

Back Given Out?

Housework is too hard for a woman who is half sick, nervous and always tired. But it keeps piling up, and gives weak kidneys no time to recover. If your back is lame and aching and your kidneys irregular, if you have "blue spells," sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness, and rheumatic pains, use **Doan's Kidney Pills**. They have done wonders for thousands of worn-out women.

A South Dakota Case

Mrs. Matt Henke, 615 NeSmith Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D. 57103. "I had lumbago and suffered with dull pains in the small of my back and in my loins. I had frequent headaches and was both unable to do my work and at times could hardly keep going. I often had to stop and rest. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they were just what I needed. I am now free from the aches and pains in my back and my kidneys were in fine shape."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WHERE HE COULD GET COLOR

Mr. Gloom Seems to Have Definite Opinion of Denizens of Certain Kansas City Locality.

"If I were a sensational preacher, and wanted more notoriety than I was getting," a little grimly said J. Fuller Gloom, "I would not waste my time infesting boxing matches, rowdywood dances and the like. Instead, I would array myself in a guileless countenance and a set of false neck whiskers. In my right hand I would wear a cane of weeping willow with a hook on one end and a thimble on the other. With my left hand I would clutch by the ears such a gripsack as we seldom see in real life. Of course, I would wear other and equally appropriate garments. And thus arrayed I would ramble around in the vicinity of the Union station, and let the denizens of that locality play with me. I fancy that in a short spell I would accumulate more novel experiences than I could otherwise acquire in a year's time."—Kansas City Star.

Had a Reason.

"I stopped in at the drug store to buy a cigar," said a College Avenue man. "Behind me rushed in a lad about five years old. Right up to the clerk he went, yelling: 'Mister, you gave me a penny too much change a while ago!'"

"The clerk looked at him a minute and said: 'That's your good luck, and for being honest enough to tell me, you may keep the penny.'"

"The lad still had a troubled look on his face and soon explained it by saying: 'But I bought a penny balloon with it and I wanted to know if you would take it back. They are selling larger ones down at the next drug store for a penny.'"—Indianapolis News.

Always Have the "Dough."

Ways of the Hopi Indians of northern New Mexico, their food and religious customs, was the subject of an address in Kansas City, Mo., the other night by Miss Ethel Ryan, for years a Baptist missionary on the Hopi reservation.

"The Hopi women delight in decorating their shoes with 10-cent pieces," Miss Ryan said. "The shoes, which resemble moccasins, often have as many as five dimes on each."

"They have a way of sewing quarters to their dresses and using them as buttons. When they go to market and find themselves short of money they simply cut off a button."

And they're never broke! Glory be!

"Amen" All Alone.

I have sung soprano for years in a church choir. One Sunday morning, while in a service, the minister announced a hymn, which was on the bottom of the page, the third verse being on the opposite page, at the top. At the end of the second verse (not seeing the third verse) I sang "Amen" all alone. Every one, even the minister laughed, and the organist went on playing the third verse. When time to sing the amen I let the rest of the choir sing amen. People were still laughing, and it was the most embarrassing moment in my life.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Advice.

A school teacher was visiting the boy scout camp at Kinneunpoopee a few weeks back. The boys were feeding her with blackberries and in every way trying to make her enjoy her visit. One little fellow, more interested than the others, gave her the following advice: "And, say, while you're here you want to get good and tanned. You won't have to wash your neck and ears then, for the dirt doesn't show."—Indianapolis News.

Peanuts in Mesopotamia.

Successful experiments in growing peanuts have been conducted in Mesopotamia by Englishmen.

VISION IN POET'S DREAMS.

From the Christian Science Monitor. Somebody has been reading Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," and has made the delightful discovery that the English poet, away back in 1798, anticipated Commander Read's flight across the Atlantic aboard the NC-4. There's something in a flying balloon. wrote Wordsworth. There's something in a huge balloon. But through the clouds I'll never float. Until I have a little boat Shaped like the crescent moon. And then, imagining himself in possession of the 20th century craft, the poet continued: Up goes my boat among the stars. Through many a breathless field of light. Through many a long, blue field of ether. Leaving ten thousand stars behind it. Up goes my little boat so bright. Very likely Commander Read hadn't thought of the NC-4 as a "little boat so bright," but, considering that Wordsworth had no opportunity to master modern technical terms of aviation, the "little boat so bright" was near enough.

Hunters and the Mincn.

From the Seattle Times. After the Spanish-American war, embalmed beef. After the great war, what? Such was the mental attitude of the great, gossiping, fact-finding, pack hunting (though intangible) American public 24 hours after the armistice was signed. Pack hunting, because, though utterly terrible one way or the other, we never follow the spoor unless we know the game is coming. Intangible, because pack hunting is always finished before individual can be identified; even then, few admit participation. Terrible? Look what we did to Dewey and Sampson!

This time the hunt was on and the pack in full cry before game was identified, even before the deer was identified. We didn't know just what or who we were after, but believe us, we were on our way!

First, we had a division shot to pieces by our own artillery because of the inefficiency of our officers. But the trait pattered out when the war department met our attack and made facts. Then, after a few aimless dashes in different directions, we took after the Y. M. C. A. This held us longer, but again the scent failed to keep our attention.

Then began the pursuit of the horrors of Brest and the "iniquities of the court martials." Then, we say, for there has been no middle and no end.

Today we find it hard to fix our attention upon the stories of brutalities to prisoners in France. H. C. L. and labor unions hold the stage. But Heaven help the army if the public starts to roam. Should just one trail hold, the pack will destroy. And no man can forget the names the mason will carve.

Old Fashioned Politics.

From the New York Post. Six candidates for the same seat in congress, touring a district together and speaking from the same platforms, must be an awesome spectacle, but it may be witnessed in two districts in South Carolina during the rest of this month. The campaigns, of course, are really for the democratic nomination, which will decide the elections.

They May Be Sorry.

From Bryan's Commoner. By the time the Republicans dispose of the League of Nations, the labor question, the railroad problem and the protest, they may be sorry they are in control of congress. Being in control they have to show their hand in constructive legislation—last year they could spend their time finding fault.

So, Don't Get Discouraged.

From the Detroit News. Does this sound natural? "Congress is rent party . . . much business of a trifling nature and personal concernment withdraws their attention from matters of great national moment." George Washington wrote it in 1776 about the continental congress.

Borrowing the Tableware.

From the Wall Street Journal. A chain of restaurants in New York has to purchase more than 1,000,000 spoons, forks and knives every year. Others tell the same story. Some of the help, according to the management of a Wall street restaurant, must be reckoned on as furnishing their homes with "borrowed" tableware, and many patrons take it for souvenirs as unobtrusively as they would appropriate an umbrella on a rainy day.

War Hard on Glass.

From the Nation's Business. Glass was not made for the concussions of war. The glass factories of Belgium can run for many months on the job of replacing broken window panes, and France looks to Belgium to help in mending her own windows. Italy's one factory will have a long period of work if it is to replace the destroyed windows in the invaded district.

Steel and Rail Workers Pay.

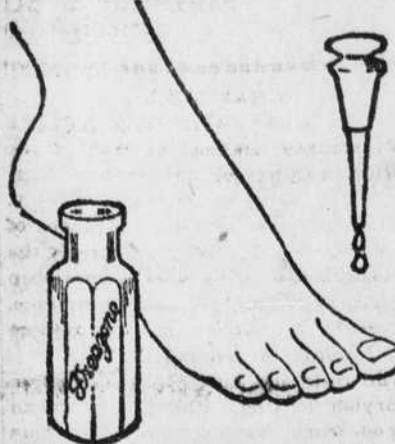
From Financial Letter, the National City Bank of Chicago. The country has been afflicted with an epidemic of strikes which unquestionably impede production. A large volume of trade is being done in the immense territory served by the Chicago market, but labor troubles have caused no little anxiety concerning the ability of producers and manufacturers to supply the constantly growing European demand for American products. The unrest of labor is virtually worldwide, but there would seem to be less reason for this in the United States than anywhere else in the world. This is because the official figures show that in the 11 years from 1908, the annual wages of the steel worker in this country has increased from \$728 to \$1,950, a gain of 166 per cent, while the pay of the railroad worker has been raised in the same interval from \$721 a year to \$1,058, a gain of 46 per cent. Such an increase would seem to be sufficient to more than cover the upward trend in living expenses which both federal and state authorities are striving hard to combat.

Doesn't Miss Anything.

From the San Francisco Chronicle. They were seeing San Francisco. They had done Chinatown, the seals, a couple of museums and the spaghetti tunnel of Bay street. The event of the day was the parade. They were watching the Pan-American parade. Finally one of them had an inspiration. She turned to her companion: "Do you like art?" she queried. "Oh, aw yes," whenever I hit a big city with a artery in it I always buy art."—The thirty Hollands are beginning to complain about the expensive furniture in America. When it has lost Holland 10,000 gallons to guard so far.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caluses from bottom of feet. A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

DESERVED TO BE PARDONED

Quick-Witted Youngster Must Have Heard of Boast the Surgeon Was Fond of Making.

This Indianapolis physician boasts that he would rather do surgical work than eat. Even the children in the neighborhood know of this, as is proven by the following story:

Recently some of the neighboring boys were playing ball in front of his office. Suddenly the ball went wild and went to work to rewrite the diet. To clan's plate glass windows. Of course the doctor was furious, and he expressed his feelings to the wee fellow who had thrown it. "Haven't I told you fellows that this would happen some day?" he demanded.

The little fellow nodded his head. "Then what have you to say for yourself?" was the next thrust.

The little fellow gulped, swallowed and finally sobbed out: "Well, I thought maybe I would hit one of your patients."

Smallest Penknife.

A gold-handled penknife that is so small it could pass through the eye of an ordinary darning needle is on display in the window of its maker, Solomon L. Baxter, jeweler, Wellesley, Mass. Baxter claims it is the smallest penknife in the world. The little knife has two steel blades measuring three thirty-seconds of an inch. Three tiny steel rivets hold the sides and blades in position.

Alternate Insomnia.

Admiral Sims said at a dinner in Washington: "And another frequent cause of divorce is alternate insomnia." "Alternate insomnia!" said a nerve specialist incredulously. "Pshaw, admiral, what the deuce is that?" "Alternate insomnia," the admiral explained, "is a complaint common to a great many husbands and wives. Whoever goes to sleep first keeps the other awake all night snoring."

Didn't Disturb Him.

Mrs. Grogan—Wake up, ye fohorn! Oi can't shlope a wink on account av yure shnorin'! Grogan—Ye must thry an' get used to it, the same as Oi hav. Oi niver notice it meself, at all, at all.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Experts or Theorists—Which?

The packing industry is intricate, complex—far more so than the railroads or the telegraph. Every day multiplying needs of society increase its problems and multiplying responsibilities demand more of it.

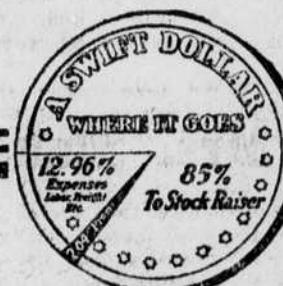
Highly trained experts, specialists of years' experience, thinkers and creative men, devote their lives, their energies, their activities, to solving the problems of the packing industry and meeting its widening duties.

Swift & Company is not a few dozen packing plants, a few hundred branch houses, a few thousand refrigerator cars, and a few million dollars of capital, but an organization of such men. It is the experience, intelligence, initiative and activity which operates this physical equipment.

Can this intelligence, this experience, this initiative and creative effort which handles this business at a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound from all sources, be fostered through the intervention of political theorists, however pure their purposes? Or be replaced by legislation? Does Congress really think that it can?

Let us send you a Swift "Dollar". It will interest you. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Landed on Him. The Diner—How did I order my eggs? The Waitress—Well, you wasn't any too polite about it.

Manhood is above all riches, overtops all titles; character is greater than any career.

Ill-timed Music. "Pretty dry time at the club dinner, last night, eh, old man?" "Well, the orchestra gave us a lot of Meyer-beer."

At the Beginning and the End of the Day

There's health and comfort in the truly All-American table beverage—

The Original POSTUM CEREAL

Bid your coffee troubles good-bye by joining the great army who now drink Postum instead of coffee.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.

Everywhere at Grocers.

Children Cry For



What is CASTORIA

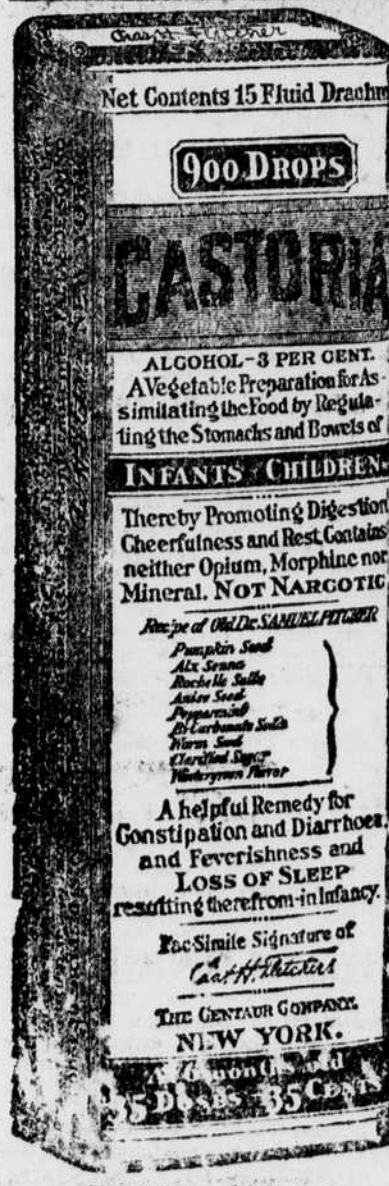
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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