Back Given Out?

It's hard to do one's work when every day brings nagging backache, throbbing headache and a dull, tired feeling. If you suffer thus, why not find out the cause? Likely it's your kidneys. Backaches, dizziness and bladder irregularities may give further proof that your kidneys need help. Don't risk neglect! Use *Doan's Pills*, a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Thousands have been helped by *Doan's*. They should help you. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Pennsylvania Case

Fred Brandmier, carpenter, Buffalo R., White Haven, Pa., says: "My back weakened and I had sharp twinges across my back. Mornings my back was lame and stiff. My kidneys acted so often I had to get up at night. Doan's Pills rid me of the backache and regulated my kidneys."

DOAN'S PILLS 60c

STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS

Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N.Y.

PILES

Philadelphian Says Colac "Did the Job" When Other Treatments Failed.

Robert A. Moore, 1805 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:—"I had itching piles very bad—used three kinds of salves but had no results. The druggist suggested Colac Pile Pills and they certainly did the job."

COLAC attacks piles in a new, safe, scientific way. Stimulates the circulation of healthy blood through the lower bowel, driving the piles from the system. No messy ointments, suppositories or salves. Colac is taken like any other pill and does its effective work from within, where the trouble arises.

COLAC acts QUICKLY. Relief often comes within 24 to 48 hours. Only 60 cents at all druggists or 65 cents postpaid in plain wrapper from Colac Chemical Co., Inc., Glens Falls, N. Y.

The right way
to skin beauty

EVERY skin will respond to sound treatment, but don't overlook that word correct—it means the difference between success and failure.

In addition to being unsurpassed for general toilet use, Resinol Soap, aided by Resinol Ointment, proves remarkably effective in clearing away those disfigurements which destroy skin beauty. For this reason the Resinol treatment is used.

Ask your druggist today for Resinol Soap and Ointment and use them as directed. Within a week you will begin to notice a difference in your skin.

RESINOL

Farm Children

The farm population of the nation although less than 30 per cent of the total, is carrying more than 35 per cent of the child population, says a United States bulletin. The farm is charged with the duty of educating this excess of youth and turning it over to the cities at the producing age.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

5 BELL-ANS Hot Water Soda Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES. EVERYWHERE

Move Suitable

"What has become of the fine old name of Prudence and Patience?"

"They wouldn't be appropriate Christian names," replied the old grouch.

"If I had a couple of daughters I'd christen them Extravagance and Hysteria."—Boston Transcript.

Windows of a woman's soul look out upon her neighbor's backyard.

Brought up on a Farm

As a young man Dr. Pierce practiced medicine in a rural district and was known far and wide for his great success in alleviating disease. He early found it necessary to go to Buffalo and put up in ready-to-use form his "Golden Medical Discovery," the ingredients roots for the blood, which is an extract of native roots. This "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's clears away pimples and purifying eruptions, tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. It corrects the disordered conditions of a stomach, side dishes, acts as a tonic and nutritive for the whole. This is why it helps in so many cases of lingering, chronic coughs, bronchial affections, severe lung diseases, even consumption (wasting of flesh), when taken in time and given a fair trial. Sold by druggists. Write Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," 1000 pages, sent paper-bound for 21 one-cent stamps; cloth-bound, 31 stamps.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

WILDERNESS OF THOUGHT

MANY of the highest prized things in life, often through carelessness, neglect or perverted habits, are lost amid a wilderness of weeds, whose rankness had been permitted to overtop a wealthy soil.

Penelope's flower garden, which she elected to call "her own," was beautifully laid out and gave great promise, but in an evil day, when she grew weary of pulling out the tares and watering the buds, the weeds ran amuck and ruined the plot about which Penelope had dreamed for weeks.

When put to the test she preferred the melancholy weeds to the rose and the lily.

And so it was with William, who had planned great things while in college, but the weeds crept in among his cherished ambitions and led him far, far afield in a direction he never suspected.

Up to a given point he was a faithful worker, so long as his boyish hopes brightened his sky, but when they faded he lost interest and did not care.

Then came the day when the garden was choked with weeds.

He smiled complacently and accepted his fate because he believed in luck. He had never been taught to hold to the anchor of faith.

But William had learned some risky games of chance, and could, when suddenly called upon to do so, shut his mouth very firmly and exhibit not the slightest sign of fear or discouragement.

He meant to be good and true, and he sought to be fortunate and happy, but the weeds smothered him.

The brilliant course he had considered must wait till another season, or at least until he shall give proof of his change of heart.

He has ample ability, but even with his fine talents there springs up at regular intervals a crop of hot-headed weeds, sometimes growing in the night to present a sickening spectacle in the morning.

William is but a name for a thousand young men who, in spite of paternal advice, insisted upon sowing their wild oats.

William has won the name of being wild and reckless, which he admits.

He recognizes that he is a sort of moral cripple, too weak to strike out alone, too proud to accept advice. He is to be pitied, for he really is not bad at heart and is nobody's enemy but his own.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

By Jane Doe

THE THINGS WE LOVE

WE LOVE TO HEAR—
Our baby singing to her stepfather and cotton spools; and gurgling in her bath, and whimpering in her sleep like a little colt.

* * *

WE LOVE TO TAKE—
The two youngsters from next door to a theatre and give them a scrumptious tea afterwards.

* * *

WE LOVE TO SEE—
Our hubby when we are all dolled up for a downtown lunch, and we love to laugh when we shake heads like any current and proper engaged couple.

* * *

WE LOVE TO LISTEN—
When he assures us (in parentheses) that our cooking beats all the cafe dishes ever prepared.

* * *

WE LOVE TO SAY—
Good-by to him at the street corner and see him grin when we tell him just what will happen if he is five seconds late home for dinner.

* * *

WE LOVE TO WALK—
Away and glow when we think what a nice man our husband is and how much nicer than anyone else's husband, and how nice he looks in that blue-and-white striped suit (which we chose).

* * *

WE LOVE TO BUY—
Our baby a little toy on our way home.

* * *

WE LOVE TO HAVE—
A birthday, to find if we have learned another year and are less selfish and more patient.

* * *

WE LOVE TO KISS—
Him twenty times a day and watch him pretend to be horribly bored when we ask him if he loves us as much as on our honeymoon.

* * *

WE LOVE TO TELL—
Him that though he may love us no longer, we love him better every day.

* * *

WE LOVE TO LET—
Him help us choose our hats even if we make the final choice ourselves.

* * *

WE LOVE TO BE—
Jealous of any pretty young thing who looks at our good-looking husband oftener than she should, and we love to see him glare when anyone stares at his good-looking wife.

* * *

WE LOVE TO LOVE—
With all the love that's in us the baby in our arms and the other baby who occasionally holds us in his arms, and we long to speculate which of us loves the others most.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

If gypsy smile would wander west,
They'd find a place, tired feet,
Where dusky skies, at sunset glow
Upon the mountain crest.
And in those strange, wild valley lands
Their troubled souls would rest.
—Edith Fowler.

PUDDING FOR HOT DAYS

PUDDING is supposedly the happy ending to a fine dinner. It is a broad term which may cover a multitude of desserts. A pudding to be interesting to the family need not be very elaborate for these days; one that is easily and quickly prepared is most popular with the one who has to prepare it.

Chicken Warmsie.

Cook a good fat fowl in plenty of broth until tender, adding each seasoning as salt and pepper with a small onion. Remove the chicken and cut up the meat into small pieces. Set away in a warm place. To the broth add two or three cupfuls of finely-cut celery and cook until thick. Remove the celery, keep in a warm place and add noodles to the soup; cook until done. To serve, place a nest of noodles on the plate, add a few spoonfuls of celery, and on top place some minced chicken. Serve very hot. A spoonful of cooked potato with gravy may be served with this if a heartier serving is needed. This makes a nice dish for a luncheon for a dozen or more, as one chicken will be sufficient.

Apple Goody.

Slice ripe, early apples in a deep buttered dish; squeeze over them the juice of an orange and grate a little of the peel; to a quart of the apple add one-half cupful of sugar, stir lightly and dot with bits of butter. Bake until soft. The last of the time sprinkle with chopped almonds or peanuts. Eat cold with cream or top milk. In cold weather serve hot.

Nellie Maxwell

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

A CARE IN POINT.

"Tess should take a vacation, old chap."

"I suppose all things benefit by a rest."

"Sure! Even the calendar is freshened up by taking a month off."

A MYSTERY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

HAPPENED on a mystery.
Anyway it was to me;
On the bank I found a book
Down beside a shady nook,
Yes, sir, ponder by "the crick"
Found a brown arithmetic.
How it got there, hard to tell;
Maybe put there, maybe fell.
There it lay, a book of mine
Bearing marks of smudgy thumbs,
Looking blankly at the sky
Just as though it wondered why,
How it got there. That is one
Also is a mystery.
Near it was a fishing pole.
I could swear I saw a pole
From the bottom sticking out—
It was there without a doubt,
Not a split bamboo affair,
Just an alder cut somewhere.
And it seemed to me the line
Wasn't silk, but cotton twine.
On the water, doomed to die,
Something else that I could see:
Just a cork, a cork of brown,
Slowly bobbing up and down.
It's a mystery, as I say;
For I'm sure there's school today.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SCHOOL DAYS

MEN TOO MAY MARRY

By E. R. PETERS

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Short, sticky, full of epigrams, loves himself, keeps the photographer busy, file his photo of himself in every mood and clime, he insists upon you taking the "large size" always and you go but to take a larger flat to house your gallery.

IN FACT

He is a gallery player!

Prescription to his liking:

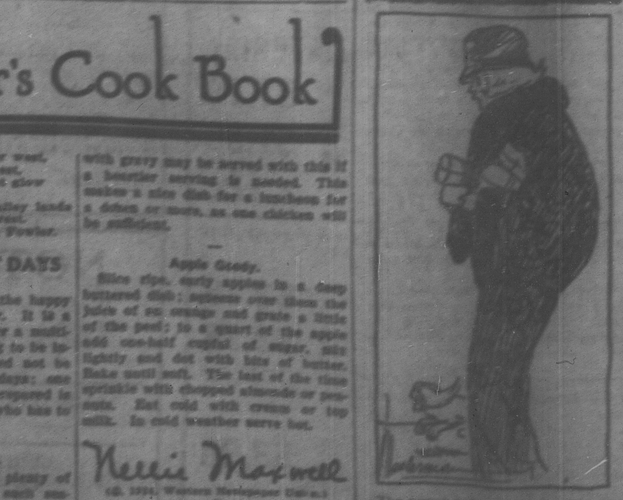
℞ Remember his profile. Live near a photo developer.

Absorb This!

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says political corruption has reached a terrible pass in this country and at every election fever and fever people vote absolutely straight tickets.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Manager Cut and Hair

Manager of the favorite hair salon in the Universal century and the early Nineteens, as witness the entrancements of these days. It "improved the growth of the hair, or made hair grow on bald places."

Wit and Humor

GREAT WORK

With a view to guiding the cook to selection of a quieter summer hat than she had worn the previous summer, Mrs. Smith spoke of some violets she had seen in a milliner's window.

"They're almost exactly like those in our garden, Mary," she said. "You've seen those often."

"Indeed I have, mum," returned Mary. "I was after waterin' them this very mornin'. Ain't it wonderful, mum, how natural the Lord can make them?"—The Continent.

Exchange of Favors

"What right have you to ask me for a kiss? Leave this house immediately and never speak to me again."

"Before I leave, never to see you again, may I ask one favor?"

"What is it?"

"Will you please take your arm away from my neck?"

MUST HAVE BEEN FAILURE

"Wonder if Washington was as much a failure as a politician as the historians think?"

"Didn't he refuse to lie?"

Gets It Quicker

Everything comes to him who waits,
But here is one that's slicker,
The man who goes after what he wants
Gets it a darn sight quicker!

Had to Do It

Miss Thirty-Odd (wistfully)—That Jack Gayboy is too mean to live.

Her Friend—What's he done now?

Miss Thirty-Odd—He proposed to me last night, and when I blushed and stammered that it was so sudden, she wrote home and telegraphed and I was obliged to haughtily reject his proposal to save my self-respect.

Yet to Come

"I don't see that sausage I ordered," said the housewife to the butcher's boy who had just delivered her order.

"Oh, that's all right, mum," said the youngster. "The boss told me to tell you that the worst was yet to come."

His Only Dread

"So your husband objects to your smoking, does he?"

"Strenuously."

"Afraid you will ruin your health, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, no! Afraid I'll drop sparks and ruin my expensive gowns."

In the Dark

Wife—Has the professor had his coffee?

Maid—I don't know, ma'am.

Wife—Ask the professor!

Maid—I have, but he doesn't know, either.

IN VEGETABLE LAND

Onion—So, Mr. Bean, she told you you were handsome? Well, she was only stringing you.

Fun at the End

"Though it takes two to make a quarrel,
We know it takes but one
To say the word to end it all,
And that is far more fun."

Flaming Youth

Van Jay—When you kissed her did you find her responsive?

Van Duff—Well, I should say I did! Why, she bent the back of my neck with her cigarette.—Life.

Down by the Seaside

He (impulsively)—Darling, I love you!

She—Good gracious! Why, we've only just become acquainted!

He—Yes, I know, but I'm only down here for a few days.

What's the Hues!

"That creature called me colorless, did she?" exclaimed Irene.

"Yes; but cheer up! You know," said Tess, "she might have called you green."

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THREE LITTLE PENGUINS

They were three little penguins. They were very, very small for penguins and they were very cunning.

In the same zoo home with them was a penguin from Africa, bigger than they were but not so big as the Emperor Penguin or the Johnny Penguin or the King Penguin.

The African penguin was better looking than they were, perhaps. He wore a black and white suit and their suits were dark grayish-black and were not dressy at all.

But they were pets and they were affectionate, which was more than could be said for the African penguin. He didn't bother much about anyone.

Then, too, in this same zoo home was a flightless bird. He had webbed feet and he swam but he couldn't fly. This bird and these little penguins had come from islands off the coast of South America and these islands had seldom been visited by people.

The flightless bird family had, in all those quiet years, lost the desire to fly, and then they had forgotten how to fly.

He walked about on the rocks or swam in the salt-water pond which they had built in the zoo for these creatures. He wriggled his neck about in different positions and looked quite strange, and he was as large as a duck, though he didn't look anything like a duck at all. He looked like himself.

He wore a grayish suit of feathers—very dark, and of course they were wet as he spent so much time in the water.

His wings were by his side, his neck was long, but his eyes were the most remarkable.

You seemed to notice them at once.

The Three Little Penguins.

As soon as you looked at him you noticed the brilliant, unwinking intelligent color of his eyes. They were of a blue-green color and looked as the sea might look in a warm, tropical country.

He had no fear of anyone. He was quite contented.

But the three little penguins wanted to play. They came up on the rocks and they were delighted as some of their friends came inside their rocky yard and sat upon the rocks which overlooked their pool.

They came up, their flippers moving as they walked, and they walked over to their friends and enjoyed being stroked and petted.

They were fond of people and they were not shy at all. They enjoyed their friends and they spent a great deal of time playing.

They ate fish and they enjoyed themselves immensely. But mostly they enjoyed being petted, particularly one who had been named Pinky because of a little pink tinge to his feathers around his face and throat.

Up and down and over the rocks walked the three little penguins. They did not pay much attention to the flightless bird or the African penguin.

They had such a good time by themselves. If they bumped into each other or walked upon one another's feet, no one minded.

They were all so friendly.

Their flippers shook, their little bodies waddled and three nicer little tame, gentle, friendly, playful penguins could not possibly be seen.

They had never known many people, but those they knew they liked.

They had had no reason to think people were other than gentle and kindly and good to animals. And happy they were as their friends came inside to see them and they rubbed up against them and were petted.

Three little penguins in a strange country but among friends who had brought them here and who came to see them every once in a while.

Sometimes a visitor from the outside came to see them and came right in where they were. But such a visitor always seemed to be so friendly, too.

Three little penguins and their calming ways and their new home! The penguins liked it, and so did the people, that they could see one another.

Japanese Tag

In Japanese tag the players scatter, and the one who is "it" tries to tag some one. The one tagged becomes "it" and must place his hand on the spot where he was tagged, and in this position must try to tag another. He is released from this position only when he succeeds in tagging another, who in turn becomes "it" and must put his hand on the spot on which he was tagged and try to tag some one else. The game continues in this way.

Health Talks No. 4

DYSPEPSIA

Every normal person requires a well-balanced food diet to maintain bodily weight, nervous and muscular energy and general good health. And this brings to mind the dyspeptic, who is particularly unfortunate in that he cannot eat sufficient quantity or variety of food to properly nourish his system.

Yet even the dyspeptic, if he will follow a simple treatment, can win his way back to health and happiness. This treatment is found in Jaques' Digestive Capsules, providing in capsule form the digestive elements which the weakened, embarrassed, dyspeptic stomach is unable to provide.

Jaques' Capsules are pleasant to take and bring quick, sure relief. They carry a tonic effect which inspires the stomach to do its work unassisted. Non-habit forming. 60 cents at all druggists, or direct from Jaques Capsule Co., Plattsburg, N. Y.

END PAIN!

If you are suffering and have found no medicine that will help you, do not forget! There is a Dyspepsia Remedy that will restore you to health. Write for "Mumyo's Guide to Health" — a valuable medical work absolutely free! Address Mumyo's, Scranton, Pa.

Get these from any good druggist:
Mumyo's Pyo Pyo Tonic
Mumyo's Rheumatism Remedy
Mumyo's Blood Remedy
Mumyo's Female Remedy
Mumyo's General Debility Remedy
Mumyo's Asthma Remedy
Mumyo's Pile Ointment

or any other Mumyo Remedy you may need

"There's a Mumyo Pill For Every Ill"

Doctor's Advice FREE

"Happy-Go-Mumyo" Mumyo's, Scranton, Pa.

Absolutely Free—Genuine Improved Needle Threader and package Self-Threading Needles given to every one that orders our spot, pint of 50 assorted Indian Head Dyes. Needle Co., Cedar House, 150 Hamden, Paterson, N. J.

FREE—WONDERFUL HOOSIER RADIO given away. Our tuning outfit. Largest and finest broadcast tuner in color. Send name and address for our free offer. Hoosier Supply Service Co., 35 S. 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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We will compose the music and start you on the right road to success. ARTHUR TOWN CO., INC., 1416 Broadway, New York City.

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Order ALADDIN today. Takes shine out of any clothes. To introduce, send 2 pairs postpaid upon receipt of $1.00. REED, 909 Trinity Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

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Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain. Allays pain quickly. Does not blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. $2.50 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Book 4 R free.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

My Picture on Every Package P.D.Q.

P. D. Q., a chemical (not an insect powder) that will positively rid a house of Bed Bugs, Roaches, Fleas and Ants with its peculiar combination of six. Is far there to enter or kill little their eggs as well and thereby stop future generations.

A 25c package makes a quart. Five or ten cents in every package, to get them in the hands of agents. Special Sample Size, $1.50, makes 3 gallons. Your druggist has it or can get it for you. Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

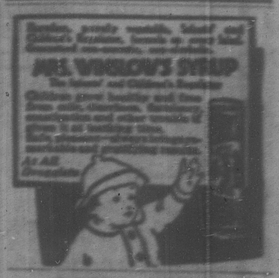
Born Salesman

A small boy was complaining to a sympathetic neighbor of his father's suddenly acquired penuriousness. He wasn't giving his offspring money for ice cream and soda water as before and the latter was greatly stirred over the change in his parent's nature.

"Papa's saving his money, but I tell him it's foolish," he observed.

"Saving, eh?" commented the neighbor.

"Yes. Papa said he's saving to buy a baby, but I think I'll be able to talk him out of it."—New York Sun and Globe.



ANY BOY

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. 15, Springfield, Ohio

PAXTINE IS FOR WOMEN