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Many Uses for Milk. It is said that in France 20,000 quarts of skimmed milk a day is used for making substitutes for horn, ivory, amber and such things. The casein in the milk is precipitated by a chemical process and then mixed with formalin. This produces galalith, or petrified milk, a hard, elastic, insoluble substance that is easily worked. The French dairy experts think that the demand for the skimmed milk for this purpose will be great enough to increase profit in the butter-making business by producing a ready market for the by-products.—Washington Star.

Nether adversity nor prosperity ever changes a man; each merely brings out what there is in him.

Fear is at the bottom of worry. Is there no gland that will exterminate fear?

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Pesky Devils Quietus P. D. Q.

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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 36-1923.

The SANDMAN STORY

MR. FOX; JUNIOR FOX

MR. FOX had thought he had the farm yard over the hill all to himself for the season, but one morning, early as he was creeping gingerly about behind bushes and other hiding spots, he saw Junior Fox dodge behind an old barrel.

"Um-m," Mr. Fox. "So he has discovered this place, too! Well, I must get rid of him or my supply of plump chickens will not hold out."

Mr. Fox did not try to hide from Junior Fox. He boldly trotted over to the old barrel and said: "Fine



"He Saw Junior Fox Dodge Behind an Old Barrel."

morning for hunting, Junior, and a good breakfast is a fine thing if you have a good appetite."

"Yes," replied Junior, not knowing in the least what Mr. Fox was driving at, as he was, himself, never without a good appetite.

"Well, I have a plan to get a good appetite for breakfast," went on Mr. Fox just as if Junior Fox had said he did not have one. "You do what I tell you, Junior, and you could eat a dozen fat chickens and look for more. You know that old stump down by the pond at the foot of the hill?"

Junior nodded that he did and Mr. Fox went on: "I will run you down there and back and if you don't get up the biggest appetite you ever had running in this nice fresh morning air I will furnish the birds for our breakfast."

"But I have a good appetite—" Junior Fox said.

But Mr. Fox would not listen. "What is the matter? Can't you run?" inquired Mr. Fox. "You are younger than I, Junior, and you

ought to beat me there and back, and if you do, you get first chance at the poultry, don't you see?"

Junior Fox did see that, for well he knew Mr. Fox's fame as a hunter. He could pounce upon a flock of poultry and carry off two and leave the others in such a state of mind that it was not safe for any other fox to go near them for weeks to come if he happened to value his life. And Junior did; he wanted to keep alive very much, indeed.

"All right! I will race you to the old stump and back," said Junior, thinking he could get one plump hen or chicken and be off before Mr. Fox made the round trip.

"Auready, now—Go!" called out Mr. Fox, and off they ran. But when they were part way down the hill Mr. Fox fell behind and hid for a minute behind some brush to see if Junior Fox turned to look behind for him. But he didn't, for Junior Fox was too much interested in getting back to the poultry yard before Mr. Fox, and so he made his legs fly and never even stopped when he reached the stump by the pond.

He just ran around it and back up the hill as if the very old chickens were chasing him. He did notice that he did not see Mr. Fox anywhere, "but," he thought, "he is old and probably had to rest when he reached the stump."

But he soon found out his mistake, for when Junior Fox reached the poultry yard, just as he was creeping under the gate and could not turn about. Mr. Fox leaped the wall with two plump birds, leaving behind him a yard full of squawking hens and quacking ducks.

"There he is," cried Mr. Man, spying poor Junior Fox trying to make a turn under the gate.

Mr. Dog spied him, also, and gave

chase as Junior got out from under the gate and ran down the road.

It took him all the morning to elude Mr. Dog and it was dinner time before he felt safe and crept into his den to rest.

"Mr. Fox was right about a run giving you an appetite," thought Junior Fox. "I am so hungry I could eat—" and then he remembered the trick Mr. Fox had played on him.

"I'll show him how to run for an appetite some day," said Junior. "It takes a fox to fool a fox and I am growing wiser and slyer every day."

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The Friendly Path

By WALTER L. ROBINSON

BE REASONABLE

THOSE who follow the rule of reason in all things will find themselves more likely to receive the blessings of love and respect from their fellowmen. Dollars may not pile up as rapidly for those in the professions or business who are reasonable in their charges as for those who collect exorbitant fees. But the joy of life will not be so certain. Happiness cannot be bought.

The man who labors hard to earn an honest day's wages always prizes his dollars more and is more likely to rest comfortably at night than he who exacts unreasonable fees or profits for the service he performs for the public.

The recent action of Johns Hopkins officials in announcing that no surgeon should be allowed to charge more than \$1,000 for a single operation in that famous Baltimore institution should command wide attention. It commands itself to others just as well as surgeons—lawyers, dentists, farmers, merchants, laborers, mechanics and those in all branches of the commercial, financial and industrial world.

Human life is precious and the surgeon who saves a man's life through a delicate operation is a valuable public servant who deserves adequate compensation for his skill. But Johns

Hopkins recognizes and suggests a curb on a dangerous tendency which has been developing, inimical to the public welfare.

It is doubtful if men in any vocation have been as poorly paid for their services to humanity as physicians and surgeons have been. But those who enter these important professions would be unfit to engage in these noble fields of labor if they were attracted to them by the possible money returns rather than by the opportunities to lessen suffering and to save human life.

Knowing of the great earnings a few specialists have received has influenced young men in many instances to become surgeons and specialists when unfitted to specialize.

In a measure this has been responsible for the decrease in the number of country practitioners so that residents of rural communities often suffer because of inability to procure services on urgent calls.

The country doctor who saves life for a few dollars in dingy farm-houses, performs a service which saves lives that are just as valuable as those saved by great surgeons for which big fees have been paid. It should not be questioned how much a surgeon or physician should charge, but whether the motive back of the service is gold or the relieving of suffering and saving of human lives.

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

FACTS about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

JEAN

JEAN is one of the many French names which have come to be Anglicized by dropping the final ending. Though infinitely prettier when spelled Jeanne, it is apparently thought to savor too much of the Gallic for English ears. It is one of the simplest of feminine names—its equivalent Jane being the sole example of an appellation even less burdened with affectation.

Jean means "grace of the Lord." Its earliest predecessor was Joanna, wife of Herod's steward. The Roman calendar has two feasts in honor of Joanna, the holy woman of the Bible, but the real vogue of the name is due to the numerous St. Johns of the Scriptures, of which Joanna is really the feminine.

In the Twelfth century Jehanne and Jeanne appeared in the south of France and Navarre. The latter was especially a patrician name and its bearers married into many of the royal families of the times. The daughter of Henry II, who married into Sicily, was the first English princess so

A LINE 'O CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE PROMISE OF TOMORROW

NOW wherefore yield to melancholy When being full of smiles. Is just as cheap? When you can fill the cell and rafter With echoes of a ringing laughter. Why must you weep? Perhaps the burden of your sorrow Today is heavy, but Tomorrow bids you arise, And to her soothing arms to speed you With promises that she will lead you To brighter skies.

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George Fawcett



Born August 25, 1862, in Virginia, George Fawcett is a veteran actor. He naturally had an extensive stage career before entering the "movies." He has appeared in a large per cent of the biggest and best pictures in the last eight years.

ladies say that they prefer quantity to quality.

"True," said Madame Holstein, "I would rather give a lot of milk than a small amount of very rich milk such as the members of your family do."

"It is nice, of course, to give rich milk, but I think it is nicer to give lots of milk. Now, the way we do means that many, many more people can have milk than if we did, as you all do."

"You are not so generous as we are. That is simply a family way of yours. But when you do give, you give handsomely. That is the way of the Jersey and Guernsey families."

"Now I hold the world's record for the amount of milk given—for the greatest amount of milk ever given. I do not mean that I, myself, hold this great record, but the Holstein family holds it."

"A Holstein cow has been known to give one hundred pounds of milk a day!"

"There is nothing selfish about that. Nothing small or stingy."

"Ah, yes, our family holds the world's record for generosity in milk giving."

"Well," said Miss Guernsey, "we're good-sized cows and we think that some cows should not think only of quantity but should think of richness and such important things."

"We're rather rich looking ourselves, splendid looking we've been told, and we want to give the kind of milk that is like ourselves."

"Sometimes we've been fed up and given some of the Jersey milk to make us fat," said one of the Holsteins, "for we are fed well when we're out prize winning; or are hoping to be prize-winning cows."

"We're fed well all the time, of course, too."

"I do believe that we hold the butterfat record, for we've given eight pounds of butter a day—a piece."

"Ah, they have a silo on the farm, and they thresh corn for us for the winter time."

"They'll soon be getting busy to get us our winter food."

"How pleasant it is to lazily chew and watch the work for our winter food."

"But we do our work."

The Holstein family wore spotted black and white coats and Miss Jersey wore a lovely fawn-colored costume.

But they talked no more now for awhile as it was milking time, and they all went and lined up so as to be all ready.

They all felt quite satisfied with what they could do and in the talk they had had.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE COWS

"My name is Mooly Cow and I have no horns. Moo, moo, moo, I have no horns," repeated Mrs. Mooly Cow.

"Moo, moo, moo," said Mrs. Black Poll Cow, "I haven't any horns, either."

"The same is true of me," said Mrs. Red Poll Cow, "and what is more, none of our little ones have horns, as they follow our example."

"We don't mind it because other cows like horns. It's just not our way."

"Why talk of horns and whether you have them or not," said Miss Jersey Cow. "The important subject to be talked about is that of milk."

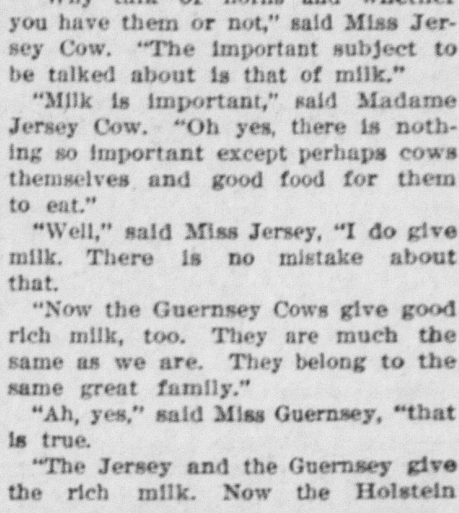
"Milk is important," said Madame Jersey Cow. "Oh yes, there is nothing so important except perhaps cows themselves and good food for them to eat."

"Well," said Miss Jersey, "I do give milk. There is no mistake about that."

"Now the Guernsey Cows give good rich milk, too. They are much the same as we are. They belong to the same great family."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Guernsey, "that is true."

"The Jersey and the Guernsey give the rich milk. Now the Holstein



"You Are Not So Generous."

Call of Duty.

"Don't you think sitting up until two o'clock in the morning at a poker table interferes with your regular duties?"

"Friend," responded Cactus Joe, "when you've lost 17 stacks in the early evening there ain't any duty that seems more urgent than sittin' close up and tryin' to rescue four perishin' fortunes."

A Musical Preference.

"Do you like modern music?"

"No," answered the gentle grandmother. "I liked the old square piano. It was so handy to put the patterns on when you were cutting out a dress."

Made only of wheat and barley scientifically baked 20 hours—

Supplies Vitamin-B and mineral elements.

How can Grape-Nuts be other than a wonderfully appetizing, healthful food? "There's a Reason"

TONGUE TWISTERS

Sally sewed Sue's skirt suit.

Lois lost Louise's lovely locket.

Harold hopes Helen hiked home.

Richard reads "Robbers Riddle Role."

Polite Penrod practices practical pranks.

Henry's horse hardly helped Harold home.

OPHELIA

DON'T RUN INTO DEET JUST TO SEE IF YOU KNOW UPSET IT

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