

HAS THE LAXATIVE IN YOUR HOME A DOCTOR'S APPROVAL?



Some things people do to help their bowels whenever they have bad breath, feverishness, biliousness, or a lack of appetite warn of constipation, really weaken these organs. Only a doctor knows what will cleanse the system without harm. That is why the laxative in your home should have the approval of a family doctor.

The wonderful product, known to millions as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a family doctor's prescription for sluggish bowels. It never varies from the original prescription which Dr. Caldwell wrote thousands of times in many years of practice, and proved safe and reliable for men, women and children. It is made from herbs and other pure ingredients, so it is pleasant-tasting, and can form no habit. You can buy this popular laxative from all drugstores.

Says Cats Cure

According to Dr. E. Paller of the French Academy of Medicine, cats prevent pneumonia. He says every family should keep at least one cat. He thinks the day is not very far distant when the practicing physician will have to keep a cat farm, thus enabling him to answer emergency calls with a cat or two under his arm.

A miracle play of long ago, which had a great vogue at the time, represented Adam as rushing across the stage to get created.



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used once every hour for five hours. Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—instant relief. To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Sweet are the uses of adversity. It makes good luck, when it does come, look so golden.

UGLY PIMPLES?
Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, sallow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough skin cleansing. Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Watch the transformation. Try NR instead of more laxatives. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at drug stores, only 25c. FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

An Old Friend In a New Dress

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is now prepared in convenient, palatable, chocolate coated tablets packed in small bottles. Each bottle contains 70 tablets, or 35 doses. Slip a bottle into your handbag. Carry your medicine with you.

During the three trying periods of maturity, maternity and middle age, this remedy proves its worth. 98 out of 100 report benefit after taking it.

These tablets are just as effective as the liquid.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

CUPID PLAYS AN OLD-TIME GAME

(By D. J. Walsh.)

CONSTANCE was going abroad because her mother considered European travel the finishing touch to a young girl's education. As for the girl herself, she would have preferred vastly a summer of tennis and swimming, golf and long gallops through the woods. Moreover, the European party was not to her liking—a group of girls from her boarding school chaperoned by a very Victorian lady principal.

On the afternoon of the first day out Constance stole away to the stern of the ship. Across the white-capped undulations of water she looked longingly toward New York; yet it was hard to be thoroughly sad with the tang of salt air in her mouth and a stormy June breeze whipping her cropped curls. Surely something would happen to make her days less tedious. For Constance something usually did.

The waves were making such noise as they sloshed against the sides of the ship that Constance did not hear some one approaching along the deck and did not notice that a young man stood by her side, and, like her, braced his elbows upon the railing. It was not until he spoke that she turned to behold a veritable Apollo come to ride the sea with Father Neptune.

"I'm Richard Burlington—Princeton '25—in search of Constance Talbot, whose picture, that didn't half do her justice, for four years adorned the bureau of her cousin, Jim Thayer," the young man began with a grin that was in itself introduction enough. "Any chance of my finding her approachable?"

Constance matched the grin with a smile that involved her lips, her eyes and merry little crinkles along the bridge of her nose.

"Probably," she encouraged, "since you've approached the right girl at a crucial time and in an excellent place. I'd have known you anywhere, Dick—picked up as a pretty good sort from Jim's club group. Where're you going?"

"The youth shrugged eloquently. 'Ask Dad. He knows.' 'Not in a party?' Constance inquired sympathetically.

"In just that. And you?" "With Miss Tarkington."

"Shake," Dick Burlington exclaimed, giving Constance's hand a brotherly wring. "I know how you'll suffer."

"What can we do about it?" Constance implored, the corners of her mouth and the bigness of her eyes again pensive.

"Console each other on ship board and then meet in Europe as often as we can. Since we're both landing in Naples, we can't miss each other often. Beaten path, you know."

"Oh, don't!" sighed Constance, folding her hands in St. Cecilia resignation and casting heavenward those eyes that matched the cerulean sky above her. "Capri, Sorrento, Pompeii, Blue Grotto, Roma, Fiesola, Firenze, Venice, Milan, Lugano—"

"Domodossola Jung Frau, Luzerne," Dick added in Constance's sing-song rhythm. "Art galleries to the right of us, churches to the left of us—"

"Guido, Angelo, Titian, Murillo, Filippo," Constance giggled, for the first time amused at the sound of the old artists' names.

"Phillipino, Fiji, Boar—all the same to me," Dick said by way of closing the subject. "The important point is that you and I have seven days on this ship which we must make the most of."

And so until Naples loomed upon the horizon on the morning of the eighth day, Constance thought little of Miss Tarkington and her brood. When her steamer trunk was locked, however, and she stood on deck talking to Dick for possibly the last time, gloom again shrouded Constance's buoyancy.

"Cheer up, child," Dick consoled, but his boyish grin achieved a poor semblance of gayety. "I'll trail you if I have to employ every guide unhung and consult every oily-tongued congerie."

Just then by some instinct unexplained Constance turned and beheld within hearing distance none other than Miss Tarkington herself looking more than ever angularly severe. Her highly arched nose, which always gave the impression of sniffing something disagreeable, pointed straight toward the ship's mast, and her small, close-set eyes inspected Constance suspiciously through the lower half of bifocals.

"Isn't it nice that we are landing now?" the girl remarked in base hypocrisy as she felt herself propelled toward the girls who in Miss Tarkington's absence huddled together unheeded.

Constance choked periously. She was leaving Dick Burlington with no idea when she would see him again—handsome, dear, gallant Dick with whom she had played through seven heavenly days.

That night awaiting in a Neapolitan hotel her turn for the nocturnal bath, Constance heard her name called in Miss Tarkington's nasal tremble. "I'll not have young men annoying my party," the lady principal was

saying to the demure little damsel who shared her room en voyage. "If Constance's friend keeps appearing I'll change my itinerary."

Constance shook a fierce little fist at the partition separating her room from Miss Tarkington's. Life had suddenly become full of a number of things that were terribly distressing.

Through southern Italy Constance tried to remain impervious to beauty, but she ended in admitting that everything would have been quite perfect with Dick substituted for the ten who flocked with Miss Tarkington. Even Rome for a few days was endurable. After that churches and galleries began to pall. Over two weeks and not a glimpse of Dick! Constance was almost numb with ennui and longing. Dick had promised to find her, and he was not keeping his promise.

Then one fine morning, when Constance stood in the Rospigliosi palace trying to admire the Aurora as reflected in the tilted mirror, she found herself looking straight into the eyes of Dick Burlington. Constance saw her cheeks in a sudden flame below eyes that shone, and she saw Dick as triumphantly happy as a hunter who has treed his game. He led her out of the crowded little room into the Italian sunshine that all at once seemed to Constance to be casting about her rays of molten gold.

"How have you lived through it?" Dick fairly panted.

"I haven't," Constance replied with a giggle not at all corpulent. "You brought me to life."

"What's your hotel, Constance?" "A thing that goes under the misnomer of Eden. Heavens! Here comes Tarly."

"Come, dear," the lady principal said to Constance with a brief nod for the interloper, "we must see Michael killing the dragon at the church of the Capuchin monks."

"Isn't that creature dead yet?" Constance moaned as she was led away.

That evening at dinner Miss Tarkington sprung a change of plans but she would not divulge her next step. Constance, remembering that she had had no chance to get the name of Dick's hotel, felt as though she would pass away at once. So the hopeless maiden went to the porch in front of the Eden and sat in wretched solitude.

The slow-departing Italian twilight merged at last its pastel loveliness into the royal purple of the night. Life seemed to Constance sadder than Italian nights and not so beautiful. She dropped her face into her hands and her shoulders trembled a little. Dick, Dick, lost in Europe!

A car stopped at the curb. Two hands dragged her into the tonneau and continued to hold her.

"Pincion hill," a familiar voice called to the driver.

Ten minutes later Constance walked with Dick along the enchanted paths to the garden point that overlooked the seven hills of Rome. She held her breath as the glorious panorama unfolded before her. She realized with a thrill of pleasure that Dick was looking at her and not at the city. He was taking both her hands and compelling her eyes with his.

"Constance, I love Rome when I'm with you, because I love you," he said. "There's only one way to escape the guides and guidebooks. You'll have to marry me tonight."

"Can one elope in Italy?" Constance faltered.

"Romeo and Juliet did," countered the resourceful Dick, "and my Friar Lawrence is waiting. Besides, I cabled Dad plans and troubles and he cabled funds."

In a quiver of happiness Constance permitted the wonders of Rome to be hidden by the nice roughness of Dick's coat. Europe, beautiful, glamorous Europe, was spreading before her in endless vistas of romance.

Put Twins to Death to End Prolonged Drought

Superstitions relative to rainfall appear still to exist in remote parts of the world. A story from South Africa, related in Wide World Adventures, tells how natives, following tribal law, put to death two pairs of twins in order to bring rain during a prolonged drought. The tale, which comes from the province of Bulawayo, places the guilt not on the parents, but specifically on the mother-in-law of one of them and generally on the other grandparents of the children. The accused, so runs the record, pleaded that they were unaware that they had committed a criminal act. They "were merely acting according to their law."

In India caste distinction also plays its part in the rain ceremony once practiced with regularity. In one district, when drought descends on the land, Brahman women are sent to plow the fields. This is looked on as a great hardship. For the beauties of a high caste in India are very proud and look with scornful eyes on people who work with their hands. So various subterfuges are resorted to by the lazy beauties. Refusing to be seen in daylight performing labor usually done by their servants, they arise early in the morning before men are astir in the streets and merely touch the handles of the plow that is to be used in plowing the parched fields. Thus they comply with the requirements of their country's custom without being seen in undignified surroundings. The actual plowing is done by servant plowmen.

One Sister
Mary Jo's brothers call her "deter." Recently a new neighbor observing the little girl playing with her brothers asked the four-year-old whether she had any sisters.

"We have one sister, I'm it," was the reply.

Long-Legged Look to Be Essential

Lengthening of Line Will Be Prominent in Spring, Summer Outfits

It is now the Paris beginning of the summer season. The clothes worn in the mannequin parades of the next few weeks are those destined, for the most part, for you to wear weeks from now, excluding, of course, the few models designed for the South.

There are no indications of any rapid changing of the silhouette, other than an emphasis on curving lines, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York World. Angularity of silhouette is definitely a thing of the past. When we are all grandmothers and can look back over the pictures of Twentieth-century fashions, we'll probably find that in 1930 the fashionable figure looked quite like a human being.

The most important exaggeration will be a lengthening of the line from waist to ankle. That long-legged look will be an essential of every spring and summer outfit, from the tennis dress which just covers the knees to the dance frock that trails the floor. It is responsible for the maintenance of the normal waistline in some form on every single costume.

Skirt lengths themselves will probably not be much different than those you're by now accustomed to. A chart



Maroon Colored Georgette Crepe Draped at Neck and Hemline.

of the average wardrobe designed by any of the better Paris couturiers show a hemline that begins, in morning clothes, from three to four inches below the knee and slants on down to floor length for formal evening clothes. Your skirt by luncheon will have lengthened two inches; for tea, two or three more; at dinner it will just clear your ankles.

Unless something very unusual appears in these openings, even hems will probably continue to be preferred. This is no dead set rule, however. There are certain women who always have slightly more grace in a dress that is not too severely horizontal. A skirt that droops ever so little at the sides or the back may often be smarter than one which is strict in its even hem. For evening clothes there are prophesies of less and less petal effects (though these are not to be completely discarded) and more of the type of skirt which hangs straight from the waist and gets its fullness by means of draping.

An interesting Parisian afternoon dress is of maroon-colored georgette crepe. Tan velvet flowers are appliqued on the material. The frock is effectively draped at the neck and the hemline.

Draped lines and devices which get the effect of drapery are noticeable in models shown in the majority of houses and hence are on the list of fashion points slated for spring and summer importance. Blouses in particular, are expected to show a defined influence of draping in preference to cutting.

There is an example in the blouse or the dress which has a normal waistline, but which achieves the effect of a drooping back by the way its back is draped, so that there is a U-shaped line in its folds. The entire backs of certain blouses are draped in this manner, giving a U-shaped neckline at the top and a bolero-blouse effect that hangs over the belt at the back.

Lopsided Frocks Brought Out by Paris Designers

Paris is going more and more lopsided. Not only skirts, but now collars have a slant on. Vionnet started it by making coat collars that were ruffled high about the neck and extended farther down one side of the front than the other. Now dresses and blouses have taken up the idea, if only to the extent of allowing a loose end of collar to hang down in a tab after the collar has fulfilled its normal function.

New Petticoat

A new lingerie set has brassiere, circular step-ins and a little wrap around petticoat of white satin and ecru lace.

ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

You want your children to see interesting, wholesome motion pictures. You find that perhaps 95 out of every 100 pictures are stupid or dull or perverted or, at best, designed for adult appreciation. The other five are so delightful that you realize the possibilities of the "movies" as an artistic and educational influence. In spite of the defects of the 95, your children persist in seeing them. You wonder what you can do about it. For one thing turn a deaf ear to the propagandist who advises you to help Hollywood make "bigger and better pictures." That won't work! Educate a new public to prefer better films. It will take time and money, but will be worth the while.

There should be classes for parents in every public school, every private school and every college and university in the country. Already many institutions of learning have seen the light of the new day that is dawning, and in such places classes in parental education and child training have been started.

Though linen sheets are not in everyday use in any but wealthy homes, a fine sheet which approaches it in texture is the percale sheet which is coming more and more into general favor because it retains its freshness longer than a real linen sheet and at the same time has a softness and luxurious texture which is very desirable.

It is not an overstatement to say that care of the teeth should begin before the birth of the child, for the first set of teeth is already formed in the gums at birth, and upon the quality and quantity of the mother's nutrition depends her baby's dental start in life. A good start must be followed by eternal watchfulness. Teach the child to brush his teeth invariably after eating, brushing with a rotary motion of a stiff-bristle brush, as this method aids in preventing the gums from receding. Give the child plenty of rough food to make him exercise his teeth.

Overfeeding the baby is almost impossible. The baby has a perfectly responsible mechanism by which he can get rid of any surplus, even if you should be successful in getting him to take it—which you practically never can do. Too frequent feeding—yet that is far too common; and it is practically always bad. But too much at one time—that never happens if feedings are three or four hours apart. The old belief in the possibility of overfeeding a baby is dwindling away to nothing. It is underfeeding, not overfeeding, that we have to fear.

Vitamins C always bears watching, for it is a fragile substance. It is sensitive to heat, hence to cooking processes. Exposure to air destroys it, as do long periods of storage and contact with baking soda. What foods contain this health-promoting substance? Oranges and all citrus fruits are gold mines of it as are tomatoes, raw, cooked and canned; raw cabbage and raw turnips. Uncooked bananas have a good supply, as do raw carrots, lettuce and spinach.

Early Spring Ensemble Has Short Coat of Fur



A winsome early spring ensemble boasts a short coat of fur that matches in color, the tweed frock worn beneath it. The frock is of gray tweed, trimmed with gunmetal buttons, and the coat is a shade of gray caracul.

Footwear Matches Handbag Colors
The relationship between matching bags and footwear has been firmly cemented. In further proof is a handsome peasant print for the high-heeled pump and handbag.

Quaint Frocks

A roman striped ciallis frock for sports wear has its tuck-in blouse under with chinese collar and elbow sleeves and its skirt gored.

Get poisons out of system . . .

Doctors know that this modern scientific laxative works efficiently in smaller doses because you chew it. Safe and mild for old and young.

Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION



Change First Movie Star—We certainly change as we grow older, don't we? Second Ditto—Yes, I used to marry men I wouldn't go out to dinner with now.—Vancouver Province.



Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks
K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poisons. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Conscience process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

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Her Husband—My arm is lame from reaching in my pocket for money for you.

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

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