umph as she emerged from a sea of figures, "and so dainty and clean looking."
"I really think I prefer plain walls in a sleeping room, anyway," decided Mrs. Graham, "they are so restful."
"I, too!" agreed her daughter, emphatically. "Counting the gilt blobs on my wall paper nearly drove me insane when I was ill last winter and don't when I was ill last winter, and don't you remember how excited I used to get, hunting out faces in those wiggly

green scrolls? Plain it shall be; but what color will you have?"
"Yellow," promptly. "I've been want-ing a 'sunshine room' for years, and never could understand why the former owners papered a north room with

"I'll have the 'blues' then, since you don't care for them," laughed Ellen, "My room has plenty of sun, and water color fortunately doesn't fade like pa-per. Let's do the spare room in laven-der and cream. There's a gorgeous wistaria border in my stencil book."
"That will be lovely. And what for Bobby's room? I had thought of

pink—"
"Red!" corrected the 12-year-old anxiously over the top of his "joger-

"But, dear," objected his mother, "it seems to me a more delicate color would be prettier. Perhaps a pale

He shook his head in vigorour dis-"Red," he repeated firmly. "It's

my fav'rite color."
"Of course," his mother granted hesitantly; "I want you to have what you like best in your room, but red seems so dark and heavy. How would it do to make the walls a pretty cream color and then use the red for the curtains and cushions?"

"I said red," persisted Bobby, inflex-ly. "Red walls, red carpet, 'nd—everything."

erything."
"Tell you what, Bobs," coaxed his sister, "let's compromise. We'll make a dado of the liveliest kind of red, and paint the rest of the walls a sort of greenish tan, like your khaki soldier suit. Then I'll do a stunning border of wild geese—look here," and she pointed to the design in the catalog of stencils.
"What's a 'dado'?" queried the boy in a less aggressive tone, regarding the

what's a dato? I defect the boy in a less aggressive tone, regarding the flying geese with kindling eye.

"Oh, all right," he approved, the explanation being satisfactory, "but be sure you make it the reddest red they

Ruts and How to Get Out.

Mabel Gifford Shine, in Nautilus. When you find wrinkles coming, consider your thoughts, and see what is there that is working the mischief. Is it a belief in wrinkles and old age? Is it a belief in disease and sickness? Is it care? Is it struggle—trying to live better than one can afford? Is it envy, ide, hurry, worry, excitement, fear, bad conscience? Is it jealousy, enmity, fault finding, impatience, suspi-cion? Are you thinking the worst or the best of everybody and everything? Pessimism will make wrinkles faster than care, for it goes everywhere and is present at all times.

Even right thoughts make wrinkles if they are held on to. Right thoughts must be progressive. The law of life is progress; growth; if you stand still, if you travel back and forth in one line of thought, never branching out or looking beyond, you will wear ruts in your mind and they will be mirrored in your face. This kind of wrinkle making means bigotry, prejudice; all kinds of narrow mindedness.

We get into ruts in our work, and in our recreations; in our religion, and in our method of housekeeping; in the training of the children, and in our ideas on all subjects. We get a set of methods for the managing of our life, and a set of ideas about life, and there we settle down and stick; our religion, or creed, rather, is the only right one; and it never grows, just stays where it first developed. Our methods are the only correct ones, and our ideas are the only true ideas about life. In order to prevent wrinkles we have

to reverse these habits, step out of our narrow mind and cutivate broad mind-edness; change the pessimist for the optimist. There are plenty of things to be glad about, and the more you think of them the more you see. Instead of a fault finder, be an approval finder. Whatever you think of continually, you are more and more of, for the properties light or a door that you thought is light, or a door that opens to the light and lets it in.

War Children Are Grave.

War, Children Are Grave.

From the New York Mail.

People simply will believe that there is to be peace soon, though there isn't. Elderly people will recall the civil war days, when the war, from Bull Run straight on, was, to the elder generation, always coming to an end in a month or two. It was in the south, though, where the trouble was most desperate, that people believed most implicitly in an early termination of the war. And the war went on and on, until hearts were broken and four years were gone.

In 1861 all the north knew that the confederacy "couldn't hold out four months longer," but it held out all those years. But the children! They did not look for the end of the war. Some of them had come up to an understanding age and could not remember when the war was not raging—when mothers and sisters were not weeping and praying, and fathers or grandfathers were not sitting grim and silent and strained, as if waiting for their own sentence of death. To these children who could remember nothing but the war it sometimes seemed as if the war must always be—as if that were the way the world was made.

People who were children during the civil war and who were old enough or

was made.

People who were children during the civil war and who were old enough or keenly conscious enough to understand what it meant, took an impress of seriousness upon their minds and souls which ousness upon their minds and souls which the next generation quite escaped. Things sank in deeply in those days. The fire of war left a condition of susceptibility in the minds and memory of that generation, breeding a sensitiveness to all great and solemn things. Doubtless it will be so with the children of this time in Europe. The gravity of it all will go into the art and literature of the future.

Von Tirpitz a Typical Sea Dog.

From the World's Work. Admiral von Tirpitz's character is chiefly that of an old salt. With his forked beard, his large, round face, his of Neptune. With a genuine sailor, he can easily unbend; he can roar out a sailor's ditty with the best of them; his business and his relaxations are all nautical; even his favorite drink, according to tradition, is North sea sea-foam. If he has one enthusiasm, it is foam. If he has one enthusiasm, it is the British navy; he admires its history, its traditions, its great achievements. If fate in recent years has transformed him into an Anglophobe, that certainly is not his chosen role; for Nelson, Drake, Hawkins and the other great British sea rovers became the guiding influence in his life. Moreover, he likes not only English naval over, he likes not only English naval ideas, but England itself, his children have gained their education, in part in England. This inclination, according to advisers, he has transferred to the

A Pocket Cash Register. From Popular Mechanics.

From Popular Mechanics,
For the convenience of persons who like
to keep an account of their daily expenditures without bothering with a pencil and
notebook, a pocket cash register has been
invented and placed on the market in

MARY MIDTHORNE

IIII IIII IIII

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc.

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CHAPTER VII-(Continued).

"Eric," he said at last, abject wearmess in his voice, "I am about to ask a great favor of you. Will you let this matter rest for awhile? I—I don't know what came over me. It was not like anything that ever has happened to me before, not in all my life. I seem to have gone utterly out of my load. White likes a reteries Likes head. Wait! Please do not speak. Lis nead. Wait: Please do not speak. Listen to me. I am about to confess something to you. When you first came into this room and said that—that Chetwynd had taken your drawing, I felt that you spoke the truth. I do not know why I should believe this of my own son, but—but I was no more able to help it than it was in my powable to help it than it was in my power to check the working of my mind. The horrible fit of anger—the dreadful language, I cannot explain. I do not understand it myself. Wait. Yes, I do understand. It was because I knew that you knew. It was because there was no one else on whom I could yent my rage and shame. I hated you, Eric, in those few moments, those awful moments. You will never know how I hated you. Perhaps you can under-stand why. I wanted to be proud of Chetwynd. You struck that pride a deadly blow. You were responsible for my awakening. I cried out as the sleeper does when he is rudely disturbed from serenity of peaceful slumber—I cried out in anger against the awakening. I wanted to kill you. It was in my heart to do so. I love Chet-

was in my heart to do so. I love Chet-wynd. He is all that life holds for me. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sir," said Eric still in a maze.
"It is not too late for me to save him. He shall not go down. By God, he shall be a man. I will lift him up, if will force him up. He shall not falter again. I have never failed in any un-dertaking. I will not fail in this. He must be absolved. There is no alternative. He must stand right with the world, with me, and with him-self. Now, listen to me. Don't let a self. Now, listen to me. Don't let a word escape you. I thought it all out as I lay there on the couch. You can as I lay there on the couch. You can ruin him, perhaps—or at least cast discredit on him. It is my duty to prevent that very thing happening. You have got to let this matter rest."

"But, uncle," began Eric.

Mr. Blagden came a few steps nearer. Even in the dim light Eric could see the evolted light in his even

could see the exalted light in his eyes. "There is no alternative. He must be spared, so that I may help him while my hand is strong, while my love is great and capable of generosity. I shall have to ask you to say nothing about this until I have talked it over with him. There may be some mistake. I may be wrong in my con-clusions. God knows that I hope I am I would give all that I possess if I could be sure that you have lied to me, if I could drive out of my mind that first revolting doubt. But it has taken root, the seed of distrust is well sown. I doubt my son. I can only hope that his side of the story may not be so dark as I fear it. There may be extenuating circumstances." A great hope took root in his soul and he voiced it. "It is not improbable

he voiced it. "It is not improbable that you tried to profit by his ideas. You may be as culpable as he is, in an indirect way. Stop! Do not defend yourself. It isn't necessary. I am merely theorizing. I recall that the two designs, as presented, are along the same general lines, the same thought is expressed. I noted a similarity. He may have been justified in keeping you from realizing on his ideas and his experience. If he discovered in any way that you, being a bet-ter draughtsman than he, concluded to benefit by his ideas after coming into possession of them, either innocently

"What are you going to say if he declares that you did take—" began Mr. Blagden harshly.

But he could not deceive himself. He bit his lip and turned his face away for

an instant.

"No, Eric," he went on, in an altered tone, "I won't put it that way. I am about to bare myself to you, and it is best that we should understand each He paced back and forth across the com several times, his brow knitted,

room his hands clasped tightly behind his

Eric felt a sudden, keen sense of jubiliation. "Are you going to have Mr. Presbrey talk it over with him?" he Mr. Blagden stopped in his tracks

"No," he said, bringing his lips together in a thin line. "This is not a matter for Presbrey—at least, not at matter for Presbrey—at least, not at present. My boy, I am desperate, quite desperate. I don't know why I should believe this thing you have told me, as I said before, but I do believe it. I am convinced that your drawing has won the prize that goes to Chetwynd. I don't know how it all came about. He I don't know how it all came about. He may not have been wholly responsible, but the fact remains that the drawing is yours. I am a fair man. I grant that it is your design. But, above all things, I am a Blagden. The name has been dragged in the dust by one member of the family—your mother. That, of course, is something you could not have helped. But you can help me now in the effort to keep it from being further dishonored. I shall expect you to do so. It is hard, I appreciate, for you to sit calmly and see the prize go to another under the conditions. But that my boy, is just what you will have to do."

is just what you will have to do He spoke slowly, emphasising each word with a sort of snapping of his tongue as the breath escaped from the

confinement of his throat. 'What do you mean?" asked Eric,

perplexed. "Just this: the situation must remain You have nothing to lose, while I, your aunt, even Chetwynd-ah, we have so much to lose. But three people know of this, I fancy—we three. Unless—ah, but I am sure you could not have been such a fool as to say anything to Mr. Porter before consulting me. I can see by your face that you did go so far as that."

"You mean," said Eric, in low, un-even tones, "that I am to let Chetwynd ave the prize without a word for my-

'Yes. That, and nothing else."

But I will not submit to-"You will do just as I say, sir," said his uncle calmly. "As I have said be-fore, it is for the good of the family. We must think of that, you and I, as

"Why should I think of your family?" cried Eric recklessly. "You've never though of mine. You and Mr. Presbrey have read my mother and father into hell fire. You haven't left me any-

cases are not parallel. We have a chance to save a boy's soul, as well as his honor. It was not I who damned Mary and Philip Midthorne. They saw to that well enough for themselves. But I did not mean to hurt you. Forgive

"I can't forgive everything," groaned

"You owe me a great deal more than you can ever realize, It was I, Eric, who took you and Mary by the hand and lifted you up from the dirt, into which you were cast. It is I who have given you an honored a poble place in the you an honored, a noble place in the world. And how? By means of a name that, of itself, stands unsullied. name that, of itself, stands unsulled. No man has ever questioned the name of Bladgen. With that name to support you, you have become a credit and a—yes, a blessing to Corinth. That name will carry you to fields of greater honor and distinction. So long as it is behind you in the—er—you might say the flesh and blood, you have nothing to fear. I represent the name. I am to fear. I represent the name. I am the name. If I cast you off, the world will never pick you up. There you have it. Do I make myself clear?"

It did not occur to Eric to resent the There you

sublime egotism in this speech. At any other time he would have snickered, perhaps, for he had a rare sense of impressed by the seriousness of his unwords.

"Am I to understand, Uncle Horace, that if I say anything about Chetwynd stealing my—"
"Don't use that word," snapped Mr.

Blagden.
"If I mention it." modified the boy, "you will kick me out?"
"I will not have anyone about me who wilfully, deliberately seeks to destroy the credit of the name I bear,

id the other, succinctly. "How about Chetwynd?" "Do you mean to argue all night with

me?"
"I should have some rights, sir." "You are too young to talk about ghts. You will have them when the proper time comes. I will see to that. This little disappointment you've experienced today is but a trifle in the harvest of pleasures you may reap with my help and my friendship. Liswith my help and my friendship. Listen, Eric. I am very serious. I must insist that you look at this from my point of view. It means so much to me. It can mean very little to you. In a week, you will have forgotten the pangs of disappointment, while I could never hold up my head again in Corinth if you were to tell this story to the world. People would believe enough world. People would believe enough of it to make life a hell for me. I could not beat it down. It would never die. And Chetwynd's only chance would be gone. He can be saved. He must be saved. He is not a bad boy at heart. He—he has been sopiled."

The man's lip trembled, and his voice

show ever so slightly in the utterance of this humiliating confession.

It was on the point of Eric's tongue to blurt out the ugly tale of Chetwynd's treatment of Mary, but he held back his words. This was an affair between him and Chetwynd.

"It's hard, mighty hard, Uncle Horace," he said, dropping into a chair and putting his face in his hands. "We all have hard duties to perform.

We all have harsh debts to pay, my "What are you going to say to Chet-wynd, if I do keep still? He will know that I know. It—it will be awkward." "I shall demand of him the truth. I

shall demand of him the truth.

shall compel him to go to you and admit his—er—his error. You may—"

"I'd rather you'd not ask him to do that," objected Eric, in stifled tones.
"It's best not to do it. Let it go as it is. Say what you like to him, Uncle, but don't let him come to me about it. possession of them, or maliciously—"

Eric's indignation burst its bounds.
"You know that isn't true, Uncle Horace he cried out. 'I never saw his design, I never talked with him about it."

but don't let him contains it is, but I won't have anything more added to it. That's what it would mean if he tried to apologise. We couldn't get through with it gracefully, that's all."

Mr. Blagden placed his hand on the

Mr. Blagden placed his hand on the bent shoulder of the defeated boy. bent shoulder of the defeated boy.

"I am glad that you see it as you should see it, Eric. You have taken the proper course, believe me. I shall not-forget it. It is understood, then, that—er, ahem!—that it goes no farther?"

"Yes, sir. I'll stand for it," in muf-

fled tones.

The telephone bell tinkled once more

Eric waited until his uncle motioned for him to take the message. His aunt was on the wire, asking what kept them at the bank. He informed her they were starting for home at once. Then she said something that brought a bitter, scornful smile to his lips. He waited until she was through, and then said: "No, it isn't that. Don't be worried,

Aunt Rena."
"Will you get my hat and stick, now"
"Will you get my hat and stick, now" We will be late for dinner. Punctuality is a virtue, Eric, that is only surpassed by unselfishness. Ah, thank

town, and they believed in letting well enough alone. At least, until they could get their price from the outside capitalists who were ready to put in a big electric plant. The Corinth Electric Light company supplied the homes and the business houses with light, but the municipality was content, perforce, to cling to its ancient friend, the lamp post—staid and trust. friend, the lamp post—staid and trust-ed teetotaler that never went out

nights. Uncle and nephew walked side by side up the narrow sidewalk, homeward bent. They were silent after that last magnanimous effort on the part of Horace, each wrapped in his own thoughts, not any of which possibly could have been pleasant. Eric found some setisfaction in the discovery some satisfaction in the discovery of a weak spot in his uncle's virtue, althought the consolation afforded by this knowledge was not likely to prothing to be grateful for. I won't—" this knowledge was not likely to "Stop, sir! Not another word. The vide a lasting sense of victory.

uncle contaminated! An hour before he would not have believed it possible But now! Where would it end? How far would an ill-wind carry that hith-to unswerving craft out of its estab-lished course? What was Horace Blag-den's estimate of himself to be as time

gave it a chance to develop?

As for the tall, gaunt man who strode beside him, what were his thoughts? What must they have been, to drag down his shoulders in this way and to lower a chin that never had drooped

They entered the gate in the stone wall guarding the sanctity of the grey house on the hill. Not until then did Horace Blagden give sign of the thoughts that were burning in his brain. He stopped, checking Eric with word.
"It did seem to me, Eric, on seeing

the two drawings, that the one bearing your name was crudely done. could not understand it. amazed, and I must say I was grati-fied. Now I understand. You could not possibly have made the design attributed to you. But the thing that puzzles me most, is how Chetwynd, with his traing and his extra preparation for the contest of the ation for the contest, could have pro-duced such a miserable botch. He has had the best of instruction in New I-I can't see why he did not York.

do better."

Eric had his own private opinion. but he could not bring himself to the point of advancing it at this time. Mr. Blagden would find out soon enough, without his help. Still, the boy could not quell the secret joy that filled his soul as he contemplated the harsh times ahead of Chetwynd, and the bitter things that his uncle and aunt would have to swallow. The thought of this actually revived his fallen spir-its. The future would pay handsome-ly for the present; he could afford the gloom of today in view of tomorrow's

"Perhaps he didn't consider it worth hile," he explained. Horace eyed him sharply, "If he did not consider it worth while, why should he have gone to the trouble to— But

there, we were to say no more about it. He shall explain for himself. We can't judge him unheard."

They went forward. As they came into the shaft of light thrown out by the open hall door, the older man again stopped. This time he grasped Eric's

arm in a grip of iron.

"Eric," he began in a low, tense voice, "you heard me say back there in the office that I could have killed you. Will you be able to appreciate my state of mind when I tell you now that it was in my heart to kill you if you refused to accede to my demands in this matter? There is a revolver in my desk drawer. You were not to have gone out with that awful story on your lips. But that is not all. It would

have died there in that room, for no one would be alive to repeat it." "What do you mean, sir?" asked Eric, a strange chill running through him. He looked into the haggard face of his uncle as it stood out clearly in the light from the doorway. It seemed to him that Mr. Blagden suddenly had grown very old.
"I should have killed myself as well,"

said Horace Blagden quietly.
The boy stared at him in utter amazement. Suddenly it was revealed to him what all this really meant to the head of the Blagden family. He was conscious of a choking sensation in his throat; there was a rush of moisture to his eyes. A great, perhaps unwel-come wave of pity for the man swept to his eyes.

over him.

"It's all right now, Uncle," he mur-mured brokenly." As they entered the hall, Mrs. Blag-den emerged from the library. She sent a swift, searching glance into Eric's eyes, a glance expressing doubt, anxiety and no little antipathy.

Eric smiled, a bitter, scornful little smile, the real inwardness of which she was never to grasp.

He could account for her uneasiness.
He had but to go back for a few minutes to that second call on the tele-phone. She had said to him then, in

accents of real despair and dread: "You are not telling him of Chet-"You are not telling him of Chet-wynd and Mary, are you? You can't be such a beast, such a dog as to for-get your promise to me. If I thought you were telling him, I'd turn Mary out into the street this very minute, be-cause I know your uncle would insist on it himself when he got home. Have you breathed it to him? Speak! Why do you hesitate?"

'No, it isn't that. Don't be worried Aunt Rena," he had said.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN FRIENDSHIP CEASES. WHEN FRIENDSHIP CEASES.

Chetwynd returned from New York two days later. He was closeted with his father for more than two hours, emerging with the air of a whipped dog, thoroughly cowed, but filled with rage against Eric Midthorne and his own father. A hang-dog look of defiance crept into his sullen face as the hours went by, hours that were bringing him up to the minute when he would have to face Eric in the library, just before the dinner hour, in accordance with the edict pronounced by his ance with the edict pronounced by his

(Continued next week.)

Friendship In Politics. From the Dayton News.

passed by unselfishness. Ah, thank you."

He accepted his hat and cane from the hands of his nephew, carefully placing the one on his grey head and grasping the other firmly.

"Smith will straighten up the room. He must be wondering what keeps me here so late. It is quite dark. Dear me, Smith must be puzzled. By the by, Eric, I may go to Boston this week. It has occurred to me that I can, after all, arrange to take the room you want—I might say covet—in Cambridge for next fall. You remember I told you a few weeks ago it wouldn't be possible on account of the expense. Well, I think it can be arranged."

Thank you, uncle," said Eric, rather lifelessly.

They passed out of the building and descended the broad stone steps lending to the sidewalk. Street lamps were being lighted by men who made a pretense of hurrying up and down the quiet thoroughfare. Corinth was still using the primitive gas lamp on its streets, although the world at large had been illuminated by electricity for years. It seems that Blagden, et al, owned the lighting franchise for the town, and they believed in letting well enough alone. At least, until they could get their price from the outside capitalists who were ready to put in a big electric Light company supplied the hornes and the business that business the same of blashom he had done something, to oppose him, but he ddin't know why a man for whom he had done something, to oppose him, but he ddin't know why a man for whom he had done something, to oppose him, but he ddin't know why a man for whom he had done something, to oppose the primitive parts the business that the process the business t be against him.

If You Could Have a Perfect Day.

If you could have a perfect day.

If you could have a perfect day.

To dream of when your life were done,
Would you choose one all clear, all gay—
If you could have a perfect day—
The airs above the wide greenway
Sheer virgin blue with crystal sun?—
If you could have a perfect day
To dream of when your life were done.

Or would you have it April's way, Haphazard rain, haphazard sun, Divine and sordid, clear and gray, Dyed like these hours' own work and

play;
All shot with stains of tears and clay,
Haphazard pain, haphazard fun—
If you could have a perfect day
To dream of when your life were done?
—Edith Wyatt, in Poetry.

LIFE WAS A TRAGEDY, SAID IOWA WOMAN

Mrs. William Litzenberg of Montezuma, Iowa, suffered from stomach troubles for a long period. She grew weak as a result of the failure of her digestive processes. She was always

Then came Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and showed her the way back to health again.

The first bottle, the very first dose, put Mrs. Litzenberg on her feet. She

"I have taken four bottles of your Wonderful Remedy. I can't be thankful enough for it. I must say that it is the best medicine that I ever tried.

"I was so weak that I did not think life was worth living-had no appetite -everything I ate worked against me, but now I can eat anything at all that looks good. I feel so strong-have been able to do a good day's work ever since I took the first bottle."

Mayr'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 satisfactory money will be returned.-Adv.

His Bid.

Between the blonde young woman on the other side of the car and her stout neighbor next to the left there interposed a space of perhaps four inches in width. Clinging to the strap just in front of the blonde young woman was a cheerful individual whose uncertain footing was, it seemed, not wholly due to the jolting and jerking of the common carrier. Presently he fastened an ingratiating smile upon the young woman.

"Madam," he murmured, "if you'd lemme sit down in that plache there by you I'd-I'd vote for woman shuf-

BABY LOVES HIS BATH

With Cuticura Soap Because So Sooth ing When His Skin Is Hot.

These fragrant supercreamy emol lients are a comfort to children. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itchings, chafings, etc. Nothing more ef fective. May be used from the hour of birth, with absolute confidence.

Sample each free by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Just That.

"That fellow certainly can make great speech." "That so? Then why doesn't he?"

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE for the TROOPS Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the Front because it rests the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions, hot, swollen aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try It TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

Alias Jim the Penman.

"Is Blinks making any progress?" "Yes, he forged ahead until the handwriting experts proved it on him.'

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting-just Eye comfort. Write for Book of the My by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Pretty Blue. Saplee-What is this Blue Bird we hear so much about? Snapleigh-The Dove of Peace .-

Drink Denison's Coffee.

Judge.

Always pure and delicious. Theory and practice are somewha different—as young lawyers or physicians can tell you.

a new species of bore." "Still another?"

"It's the young woman who tells everybody she meets how the war in Europe prevented her from finishing her musical education."

A Tale Often Told

"Society is just now afflicted with

It is easy to size up egotism that is not causing our own skulls to bulge

AFTER SUFFERING TWO LONG YEARS

Mrs. Aselin Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"After my little one was born I was sick with pains in doctors said were caused by inflamma-



tion. I suffered a great deal every month and grew very thin. I was under the doctor's care for two long years without any benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try it we got Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. After tak-

ing the third bottle of the Compound I was able to do my housework and today I am strong and healthy again. I will answer letters if anyone wishes to know about my case."—Mrs. JOSEPH ASELIN, 606 Fourth Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for woman's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

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.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired-Out of Sort -Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right

in a few days.
They do

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