

FIND "FRIEND IN NEED"

Mother and Daughter Praise Vegetable Compound

Johnson City, N. Y.—"My daughter was only 20 years old, but for two years she worked in misery. She was all run-down, nervous, had aches and pains and no appetite. I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results so she decided to try it. Before she had taken two bottles her appetite was better, she was more cheerful and was able to work. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. It is wonderful for mothers and for daughters. It's surely a friend in need!"—L. E. Hartz, 223 Floral Avenue, Johnson City, N. Y.



Colds/

At first sign of a cold, take **NATURE'S REMEDY—the laxative that thoroughly cleans your intestines. It is the quick way to get relief and guard your health.** Mild, safe, purely vegetable.

For Sale at All Druggists

Hope Deferred

Miss Lurvey—Dad's going to give me a carved cedar hope chest for a birthday present.

Miss Tarte—That'll be nice. Cedar's mothproof, so your things will keep years and years in it.

Young Lady's Elbows No Longer A Hat Rack

"I just couldn't resist any longer telling you of your wonderful medicine, Milks Emulsion. I have been constipated as long as I can remember. Had typhoid fever when I was eight years old and since then my bowels haven't moved freely. Doctors have given me bowel medicine and I have taken pills, salts, castor oil, and everything a person could think of. They didn't do me any good whatever.

"Now, whenever I hear anyone say they are constipated, I immediately tell them of Milks Emulsion. I have taken about 12 large bottles of it since then, and I feel better all the time. Now I have the color of health, and health is something I wouldn't exchange with anyone for a fortune. I wouldn't take ten times the price I paid for Milks Emulsion for the results I have obtained.

"I am 19 years old and weigh 105 pounds. Have gained 5 pounds since taking your medicine and am still gaining. My face is round and my arms are getting round. Before, people used to hang their hats on my elbows, thinking they were hatracks. Now I am going to keep on with Milks Emulsion until I weigh 125 pounds.

"I mentioned your Emulsion to two doctors. They both admitted it was good, and no one knows better than I that it is not only good, but wonderful.

"You may publish this letter if you wish and anyone that wants to ask me about your medicine may do so. I promise to answer every letter. In fact, I couldn't do enough for Milks Emulsion to repay them for the good their medicine has done for me. I remain, very respectfully yours, ROSEMOND BOWER, Frontenac, Kan."

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to the satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Reason to Grumble

A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through a rain like this."

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."

A MOTHER'S FIRST DUTY

should be the care of her little one's constitutional habits during childhood.

Keep your children well and healthy by giving them Mother Gray's Sweet Powders when they complain of headaches, stomach disorders or are constipated. They break up colds and regulate the bowels. Recommended by mothers for over 30 years. They always give quick relief and satisfaction.

For Free Sample Package and a full copy of the Mother Gray Co. address Mother Gray Co., P. O. Box 100, Terre Haute, Ind.

With a low whimper, the husky beside him nuzzled into the boy's face, buried in his hood under the robes.

"Don't want Brock to do it, do you?"

As if sensing the ghastly meaning of the words, the dog again thrust his nose into the hood. For an instant his hairy muzzle touched the lean cheek of his master. Then with a throaty rumble it was withdrawn.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders FOR CHILDREN

FLASH

The Lead Dog :

—By GEORGE MARSH
Copyright by The Forum Publishing Co.

SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on winter night, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lacroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team, Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious. He is taken prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep. Gaspard believes these are the same two who have been vented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is slain from ambush by an Indian and his wife would-be slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his food gives out.

CHAPTER VIII

The Hate of the Long Snows

Dawn of the following morning overtook the two still heading north. The rabbit had put new life into the husky. Although thinner, as yet his thick coat shone with vitality, and he still carried his bushy tail jauntily curved above his back. But the days of starvation and grueling snowshoeing had stripped the flesh from the square frame of Brock McCain. His hollow eyes glowed with the light that comes from toll without food. That morning, as he traveled, his eyes began to play him tricks. He found it difficult to focus on objects. Distant hills danced upon the horizon. Black spots and pinpoints of light blurred his vision. Suddenly, like the chill of cold steel, the thought that he could not sight his gun on game stopped him dead in his tracks. Raising his rifle, he tried to line the sights on a jaupine, but the bead on the muzzle wavered, in and out of focus, and he knew that his eyes were playing him tricks. He found it difficult to focus on objects. Distant hills danced upon the horizon. Black spots and pinpoints of light blurred his vision. Suddenly, like the chill of cold steel, the thought that he could not sight his gun on game stopped him dead in his tracks. Raising his rifle, he tried to line the sights on a jaupine, but the bead on the muzzle wavered, in and out of focus, and he knew that his eyes were playing him tricks. He found it difficult to focus on objects. Distant hills danced upon the horizon. Black spots and pinpoints of light blurred his vision. Suddenly, like the chill of cold steel, the thought that he could not sight his gun on game stopped him dead in his tracks. Raising his rifle, he tried to line the sights on a jaupine, but the bead on the muzzle wavered, in and out of focus, and he knew that his eyes were playing him tricks.



The Eyes of the Boy, Bright With Starvation, Hungrily Watched the Nauseous Stew.

break which would shelter his last camp, his heart gave a great throb, then checked, to pound again furiously as he swayed on his feet at what he saw.

"Deer trail!" he gasped. "Deer trail, Flash! Made this morning! He can't travel far in this! We'll hang to him, Flash—hang to him!"

Then the boy shivered as stark fear gripped him. Could he aim his gun? Could he hit the game?

But there was no place for doubt here. He had to hit him. It was his last chance.

Leading Flash on a rawhide thong, to prevent him bolting with the sled when they saw their game, Brock followed the trail. Hope now drove his stiffened legs—hope of red meat, food—life. And here, at last, the careful training of months proved itself. On a leash Flash had been trained to silence.

The trail led through a stand of scrub spruce and out over the packed snow of icy shell of a brook. Here Brock suddenly stopped, his jaw dropping in amazement.

"Moose!" he gasped. "Moose, up here on the Yellow-Leg!"

Instead of the familiar, round-top tracks of a caribou, stamped into the hard footing, like the thrust of a die in wax, were the long, pointed, cowlike tracks of a moose.

Following the trail which led in the direction of a heavy stand of black spruce and cedar, under a ridge, Brock led his plunging dog.

"Sit up, Flash! Steady boy!" he ordered in low tones, "He's there, in that bush."

The animal had traveled up wind—he would not smell them; so it was safe to hold to the trail. Slipping off the dog's harness, leaving the sled, Brock led him by the thong. As they entered the cover of the timber, ears and eyes tense, the heart of the boy shook him as an engine shakes a launch. Somewhere ahead in the spruce was food—life. If only he did not miss!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT SHE WOULD DO

Bashful Youth—If you were in my place what would you do?

Modern Maid—Hire an up-to-date chap with good arms to call on the girls for me.

Two in One

We had a nice canary.
We also own a cat.
We have no more canary.
But puss is now quite fat.

Think of the Finish

Professor—I don't think my lecture last night was much of a success.

Audience—But think of the splendid audience you began with.

Troublesome Wads

Junior Partner—It's no use talking to the stenographer—she sticks to her gum.

Senior Partner—Her sticking to her gum doesn't bother so much; it's the things she sticks her gum to.

Nobody Home—Ever

"Did I understand you to say that Dubbleigh was absent-minded?"

"Yes, but not in the way that it affects some very learned professors. In Dubbleigh's case it is continuous."

—Smith's Weekly.

'S a Hard Life

"How's everything with you these days?" asked the old friend.

"I'm having as hard a time as a character in a comic strip, with no artist in sight to eventually straighten things out for me," sighed the other one.

No More Than a Sisterly Act

"When you told Jack you'd be a sister to him, what did he say?"

"He had the nerve to ask to borrow my car so that he could take another girl for a ride."

Current Wit and Humor

AGED PRISONER FREED AFTER 38 YEARS IN CELL

Softened by Prison Life He Returns to Germany to Waiting Wife.

Madison, Wis.—Resurrected from the living dead by a pardon which ended 38 years of confinement in the Waupun (Wis.) state prison, Joseph Fuchs, seventy-three, went back to Germany, the land of his birth, a land which, as a "lifer," he never expected to see again.

"Out of a welter of fierce emotions that caused this man to murder in 1890, out of long, dulling monotony of 38 years spent in prison, has come a calm, a quietude of the soul that is like a religion to this kindly, white-haired 'lifer.'

Prison life may have hardened some men, but 38 years of it did not seem to harden Fuchs. He emerged as kindly an old soul as one could find anywhere.

"I have learned my lesson," the old man sighed when he was brought before the governor to receive a "special" pardon certificate.

Is Happy Now.

"I'm an old man now," he said, "but I like that never again will there be trouble in my life. It was a long time, 38 years; but I am happy."

"Love Thy Neighbor," was the philosophy which the man adopted during his long years of imprisonment.

PROVED IT

"I am expecting no packages due today," said the book store manager.

"This is your number," said the expressman, looking on the box. "Your name's Johnson?"

"Yes."

"Then it's for you."

"It must be a case of mistaken identity."

"I'm not concerned with what is in it, but it's yours."

Successful Party

Negro Yard Man—Yas'm, we had a gran' time at de party. Dey was so many folks dat we couldn't hardly move around. And noise! Folks couldn't hardly hear themselves think.

Mistress—Sounds rather tumultuous.

Man—Oh, no, ma'am—not too tumultuous, jes' tumultuous enough.



AWFULLY MANNISH

"Mary's awfully mannish,"
"Yes, and manless in consequence."

Metamorphosis
Marriage oft brings about
A change immense;
A little dear turns out
A big expense.

It's All Wrong
Asylum doctor about to make his morning round looks at tower clock and discovers he is late; meeting an attendant, he asks: "George, is that clock right?"

George—No; if it was it wouldn't be here.

Became Undesirable Risk

"Hear about Jackson?"

"No, what about him?"

"He was married last week, and the life insurance agent attended the wedding, and when he stamped the bride, canceled the \$20,000 policy Jackson had on his life."

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We had a nice canary.
We also own a cat.
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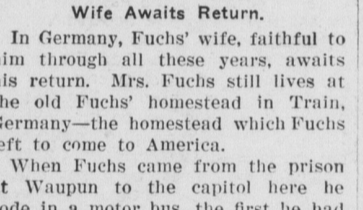
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Body of Murder Victim Identified by Killer

Ottawa, Ont.—The unusual procedure of calling on a prisoner charged with murder, to identify the body of his victim, was invoked by Ottawa authorities recently at the inquest into the death of Pietro Parrota, shot to death by Bruno Massina, his brother-in-law.

After the jury had been sworn in it was found that there was no one to identify the dead man. Massina was summoned and, shackled to two detectives, he identified the body as that of Parrota, whom he has admitted killing.

PARK GUIDE ROUTS BEAR WITH CLUB

Proves Theory That Only Grizzlies Are Feared.

Glacier Park, Mont.—Mike Shannon, veteran Glacier park cowboy guide, relates an amusing incident distinguishing between the fearful respect West-erners have for a grizzly and their utter disregard for the black species of the bear family. He says:

"Rattlesnake Slim" was one of our outfit. The name originally intended for him by his parents had long since been lost for all save legal purposes. He won his cognomen from two characteristics, viz: First, the cowboy build which he possesses to an unusual degree, six feet two inches and with no more lips than a rattlesnake, and secondly, his sudden and unpre-meditated way of doing the most reckless thing that comes into his head—just like a rattlesnake.

"On the occasion I recite Slim and half a dozen guides had started from the chalets at Granite park to a place several hundred yards up the mountain, where they rolled their beds under some scrub pines, near the corral. The night was dark, except for stars, and halfway up the trail Slim, who was in the lead, suddenly noticed an unusually large bear directly ahead.

"Well, boys, if it's a grizzly, he holds the trail," he volunteered as he advanced to within ten feet of the animal. The rest of the guides were following cautiously. They were all prepared to make a hasty detour for the bristles rose on the bear's neck as he turned to meet them.

"But Slim felt around on the ground till he picked up a good-sized limb of a fire tree, and with a wild yell, 'It's only a black bear, I call it go 'round,' he charged the bear, hitting it a two-handed whack across the shoulders. Slim was right. It was only a black bear! The frightened animal fairly tumbled up all the trees on the side of the mountain in making its get-away."

He Emerged as a Kindly Old Soul.

and he practiced his creed. He was a model prisoner, and for this reason, he said, prison life was not extremely hard for him because he always was treated kindly.

"There was so much time to think," he said, "so much time to think."

Not quite all of the story of Fuchs' life is known in this country, because he never would tell all. Even after he was released from prison, he continued to maintain silence concerning the crime for which he was convicted.

Wife Awaits Return.

In Germany, Fuchs' wife, faithful to him through all these years, awaits his return. Mrs. Fuchs still lives at the old Fuchs' homestead in Train, Germany—the homestead which Fuchs left to come to America.

When Fuchs came from the prison at Waupun to the capitol here he rode in a motor bus, the first he had ever seen. Here he heard a radio for the first time and marveled at this "miracle," which had come to pass during the years he was "buried alive."

Truly, it was like a resurrection—the emerging of this softened old man from prison. Everything had changed and to him everything was marvelous.

Despite all the changes which he saw in the rest of the world, the old man slyly whispered that in Train he hoped to find things as he left them so many years ago.

Poem Betrays Robber

Into Police Custody

Moscow.—A scribbled poem was the only clue found by the police in inspecting the scene of a robbery here.

And the robber has been caught.

The railroad worker whose home was robbed denied having written that or any other verse. Moreover, the handwriting was not his. It had apparently been dropped by the bandit in making off with the loot.

Some days later the authorities raided a hut in the forest near Moscow, where an eccentric person had set up house. The suspect, Dmitri Chinienkoff, said that he was only a poet, living as inexpensively and as quietly as possible, away from the turmoil of the city.

A search netted a great stack of manuscript, poems long and short. It also netted a great deal of prosaic goods for which the criminal police had been searching, among them the things stolen from the railroad worker. Confronted with the scribbled poem found in the robbed home, Chinienkoff proudly claimed ownership.

Unfortunately the press account is based upon police information which fails to provide any critical judgment on the merits of Chinienkoff's poetry.

Kills Wife at Own Plea and Dies Beside Her

Boulder, Colo.—Yielding to his wife's pleas that he kill her, J. E. Kirkbride, forty-five, former district attorney of Boulder, fired a bullet through her head and then shot himself through the right temple.

Their bodies were found side by side in their bedroom. Six letters were found in which Kirkbride detailed his wife's fears that she was going insane, and her appeals to him to kill her.

Mrs. O. M. Gilbert, wife of a prominent physician, and Mrs. Mary Boyd, both sisters of Kirkbride, said Kirkbride and his wife often had discussed suicide. They little dreamed he actually would commit the deed, even though he considered it merciful, they said.

Mrs. Kirkbride had submitted to several examinations at the Denver Psychopathic hospital.

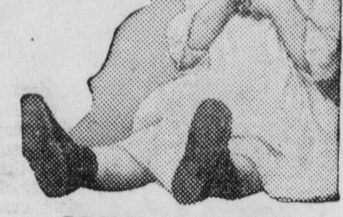
Herbert's Lighter Works, Firemen Vouch for It

Attica, Ind.—Herbert Hanapel has a cigarette lighter that will light. This lighter was even powerful enough to call out the local fire department. Hanapel was filling the lighter and he absent-mindedly pressed on the automatic ignition. It worked. The fluid he was using blazed up the flames burning his hands. Blankets were used to smother the blaze and the fire department was called. Herbert was not burned seriously.

Fire Razes School

Regina, Sask.—Fire which swept through an Indian school at Pun-nelchy, Saskatchewan, drove 106 children and 10 teachers into a temperature of 23 degrees below zero. The school, valued at \$250,000, was destroyed.

What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved, or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

For Piles, Corns Bunions, Chilblains, etc. Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to send you money for the first bottle if not suited.

Cuba's Gift Vase

A marble vase seven feet high and weighing six tons, carved from the original memorial raised in Havana to the memory of the men who went down with the battleship Maine, has been presented by the Cuban government to the United States. The vase will be placed in Potomac park.

Mean What You Say

Everything you say will be remembered by some one else after you have forgotten it.—Atchison Globe.

After a girl has refused him twelve times a superstitious youth will quit proposing.



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physical and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who need it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers, at your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

SHOE BOIL, CAPPED HOCK

or bursters are easily and quickly removed without knife or firing iron. Absorbine removes them permanently and leaves no blemishes. Will not blister or remove the hair. Horse worked during treatment. At druggists or \$2.50 postpaid. Horse book 6-S free.

Surprised and excited? "Horse had largest shoe he'd ever seen. Now all gone. I would not have a thespian talk Absorbine could take it away so completely."

ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. W. F. YOUNG, Inc. 510 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

HOXSIE'S GROUP REMEDY

THE LIFE-SAVES OF CHILDREN No opinion, no names. 50 cents at druggists, or KILLS CO., NEWBURGH, N. Y.

THE F...



FINNE

ARE YOU... WAS HE... PEG L...



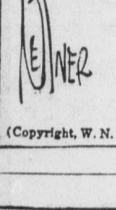
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The Comic Strip

N.O. THE MAN IS NOT A PRINCE FIGHTER, NOR ARE THESE CAULIFLOWER EARS. TIGHT HEAD- PHONES BUNGLED UP THESE EARS, WHILE THE NAME, "RADIC EARS."

Clan

An Once Better of I



Clan

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Clan

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