## THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL. PA.

# With Every Dose, I Say: "God Bless Milks Emulsion"

"At last, after nine and one-half years, I am really getting well. I feel perfectly well (think of it!) and I am sure no one came so near to the pearly gates and missed going through

"Yesterday a doctor said to my mother: 'My God, Mrs. Stultz, this thing is a miracle that she will get well!' My mother smiled her radiant smile and said: 'It is time you gave the public something for their money.; tell them to take Milks Emulsion.'

"I have spent fifteen thousand dollars in doctoring, elimates, etc., and one bettle of Milks Emulsion is worth more than all they did for me put together, and I have had the best medical advice in the world.

"As I said before, I am feeling fine and the rales are all gone from my chest; have no cough, but I am not taking any chances of getting a relapse, so I am going to stay right in bed and take Milks Emulsion until I get my weight back.

"I look down at my feet sticking up in the bed and say: 'By golly, bables, you are going to do some walking now. Cheer up; your day is coming."

can't tell you how happy I am, and I love the Milks Emulsion Com-pany. Faithfully and affectionately yours, ANAMAE STULTZ, Colfax, Jan. 28, 1927. Calif."

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co. Terre Haute, Ind .- Adv.

### Large Italian Families

Palazzolo dello Stella, Udine province. Italy, with an average of more than nine children, all Fascist, to every family, claims to come closest to Mussolini's ideal of a prolific Italy. Its population is about 2,800, divided Into 468 familles. Of these, three have 16 children; one, 14; eight, 13; eleven, 12.

The leaser tribes, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, include eleven families with an even dozen; twenty-two with 11 offspring, and thirty-four with 10.

#### A Bit Mixed

Mcs. A. M. W. writes: "We were having a dry spell and my brother's little daughter doubted the saying 'If it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain for forty days.' She came into the house one afternoon and said: 'Mother, I don't believe that saying any more, if it rains on St. Hoover's day it will rain for fifty days.""

#### All Noisy

Mrs. Movemore-Gracious! This is the noisest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech.

Mald-They're your own children,

# **\$** THE AWAKENING **OF BESS**

**&**\*\*\*\* (C by D. J. Walsh.) ESS YARDLEY had just returned

from a pleasant morning's shopplag. She had spent some time

in Pryne's Beauty shop. She was especially pleased with the way DeRue, Pryne's head man, had elipped and marcelled her hair. It made her look quite as young as she felt-almost cute, in fact. All her life Bess had wanted to be cute looking. A recent inheritance had given her freedom from money worries, a comforting security in life and time to indulge in those first aids to fading beauty which are so expensive and also so necessary to a woman of her years. Bess was thirty-nine-plus-a fact of which she was becoming increasingly conscious, although she hoped nobody else was. One little worry disturbed her-she was beginning to take on flesh. The scales told the story. But how was one to resist the best of food, delicious sweets and inactivity after years of battling for one's daily bread, which much of the time had gone unbuttered and was sometimes rather scanty at that. No wonder Bess took to ease and eats as naturally as a kitten. She took comfort in the thought, however, that clever . corseting and straight-line

dresses would conceal her indulgence. As for her ankles, they were still slim. Feeling a bit tired after her shop-

ping trip, Bess, upon her return home, decided to rest a bit before Cady, the maid, would announce lunch. She had just settled herself on the big davenport in her charming living roomprepared to read a story from her favorite magazine and nibble a few bites from the box of candied fruit she had purchased that morning from an exclusive little shop on Main streetwhen the door opened and her brother's daughter, Cozette, entered. On the porch outside Cozette had 4eft some of her young crowd. She was a slip of a young thing with big blue eyes, exactly what Bess had been twenty years before. She was devoted to Bess and always included her aunt in the good times of her crowd whenever possible. Bess loved it and had always prided herself upon the fact

were conscious of the differences in their ages. "Thanks," Cozette said as she pinched her aunt's cheeks and deftly extracted a handful of confection from the box to munch vigorously. 'What are you doing this afternoon, Bess"-Cozette never addressed the elder woman as aunt "I'm going to an important business meeting at Mrs. Sherwoods," Bess said. "Good for you! Hope they elect you president. Well, so long," she said, and scooped up another handful of candy and left the room. She was greeted by a howl of joy upon her reappearance on the porch. "Your old auntie is a dear, Cozette," one bright young voice exclaimed with a giggle. "But she's getting to be a horse for size. If she hadn't gotten so fat Henry Bentley would have married her instead of running around with that slender little widow. And the pay dirt your auntie puts on her face is a caution-" the voice trailed away and Bess was left with a realizing sense of despair. It was true. She was an old maid and she was getting to be a horse for size-pay dirt-what had the girl meant? And then it came with a sickening flash. Pay dirt! Why, she was referring to the excessive make-up Bess was so fond of using. Almost blinded by a mad rush of tears Bess arose and fled to the seclusion of her room. There passed the bitterest moments of her life. She suffered disillusionment-defeat. At last out of her suffering was born a big resolve. She would diet until she was skinny. Never again would she be called a horse for size or be accused of using "pay dirt." At one o'clock Cady called Bess down to lunch. Cady was a famous cook who had been handed down along with the inheritance. She had cooked chicken, escalloped potatoes, made a salad with whipped cream, had hot biscuits, crisp and finky. There was coffee served with cream so thick and yellow as actually to make it necessary to, dip it from the pitcher with a spoon "Oh. Cady !" Bess groaned looking at the table with a shiver. "Take it all away. Bring me a plate of-of crackers and a cupful of tea without cream."

Cady's voice showed the exasperation she was feeling at her mistress' actions.

"He? Who?" Bess finally asked. "Mr. Bentley. If you don't want to see him you can tell him so yourself," and Cady hurried away before Bess could reply.

Henry Bentley had come to see her ! Bess hadn't seen him in weeks, not since she refused his last offer of marriage. She had missed him horribly and had tried to console herself with the flattering attentions of Bob Frisby. Bob was twenty-two and Bess had tried to make herself believe that Bob was not conscious of the difference in their ages and that he was learning to love her for herself and not just because she let him drive her expensive little sport roadster. But he was callow and smelled horribly of cigarrettes and chocolate-Bess was honest enough with herself to admit that she did miss the steady good sense of Henry Bentley's friendship. But she had thought Henry too old for such a bright young blossom that her money had helped her to become. Henry was stout and becoming a bit bald. Lately she had been hearing about his paying court to a slim little widow that was visiting in town. That act partly explained the abandon with which she had fallen for Bob Frisby.

Bess gave her face a good dousing with cold water, which was followed with a rigorous rubbing with a rough towel. Then she went downstairs.

When she arrived the first thing her eyes fell upon was a five-pound box of her favorite candy. She looked at the candy, she looked at the man. If she married Henry she would never again have to go hungry. He must like her? Neither would she be called an old maid-a horse for size. Her lips trembled, her eyes swam. She heard an exclamation and then she feit the comfort of Henry's arms about her. Her head was just upon his rough shoulder when she was brought back by hearing Cady call from the hall door.

"Your toast and tea is getting all cold. Miss Yardley." Bess raised her head long enough

to call over her shoulder: "Mr. Bentley is staying to dinner, Cady," she said. "Get everything that's good to ent in this house-and, Cady, dear. please burry."

### Hindus for Centuries Believed Cow Sacred

Reverence for the cow as the prothat neither Cozette nor her friends ducer of health and happiness is traced back to 2000 B. C., in researches made by Capt. Max Wardall, psychologist and lecturer recently returned from India, into the Hindu archives containing the sacred hymns and rituals known as the Vedas. The records describing the greatest and holiest sacrifices in the worship of the Hindus reveal that these ancient peoples not only considered the cow as sacred, the embodiment of good and as necessary to life itself, but even regarded the products of the bovine as possessing the greatest health-giving properties, which scientists of America and Europe today are proving by experiments on animals and children. An example of the prominent part which the sacred cow held in sacrificial rites was found by Captain Wardall in his study of the ancient tomes in the worship of Agni, the god of fire. Two fire sticks, or drills called arani, were rubbed, one above the other, and were regarded as Agnl's parents. The child is born and immediately consumes his parents. His powers are "to dispel darkness, destroy the demons of night and lift the sun to the sky to give the people light." Agni is born anew every morning and faggots are piled on and oblations poured over him. "He grows big, his many tongues shoot up red and fiery, and his teeth shine gold." He lives on what is known as ghee and is called ghee faced, ghee backed, ghee baired and is made to say, according to the record in the Vedas: "The ghee that is poured in my mouth nourishes the gods and the manes. When called by my mouth the gods and the manes come to eat the ghee." This ghee was made from the butter of cow's milk. It was boiled over a clear fire and constantly skimmed. When all the water was evaporated it was strained through a cloth. Ghee, in the language of the Hindus, was described as "cooling, emollient, capable of increasing the mental powers, useful in eye disenses, dyspepsia, wounds and ulcers." It was sometimes found a hundred years old, dry, bard and earthy looking. Ghee also was used to immerse idols in some phases of the ancient Hindu religion and as a libation while chanting their sacred hymns. It is one of the commonest articles of the diet in the Indian's fare and even today forms part of their meals, especially the Brahmans,



There are all sorts of dresses apportioned out to us in the day's work ; sports frocks, breakfast gowns, riding wear, afternoon and evening gowns. But Dame Fashion decides there is room for still another kind of dress, and if you think the suggestion is old fashioned-well. so much the worse for you.

Grace J. Austin. It was brought to mind by reading the sentence, "A room with an open hearth is a room with hospitality." So the idea came at once, why not fireside gowns? They would not be at all on the order of kimonos or negligees, for hospitality implies a readiness to receive guests. but certainly a dress is needed, on the other hand, not of the so-called "afternoon" or "evening" type. The American woman has been accused of never staying at home. Would it not be delightful to astonish Paris by sending word that there is a distinct call from the United States for a type of gown of unusual charm, and perhaps modernistic contrasts in colors and figures, to be used by feminine

Americans for fireside wearing? The more Dame Fashion thinks of that word "modernistic" in this connection, the more suggestive it seems, A woman might sit near the fireplace across from her husband and perhaps a friend or two and delight their eyes by a gown of all vivid triangles and daring designs, which at breakfast time would undoubtedly have caused those viewing it to groan, "nightmare!" Gay effects impossible for street or sports would be wholly proper.

As Dame Fashion writes this she herself is sitting in front of a soft coal grate fire, burning in a fireplace bordered by blue Dutch tiles-or maybe French, for they have a fleurde-lis design. At any rate, she has to smile at herself, as a preacher who did not practice, for many a night she has placed berself close to those blue tiles in a green dress whose clashing must have brought shudders to the fireside divinities.

Last summer there was scenery on some of our silk crepe dresses, and if we couldn't fill the car with gas and start for the Grand Canyon or displayed the new formal evening Yosemite, we could put on gowns that brought those places to-us in printed



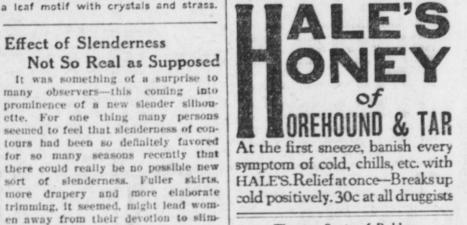
### **OLD FOLKS SAY** DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

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

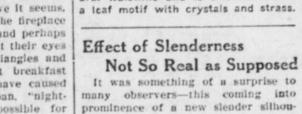
Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin. The simpler the remedy for constipa-tion, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with

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.



### Theater Seats of Rubber

At a recent exposition of the rub ber industry, held in London, there were shown some very attractive and very comfortable theater seats made of rubber. In response to the present craze for color, there were also displayed some very pretty designs of table tops, mats and similar articles with pretty designs blended into the rubber base.



DPER.

ma'am,-Pathfinder Magazine



# When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done. for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for bables. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relleved-or colic pains -or other suffering. Never be without it: some mothers keep an extra bottle. unopened, to make sure there will al ways be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



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\$85.00 PER WEEK MADE BY inexperienced Write today. WINDSOR MANUFACTURING CO., Knickerbocker Building, Baltimore, Md PAPERHANGING MANUAL, 75 lessans free; samples by name-hall, bath, etc. J. H. Earner, Box 4618, Philadelphia, Pa.



Marvelous Climate – Good Hotels – Fourist Camps – Splendid Roads – Gorgeous Mountain Views. The wonderful desert recort of the West



"Oh, shucks !" Cady said with a disgusted shrug of her plump shoulders

and all the assurance of an old servant. "So you've started in to diet, eh? I suppose I'll be expected to serve tea and toast, and toast and 'tea and for a change toast and tea until you look as skinny as a herring."

Faint with hunger and burning with shame and rage Bess dashed back to her room. Was there no escaping food criticism?

The afternoon passed. Bess cried a good deat and slept some. She dreamt of chicken, ice cream, puffy biscultcoffee. She awoke famished. It was then Cady came upstairs with the announcement that toast and ten would

soon be ready. "You'd better freshen up your face," Cady said not unkindly. "There's somebody to see you."

"I don't want to see anybody," Bess said.

"Well, he's downstairs waiting. had no orders not to admit callers; I sever heard they were fattening." | an institute, making him director.

### Mine Shaft His Grave

A grim reminder I the tragedies connected with the rush in northern Queensland, Australia, was discovered recently. It was a mine shaft seven feet deep, at the top of which was a stick driven in the ground holding a bank note for \$50 and a note saying, "The finder can have the \$50 if he fills the hole." At the bottom of the pit was the body of the prospector who had dug it. He had taken his own life.

### Swedish Innovation

Sweden was first to set up an institute of race-biology. In 1918, the University of Upsala subsidized the research of Professor Lundborg into the lineage of peasant familles. The Swedish parliament later had his work investigated, approved it and founded crepe.

designs. This winter there are Mardi Gras printed crepes that seem to be made just from yards of joy, and would be wonderful for this fireside use. Think what a heritage it would be to a child to remember evenings when he crawled up into mother's lap by the fire and studied out pretty things printed on her gown. From some of these prints one could weave half a dozen stories about the lovers rowing in boats, the mandolin players and the strange, haunting little faces

here and there. Every phase of life gets reflected in fashion sooner or later. Directly after the war, when war doings had excused almost anything, girls and women scampered about everywhere except to church, wearing knickers. But in the last year or two some invisible fashion power seems to have whispered, "No knickers except for camping or sports where they are imperative." Where were the women last summer in knickers on the golf courses? Gone! A large country club where they were formerly much worn, reporting. for last season, said that not one woman appeared in knickers. Well, so much the more indication that "fireside frocks" will be appreciated.

(C. 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Smart Wool and Rayon



Showing a smart sweater and skirt of wool and rayon jersey, worn with an attractive blouse. The sweater is in gray and white, while the skirt is in black.

### Short Jacket Welcomed by All Who Like Freedom

The short jacket has staged a comeback. It is particularly welcomed by those who like a certain amount of freedom in walking and fits in well with the modern tendency towards sports and sport simplicity. A num ber of the French designers have shown jackets in their collections; among them Molyneux, who designs one in brondtail fabric, not fur. This is worn over a dress of black wool

more closely molded bodice give an effect of slenderness and tailness that was quite impossible to achieve with the short skirt and long, straight bodice. As a matter of fact, though women have made every effort to appear slender, this recent short, straight silhouette does not give the effect of slenderness that is produced by longer skirts and draperies and more clearly defined contours.

And yet wherever one goes nowa-

days-among the most fashionably-

dressed women-one feels that there

is a new sort of slenderness. This is

especially true of evening dress and

nowhere more apparent than with re-

cent important opera and first-night

theater audiences where women have

mode. The longer skirt drapery, the

Tulle treated in the new flat man-

ner creates a peplum and circular

skirt. The bodice accents the nat-

ural waistline and is embroidered in

A pretty good proof of the fact that this new slenderness, however achieved, is something that is important and worth considering is your own probable reaction when you observe it. You are decidedly exceptional if you do not feel at once that these gowns that are definitely longer in the skirt with graceful drapery and bodices that without being actually tight reveal the waistline slenderness to some extent-are precisely what they should be. They have charm, dignity, beauty and variety.

Then as you turn your eyes to one of the new frocks which still retains the very short skirt, the straight, baglike bodice, you will doubtless feel quite differently than you did six or even three months ago. It will occur to you that in spite of the straight line and snug hips the effect of sienderness was not so real as you had

### **Double Garment Made of** Heavy Brocaded Crepe

supposed.

It's a wise woman who can inveigle her most expensive garment into doing double duty. There are certain types of negligees that are so accommodating and adaptable.

One of these economical garments is made of a heavy brocaded crepe and trimmed with fluffy marabou. This two-garments-in-one idea would be a good selling argument for the kimono type of negligee in opposition to the popular pajama ensemble, and it is passed on to the sales sisterhood for approval and use.

### Chic Afternoon Frock of Soft Gray Satin

Simplicity combined with chic. What more could one ask of a gown?

An afternoon frock of soft gray satin achieves both these attributes. No ornamentation is used on this gown. The bodice is long waisted and perfectly plain and sleeveless. The skirt is closely plaited, with the plaits stitched for two or three inches at the top.

With a tiny cocktall jacket or cape the dress would be appropriate for dinner and the theater as well as more formal afternoon wear.

### Two-Color Dresses

Silk crepe dresses in uniquie color combinations, such as dust pink and burgundy, wine and pink, peach beige with tete de negre, and emerald, sapphire or scarlet with black, are featured by shops.

# Worth Knowing When

Winter Cold Comes! Did you ever hear of a five-hour remedy for colds? There is one, and It really does bring you out of it completely. Even if it's grippe, this method works, only takes longer. Pape's Cold Compound is in tablet form. Pleasant-tasting, but it surely has the "authority !"-Adv.

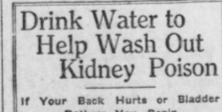
A Leak

Ethel-She tries so hard not to let envone know her age.

Maybelle-She can't very well. You see, she is a twin, and her brother. the others twin, isn't afraid to tell how old he is .-- Detroit News.

Classes can't survive in a land that takes off its hat to anybody who shows class.

A woman is never miss-understood after she gets married.



Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water-you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure ; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everycne should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try his; also keep up the water drinking. and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney scouble and backache.