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Electricity Corrodes

Corrosion of pipe lines that carry oil has perplexed scientists for some time, but bureau of standards investigators, after a number of tests, have announced that they are of the opinion the action is due to electricity. Running through soils where the ground is of different chemical composition and of varying moisture content, the pipe is subjected to the results of a discharge and a collecting of electrical current at different points. The earth, in other words, becomes a sort of huge battery of cells formed by the different soil sections.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Challenge

"You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear."
"Tell it to Packingtoun."



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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 40-1928.

ROUND PEGS—SQUARE HOLES

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

JUDGE IRA BACON settled down in his comfortable big chair and opened the evening paper. Across the table Mrs. Bacon sat knitting and a big collie stretched its yellow length on the hearth after futile attempts to win recognition from his master.

"This is—certainly livin'—g," remarked the Judge as he took a long puff at a fragrant cigar. "We're growing old, Emmy, and ten years more, with Bud through school and settled in a practice of his own—my practice—I'll retire—and we will take our ease—like this. No more worries."

"Bud hasn't been much of a worry, Ira," spoke up, Mrs. Bacon quickly. "He is an unusually good boy."

"Quite right, but obstinate! Lordy, how I had to beg, plead, threaten to make him take up law at college. Last summer when he came back from Andrews' farm he said he was going to be a farmer. He had me worried for a time then—"

"I was sorry for him, Ira. He seems to be so set—on farming. I remember when he was just a freshman in high school he asked me if he couldn't go to the agricultural school when he graduated. Has a mania for the country, loves chickens, cows, pigs—never could keep him out of the barnyard when I took him to the farm when he was a child. He could handle a pitchfork at ten better than some of the men and knew rye from oats when he was eight. He hates law!"

"So did I until I actually got into it. I couldn't remember a thing. Ducked classes until I was reported to father and he came up to school. He talked business—just as I did to Bud last fall. This notion that some kids have that they know how they want to live their lives almost before they are out of the cradle! Bud finally listened to reason, but did he seem moody to you at holiday time? He got through the first semester by the skin of his teeth, but it will be easier now. Think I'll take him into my office this summer. He can browse around and get the atmosphere. He can go to court, too—start him young."

"Bud is going to spend the summer on the farm with the Andrews. Ira," said Mrs. Bacon slowly. "I promised him that when he went back to college in January."

"Hm-m," mused the judge. "So you promised him. And I wasn't consulted. Well, let me see. Final exams this week. Bud will be home by Monday anyway. Let's compromise. I'll take him in the office for June and July and he can go to the farm for August. Fine time then, with the harvest ripening and all that—rest up before school."

"No! Bud is going to the farm next week! I shall keep my promise. Bud shall not lose faith in his mother. I bought him four new overalls today—and a sun hat."

The doorbell rang before the judge could reply. It was a telegram for him, and Mrs. Bacon fearfully hung over his shoulder as he slit the envelope. Her eyes took in the words—then she turned away.

"Flunked everything. Leaving for home this morning, Bud," read Judge Bacon slowly and then he repeated. "Flunked—everything!"

He pulled himself from his chair. "If he left on the morning train he will be in on the 10:30. This telegram was filed at 6:30 this morning. Odd it should have been delayed. I'm going—to meet—him."

"No, Ira, you will stay here and calm down. Bud is coming home—he is going to be given a square meal. He realizes it is serious. I know he feels badly. Remember! If you have anything to say keep it until morning. We must make it as pleasant as we can."

She called to the maid. "Lettie, my son will be in at 10:30. Will you make him some coffee and use that chicken that was left from dinner for sandwiches? Was there any chocolate pie left? He loves it. Lots of sandwiches, Lettie. Bud will need them."

"Flunked—everything," again muttered the Judge as he crushed the telegram in his hand. "By George! He didn't try—I know it. He could have done it! I wanted him to be a lawyer—the third Ira Bacon at the bar. One thing is settled, Emmy. He goes to work—at once. I'm through. He is on his own from now on. He earns his own living from tomorrow. I'm through. Flunked—everything," everything."

"Bud would never have made a lawyer, dear. I am sorry, for I know you had your heart set on it. Now, please calm down. It is nearly time for him. Please, Ira, remember—make it as pleasant as you can. Save the rest for tomorrow. There he is now!"

There were steps on the porch the door was opened. Two steps in the hall and Mrs. Bacon went into his arms. He buried his face against her shoulder. The collie made a leap toward him and he braced himself for the attack as he turned toward his father.

"Down, Comet, down! Hello, dad." Judge Ira Bacon stood there, his hands behind his back. The boy met his eyes steadily.

"Say it, father. I've got it coming. I know. I'm darned sorry, but I just

couldn't make it, that's all. I'm plain—dumb."

"I will wait until morning, Bud. And then—it will be plenty."

"Lettie has sandwiches, coffee and chocolate pie on the kitchen table, son," announced Mrs. Bacon cheerfully. "Come on. I'm going, too."

An hour later she came back alone and seated herself on a stool at her husband's knee. She pulled the paper from his hand.

"He has gone to bed—exhausted! He has tried desperately hard, Ira. I'm sorry, so is he."

"He must be," sarcastically. "He must be—when he has finally gotten his own way."

"Ira, do you remember what you told me that summer we were in Europe and were wandering through the Louvre? You told me you had always wanted to be a painter—always would want to be. You just had to take up law—and you said, yes you did, Ira Bacon, that you were never happy. Never! That you had never gotten over wanting to paint."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently and fingered the collar of the collie who stood at his side. Mrs. Bacon laid a small old painting across his knees. "You gave me this before we were married. I have always kept it. You promised me you would paint me a larger one some day—and you never have. You said even then—so many years ago—that there was only one thing you wanted to do—and that was to paint, pictures, and if your father hadn't been so insistent you would not have gone into law."

He picked up the picture and examined it closely. Dauby! Could do better than that—now! For a moment he stroked the gray hair of his wife as she leaned against him. A half smile played across his face as he held the picture at arm's length.

"Emmy, old Andrews and his wife are getting on in years and that farm must be hard work for them. Wonder if they would sell. We could put Bud on it. . . . let him work it. It's a tragedy—being a round peg in a square hole. I know it. I'm glad he flunked. Wonder if he has gone to sleep? And, Emmy, there's a corking scene in the southeast meadow by that old crooked rail fence, with the willows sweeping the pond and the cows drowsing at noonday."

Vast Siberian Tract

Torn Up by Meteorite

According to Dr. E. E. Free, the earth was struck on June 30, 1908, by the largest meteorite of which science has definite knowledge. Fortunately this meteorite fell in the remote province of Yenisei, Siberia, and its only victims apparently were a herd of 1,500 reindeer and a few million trees.

A report on the subject has been sent to the Astronomical Society of the Pacific by N. T. Bobrovnikov. The Russian exploring expedition sent to investigate the rumors, says Bobrovnikov, discovered the site and proved not only that the meteor fell as originally reported but that its fall must have been one of the most spectacular events in the whole history of the earth.

Where the meteorite struck there is now an area several miles in diameter where the earth is torn and furrowed as if by a gigantic arrow. Around this, in a circle many miles in diameter, millions of dead trees of the primeval forest now lie flat and stripped of their branches, every tree pointing outward from the center, like a vast forest of fallen ninjas.

At the nearest settlement, 50 miles away, two farmers were knocked down by the blast of the meteorite's fall and were scorched by its heat. Both the heat wave and the explosion were perceived at the railway, 400 miles distant. Of a herd of 1,500 tame reindeer believed to have been near the site of the fall no trace has since been found. Had chance directed this enormous visitor from space to the site of a city or a thickly settled country the world would have experienced an unparalleled disaster.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Tomato's Great Value

History does not record the name of the courageous one who, 200 years after its discovery, ate the first tomato. But his service to a tomato-eating world is undeniable, since new discoveries of the place of the tomato on the health program are constantly being made. Recent investigations have proved that tomatoes contain the valuable vitamin E, so widely searched for. This vitamin assists the red blood cells in absorbing iron from foods. Owing to the acid nature of tomatoes, the canned product retains its vitamins and health properties. Another interesting fact is that the vitamin A content, in both fresh and canned tomatoes, supplies a certain hardness to teeth, the lack of which is a basis for later extensive decay.

Chinese Women Win

Peking (China) puritanical police have yielded another point to the advance of woman. After closing several barber shops because they employed girl manicurists, a practice regarded objectionable in the extreme by the police heads, the authorities have reluctantly yielded to popular demand and permitted the shops to reopen and to retain their feminine aids.

What He Was After

The Doctor—You're just in time to see me. I have a case—
The Patient—So you have a case, eh? That's what I called to see you about. Could you spare me a bottle out of it?

Dame Fashion Smiles
By Grace Jewett Austin

Dame Fashion, probably like most other mortals, has some of the properties of the chameleon. When she is surrounded with a great deal of one color, that color certainly gains astonishing value. Just the other evening there was a group at a literary gathering which brought this idea



to mind. In the library where those present assembled there was a wonderful raspberry rug on the polished floor which made a foundation to enhance any effect of beauty. It proved there was quite an emphasis upon green in several of the costumes present.

Madam Novelist had brought with her from New York a scarf of green velvet brocade upon green chiffon which was extremely effective over her gown of beige crepe, dotted with dark brown polka dots, with which she wore a beige felt hat with brim, and touches of the darker brown in the trimming. The especial beauty of her green scarf came from the fact that it was miraculously fitted to her, instead of being a straight strip. There was a pretty curve to suit the neckline, while a curving wave appeared on the other side of the scarf.

Lucy-from-New York wore an entire gown of the rich vivid green silk, sometimes called "billiard green," from the color of the covering of game boards. It had graceful lines and many artistic plaifings, while the fact that there was not even the slightest touch of another color or material gave it distinction. A beautiful Tiltan-haired girl wore a light green mixed pattern knitted gown with sweater-bouise effect, while there was one green velvet jacket in the room.

There used to be a silly old couplet, "married in green, ashamed to be seen," to go along with "married in white, you've done just right." But they describe of late from London an entire elaborate church wedding where the bride and all her many attendants appeared in green.

There has been quite a discussion going on in Dame Fashion's hearing, as to whether women choose their gowns with a feeling that these are to be a "background" or a "picture." Foundation for the discussion came from a message from Kansas City, brought from Paris, that jeweled handbags are to be in high favor for this winter in Europe, and that to bring out the beauty of these bags, many women are willing to wear background gowns of black or navy blue, without any ornament except the astonishing bag.

Dame Fashion appealed to a dress authority to know if the background picture dress was a matter of age. She replied with emphasis, "Age has certainly very little to do with choices for background or picture dresses."

"But are more people choosing the striking dresses, in these days?"

"On the whole, I think perhaps more. Yet in my mind a dress of a single color is not necessarily a 'background dress.' It all depends on the treatment of the materials. Satin crepes and velvets, in single tone, are much in the mode. We have all seen a woman in a gown of unrelieved black who made a more striking picture than if she had had on all the colors of the rainbow!"

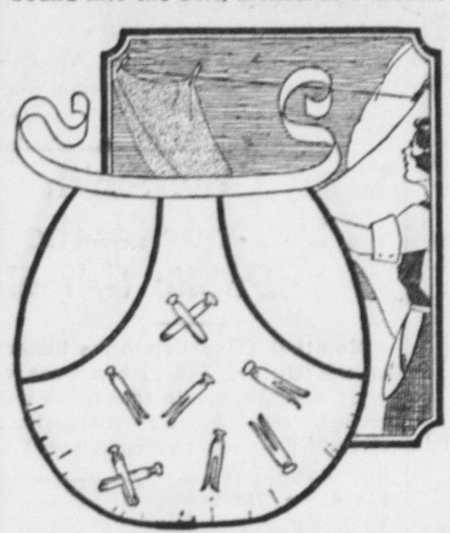
Beige Angora Sweater and Green Kasha Skirt



Here is a snappy outfit that is popular this season with the coeds. A beige angora sweater is worn with a green kasha skirt. A wool scarf of green beige lends a jaunty effect. A green felt vagabond is correct with this sports ensemble.

Make Clothes-Pin Bag Out of Used Flour Bag

No special pattern is needed for making this useful clothes-pin bag. One can easily be cut out of wrapping paper folded so that the two sides will be alike. The only materials necessary are a used flour bag and three yards of some bright-colored bias tape. The greatest depth of the apron is 17 inches, the greatest width, 16 inches. The top edge of the pockets, which is bound into the belt, measures 4 inches.



Useful Clothes-Pin Bag Made of Used Flour Bag.

The flour bag may be bought from the baker for a few cents. The stamping is taken out by covering it with lard or soaking it in kerosene for a few hours and then washing out in lukewarm water.

If one is making the apron for a shower gift or to be sold at a bazaar, some simple decorations, such as clothes pins worked in red outline stitch may be added. This work should of course be done before the apron is assembled. The curved edges of the pocket part of the apron are bound first. Then the two parts of the apron are bound together all the way round. The belt is added and may be finished with button and buttonhole instead of the ends.

Red Is Prominent in Paris' Fall Fashions

Red is given a stellar role in fall fashions. It rivals black, and shares honors with brown. Red with blue, navy or brighter shade, has been listed among fashionables as something with which to conjure, and combinations in which red occur please all kinds of women.

Black is given the precedence over color for evening at most of the exclusive shops, and a special preference for nets may be reported from practically every style center. These net dresses follow the irregularities of the erstwhile popular chiffon gown, which is another way of saying that they are both long and full.

Shirtings occur, with and without tiers and circular panels, and these shirtings are relied upon to indicate, if not outline, the form. Sheer velvet is a medium useful for this proceeding. It is best liked in black, red, and brown, but it is found in small all-over patterns involving some, if not all, of these tones and sometimes others.

Brown really leads for day wear, and the entire gamut of tones is brought into play.

Lace trims the daytime frock, being frequently chosen for the yoke, yokes having become again important. Lace cuff, collar and gilet effects, especially in twine, ash and such tones as are opposed to white, have the preference. The all-lace dress for evening remains in tune with the times.

In the wake of the gay and gaudy spangled jacket, the companion to the smart evening gown, is the elegance of the broadened jacket—metalized, as a rule, and what is amazing, more or less form-revealing.

After a series of seasons in which clothes have merely hung in straight lines, it is startling to find them clinging, even fitted, and revealing lines not so straight, a curve or two being encouraged rather than frowned down.

Bowknots Trim Frocks Offered for Fall Wear

The bowknot shows its interesting curves in many forms of dress decoration, and on the fall models adorns sports and dress apparel alike.

A handsome afternoon frock in one of the new blues in transparent velvet follows the prevailing youthful lines of the long, slightly bloused bodice above a wide, tightly molded hip girde, the skirt plain and short in the back and freely circular and rippling in front to uneven lengths.

A bowknot done in blue and gold metal thread is the center of interest at the V neckline, and on each close-fitting sleeve, between wrist and elbow. This is just the type of frock the small woman or the college miss will appreciate as an example of sartorial simplicity and skill.

Likewise, the bowknot is used to good effect on many a clever sports costume, frequently being an incarnation of self-fabric in a different tone or a contrasting shade, and again of metal or braid.

Cape Back

A new light red crepe satin evening gown is fashioned with a cape back and panel sash ends that flare and round and fall below the hem in the back.

Suede and Kid

Blue suede and plain blue kid are combined in some of the fall footwear.



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Small Boy's Logic

Several gaudily colored steins arranged about the railing in a tea shop caught the eye of a five-year-old youngster breakfasting with his parents, sedate Hoosiers.

"Mom, buy me one of those things," the lad pleaded.

"Why, son, I can't; they're decorations," remonstrated the mother.

"Well, get me one for Decoration day then," rejoined the five-year-old, as his parents made wary faces and others within hearing distance laughed heartily.—Indianapolis News.

Repose for the Artists

"Are you going to have a great deal of music when you go speechmaking?"
"Not too much," answered Senator Sorghum. "The last time I went on tour I was made to feel that I was merely filling in time between the jazz band selections."



DR. CALDWELL'S THREE RULES

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not habit forming.

The Doctor never did approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their system. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headaches, and to break up fevers and colds. Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois.

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