



**OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT**

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.



**NERVES**

Do Not Neglect Nervousness Irritability Sleeplessness

**Pastor Koehnig's Nervine**  
Has Been Used Successfully for over 40 years. Sold by all Drug Stores.  
Ask for FREE SAMPLE  
**KAHNIG MEDICINE CO.**  
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**Garfield Tea**

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system is even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

**Society and Solitude.**

Unthinking heads who have not learnt to be alone are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and busy within, are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves.—Sir Thomas Browne.

**Income From Crows.**

To Thomas R. Miller, Hardin county (Ohio) farmer, hunter, trader and trapper, crow-killing is a profession—and a lucrative one. In three months he killed 2,400 crows, which, it is believed, is a state record. The county has paid him \$662.50 in bounties, each head netting him 25 cents.—Exchange.

One can describe his joy, but seldom his grief.



**Makes Life Sweeter**

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 46-1228

**MIRA'S RENOVATED KITCHEN**

THE ringing of the door bell sent Mira Bassett hurrying to the door. Mr. Hull stood there smiling and beyond him was the green truck which conveyed purchases made at the Hull furniture store to the homes for which they were intended.

"Good morning, Mrs. Bassett!" said the genial salesman. "We've got something here for you that your husband bought this morning."

Mira tried to smile as the two men bore in the davenport and placed it in her small living room. It was a deep, puffy, inviting thing, but out of keeping with the rest of the furniture.

"There, now!" said Mr. Hull. "How's that? Fine article, eh? Your husband has good taste, Mrs. Bassett." Then he departed, pleased with his sale, leaving Mira alone in thoughtful contemplation of the davenport.

A few days before Will had unexpectedly received some money which he had thought entirely lost—a loan that had been entirely forgotten. In his joy at the recovery of the amount he had suggested to Mira that they celebrate by getting something for their home that they wanted. Mira pleaded for a thorough renovation of her kitchen. Will had said nothing, but she had hoped that he understood. Instead, he had bought this davenport.

Mira returned to the kitchen where she was making cake. Her eyes filled with tears as she looked about the room. The paper was dark with age and soil, the paint worn away with many washings, the linoleum full of holes. But it was the old iron sink and the stove that troubled Mira most. At this moment ashes were sifting down from the grate upon her cake for the oven had given out.

When Will came home at noon he expected praise for his purchase and Mira gave it dutifully. Flinging himself at length upon the soft cushions of the davenport Will grinned at her delightedly.

"Here's where I shall spend my Sunday afternoons," he declared.

At lunch he complained of grit on his piece of cake. Mira said nothing. What good would it do now to explain about the oven? All the money Will felt he could afford to use had gone into the davenport.

She spent the afternoon trying to reconcile the rest of the room to the new piece of furniture. But even lowered shades could not conceal the fact that the luxurious davenport was as much out of place as a satin frock at a picnic.

That evening Will rested in state with the lamp drawn close to the head of the davenport where he could read. It was Friday evening, too, and usually he took Mira to the "movies" on Friday evening. But he was too comfortable with his book to think about the "movies."

Saturday morning in the midst of her work a portion of plaster, paper and all, fell from the ceiling. Worst of all, some of it fell into the pan of cooky dough she was kneading. Her dough was spoiled, her hair was full of lime, her eyes smarted. But instead of crying Mira grew angry.

She had been Will Bassett's wife for eighteen years. As a bride she had found the house just as his mother had left it. Little had been done to the interior since, for although Will earned good wages he was frugal to the verge of stinginess. He also thought what was good enough for his mother surely ought to be good enough for his wife. Without the house looked well enough, for Will kept it painted and he trimmed the grass weekly. For eighteen years Mira had kept the machinery of the home running from an 'imperfectly fitted engine room. She had accomplished marvels where many other women would have failed, but the time was past when a piece of tin and a brick in the stove, a strip of old window-shade on the ceiling or a plugging of putty in the leaky sink could succeed. Rebellion filled her heart, resolve crystallized, inspiration dawned.

That noon when Will came home to lunch he found the table empty. Mira lay on the davenport.

"What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well," demanded Will, agitated.

"I turned my ankle. I shall have to keep off my feet for a day or two," Mira answered.

"And lunch isn't ready! I am sorry about your ankle, but—I was planning to go fishing this afternoon with Len Peters." As she did not reply he went on: "I suppose I'd better stay home and look after things, eh?"

"The kitchen's a sight," sighed Mira, turning her face away.

"I'll see to that. Don't you worry, my dear. I'll have everything fixed up in a jiffy. What had you planned to have for lunch?"

Will took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves with an air of gay attack. He could do things about the house if he wanted to, for his long-suffering mother had carefully trained him. He laughed when he tied Mira's apron about his waist.

A moment later came a shout.

"What's happened here? I never saw such a mess!" He had found the wrecked ceiling, the pan of cooky dough full of plaster, the littered floor. He found other things, too, in the course of preparing the meal. The old stove refused to draw and smoked vigorously. He tripped over a hole in

the linoleum and for the first time noticed that the sink was a sieve.

At lunch he was thoughtful. Immediately after Anne Spry came with a dish of gelatin for Mira. Anne was the neighborhood's by-the-day.

"Wish you'd stay and work this afternoon, Anne," Will said.

Anne shrugged her shoulders. "You can't get me in that old kitchen. I couldn't think of having my neck broken by falling plaster, and anyway I like modern imps myself," she retorted.

Will rubbed his head. "That girl's getting saucy," he remarked when Anne had gone.

That afternoon and all the next day he struggled with the sink, the stove, the trippy linoleum. Occasionally he made a brief declaration—"We need a light in the cellar way," or, "there ought to be a new cold water faucet." Monday morning came. Mira, hobbling about, returned to the kitchen. She was sorry for Will and provided an extra good breakfast for him. He had an uncomfortable week-end. Besides she had enjoyed the davenport—really.

An hour after Will left the house Mr. Pratt knocked at the door.

"Will Bassett sent me up here to do some work," he said. "He says the kitchen needs papering and painting. I'm ready to begin if you can have me, Mrs. Bassett?"

"Why, I can, of course!" Mira exclaimed happily.

"Guess it's about time we had the old house overhauled," Will said at noon. "You need a new range, Mira. Soon as you can walk you better pick one out—and a new sink—and linoleum. Might as well make a good job of it while we're at it."

Mira put her arms about his neck and laid her cheek to his. Her cheek was wet. He held her close. And perhaps in all the eighteen years of their marriage they had never been so fond or so happy as that moment.

"Will," she said pleasantly, "I want to confess. My ankle—"

He grinned. "I understand. You played off fine, dear. I don't blame you. I had to have a good lesson."

"That's what I thought," Mira said, "when I planned it. But—I did fall actually; tripped over a hole in the linoleum that I thought I was used to. So you see I—I had something of a lesson, too. Besides, I found out, Will, that you're a mighty fine husband—" Her voice broke.

There was an instant's silence.

"And all the time I thought you were playing off, and I didn't blame you a bit," Will said at last.

**Few Copies Exist of Unique Literary Work**

One of the most remarkable productions of American literature is a rare book, copies of which are today treasured by bibliophiles, written in Latin by a country schoolmaster, and consisting of a "Life of George Washington." It was published by Harper & Bros. in 1835, at "Neo-Eboracopolis," according to the title page, which further sets it forth as "Georgii Washingtoni, Americae Septentrionalis Civitatum Faederatarum Praesidis primi, Vita Francisco Glass, A. M., Ohiensis, Literis Latinis conscripta."

Francis Glass was a native of Londonderry, Ireland, where he was born in 1790. When he was eight years old his father brought him to America. He obtained a good classical education and graduated at the age of nineteen, but made an unfavorable marriage and was reduced to wandering from place to place and teaching in the log schoolhouses of Warren and Clinton counties, Ohio, where, with his wife, he was often dependent upon the charitable offices of neighbors for the means of subsistence.

The "Life of Washington" was given to the world through the medium of one Jeremiah N. Reynolds of Clinton county, who learned that Glass was at work upon his project and obtained for him facilities for a more easy existence. Glass was obsessed by the fear that he would not live to complete the book. This fear was unfounded, but he died in 1824, soon after its completion. The manuscript was offered to a number of Western publishers, but none would assume the responsibility of bringing it out, and it was 11 years before Reynolds, who had taken charge of the manuscript, was able to redeem his promise to have it published by bringing it out under the imprint of Harper & Bros.

Glass hoped that his work would become a textbook in all the schools of America. He believed that no college student should receive the bachelor's degree until he had learned to read, write and speak Greek and Latin as well as English. It must be remembered that at the time of his birth the Holy Roman empire was still existent, and Latin had not wholly ceased to be the polite language of literature. The stereotyped plates of the books were destroyed by fire, but for which accident the book, which is now a curiosity, might have come into general use.

**Daylight Not So Good**

"I want a pair of spectacles," said the countryman to his oculist.

"Ah, age coming on and eyes falling, eh?"

"No," replied the man. "My eyes at fifty-five are just as good as ever they were, but—just it all—the light nowadays isn't the same."

**In the Grip of Uncertainty**

"Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady."

"Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er—why she hasn't said yet which she'll be."

**Coat and Jacket Both Fashionable**

Each Has Place in Winter Mode; Milady Chooses Most Becoming.

As the winter season reaches its penultimate months it becomes quite evident that the short jacket ensemble is no mushroom affair but a staple style which will continue to hold its popularity throughout the season and which will be quite as much the badge of chic in December as it is just now, notes a fashion writer in the Cleveland News.

Let it not be inferred, however, that the longer coat ensemble has been completely eclipsed. It is still very much among those smartly present. The principal feature of these longer coats is the definite silhouette which they present. In recent years it has been the custom for the dress portion of the various ensemble costumes to present the most concise silhouette features, while the coat was loose and gave only the vaguest hints of following any definite contour. But for this winter longer coats are so closely following the lines of the silhouette that they give the impression of a modified princess line. The coat is usually fitted from the shoulder to well below the waistline—it adheres to the mold-line at the waist, fits snugly over the hips and then takes into itself the luxury of a flare at the hemline, this flare achieved either through godets or circular lines. An interesting feature of these coats is the sleeve, which follows the entire wrap silhouette in miniature, even to the flourishing flare over the wrists.

Among the individual details which are presented in these long-coat ensembles are the combination of the wool dress and coat, as offered by Molyneux and Lanvin, the colorful Haxon, for formal affairs, of a blue coat and a beige dress, and the emphasis upon the hemline which curves up



An Attractive Ensemble Coat of Printed Orchid Tissue Velvet.

In the front, as exploited by Worth. Ensembles for afternoon wear mean nearly always a warm, comfortable coat of smooth elegant wool or of velvet, profusely trimmed with handsome fur, placed over a dress of silk or of light crepe or chiffon.

These wools come, are, most of the time, straight cut, with diagonal slant or pointed stitched sections or tucked designs. The dresses worn with them are frequently made of Lunasol satin, plain or figured, with small or large round or oval dots. When the dress is of printed velvet the coat lining matches it, an old ensemble touch.

**Charming Wraps Being Shown for Formal Wear**

Wraps for evening are built to fit the gowns of different types and are of many different styles. The wrap-around cape dolman, a soft and voluminous creation, with its long-sleeved sleeves shirred in a descending line from elbow to wrist, and with a high protecting collar of fur, is tremendously popular because it is comfortable with different sorts of gowns. A contrasting model is made by Redfern from an antique Persian design in white and gold brocade, fitted at the waist, with flaring skirt and sleeves, and collar and cuffs of white fox. Molyneux is using regal brocades of satin and metal thread, in rich colors, lined with transparent velvet and trimmed with priceless furs.

As one stylist sees Paris it is all blue, and much blue in different shades is used. Starting with the Bal du Grand Prix earlier in the season, a wave of blue seemed to sweep over the fashion world. Some attractive shades of blue are being shown, as well as lavender, purple and cerise asters, and the rich dahlia tints are being used in taffeta, moire, satin and chiffon. A lovely dance frock model is made of three shades of dahlia, in boucées that are bound in shallow scallops on the edge, the ruffles widening toward the back.

**Informal Velvet Frock Replaces Summer Print**



During the winter the simple velvet dress replaces the useful printed silk of the summer time, says the Woman's Home Companion. It is that happy type of frock which takes you almost anywhere—to the theater, to the bridge table, to an informal dinner or an afternoon tea. Black is the first color choice and there is an especially nice feature about black velvet—it is always flattering. In this model the designer makes use of the smart swathed hip which is highlighted in Paris fashions. She also features deep cream lace for the neck and sleeve trimming since good lace is the natural complement to velvet.

**Full-Length Coats Are Being Shown in Paris**

The peculiar mixture of slender and flaring lines, of simplicity and luxury, which is so characteristic of this temperamental season is nowhere better exemplified than in the new winter collection of Jean Patou, observes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald Tribune. Perhaps no better insight can be had into the present state of Paris fashions than through a survey of the Patou collection, which embraces every type of costume from the conservative, almost English sportswear, to the highly Parisian robes du soir. In the sports category Patou presents several effective suits which have full-length coats that are apparently straight despite a very slight flare movement at either side. The characteristic skirt of these suits flares in almost precisely the same imperceptible manner as does the coat, except that in addition to the slight widening at the sides there is another in front. This is an exemplification of the twin silhouette theme which is attracting such an authoritative following.

Patou pays particular attention to the color question. His newest hue is a very deep shade of blue which resembles slate. It is usually used in its darker version, but it also appears in some youthful models in a light, almost pastel tint. Usually, when this slate blue is used for a costume, whether it be ensemble or coat, it is trimmed with gray fur. For evenings Patou is partial to a deep sapphire color.

**Smart Accessories in Great Game of Fashion**

Bags and gloves are no longer mere bags and gloves, bought haphazardly, because they happen to be new, or good looking, or servicable, or to be had at a bargain.

They are subtle notes in a costume, which the woman of fashion chooses with infinite care, because they complete the picture, and because they betray at once the fact of whether or not the wearer is one of those who is initiated into the subtle mysteries of chic.

Correct accessories are not cheap. Many a woman dressing on a limited allowance feels that it is excusable if her money never seems to cover enough gloves, shoes or bags.

But this is not true if one's wardrobe is carefully planned. If one takes the necessary amount of thought in laying out type and color scheme, the same accessories may be used with several outfits and the effect be unimpaired. Better take a little longer to find the dress which is not quite so expensive than to use false economy on tell-tale details which make or mar the whole.

**Scarfs of Knitted Wool to Match Jumper Blouse**

Scarfs of knitted wool fabric to match the jumper blouse are part of some of the new sport frocks. For instance, there will be a tweed coat and skirt in a brown mixture. The pull-on blouse or jumper of knitted fabric in thin wool will be in shades of beige and brown, perhaps with a diagonal stripe across front and neck. The scarf will be of matching fabric, with the ends diagonal, and the stripe running lengthwise.

The same idea is carried out, of course, in other combinations of colors and other designs.

Sometimes there are handbags, hats and shoes to match the tweed part of these costumes.

**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**

**Record Yield of Wheat**

The bureau of crop estimates says that the largest yield, in bushels, of wheat to an acre of which it has record is 117.2 bushels. It was produced in 1895 in Island county, Washington. The average harvest was 38 and the yield 117.2 per acre. The field was measured and the wheat weighed. Probably a bushel per acre was lost in threshing, due to the inability of the threshing machine to produce the best results in such heavy grain.

**Golf at High Altitude**

Europe's highest golf club is at Font-Romeau, in the Haute-Pyrenees, and its managers are boasting that it is somewhat above 2,000 meters altitude. This does not compare quite with the famous club at Bogota, at 2,600-meter altitude, but the European physicians say the atmosphere at Font-Romeau will be found perfect by golfers.

**Needle Industry**

The principal manufacturers of needles in Great Britain make about 600,000,000 a year. Sixteen different operations are required to make an ordinary sewing needle. The smallest needles are made from wire 0.0085-inch in diameter, and 1,000 of them weigh less than a quarter of an ounce.

**Pests Eat Pests!**

Blackbirds may be seen descending on wheat fields in flocks of hundreds. For every bushel of grain that they may consume they have first eaten five bushels of insects, the latter if left unmolested to feed and propagate would account for a dozen bushels for the year's end.

**Real Good in Life**

For myself I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which for one man to possess is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbors.—Spinoza.

**For Discolored China**

To remove brown marks from china put the articles in a saucapan with cold water and a lump of soda. Put the pan on the stove and let it boil for fifteen minutes. Then rinse the china well and you will find that the marks have disappeared.

**More Deep-Sea Sailors**

At the present time there are more men sailing the seas than there were 20 or 30 years ago, although there are now fewer sailing vessels. This decrease is more than made up by the increased number of steamers.

**At the Summer Hotel**

One of the reasons why many vacations are a failure is that one talks for hours on petty topics, arguing matters of fact that could be settled in a minute by turning to a reference book.—Woman's Home Companion.

**No Free Advice**

"Be careful if you're playing against that new lawyer chap," warned the golf club's oldest player. "I asked him if I should use a masher or a niblick, and today I've had a bill for \$2."—Border Cities Star.

**Peach Bone**

It was the first time in her young life that a whole peach had been given Mary Catherine. She ate it with pleasure, then brought back the seed. "Mother," she said, "I ate all but the bony part."

**World's Highest Bridge**

The highest bridge in the world is the railway bridge that crosses the gorge of the Zambesi just below the famous Victoria falls in South Africa. It is 400 feet above the water.