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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:



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Every time the San Francisco firemen go out on a fire they come home with a haul of trout. Fire Chief Brennan says the fish come through the fire mains, sometimes clogging up the lines. The trouble is caused by trout spawn slipping through screens over the intake to the fire hydrant mains and later growing up to be good-sized fish.

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relieved this quick way
If the stabbing pains of rheumatism are crippling you, rub on good old St. Jacobs Oil. Relief comes in a minute! This famous remedy draws out pain and inflammation. It's the quick, safe way to stop aches and pains of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago or Backache, Neuralgia or swollen joints. No blistering. No burning. Get a small bottle at any drug store.

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Patient—Yes, only last night I took them off when I went to bed.



Burden Bearers
He—We've got to carry several bursters on the next hole.
She (a novice)—Why should we? What are the caddies for?

WARNING To Every Sufferer From STOMACH TROUBLE ACIDOSIS INDIGESTION, ETC.

A trial package of VON'S PINK TABLETS, the wonder remedy for stomach trouble of every kind, is yours for the asking.

HERE IS QUICK RELIEF WITHOUT OPERATION

The most obstinate and long-standing cases respond to this wonderful remedy, which re-creates the proper chemical balance in your stomach, thus freeing you of pain and distress. Write at once for a free trial package of VON'S PINK TABLETS and again enjoy eating all the wholesome foods you want without fear of pain or distress. Philadelphia Van Co., Dept. 468-A, 24 So. 17 Street

Easiest of all persons to get along with, is the man who knows it all. You employ but one means, flattery.

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so naturally nobody'll know
Now without using dangerous dyes you can darken gray hair naturally, quickly restore its original shade by the world's finest, safe way which is now keeping millions of heads young looking. Benefits the hair as it darkens it to the shade you want. As simple as brushing. Try it. Pay druggist 75c for a large bottle of WYETH'S SAGE & SULPHUR and just follow easy directions.

The Greatest Ever

By FANNIE HURST

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FOR twenty years the woman known as "Aunt Em" had sold newspapers in the doorway of a haberdasher's shop in the theater section of New York's Broadway.

A broker who bought papers from her on the fly had nicknamed her that because she reminded him of an "Aunt Em" who had reared him.

Like most happy misnomers, it stuck. Aunt Em's real name was—well, no matter. There was something short and stout and matronly about the appellation "Aunt Em." Something kind and wholesome. The name fitted the little woman in the decent black and the straw poke bonnet which she wore both winter and summer as she sold newspapers to the flying world that hurried past her doorway.

Every evening at five, rain, snow, shine, storm, Aunt Em stood shouting her wares in her doorway. When the last theater light blinked out, she wrapped up her loose change in a red handkerchief, tucked under her folding camp chair for that purpose and with her daughter, Wenda, who called for her, marched her way home.

In a way, Aunt Em was quite a character about that busy neighborhood. In the quick tide of its ebb and flow she had known great people by sight (some as customers), and hundreds of clerks and petty folk on their way to subway and tram nodded Aunt Em their good morning as they tossed their pennies, snatched their dailies, and ran.

That little tucked-in corner in the doorway had yielded Aunt Em twenty years of livelihood. Enough, mind you, to rear into successful maturity six offspring with whom she had struggled, a widow, through years so lean, some of them, that the gutters in her face still showed the ravages of pain, deprivation, even hunger.

All that was changed now. Five of the six children had left the nest, three sons and two daughters, married, and were on their own. A fairly prosperous little flock of petty trades people, set up here and there about the great city in such small enterprises as stationer's shop, fruit stand or notion store. All of them given their start, too, by willing, if lean contributions from the old lady's change handkerchief.

When she was sixty Aunt Em might well have felt entitled to sit back and let those for whom she had toiled through the years do some of the toiling for her.

That was what lay heavily on the heart of Wenda, the only unmarried one of the flock. Of course the others all offered to contribute to the upkeep of the old woman, but somehow, to Wenda, who felt passionately about it, there was something half-hearted about the profferings of the sons and daughters and the in-laws.

In her heart, Wenda felt bitter toward these brothers and sisters. It did not seem to twist their hearts the way it did hers to see the old woman standing humped in her doorway, shouting.

Not that the old woman could be easily dissuaded from her labors. On the contrary, Wenda had occasion to know that all too emphatically. After all, on her own earnings as stenographer at twenty-eight dollars a week, Wenda was well able to take the burden of the labor of long hours, outdoor exposure, to say nothing of the mental aspect of the work, off her mother's shoulders.

Night after night, calling for her mother after theater hours, Wenda argued with her along these lines. It was rather an inconspicuous spectacle to see the girl and the woman huddled there together in the doorway. Wenda, who had a pretty, eager sort of face, as if she were smelling at a star, and who was attired in all the mock splendor of the New York office girl, wrapping the old news woman carefully across the shoulders in the knitted jacket she had worn for years and stacking the unsold newspapers in their corner of the doorway where, by arrangement, a small boy called for them before sun up.

Sometimes Wenda had to admit to herself that it was the sting of the social stigma that went with her mother's occupation, almost as much as the desire to spare her effort, that prodded her on to remonstrance.

"Mamma, how do you think a girl feels having a newsboy for a mother?"
"Go along! A newsboy for a mother was what kept enough warm milk in your baby bottle to make you what you are."

"You're entitled to rest now."
"Yes? My boys and girls got enough struggle to raise their own families."

"I'll never marry. What fellow, the kid I'd like, if I like any, would marry into a newsboy's family? On my salary I could come home evenings to a home with a supper on the table instead of having to know my mother is out newsboying!"

"You're a good girl, but I'm a good newsboy."

"Don't you think—a girl in an office, meeting the kinda people I do all day—kinda—feels it—having a newsboy for a mother? It's not like with the others. They never got out in the world. A newsboy mother don't help a girl's social position."

"Not if she's an honest newsboy!"
"Mamma, let me take care of you."
"Go 'long. I won't be made a granny of. When I haven't got any more chicks to take care of, at least, I can take care of myself. You've got your own life. Live it."

"I tell you I'll never marry."
But of course one day Wenda, who was stenographer in a lawyer's office, did meet a young clerk named Laddie Evans, to whom her little, young moon of a face was beauty and delight.

He was a straw-colored young man with a lithe, athletic body, great, square, white, healthy young teeth and a hand grip that was youth and vitality in one.

In the office they met, these two, and life suddenly became something to tingle and flush over. New impulses to cry, to laugh, to dance, to shiver ecstatically, raced over Wenda all of a morning. When Laddie Evans passed her type-writing machine goose flesh popped out over him like little bells ringing.

Yet Wenda had a head on her. The daughter who had a mother-who-was-a-newsboy looked back into the eyes of Laddie with her heart crying, but her lips firm.

It was hard, because, almost from the first day that they had begun to be conscious of one another, Laddie was for plunging into the heart of the affair. He hung over her desk at noon time and importuned her to go to an automat for lunch. He slid little paper bags of cherries which he had purchased off a push cart into her lap. He waited for her at closing, and she evaded him by sneaking out of a side door.

One day—he was a bold youth—he wrote her a note in long hand, sending it in to her by an office boy.

"Why won't you go out to dinner with me tonight and give me the chance to tell you that I love you? You might as well give in and get it over with. I'll get you yet. I love you.—Laddie."

With her lips quite firm, Wenda wrote him back:

"Yes, I'll have dinner with you."

They met down in the gulch of Forty-fifth street, after office hours. There was something really lovely about Wenda. The dewiness of tears shining behind her beauty. And Laddie was like a god. Heady with the wine of new love.

"Wenda," he said, "why have you been so cruel? Nothing can stop the thing between us."

She looked at him with her eyes dry and her heart crying.

"You must work," she said, "and not indulge in nonsense. Some day you will be a big lawyer."

"I know I will if you help me. Come, Wenda, let's go to dinner—we've all of life to plan."

"No—yes—but first—I must stop by and see—my mother—have you a mother? Where is your mother?"

"Sure I've a mother. The greatest ever."

"Where—is—she—"
"Oh, she's home. We've a little house up near Spring Lake."

"A mother in a little house up near Spring Lake? Well, we must see my mother—first—"

There she was in the doorway, ending her little old voice, busy with the years, out into the jam of the traffic: "Polper—Evening Wold—Telegram—Sun and Post—"

"Mamma—this is my friend—Mr. Evans—we're on our way out for a bite of supper—"

"Well, if it isn't young Evans. You managed it, did you?"
"He—what—?"

"Here's a young fellow's been pestering me to fix it for him to meet you every time he seen you calling for me evenings on his way home from the law library and I told him to shuffle for himself."

"You mean—?"
"I got myself a job in the office where she works. That's what I call shuffling for myself, Aunt Em."

"Why—you—why, you darling," said Wenda and looked at him with her young moon of a face.

"You're a darling yourself," said Laddie.

"You're both darlings," said Aunt Em. "And now rustle yourselves along; you interfere with my business."

Chickens Supply Millinery
No one can reasonably make objection to the present fashion of wearing feathers on the feminine head covering, for no matter how brilliant they may be, they originate in the barnyard. In former days a nuy of the feathers worn by women represented ruthless slaughter of useful and beautiful birds, but such a sentiment was worked up in opposition to this that feathers went entirely out of fashion. Now, however, these millinery decorations originate with the barnyard fowls which have also decorated the dining table. Many ingenious processes have been devised for securing the brilliant effect called for, and no birds have been sacrificed merely to supply the feathers for millinery's hat.

Truth About Octopus
The octopus is found in tropical seas near coral reefs. Some forms spread their limbs 12 or 14 feet like great spiders and might, under favorable circumstances, hold under water persons whom they had seized until they had drowned, at the same time biting them with their horny parrotlike jaws; no doubt such accidents have occasionally happened to pearl divers and the like. Ordinarily, however, the octopus does not attain one-half these dimensions and many species have bodies no longer than an ordinary pear.

Waist-Length Jackets in Fashion

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A JACKET, and a jacket and a jacket with a few extra jackets just to have a variety is fashion's decree for spring and summer. One really must have a whole wardrobe of cunning little jackets if one lives up to the code of smart dress prescribed for the coming months.

And what a decorative role these versatile jackets are playing. They are everything that is fascinating both as to color and the materials of which they are made. Brief affairs are they, the newest models favoring waist-length.

Fitted eton jackets for daytime wear appear in quantities. They stop above the waistline and smartly contrast the skirt. Other of these little jackets have quite a military bearing, as they are broad at the shoulders and frequently have a double-breast fastening with brass or nickel buttons. Stunning costumes for sports and town wear developed in intriguing novelty lightweight woolsens in gay colors (red, white and blue being in high favor, the world of fashion having gone colonial this season) flaunt these youthful waist-length jackets.

Whether for daytime, afternoon or evening a jacket of some sort is now considered an indispensable part of the costume. At afternoon bridge, for dinner, for the theater and other formal occasions jackets take on a versatile and decorative mood which imparts an enlivening touch to the style picture.

There is nothing stereotyped about the clever jackets which are topping the new spring afternoon and evening frocks. Some of them are of simplest construction, with flowing or bell sleeves and open front similar to the style portrayed in the little center panel above. Whatever this simpler type jacket may lack in intricate detail is offset by its fetching color.

PARIS CATERS TO LOVE OF UNIFORM

Women like uniforms, proverbially, and now they may have military touches in their own clothes, as evidenced by Worth's spring styles.

Chevrons, braids and frogs have been added to the already popular epaulet mode. Metal buttons and chain trims carry the effect still further.

Lines of the spring clothes match the new trimmings, for broader shoulders are correctly military, and the slimmer skirts give the proper fitted-in appearance to the lower part of the figure.

Evening skirts are narrow, as with the daytime frocks, and some are designed with slashed sides. Worth uses some trains, and continues to show the ruffled skirts.

Short evening coats have very wide sleeves, embroidered in angora wool. For day wear, there are many bolero short jacket suits, some with contrasting jackets.

Light-Weight Wool Is Favored for Blouses

Light-weight wool, such as wool shantung, is much in favor with the Paris house of Worth for blouses. White is usually the color with buttons that harmonize or contrast with the suit color.

For example, one of Worth's white wool blouses has green buttons to go with a green suit; another has black or dark blue buttons to accompany dark suits; a third has red buttons designed to be worn with a black or brown suit.

Two-in-One Coats

Some coat manufacturers are making spring coats with heavy interlinings. They are being shown for immediate wear, and when the weather moderates the linings may be taken out and the coats worn for spring—two coats for the price of one.

Made of sheerest ice-green transparent velvet as it is, and posed over a formal dance pajama costume of pale yellow chiffon, the color scheme is perfect. As a little summer wrap to slip over lingerie frocks, a jacket of this type will prove a delight the season through.

The black velvet jacquette to the left declares a greater formality. Its fitted-at-the-waistline silhouette is very new and chic. At the front it ties in a soft knot and two ends. It is worn over a white crepe dress which has a bow tied at the neck, left hanging outside the wrap, which lends to the back a graceful note. White fox fur on the loose sleeves completes this symphony in black and white.

All sorts of intriguing details enter into the designing of the myriads of little velvet jackets which are so outstanding in the mode, such as for instance, voluminous puff sleeves, ornamental buttons, an abundance of shirring with a plentiful use of decorative bows.

Notwithstanding the allurements of the little waist-length velvet jackets, there is a rival in the field—the bolero or eton made of all-over lace. These little lace fantasies are in loveliest tones and tints, which adds greatly to their charm. The model pictured is the pale blue venise lace. It is significant that the crepe yoke of the black crepe gown is in the same shade of blue. This color alliance of bodice-top or yoke and the little jacket which tops it is a new move which is accentuated throughout the costume design.

It is expected that the lace jacquette will be a leading item for summer as well as during the spring months, not only in contrasting colors which will lend a gay note to frocks of monotone crepes, but to all types of sheer and dainty dresses.

NOVEL WRAPS



A pleasing venture in fashion's activities is the creating of novel little capes and scarfs of colorful sheer velvet. These cunning fantasies are all that fancy dare picture both as to color and unique design. The winsome cape sketched at the top is made of transparent velvet with self-fabric tiny roses completely bordering it. Another new and voguish type of wrap done in high-key colors of turquoise, coral and green or in any of the delectable pastels is the circular scarf with long pointed ends which are thrown gracefully around the shoulder. They are very lovely worn with prints, or triple sheer or satin gowns.

Do You Feel Like a RAG?

Do you get up in the morning with a tired feeling and drag yourself through the day? Nervous—jumpy—irritable? It is the warning sign of constipation. Neglect may bring serious ailments. Take 2 or more of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They are a gentle, mild, and absolutely safe laxative. Made of nature's pure herbs and roots. Use them tonight and bring back your pep—at all druggists.



Black Locust Has Many Uses
Black locust is a four-purpose tree, says the United States forest service. It quickly produces good timber for posts and other uses; it roots strongly, thereby checking soil erosion; its flowers enable bees to make a good quality of honey; and it is a legume. The nodules on its roots store nitrogen in the soil, enriching it for future crops. In addition, it is a tree of beauty and is valuable for shade.

RUNDOWN, NERVOUS

Hagerstown, Md.—"A few years ago I was very much rundown, weak and so nervous the least noise would upset me. I had dull sick-head-aches and very little appetite," said Mrs. Mary Renner of 15 Madison Ave. "Seeing Dr. Pierce's medicines advertised, my husband had me try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took a few bottles and can say I was well again, had no more trouble. Indeed I am glad to recommend this great tonic." Druggists.

For free medical advice write to Doctor Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., using the coupon blank wrapped with bottle of

Dr. Pierce's Discovery
Saved by Phone Call
How a man was saved from death by a telephone call was told at the inquest into the explosion which caused the death of 45 miners at the Bentley colliery, near Doncaster, England. A colliery worker named Swift said that he left the pit a few minutes before the blast, owing to an urgent private message he received over the telephone.

Dizzy/R

Start through bowel action when you feel dizzy, headache, bilious. Take NATURE'S REMEDY—R Tablets. It's mild, safe, purely vegetable, and far better than ordinary laxatives. Keeps you feeling right. 25c.

TUMS for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. The candy-like antacid, 10c.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Insects Fly High
Insects have been found by airplane observers as high as 10,000 feet above the earth.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put out 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Money can buy leisure, but making the money destroys desire for the leisure.

Mothers... Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. Don't take a chance—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole once every hour for five hours.

Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form. This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other 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. Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.

