



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1876, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, fatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

HALE'S HONEY
of
FOREHOUND & TAR

At the first sneeze, banish every symptom of cold, chills, etc. with HALE'S. Relief at once—Breaks up cold positively. 30c at all druggists

Historic Gas Plant

With the advent of artificial gas into New Orleans, fires in the historic natural gas plant flickered out after more than 33 years of continuous burning. Before the Civil War slaves tended the fires in the gas house and the old corporation carried on its books the item of \$53,000 of "live assets," or slaves. The massive ornamental iron gate, to discourage breaks for liberty, still swings in place.

Will Cold Worry You This Winter?

Some men throw-off a cold within a few hours of contracting it. Anyone can do it with the aid of a simple compound which comes in tablet form, and is no trouble to take or to always have about you. Don't "dope" yourself when you catch cold; use Pape's Cold Compound. Men and women everywhere rely on this amazing little tablet.—Adv.

Practical Proposition

Suitor—When I am away from Alleen I plumb the uttermost depths of despair.

Her Father—Huh! Get a more practical and profitable job of plumbing and I'll let you have her.—Boston Transcript.

No man is a good fancier unless he likes that sort of thing.

A farmer can always boast that he never asked anyone for a job.



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

THE LOVELY LADY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MADGE MEREDITH called him up that morning on the telephone.

"Come over tonight for a game of bridge, Guy, and meet our guest, Miss Angell. She's perfectly lovely. You'll fall in love with her, I know. I'm simply crazy about her. Mother first met her at the Woman's club in Delfield, and she hasn't rested till she got her here to make us a little visit. You'll come?"

"Sure, I'll come, Madge. And thank you for the chance to meet the lovely lady." Guy Holding laughed as he waited politely for Madge to hang up first. Then he went back to his desk and forgot about everything but what he was doing. He even forgot about Madge whom he had reason to think liked him a good deal and who came nearer to being his ideal of what a girl should be than any woman he had ever met or was, perhaps, likely to meet.

He lunched downtown and went home rather late to dinner, remembering as he entered his mother's house that he had made a promise to Madge.

His mother met him in the hall. She was plump, gray-haired and faded, but a nice woman for all that, as Guy often told her. He adored his mother. And she worshiped him. Her husband hadn't amounted to much, but her son was entirely satisfactory. He took after her side of the family when it came to go-getting, but for all his business acumen he was terribly ingenuous. Mrs. Holding suffered a good deal on that account.

Calla waited upon them at dinner. Calla was colored and elderly, but a perfect maid. She set Guy's soup before him like a caress, and he smiled at her out of frank, boyish brown eyes.

"Going out this evening, dear?" Mrs. Holding inquired.

"That's so, I am, Madge asked me." His mother smiled in a pleased way. "I'd rather planned to take you to see a play, but if you don't mind waiting till tomorrow night—"

"I'm rather glad. I've got a whole basketful of your socks to mend," Mrs. Holding said.

"You best of mothers!" Guy blew her a kiss across the table and she blew him one back again. After that the roast fowl warmed up from yesterday tasted ever so delicious.

Guy walked down the moonlit street under the denuded maples to the Meredith house, which was at the extreme end. He thought about seeing Madge and wondered what she would be wearing. No matter what it was it would be sure to be the right thing.

Madge met him at the door. She had on a little cocoa-colored frock trimmed with a few bands of skunk fur, very becoming to her fresh, dark coloring.

"Now prepare to be overwhelmed," she bade him as he laid aside his hat and coat. "Miss Angell is perfectly lovely."

"So are you." He laughed at her, noting the color that rose in her smooth cheeks.

Mrs. Meredith was in the living room with the guest who sat in a deep winged chair by the fireside. At a word there rose out of that winged chair the most beautiful woman Guy had ever seen.

She was tall, slender, yet exquisitely rounded, with no suggestion of bone or muscle in her white arms and shoulders. Her hair had the ashen gleam of white gold, her face was a flower, her eyes dark, wonderful. She wore a gown like a bit of dawn-rose and lavender and silver, and when she spoke her voice was like the call of a bird to its mate.

Guy tried not to stare, but he could think of nothing nicer than just to look his fill at her. And when Madge brought out the card table and they sat down to play he was glad to be nearer to her.

Before the evening was over he had fallen victim to that glamor which attacks a man once only perhaps in his whole life. And all night he lay awake, his head whirling with dreams of Miss Angell and plans to see her again.

He was not himself next day. That afternoon he got leave from his boss and took Miss Angell for a ride in his roadster, and that evening he made a theater party and invited the Merediths and his mother—and her.

The following day he sent her a sheaf of tea roses to carry with her when she went away. He had one more glimpse of her as she took the train and then the pall descended.

How was he going to live without her? No, rather how could he keep on seeing her, wooing her until he could break down every barrier and make her his? He moved as one in a dream, and when he ate his Lady's Delight—the marvelous dessert which it took both his mother and Calla to achieve—as if it were sawdust he could no longer conceal the state of his feelings.

"What's gone wrong with Madge?" Mrs. Holding asked. "She looks so wan. Are you going over there as much as usual, dear?"

"I haven't seen Madge in two weeks," Guy replied unthinkingly.

"She was here today," Mrs. Holding ventured. "I thought maybe you'd ask her and me to go somewhere tonight?"

"Oh, all right," Guy accepted the proposal patiently.

Between acts he tried to find out from Madge something about Miss Angell.

"She wrote the nicest bread-and-butter letter! She has asked me to visit her," Madge said.

Madge was going to visit her! That made Madge interesting, and he turned his attention to her.

Another week passed. He had sent flowers to Miss Angell and had received a creamy-tinted note from her—cool and sweet as parfait. It wasn't much, but—it was something. Then he did a bold thing. He went to see her—but she was not at home, and he came away uncomforted save for a sight of the old pillared house and the sharp-eyed servant who had answered his ring.

Now the awful desire for sympathy so controlled him that he sought his mother. He got out of bed, put on his lounging robe and slippers and went into her room in the dead of night. There by the faint, golden-shaded light he told her all that was in his heart.

Mrs. Holding sat up in bed with the extra blanket over her shoulders. She had been awakened from a peaceful sleep and she looked old, frumpish with cold cream on her face and her gray hair skewered on curlers.

"I'm so glad you told me this, dear," she said. "I've known, of course, what was going on, but I had to wait until you were ready to give me your confidence. Guy, you believe what I tell you, don't you? You have never found me lying to you or using the slightest subterfuge."

"Never, mother."

"Then, my dear, painful as it is I shall give you the truth, Miss Angell—"

"She's not going to be married!" Guy leaped from his chair.

"Oh, dear, no. If she was ever going to marry she would have done so years ago. She has had lovers enough. Why, I remember when I was first engaged to your father meeting her at a party—you see I've always known about her. She was always pretty as a picture, but since she inherited all that money and took that course at a beauty institute—"

"Mother! What are you saying?"

"I'm trying to tell you, my dear son, that Lavenia Angell is exactly one year and nine weeks older than I am."

She had produced a cataclysm, but because he had always believed her he managed to do so now. Wasn't she his own mother and hadn't she always told him the truth? Besides, as he looked at her, the conviction seeped in.

Madge could have told you, but she wouldn't," ended Mrs. Holding.

Six weeks later Madge Meredith showed Mrs. Holding a diamond and platinum ring.

"You don't mind," she whispered.

"Dear!" Mrs. Holding kissed her.

"You know I think Guy has always liked me—except once—for a little while," Madge said.

Mrs. Holding smiled joyously.

"Well, I shouldn't let that worry me," she replied.

Steel Industry Born in Old Massachusetts

The awesome exaltations of the gentle Steel as wafted from his workshops in Pittsburgh and Gary and the combined sorceries of the metal industries as seen by Detroit, all had their beginning so far as America is concerned on the banks of the Saugus river in Massachusetts.

"Ye Company of Undertakers of ye Iron Works," with capital equivalent to \$5,000, there began the manufacture of iron in 1642. In the low meadows near where the city of Lynn now stands there were to be found iron ore, and easy transportation was furnished by the river, and water power, too. There America's first iron works continued to operate successfully until the late 1800's.

When one "Thomas Hudson of Lynn" sold his land to this iron works company it was agreed that he would be given the first casting it produced. This was a small but heavy iron pot poured directly from the furnace without first breasting pig iron. Thomas Hudson treasured this and handed it down to his descendants. Two hundred and fifty years later it was presented by one of these descendants to Lynn's public library, where, enclosed in glass, all may view it.—Detroit News.

Pointed Suggestion

An old farmer, who was attending a church convention, chuckled to himself as he read the subjects on the program. "See here, parson," he said to his pastor, "you've had papers and discussions all day on how to get people to attend church. I've never heard a single address, at a farmers' convention, on how to get cattle to come to the rack. We put all our time on discussing what to put in the rack, you wouldn't have to spend all that time discussing how to get your folk to attend church."—Montreal Family Herald.

Ancient Superstitions

Coins worn as pendants or amulets were common in the ancient world, because of their likeness to the moon; and it is probable that medallions, and hence medals, were originally circular for the purpose of introducing the lunar element and thereby counteracting the blighting effects of admiration or envy. Spitting is mentioned by many ancient authors as a protection against the evil eye, and this explains the custom of spitting on a coin, which is still widely practiced.

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

Dame Fashion happened to hear the phrase the other day, "There is a non-chalant coat."

That was a word seen a few times before, of course, but never adopted in her vocabulary. In such times, the only recourse is to call on Father Noah—Webster. The word has a good strong accent on the first syllable, and is defined "lacking in warmth of feeling, enthusiasm or interest; indifferent, careless."

At first Dame Fashion thought that maybe, like Mrs. Malaprop, the speaker had applied the wrong word in his adjective, for she looked at coats by the scores and none of them "lacked interest"—to say nothing of "warmth." Finally she decided the user of the word had just adopted the single meaning "careless" and had applied it to the easy grace of the wrap-around coat; never seen with exactly the same folds, closed on the cold and windy day, and flapping open when desired.

Then Dame Fashion thought she would take a hand at naming coats. They are so beautiful this year that, like individuals and residences, they certainly deserve names. All of the fur coats, of course, go by the names of the animal which once wore them, or by the name which has become attached to them. For did anyone ever see a little "krimmer" capering around in a park? While if anyone should tell us to "look over and see that kolinsky," we might get crossed from trying to look in several directions at once.

One coat that Dame Fashion felt sure would be becoming had a quaint trimming of little white skins of marten. Those French dresses with loops at the wrist, worn a year and more ago, were always so subtly feminine. This coat gave much the same effect, only it was the little animal's tail which hung down at each wrist, the whole pelt, with head and all, being wrapped about the sleeve for a cuff. "Snuggly" coats, "regal" coats, "queen's" coats—oh, it would not be hard to find a dozen better names than "nonchalant."

On one recent evening Dame Fashion attended an art lecture, to be followed by a reception, and the glowing and wonderful evening wraps there showed as much beauty and brilliance of coloring as some of the most modern of the paintings exhibited. Gold metallic cloth, in brocaded figures, seems to be singularly becoming to most women.

"What do you think of this dress for traveling?" one of Dame Fashion's friends asked her. "Such a nice, appropriate wool gown," murmured Dame Fashion, with an inward reservation to the effect that she herself liked silk better to wear on a journey. Then the traveler laughed merrily.

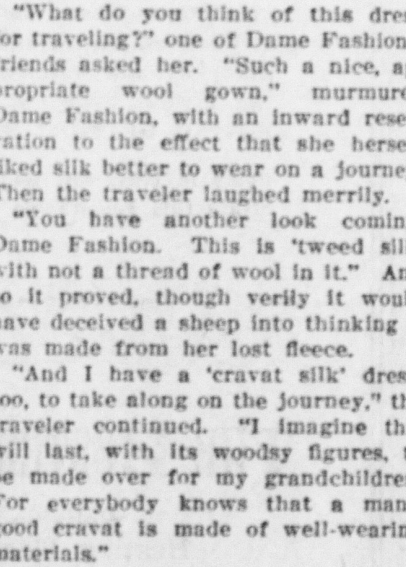
"You have another look coming, Dame Fashion. This is 'tweed silk' with not a thread of wool in it." And so it proved, though verily it would have deceived a sheep into thinking it was made from her lost fleece.

"And I have a 'cravat silk' dress, too, to take along on the journey," the traveler continued. "I imagine this will last, with its woody figures, to be made over for my grandchildren. For everybody knows that a man's good cravat is made of well-wearing materials."

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Stepped Plaits Used in Schoolgirl Frock

Plaits appear in practically all school frocks but chic distinctive plaits are something else again. The Woman's Home Companion fashion expert gets an inspiration for plaits in step formation direct from Paris which gives to a simple dress a distinctly individual touch. You'll note, too, that the neckline has decided merit. While it ignores the usual collar so apt to wrinkle under winter coats it is cut high enough both back and front to give ample protection. At the same time it affords the chance for a smart side closing. Especially appropriate for this frock are the light-weight woolsens which have come to us this season in a great variety of colors.



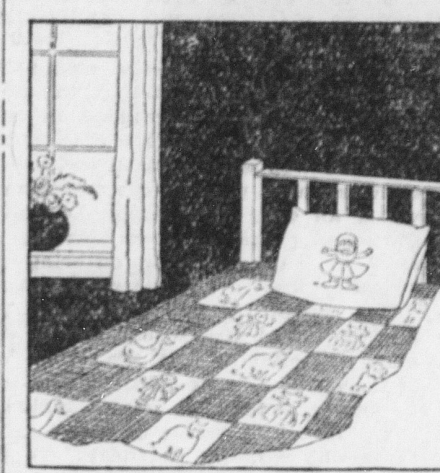
Two Used Flour Bags Will Make Bedspread

What kind of a bedspread is on your little girl's bed—a plain, uninteresting white one, easily soiled and rumpled, or a fascinating checkerboard one, with Mother Goose characters walking about on it, and which will stand plenty of pillow fights and hard wear?

The attractive spread shown here can be made for a dollar or even less, and has very little work in it, in proportion to its effectiveness. Two used flour bags, a yard and a half of checked gingham and a few skeins of embroidery cotton are the only materials required.

The flour bags are usually to be had from the baker for a few cents apiece. Pull out the chain stitching and then remove the stamping. The best way to do this is to soak the inked spots in kerosene or cover them with lard and let it stand overnight. Then wash the bags out in lukewarm water.

Cut one-half of one of the bags into 18 six-inch squares. On each of



Flour Bag Bedspreads With Mother Goose Characters.

these work one of the nursery rhyme figures in simple outline stitch the same color as the gingham. Picked up in odd moments, these take very little time to do.

Then cut out an equal number of squares of the checked material the same size and stitch the two sets of squares together in checkerboard fashion. Use the remaining bag and a half for lining the back. Finish the spread by putting a six-inch fold of the gingham all the way round.

There is no reason why an equally attractive spread may not be made in much the same way for adults. Make the squares seven inches instead of six and use a solid color chambray in place of the checked goods. Some quickly worked floral or conventional designs is put in the center of the white squares, using coarse thread in outline, lazy-daisy or chain stitch and french knots.

This is a splendid gift for a shower or as a donation to a bazaar because the labor may be divided up by distributing the squares among the donors to be worked in spare moments.

Dry Skim Milk Is Found Good Addition to Bread

Science has taken a hand in making bread the real "staff of life."

Extensive laboratory studies and bakershop experiments have rewarded investigators with a new type of bread. This bread differs from the ordinary bread in that it is made with dry skim milk. According to the scientific workers, the minerals of the milk solids make up for the deficiencies of the wheat elements lost in modern processes—modern bread's one big defect.

A scholarly exposition of the new type of bread was made in London recently before the World's Dairy congress, by Dr. H. E. Van Norman, internationally known dairy expert of Chicago.

"By supplementing the elements of the wheat and other ingredients in bread with those of milk, we are producing a bread that perfectly meets the nutritional requirements of the body," said Prof. Van Norman. "Dry skim milk is ideal for use in bakery goods, not only adding to the nourishing qualities but also improving their every characteristic, such as color, flavor and texture." Many of the better American bakeries, he said, are now baking this new type of bread.

"Science knows of no simpler, cheaper or more effective way to improve the quality of bread than to introduce milk solids into its composition. The proteins of the milk build strong muscles, the milk sugar not only supplies energy but also favors the growth of helpful bacteria in the intestinal tract, and the milk minerals furnish material for strong bones and teeth and aid in all bodily processes. Children need these important elements to promote growth and parents need them to help the system make repairs. Bread made with nonfat milk solids brings an abundance of food essentials needed by the body."

Figured Velvet Has Great Vogue in Paris

Figured velvets remain in good favor in Paris. Some of them look as if varicolored snow had fallen thickly on them. Tiny dots of every rainbow shade are sprinkled over a background of brown or blue.

The fact that figured fabrics are still smart is just another surprise of fashion. One would think, after a summer when every daughter of Eve arrayed herself in flowers and landscapes, modernistic triangles and other figures, that soft, plain surfaces would be preferred. But figured velvet has a great vogue.

A MAN Works on His STOMACH

A HUNDRED years ago Napoleon said: "An army marches on its stomach."

Today it is also true that a man works on his stomach! Your stomach must be regular if you are to work at your highest efficiency. You can make it so with PE-RU-NA—for over half a century the World's Greatest Stomach Remedy, PE-RU-NA tones the stomach, and removes that congested, catarrhal feeling which adds years to your age and robs you of your vitality. Your druggist has PE-RU-NA—buy a bottle of this famous remedy and begin to enjoy its beneficial effects today!



MADE HANFORD'S 21 Years SINCE 1846 Balsam of Myrrh IT MUST BE GOOD Try it for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, etc.

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Scientists Unable to Do Away With Fogs

On a small scale and in favorable circumstances fog can be dispelled, but all known methods are too costly for commercial use, and so could not be applied on the vast scale on which many fogs occur, even were they of proved use. A great deal of time and labor has been seriously expended in the effort to suppress fog. The London county council has from time to time given some encouragement to various schemes presented, but all have failed. No less a distinguished scientist than Sir Oliver Lodge has struggled with this problem and he thought he had solved it, but practical demonstration of his electrical scheme failed. Various suggestions have been made to clear aviation landing places, but all have been discarded and the solution of the problem seems to be no nearer than it ever was.

Time Didn't Mean Much to Trailer of Moose

The way of guides in the Canadian woods is most mysterious.

Two sportsmen from the Middle West equipped for big game started out one day under the direction of a native guide. As they tramped through the woods, loaded with their camping outfits, they sighted a moose which took fright at their presence and promptly dashed away.

The guide made no remark but led his American party in the direction in which the moose disappeared. All day they tramped along and at night pitched camp. The program repeated itself the next day. On the third day, the sportsmen began wondering what it was all about.

"Look here, you," one of them said, "What's the idea? How long are we going to keep this up?"

The guide shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, maybe two weeks, maybe two months."

Memory Test

A mother was telling her three-year-old daughter, Shirley Jean, about the woman flyer who made the trip across the Atlantic. Her first question was: "What was her name, mother?" In answering, the mother touched her ear and said: "Think of your ear and the last part of your name 'hart'." Nothing more was said until the next day. To test Shirley Jean's memory the mother took hold of her ear and said: "Who was the lady that flew across the Atlantic?" Shirley Jean responded, "Earache."

Don't think for a minute that moose wants but little here below.

Grandmother Knew

there was nothing so good for congestion and colds as mustard. But the old-fashioned mustard plaster burned and blistered.

Musterole gives the relief and help that mustard plasters gave, without the plaster and without the blister. Gently rub it in. See how quickly the pain disappears.

Try Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).



Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels worms in a very few hours. One dose suffices. It works quickly and surely. All Druggists, 60c.

Dr. Peery's Dead Shot for WORMS Vermifuge

All druggists or 271 Pearl Street, New York City

TRACTOR SAW MILLS

J. H. MINER, Druggist, Meriden, Conn.