

**Constipation Gone.  
Has Roses in Her  
Cheeks Now**

"About seven years ago, I was dying slowly of constipation. My system was full of poison, which not only dulled my senses, but my complexion was muddy, eyes blurred, my stomach was ruined, and I was continually catching cold. I did not have any life or energy.

"After reading one of your ads, I bought several bottles of Milk's Emulsion, and began improving at once. Improvement was so marked that everyone noticed it, and spoke of how it cleared my skin, made my eyes much brighter, and put roses in my cheeks. In fact, I was an entirely different person. I took altogether 15 large bottles of Milk's Emulsion, and looked wonderful and felt the same way. It absolutely made me over. It adds more to your looks than anything I have ever heard of. After I had taken the first 8 bottles, people began to notice the improvement in my skin and my eyes being brighter.

"Every woman should know of it. I have never had a cold since I took Milk's Emulsion, no stomach trouble or constipation. I think it is a God-send to humanity.

"A nephew of mine was almost dead of stomach trouble. I started him on Milk's Emulsion and while he has only taken 4 bottles, he can eat nearly anything, and is beginning to feel fine.

"You will always find me a Milk's Emulsion booster." MRS. REBECCA CAMPBELL, R. R. 1, Dyersburg, Penn. Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milk's Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

**Eskimos "Mine" Ivory  
Left by Ancestors**

Ancient fossil ivory valued at \$50,000 came South on the first boat from No. 1 this season. The ivory on board represented an unintentional bequest from the long deceased Eskimos to the present generation. The natives from time immemorial feasted on walrus and the tusks, having no value, were tossed aside.

These piles accumulated, especially on the St. Lawrence and the Pribilof islands, during the centuries.

Then, white men came north with trading schooners and bought freshly killed walrus ivory. The Eskimos, remembering the wasteful habits of their ancestors, promptly began sinking mines on the sites of ancient camps. Each summer they dig out thousands of dollars' worth of fossil ivory, valuable because of its deep coloring and extreme hardness.

**RECOMMENDS  
IT TO OTHERS**

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound Helps Her So Much**

Cleveland, Ohio.—"I sure recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman in the condition I was in. I was so weak and run-down that I could hardly stand up. I could not eat and was full of misery. A friend living on Arcade Avenue told me about this medicine and after taking ten bottles my weakness and nervousness are all gone. I feel like living again. I am still taking it until I feel strong like before. You may use this letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. Elizabeth Toso, 14913 Halo Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

**Little Tommy Grace had a pain in his face, So bad he could not learn a letter, When in came Dr. John, With a box of SALICON, And Tom soon found his face much better.**

SALICON has a mild, soothing effect upon the nerves. It speedily relieves pain, yet it does not affect the heart nor upset the stomach.

**Also**  
Grandmother—Perry, you have grown to be the living image of your father. You have your father's eyes, nose, mouth and—  
Perry (gloomily)—Yes, and I have his trousers, too.—Pittsburgh Post Gazette.

**Valuable Find**  
A \$200,000 sandalwood forest has been found in the jungle region of Kamkanhally, India. The Mysore government has granted \$3,000 for collection and transportation of the wood, which it is estimated will amount to 600 tons, worth 600,000 rupees, or about \$216,000.

**Peregrinating**  
"What has become of the autograph album?" asked Alfred.  
"It is now worn as a slicker," answered Eloise.

**The Side-Show**  
"Patrons complain that our wild man isn't very wild."  
"Threaten to reduce his pay."

**Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh**  
Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast  
Money back for first bottle if not satisfied. All dealers.

**ALWAYS  
SOMETHING  
BETTER**

"HURRY, Roberta," urged Rob's stepmother. "It's almost train time."

"If I don't get this dress finished in time for the party tonight I'll hang that old uncle of yours, Fanny," Rob put her sewing down reluctantly. "I'll wear my blue linen. Jen said her cousin was coming down early."

"Well, even if you should miss the party it couldn't be helped. Just remember that line up there on the wall."

"Rob's eye caught the line, a little framed motto:  
"Nothing passes me by in life but to give place to something better."

Those words had been cited to her with each girlish hope she had ever had defeated. To Rob nothing could be better than going to Jen's party that she was giving for her wealthy cousin, Jerry Hodges.

When she passed Jen's house they were stringing Japanese lanterns across the lawn. Rob was fairly tingling with anticipation when she found that something was wrong with one of the lines. Rob had never been intimately acquainted with automobiles. Their car was a very recent addition to the family's few possessions. The Dicksons had lived in an apartment until last year, when immediately after Rob's graduation they had come to live on a farm for the sake of Fanny's health.

Rob was very near to bursting into tears when a car appeared over the hill. It was a long car, glistening in the summer sun—yellow as a canary. Rob gulped against her tears and signaled it frantically. But, like a startled bird, it shot by. All that Rob received was a cold, indifferent stare from its lone occupant.

"Nothing," she affirmed dramatically to a red robin on a bush across the fence, "passes me by in life but to give place to something better!"

Another car was coming down the slope. Rob made no effort to signal it. She got squarely in its way.  
"Could you tell me what to do first?" she asked when it stopped with a squealing of brakes.

"One usually gets out his jack first," informed the stranger, eyeing her prostrate tire. "We'll use mine—I keep it handy!" He got out, dragging a batch of tools with him. His clothes were dusty; his car, a high-powered roadster, was mud-spattered.

"I've got to meet a train in Whitley," Rob explained, "and this is my first tire trouble."

"Like sorrow, though it comes to all."

His voice, she noted, was full and low—like Doctor Dan's. His eyes were tired, though Rob saw that they brightened when he looked at her. She was glad she had worn the blue linen. The sun was merciless, but she looked as cool as a blue stretch of April sky. She stood watching him as he attacked the wheel. His shoulders were broad, his neck tanned to a red brown.

"When is your train due?" he asked.  
"At 2:30. There's only one each way a day, and they're usually late."

He looked at his watch. "You've got time, even if it isn't. One hates to miss a train, though. Nothing makes me madder."

"Unless it is to have to meet one when you don't want to!" said Rob vehemently. "When you have to leave the dress you are making over to wear to the one party, perhaps, of your life—to go and meet your stepmother's uncle."

The man worked in silence for a minute; then he looked up at her. Rob noticed then that he was young.

"Why the 'perhaps'—the one party, perhaps, of your life?"

Rob flushed. She had not known men were so perceptive. She felt that he almost read her dreams about Jerry Hodges. (She and Jen had talked from the depths of their girlish hearts. "Jerry is crazy over your type, Rob!" Jen had said. Wasn't that seed enough to grow dreams from?)

"This uncle," Rob evaded, "is dropping out of the sky. Fanny, my stepmother, never saw him before. It isn't even like having a rich relative come—you could afford to break your neck then! But this Jimmie Ladd is poor—Fanny says the Ladds were always camping on the poorhouse grounds awaiting their turn to go in!"

He chuckled at her joke. "But you didn't tell me about the party—that's what I'm interested in!"

"It's just a party one of my neighbors is giving. They have a beautiful place, and Jen always gives the darlings parties!"

"But that 'perhaps'—what kind of a fellow is he?"

Rob giggled. "If you've got to know, he is Jen's cousin who's coming from Fort Slater today!"

The young man took the extra off the rack, placing the old one on in its stead. His face was hot and the perspiration dripped from his brows.

"Oh, I hate for you to do this!" cried Rob. "Can't I help?"

"You are helping. Nothing warms a man's heart—or cools it—like the little confidences of a woman!"

Again Rob flushed. (Her loquacity was a family joke.)

"Well, she's on!" he announced suddenly, and looked at his watch. "Fifteen minutes—you ought to make it!"

taking off his hat to her as she shot the car forward. Funny, thought Rob, how a stranger would take such an interest in a country party!

Rob reached the station three minutes before the train arrived. But Fanny's uncle did not come. The telegram to Fanny had read:

"Will be in Whitley Wednesday, 9th. Bill Streeter told me your whereabouts."

Bill Streeter, Jen's star admirer, had recently gone to Nevada, from which place the message came. Well, this was Wednesday, 9th, but he did not come. Rob turned away from the station with a shrug—her way of dismissing uninvited stepuncles!

Going home—Rob's thoughts were on the young man who had worked on her car. His voice, his kind brown eyes with the lines of weariness about them. She would never forget him—even if she should meet Jen's cousin.

Nearing Jen's she saw that a long car, glistening in the summer sun—yellow as a canary—stood at the gate. Jen, on the lawn, with a tall, slim stranger, signaled frantically for Rob to stop. But, like a startled bird, Rob shot by. At home Fanny met her.

"I'm not going to the party tonight, Fanny."

Fanny's mouth fell open at this startling news.

"I forgot to tell you," Rob added, "that your uncle didn't come. Now, isn't that like—"

"S-sh!" warned Fanny. "He's already here—his car's at the back, and he's lying down on the couch to rest. I didn't remember how old Jimmie was—but he was the last of Grandma Ladd's family."

"And you're not going to the party, Rob? Come and tell me about it!" said a voice—full and low, like Doctor Dan's.

Rob's face went white.  
"Roberta Dickson, you got too hot!" scolded Fanny.

Rob heard him spring from the couch and cross to the door.  
"Come on in here, Rob, and be a sport!" He took her by the arm.

"Why didn't you tell me—save me a trip to town?" she bantered.

"Oh, it's a shame the way I talked to you!" She hid her face and wept.

"What on earth, Roberta, have you done?" exclaimed Fanny.

"Not a thing, Fanny dear!" assured Jimmie Ladd. "You run along and leave her to me. . . . Don't cry, Rob! I'm the happiest fellow in the world—since you're not going to the party to meet Jen's cousin! Look; do you know who this is?"

He held before her a snapshot of her own self, taken at Jen's.

"Bill Streeter gave me that—and I came all the way from Nevada because of it." He wanted to add: "And, although I am a Ladd, I am clear across the continent from the poorhouse!" but he saved that for a later surprise and contented himself with coaxing a smile into Rob's blushing face.

**Community in Sicily  
Unchanged by Time**

Sicily for ages has been the meeting place and battleground of the races that contributed to civilize the West. It was on this island that the Greeks measured their strength against Phoenicia. Here Carthage fought her first duel against Rome. The ancients are gone, even their descendants are no more—except one colony which still survives.

Remotely situated on a high plain, isolated in the mountains, is a little Albanian community which has preserved its earliest traditions. Rarely marrying outside their own settlement, these people have maintained their racial characteristics and are pure-blooded descendants of the ancient Greeks. Piano del Greci, as the little town is called, may be reached by motor car from Palermo. The distance is not great, but the road is very bad and at times the ascent is steep.

Surrounded by islanders, all of whom are Sicilians, speaking the language of Italy and in religion Roman Catholics, these people have their own language, which closely resembles the ancient Greek, and in religion cling to the Greek Orthodox church. They are a proud, fair-skinned people, many with blond hair and blue eyes. I have seen among them some of the prettiest children I have observed anywhere in Italy.

On fete days the women don a curious garb, wearing brightly colored gowns. The belts, which constitute the most conspicuous part of their attire, are heirlooms of solid gold or silver and represent the dowry which goes with an unmarried girl and is cherished during her married life as one of her dearest possessions. The gowns, also worn as wedding dresses, are made of costly silks, beautifully embroidered. Adorned with antique jewelry, they represent small fortunes and are handed down from one generation to another.—From "Seeing Italy," by E. M. Newman.

**Many Camp Fire Girls  
The Idea of the Camp Fire Girls of America originated with Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick, who died recently. The enterprise was launched in 1912 and there are now 170,000 active members. Mrs. Gulick was the first president of the Association of Directors of Girls' Camps.**

**Moths Lured by Light**

A recent electrical development consists of a garden moth trap, the main feature of which is an electric light suspended from a suitable support and this attracts the plant-eating moths which dash into it and then fall into a pan of kerosene. This means the end of the moth.

**Cloche Hat Back  
as Paris Fashion**

**Chapeau Is Snug, Close Fitting, Becoming; Browns Are Favored**

Paris has returned to her old favorite, the cloche hat according to the Woman's Home Companion. Almost identical in line to the one so sweepingly popular several years ago, it is snug, close-fitting, practical and becoming. The little brim in the one pictured above shades the eyes just enough but is skillfully cut in back so as not to interfere with your coat collar. Naturally, because of its strict



Two Little Cloche Hats That Are Liked by Parisiennes.

simplicity of line its trimming should also be simple and tailored.

Although you will probably think up your own scheme of how to trim it most becomingly, the Woman's Home Companion gives two suggestions for the trimming. One of these is just a narrow band of matching or harmonizing ribbon tied in a soft bow at the right back. The other is a pointed inset of contrasting fabric. Velvet would be a smart medium for the hat and grosgrain ribbon excellent for the trimming. If you are planning on brown for your fall color scheme and browns are very good this autumn, brown velvet trimmed with beige grosgrain would be a chic combination.

**Collegiate Sports Duds  
Demand Much Attention**

Sports clothes are undoubtedly the backbone of the modern college woman's wardrobe. Yet even this is no simple undertaking for the father of the college woman. Not when you consider that the candidate for B. S. or B. A. must have this type of costume for two seasons and for a variety of sports, both passive and active.

Hockey, tennis, golf, gymnasium, swimming, often horseback riding—all these present separate sartorial necessities. Only occasionally are costumes for active sports interchangeable. And when one takes into consideration the need for football and motoring togs, it will be noted by even a bachelor that the collegiate sports wardrobe is an impressive item by itself.

And the sports wardrobe must be supplemented by many other types of clothes. Two or three dance frocks and one evening wrap are the least one can do for a young woman whose holidays are compounded of "proms" and whose frequent week-end visits are bound to involve a dance. The afternoon receptions of the faculty and the same week-end visits impose an equal necessity for one or two "dress up" daytime frocks. And these latter, frequently donned for the dinner in college halls, are completed by a third genre of costume—that which is donned for the Saturday in town.

In the matter of evening clothes, condensation is possible. But in daytime attire a great deal may be done by three agencies. One of these is the fur coat. Another, the cloth ensemble. A third is the separate skirt. If you add to this trio a color scheme built sedulously about one tone you are bound to obtain a satisfactory solution to a vexing problem.

**Frisly Fronted Shirts,  
White Pique Waistcoats**

With the neat tailored suits that are once more in fashion, have come back frilly fronted shirts and white pique waistcoats. People who can afford to do so, fasten these shirts and waistcoats with jeweled buttons, and one well-known society woman is rejoicing in a set of antique diamond buttons, which probably once sparkled among the lace ruffles or on the cuffs of a French aristocrat's coat at the court of Louis XV. The brilliants are set in precious metal. On the back of one of the buttons, which measure about half an inch across, is engraved the date 1764.

**Afternoon Dress With  
Beaded Trimmed Jacket**



One of the new models now in the fashion picture is an afternoon dress of beige chiffon with a jacket having beaded trimming. A pronounced unevenness in the hemline is a prominent feature.

**On Rearing Children  
from CRIB TO COLLEGE**

Do not use soap and water on skin affected by poison ivy. Use alcohol for cleansing.

If a habit of obedience is to be built up in a child, first of all, study your child. Know what he thinks and how he reacts. Gain the child's interest, show him the value of the desired action, be interested in his accomplishment and in the outcome.

Milk is said to be a perfect food. By this is meant that it contains all the essential elements, which, if taken in sufficient quantity, allow normal growth and symmetrical development. Health and even the maintenance of life may depend upon food substances, all of which are contained in milk.

Parents as well as educators are interested more and more in releasing the creative energy of the child. They know that in every human being there is something precious and that if he has freedom and the right to develop it he will contribute that thing to the social world. In the words of a very old educator, "Education is not to teach this or that, but to find out what the child is meant to be."

Whenever a child is still hungry after having had his quota of milk, cooked cereal, vegetable, fruit and egg, it is safe to satisfy his appetite with whole wheat bread and butter.

Are your children slow to dress, to do errands, or to complete any tasks that may be theirs? Try competition. There is nothing so stimulating. And what is more fun than racing with the clock? Get a little three-minute sandglass and see what fun it will become for your youngsters to dress, undress, set the table and put toys away. Even spelling lessons and arithmetic problems become a game when timed by the little sand glass.

Shoes for children should be broad and follow the form of the foot. They should be of sufficient length and breadth to enable the foot to function freely. The stockings must not be snug. In fitting infants' feet it is often found that the sizings of small shoes are not to be relied upon. The most simple method of determining the proper size is to put the sole of the foot up to the sole of the shoe for comparison. The sole of the shoe should be about one inch longer than the foot. As all children's shoes are now made wide there should be no difficulty in getting the proper width unless the child is exceptionally fat. But if the feet are abnormally long and narrow, short and wide, highly-arched, or very flat, you should have the feet examined by some one who is particularly trained to know about them. Take your child to an orthopedic clinic or a children's foot clinic. (© by Children, the Magazine for Parents.)

**Goat Fur Coats Promise  
to Be Fall Favorite**

Fur coats for fall and winter show originality of cut and indicate that goat fur is to be a favorite.

Dyed brown goat from the Indies is used in combination with white rabbit. In one model, the rabbit collar is upstanding like the ruffs popular in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The white rabbit cuffs flare conspicuously, and the skirt has numerous godets of rabbit.

Dyed summer ermine appears as thimbles and cuffs on cloth dresses for street wear in the early fall. A warm shade of brown dyed ermine is used on a beige wool dress. The collar is the round Dutch style with long ribbon ties. The turnback ermine cuffs are three inches deep. With the brown collar and cuffs it is considered chic to wear a suede belt of the same tone.

**TOP  
HEADACHE**



**Quick Relief**

Monthly Pains Headache Backache Neuralgia Toothache and pains caused by Rheumatism and Neuritis

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve quickly and without unpleasant after effects. They do not constipate or upset the digestion. Pleasant to take.

We will be glad to send samples for 2c in stamps.

Dr. Miles Medical Company Elkhart, Indiana

**DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills**

**A Good Idea**

"Now, look here, Dorothy," said her father sternly, "your mother tells me you've been naughty all day long. The next time you throw mud at your sister's clean dress you'll go to bed without your supper." "The next time I throw mud at Doris," said the crying child, "I'll wait until after supper."—Weekly Scotsman.

**Opportunity**

Mother (entering suddenly)—"Johnny! How dare you hit your little sister?" Johnnie—"Auntie made me." Maiden Aunt—"Nonsense, Johnnie! I said if you did hit her I would never kiss you again." Johnnie—"Well, I couldn't let a chance like that slip."—Tit-Bits.

**Good Counsel**

A man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on—but when all is done, the hoop of good counsel is that which setteth business straight.—Bacon.

**Efficiency**

"Are you an efficiency expert?" "You can bet I am," answered Senator Sorghum. "The theory of efficiency depends on making it clear who's boss; and there is no consideration more important in a political organization."

**Dinner Horn at the Side Show**

Strong Man—Help! Help! Get the doctor.  
Chorus of Voices—What's the trouble?  
Strong Man—The sword swallower has got a fish bone in his throat.

**How Vain Is Man**

The Coquette—(In circle of admirers)—"Oh! what a pity that the handsome man in this party has a grease spot on his waistcoat." All the gentlemen eagerly scrutinize their respective fronts.

**How Happiness Happens**

Happiness can come about only as a distillation of a rich, free and varied experience; it is the intricately interwoven pattern of a useful life in whatever sphere.—American Magazine.

**Watch Your Step**

First Wife—"Billy told me I was the eighth wonder of the world." Second Ditto—"What did you say?" First Wife—"I told him not to let me catch him with any of the other seven."—Answers.

**Had the Proof**

She—"I showed father the verses you sent me. He was pleased with them." He—"What did he say?" "He said he was delighted to find that I wasn't going to marry a poet."—Stray Stories.

**The After Effect**

Upon reading that somebody is endowed with "second sight," the fellow who fell in love at first sight is pretty apt to rise up and deplore that all men are not created equal.

**His Choice**

"Come, come, you shouldn't refuse to lend me money. One friend should always be willing to help another." "I know, but you insist on always being the other."

**Inopportune**

"Madam, your husband has been run over by a truck."  
"Good heavens! And on the afternoon of my bridge party!"—Colliers.

**The Aftermath**

"Mrs. Smith seems to have got over the death of her first husband."  
"Yes, but her second husband hasn't."—Nagel's Lustige Welt, Berlin.