

MAN-A-LIN

THE IDEAL LAXATIVE MADE FROM

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MAN-A-LIN Is An Excellent Remedy for Constipation.

There are many ailments directly dependent upon constipation, such as biliousness, discolored and pimply skin, inactive liver, dyspepsia, overworked kidneys and headache.

Remove constipation and all of these ailments disappear.

MAN-A-LIN can be relied upon to produce a gentle action of the bowels, making pills and drastic cathartics entirely unnecessary.

A dose or two of Man-a-Lin is advisable in slight febrile attacks, la grippe, colds and influenza.

THE MAN-A-LIN CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO, U. S. A.

Peruvian Sand Dunes.

The crescent shaped sand dunes which move in thousands across the desert of Islay, near La Joya, Peru, have been investigated by astronomer S. I. Bailey, who found the points of a crescent to be 160 feet apart, while the convex side measured 477 feet, and the greatest width was more than 100 feet. The estimated weight was 8,000 tons, yet it was carried 125 feet a year by the prevailing south winds.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 28 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 681 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Japanese lover, instead of an engagement ring, may give his future bride a piece of beautiful silk, to be worn as a sash.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It is estimated that 21,000,000 acres are available for rice growing in Louisiana and Texas, and the value of such a crop would be \$400,000,000. This would make the rice crop fifth in point of value among the cereals of this country.

JUST BECAUSE

it storms-dont confine yourself indoors

PROVIDE FOR YOUR BODILY COMFORT by wearing

WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

Every Garment Guaranteed Good enough to last years Low in Price

Don't Push

The horse can draw the load without help, if you reduce friction to almost nothing by applying

Mica Axle Grease

to the wheels. No other lubricant ever made wears so long and saves so much horse power. Next time try Mica Axle Grease. Standard Oil Co.

EVERY MARRIED WOMAN

should read "Childbirth made easy and painless." A short, concise treatise containing the best thought of former writers on this subject with additional information gleaned from a large practice by the author. Practising his technique saves women much suffering. Price by mail \$2.00. W. H. Baker, M.D., Reshance Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

P. K. U. 25, 1927.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY!

and my health full of schrews, and I could not speak till I swallow some!"—Harper's Weekly.

TRAINING HORSES FOR WAR.

Fourfooted Regulars Have to Take Long Course of Lessons.

Germany needs 1,000,000 horses for cavalry and artillery to put her colossal forces in the field; France requires probably 750,000, and even Great Britain needed as many as 230,000 in South Africa, while she was fighting the Boers.

Although in England in peace time mounts only two-thirds of her cavalry her horse bill amounts to about \$400,000 a year—a figure which may be multiplied by four or five for the German army.

In most countries omnibus, farm and domestic horses are registered as being available in time of war for miscellaneous service, and for this anything from \$30,000 to \$150,000 a year may be paid by a military nation.

France spends upward of \$600,000 a year on horses for her great armies. As a general rule, says a writer in the Circle, the recruits are five years old and cost \$200 each.

Cavalry charges vary from fifteen to sixteen hands in height, and sharp rules have been laid down about their shape, action and treatment. There are regular schools where the raw four-legged recruit is trained. His education embraces the fearless swimming of deep and wide rivers.

It is extremely interesting to see a thousand four-legged recruits drawn up in a ring around the instructor, who opens the proceedings with a sharp shot from an army revolver. The animals are taught to gallop fearlessly up to a line or square of infantry, who are blazing away with their rifles, of course loaded with blank cartridges.

Lastly comes a charge upon batteries of quick-firing cannon. It is worth noting that when smokeless powder came into general use it was found that thousands of horses which would face without flinching the smoke of guns using black powder balked and shied at the sinister flash and roar of cordite and melinite.

There appears to be as much individuality among horses as among men. Some take the flash and report very quietly, and are passed on to more severe trials, while others rear and try to bolt in abject terror.

The riding masters entrusted with the education of these horses are especially selected for their quietness, kindness, self-control and patience, united with courage, firmness and the absolute confidence born of tried and consummate horsemanship. Horse and man are trained together in the various armies.

The French cavalry recruit goes through no fewer than 112 separate lessons in revisions before he is considered fit to get upon his horse, which is trained simultaneously. Both are taught to swim burdened with full equipment; both are thoroughly accustomed to all sorts of startling noises, from the crack of a revolver to the ear-splitting roar of pack artillery.

Besides the riding school training, there is also field work across country with steeple-chasing, jumping over hurdles, and even over the dinner table, where a silver set feast has been spread. Not so much as a folded napkin must be displaced by the flying leap of the cavalryman right over the table. One part of the charger's education shows him how to lie prostrate on the field of battle and shield his rider from hostile bullets, as the latter crouches behind the faithful creature.

So perfectly are cavalry horses trained that every great war beholds the curious spectacle of riderless horses galloping to the charge in perfect line. Thus at Balaklava the front rank of one regiment was composed almost entirely of riderless horses, their masters having been dropped by the Russian sharpshooters.

My Playmate.

There is a funny little boy Who follows me around. He sometimes walks upon the fence And often on the ground. He never runs about alone, But always mimics me. And sometimes I'm so tired of him, As tired as I can be. Once in a while, in lonesome times, He's nice to have around. For then he's sort of company I oftentimes have found. He always seems to be afraid To go outdoors at night. He sneezes away and never comes Till it is very light. I sometimes think he's cowardly, And try to punish him; But off he starts and runs away— He's such an awful "limb." I get so vexed I try to put My foot right on his head. He bobs and dodges so I can't. Who says shadows are dead? My brother says it is no boy. It hasn't life at all; But I know better, mine's alive, Just see him on the wall. He shakes his finger, so and so, As lively as can be. I'm fatter, but I cannot run A faster race than he.

Washington Star.

Bird's Queer Plight.

A fluttering in the flue leading from the kitchen stove attracted the attention of Mrs. J. Edward Sims the other morning.

When Mr. Sims came in he was asked to investigate, and much to his surprise found in the stove pipe, only a few feet from the gas flame, a red-headed woodpecker. How the bird got into that predicament cannot be explained, but he must have entered at the chimney top and worked his way downward. Perhaps he was lazy and was looking for a hole to build his nest in, without drilling one into the wood. His bright coat of red, white and black was subdued in a sooty brown, and in outward appearance he resembled the chimney sweep, and he was gasping for fresh air when released.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Busy Bee.

When you eat a spoonful of honey you have very little notion as to the amount of work and travel necessary to produce it. To make one pound of clover honey bees must deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar, and to do this requires 2,750,000 visits to the blossoms by the bee.

In other words, one bee to collect nectar to make one pound of honey must go from hive to flower and back 2,750,000 times. Then when you think how far these bees sometimes fly in search of these flower fields, oftener than not one or two miles from the hive you will begin to get a small idea of the number of miles one of the industrious little creatures must travel in order that you may have the pound of honey that gives them so much trouble.

It may also help you to understand why the bee is unamiable enough to sting you if you get in its way. When one has to work so hard to accomplish so little, it is quite irritating to be interfered with.—Philadelphia Record.

Dog Leads Blind Horse to Water.

Tom, a bull terrier, belonging to Oscar Thomas, near Setauket, is claimed by its owner to be the most intelligent dog in Suffolk county, which contains some of the best kennels in the East.

Tom is not a show animal, but he has sense and a great deal of charity in his heart. On the Thomas farm is a blind horse. The animal was recently turned out to pasture and it was necessary to lead him to water. After he had been led several times it was seen he never would be able to find his way by himself.

Much to the surprise of his owner, the dog, who has always been attached to the horse, was noticed one day walking in front of the horse leading the way to the brook. He kept just in front and out of the way of the hoofs of the old horse and barked frequently.

The dog waited until he had had his fill of water and then led him back to pasture. He does this three or four times a day. When the old horse, which went blind this spring, wants a drink he whinnies, and Tom goes on the jump for the pasture and attends to his duty.—Port Jefferson Dispatch to New York World.

Does Aura Cast Reflection.

"Here is an experiment that any one can try. Some fine summer morning when there is lots of dew on the grass and when the sun has been up twenty or thirty minutes, and is so that your body will cast a long shadow, stand so that the head of your shadow lies where there is lots of dew on the grass or vegetation. I have often done this, and for a space of about two feet about the head of my shadow there would be a glow, or the dewdrops would be brighter than elsewhere. Was this caused by the sun's rays passing through my aura? Has any one else ever noticed the same?"—W. W. F.

You are all familiar with the appearance of heat vibrations as they rise over a hot stove, or from any surface superheated by a summer sun.

There is an "indirect radiator" in the floor near my desk, under a large window. When the radiator is hot I can see these heat vibrations. When the radiator is only warm the vibrations are not visible to the naked eye. But at times when I can't see the heat waves at all, I can, if the sun is just right, see their reflection much magnified on the polished back of Ellen's desk where the sunlight strikes. I have noted this several times.

Query: If the sun shining through the atmosphere will magnify invisible heat waves, causing them to throw a visible shadow, why may not the same

Not Rude.

A Germantown woman was not long ago watching a workman as he put up new window fixtures in her house.

"Don't you think that you have placed those fixtures too high?" asked she, having reference to the curtain rolls last put in place.

The workman, a stolid German, made no reply, but continued to adjust the fixtures.

"Didn't you hear my question?" demanded the lady of the house. "How dare you be so rude?"

Whereupon the German gulped nervously and then replied in the gentlest of voices:

"I set my mouth full of schrews, and I could not speak till I swallow some!"—Harper's Weekly.



The Children's Hour.

wonderful sun and atmosphere make visible, the vibrating shadow of an otherwise invisible aura?—Nautlius.

To Imitate a Rooster.

The natural history class had just begun and the teacher was telling the boys about various animals. Although she made her little talk as entertaining as possible, she noticed that some members of the class were not paying very strict attention. Thinking to revive their flagging interest, the teacher said: "Now, boys, I want every one to imitate the noise made by some animal. I will give you two minutes to choose your animals, and then we'll see how well you can do it."

The two minutes being up, the room was filled with sounds seldom heard outside a menagerie. Squealing of pigs, barking dogs, braying of donkeys, roaring of lions, twittering of birds and mewling of cats issued from every corner. The children seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, with one exception. Johnny Small sat in utter silence. Teacher noticed his closed mouth, so when the noise had somewhat subsided she said:

"Johnny, why aren't you imitating some animal? Can't you think of any?"

"I am," responded Johnny, quite soberly. "Sh-sh! I'm keepin' perfectly quiet, 'cause I'm a rooster, and I'm layin' an egg!"—Washington Star.

Dr. Martin's Helpers.

"The only way you can help is by keeping very quiet," said Dr. Martin to the little group of boys and girls waiting to hear how Miss Edith was that morning. "She doesn't need bouquets now, and you must not ring the door-bell to ask how she is, but just keep as still as mice. If she is kept quiet a few days, I think she will soon be well."

Then the busy doctor drove away down the street. There were a great many sick people just then, and he had little time to talk to any one who was well. The children whispered about Miss Edith though they were a whole block away from her house, and were sorry they could not see her. On Sundays it seemed very strange to have a new teacher in the classroom, and though Miss Mary did her best for the children, they all missed their dear teacher.

"I don't see how she can be quiet with all those old wagons rumbling past," said Nellie, as eight hoofs pounded over the paved street. "I wish the streets were all soft and dusty like they are at grandpa's in the country."

"I wish they all had carpet over them," said John. "I guess it doesn't do much good for us to whisper when they rattle and bang over the stones."

"Hur—" began Tom, and then he clapped both hands over his mouth. "I've got a plan," he whispered loudly. "Let's get a lot of that grass Mr. Richards wanted taken away from his lawn and spread it on the streets. It won't take us long with our little wagons."

They all wanted to shout "Hurrah!" at that, but they remembered what the doctor had said, and scurried away like mice for their little wagons and wheelbarrows in the neighborhood. Very soon there was a thick, soft grass carpet in front of Miss Edith's house, and the children were working like beavers up and down the street. The hoofs did not make a great noise after that, and even the heavy wheels moved softly over the grass.

"Here! What are you youngsters doing, scattering straw up and down the street?" said a gruff voice, and there stood a big policeman all shining with brass buttons, and a heavy frown on his face. "You'll have to stop this nonsense at once."

"It's because Miss Edith is sick," said Roy, wiping the big drops off his red face. "Please don't talk quite so loud. The wagons rattle so, and Dr. Martin said she must be quiet. You won't make us take it off, will you?"

"No, indeed!" said the big man, kindly. "Go right ahead, and I'll help."

When the policeman took a big wheelbarrow and carted several loads of grass from the lawn the children said he could wheel as much as a dozen wagons could carry, and the task was soon complete. Dr. Martin came next morning and was much surprised to find the street so quiet, until he saw the grass carpet.

"Miss Edith is much better, children," he said, kindly. "So much better that I have just been telling her about my crowd of little helpers. I wish every patient I have could have such kind helpful neighbors. Your carpet is doing more good than my medicine." And in a very short time Miss Edith was back in her place, well and happy, all because of her doctor's helpers, she said, with a bright smile.—Hilda Richmond, in Sunday School Times.

Wild Anemones.

Have any of you been in the south of France?

If you have, then you must have seen, if it was in the spring time, what I am going to tell you about.

Red, white and purple anemones—like the ones we cultivate in our gardens—growing quite wild by the roadside, says Home Chat.

They make such a lovely patch of color, and are so pretty.

Many of our "garden" flowers grow wild in the Sunny South.

OLDS ENGINES

"BEST BY EVERY TEST." U.S. GOV'T REPORT.

Do you want an engine? We have one you can afford to buy. We have been building nothing but engines for twenty-five years. We guarantee the Olds Engines will run properly. The price is right. The engine is reliable and simple. We treat you right. There is an agent near by to see everything is right and kept so.

We have a liberal proposition to make to you, besides furnishing you the best engine made.

Let us tell you about it, because it will surely interest you.

We will furnish you our Type A engine, set up on skids; if desired, 3 to 8 h. p., ready to run when you get it—does not have to be set up—no piping to connect, no foundation to build—simply fill with gasoline (or distillate), throw on the switch, turn the wheel and it goes.

Easy to start winter or summer. The cheapest of all engines for farm and stationary power. Has removable water jacket, all latest improvements, and has been adopted by the United States Government.

Send for our catalog of 3 to 50 h. p. engines, and be sure you take advantage of our proposition and save money.

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Main Office: 385 Seager St., Lansing, Mich.
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W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

If you take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My \$4 Gilt Edge and \$5 Gold Bond Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take No substitutes. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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Beginning at the Top.

"Talk about 'The Making of an American,'" said a settlement worker who is constantly called upon to run over to Ellis Island, "a while ago I happened to take particular notice of a young Polish girl who had just been released from Ellis Island with a lot of other immigrants. The girl was met by two women, one of them apparently her sister. The trio crossed Battery Park just ahead of me, and I soon saw that they were bound for the same ferryhouse as I. They reached the upper deck only a moment before me, but by the time I got there the shawl that covered the young immigrant's head and shoulders had been pulled off, her hair fixed a bit and a brand new hat and wrap put on her by the other two women, who had brought along the finery to make the newcomer fit to be seen going home with them."

Belmont as a Farmer.

August Belmont, when he is down on his Long Island country place, assumes the role of farmer with thoroughness. Those who know him only in his Nassau street offices would find it hard to identify August Belmont, farmer, who is not too proud to pull up on the country road to give a neighbor a "lift" with the stiff person of New York financial circles. A stranger from the South, walking out near Henstead last week, was hailed by Mr. Belmont who was driving his trap in the same direction. He gladly accepted the lift, and in the course of the mile or two to the station learned that one of the team of smart roadsters had been purchased by Mr. Belmont's father more than a score of years ago in Canada.—New York Times.

Eczeema Affected Whole System—Unable to Rest Night or Day—Suffered 4 Years—Cuticura Cures.

"I suffered severely for four years from poison oak and ivy. My condition was serious, as I could not rest night or day and be free from a terrible itching sensation from scratching on my hands between the fingers, my feet and face, and eczeema followed. My eyesight was affected, and I went to a hospital especially for the eyes and got relief, but eczeema got a terrible hold on my system. I was about to give up all hope of ever being cured, yet I could not be reconciled to such results, as my health had been good and free from any disease all my life. My age is seventy-three years. In my extremity I happened to read of Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases. I bought five boxes Cuticura Ointment, also some Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Pills as I required them. In four weeks' treatment my face was smooth, and the itching gradually left my hands and feet and I could rest comfortably, for which I am grateful and happy. W. Field Cowen, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, Hartly, Del., May 15, 1906."

Care of Straw Hats.

"I've been trying an economy in straw hats this year, and it seems so far to be a decided success," remarked the man with a taste for experiments. "Last summer I simply had to buy a new straw hat by the end of July, and I came to the conclusion that it was riding in the subway that had gotten my first one so dirty. This year I started out brushing my hat when I went home and putting it in its box in the office, and I have been surprised at the difference in the appearance of the hat. I always brush a felt hat every day, but I confess I never thought of doing the same thing with a straw until my hatter suggested it. From the looks of things that tip is going to cost him the sale of just one less straw hat than he has disposed of to me for the last half a dozen years."

King Edward's Pockets.

Like every man who values the look of his clothes, King Edward carries very little in his pockets besides a handkerchief. In his waistcoat pocket he carries a gold pencil case, a cigar cutter, a little pass-key, a gold watch carefully regulated by Greenwich time, and half a dozen sovereigns. In his coat pocket he carries a tiny notebook, and in the winter puts his gloves in the pocket of his topcoat. The king never carries a cigar case, except a gold case which holds one cigar, but he always has a small box of lozenges. Unlike his nephew, the Kaiser, he never carries a fountain pen in his pocket.

Serum Against Typhus.

Two German bacteriologists claim to have discovered an effective serum against typhus fever. It is obtained from horses, and as the result of many tests carried on independently in Berlin, Vienna and Prague, it has been shown to assuage the fever, regularize the pulse and arrest diarrhea. The names of the two bacteriologists are Dr. Meyer and Dr. Bergell.

It's a Good Time now

to see what a good "staying" breakfast can be made without high-priced

Meat

TRY A Little Fruit, A Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream, A Soft-Boiled Egg, Some Nice, Crisp Toast, Cup of Postum Food Coffee.

That's all, and all very easy of digestion and full to the brim with nourishment and strength.

REPEAT FOR LUNCHEON OR SUPPER, and have a meat and vegetable dinner either at noon or evening, as you prefer.

We predict for you an increase in physical and mental power.

"There's a Reason."

Read the "little health classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pigs.