

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on — castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

CUT OUT FOR A FINANCIER

Small Maiden Was by No Means as Free From Guile as She Appeared to Travelers.

Two great tears shone in her hazel eyes as she stood by the slot machine outside the wayside inn—two tears so large that a young man passing on his motorcycle saw them clearly.

"Excuse me," he said gently, "but if you tell me all about it perhaps I can help you."

The girl shook her pretty head. "I've put a penny in the slot machine," she answered, "and nothing will come out."

"Ah," said the young man, "that's soon remedied."

Drawing a penny from his pocket, he inserted it in the machine. Six times he tried with six different pennies, but absolutely nothing happened. Then he rode away, poorer but happier.

As he rounded the corner the girl's mother appeared in the doorway. "Well, Kate," she asked, "how are things going?"

"A-I," came the reply. "He's the tenth. Altogether I've netted three dollars this morning."

Safety First.
In a certain valley down South there was a physician noted for his reckless automobile driving. One day when he answered the telephone, a woman's voice asked him if he were going out driving that afternoon.

"No; I hardly think I will have time this afternoon," replied the doctor. "But why do you ask?"

"Well, replied the anonymous questioner, "I want to send my little daughter downtown for some thread if you are not."

The Climbers?
He—Men are descended from monkeys.
She—Some haven't descended yet.—Judge.

Tumble?
"It was only a slip of a girl that fell."
"Yes; and no wonder. The walks are so icy."

Covered.
"Isn't that a new door-mat you have? Strange, I didn't notice it before."
"You were standing on it before."

OWNER EXPECTED TOO MUCH

Borrowing Neighbor Considered He Had Done His Fair Share in the Transaction.

A few days ago saw Ol McMahon borrowing a hatchet or other implement to drive or draw nails at Sherman's hardware store, says the Toronto (Kan.) Republican. And that brought to mind a "borrowing" story of Uncle Ol:

A great number of years ago Herbert Lockard owned one of the few two-section harrows hereabout. Uncle Ol was farming some, and went up to borrow it. Herbert always would loan anything he had, but he wanted it brought home. So he waited a reasonable time for the harrow to be brought back, and finally, having to use it, went after it. As he drove along he began to get rolled over the thought of going after his own harrow, and by the time he got it loaded into his wagon was downright mad. Said he: "Ol, I thought you was neighbor enough to bring home what you borrowed."

"Bring it home!" shouted Ol, with a great show of indignation; "bring it home! Why, heavens to Betsy, man, I went after it! How much do you expect of a neighbor, anyhow?"

The Flight of Time.
Uncle Rastus lives in a pleasant little bungalow on the outskirts of a large town. Wending his way thither on the Saturday evening before Easter he stopped as suddenly as colliding with safety gates and uttered a cry of dismay.

Several people hastened up to see what was the matter. On the face of Rastus was an expression of great sadness.

"What in the world has happened, Uncle Rastus?" solicitously asked one of the party. "Have you broken your bottle of gin?"

"Yes, sah, boss! Yas, sah!" was the mournful reply of Uncle Rastus, as he pointed to the broken bottle. "Dar Eastah come an' gone."

Kiddie's Hard Lot.
For some time the six-year-old boy of a Philadelphia man, the third in the family, had found it his duty to sift the family ashes, as his brother did before him. One morning the kiddie was told that a baby had arrived, whereat the youngster looked very much pleased.

"And," continued the father, as he observed the pleased expression of his son's countenance, "it's a nice little girl."

The boy's smile vanished instantly. "A girl!" he exclaimed, disgusted. "Must I always sift ashes?"

Her Difficulty.
A young lady who lisped very badly was treated by a specialist, and after diligent practice and the expenditure of some money, learned to say, "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers."

She repeated it to her friends at a private rehearsal, and was congratulated upon her masterly performance. "Yeth," she said dubiously, "but it ith thuth an etcheedingly difficult remark to work into a conversation—ethpecially when you conthider that I have no thither Thuthlie."

Reason.
"There's no use talking," began Mrs. Nagr.
"I know it," interrupted Mr. Nagr, "and the fact that you persist in talking after making that declaration simply proves what I have often asserted, regarding the lack of logic exhibited by some women. Now proceed with your lecture."

Same Old Story.
Green—Do you remember that stock I bought in a gold mine last summer?
Brown—Yes. How did you come out?
Green—Minus.

Wouldn't Pass.
"Did you stop in the employment agency to get a cook?" asked Mrs. Crosslots.
"Yes," replied her husband, very gloomily.
"Eight of 'em looked me over and decided that I wouldn't do."

It is easier to name a brand of cigars after a great man than to induce him to smoke them.

There isn't much hope for the people who would rather tell their troubles than be popular.

Catarrh of Kidneys Cured By Peruna

"I had Catarrh of the Kidneys and Bladder. I Am Very Thankful For Peruna. I Feel Well, My tongue is clear, I have no bitter taste in my mouth. I am glad to say I do not need Peruna any longer, I am perfectly well. I have Peruna in the house all the time. When I have a cold or when I do not feel well I take Peruna. We were all sick with the grip last winter. We took Peruna and it helped us. Peruna is the best medicine for grip or colds."

Mrs. Gus. H. Carlson, Box 201, Ottumville, Miss.

HE GOT THE TWELVE CENTS

Pointed Argument of Old Colored Toll Man Was Too Much for Motor Tourists.

One of the pioneer manufacturers of motor cars, is responsible for this motor story.

"On one of the old turnpikes which the motor tourist occasionally runs across, a big touring car had twice rushed through the gate without paying toll. The third time they made the attempt the old colored toll-man shut the gate, and brought them to a standstill. The half-dozen occupants of the large touring car were very indignant and declared emphatically that they were entitled to ride free.

"Look at your own board," said the driver, "it reads, 'Every carriage, cart or wagon drawn by one beast, two cents; every additional beast, two cents.' We're not drawn by any beast at all."

"No sah, but here's where ye come in," replied the old colored man, as he pointed to another clause, which read: "Every half-dozen hogs, four cents; and he added, 'An' three times four is twelve."

"The twelve cents was paid."

Getting Back at Him.
There lived in a certain county a Mr. Crane, who had for a neighbor a Mr. Fuller. Crane and Fuller were not the best of friends, and scarcely ever met without having a passage-at-arms.

Meeting one day, Fuller said: "Crane, what is the difference between a crane and a meadow hen?"

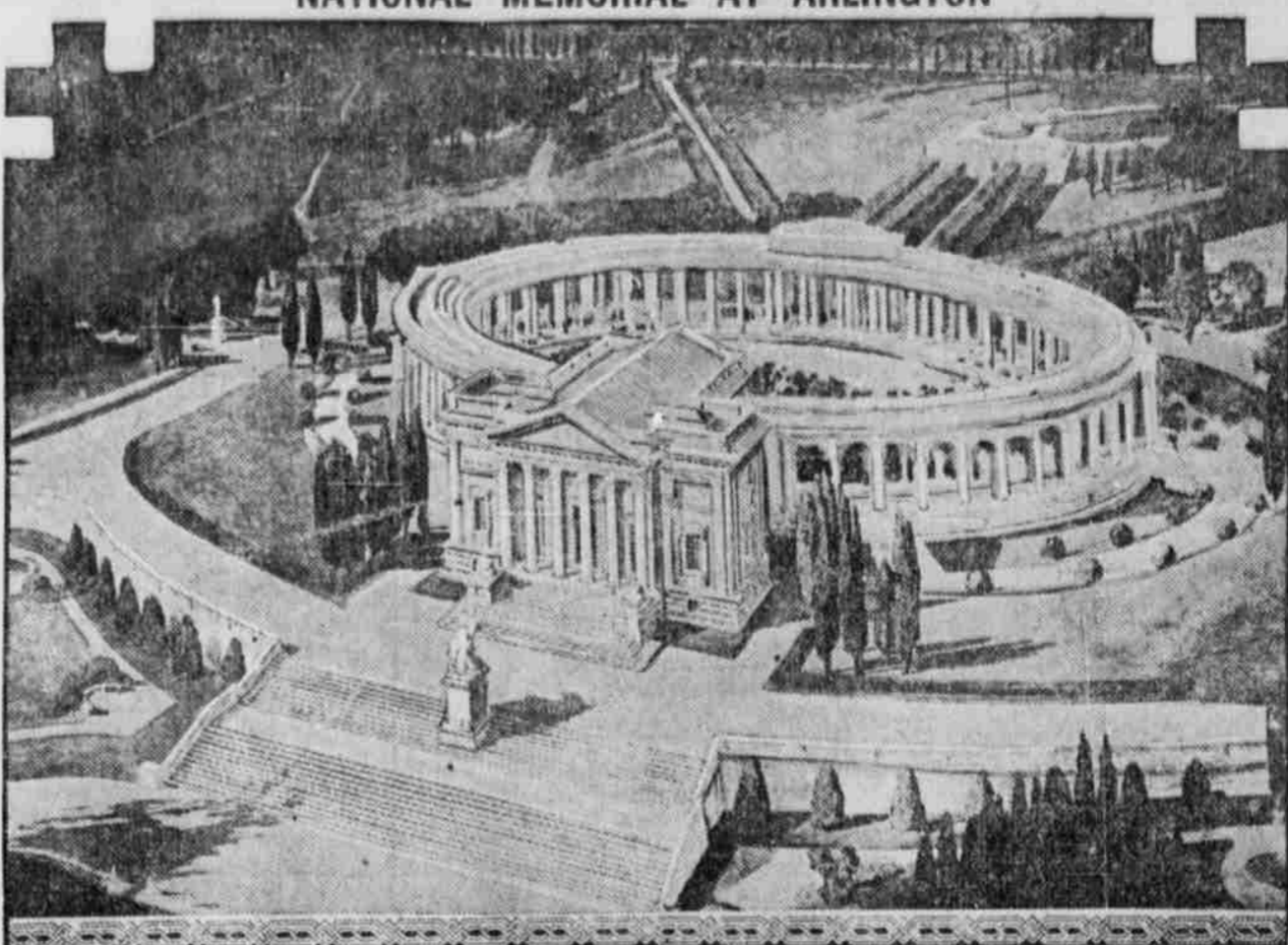
"Oh," replied Crane, "there is a great deal of difference. The meadow hen is fuller in the body, and fuller in the neck, and fuller in the breast—in fact, it is fuller all over."

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NATIONAL MEMORIAL AT ARLINGTON



This is a perspective view of the design for a national memorial that will be built soon in the national cemetery at Arlington.

GETTING UNDER COVER

HOW SOLDIERS ON FIRING LINE "DIG THEMSELVES IN."

When the Least Exposure Means Death Men Burrow into the Earth in Record Time—Use All Sorts of Tools.

In the reports of the war in Europe it is frequently stated that the advance lines of the armies threw up intrenchments, and it is difficult for the ordinary reader to understand how this is done, for to him anything like a fortification appears to be a matter of considerable time and labor, which could not be accomplished with the enemy raining shot and shell. What these protections are and how they are formed is clearly explained in the special war issue of the Scientific American.

The advancing line may have suffered great losses, or the ammunition may be running low. At all events, it finds itself unable to gain ground to the front. To retreat would be fatal. It must remain where it is—some of the men find natural cover, but many must provide artificial protection from the enemy's rifle fire. The men are lying down as flatly as they can. To rise, even to a kneeling position, means death or a disabling wound. The necessity for cover under these circumstances caused men to devise the lying-down trench, sometimes called the skirmishers' trench. It gives cover from rifle fire to a man lying down, but is absolutely no protection from shrapnel bullets. The height of the parapet should not exceed one foot. The trench itself is about two and a half feet wide and about six feet long. It can be constructed by one man in soft ground, using the portable intrenching tools, in about thirty minutes. Under fire, as outlined in the foregoing, the man being compelled to remain in the prone position, he can mask himself from view in from ten to fifteen minutes and complete the trench in 40 to 45 minutes. In this position, and in view of the small number of portable intrenching tools carried by the company, the man would be obliged to use his knife bayonet to loosen the earth and the cover of his met can to shovel it in front of him.

One of the methods of working suggested by the text books is to dig a trench 18 inches wide as far back as the knees; roll into it and dig 12 inches wide alongside of it and down to the feet; then roll into the second cut and extend the first one back to the feet. This trench was seldom used in the Manchurian war. The best that can be said for it is that men can obtain slight cover under a hot fire with a minimum of casualties because it involves less digging, and they are partially protected from the very beginning of the work.

Locating the Trouble.
The floorwalker said to the manager of the shoe department:
"I had the longest time with my furnace this morning."
"What was wrong with it?"
"I couldn't get a bit of heat in the dining room, and I couldn't understand it."
"What did you do?"
"I went down into the cellar and took off a part of the pipe, but that was all right."
"Fuh!"
"And then I examined the check damper and that was all right."
"Well!"
"Then I looked at the draft and that was all right."
"Well, well!"
"Finally, after working about an hour I found out what the trouble was."
"What was it?"
"The dining room register was turned off."—Louisville Times.

Wellington's Wounded.
It is difficult to realize the callousness towards the sick and wounded against which Wellington struggled in the Peninsula. One evening at dinner he heard that at a post several miles away a large number of sick soldiers were lying in the open, exposed to the weather. He rode promptly to the place, found the sick in the plight described, while the healthy officers were in comfortable houses, and was told by the commanding officer that there was no accommodation for the sick. He instantly arranged in detail for the billeting of the sick in those houses; but suspecting what might follow, paid a surprise visit next night, and found that the invalids had again been turned out into the open. Wellington immediately retaken them, arrested the officers, and had them tried and dismissed for disobedience.

And He Did.
A country deacon went home one evening and complained to his wife that he had been abused down at the store shamefully. "One of the neighbors," he said, "called me a liar." Her eyes flashed with indignation. "Why didn't you tell him to prove it?" she exclaimed. "That's the very thing—that's the trouble," replied the husband; "I told him to prove it, and he did."

Neighborhood Melody.
"Please, ma'am," said the little girl from next door, "mother wants to know if you will lend her your new mechanical tune player this afternoon."
"What an extraordinary idea! Is she going to give a dance?"
"No, ma'am. We're tired of dancing to it. She wants to keep it quiet for a couple of hours so that the baby can sleep."

Still Teach Outworn Belief.
Noted for many queer institutions, Cairo has the unenviable reputation of being the home of the "lowest university in the world." This is El Ezhar, the great Moslem university, which schools its 11,000 students on the Ptolemaic theory of the universe which makes the earth the center of the solar system around which the sun and stars revolve.

BOY SCOUTS DECORATED BY PRESIDENT WILSON



These six Boy Scouts were photographed just after President Wilson had decorated five of them with the eagle medal, the highest Boy Scout order, and the sixth with a medal of honor for heroism. Left to right, they are: Howard Gatley (honor medal), Clinton Allard, Frank Watson, Edward Pardee, Edward Shofry and Samuel Hardy.

GETTING MORMON CONVERTS IN BROOKLYN



Two pretty girls have been lately going about the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn, canvassing from door to door for converts to the Mormon church. The girls are Miss Gertrude Phelps of Salt Lake City (left) and Miss Edna Crowther of Mesa, Ariz. (right). They call at a home, make friends with the woman of the house, call a few days later and begin talking Mormonism. At the third visit the prospect is usually very receptive and the girls tell of the "great benefits offered by the Mormon church," what it has accomplished and tries to accomplish. A day or so later an elder of the church calls and expects to make the conversion complete.

ON THE DUTCH-BELGIAN FRONTIER



German guards examining contents of a Dutch provision trader's cart on the Belgian frontier.

DERIVATION OF WAR TERMS

Interesting to Trace the Origin of Expressions Just Now Very Much in Use.

There is a certain romantic interest in the consideration of the etymological history of war terms. In running over the current expressions, as we meet them in the daily newspapers, a curious interchange of root and derivative is shown, whereby we see that nearly every nation has "taken pris-

oner" in its own tongue an expression which at one time or another was the possession of a hostile, or at least alien, nation. There are, of course, some exceptions, notably in the case of the word "shrapnel," which is not, as might be supposed, a German word at all, but belongs rightfully to the English, being the name of its inventor, a colonel in the British army. Some words, like the word "war," have been in a manner "gentlemanly" fighting under many flags, and coming down to us through

the militant vocabularies of many nations. "War" itself began, it must be confessed, in Germany in the guise of the old Germanic noun "werra." It appeared subsequently in Spain and Italy as "guerra," and in France as "guerre."—Literary Digest.

Importance of Laughter.
Laboratory scientists will bear out the declaration of the late Mr. Titus of Imperial Rome that we have lost a day if it has passed without laughing.

Wise Old Ben Franklin

Said—

"A penny saved is a penny earned."

With the price of beef and wheat soaring higher and higher, the problem of economic living is causing many housewives to consider food values in planning meals.

For years many have known, and others are now finding out, the true economy in



Grape-Nuts

This food, the true meat of wheat and barley full of Nature's richest nourishment, builds nerve and muscle, bone and brain, in a way that has thoroughly commended it the world over.

A package of Grape-Nuts—fully cooked, ready to serve, and sealed in its weather-proof and germ-proof wrapping—can be had from any grocer. No rise in price!

Grape-Nuts, served with milk, cream or fruit, gives satisfaction, sustaining food value, true economy, and proves itself a family friend.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts