

AFTER SICKNESS HYPO-COD BUILT ME UP QUICKLY

Drove Away Cough, Aches and Nervous Trouble. Helped Digestion.

FEELS FINE AND IS BACK TO WORK

"I lingered around for weeks following the 'Flu' last winter. I was so nervous that I would have palpitations and couldn't sleep. Aches and pains in my side and cramps in my stomach worried me a lot and I had a troublesome cough which I could not get rid of. Then it was that I decided to try Hypo-Cod and I'm glad I did. It put me back on my feet, free of all my troubles and back to work like magic. It relieved me of the cough and nervous trouble. I started sleeping peacefully and the pains and cramps in my side and stomach vanished. It surely is a good medicine and as a health builder will put new energy in anyone who takes it," declared Joseph R. Newman, a well known railroader at Cheltenham, Md.

After a spell of sickness the patient should at once take a good modern and powerful tonic. It means quicker recovery and wards off complications so apt to follow while the system is in a weakened, rundown condition. If in need of a good tonic give Earle's Hypo-Cod a trial. Drop in at the drug store tonight and read formula on bottle, ask your druggist about it. Then take home a bottle.—Adv.

One Excepted.

"Women are clamoring to get on all boards now." "I don't notice any wild rush to the washboard."

HAD NERVOUS BREAK-DOWN

But Health Restored to Texas Lady, Who Is Now Well and Strong, Able to Do All Her Housework and More.

Rosebud, Texas.—Mrs. Annie Lange, of R. F. D. No. 4, this place, writes as follows regarding her experience with Cardul: "Some time ago I had a nervous breakdown of some kind . . . I was very weak, and so nervous. It all seemed to come from . . . trouble, for at . . . I had fainting spells and suffered a great deal, but more from the weak, tremble, no-account feeling than anything else. I knew I needed a tonic, and needed it badly.

"I began the use of Cardul, to see if I couldn't get some strength, as I knew of other cases that had been helped by its use. I felt better . . . I soon saw a great improvement, so kept it up.

"I used seven bottles of Cardul, and can say the money was well spent, for I grew well and strong. Now able to do all my housework and a great deal of work besides."

If you are run-down, weak, nervous, and suffer from the ailments peculiar to women, it is very likely that Cardul will help you, in the way it has helped thousands of others, during the past 40 years.

Take Cardul, the woman's tonic.—Adv.

The man who is always waiting for something to turn up is usually asleep when it finally comes along.

For speedy and effective action Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has no equal. One dose only will clean out Worms or Tapeworm.—Adv.

Nothing contributes more toward alleviating domestic storms than a clear conscience.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

The Remedy With a Record of Fifty-four Years of Surpassing Excellence.

Those who suffer from nervous dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming up of food, wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of fermentation and indigestion will find Green's August Flower a most effective and efficient assistant in the restoration of nature's functions and a return to health and happiness. There could be no better testimony of the value of this remedy for these troubles than the fact that its use for the last fifty-four years has extended into many thousands of households all over the civilized world and no indication of any failure has been obtained in all that time where medicine could effect relief. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

No man in this world ever rightfully gets more than he gives.—Adams.

Use **MURINE** Night Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear—Healthy Write For Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

The Green Umbrella

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
The rain fell like long silver lances from the skies. But Theodora had reached the stage where she could see no beauty in it. At night the tiresome rat-tat-tat on the eaves was only monotonously wearisome, and at twilight—as it was now—it was maddening.

"I think," said Theodora aloud, "if it keeps up much longer I shall—" she didn't quite decide what she should do, for suddenly looking about the comfortable sitting room she knew she couldn't stay in it one moment longer. She hated it. She hated the pretty, gray wall paper and the prints that she had found at a quaint little book shop and had framed herself. She hated the long mahogany davenport with its wavy back and comfortable cushions and the low chair by the secretary, and the secretary itself with its shining glazed panes of glass.

For everything in this room meant struggle to Theodora; the struggle to make a charming, livable home for herself and Will. They had come to this strange mill town to live and Theodora had had high hopes. She would make a real home for her only brother, so that comfort would wrap him round. What fun it would be to keep house and make friends and bring them here to a pleasant, glowing room!

And this was the way it had turned out. Will was seldom home, and when he was, he was too tired or too busy or too interested in reading some stupid article on mechanics even to notice the flowers Theodora had arranged so carefully on the desk, nor did he speak of the dessert that it had taken her an hour to make. Will was a dear in his way, but that was a bachelor way. Theodora admitted truthfully.

She was sure he would have been quite as happy living in a club, or even in a dingy boarding house where he could have things as untidy as he chose.

As for friends, Theodora had discovered that they could not be found on every corner. And one cannot take up one's whole time writing to the girls that live three hundred miles away.

She stood in her tiny square of a white bedroom and looked at herself resentfully, and then she shook a finger at her reflection. "It all comes of being a goose!" she said severely. "You thought—you know you did—that Will would have friends of his own, and that they would like you and you would have a very nice time all together."

She pulled a soft little hat over her soft brown hair and drew on her raincoat over her slim shoulders and put her feet into shining new rubbers. Then she looked at herself, at the hazel eyes and the white skin and the pliant tip-tilted nose and said: "Well, if people don't want to know me, I don't want to know them!" Just in time Theodora remembered to get her green umbrella. She closed her door behind her and put the house key in her pocket and started out in the slanting rays of rain. Under her feet the water gurgled and lay in pools of hidden deepness, for the sidewalks of Ware were none too even.

She went on blindly for a moment, holding with all the strength she had to this amber-topped handle, and then she heard a curt voice say: "Look where you're going!"

"Oh!" cried Theodora, and straightened up and saw in the gray light that she had plunged her umbrella into the neck of a stranger who had been coming toward her with bent head.

"I'm afraid," said Theodora, "I may have hurt you?" "Only choked me a bit," the man said gruffly.

The rain was dripping from his hat in little rivulets and his shoulders were glistening with drops; but Theodora, looking into his half-angry face, was suddenly too full of laughter to stop.

She had a delightful little laugh. It sounded like a bird's note and a succession of trills; but the man seemed to find nothing pleasant in it.

"When you're through," he said in that same gruff voice, "I should be much obliged if you would try to untangle me."

It was true that the cord of her umbrella had managed to wind itself into one of his buttons with hidden malevolence; but with a twist of her fingers Theodora set him free.

"I hope," said Theodora, "that you won't suffer any bad effects." The mischief in her tone was not hidden from the man.

He looked at her, and Theodora's heart gave a funny, queer leap, for his eyes were dark and fine and full of a trembling intensity, and in spite of the rough workman's clothes she was wonderfully drawn to him.

"This isn't the best place for walking," he said gravely. "I should advise you—"

"Thank you," Theodora answered as seriously, "but you see I have to come this way."

She wondered as she plodded up the dark, muddy hill why she had told him such a fib. She knew he didn't believe her and he was probably only trying to be polite.

"I'll show him," said Theodora, "that it wasn't a fib."

The rain had not stopped the next

afternoon and Theodora was glad for the first time that week. When the clock said exactly ten minutes of five she went upstairs, put on her raincoat, took her green umbrella and started resolutely out.

Her heart was beating quite fast when she reached the spot on the hill where he should have been. But he was not there. Theodora kept on, however, stanchly. She had topped the hill when she saw a dark figure in rough workman's clothes coming toward her and she kept on bravely.

He lifted his hat without smiling and Theodora saw the crisp wave of his dark hair and hated herself for the color that stained her cheeks as she bowed as unsmilingly.

At least she had showed him. . . . "I think," said the stranger, "that this must be yours?" he held up a dragged little glove for her inspection. Theodora had dropped it, but she had not done it on purpose and now lie would think—

It was her face now that was filled with chagrin.

"Perhaps," said the man, "you would let me take you home. I think I could hold your umbrella so that it would protect you more."

"Oh," said Theodora, she couldn't think of anything else to say and she knew that the rain had been dribbling down the back of her neck as she stood there awkwardly.

She found that he was holding the green umbrella entirely over her but he refused to protect himself with a share of it and when he had reached the door of the brick house he spoke quickly. "So you're Will Phelps's sister?" He said it as though a great light dawned and Theodora, thanking him for his kindness, said good night and closed the door quickly behind her. Never, never, never again would she take that walk up the muddy hill.

But the next evening when Will came home, he said, with a momentary interest, "Met an awfully nice fellow today; said he used to know me when I was here in boarding school. He's working his way through the mill. I asked him for dinner tomorrow. I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, is it that light man with the freckles?" Theodora asked carelessly. "No," said her brother, before he darkened himself in his paper, "he's a burk, with handsome brown eyes—unusual chap—said something about a green umbrella—"

Theodora ran quickly up the stairs and having opened her closet door looked in, and then her cheeks flamed scarlet, for she had forgotten last night to take back the green umbrella. Something had happened to her, and she knew with a woman's intuition that it was going to be the happy ending.

TERM NOT EASY TO DEFINE

Writer Finds It Hard to Explain Just What Should Be Meant by the Word "Lady."

If anyone should ever ask us, and we've often wished somebody would, "What is a lady?" we'd answer so fast that the words would step on one another's heels: "A lady is a nice voice and a fine, clean, high heart, and a mind that never lets anybody down, and a soul that sees the good in things and people as long as it possibly can—all done up in an exquisitely clean body that carries itself around as if the ground were a thing one just touched and it sped along behind, and that wraps itself up in self-contained, well-bred, immaculate 'underlings' that never have colored ribbons in them or cheap lace on them."

And then because we'd know that we hadn't even touched the subject, we'd add: "She couldn't possibly wear shoes that have their heels somewhere in the middle of them, or carry a 'bankie' that looks like a grimy ball, or lie, or cheat, or marry for money, or hurt an animal, or break her word to a baby."

"But she could wash windows, or sell egg-beaters, or be very stiff and sky, or careless and gay and have her hat tumbling over one ear, or wear the same 'clothes' four years, or eat with her knife or even write."

And then because we'd know that we hadn't covered it yet, we'd add: "Why, a lady just is, that's all. And you can tell her from the ones that aren't almost instantly, no matter what happens or how unjust it is. And for another thing, no matter how shabby she is or velvet-and-lace, she's clean."—Celia Caroline Cole in the Delinquent.

Elm Beautiful and Useful.

The American elm is a tree that many say deserves first place in the tree hall of fame. It is even more beautiful in winter than summer. When the elm grows all its life in the open it has a broad, rounded top, occasionally shaped like that of an oak, but with more gracefully extended limbs. One of the most common and striking forms has a vase-shaped top. The trunk rises, a single shaft, for many feet.

The American elm is not only picturesque, but is also a large and useful lumber tree. In the forest it holds its head aloft on a clean, straight trunk. Its medium-sized flattened top is composed of many heavy twisted branches. The usual size is 2 to 4 feet in diameter and 80 to 100 feet in height, but elms 8 to 11 feet in diameter and 120 to 140 feet high have been known.

Those Dear Girls.

Maud—I hate her. She said I was two-faced.
Marie—But perhaps, dear, she only meant before and after you put on your makeup.—Boston Transcript.

MODES FOR FORMAL EVENING WEAR



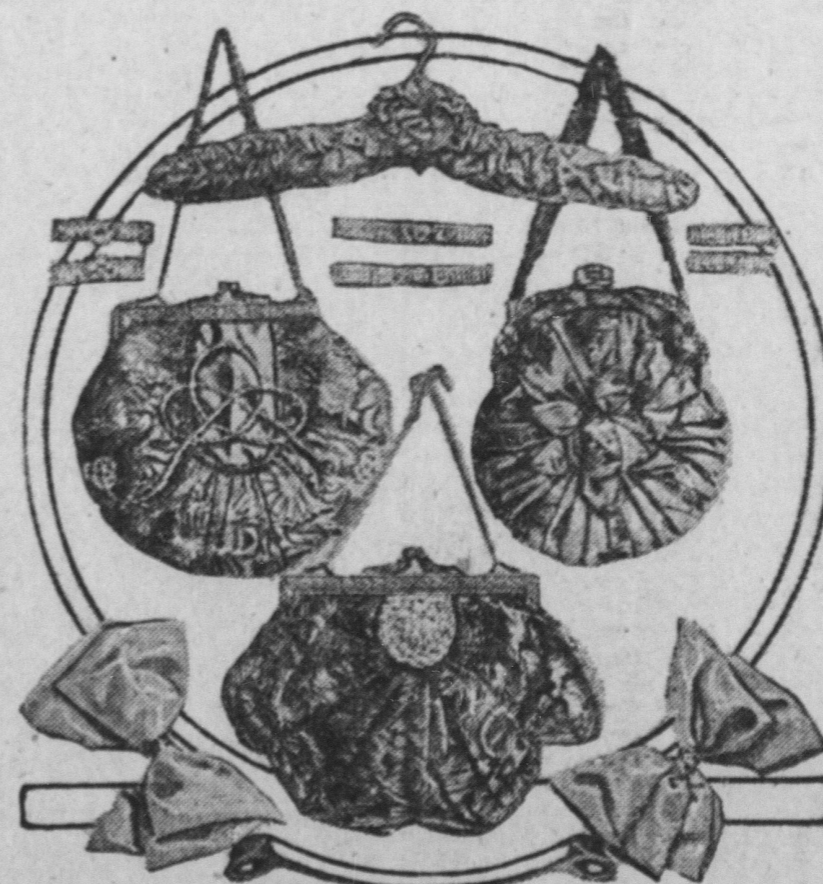
THERE is no getting away from the fact that there is an all-pervading glitter in the displays of dresses for formal evening wear. It is a much bespangled mode and the only thing that saves it from being tawdry is the discrimination that designers use in choosing color according to the amount of spangled surface in the dress, and in toning down colors with black. Only in all white, all black or combinations of the two, they allow themselves dresses entirely covered with sequins. But when colored sequins are used they appear in panels or irregular borders with black, as sapphire blue sequins with black satin and lace, or henna sequins with dark brown net or satin. Beads also help out in this frosty sparkle that has settled on winter apparel—and they have made their appearance even on street clothes.

In the midst of so many dazzling rivets an evening gown that is quite without sparkle is likely to achieve much distinction. There are to be found among the displays, beautiful silks or metal tissue dresses, veiled

with black or brown or gray net. The nets are embroidered with narrow ribbon flowers or little festoons of silk floss. Then there are beautiful black chintilly dresses unadorned except for girldes of artificial flowers or a corsage of them. Keeping them company, there are handsome velvet gowns mostly in black, dark brown or dark blue. A magnificent example of the velvet gown appears in the picture at the left. A few beads pick out the lines of the embroidery on the bodice, but silk floss gives sufficient brightness to the embroidery that covers the back and reappears on the front of the skirt.

Ribbon and velvet in a contrasting color make the odd decoration on the velvet frock at the right. This is a simple but very original design, in which narrow ribbon fringe and narrow ribbon, outlining and joining the curious leaf motifs present something entirely new. It has a low-neck bodice with a pretty chemise of georgette and is made in bright blue velvet.

At the Ribbon Counter.



BUYERS in throngs are making their holiday pilgrimage to the ribbon counters just now, looking for suggestions for gifts. There is a long list of handsome and dainty articles made of ribbon on display, with bags of many kinds maintaining their place as the favorite. Shopping bags consume more yards of ribbon than any other one of the innumerable things that are made of it, for these bags are more decorative and more serviceable than almost any other kind. Their richness appeals to women and their individuality. Purchasers pick out the style of bag they like, select the ribbon and mounting that pleases them most, choose a proper lining and put them together in a way to suit themselves. If they need any coaching those who sell the ribbons are there to help them out.

Three handsome bags as shown in the picture are fine examples of ribbon work. Plain satin and metallic brocaded ribbon are used for the bag at the left of the group. It is made by gathering the brocaded ribbon along its edges and sewing these gathered edges to a panel of the plain ribbon. For decoration a heavy silk or tinsel cord is applied in a loose knot and sewed flat to the bag with invisible

stitches, the ends of the cord finished as pictured.

A curved instead of a straight mounting is used for the bag at the right. Celluloid and metal mountings come in a variety of colors and designs. Plain ribbon with a floral embroidered design makes this pretty bag and the same ribbon is fashioned into a conventional rose surrounded by rose leaves, that is set at the center of the bag. Its handles are made of narrow but heavy fallie ribbon.

The remaining bag is a dignified affair in black and silver brocaded ribbon gathered about a disk of narrow silver ribbon and has a silver mounting suspended by a silk cord.

The ribbon counters display their usual array of dainty lingerie bows and rosettes, garters, hair ribbons, sachet bags, covered hangers and shoe ties, ties, corsage flowers and bou-tonnieres, and besides these personal belongings there are many beautiful furnishings for the seeker after gifts.

Julia Bottomeley

COPYRIGHT BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

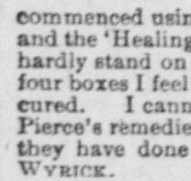
Worry Takes Off Flesh Faster Than Nature Can Put It On

The lives of most women are full of worry. Men's troubles are bad enough, but women's are worse. Worry makes women sick. It pulls them down, and in their weakened condition they are subject to all the pains, aches, weaknesses that are peculiar to the sex.

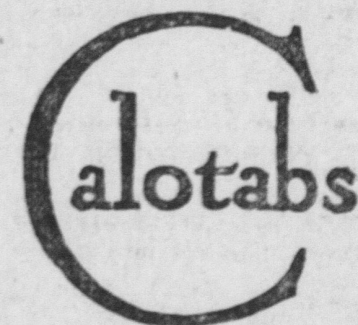
Most women neglect their health, and for this neglect they pay the penalty. If a woman asks her neighbors she finds that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription benefits a woman's whole system.

It can be obtained in tablet or liquid form at any drug store.

PETTRY, W. VA.—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at times for thirty years and I have always found it better than any other medicine I ever took. It has saved many doctor bills. I also want to recommend Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets and the 'Healing Suppositories' to every woman. I tried many remedies, but all failed. When I commenced using the 'Lotion Tablets' and the 'Healing Suppositories' I could hardly stand on my feet. After using four boxes I feel that I am permanently cured. I cannot recommend Doctor Pierce's remedies half enough for what they have done for me."—MRS. S. E. WYRICK.



To abort a cold and prevent complications take



The purified and refined calomet tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure.

Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

FOR WOMEN

For over half a century DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS have been sold for the Liver.

Read the following from a woman of forty-eight: "I have used DR. TUTT'S PILLS for Bowel regulation many years. I am now convinced that they are also the best known regulator for other retarded female functions. I have told many of my friends and now none would be without them. A few days before, and you are all right."

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

WHITE CAPS FOR NEURALGIA

Have You Tried Them?

Ask Your Druggist or Dealer

Trial Size 10 cts.—Regular Size 25 cts. GILBERT BROS., CO., Baltimore, Md.

SAYS PILES ALL GONE AND NO MORE ECZEMA

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson, for the cure is great." Miss Mary Hill, 47 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
"I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's is the only ointment that relieves me, besides the piles seem to have gone." A. E. Rieger, 1127 Washington Avenue, Racine, Wis.
Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum, chafing and all skin diseases 25 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Cuticura Talcum

Fascinatingly Fragrant
Always Healthful
Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Persistent Coughs are dangerous. Get prompt relief from PISO'S. Stops irritation, soothes, effective and safe for young and old. 10c per tin.

PISO'S

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 47-1920.