

# PARAMO of SANTA ISABEL

FEW persons who live in the temperate zone are aware of the fact that there is quite a large section of country in tropical America, even at the Equator which is a land of sleet and storm during the greater part of the year, where many of the trails are frequently closed to men and beasts attempting to cross are frozen to death. Such a region is the Andean paramo, in the Republic of Colombia.

Three years ago Dr. Arthur A. Allen explored that elevated land in search of bird specimens, and he has described it in the American Museum Journal. The following paragraphs, says the Bulletin of the Pan American Union, embody substantially the more important features of Doctor Allen's interesting account:

The paramo of Santa Isabel lies about two days' journey from Solento, the largest town on the Quindio trail, which crosses the central Andes, and on clear days, especially at dusk, can be seen at several points rising above the forest-capped ridges to an altitude between 16,000 and 17,000 feet. Beyond it and a little to the east lies the paramo of Ruis, and most magnificent of all, Nevada del Tollima, with its crown of crystal snow gleaming in the rays of the setting sun.

One morning in early September the naturalists slung their packs and started for the paramo of Santa Isabel. From Solento the trail to the paramo leads first down into the Boku valley and then follows the river's meandering course through groves of splendid palms nearly to its source, when it turns abruptly and begins a steep ascent of the mountain side. The palm trees, in scattered groves, continue to nearly 9,000 feet, where the trail begins to zigzag through some half-cleared country, where the trees have been felled and

20 feet in diameter. One should pass through this forest during the rainy season to form a true conception of its richness, though even during the driest months the variety and abundance of plant life covering every trunk and branch are beyond belief.

The great forest, occasionally interrupted by clearings, continues for many hours of travel up the mountain from 9,000 to about 12,000 feet, where a sudden change occurs. The trees become dwarfed, their leaves small and thick, heavily chitimized or covered with thick down, and remind one of the vegetation about our northern bogs with their Andromeda and Labrador tea. Here, too, the ground in places is covered with a dense mat of sphagnum, dotted with dwarf blueberries and cranberries and similar plants which remind one of home.

Out Upon the Paramo. A cool breeze greets the traveler, sky appears in place of the great dome of green, and suddenly he steps out upon the open paramo. He has been traveling through the densest of forests, seeing but a few paces along the trail and only a few rods into the vegetation on either side; he has grown nearsighted, and even the smallest contours of the landscape have been concealed by the dense forest cover. Suddenly there is thrown before his vision a whole world of mountains. As far as he can see in all directions, save behind him, ridge piles upon ridge in never-ending series until they fuse in one mighty great which pierces the clouds with its snow-capped crown. This is the paramo of Santa Isabel.

At this point the party dismounted and led their horses along the narrow ridge. They looked in vain for the jagged peaks that are so characteristic of our northern frost-made mountains. Here even the vertical cliffs did not seem entirely without vegeta-

## Afternoon Toilette in "Midnight" Blue



Here is an afternoon toilette in which the graceful gown is made of "midnight" blue taffeta and is worn with a neckpiece of ostrich feathers and crepe. The hat of blue straw is trimmed with velvet ribbon and big, full-bloom garden roses and their deep green foliage. Every detail of this costume is up to date and tasteful—therefore, worth consideration.

The gown shows a skirt having single box plaits joined to a yoke, of simple adjustment to the figure. It is not as short as skirts for tailored gowns, but reaches to the instep. The plaited portion of the skirt is set on to the yoke with a piping of the silk, and the bottom of the skirt is finished with a narrow binding.

The bodice is draped, giving the effect of a sleeveless coat. All edges and seams are finished with pipings, and there is a widely flaring collar with wings wired to hold its curving outlines. This, and the remarkably attractive sleeves, bestow much of its distinction upon this refined and beautiful design. In truth collars and cuffs appear to be the arbiters of fate for

those gowns that aspire to originality this season. The sleeves are long, with flaring cuffs extending over the hand. Their decoration with small buttons and embroidered arrowpoints (somewhat elaborated) could not be improved upon.

A separate collar and guimpe of fine batiste with narrow silk binding is in line with the season's vogue, but designed especially for the chic gown with which it appears.

The laced boots, with light cloth tops, and the smart millinery, proclaim a costume selected by an expert whose taste was reliable. All are the last words in matters of fashion, but the finished toilette is, nevertheless, quiet and refined.

### Varied Waist Lines.

There is a waist line to suit every type—the empire for the slight youthful figure, the natural waist line for the conservatives and straight ones for the stout figure.

## Midsummer Millinery Allurements



Two beautiful dress hats emphasize the fact that hats large or small or anywhere between may be chosen by midlady when she centers her attention upon her summer millinery. The maker of size need only be considered in connection with that of becomingness. The little hat still holds its own in a glorious company of newly arrived picturesque wide brimmed allurements that pleasingly distract the attention and divide the honors.

Without doubt the trend is toward the large hat for midsummer. And if a vote might be taken and recorded as to which is the most beautiful of all hats the chances are the big black picture hat would be conceded to be the favorite of womankind—and mankind, too.

A masterpiece in the art of millinery is pictured here in the lovely wide-brimmed hat of black lace and velvet. The crown is a mass of black wheat and big hop blossoms. The silky fibers of the bearded wheat appear like the ariest of cigarettes. Their

arrangement is unusual and the effect beautiful.

Streamers of wide black velvet ribbon add a final touch of richness to a superb conception. In the shadow of this splendor the small brilliant turban loses nothing of its charm. To the little hat belongs all sorts of eccentric curves and turns and poises, and its business is not to be dignified.

The model shown is of silk straw in putty color. At the front, pieces of the straw braid are edged with an embroidered band and draped on the frame. Grapes and leaves, simulated in silk in brilliant colors, are posed flat against the hat, and an occasional tendril reaches out from the coronet.

This very clever little model is finished with a long slender feather which soars from the left side with great singleness of purpose to add height, apparently. But it changes its mind and curls downward again, taking advantage of the privilege of the little hat to be eccentric.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### Afternoon Frocks.

Afternoon dresses, whether in taffeta or cloth, will be worn with a neutral sort of coat or cloak. Pekino taffeta in black, blue and white is being used for afternoon frocks made with box plaits and panels, loose swathed bodice with long sleeves, a straight sash and a little sleeveless bolero. Lace is used a great deal. Some of the skirts dip at the sides, and most of them are longer in front than behind. The tunic is out, although there still are tunic effects.

The loose waistline is noticeable in every model.

### White Leather Belts.

One of the new white serge suits made for southern wear shows an unusual belt. It is of dull white leather, about two inches wide, perhaps narrower. It is fastened in front by means of a leather covered buckle, and on the left side, a few inches from the buckle, is a little pocket, just about the width of the belt. It clasps shut with a snap fastener.

## FIND RELIEF WITH WONDERFUL REMEDY

Hundreds of Iowans needlessly suffer from stomach and digestive troubles when relief is near. If they would only take it. May's Wonderful Remedy has achieved a remarkable record all over the nation.

The first dose convinces—no long treatment. Here is what two Iowans who have used it say:

MRS. WILLIAM LITZENBERG of Montezuma, Ia., writes: "I feel so strong—have been able to do a good day's work ever since I took the first bottle. I was so weak I did not think life worth living."

MRS. S. T. OLIVER, 1226 East High Street, Davenport, writes: "I am greatly obliged to you for your wonderful remedy. I never have had a pain since I took the first dose. I fell off fifty pounds, but have gained it back."

May's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfied, money will be returned.—Adv.

## MUST HAVE SHOCKED JUDGE

What He Regarded as "Dribblings" of Hay Was All He Was Going For.

A distinguished member of the United States judiciary has discovered that he still has something to learn in the direction of agriculture.

He bought a farm as a summer home for his family, and finds especial delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops, and in many ways showing his interest in his new possessions.

One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day—a very thin crop—and left it on the ground to dry. The judge saw it, and calling his man, he said: "It seems to me you are very careless. Why haven't you been more particular in raking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left little dribblings all around?"

For a minute the hired man stared, wondering if the judge was quizzing him. Then he replied: "Little dribblings? Why, man, that's the crop!"

## Puzzled Uncle Pash.

From the time the coal and iron territory round about Jenkins was opened up and the town began to form itself out of the construction and prospecting camps, P. C. Dix, secretary of the state executive committee of the Young Men's Christian association, took a deep interest in its development and spent much time there assisting in the formation of a strong and active branch of the association.

One story he tells is of an aged mountaineer, who, after the railroad trains had begun running regularly ventured down to see for himself some of the wonders of which he had vaguely heard. He stood on the rude platform and watched the train pull in. After a few minutes it backed up a little way. "What d'y' think uv her, Uncle Pash?" asked one of the loungers.

"Wal, I kin see how th' ingyne moult pull them thar kyars," said the old man, thoughtfully, "but what gits me is how them kyars pulls th' ingyne."—Louisville Times.

## Wasting Light.

Mrs. Bacon—This paper says distinct traces of light have been detected in the ocean at depths of more than three thousand feet, by an English oceanographical expedition.

Mr. Bacon—Perhaps some of those mermaids forgot to turn off the gas.

Most lazy men consider themselves great politicians.

## 'CATCH' NOT SUCH A BAD ONE

Some Method in "Madness" of Nice-Looking Old Man Pictured by Representative Bartholdt.

Representative Bartholdt said at a German-American banquet in Milwaukee:

"Those people remind me of the old man. Yes, they remind me very much of the old man."

"He had a soft, daft look—the old man I'm speaking of—and he sat on a park bench in the sun with rod and line, as if he were fishing; but the line, with a worm on the hook, dangled over a bed of bright primroses."

"Daft," said a passer-by to himself. "Daft," hughouse. Nice looking old fellow, too. It's a pity."

"Then, with a gentle smile, the passer-by approached the old man and said:

"What are you doing, uncle?"

"Fishing, sir," answered the old man, solemnly.

"Fishing, eh? Well, uncle, come and have a drink."

"The old man shouldered his rod and followed the kindly stranger to the corner saloon. There he regaled himself with a large glass of dark beer and a good five-cent cigar. His host, contemplating him in a friendly, protecting way as he sipped and smoked, said:

"So you were fishing, uncle? And how many have you caught this morning?"

"The old man blew a smoke cloud toward the ceiling. Then, after a pause, he said:

"You are the seventh, sir."

## Bird Calls and Their Names.

Most of us know the chickadee when we hear him calling, over and over, "Chick-a-dee, dee dee, Chick-a-dee, dee, dee!"

Another bird that sings his name is Bob White, the quail. Only he often says "Poor Bob White!" His notes go up and down, and are stronger than the notes of the smaller birds and may be heard at a long distance. Of course these birds do not really sing their names! But people listening to them have fancied that these names are what the notes sound like, and so they have given the bird the name.

## Jolt to Car Owner's Pride.

A citizen on the South side recently bought a moderate priced motor car, and a few mornings ago he called to his next door neighbor and offered to take him downtown to the office. That night the neighbor's little girl said to the proud car owner: "I know what kind of an auto you've got." "Is that so?" the man asked. "Yes, I heard papa say at dinner what it is. It's a Tin Lizzie!"—Kansas City Star.

## Book Pretenses.

"The kind of books people read now-a-days is rather startling." "Yes," replied Mrs. McGudley, "but I have my doubts whether folks stop dancin' long enough to read 'em. When I was young we used to read books and pretend they read 'em and don't."

## Vague Assertions.

"When will the war be over?" inquired the impatient citizen. "I don't suppose there's any way of telling" replied the querulous quibbler. "When the fiercest kind of fighting was going on they said the war had not really started. Maybe the war is over now, only they don't know it."

## Cautious.

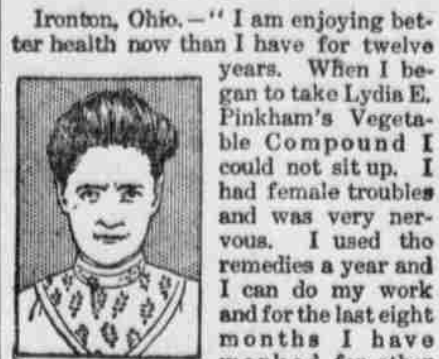
"My wife sent me to buy a rolling pin," said the mild-looking man. "What kind of wood do you prefer?" inquired the salesman. "What is the softest wood you have?"

## Proper Caper.

"So you've been making changes at your broom factory?" "Yes—a clean sweep." "If a man's morning-after memories do not worry him he is traveling the proper pace as a rule." "If a woman laughs at her own troubles she doesn't mean it."

## WOMAN COULD NOT SIT UP

Now Does Her Own Work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.



Ironton, Ohio.—"I am enjoying better health now than I have for twelve years. When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could not sit up. I had female troubles and was very nervous. I used the remedies a year and I can do my work and for the last eight months I have worked for other women, too. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for I know I never would have been as well if I had not taken it and I recommend it to suffering women."

Daughter Helped Also. "I gave it to my daughter when she was thirteen years old. She was in school and was a nervous wreck, and could not sleep nights. Now she looks so healthy that even the doctor speaks of it. You can publish this letter if you like."—Mrs. RENA BOWMAN, 161 S. 10th Street, Ironton, Ohio.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

## Made It Unanimous.

"Have you any militant suffragists in Crimmon Gulch?" "Nary," replied Bronco Bob. "When the school teacher dropped a hint as to how she'd like to vote we'd have been glad of a chance to shoot up anybody that 'ud interfere with her. But by common consent we turned the polls over to her an' all stayed away so's there wouldn't be any chance of her bein' embarrassed."—Washington Star.

## Extra Pay.

"Willie," said his mother on her return from a shopping expedition. "I told you if you were good while I was out, you might have a piece of candy, and now I find you've taken all there was in the box."

"Yes, mamma," replied Willie, "but you've no idea how very good I've been."

## Emphatic Distinction.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "why do you take an interest in prize fighting?" "As a matter of physical culture." "Well, it may be physical. But it isn't culture."

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# "Buy the Goods—Not the Package"

Advises Hon. Geo. W. Perkins, Chairman of New York's Food Committee.

And it's good advice! Select the food that contains the greatest nutrition for the least money, whether in ornately colored package or in a plain carton.

The Grape-Nuts package isn't pretty—no money is wasted upon ornament—but it's air-tight and germ-proof, to protect the food and keep it in perfect condition.

# Grape-Nuts

FOOD

made of selected wheat and malted barley, is delicious, concentrated, easily digested, and contains, pound for pound, more nutrition than beef—and costs less.

Grape-Nuts food has a delicious, nut-like flavour that is relished by old and young. It contains no sugar added, but its delicate sweetness is due to natural conversion of the starch of the grain into grape sugar by long, skilful baking.

It comes all ready to eat with cream or good milk and it's mighty good!

## "There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.