

## TENSE PRESSURE ON HER HEAD

"My Sides, Back and Head Pained Me Just All the Time," Says Alabama Lady, Who Took Cardui and Got Well.

Untontown, Ala.—"After the birth of my baby, I came near dying," writes Mrs. Maude Felts, of Untontown. "I was in an awful condition. . . . It just looked like I would die.

"I couldn't bear anyone to even touch me, I was so sore, not even to turn me in bed. My sides, back and head all pained me, just all the time.

"We had the doctor every day and he did everything he knew how, it looked like. Yet I lay there suffering such intense pains as seems I can't describe.

"Finally, I said to my husband, 'let us try Cardui'. . . . He went for it at once, and before I had taken the first bottle the . . . came back, the soreness began to go away, and I began to mend. The intense pressure seemed all at once to leave my head, and before long I was up.

"I took three bottles and was well and strong and able to do my work. I believed Cardui saved my life. . . . I cannot praise it enough for what it did for me."

If you are a woman, and need a tonic—

Take Cardui, the Woman's Tonic.

### Ungrateful Tourists.

Never since the foundation of the Great St. Bernard monastery have the monks been so shamefully exploited by Alpinists and tourists as this season.

For example, 700 visitors, the majority of whom arrived in motor cars recently, stayed the night and lunched and dined with wine free, but deliberately forgot to pay. The collection box at the entrance of the hospice contained only 15 francs when the crowd of visitors, among whom were several English and Americans, left.

The result was a most serious loss.—Geneva (Switzerland) Dispatch.

## 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.

### Speaking Universally.

Since he had been to France he was very fond of airing his slight knowledge of French. On leaving his friend one evening said:

"An revoir!"

"What do you mean?" asked his friend.

"I mean good-bye—'an revoir' is 'good-bye' in the French language," said the would-be linguist.

"Oh, I see," retorted his friend. "Well, carbolic acid to you!"

"What on earth does that mean?"

"Carbolic acid means 'good-bye' in any language," was the reply.

### Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### Easy to Please.

The two sisters were discussing the merits of a new diamond engagement ring which had made its appearance on the finger of the elder girl.

Just then Maizie, their twelve-year-old sister, came in.

"I don't know how the rest of you feel about it," she said, "but I would be satisfied with a piece of string on my engagement finger if a real man put it there."—London Answers.

### Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

### Artificial Light Best.

"They say that crops grow better under electric lights."

"One crop certainly does—wild oats."

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has enjoyed popular approval for 15 years. Manufactured only by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill Co., 372 Pearl St., New York City.—Adv.

### Busy.

Bolton—What are you doing for your cold?

Vickers—Coughing.

## Olga's Bootlegger

By WILL T. AMES

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

There was boozing in the All-America circus organization. For thirty years the Old Man had run what he called blue ribbon shows. Drinking on the road he could not abide and would not tolerate.

"No man stays with this outfit," he was prone to say, "who can't do all his getting drunk in his own town and in five months of the year."

He was a red-headed Old Man, and hot and quick and drastic where liquor was concerned. He would set star performer or cage sweeper adrift 1,000 miles from home with equal promptness on the first noticeable sign of drink.

Naturally, the All-America had a reputation in the circus world and for years it had carried scarcely more booze fighters than preachers on its journeyings. But now of all times, with the eighteenth amendment in force and liquor when obtainable at all only purchasable at prices presumably far beyond the pocketbook of a circus hand, it was palpably obvious that a little stream of it was trickling among the All-America's personnel.

At Allenburg, on Tuesday, little Mike Garrity, the silently efficient assistant wagon master, appeared suddenly to Gledlin, the doorkeeper, just as the first of the afternoon crowd was beginning to drift in, and informed him that he didn't like the shape of Gledlin's nose, the color of his eyes, the size of his mouth, or the way he combed his hair. He had kept still about it for three years, he announced stolidly, but now he proposed to do what he could to change the fashion of the nose and mouth, at least, and retire the eyes from public observation behind humps. He was proceeding to take off his coat with a view to putting his plan into instant effect when the "Old Man" himself appeared around the fly. It took a second incredulous look at Mike to convince the Old Man of the truth. Then he took Mike by the back of the neck and the seat of his trousers and ran him clean off the lot, for good. Two hours later a razorback almost bit the ear of a hostler behind No. 2 horse tent in the course of a conflict which neither party could afterward explain.

At Cordova next day, Murray, the head animal man, had to let one of his best keepers go, having found the man trying to get into a cat cage in a highly befuddled state, and there was suspicious unsteadiness in the handling of properties by two of the ring roustabouts during the evening performance. At Port Harbor, on Thursday, half the commissary gang was palpably drunk at noon time and loud were the complaints over the wretched dinner that resulted. The "Old Man" was furious. He fired drunks and half drunks right and left and read the riot act all over the lot.

It was on Friday morning that Olga Harron, senior of the Fordyce sisters, slack wire performers, opened her eyes to the murky first dawn of the railroad yard at Clarkington and peeped out of the car window just in time to see a familiar straw-hatted figure in a nifty greenish suit, slip stealthily into the shadow of a shed scarce an arm's length from Olga's berth. It was none else but Ranny Boyd, the candy butcher; and Olga, whose heart always did funny little jumps when she encountered Ranny unexpectedly, was on the point of sending a still little "Hist!" through the screened window at him, when she discovered that he was not alone. A lanky, wide-batted canvassman who had joined the show at Cordova, plainly had been waiting there for Ranny, for they were whispering together. Olga heard Ranny say something about "twelve pints—eight twenty-seven—he ain't mighty careful." Then he was gone, keeping close to the car and passing directly under Olga's window.

The girl went suddenly sick. Ranny Boyd had seemed such a frank, clean young fellow! Olga, to whom types of cynical sophistication were as common as fleas in a dog troupe, had believed Ranny meant it when he said he didn't believe it was necessary for a candy butcher to short-change or to sell fake packages, and that he preferred to make his living on the level. And here he was clearly enough mixed up in this low-lived bootlegging! Well, he wasn't anything to her, anyhow—and the "Old Man" wouldn't be long in finding out where the trouble lay. And, then, good night, Mr. Boyd. And Olga, to prove to herself how little Ranny Boyd and his crookedness meant in her young life, turned over on her face and cried into her pillow until the car portress began to beat her reveille gong.

Ranny Boyd was all smiles when he almost ran into Olga just outside the entrance to the Scoffin's tent, whence the girl was hurrying for breakfast. "Hello, Midget!" he exclaimed, "look out you don't put on half an ounce of weight this morning, it would show on you. Breakfast's better today. Cook's gang must be sober again."

But Olga neither stopped nor smiled. "No thanks to you," she flung at him and marched on into the tent.

Twice more during that day did Ranny Boyd seek to resume the old relations of very friendly understanding with Olga. And twice she cut him point blank. After that he gave it up and Olga went to bed that night surprisingly miserable.

She was awakened in less than an hour—for woe does not keep a healthy gymnast from sleep—by an unwonted buzzing in the ear. Seemingly every one of the thirty odd women was talking at once. It was the other Fordyce sister, Emmy Vance, who came to Olga's berth and explained:

"They got the bootleggers tonight, Ol. And who do you suppose it was that was running in the booze? Nobody but that old Hanfield that looks like a college professor and runs the instantaneous photograph booth with the zebra for folks to sit on to have their pictures took. He always has a lot of chemicals come by express, anyhow. Seems he lives in West Virginia and his family makes moonshine. He's a moonshine booze fiend himself, it seems, for all his not showing it a mite, and he had to have his stuff sent him from home. It cost him a lot, and he figured to make it up and a little on the side by peddling it. And him looking as respectable as St. Peter! They caught him with the goods as he got his 'chemicals' from the express office along after 8 o'clock."

"How did they get hep to him?" inquired Olga. "Was—was there anybody else in it with him?" She dreaded the reply that might be coming.

"Why, yes. That Greek kid he has for a helper was putting the stuff out to the men. And it seems there's been a government officer with the show ever since Cordova, playing at being a canvassman. But it was Ranny Boyd that doped out where the hooch was coming from—made it his business to find out right from the start. Some of the girls think he was too fresh—that it wasn't any of his affair anyhow. Watcha think, Ol?"

"I think all the cats in this show aren't in cages, Emmy—that's what I think!" blazed Olga. At which Emmy smiled unseen under the section curtains.

"I was rotten enough to think you was—was doing it yourself, Ranny," Olga confessed candidly. "I kind of thought you—well, that you got a sudden notion for more money—and—well that you wasn't particular how you got it."

Ranny Boyd grinned. "I guess you're right about the more money, Midget; two do need more than one if one is about as big as a butterfly. But I'll let you into something, small girl—there'll be enough for us as long as this show keeps going. The 'Old Man' is my uncle, you see, and he thinks well of me. That's why he set me to find out the bootleggers. And I get the show when I get the business learned. See?"

And Olga could only say, "Good gracious, Ranny Boyd!"

## PAID DEARLY FOR HIS ERROR

Breach of Etiquette Resulted in Matrimonial Chains for Brilliant French Author.

Alexander Dumas loved all women, but managed to escape the chains of matrimony until his fame was well spread. He was, like many another genius, irresponsible, careless and a first-rate roisterer. He made love to nearly every pretty face he saw, and when he beheld Ida Ferrier, a charming young actress, portray a role in one of his plays very much to his liking, he lost no time in rushing back stage at the Porte St. Martin to tell her so. He followed his usual custom of transferring the praise of the actress to the praise of the lady, and she accepted his advances at their face value.

Dumas, at the time, was the protegee of the duke of Orleans, and that prince was not only his friend, but also his publisher. The Babelian-minded author saw nothing wrong in taking the lady to a very formal ball given by the prince, and in presenting her to his highness, a breach of etiquette that the prince pointed out when he accepted the presentation, with these words: "Of course, my dear Dumas, it is only your wife you would think of presenting to me." A prince's hint, when he is your patron, is law, and poor Alexander was led to the altar forthwith. The chains of matrimony set lightly, and Madame Dumas soon departed for Florence.

## China's Awakening.

Two thousand years ago the Chinese built a wall across their northern frontier to keep out the plundering invading tribes. Today this wall is crumbling and moss grown—a useless bit of old Cathay. Out beyond the Nankou pass, the summit of one of the hills of northern Chi-li, stands the last reminder of this bulky barrier, and directly underneath run the tunnelled archways of the Peking-Kalgan railroad. From underneath its former barricaded exclusiveness this most exclusive of peoples is stretching out its hands of welcome. The much-talked-of "open door" swings on hinges from within as readily as it is swung inward by forces demanding admittance from without.—Exchange.

## The Awakening.

"Why, Clara, dear, what has happened? It is not a month since your marriage, and I find you in tears already!"

"Ah, Hilda, darling! George is running for office, you know, and I've only just learned from the opposition papers what a really dreadful man I have married!"

## A La Mode.

Shopper—I want to get a fashionable skirt.

Saleslady—Yes, madam. Will you have it too tight or too short?—Life.

## POSTSCRIPT ABOUT FUR TRIMMED SUITS



A POSTSCRIPT written to the story of suits is due just now and may be briefly written, since the story itself was not a long one this season. There has been great uniformity of styles and considerable variety in details of finishing, and the points that distinguished suits at the beginning of the season proved to be very popular, so that there has been no good reason for running after strange gods. Now that the season is over, and designers are turning their attention to spring, we are not likely to find any startling innovations in winter styles.

The two suits pictured are found among the liberal quota of fur-trimmed models that have made up a part of all representative collections. The suit at the left is one of the few that have shown themselves independent of the vogue for coats reaching almost to the knees. There are a few models that keep it company, so that it is not wholly audacious, but they are very becoming and good in style. The coat shown in the picture has emplacements of fur at each side of the

front and back, with two large buttons set in the spaces between the fur pieces and a generous shawl collar. The long girde of the material is finished at the ends with barrel-shaped ornaments made of the fur. Squirrel skins were chosen for this suit's trimming and the gray velvet turban covered with massed sprays of uncurled ostrich in gray looks well with it.

The suit at the right reveals a coat a little longer than the average, with a plain and fairly wide skirt. It is a fine model for a mat-only wearer, with its straight coat and line of cloth-covered buttons from waist to neck. These buttons reappear at the sides where the coat is split, and add to the general trimness of this suit. Popular furs for suits include seal, moleskin, squirrel, short-haired fox, Australian opossum and beaver. Another feather-covered hat suggests that velvet and feathers are not outrivalled by anything else for wear on the street, and here a velvet-covered toque makes the background for much uncurled ostrich.

## Hats That Smile At Winter



IN A GROUP of hats for little girls, it is not without intention that a plain felt is placed at the top; for of all millinery for children, the handsome beaver or felt, with ribbon trim, holds its own as always above criticism and always appropriate. These beavers and felts, plain as they are, come in an unbelievable variety of shapes and endlessly ingenious ribbon trims, and in all needed sizes and colors. They are here and have been for many years and are as certain of return each year as the seasons are. Occasionally one comes across a model that has a little additional embellishment besides the ribbon band or sash and in those pictured there is a flat, stitched band of felt about the brim-edge.

But even these lovely beavers and felts have rivals in pretty hats of velvet, each enhancing the virtue of the other. Just below the felt hat, at the left there is shown a delightful bunnet-like shape with soft crown of velvet. Its brim is made of ribbon. The velvet side-crown is gayly embroidered and ribbon is looped at the side with long ends falling. Little misses are much dressed up when they wear

pretty head coverings of this description.

The hat at the right is simplest and is also made of velvet. Two colors are used for it, the brim in a lighter tone than the crown, and a sash of ribbon finishes it.

A charming hat at the bottom of the group is an amusing miniature made like hats for grownups. It is also made of velvet with sectional crown and has an upturned brim split at each side. Silk cord edges the brim and outlines the seams in the crown and bright motifs in silk embroidery help the gaiety of the winter season. No wonder its small wearer is so pleased with life in general and her hat in particular. It is a clever piece of designing in which the means used for developing maturer headwear have been perfectly adopted to childhood. Hats as elaborate as this look best with plain coats and it happens that coats for girls are plain this season.

Julia Bottomley

## 50 Years Ago



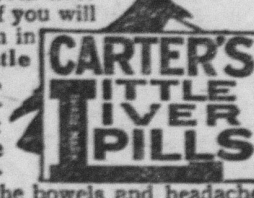
a young man who practiced medicine in a rural district became famous and was called in consultation in many towns and cities because of his success in the treatment of disease. This was Dr. Pierce who afterward moved to Buffalo, N. Y. He made up his mind to place some of his medicines before the public, and he put up what he called his "Favorite Prescription," and placed it with the druggists in every state in the Union.

For fifty years Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has sold more largely throughout the United States than any other medicine of like character. It's the testimony of thousands of women that it has benefited or entirely eradicated such distressing ailments as women are prone to. It is now sold by druggists in tablet form as well as liquid.

STASBURG, Va.—"Some years ago I was in a run-down, weakened condition. Our doctor could do me no good and I felt discouraged. I quit doctoring and took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with wonderful results, and have been healthy ever since."—Mrs. S. C. Feely.

## Appetite Keen and Bowels Relieved

You can relish your meals without fear of upsetting your liver or stomach if you will put your faith in Carter's Little Liver Pills. Food accumulations that poison the blood are expelled from the bowels and headache, dizziness and callow skin are relieved. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.



## New Life for Sick Man

## Eatonic Works Magic

"I have taken only two boxes of Eatonic and feel like a new man. It has done me more good than anything else," writes C. O. Frappir.

Eatonic is the modern remedy for acid stomach, bloating, food repeating and indigestion. It quickly takes up and carries out the acidity and gas and enables the stomach to digest the food naturally. That means not only relief from pain and discomfort but you get the full strength from the food you eat. Big box only costs a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

## Thirty Running Sores

Remember, I stand back of every box. Every druggist guarantees to refund the purchase price (25 cents) if Peterson's Ointment doesn't do all I claim.

I guarantee it for eczema, old sores, running sores, salt rheum, chancres, nipples, broken breasts, itching skin, skin diseases, blind, bleeding and itching piles as well as for chafing, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sunburn.

I had 30 running sores on my leg for 11 years, was in three different hospitals. Amputation was advised. Skin grafting was tried. I was cured by using Peterson's Ointment.—Mrs. E. J. Smith, 27 Michigan street, Buffalo, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## NEURALGIA?

Go to your druggist or dealer and ask for a package of

## WHITE CAPS

and get relief with no bad after effects. You can depend upon White Caps. They contain no narcotic or prohibitive drugs.

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

## Interested in Guineas

We are in the market for YOUNG GUINEAS and will pay Highest Market Prices GET OUR QUOTATIONS

House of A. Silz  
414 to 422 W. 14th St.  
NEW YORK CITY

SAFETY AND SEVEN GUARANTEES. First preference made on improved test made in national courts. Write for booklet. 1125 W. National Realty Co., Inc., Washington, D. C.