

The Reflections of a Young Married Woman

are not pleasant if she is delicate, run-down, or over-worked. She feels "played-out." Her "miles and good spirits have taken flight. It worries her husband as well as herself.



One woman says: "I was a physical wreck, tired, weak as a child, and nervous — would fly to pieces at the least thing. I was unable to do my housework, had no energy and was completely discouraged. I had tried many different remedies and had given up all hope of ever feeling well again. I wrote my sister and she sent me some of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets. I have taken one bottle (100 tablets) and half of another, and I wish all women who suffer as I did would try the 'Favorite Prescription.' I feel so happy, I cannot thank Dr. Pierce enough." — Mrs. Essie Mallory, R. F. D. 1, Box 76, Somerset, Va., Druggists, Write Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice.

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CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND FOR COUGHS, COLDS FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Taint Right A chance remark overheard by a mother of a small boy was repeated by her to the father.

"John, it's positively shameful the way Junior talks," she said, "I just heard him say: 'I ain't never went nowhere.'"

"Shameful?" raged the father. "It's worse than that! Why, the young whelp has traveled twice as much as most kids his age!"

No Choice Ganna—Men are fools to marry. Walska—Yes, but what else is there for women to marry?—Pathfinder.

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ASTHMA DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY W. N. U., BALTIMORE, MO., 10-1929.

THE WARREN WAY

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

FOLKS warned Jennie Maxwell of the Warren Way before she married Joe Warren. But she laughed at them. Joe was big, clean-bodied, clean-hearted, good-looking, and he loved her. She loved him. The Warren Way didn't bother her one bit.

For two or three years Jennie did just as Joe's mother had done; she got along with things as they were on the Warren homestead. House-keeping tools were clumsy and old-fashioned. Jenny washed by hand, using a pair of leaky wooden tubs and a tin washboiler. It was hard work, particularly as she used her nice pieces of linen every day. Somehow, she just couldn't get the grime out of the towels.

When Joe had the place joined up with the electric light system in the near-by town Jennie saw help ahead. At the same time the barn was wired lights were installed in the house. But improvements stopped right there. Joe felt he had spent enough money.

One Saturday afternoon Jennie drove to town to do some marketing and happened upon a demonstration of electric washing machines. After looking through the window at the crowd of interested women inside the hardware store, she entered. Her father had been a machinist and she had inherited a knack for machinery. There was a joke in her family to the effect that if you gave Jennie a hairpin and a button hook she could mend almost anything. This brick, capable labor-saver fascinated her. The grimest towel came out snowy white.

Jennie's big dark eyes grew luminous with longing. Two or three women gave orders for a machine. One of these women was the wife of a man who worked, odd times, for Joe. Of course she had a big family.

"How about you, Mrs. Warren?" the salesman asked, smiling at her, pencil poised above order blank. Jennie flushed and shook her head. She wanted to talk it over with her husband, she murmured. Behind her Lucy Frost laughed.

"That's all it will amount to—talking it over," Lucy said to the woman beside her. "My husband works for Joe Warren. He's tighter than the bark to a tree. And set in his way—the Warren Way."

Jennie could not get away quick enough. She raced the car home. Lucy Frost was a liar. Joe would, he must after that, let her have the washing machine.

But Joe wouldn't. When he learned the price he was astounded.

"But, Joe," pleaded Jennie, "you don't know what you're talking about. Just see how the thing works before you decide against it." Nothing she said had any effect upon Joe. His lips shut in a straight line, his sandy brows drew down over his gray eyes. With a gesture he dismissed the washing machine forever.

Two days later a truck drove up to the barn. Two men got out and began to unload a huge box. Joe came running from the field. Jennie was puzzled. What was it going to be now? She went out to see.

It was a milking machine of the most improved type. Joe hadn't told her he was going to get it. They had only four cows, registered Holsteins, which Joe never allowed anybody else to touch. This expensive contraption was for them, to save Joe that hour's milking night and morning. Jennie turned around and went back into the house. She was washing, for Joe's things got dreadfully dirty. She scrubbed on the old washboard with all her might. Suddenly a cry burst from her lips. She had torn her hand on the zinc. It required bandaging. She couldn't finish her washing that day.

Next morning Joe had something else to do, so Jennie drew the milk to the condensery. She drove the light truck as well as Joe could and there was always somebody there to unload the cans for her. Her hand was still bandaged and very sore. And her disposition was sore, too. She felt she had as much right to a washing machine as Joe had to a milking machine.

She was delayed at the condensery and she went in to watch the machinery. She peeped into the great vat where the fresh milk bubbled to the proper point of condensation in three hours. Wonderful! She moved on to take a look at the way the cans were being filled and capped automatically. But most amazing of all was the tireless carrier which hurried along with the empty shells while two girls were feeding it with deft, swift motions. She knew the girls well. They were neighbors, young, alert, good looking.

"Say, Elsie," she said, "how much do you get a day for doing that?" "Five dollars."

"Five—?" Jennie was startled. "It looks easy," she added. "Oh, it is! And I'd like to stay on here but—" she blushed.

"She's trying to tell you she's going to be married the first of the month and her place here will be vacant," said Mary Fancher.

"They are looking for somebody to take my place," Elsie said. During this conversation the girls didn't once pause in handling the empty shells. Jennie turned around and went straight toward the office. As she went she made swift computation—\$5 a day for thirty days would buy her

that washing machine. Meanwhile, she could hire Melissa Sprague to help her with the housework.

When she went home she had Melissa with her.

"What's the idea?" Joe demanded. "Melissa is going to do the work here for a few weeks, Joe," replied Jennie. "On account of your hand?"

"No," Jennie tried to laugh but she was trembling all over. "On account of my taking Elsie Dumond's place at the condensery."

"What are you talking about?" Joe's face was crimson.

"I mean it, Joe. I've hired out for one month. I begin my work tomorrow." Jennie's tone sounded much steeper than she felt.

Joe jumped up, overturning his chair, and dashed out of the house. He was angry clear through, but he knew—all that Jennie hadn't told him.

Jennie went to work next morning. She drove over to the condensery. She drove home at night. Joe said not one word. Nor did she. They simply dropped the matter. But she knew when she looked at him that he wasn't going to give in about the washing machine. The Warren Way had hold of him. It was the first time that Jennie had ever seen the hateful Way in action, and she hated it. Her mode of procedure had become now a challenge. She was striving less for the coveted labor-saver than for victory over an inherited trait which threatened to mar their happiness.

After the first week Jennie's work became monotonous. Just an endless handling of shells. Once she awakened in the night to find herself sitting up in bed going through the motions on the counterpane. Night found her tired, her head aching from the pounding of the machinery all about her. Her washing machine was costing much, much more than money. Could she hold out, could she?

She held out to the last day and the last hour until her month's check was in her hand. Wearily she climbed into the car and started homeward. She had given up her job. She was glad to be through with that. But a harder job lay before her. If she got that washing machine it would add to the trouble. And the distance between her and Joe was wide and getting wider. Perhaps Joe's mother had done the better thing; she had bowed to the Warren Way. Of course she hadn't lived long. But what matter? Jennie was worn out. Her thoughts were thoughts of defeat as she drove homeward, the big check in her pocket.

Joe was nowhere in sight. She got out of the car and went slowly into the house. She heard Melissa slamming pans in the kitchen. There was a good smell of pot roast.

She went to the door, looked into the room, at the grinning and excited Melissa, and at something else—the washing machine of her dreams standing in the corner that seemed just to have been made for it.

"Melissa!" gasped Jennie. "Where did that come from?" "From Allen's hardware. Just got here. Joe told 'em to be sure and have it here before you got home."

"Joe?" Jennie felt tears coming. She could hardly see Joe strolling in casually.

"Hello, Jen!" Joe said. He looked at her an instant, then went up to her, took her in his arms and kissed her. Melissa slipped from the room. Jennie put her arms around his neck, her head on his shoulder. "You're a brick, I'll say," whispered Joe. "But, Jen, say, if you won't go back to the condensery ever again I'll get you anything you ask for. I—I can't come into the house and find you gone Jennie. Why, it—just about kills me."

Heart-Searching Voice of Violin Best Music There is music on board, and to its merry tunes the great ship dances along on the silvery crest of the waves. The "white horses" leap and laugh, with the children sporting on deck. Gayly the music and the wind whips everything into movement and animation, and on goes the ship—a happy creature of freedom, carrying joyously its human freight.

Or, perhaps, it is a tree-fringed road, white in the moonlight. A musician, in the midst of a strolling group of hill walkers, wildly plays to the night. Fantastically the shadows of his companions dance with the flickering shadows of the leaves. They merge, then part, as in a grotesque procession. Now they pass, and the music, and the songs of the men, and the laughter of the trees, mingle into one.

But the best music of all is the heart-searching voice of a violin played by an open-air fire. To be carried here and there on the exquisite waves of sound, to watch the flames leaping, to inhale the smell of the burning wood, to lose oneself in the blackness of the encircling earth or in the vastnesses of the starry sky overhead—is to hear music.

Wanted—An Epidemic! The doctor's little daughter took a lot of interest in her father's profession.

One day a lady friend called to see her mother, and in the course of conversation turned to the little girl and asked how she was and how her father was getting on.

"Oh, we aren't doing so badly," replied the young woman, with a new interest in the entertainment—"not so badly, all things considered. There's plenty of colds, some bronchitis, and a little fever here and there; but as daddy said yesterday morning, what we really want is a nice little epidemic."—Exchange.

Offer New Modes at Fashion Show

Color Combinations in Lime-light; Ensemble Still Prime Favorite.

Much interest was centered on the spring fashion show recently held in New York.

In the mannequin parade, one fact stood out clearly, namely the preference for two fabrics and two colors, where heretofore one served.

Color combinations were varied. The most frequently repeated schemes involved shades of blue, or independence blue, with tones of the sunburned caste variously designated as orange apricot and peach and so on.

Black and white, especially in arrangements calling for white fur on black cloth or crepe, was also exploited with shades of beige and aude, and combinations employing red, black and white as outstanding especially for sports. All white and all black had practically no representation, but white cleverly enlivened with color, and black toned up with white, or with color were in evidence.

That the ensemble remains the mainstay of the smart wardrobe was clear. The ensemble has endless interpretations, with short jackets and abbreviated coats much more generally accepted. Evening gowns are seeming incomplete without a jacket or cape of some sort.

Transparent velvets, brocaded silks and chiffons were the fabrics used for these charming accompaniments of the evening gown. Evening gowns, as was to be expected, were ultra feminine, fluttering types in a diversity of materials among which rayon and celanese were worthy additions to a long list of other materials. A charming group of organdie dresses was well received, thus advancing the cause of cotton, which also had a niche effectively filled by a group of cottons and check gingham.

There were fewer flowered prints. Among the evening gowns were some picturesque pompadour taffetas and a few flowered chiffons. While green was an oft repeated color in the evening frocks, shades of orange and warm sunburned yellows were repeated.

The all-white evening gown was beautifully represented in tulle and crystal embroidered and in a wedding gown the top of which was lace and

the skirt satin in a sweeping circular silhouette with the omnipresent elongated back line.

For day wear, skirts remain short if the exhibition 's a criterion.

For the more formal type of afternoon ensemble a certain irregularity of hemline is preserved, but for other purposes, the desired indecision in line is achieved by plaits variously distributed and variously stitched. The street and formal ensemble prescribes also the jacket and short coat type.

The short coat or jacket is almost always accompanied by a tuck-in blouse of a contrasting color.

Interesting and unusual collar treatments were another highlight; in some cases the collar of the blouse was drawn over the coat usually in an unbalanced scarf arrangement. Scarf collars bowed to one side and in one instance an ermine collar bowed to the left. The repeated use of bows added to the impression of highly feminized fashions.

Prints for Spring Are Charming, Distinctive In case you've wondered whether this spring's prints will differ radically from last year's, you'll be interested to know that this year's prints have several novel features of distinction. For instance, there are the ensemble prints—the same pattern on one heavy and one sheer fabric used together; the reverse color scheme, that is—the same pattern reproduced in exactly opposite color scheme.

"Covered Wagon" Print Model for Spring Wear

Showing a winsome model for spring—a smart ensemble in crepe. The coat is of solid color while the dress features an attractive print of the "Covered Wagon"—one of the early American series of designs. The skirt is plaited.



Tailored and Formal Afternoon Raincoats In the new raincoats which the shops are showing for spring and resort wear there is a marked increase in the variety of styles and materials used. They are not unlike those prevailing in the smart separate coats and ensembles. Both tailored and the formal afternoon models are offered, strict attention being placed on the general finish, lines and modish effects. For instance, the excessively full back or awkward lengths are avoided, and collars no longer are large and bulky, or so small that they prove inadequate.

Some of the fabrics used are flat crepe, Rodier linens and woolsens in modernistic designs; wool gabardines in colors other than the familiar putty, cotton crepe in prints and solid colors, wool cashmere and a new soft suede cloth in both light and dark shades. There are in addition several new models of moire, pongee silk, linen crash and a rippled fabric.

When the silk fabrics are used, greater liberty is taken with the designing, especially of such items as cuffs, collars, belts and pockets. The coats with inverted plaits in back, deep yokes and sleeves finished with extra straps for protection come mostly in the heavier materials.

Pockets are made as semioval, crescent or straight slits, bound in a contrasting color to match pipings used elsewhere. Many of the new coats are shown with some sort of belt, though a narrower one than heretofore. It extends usually just across the back and is finished with a fancy buckle made of a composition that matches the fabric.

Making Boxed Pillows to Decorate Your Home If interested in making boxed pillows, and in doing it well, it is suggested that you do not attempt to build up the foundation (though this may be done with layer after layer of cotton batting, if you are very ambitious) but that you purchase the squared down cushion ready-made. Then proceed as follows:

First trim down the piece that is to be the top, to the measurement of the pillow, allowing three-eighths inches for seaming on all edges; and cut another piece of equal size for the bottom.

Next, for the boxing, cut two strips for the length and two for the width, allowing three-eighths inches around all edges for seams. (Six pieces in all.)

Then baste the covered cording (made by yourself or purchased ready-made) around the top and bottom pieces of the cushion and sew the parts together. (This cording is seamed in, around four sides of the top and bottom, as the parts are joined.) Join cording at the corners, and your pillow is complete.—Detroit News.

Filling the Order Lumber—Why are you whitewashing those fallen trees? Jack—The order called for white pine logs.

Stars Are Retained in the Fashions of Today The vogue for stars remains. A striking and beautiful evening gown is made of deep blue velvet embroidered with silver stars. Silver and blue—midnight sky. Frock, trimming and color are all in lovely harmony.

Lampshades find in stars a most effective decoration. Stars of white or silver on blue ceilings are used in an occasional unconventionally modernistic room. And screens of heavy paper, in silver or gilt or blue, are decorated with stars—silver on the blue, gold on the silver, white on the gold, perhaps.

A cocktail coat of black net or georgette embroidered with silver stars is a most becoming addition to the sleeveless black evening frock.—Washington Star.



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid 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

For Old Sores Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for Best bottle if not satisfied. All Dealers.

Masterpiece Found by an Art Expert

At Graz, Austria, Doctor Bienenthal, government art expert, looking over an art exhibition stopped before a large canvas depicting the ascension of the Virgin Mary into heaven. Something led him to examine it closely, and he discovered that the canvas bore two coats of paint. The outside coat was removed and beneath it was revealed a genuine Tintoretto valued at \$500,000.

The government ordered the complete restoration of the canvas, 12 by 13 feet, which was the property of a church.

The discovery is like many that have been made before. When invaders went into Italy many of the Italian masterpieces were painted over with ordinary pictures, and when the foreign armies had withdrawn they were restored. But sometimes the foreign art robbers could not tell the difference between a dab and a masterpiece, so the camouflaged art treasures were carried off. Many of them have been since discovered, but doubtless there are still others still concealed by commonplace pictures.—The Pathfinder.

Mother Tells How Milks Emulsion Saved Her Son's Life

"In November, 1918, I wrote you in reference to my son's condition at that time. He had just gotten over the flu and double pneumonia and it looked as if he would never be a well boy again. His lungs were very weak and he had an awful cough. We thought he was going into consumption. He had pneumonia four times. This had taken all of his vitality and left his lungs in a very bad shape.

"I saw Milks Emulsion advertised in the Birmingham News, got a large bottle and gave it to my son. It did him so much good that I kept on giving him Milks Emulsion until he had taken 125 bottles and now I am very proud to tell you that my boy is a well, strong young man, 18 years old, and in excellent health. I give Milks Emulsion the credit and praise for having saved his life.

"You can publish this letter if you like, as I am very grateful to you for what your Emulsion did for my son. MISS J. A. BRADLEY, 1927 1/2 Avenue D, Apt. A, Birmingham, Ala."

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