

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Annie Kwinski of 526 1st Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., writes that she became so weak and run-down that she was not able to do her housework. She saw the name Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the paper and said to her husband, "I will try that medicine and see if it will help me." She says she took six bottles and is feeling much better.

Mrs. Mattie Adams, who lives in Downing Street, Brewton, Ala., writes as follows: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and since taking it I feel like a different woman."

With her children grown up, the middle-aged woman finds time to do the things she never had time to do before—read the new books, see the new plays, enjoy her grand-children, take an active part in church and civic affairs. Far from being pushed aside by the younger set, she finds a full, rich life of her own. That is, if her health is good.

Thousands of women past fifty, say they owe their vigor and health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

The poor we have always with us, says the proverb; and they are full of criticism.

"BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package



Does not affect the Heart

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-five years for

- Colds
- Headache
- Neuritis
- Lumbago
- Toothache
- Rheumatism
- Neuralgia
- Pain, Pain

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Don't Let That Cold Turn Into "Flu"

That cold may turn into "Flu," Grippe or, even worse, Pneumonia, unless you take care of it at once.

Rub Musterole on the congested parts and see how quickly it brings relief.

Musterole, made from pure oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other simple ingredients, is a counter-irritant which stimulates circulation and helps break up the cold.

As effective as the messy old mustard plaster; does the work without blister.

Rub it on with your finger-tips. You will feel a warm tingle as it enters the pores, then a cooling sensation that brings welcome relief.



Green's August Flower
for Constipation, Indigestion and Torpid Liver
Relieves that feeling of having eaten unwisely. 30c and 90c bottles. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

DISPEL THAT RASH
Why suffer when skin troubles yield so easily to the healing touch of
Resinol

ASTHMA
DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.
DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDID

By Arthur Scott Bailey



KATYDID IS SHY

"NOW—" said Mr. Frog, to Kiddle Katydid—"now tell me, how do you like the overcoat I made for you?"

And Kiddle Katydid, safe in his tree once more, and snugly buttoned in Mr. Frog's gift, replied that it was the finest garment he had ever owned in all his life.

"Good!" said Mr. Frog. "And I dare say you've had many overcoats in your time, too."

Kiddle Katydid did not correct Mr. Frog's mistake. To tell the truth, he



Then Mr. Frog Leaped Into the Air Three Times

and never before had an overcoat on his back.

"I've come here tonight to deliver an important message to you," Mr. Frog went on. "And thinking the weather might be cooler than you liked, I made you that fine coat so you could stay out here in your tree and listen to what I have to tell you."

"I hear—" he said—"I hear that you're a musician."

"Yes," said Kiddle Katydid—for he knew well enough that Freddie Firefly could not have kept the secret.

"I hear that you're a fiddler," Mr. Frog added.

"Why, no! I've never played the fiddle!" Kiddle Katydid exclaimed. "I don't know how to do that."

"Well, how do you know that you can't, if you've never tried?" Mr. Frog retorted. "If you can play 'Katy did, Katy did,' she did, she did," by rubbing

your wing covers together, there's no knowing what you could do with a real fiddle and bow."

"That's true," Kiddle admitted. "I never thought of that."

"Well," said Mr. Frog, who appeared greatly pleased with himself, "anyhow, I want you to join our singing society. Perhaps you've heard me and my friends over in the swamp. Almost every night we have a singing party there. And if you'll only agree to fiddle for us, while we sing, I venture to say that we'll have Farmer Green getting out of his bed to listen to us."

Naturally the invitation pleased Kiddle Katydid. But for all that, he shook his head slowly.

"I'm afraid I'm too shy," he told Mr. Frog. "I like to stay hidden among the leaves, where people can't see me."

"That'll be all right," Mr. Frog assured him. "You can hide in some bush near-by, where we can't look at you."

But still Kiddle Katydid wouldn't accept the invitation. Although Mr. Frog teased and teased, all he would say was that he would think the matter over.

"Promise me this, at least—" Mr. Frog finally said—"promise me that you won't agree to make music for anybody else! Now that people know you're musical, they'll be asking you to play in an orchestra, or a band, or a five-and-drum corps, or something. But I've invited you first, and if you oblige anybody it ought to be me—especially after I've given you that beautiful warm overcoat." The tailor looked up into the tree so beseechingly that Kiddle Katydid hadn't the heart to refuse his request.

"I'll promise that," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Frog, opening his mouth so widely that Kiddle Katydid couldn't help shuddering at the sight.

And then Mr. Frog leaped into the air three times. And each time that he leaped he struck his heels together three times, just to show how happy he was.

Then, with a hearty "Good night!" he turned away and went skipping off.

And Kiddle Katydid, making his curious music in the top of the maple tree, kept thinking that the tailor was one of the oddest chaps he had ever seen.

He did wish, too, that Mr. Frog had a smaller mouth.

(© by Grosset & Dunlap)

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

KNOCKING WOOD

MOST of us are too intelligent to believe in silly superstitions—oh, yes, of course. But most of us, when we have boasted of our good luck proceed, nevertheless, to "knock wood." So did our remote ancestors, the tree worshippers. Says Elworthy, an authority on such matters: "The remarkable similarity in customs all over Europe points to the conclusion that tree-worship was once an important element in the early religion of mankind, and continued down to a very recent period—some even among ourselves—were substantially identical with the same rites and ceremonies observed by Egyptians, Etruscans, Greeks and Romans."

The primitive belief was that spirits resided in trees, spirits to be propitiated. Without this basic idea being entirely lost there came the period of the Sacred Groves and the Druids' oaks and then the dedication of certain sorts of trees to the earliest and simplest form of the superstition. We knock to call the attention of the tree-spirit to the fact that we recognize his influence in the good luck of which we boast and in order that he may not feel slighted and change our good fortune into bad. At least that's why our ancestors knocked wood. Our poor, ignorant, superstitious ancestors! How much better off we are than they were! Hey, there! Knock wood!

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Leslie Fenton



Many "movie" fans will recognize the pleasing countenance of Leslie Fenton, the handsome young juvenile, who has been seen in numerous motion pictures. He was born in Liverpool, England, about twenty-two years ago. He has brown hair and brown eyes, and a smile of boyish charm which adds to his engaging appearance.

AN ABBREVIATED STORY

TRUE TO LIFE

"AN IDEA for a play, eh?" Tell it to me," said Simon Ringfinger, the well-known manager, to Truxton Scribe, the well-known playwright.

"It's like this," explained the playwright, "Lottie Passover, a beautiful shop girl, is seen and longed for by Clement Gobbs, a young and unscrupulous millionaire. Lottie, struggling painfully to live on her salary of six dollars a week, finally succumbs to the gold-tinted promises of the young millionaire and goes away with him, believing implicitly that he means to fulfill his promise to marry her. But far from home he leaves her to her fate. A year later, with her child in her arms, she confronts him and shoots him dead."

Simon Ringfinger held up his hands in horror.

"But, my dear Scribe!" he cried, "that's utterly untrue to life! Audiences want lifelike plays, plays dealing with situations and events that they know are true to life because they have experienced them themselves. Give me a play like that and your fortune is made."

"Well, how's this?" said Truxton Scribe. "Lottie Passover, the beautiful shopgirl, repulses the advances of Lord Trumbles, young and dashing English nobleman, who plots in vain to ruin her. Finally, completely won over by the girl's purity and strength of character, he disguises himself and obtains a job as delivery man at the department store where Lottie is employed. He makes ardent love to her, and she, failing to recognize the nobleman in his humble disguise, falls in love with him. He then reveals his identity and makes her Lady Trumbles and takes her home to England to reside over his ancestral estates."

Simon Ringfinger, enraptured, kissed the playwright on both cheeks.

"That's a real play—that's true to life!" he cried. "Here's a check for \$5,000 advance royalty—and do you think you can write it by next Thursday?"

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

(© by George Matthew Adams)

NELLIE REVELL Says:

"THE Patients' Husbands' club" is what we called them in the hospital where I once spent four years. It is a club whose initiation fee and dues are paid in heart pangs. It was interesting to watch these husbands of the different patients, to see the "when a feller needs a friend" look and attempt at bravery when facing bad news. If ever there was a doubt in my mind about men being but boys grown up it vanished after I had watched a few score of men pace the floor while their wives were in the operating room.

It is then that a man needs help if ever. I have watched the young newlywed wait for tidings from his bride, and the frightened but adoring expression when he is allowed to see her. Then there is the husband of the middle-aged woman who probably has to do the housework while his wife is in the hospital. He comes in and brings the children. I have more than once heard the husband rehearsing the children as to what they should or should not say, lest they "make mamma sorry."

There is the fine old gentleman whose white-haired wife is fighting her way back to life and who walks the floor anxiously until he is permitted to see "mother." They sit together for hours, not a word passing between them, though she seems happy just to know he is there. His solicitude for her comfort and her daily watch for his appearance refute what the cynics say about the fading of romance.

These worried men provoked other thoughts and whenever I saw the husband of some fellow-patient fidgeting outside the room in which his wife was being treated I could not but wonder if he were always so solicitous about her. Had he been careless or indifferent in his attentions to her, and now, when there was a possibility of losing her, was he just learning to appreciate what she meant to him? Perhaps; but there was always the hope that the cloud hanging over them would soon roll away and reveal a silver lining of renewed confidence and rekindled love made stronger by suffering.

If it weren't for the fact that I'm such a bad sailor that I get seasick going across the river on a ferry, I'd like to be an officer on some big ocean liner. I love good stories and there is where they abound. Charles Spedding, purser of the Aquitania, visits me at the New York end of each trip and every time he has a fund of good stories. Here is one of his prizes, which he brought recently:

Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, started out with a friend to make a call in London. Both men knew the street upon which the object of their search lived, and even remembered the right block, but neither could recall the number of the house. To further complicate matters all the homes had been turned out of the same mold.

"What'll we do?" asked Sir Arthur's friend.

He got no answer, for the great composer had suddenly left him. The friend followed him curiously and saw him go to the first house, brush his shoe against the foot scraper and listen intently. He shook his head and repeated the performance at the next house. From doorstep to doorstep he proceeded, with his wondering friend at his heels. At last he stopped before a residence in the middle of the block.

"This is it," he announced. "I don't know the number, but the foot scraper is in B flat."

Frank Kahlo, who lives in Evans-ton, near which is Chicago, travels far and wide through the states of the Middle West and in his travels has found a mate for the subway rider who always sits with his gaze at the floor because he hates to see women standing in the aisle.

Some time ago Mr. Kahlo spent several weeks in a village in southeastern Ohio, and he is willing to state under oath that the hotel proprietor there was the laziest human being living. The only work he performed in all the time my informant stayed there was to cross the street one day for some chewing tobacco. On the other hand, his wife stood over a hot range the day long in the sultry July weather, cooking meals for from fifteen to twenty adults. In her spare moments she washed the dishes, made the beds, did her own washing and ironing and looked after two small children.

One particularly blazing afternoon, as the landlord and Mr. Kahlo sat in the shade of a tree with their chairs tilted back against the wall, the proprietor remarked that he had only been running the hotel a few months, having had a barber shop before then.

"How do you like the hotel business?" asked Mr. Kahlo.

"Wal," said the landlord with a sigh, "I like it fine, but it's certainly h—l on the wife."

For the benefit of those who attend the opera but really prefer jazz I pass around the advice given me by Edwin Franke Goldman on how to tell classical from popular music.

"If it threatens to break into a tune any minute and doesn't," he asserts, "it's classical."

(Copyright by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Ask Grandma—she knows this good TONIC PE-RU-NA Sold Everywhere

Prompted The Wife—And what prompted you to propose to me, dear? Her Husband (sadly)—You, dear.

Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Handiest thing in the house FOR BABY'S SKIN "Vaseline" Jelly relieves chafing, diaper rash, cradle cap, scurf, and other inflammations. Wonderfully soothing and healing. Indispensable in the nursery. Chesbrough Mfg. Company State St. New York

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND Keep your horses working with "SPOHN'S" Standard remedy for 32 years for Distemper, Strangles, Influenza, Coughs and Colic. Give to sick and those exposed. Give "SPOHN'S" for Dog Distemper. Sold by your druggist. If not, order from us. Small bottle 50 cents, large 1.00. Write for free booklet on Diseases. SPOHN MEDICAL CO. DEPT. GOSHEN, IND.

DON'T BE GRAY! Restore your hair gradually, surely and safely in privacy of your home. Used over 8 years by millions. Money-back guarantee. BOOKLET FREE. Chan Hair Color Restorer At your Druggist 75¢

The Best Recommendation FOR—Bare-to-Hair Is the number who are trying to imitate it. If Bare-to-Hair was not growing hair on bald heads there would be no imitators. If there is baldness or signs of it you can't afford to neglect to use Forst's Original Bare-to-Hair. Correspondence given personal attention. For sale by all Drug Stores and Barber Shops. W. H. FORST, Mfr. SCOTSDALE, PENNA.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment Keep the Scalp Clean and Healthy Promote Hair Growth

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND and TAR There's nothing like this for breaking up colds—amazing relief to sore throats, head and chest—Safe—Money back. 30 cents at all druggists. W. N. U., BALTIMORE, MD. 15-1926.