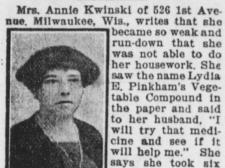
# WOMEN OF

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



ng 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."

bottles and is feel.

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 Comand are recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

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

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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 Neuritis Toothache Neuralgia

Headache Lumbago Rheumatism Pain, Pain

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists 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.





Why suffer when skin troubles yield

Resinol

ASTHMA

for the prompt relief of Asthma

and Hay Fever. Ask your drug-glet for it. 25 cents and one dolar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.



KATYDID IS SHY

Now-" said Mr. Frog, to Kiddle Katydid-"now tell me, how do ou like the overcoat I made for you?" And Kiddle Katydid, safe in his tree once more, and snugly buttoned in dr. Frog's gift, replied that it was he finest garment he had ever owned n all his life.

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

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



Then Mr. Frog Leaped Into the Air Three Times

nad 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 you could stay out here in your tree | sight. and listen to what I have to tell you. . . I hear-" he said-"I hear that

you're a musician." "Yes," said Kiddie 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 fid-

don't know how to do that."

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

THE WHY of

SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

KNOCKING WOOD

M OST 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 worshipers. Says Elworthy,

an authority on such matters: "The

remarkable similarity in customs all

portant 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,

The primitive belief was that spirits

resided in trees, spirits to be propiti-

ated. Without this basic idea being en-

tirely lost there came the period of the

Sacred Groves and the Druid's 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 ances-

tors! How much better off we are

than they were! Hey, there! Knock

(@ by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HUNDER

----O---

Etruscans, Greeks and Romans."

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 Kiddie 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

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

"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 fife-and-drum corps, or something. But I've invited you first, and if you oblige anybody it ought to be meespecially after I've given you that beautiful warm overcoat." The tailor looked up into the tree so beseechingly that Kiddie 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 Katyliked, I made you that fine coat so did couldn't help shuddering at the

> 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 dle!" Kiddle Katydid exclaimed. "I tree, kept thinking that the tailor was far from home he leaves her to her ding, purser of the Aquitania, visits one of the oddest chaps he had ever

> seen. He did wish, too, that Mr. Frog had (c) by Grosset & Dunlap)

#### WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE BY JOSEPH KAYE

At Twenty-one-Lenor Fresnol Loree Was on His Second Job.

T TWENTY-ONE I was with A the U. S. Army Engineering corps, working with the tides and currents, and making soundings and triangulations up and down the Atlantic coast.

"Most of my spare hours at this time were spent in study and I over Europe points to the conclusion learned enough of law to pass the bar admission examinations .- L. F. that tree-worship was once an im-

TODAY-Mr. Loree is famous as one of the greatest railroad experts in the world and has headed and reorganized many of the largest rallroads in the country.

Mr. Loree left Rutgers at nineteen and got his first job in the engineering department of the Pennsylvania railroad. After this he went into the Army Engineering corps and from there joined a construction gang for work in Mexico. Mexico did not suit him so well and he returned to the United States where he achieved his first distinction when, as assistant engineer of the Chicago division of the Pennsylvania railroad, he recommended, after a careful study, that the grades on the railroad be reduced. He argued that the increased efficlency and easier hauling would more than make up for the expense of the work.

His suggestion was accepted and carried out and the prediction he made fully realized. At this time he was only about twenty-eight.

(@ by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) ---0---

### Kissing Not Universal

Kissing as a form of greeting and affection is comparatively recent. The habit of kissing is unknown to the Polynesians, who greet by pressing noses. The Laplanders also apply their noses against the person they wish to salute. In Otaheite we are told that they rub their noses together, and, of course, we all know this is the favorite form of greeting and affection among the Eskimos. Neither the Japanese nor the Chinese kiss, In many African tribes the natives kiss the ground over which a chief has trod. In Australia, kissing the ground, or rather breathing upon it, is a form of greeting among various peoples. Lombroso tells us that kissing is a Caucasian habit and that Orientals of eighty-five.-Wayne D. McMurray. are strangers to it.

Leslie Fenton HARRERARARARARARARARARARARARA



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 appear-

BBREVIATED =STORY

#### TRUE TO LIFE

"A N 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 and rekindled love made stronger by Clement Gobbs, a young and unscru- suffering. pulous 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 implifitly that he means to 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. "Lottle Passover, the beautiful shopgiri, repulses the advances of Lord Trumbles, young and dashing English nobleman, who plots in valn 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 preside 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)

#### WHO SAID "The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through

the center of each and every town and city."

T HIS gentle rap at overzealous local pride is from the pen of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is taken from his celebrated "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of those men who stumbled into his life work rather than walking deliberately into it. He studied to be a lawyer and eventually won the degree LL. D. The career of a lawyer, however, did not make a strong appeal to him and he forsook it to study medicine.

As a physician Doctor Holmes may be said to have been a great success. Doctor Holmes was not permitted long to continue as a physician. His services as a professor were too much in demand and in 1847 he was appointed to the chair of anatomy at Harvard college-the university where he had received his education. He held this position until the year 1882.

Doctor Holmes is better known as a writer than a physician. He was prominently identified with the group of contributors who made a well known magazine famous some years ago and his many works have entitled him to a place among America's best He died in 1894 at the age writers. ( by George Matthew Adams)

"HE 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 eyer. 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

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 fulfill his promise to marry her. But is where they abound. Charles Spedand 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 Ar-

thur'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 beels. 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 Evanston, 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 froning 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 clas-

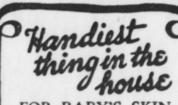
sical from popular music. "If it threatens to break into a tune any minute and doesn't," he asserts, "it's classical."



Prompted

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





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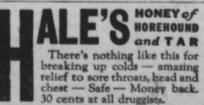
to imitate it. If Bare-to-Hair was not growing hair on bald heads there would be no imitators. If there is baldness or signs of it you can't afford to neglect to use Forst's Original Bare-to-Hair.

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