

Temperature and Metals.
In a demonstration at the London Royal Institution of the effects of sudden changes of temperature on various materials, Prof. C. H. Lees showed that iron and marble could be removed from low temperature to 630 degrees Fahrenheit, and changed back from heat to cold without cracking. Quartz was shattered, though silica glass was unaffected.

Love knows nothing about philosophy and cares less.

Were Built to Endure.
The Egyptian engineer who built the famous water works at Aden constructed the masonry so well that the services of a plumber never have been required. These water works were built 3,000 years before the Christian era and are the most celebrated and antique in the world.

Indefinite.
"What about that vacuum invention of your friend's?"
"Oh, there's nothing in it."

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. *Chas. H. Fletcher*
Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

"Life-Plant"

There is a creeping moss found in Jamaica called the "life-plant." It is believed to be indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or the application of a red-hot iron. It may be cut up and divided in any manner, and the smallest shreds will throw out roots, grow and bud.

Eanni is merely old-fashioned laziness putting on lugs.

Senatorial Courtesy.
"What is senatorial courtesy?"
"Senatorial courtesy," replied Senator Sorghum, "consists largely in remaining silent so ostentatiously that anybody can guess what unpleasant things you must be thinking about."

His Preference.
"My husband reads me like an open book." "I wonder if he wouldn't rather shut you up."

THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL DISEASES

No organs of the human body are so important to health and long life as the kidneys. When they slow up and commence to lag in their duties, look out! Danger is in sight.

Find out what the trouble is—without delay. Whenever you feel nervous, weak, dizzy, suffer from sleeplessness, or have pains in the back, wake up at once. Your kidneys need help. These are signs to warn you that your kidneys are not performing their functions properly. They are only half doing their work and are allowing impurities to accumulate and be converted into uric acid and other poisons, which are causing you distress and will destroy you unless they are driven from your system.

Get some GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules at once. They are an old, tried preparation used all over the world for centuries. They contain only old-fashioned, soothing oils combined with strength-giving and system-cleansing herbs, well known and used by physicians in their daily practice. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are convenient to take, and will either give prompt relief or your money will be refunded. Ask for them at any drug store, but be sure to get the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand. Accept no substitutes. In sealed packages. Three sizes.

FOOLISH IDEAS SOME HAVE

Old Fellow Righteously Indignant at Fastidiousness of the Guests of His Hotel.

Capt. Lindsey Folk, director of a number of hotels, said recently in New York:

"European hotels, even the best of them, are inferior to ours. While I was in Paris I saw an advertisement of a fashionable new hotel, and the least the management made was that it was as good as the best American hotels. I was pleased with this tribute."

Captain Polk smiled. "Well," he resumed, "our ideals are high. No more hotelkeepers like the old fellow who complained about his summer visitors:

"You wouldn't believe the nonsense that is in them. They are always wantin' a clean tablecloth and clean sheets to their beds. An' table napkins, no less! I'll tell you what, there's sure people in this world that think they can go into a hotel an' make a convalescence of it."

Hard to Digest.

Binks—The under crust to that chicken pie you brought me was abominably tough. Waiter—There wasn't any under crust to that pie, sir; it was served on a paper plate and you've eaten it.

Satisfied.

The gray-haired stranger bent over the desk.

"Are you the society editor?" he asked.

"I am."

"Are you the person who wrote up the account of last night's big reception?"

"Yes; anything wrong with it?"

"That's what I want to find out. Look here. I notice in speaking of my daughter you use the sentence:

"She swept about the room with an inherited grace that arrested every one's attention." Now, what was your purpose in writing that?"

"Why, it struck me as a first-class opportunity for a neat compliment to her esteemed parents; that's all."

"You are sure that you didn't mean to insinuate that her father laid the foundation of his fortune by selling brooms?"

"Certainly not."

"Because I did, you know."

"I didn't know it."

"Then that's all right. Good day."—Dallas News.

Truth Hard to Down.

Truth is tough; it will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day like a football, and it will be round and full at evening.

Truth and a woman's age are not on speaking terms.

THE ONE WHO FOLLOWS.

One day an old umbrella mender brooded in a skeleton of a man and tinkering tools into the alley back of my office. As he sat on a box in the sun mending the broken and torn umbrellas, I noticed that he seemed to take unusual pains, testing the cloth, carefully measuring and strongly sewing the covers.
"You seem extra careful," I remarked.
"Yes," he said, without looking up, "I try to do good work."
Your customers would not know the difference until you were gone," I suggested.
"No, I suppose not."
"Do you expect to come back?"
"No."
"Then why are you so particular?"
"So it will be easier for the next fellow who comes along," he answered simply. "If I put on shoddy cloth or do bad work they will find it out in a few weeks, and the next mender will get the cold shoulder or the bull dog."

Life Reduced to Food.

By New Year's day, 1918, the comfortable classes of Moscow had lost all their illusions about the revolution. They were bored, their insistent interest in it, and preferred to discuss ways and means of getting more than their share of the meager food supply. Every one had some mysterious "method"—just as most inhabitants of the Riviera have a secret "system" for beating the bank at Monte Carlo.

There were two Russian families in whose houses I knew I could always get a good dinner. The "system" of the Eyalenkos was beautifully simple. They had a good looking servant girl. She was glib, methodical and had worked out a schedule for having different soldiers call on her every night in the week. Instead of chocolate creams, she exacted tribute from them in fat fowls, suckling pigs and jars of butter. The Eyalenkos lived royally.

The other family—with marvelous business acumen—had succeeded in trading some useless thing like a munition plant or a gold mine for a cigar factory. And you could buy anything with cigars. They were the most lavish entertainers in Moscow. They were not embarrassed if even four or five guests turned up unexpectedly at meal hours. Their table groaned under the weight of "improvements" every night in the week. Instead of white bread, really white.

It was this very luxury which brought my dinners with them to an end. One evening when there were only a few intimate friends left the hostess explained how they got it. They bribed the chief surgeon of a war hospital with cigars!

There was a still small hoard of white flour in the hospital, reserved for the soldiers who had had so much of their stomachs shot away that they could not digest black bread. Although every one present at the dinner would have insisted upon being classed as gentlefolk, no one protested at the infamy. But I could not eat any more of that white bread. I never went back.

Indifference.
Over my garden
An airplane flew;
But nothing there
Either cared or knew.

Cabbage butterflies
Chased each other;
A young wren cried
Seeking his mother.

Gay zinnias
With heavy head
Faintly yellows,
And mauves, and reds,

A hummingbird,
On the late lakspur,
Never knew what
Went over her.

Crickets chirped,
And a blinking toad
Watched for flies
On the gravel road.

They don't care
How the birds are—
To go through heaven
In a flying car!

To a yellow bee
On a marigold
The adventure
Seems a trifle old.

—Louise Driscoll, in the New York Times

Eye of Money Genius.
Paul Hutchinson, in World Outlook.

As far as I know, there is only one man in all the United States who deals in quill toothpicks. He is a Russian Jew, citizen of the city of New York. Somewhere in Bohemia he had a fact that toothpicks would become an extinct occupation. So he sent this S. O. S. to the consular service of the United States: "Where can I get more goose quill toothpicks?"

Not long after that the toothpick king traveled to the east, only to find that his reply had come from a Methodist missionary, the Rev. George S. Miner. Mr. Miner has business ability par excellence, for he has equipped and carried on 117 day schools in his province without a cent of appropriation from the missionary board of his church. "Mr. Miner's schools are for poor boys, but he is not in the business of making beggars of his students; no boy enters his help who does not show ambition to help himself. The toothpick man saw all this, saw also the unlimited supplies of goose quills to be found in China, and straightway turned over the production end of his business to this missionary and his schoolboys.

In the city of Foochow, Mr. Miner had built up a large higher primary school, which is the term used in China for a school doing the last four years of what Americans call grammar school work. The first floor of the dormitory, by ripping out a few partitions and installing a bit of picket fence, was turned into a toothpick factory. I was in that factory the other day. Floor of room, plenty of light, plenty of air—and plenty of quills. Thirty boys sat at long benches, in each right hand a razor keen knife and a short piece of wire. With a quick twist the left hand would hold the quill in proper position; one cut, another, a thrust of the wire to clear the interior, and the toothpick was done. The boy I watched had cut 7,200 the previous day. The factory had turned out 116,000.

Generous.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Mrs. Callahan's husband had been quite ill and the doctor had been trying to make her realize the gravity of the situation.
"Mrs. Callahan," said he, very seriously, "you must be at your husband's side constantly, as you will need to hand him something every little while."

Whereupon Mrs. Callahan waxed indignant. "Never, doctor! Far be it from me to hit a man when he's down!"

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.
Mother! You must say "California."
—Adv.

BROUGHT HIM BACK TO EARTH

Liberal Suggestion Made by Old Souze Was Not Exactly the Answer Orator Desired.

The literary society was meeting in Odd Fellows' hall. Rev. Josiah Dobson presided. Hon. James Bolivar McHenry, the noted orator from the adjoining county, was speaking on "The Peace Table," and the audience was rapt in respectful attention.
"And that was what they conceded," he concluded. "I ask you, fellow citizens, what does this nation need? What is her necessity, as she leaves the far western shore and steps proudly across the Pacific, and in the eye of the world lays the hand of democracy upon the brow of the Orient? What, I repeat, does she need?"
"Rubber boots," hiccupped the town souze.

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 calluses 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.

Not That Creed.

"Do you believe in telepathy?"
"No; I don't take to these new-fangled schools. Give me a good old allopath every time."

After all, the easiest way to do a thing is to do it right.

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5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!

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100 to 6,000 acre tracts—timber, Kaolin, farms, \$10 to \$30 per acre. State your wants plainly. Terms.
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BALM-ETTE TABLETS FOR INDIGESTION.

No better medicine made by anybody anywhere. You will be charmed with their effect. See a package. Free sample mailed on application. Balm-ette Laboratory, 332 So. State St., Chicago, Dept. H.

Acid-Stomach Makes 9 Out of 10 People Suffer

Doctors declare that more than 10 not-organic diseases can be traced to Acid-Stomach. Starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repeating, bloot, sour, gassy stomach, the entire system eventually becomes affected, every vital organ suffering in some degree or other. You see these victims of Acid-Stomach everywhere—people who are subject to nervousness, headache, insomnia, biliousness—people who suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and aches and pains all over the body. It is safe to say that about 9 people out of 10 suffer to some extent from Acid-Stomach.

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(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

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ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUMMING, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health. I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELISE HEIM, R. No. 6, Box 83, Lowell, Mich.

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