasure of hearing her answer.

A little later he expressed his surprise at finding her living so comfortably.

"I saw your husband—George—driving a trolley car yesterday—and I thought you must be in need—in great want," he explained. "I couldn't bear the thought—and so I concluded that if you could forgive a hard-hearted old man I would come and spend Christmas with you—and I brought my dinner along!"

Eve laughed and cried all at once and bade the maid bring in the hamper, and then she laughed and cried over the contents.

Then George Lane came in—and Hiram was somewhat surprised to find that his son-in-law was not wearing the uniform of the trolley company; he was neatly, nay expensively attired, and it took the combined efforts of the young couple to convince Hiram Jenner that the young inventor was on the road to prosperity; that his presence on the trolley car was merely an incident in the trying out of a new brake of which he was the inventor and by which he expected to make a heap of money.

BRITAIN TO DEMAND 40,000,000,000

Peace Congress Opens First Week in January.

TO MAKE GERMANY PAY

Lloyd George, Balfour, Law and Barnes To Represent Great Britain in Negotiations—Another Delegate Yet To Be Selected.

London.—Great Britain will demand of Germany 8,000,000,000 pounds sterling for Great Britain and her dominions as reparation for the war, according to the Daily Mail.

This, the Daily Mail adds, is what the war cost Great Britain and her dominions, and British taxpayers will be relieved of 400,000,000 pounds per annum by the German payment.

The British claim, says the Daily Mail, has been prepared by a committee under Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, and Baron Cunliffe, former governor of the Bank of England, who is one of the principal members of the committee.

The Daily Mail says the French claim for reparation will be infinitely larger than that of Great Britain.

Congress Opens New Year Week.

Paris.—President Wilson will be informed by wireless of the plans for the assembling of the inter-Allied conference and the meeting of the peace congress. He will also be advised concerning the recent gathering of the Supreme War Council at London.

In the meantime, reports that the President has approved of anything done at the supreme council are premature.

The plans concerning the peace meetings are the results of Colonel Edward M. House's long talk with Premier Clemenceau, following a conference with Baron Sonnino, the Italian foreign minister, and the Earl of Derby, the British ambassador to France.

The inter-Allied conference will re-assemble on December 16 or 17. The meetings will be at the foreign offices in the Quai d'Orsay and not at Versailles.

David Lloyd George, the British premier, and A. J. Balfour, the foreign minister, expect to come here at that time to meet President Wilson and attend the conference, but the elections in Great Britain may not permit them to remain more than two or three days.

To Waste No Time.

The opening of the peace congress is set for the first week in January. It was the desire of the Americans to begin at the earliest possible moment. Other delegations felt that a later date would be necessary, owing to the Christmas holidays and the official functions connected with the presence of President Wilson and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, but the first week in January finally was chosen.

The first meetings will be for the actual framing of the preliminaries of peace with the representatives of the enemy powers, who will be present.

The names of the French delegates to the peace congress have not as yet been announced, but it is understood they will be three members of the government and possibly a fourth member.

The British delegates will be Premier Lloyd George, Foreign Minister Balfour, Chancellor of the Exchequer Andrew Bonar Law, George Nicoll Barnes, labor members of the war cabinet, and a fifth delegate not yet selected.

It is anticipated that the peace deliberations will last about four months, and unless unforeseen obstacles arise, that final action will be reached toward the early part of May.

WAR CLOUD PASSING BY.

Chile And Peru Approaching A Peaceful Settlement.

Buenos Aires.—The controversy between Chile and Peru is approaching a peaceful solution. La Nación says it is informed by a confidential but reliable source as a result of the efforts of the State Department and the Uruguayan Foreign Office. The two foreign offices are said to have been in constant communication since Tuesday.

The newspaper's informant says that the two governments propose a partial plebiscite, and that the Chilean and Peruvian foreign offices are friendly disposed toward the proposal which contemplates restoration of a Pacific port to Bolivia.

1,056,550 ARMENIANS SLAIN.

Turkish Statistics Show 1,396,350 Deported.

Saloniki.—M. Khazadlian, an Armenian leader and former officer of high rank in the Turkish Navy, on his arrival here declared that German and Turkish statistics which he saw in Constantinople in 1916 showed that 1,396,350 Armenians had been deported and that of that number 1,056,550 had been massacred. Thanking the Greek Government for its sympathy with the cause of the Armenians, he said the Greeks and Armenians should combine their efforts against Turkish oppression.

High Privileges. Ned—I see where the King and queen of England have been entertaining American editors.

Nita (enviously)—Isn't that her luck? Now she'll have her picture in all the papers.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A small bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine. It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—it costs but a few cents—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fullness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. Adv.

Vital Question. Mrs. Johnson—Sistah Martha has just got a divorce 'um her husband. Mrs. Jackson—You don't say. How much ammonia did de cou't grant her? —Boston Transcript.

To be trusted is often a greater compliment than to be loved.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs. Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

Restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.



Cuticura Heals Itching Burning Skin Troubles

Irritating Coughs Promptly treat coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and similar inflamed and irritated conditions of the throat with a tested remedy

PISO'S