

STOP THAT COUGH!

Bronchitis is increasingly prevalent at this season. Alone, it is seldom serious, although the cough may be very annoying.

The quick effective way to check these troubles is to apply B. & M., The Penetrating Germicide, three times a day, spreading it over the entire chest and throat.

B. & M. is obtainable from most druggists. If yours cannot supply it, send his name and \$1.25 for a large-size bottle sent postpaid.

Tigers Breeding in Mexico. In 1913 a circus was wrecked in Mexico. A Bengal tiger and two tigresses escaped in the wreck and never were recaptured.

For seventy-five years, one Grady or another had been stationed at a hack stand, tending stallions in private racing stables, or engaged in work that had to do, either directly or indirectly, with horses.

This Mother Had Problem



As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it.

In cases like this, California Fig Syrup never fails to work wonders, by the quick and gentle way it removes all the souring waste which is causing the trouble.

Fought Fire With Melons. A truck loaded with watermelons that Walter Griffith was taking to market skidded off the highway near Wenatchee, Wash., and burst into flames.

Didn't Dare Brag. "Does your husband ever brag that a good cook his mother was?" asked the caller.

Doan's Pills. Heed promptly kidney and bladder irregularities. If bothered with bladder irregularities; nagging backache and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling.

Advertisement for Doan's Pills, featuring an image of the product box and a man's portrait.

PASSING OF THE HORSE

By FANNIE HURST

THE passing of the horse is a phenomenon to which this generation has become more or less accustomed.

Upon the Grady family, the passing of the horse was to make its deep and lasting impression. A family long inured to the paddock, the stables, the coachman's box, the racing stable, suddenly was finding itself on ground as shifting as quicksands.

For twenty years Michael Grady, whose grandfather and father before him had occupied his same kind of throne, had sat in the box of a well-groomed four-wheeler of a cab.

There were not half a dozen horse cabs left in town. And of them Michael's was by far the most presentable. The remaining four or five were of thirty and thirty-five years ago, and so were their drivers.

Not so with Michael. He was forty and as alert and up and coming in his interests and desires as any of the taxicab and private car chauffeurs about the town.

"Give me a horse every time, with a spirit to him, and a warm sociable muzzle to him and a knowing eye and a friendly heart, to an iron devil with petrol in his veins."

The taxi men were jocular about this and agreed upon the kingship of the horse and admired Michael's well-shod, well-groomed, kindly, disciplined chestnut mare, but when it came to regarding her seriously as a means of transportation—why—better wake up, Mike, the Civil war is over.

Michael knew all this. He knew that his tenacity branded him as old-fashioned and passe as the old museum pieces of cabbles who drowsed all day on their boxes in the square, and fiercely, Michael, who had youth and pride in him, resented the indictment.

He was neither passe nor old-fashioned; he would ride in a taxi with the best of them, regarded it as the important innovation it was; conceded everything the fellows said about it, but that didn't make him any the less master of his own soul.

Michael had no backward point of view regarding modern devices, especially the automobile. His ideas had to do solely with his own personal preferences and in spite of the increased remuneration that a man could expect from driving a taxicab, Michael stuck to his guns.

It is doubtful that even in the end Michael would have capitulated to the pressure of the age in which he lived, except for an immemorial reason.

The girl Roselle, so enchantingly up-to-the-moment in her slim young boyishness, doctored head, quick restless eyes, eager voice, was simply not the sort you could imagine sitting demurely behind the shining flanks of even the personable Hotspur.

Roselle, wooed by practically every taxicab driver, the darling delight of the traveling salesmen who crowded around her telephone operator's desk in the hotel, was the personification of the age of the darling

motor, the jangling telephone, the circling airplane. Nothing short of miracle, at least in his eyes, was the fact that of all the milling admirers about this phantom of delight, her glance should fall, linger and conclude by adoring Michael, fifteen years her senior and belonging to the back-rank and file of the almost extinct coachmen.

Naturally, it was here that her influence entered most violently. Within two weeks after the bewildering knowledge that Roselle was in love with him, the two of them, hand in hand, like children, had sought out the school for automobile drivers, where Michael was enrolled for evening work.

It was by all odds the most exciting event that had ever entered his life, and to mitigate what might have been the pain of it, Hotspur was to be relegated for light farm work to the truck garden of an uncle of Roselle's, where the pair, when they were wedded, could visit him on a Sunday.

One week before the wedding of Michael and Roselle, and that same one week before Michael was to assume his permanent place on the taxicab, Roselle staged a party.

It was a pretentious affair, given in the back yard of the little house on the outskirts of town which Roselle shared with parents and a brood of small brothers and sisters. There were colored paper lanterns strung on clothes line. Dancing on the back porch, to ukelele music supplied by some of Roselle's old flames among the taxi boys.

Led into the back yard by four of Roselle's little brothers and sisters, head down, tall down, eyes down, was Hotspur! Hotspur, mind you, rigged up in a white lace ruff, and a beribboned sunbonnet and a large veil of lace curtain caught by orange blossoms at the neck.

Hotspur, the sweet-eyed, delicate-nosed, satin-flanked Hotspur, standing there abashed by the ribaldry, quivering under ridicule, defamed by giggles!

It seemed to Michael, seeing it happen, as if his heart had stopped and with it his desire to ever live again.

Crackling laughter about him, Roselle clapping her hands and skipping about the dejected figure of Hotspur; the guests applauding this latest coup of her pliant little hostess; it came over Michael suddenly that here in this humiliating moment probably resided blessing. Here, in this moment of hurting for Hotspur, there came to him the impossibility of what he was about to do.

Michael belonged on his box, behind Hotspur. Roselle, bless her, belonged to that age out there. A good enough age if you knew what it was all about, only Michael, for the life of him, somehow could not figure out the need of rush through time to the jangling of telephone bells, the whirring of motors and zipping of planes.

Feeling that way about it all, bleeding at heart for Hotspur, the rest of his decision came quickly.

Michael is back on his box now, the last coachman in the square. He still drives for the older families and the nurses at the hospital still have a way of sending for him when they want their patients to enjoy a tranquil drive behind the restful old Hotspur.

He has even driven Roselle and her husband about on two occasions, when she was a patient at the hospital after the birth of her babies.

Trip to Middle Ages. To be in Italy in the summer time and not see the Race of the Contrade, or Palo of Siena, is dire misfortune. The medieval pageant, of which the race in the chief square of the city is the glorious climax, occurs in August. With a blare of trumpets the grand procession enters and proceeds slowly around the great Piazza del Campo, a glittering, colorful equestrian spectacle of the 17 Contrade of Siena.

Ownership of Wind. In old days in England the question of who owned the wind was frequently disputed. A wind or watermill had "soke" rights, which meant that everyone living in the manor had to send their flour to it to be ground. A mill being rooted in the soil belonged to whoever owned the soil. Therefore, the wind belonged to the miller or his landlord.

Even Money. Finnigan—They say she buried her first husband in less than a year.

Finnigan—Well, who are you betting on? It should be even money on past performance.—New Bedford Standard.

There's No Limit as to Huge Cuffs

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A SLEEVE is known by its cuff these days. This gesture of fashion in the direction of enormous as well as very fanciful cuffs is confined neither to coat or frock, but every type of garment be it wrap, gown or blouse.

Take it in the matter of the smartest daytime frocks made either of the swanky sheer woolsens or of voguish silk crepes or of velvet, it is their whimsical elbow-length lace and lingerie cuffs which are their pride and their glory.

However, when it comes to calling attention to out-of-the-ordinary cuffs it is the now-so-modish fur-trimmed cloth suit and the fur-trimmed coat, likewise the all-fur wrap which are carrying away the honors.

By its cuffs shall you know it—as a frock or jacket of this season's crop. Sleeves carry the burden of much of the mode this year. First we had oversleeves with long narrow cuffs, then puffed sleeves or arms covered with fabric cut on wholly correct leg-o-mutton lines.

SLEEVES TO BEAR BURDEN OF STYLE

There's no doubt about it, there is a picturesque note about the wide cuff whether it be on frock or coat and it is especially luxurious when it is fur fringed, as it is being done this season. Then, too, the glove gets a chance to expose its crinkled, or wrinkled surface with grand elan and effect.

Wide cuffs of white are very good with black frocks and they give even the largest, most utilitarian hand a soft, delicate appeal. And that's something when hands have been gripping tennis racquets or golf clubs through the years.

Feather Trimmed Frocks Spring Into Popularity. With the advent of the feather trimmed hat, it is not surprising that many designers are now showing frocks with feather trimming a dominant feature.

The hem seems to be assuming additional importance with the introduction of fur-edged borders and now, with feather edges, too. Of course, such a frock is not meant for the woman who has to watch her wardrobe expenditures; it is rather for the fortunate woman who can afford one or two extra gowns.

A feather-trimmed frock quite plainly demands perfection in detail, accessories and grooming, or else the effect would, most likely be more sad than scintillating.

Muffs on Scarfs. Scarf muffs are a new Paris wrinkle for fall. Wool scarfs to match street frocks are tipped with double bands of fur at the ends which serve the wearer as a muff.

LIGHTWEIGHT WOOL

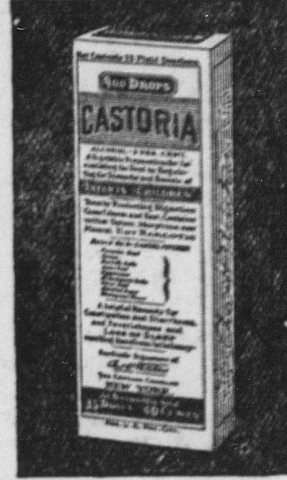


A frock in lightweight wool is one of the smartest frocks of the season, especially when it has the added touch of frilling. For just as sheer wool dresses top the mode so, too, does the drowsy frill that can be left off to suit the occasion.—Woman's Home Companion.

Earrings for You. Ball-shaped earrings add breadth to your face, and long tapering ones will give a short full face the appearance of being much longer.

Advertisement for Darol, a cold remedy. Text: STOP YOUR COLD IN 12 HOURS WITH DAROL. Breaks a cold in 6 hours. Drives it away in 12 hours. Relieves Headache—Neuralgia—Pain. McKesson & Robbins. Quality Since 1833.

The Other Way Around. Prison Visitor—"And I suppose it was poverty brought you here?" Prisoner 069966—"No, I was simply coining money."



Made specially for BABIES and CHILDREN

Physicians tell us that one condition is nearly always present when a child has a digestive upset, a starting cold or other little ailment. Constipation. The first step towards relief is to rid the body of impure wastes.

CASTORIA CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

Grain Went Wrong Way. James C. Garver remedied a large building at Madison, Wis., to manufacture cattle feed. Friends were invited to witness its first production.

Here is one financial rule that is worth knowing: It is easier to make debts than to pay them.

A ghost relies chiefly on noises to scare you.

Advertisement for Webster's New International Dictionary, featuring an image of the dictionary and text: new Words are included in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. Such as anagrap, broadtail, patency, credit union, Latvia, etc.

Ever see two little boys "playing horse" nowadays?

The chiropodist believes in tight shoes—for others.

STOP THAT 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.

Advertisement for Musterole, featuring an image of the product box and text: MUSTEROLE BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PASTER.