

STOP THAT COUGH!

Bronchitis is increasingly prevalent at this season. Alone, it is seldom serious, although the cough may be very annoying. But the serious side of Bronchitis and other mild infections of the lungs and throat is that the inflamed tissues may be invaded by some far more serious organism, particularly Pneumonia.

This is a real danger in most cases. It is the best of reasons why a bronchial cough or an attack of laryngitis should be stopped as quickly as possible.

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. Usually the first application will bring out a red-dish flush showing where the trouble is.

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. Helpful booklet free on request. F. E. ROLLINS COMPANY, 53 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.—Adv.

Tigers Breeding in Mexico

In 1913 a circus was wrecked in Mexico. A Bengal tiger and two tigers escaped in the wreck and never were recaptured. In the 20 years since many little tigers have been born and reared in the mountains of the region where the three were first unintentionally liberated. They are at home in Mexico and display their traits, cunning, cruelty and large appetites for the flesh of other beasts. It is possible that in a century's time tigers will become common in Mexico.

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. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, sallow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

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, regulates the stomach and bowels and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act normally of their own accord. Children love its rich, fruity flavor and it's purely vegetable and harmless, even for babies.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snively, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

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. With no water available, Griffith had an idea. He hurled watermelons at the blazing truck. They burst and spouted water all over the blaze. The twenty-third melon put out the fire.

Didn't Dare Brag

"Does your husband ever brag that a good cook his mother was?" asked the caller. "No," smiled the young married woman, "he knows I know his father died of indigestion."

Don't Neglect Your Kidneys



Heed Promptly Kidney and Bladder Irregularities

If bothered with bladder irregularities; nagging backache and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling due to disordered kidney action or bladder irritation, don't delay. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years. Recommended the country over. Sold everywhere.



PASSING OF THE HORSE

By FANNIE HURST

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

THE passing of the horse is a phenomenon to which this generation has become more or less accustomed. Already in wide areas of the urban sections of Europe, North and South America, the tractor and the countless steam and electrical driven devices for farming the face of the earth, have lessened his importance in vast agricultural belts the world over.

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 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.

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, plying his rapidly dwindling trade from station to hotel; from hotel to botanical gardens, aquarium, art gallery and points of general interest. There was a residuum of local trade left, too. A handful of the older families who still sent for Michael for theater, dinner party or park drives as they had sent for his father and grandfather before him.

But for the most part, for an appallingly major part, the calls now came for the taxicabs and service cars parked around the large hotel.

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. It was just that, as he put it, he had stepped into his old Pap's shoes and found them to his liking.

"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 cabbies 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. And Michael's soul was the soul of a coachman. The proper opening to his day was to walk into the stable and feel his Hotspur nuzzle over her bin to greet him. Part of the very rhythm of his being was the clip-clop of his ten-year-old over the asphalt of the city streets, her tall glossy, because he had made it so, mane flowing, pace so even that the habit of summoning Michael for a patient's first drive after an operation.

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. Or rather to his horse.

For twenty years, he withstood the tests of time, increasing rigors of traffic, pressure of the taxi men who were forever chaffing him, and maintained his coachman's seat. In that time there had only been three horses, Hotspur at six years, standing strong and in her prime.

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. He fell in love and with his eye on marriage, felt the need of a larger income.

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 at the stand; 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. Two weeks later, his first payment of his nest egg of five hundred dollars was made on an orange-colored, slightly used taxicab, and three months later a newly licensed chauffeur, in a natty cravenette suit, leggings and cap, was doing his test driving on a speedway just outside the town.

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.

It was all, as Roselle put it, just too hot-to-totsy for anything, except that the slip-up came where not even her sharp foresight could have ever anticipated it.

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. Strawberries and cream and homemade ginger bread passed by Roselle's perspiring mother and smaller brothers and sisters.

It was toward the end of the evening, after Michael and Roselle had been obliged by their warmed-up guests to dance a fandango, that the real novelty of the occasion took place.

Led into the back yard by four of Roselle's little brothers and sisters, head down, tall down, eyes down, was Hotspur! Hotspur, blind 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 Palio 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. After many skillful displays of flag furling and catching, the wild excitement of the race comes, and in a moment it is finished and you return from the Middle Ages to today.

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.

Hooligan—Yes, and he buried his first wife 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.

If it has long sleeves, gives conspicuous expression to highly ornate and out-of-the-usual cuff silhouettes.

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. These may or may not be an actual part of the dress, for while many of their sleeves adopt the elbow cuffs made of self or contrast materials, it is just as likely that the cuffs are detachable, for the neckwear departments are a revelation in the way of "sets" which include cuffs with a daring flare which extends halfway up the arm, together with novel and elaborate neckpieces.

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 furred long coat, likewise the all-fur wrap which are carrying away the honors. Judging from the latest models there is no limit as to how far a cuff shall be permitted to wander toward the top of the sleeves. In some instances not even the elbow is recognized as a stopping place. Frequently the effect is more that of a half-sleeve either contrasting two kinds of material or two kinds of fur or forming the upper portion of the sleeve of cloth with fur meeting it at or above the elbow. Which goes to

show very erratic sleeves can be this season.

In designing the swagger deep-cuffed sleeve the very fashionable flat furs such as astrakhan, Persian lamb, galyak, seal and gray kidskin which is the rage at the present moment, nor should dyed lapin or ermine be omitted from the list. Are manipulated like fabric with all sorts of intriguing dressmaker touches. We must not neglect to mention in this connection the very smart spotted furs such as leopard and ocelot, for they are immensely popular.

It is interesting also to note how deftly sable, mink and other similar types are sewed row and row to form bell or huge puff effects which reach often to beyond the elbow.

The jacket suit and the long fur coat in the picture tell the story of that which is new in cuffs in a thoroughly up-to-date manner. The suit is really a three-piece in that the jacket tops a dress rather than merely a skirt. It is, of course, styled of one of the fascinating novelty woolsens such as is causing the world of fashion to stop and admire. The fur which trims it is seal. Furriers are very enthusiastic in regard to sealskin this season.

The black astrakhan coat shown to the right is a Lanvin model. It features straight conservative lines and elbow cuffs. The tie of black velvet is an interesting item. In their most recent collections Paris couturiers are stressing not only velvet scarfs, but on their frocks of every material they are positing at strategic points great soft-fleeced velvet bows either in contrasting or self-color.

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

SLEEVES TO BEAR BURDEN OF STYLE

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. Now come wide cuffs, bishop's sleeves and other cuffy glories.

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 banded, 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 organdie 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.

STOP YOUR COLD IN 12 HOURS WITH DAROL
 Breaks a cold in 6 hours. Drives it away in 12 hours. Relieves Headache—Neuralgia—Pains.
 McKesson & Robbins Quality Since 1833

The Other Way Around
 Prison Visitor—"And I suppose it was poverty brought you here?"
 Prisoner 009900—"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. And for this nothing is better than genuine Castoria! Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for babies and children. This means it is mild and gentle; that it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Yet it always gets results! You never have to coax children to take Castoria. Real Castoria always bears the name:



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. Garver pushed a button. Wheels turned. Workmen poured great sacks of grain into hoppers, but nothing came out as the finished product. The building was searched from top to bottom without discovering where the grain was going. Garver went to the roof. There out of a ventilator spouted the mixture, and the wind scattered it afar. A workman had diverted the ground grain into the wrong pipe.

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.

New Words
 are included in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY such as anagraph, broadtail, patency, credit union, Latvia, etc.
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 G. & C. MERRIAM CO. Dept. HK Springfield, Massachusetts

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. This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific "counter-irritant"—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



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