

**"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"
IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE**

Look at tongue! Remove poisons
from stomach, liver and
bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.
Mother! You must say "California."
—Adv.

Anticlimax.

She clung to him. He could feel the subtle warmth of her burning into his soul. Something within him stirred. He touched her bare shoulders with the tips of his fingers, her hot breath in his face.

"My gosh!" he said, trembling. "What would you have me do?"
She lifted her eyes to his—eyes in which burned an inscrutable fire.
"Pick up your feet, you poor fish, and don't step on my gown again until this dance is over," she murmured.—California Pelican.

**HEAD STUFFED FROM
CATARRH OR A COLD**

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils
Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more yawning, sniffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.
It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh.—Adv.

Of Course.

"Would you mind letting me off 15 minutes earlier after this?" asked the bookkeeper. "You see, I've moved over to Jersey, and I can't catch my train unless I leave the office at a quarter of five."
"You should have thought of that before you moved," said his employer.
"I did," was the reply. "That's the reason I moved."

**WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND
SWAMP-ROOT**

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.
However, if you wish first to test 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.

Proof.

"Do you know Jones?"
"I lent him a tenner this morning. I should say I do know him."
"You lent him a tenner? Then I should say you don't know him."

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschee's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Proper Medium.

"Can't you dig up anything for trumps?"
"Sure; I'll make it spades."

As we grow more sensible, we refuse drug cathartics and take instead Nature's herb cure, Garfield Tea.—Adv.

Physical courage can be bought cheap, but moral courage is unpurchasable at any price.

**A CHANGE
OF HEART**

By CAROLINE LOCKHART

(Copyright.)

"I hates kids; I despises kids," said Dad Walker querulously, as he rubbed a clean place on the window-pane and looked at the household goods of Doody, the squawman, going into the log shack across the street. "There's eight of them Doody young uns, if I got the right count on them. They mill round so fast it's like countin' sheep."

"Some folks is all-same pigeons," observed Bacon-Rind Dick, who was mixing baking-powder biscuit in the dish-pan.

"Er Belgian hares, er French Canadians, er field-mice, er—"

"He's come up off the reservation to put his kids in school, I reckon."

"He furnishes the school and we furnish the teacher. Personally myself," declared Dad, sourly "I don't aim to educate eight Doody's after this year. I've paid school taxes and packed schoolmarns back and forth from the railroad as long as I'm goin' to."

"Still, them Doody's ought to be company for us this winter, with everybody movin' out of the camp."

"Company! I won't have nothin' to do with 'em. I hates half-breeds worse nor p'izen, and I don't want them kids to git in the habit of runnin' over here. They're liable to pick up something."

"That's so," Bacon-Rind replied dryly. "They might steal the stove, or the bunk, or that thirty-pound bear-trap."

"Makes no difference; and if they start visitin' here, I'll tell 'em where to get off at."

By dwelling upon the Doody's and the manner in which they would overrun him during the winter, Dad became a kind of monomaniac upon the subject, and each morning when he looked through the window-pane he demanded with the same regularity with which some people comment upon the weather:

"Whatever kin a man think of himself to marry a blanket squaw?"

To his surprise, he was not molested by the Doody's.

When the days grew short and the towering mountains surrounding the abandoned copper-camp of Swift Water made them even shorter, the long evenings seemed interminable. Bacon-Rind thought wistfully of the Doody family, whose shrieks of exuberant laughter frequently penetrated the silence which lay between the two partners, long since talked out.

"These snows ought to have brought the sheep down," he said one day, regarding the white mountains speculatively. "I believe I'll get Billy Upton and take a hunt. I bankers for sheep-meat. You won't be lonesome?"

"Lonesome! Me?" Dad snorted. "I was seven months alone once, whar the timber was so thick you had to lay on your back to see the sun."

So Bacon-Rind packed his camp outfit on a cayuse and started with Billy Upton for the hills.

Bacon-Rind was a pinhead—Dad never had thought of him as anything else; yet he missed his partner uncommonly. He had to admit that.

Late one afternoon he washed a place on the window, lower down, where he could sit and look at the "Injun outfit" across the way. He was lonely; he had to admit that, too, and it looked kind of sociable to see the black heads bobbing behind the windows of the log house opposite.

Dad oiled his boots with bear grease and darned his socks; then, when he could think of nothing else to do which would enable him to kill time, he took his ax out to the grindstone, although it was already so sharp he could almost cut hair with it.

"If Bacon-Rind ain't back pretty soon," he said peevishly, "I'll git worse nor the wild man I knowed in Wisconsin, who lived in a holler tree and et a deer at a sittin'."

II.

"Gee, you're a awful big man!" Stuttered Dad dropped the can and turned to look at the owner of the shrill but friendly voice.

Recovering from the slight embarrassment caused by the steady gaze of a pair of black eyes, he replied: "And I'm the runt of the family. Father was twenty-two inches between the eyes, and they fed him with a shovel. What might your name be?"

"Maude Doody. I got a awful splinter in my foot, an' ma's washin' and won't take it out, so I runned away." Miss Doody stood like a chicken on a cold day, holding up a bare foot which she had thrust into an old moccasin. "I bring a pin for you to get it out with," she added.

"Do you want to p'izen yourself, usin' pins?" demanded Dad sternly.

"Gee, you got awful blue eyes!" observed Miss Doody, quite unmoved.

She followed Dad into the house, and, pulling up a chair, thrust her bare foot into his lap. She was so entranced and fascinated by Dad's unconscious grimaces as he pulled at the splinter with a needle that she forgot the pain of it, and sat flatteringly when he had finished:

"You don't hurt half as much as ma. You don't like to hurt me, nuther, do you?"

"I hates cryin' and yellin'."

"You don't like Injuns, nuther, do you?"

"Some Injuns." Dad replied evasively—"good Injuns."

"I'm good. I never talk Injun talk. My brother, he's bad. I got my sleeve tore out fightin' him, 'cause he was bad and talked Injun talk. Can you sing?"

"Like a markin'-bird," Dad said grimly.

"What can you sing?" inquired Miss Doody pointedly.

"Well, I can sing 'Whar' the Silver Colorady Wends Its Way,' an' I can sing 'Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee,' an' I can sing 'Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo,' an' I can sing—"

"Sing 'Baraboo-boo-boo,'"

Dad hesitated.

"It ain't hardly a song," he admitted.

"It's more like words set to a noise."

"Sing 'Baraboo,'" reiterated Miss Doody.

Dad cleared his throat and pitched his voice in a key which both amazed and delighted his visitor.

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!" sang Dad lustily. "To the Baraboo, away, away! Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo! To the Baraboo, away, away!"

Almost any disinterested listener would have agreed that Dad had described his song rather well. It sounded like a hungry coyote howling in a bunch of willows.

"Sing it again, and trot me," commanded Miss Doody, sliding from her chair to climb into Dad's lap.

She came the next day after school hours, and the next day, and the day after that, always bursting into the room in a manner which suggested flight; and each time the same dialogue took place between them.

"Sing 'Baraboo.'"

"Aw—you don't want to hear 'Baraboo.'"

"'Baraboo.' Make a lap. The buttons on your coat hurt my ear. There!"

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!"

"Trot me!"

"To the Baraboo, away, away! Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!"

It was a ravishing song!

III.

"When the snow lays deep like this, and it comes off cold and sets in to blow, I feel like bitin' myself," he muttered irritably.

It was lonely! Even as Dad groaned, the door of the squawman's house opened, and Maude Doody, looking over her shoulder like some wild creature, to see if she was observed, stepped into the street.

Dad's heart leaped joyously, but sank again as she turned and began floundering through the snow toward the pole bridge.

Yes, she was wading through the drifts to the pole bridge!

She always stopped there on her way to school to see if that big, black trout was still lying motionless in the pool below.

She reached the bridge and stood on the edge, peering into the water.

Dad reached for his sheepskin coat.

In the second that he took his eyes from the swaying little figure on the bridge, it disappeared! His inarticulate cry was like a bellow as he tore open the door and covered the intervening drifts in leaps and bounds.

When Doody, the squawman, and Harrison, from the other side, had reached the bridge, the icy waters of the pool already had closed over Dad's head. The widening circles told where he had sunk, and the tense seconds were minute-long before he rose. His face was livid with the terrible cold—a cold which numbed like a paralytic shock.

"She's ketched to something!" he gasped.

"Come out!" yelled Harrison.

For reply, Dad sank once more; and when he rose again a calico skirt was gripped in his stiffened fingers. With the last desperate stroke of which he was capable, he dragged Maude Doody to the water's edge. The north wind froze his clothes into an icy sheath as, half unconscious, he staggered with the child in his arms to his own cabin.

"It's no use," said Harrison, and he looked at Maude Doody lying beneath the torn red quilt on Dad's bunk. "She was under too long!"

"She's dead!" The squaw cried a little in the corner of her shawl and went home.

Doody and the seven little Doody's followed her, sniffing.

It was hours later that Bacon-Rind approached the cabin, a hind-quarter of sheep-meat upon his back, a beaming smile of anticipation upon his face. Some sound from within caused him to listen.

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo! To the Baraboo—away—away!"

Bacon-Rind grinned and scraped his feet on the step.

"He's got lonesome and despr'it," he thought. "Dad's drunk."

"Hi, old man!" he yelled.

The door flew open; and Dad, with a stick of stove-wood in one hand and an expression upon his face not unlike that of a she-bear with cubs, towered above him, shouting threateningly as he pointed to the bunk:

"What you comin' in like a cow-eft for? Can't you see she's asleep?"

Snake's Fascination a Myth.

Those who have had much experience with snakes and have had it their business to observe carefully their habits and ways, both in their natural condition in the wild state and in captivity, state that in no instance have they known a snake to fascinate an animal in the manner in which it is alleged to do. One authority speaks of two species many a time in trees surrounded by a crowd of fluttering, chattering, excited birds. But the birds were not, he says, fascinated by the snake; they were endeavoring to intimidate it in order to frighten it from their haunts.

**"SUPERB" DESCRIBES
THIS DINNER GOWN**



HERE is a dinner gown which invites you to imagine it in combinations of black satin and black chantilly lace, with either king's blue or jade green ribbon—wide and of heavy quality. The bodice is one of those that is cut very low in the back, a style that is vanishing but beautiful—that is when backs are beautiful. Perhaps it is because beautiful backs are rather rare that the newer evening gowns do not follow this fashion. To support so abbreviated a bodice narrow strips of black velvet are used, and they serve a double purpose, for nothing will bring out the white of lovely shoulders more surely than black velvet.

The satin skirt is draped beautifully and the artist in gowns delights in this particular feat of so draping black satin that we cannot forget it. It is natural to long to possess such a piece of artistry. Taking advantage of the liking for bouffant effects at the

hips and back, big choux of the satin are posed just below the waistline. One of them ends in a length of satin that trails some inches on the floor, having for its companion the choux and end of wide moire ribbon which bears it company to the last. Either king's blue or jade green make the best choice of color for this ribbon; both are beautiful with black, and fashionable. Very wide chantilly serves to veil the shoulders and to add further graceful drapery to the design, falling nearly to the bottom of the skirt at one side.

A wide-brimmed, droopy velvet hat, faced with crepe matches this superb gown in character, with sash and roses made of ribbon as a trimming. Plain black silk stockings and satin slippers support the rest of the costume in exactly the right way, so that altogether this is an ensemble to make any woman cast "one longing, lingering look behind" when it passes by her.

**PRETTY HATS FOR
RESORT WEAR**



THERE is an amazing variety in the hats that have been made for wear at the winter resorts, perhaps because so many people are journeying to them and because these people demand individuality in the millinery they wear. Out of the great mass of new things for spring that have their try-outs in the winter resorts, some things survive their brief season in the South and become established styles for spring.

In the group of three hats shown above, a hat and parasol to match, of cretonne, is selected from a number of such matched sets, a good many of them made of cretonne. Taffeta silk, hemstitched in rows, and other materials are featured in matched sets also. Those of cretonne usually have the figures outlined with yarn in black or in a solid color. Bands of black appear on the parasol and on the small hat pictured here.

The pretty sailor hat at the right of the group is among those that are likely to outlive the resort season, and appear with the survival of the fittest, when Easter challenges millinery designers to display their triumphs. It is made of georgette crepe, having the crown decorated with narrow cross-bar tucks and a beautiful narrow band

of feathers about its base. Finally a small flower made of feathers reveals a fine and cunning hand that has made its feather trimming the pride and glory of this hat.

But this delightful hat has no better chance of survival than the odd and chic round hat at the bottom of the group. This is something new. It is made with a foundation of black satin veiled with figured crepe, which sounds very simple, but fails to convey the charm of a clever bit of millinery designing. It would take a professional to tell all there is to tell of this new arrival, but, being novel and becoming, it will remain and make us familiar with its secret of success. The displays of millinery for resort wear reveal the immense advance made by American designers during the war. This millinery will bear comparison with any. Some of it is made in this country of fabrics which have been imported, but most of it is purely American and of a character to make us proud.

Julia Bottomley

**HAIR FALLING? HERE
IS WHERE IT SHOWS**

Don't worry! Let "Danderine" save
your hair and double
its beauty.



To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After several applications the hair usually stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff. Your hair will grow strong, thick and long and appear soft, glossy and twice as beautiful and abundant. Try it!—Adv.

Can't Steal the Scout Smile.

A couple of scouts, on an overnight hike, stopped at a country store for some little things they needed. The proprietor, who had been rilled by some holdup men but a short time before, cautioned them against robbers who were reported in the vicinity.

"Aw," said one of the boys, "we haven't got much 'cept a smile, and if anyone wants to swipe that, he's welcome to it. We can get lots more."—Scout News Bulletin.

**TAKE ASPIRIN ONLY
AS TOLD BY BAYER**

"Bayer" introduced Aspirin to the physicians over 18 years ago.

To get quick relief follow carefully the safe and proper directions in each unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." This package is plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross." The "Bayer Cross" means the genuine, world-famous Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighty years. "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" can be taken safely for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Neuritis, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

A Cultured Quarter.

"We are now passing through a neighborhood which has more culture to the square foot than any other part of town."

"Well! Well! Everybody about here, I suppose is a high-brow."
"Yes. Why, the people in this neighborhood talk about Shakespeare as if he hadn't been dead more than a week."

"ROSY-FIT"

If Bilious, get your
Pep and Color back
with "Cascarets"

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin, and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and sluggish bowels, which cause the stomach to become filled with undigested food which sours and ferments, forming acids, gases, and poisons. Cascarets tonight will give your bilious liver and constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and have you feeling clear, bright and as fit as a fiddle by morning. Cascarets never sicken or inconvenience you like nasty Calomel, Salts, Oil, or griping Pills. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

Never Satisfied.

Cholly—Your daughter is all the world to me.
Gotrox—Take her, with my blessing.
Cholly (to himself)—Gee whiz! I got that so easy I wish I had asked for more.—Detroit News.

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.—Adv.

A High One.

The aviator you took me to see is a trump."
"Yes, and he's an ace, too."

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally. Adv.

Just before a man succeeds in getting all he wants in this world the undertaker gets busy with his person.