

ASPIRIN—Its Uses

First Introduced by "Bayer" in the Year 1900

The name "Bayer" identifies the true, world-famous Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. The name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions of people.

In each unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" you are told how to safely take this genuine Aspirin for Colds, Head-

ache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis and Pain generally.

Always say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on the package and on the tablets.

Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost but a few cents. Drug-gists also sell larger packages.

Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monocaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Kind to His Relative.

"Ma, is Mr. Fulhouse very old?"
"No, dear; why did you ask?"
"I think he must be, 'cause I heard pa say last night that he raised his ante."—Boston Transcript.

Two-Thirds Our Army Workers.

One-third of the men of draft age in the United States are engaged in agriculture and allied occupations, and one-third in manufacturing and mechanical industries.

Others may make us happy, but we make the most of our unhappiness ourselves.

Two cupsful of salt is regarded as a handsome wage for a day's work in Togoland.



The Sign of a Good Dealer:
A STOCK OF
Trinity Brand Seeds

If your dealer doesn't carry them send us his name.

THE BELT SEED CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
Importers and Exporters—Grass and Field SEEDS



Spohn's Distemper Compound

will knock it in very short time. At the first sign of a cough or cold in your horse, give a few doses of "SPOHN'S." It will act on the glands, eliminate the disease germ and prevent further destruction of body by disease. "SPOHN'S" has been the standard remedy for DISTEMPER, INFLUENZA, PINK EYE, CATARRHAL FEVER, COUGHS and COLDS for a quarter of a century. 60 cents and \$1.15 per bottle at all drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, Goshen, Ind.

GIVING NATURE FAIR CHANCE DYES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

Sluggard Quite Willing to Lie Abed While She Did a Good Job of Repair Work.

"Arise!" we said in a tone admirably adapted for declamatory purposes, addressing the sluggard, who was still slugging at an unconscionably late hour. "The lark is up to meet the sun. The bees is on the wing. Remember the manner in which the inexperienced schoolboy read aloud the admonition to Lucy: He had been taught that when he encountered two letters of the same kind he should pronounce them 'double-o' or 'what-ever they might be, instead of 'o, 'o.' So he sternly recited, not 'Up, up, Lucy,' as it was printed, but 'Double up, Lucy! The sun is in the sky,' and so forth. Why do you not double up, and to your tasks away?"

"That is a very good story," replied the sluggard, "but it does not move me." We are told that nature does most of her repair work on us while we are in bed. It is my intention to lie here until she fixes me up so that I feel like going to work."—Kansas City Star.

Maybe She Wanted a Car.

"Young Jobbles has bought a rakish roadster. It's spite work, I fear."

"How so?"

"The money spent for that car was intended for a bungalow. Young Jobbles wants to show that he has no intention of proposing a second time."—Houston Post.

Use your little hammer for nailing lies, but don't be a knocker.

Indian Squaw Lays Many Plants and Trees Under Contribution for Her Bright Colorings.

In making Indian dyes the stems of the maidenhair fern and the bark of the willow produce a dark brown; a shining black from the claws of the unicorn plant; a brilliant red from the yucca roots; and numerous mineral and vegetable substances yield for her a variety of colors.

The season for gathering the fibers for baskets is when the stalk has finished growing and before it hardens. These the squaw splits and rolls them in cloths or bark and lays them away for future use.

When about to be used the split withes are soaked in tepid water and woven when still saturated with water. Some tree roots, as spruce and cedar, require many weeks of soaking before they are free of all soft matter and ready to be woven.

The Native Tongue.

Sir—While I waited for a box of sweets to be wrapped:

First Candy Damsel—"What are those cute little red flowers—you know those kind that hang down like earrings?"

Second C. D.—Oh, that's wandering Jew, but I don't know what you call it in English.—Mrs. Sib in the Chicago Tribune.

Appropriate Path.

"This is a complicated sort of place to get anywhere. How can I find the needle baths?"
"You'll have to thread your way."

OSTRICH AT HOME

Bad Fellow to Tackle in Fight, Is the Great Bird.

Skulking Hyena Found This Out to Its Sorrow—Few Creatures of the Wild Care to Mix Things With "Plumes."

It was that precise hour when the distant landscape shimmered with heat, when the restless mirage hung on the horizon like visible dreams, and when the only things alive out on the plains were the dancing "dust devils"—and they were inanimate—and in the sky the specks floating which would have turned into vultures if anything had died.

All the antelopes and the zebras were motionless portions of the shade under the candelabralike euphorbia trees and all the birds were still.

The silence was the silence of heat—parched, sizzling, frying heat, which only the big lizards defied in the open, or among the rocks that were blistering to the touch.

Then came the voice, resonant, hollow, booming, powerful, extraordinary, like some distant war drum beating, or the bass thunder of a lion, if lion ever challenged at midday. But neither lion nor natives ever wore that conspicuous black and white livery, or stalked along at that tremendous pace as he came alone and afar across the plains, booming as he came. It was Plumes, the cock ostrich, says a writer in London Answers.

Plumes must have been somewhere out of sight afar in a hollow, feeding upon—oh! pebbles, for all I know; there seemed nothing else. But the animal does not live that can escape Plumes' super high-power prismatic binocular eyes, which was why Plumes came back now.

When 500 yards away, the giant bird left off booming; set all sail, so to speak, which in his case meant opening stumpy wings adorned with beautiful plumes sufficient to stock a shop, and—let himself go.

Till that moment he had merely walked as fast as most beasts run, a supercilious Gibson walk. Now he ran, and the dust smoked out behind him like the exhaust behind a motor-car. Anyone who thought he could run faster, or half as fast, for the matter of that, was at full liberty to do so.

The striped hyena did not think he could, but he knew he had to try; and he started up—invisible till then behind a cactus bush—and raced for his skulking life.

Just short of the mimosa scrub, Plumes caught him up. The hyena recoiled upon his own tail, snapping fiercely to fight the last fight. But Plumes, head back, wings spread, wild-eyed, five feet high at the back, towered over him like Azrael, and—he died.

One kick was enough from that terribly armed, twin-clawed foot—just one blasting down-stroke beating as the sledge-hammer strikes.

Then Plumes stalked away, consciously aware, of course, of his much smaller wife, herself quite invisible, lying flat on her eight huge eggs bang in the open, where the hyena had been stalking her. Aware, too, now, of something that had been a hyena before the kick landed, but now was one no longer.

Night came swiftly, as it does in these parts, racing over the mysterious plains, and Plumes, feeding far away on the horizon, put up his flat head and began to stalk westward in the dark. The lions and the thunder were clamoring together among the hills, but this time Plumes did not answer. He had other work to do.

Slowly the hen ostrich got up, stretched and faded away to feed. Slowly Plumes let himself down on the eggs to remain there for the night.

His black plumage made him practically invisible in the dark, and if there were any who should scent the nest, and aim at its destruction, the great male bird was quite capable of tackling them single-legged, save only if they be not lions, wild dog pack, or one very big leopard.

A Boy's Judgment.

Terre Haute Boy Scouts have a very capable drum corps. Recently two new members were recruited from Troop 16, one of the newer troops. After they had had their first rehearsal with the corps they came back to their own troops to tell about it, says the Indianapolis News. They brought their drums with them and on the other boys' insistence gave them a drum duet. It certainly was a noisy one if not melodious and the audience was enthusiastic and admiring.

After it was over and the two little drummers were resting, one of the youngest members of the troop turned to one of the school teachers who was present. "I have a horn," he said, "and I can't play it enough to be in a band. But I do think I could play it in a corps for you don't have to watch the tune there—nothin' but the time."

Qualified.

"So, Wingslip, the aviator, has become a vaudeville ace?"
"Vaudeville ace? I don't get you."
"He's brought down the house for five nights."—The Home Sector.

Their Use.

Nell—I wonder what the pup tent were for in the army?
Belle—I guess they were for the soldiers who were dog tired.

"TAKING STOCK"

Should Sentiment Always Have Precedence?

"Taking stock" of oneself is a periodical duty, probably not always practiced, and is as necessary as taking stock of your household effects or your "store goods." The right minded man will do this. In unmolested moments he gives way to deep meditation; he gathers his thoughts to ascertain if brains, energy, and ability are synopating properly, working together on lines that answer to an ambition that looks for a satisfactory return.

If there be a deficit, his endeavor should be to discover the leakage. It may be that he lacks the nerve to go into a retrospective analysis, or falls in initiative that will prompt him to throw his horoscope in the future. Unless he can do these things he will never be able to pull himself out of any "rut" in which his condition has placed him. He must "take stock."

"Stock taking" leads to modern-day efficiency, and is demanded of every worker if unsatisfactory conditions are to be overcome. In the case of the farmer it may be that he is working a "too high-priced farm"; interest and rent may be an "overhead" eating up the profits. There may be other reasons why profits are not shown. It is just possible that he is sacrificing profit and encouraging loss because of sentiment, but he does not realize that this is the cause. The farm was his birthplace; reared upon it, he knows every nook and corner of the old place. He fished in the brook, hunted squirrels in the woods, hid in the hayfield, grew to manhood upon the place, courted and married and brought up his family there. These are ties that commend themselves, and why shouldn't sentiment have a say? To many this will appeal. But are these good reasons to continue? Does not one owe it to himself and to his dependents to "take stock," and put into effect action that will bring a balance on the credit side of the ledger—the balance that will bring happiness and give a comfort far greater than a mass of unpaid bills and a house full of worry, and a devotion to sentiment? Should he not look around for more favorable conditions, which may easily be found?

Procrastination is said to be a thief. In this case the axiom is undoubtedly true. To allow the adverse conditions under which you may be laboring to continue may keep you for years longer in the present unsatisfactory position.

There was a man at Brazil, Ind., who made weekly visits for upward of a year to the office of the Canadian government at Indianapolis, Ind., and from the agent secured all the information he possibly could as to conditions in Western Canada. But he lacked decision, did not "take stock," or if he took it, failed to act. This was fourteen years ago. He lived on a small farm, which gave him a mere existence, and no promise of anything more. He is still on the same place and no better off today than then. He had a friend working in a glass factory, who also had but little means. He became interested in Western Canada. He possessed, though, spirit and action. With the impulse thus prompted he moved to Saskatchewan and took up a farm. Today he is the owner of a splendid section of land, has plenty of money in the bank, and could retire with a handsome competence.

That which has been the good fortune of the Brazil glass worker, who

WRIGLEY'S

The Flavor Lasts!

Always the best buy for the price

The greatest five-cents worth of beneficial refreshment possible to get.

Sealed Tight—Kept Right



The Flavor Lasts

had "taken stock" and profited by it, may be that which will follow any other of like temperament and a firm wish to erect for a satisfactory future.

Western Canada submits for consideration and approval conditions in agricultural lines that are exceptional. There is land there that annually produces about the same return as any other farming land, and it can be purchased at but a portion of what the price which has not been a source of profit can be sold for. A section instead of a quarter-section, worked under western conditions, with no more effort, solves the big "overhead" expense. The social conditions, which are an important factor in deciding on a new home location, are ideal.—Advertisement.

Of Course.

"See the dancing snow flakes."
"Practicing for the snow ball, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

Even a man of sand should have enough sense to build his house upon a rock.

Doomed.
Young Author—Do you think my play caught the audience?
Manager—It did this time; but I fear it will never do so again.

DYES HER GARMENTS BUT NONE CAN TELL!

"Diamond Dyes" Turn Faded, Shabby Apparel Into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Ad.

The man who figures in an explosion begins at the bottom and goes up.

Yellow is the symbol of the sun.

Another Royal Suggestion

BISCUITS, BUNS and ROLLS

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

BISCUIT! What delight this word suggests. So tender they fairly melt in the mouth, and of such glorious flavor that the appetite is never satisfied. These are the kind of biscuits anyone can make with Royal Baking Powder and these unusual recipes.

Biscuits

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup milk or half milk and half water

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, add shortening and rub in very lightly; add liquid slowly; roll or pat on floured board to about one inch in thickness (handle as little as possible); cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Royal Cinnamon Buns

2 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon
4 tablespoons seeded raisins

Sift 2 1/2 tablespoons of measured sugar with flour, salt and baking powder; rub shortening in lightly; add beaten egg to water and add slowly. Roll out 1/4 inch

thick on floured board; brush with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and raisins. Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 1/2 inch pieces; place with cut edges up on well-greased pan; sprinkle with a little sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes; remove from pan at once.

Parker House Rolls

4 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
1 1/2 cups milk

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Add melted shortening to milk and add slowly to dry ingredients stirring until smooth. Knead lightly on floured board and roll out 1/4 inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter. Crease each circle with back of knife one side of center. Butter the small section and fold larger part well over the small. Place one inch apart in greased pan. Allow to stand 15 minutes in warm place. Brush each with melted butter and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

FREE

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"Bake with Royal and be Sure"

The after-effects of a cup of Postum Cereal

are good cheer and satisfaction. No frayed nerves, no unnatural wakefulness at night.

What wonder, then, that so many housewives serve Postum instead of coffee as the table drink!

Postum Cereal must be boiled fully fifteen minutes after boiling begins, to develop its full, rich flavor.

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