

JOY BROUGHT INTO HOME

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Restoring Mrs. Benz to Health

Altoona, Pa.—"I am writing to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. We have had six children die almost at birth. From one hour to nineteen days is all they have lived. As I was going to have another, I took a dozen bottles of your Vegetable Compound and I can say that it is the greatest medicine on earth, for this baby is now four months old and a healthy baby you would not want. I am sending you a picture of her. Everybody says, 'That is some healthy looking baby.' You have my consent to show this letter."—Mrs. C. W. BENZ, 131 3rd Ave., Altoona, Pa.

No woman can realize the joy and happiness this healthy babe brought into the home of Mrs. Benz, unless they have had a like experience.

Every woman who suffers from any ailments peculiar to her sex, as indicated by backaches, headaches, bearing-down pains, irregularities, nervousness and "the blues" should not rest until they have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

She Was Sort of Drowsy Like. Husband (reading paper)—Here's something about a girl who slept continuously for two months. I wonder if it wasn't the same one who worked for us last year.

It is easier to criticize people than to appreciate them.

No one is ever so busy as the person without occupation.

Yes

it's toasted, of course. To seal in the flavor—



Prepared by The American Tobacco Co.

Habit

Nujol will give you the healthiest habit in the world. Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestines can then easily remove it regularly. Absolutely harmless—try it.

The Modern Method of Treating an Old Complaint

Nujol

For Constipation

Comfort Baby's Skin

With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

Removes Dandruff, Itching, Scalping, Itchiness, Corns, Warts, Fitching, N.Y.

HINDERCONS

Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy, etc. by mail or at drug stores.

SIoux CITY PTG. CO., NO. 44-1921.

At The Unknown's Grave.

From the London Mail.

"The prayers of the faithful go up unceasingly." No vestal lights are here, no sacred shades of some cathedral aisle, that everyone should speak so freely and so light. But there is a simple slab of stone upon which flowers are scattered, all radiant in the sunlight of a summer morning.

Around the busy holiday traffic of the Parisian Sunday sweeps unceasingly in every direction across the great Place de l'Etoile. But here in the heart of it all is a little hushed oasis where women cross themselves, where men bare and bow their heads, where even the laughter of children is stilled in wonderment, for here at the sepulcher of an unknown warrior a nation has enshrined the memory of a million dead, and here, above all hallowed places in the land of France, a nation's prayers are said.

The sunlight of a new born day had hardly flung its gold upon the great triumphal arch which rears itself so proudly over the grave of the unknown hero, when the first of the tributes of flowers arrived. Noon has gone, and still the slow stream of peoples passes. All ages, all classes, all types are represented. Here a widow in somber black who for a second breaks away from the stream of grief and lay her little bunch of lilies-of-the-valley on the tomb. An aged man, who leans heavily on a stick, pauses, bares his head with trembling hand, and passes on. A girl, white-clothed, from some distant province, has reached the end of her pilgrimage. She brought flowers with her from the little village, did her best to keep them fresh and fragrant on the way. All fluttering, she drops them on the flowery-sprinkled stone. A soldier, in the sky blue uniform of France, straightens himself to "attention," salutes, and goes his way.

It is evening. Men and women are still passing before the sepulcher, but this time hidden quite beneath a pyre of many colored blossoms, which seem almost to burn in the crimson evening glow.

Knox, the Indifferent.

From the Kansas City Star.

At the famous conference in the Blackstone hotel at the last republican national convention, when it was determined by the party managers to make Senator Harding the candidate, the roll of possibilities was frankly discussed. The name of Senator Knox was suggested.

"Knox would make a dignified candidate," one of the old hands said. "He has sat in the cabinets of three presidents. He has had long service in the Senate. But he has the handicap of having voted against prohibition and woman's suffrage. And besides, he wouldn't make the necessary exertion."

That last sentence helps to explain the career of the distinguished Pennsylvania senator who died recently. A brilliant man, keen, witty, an excellent companion, for many years he had lost interest in public affairs, although he continued in the public service.

In his earlier years in office, Mr. Knox was impelled by ambition to accept the office of secretary of war under President Taft, but merely played with its duties. It was commonly said that he arrived at the office at 11:30, went to the Metropolitan club for luncheon, and did not return in the afternoon.

France to Stop the Duel.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

It is assumed by a good many that the effect of the war has been to weaken, rather than to increase, aversion to the shedding of human blood. One who takes his opinions from such papers as the New York Nation would be apt to hold that this is unquestionably so. Now and then, however, some very strong evidence on the other side comes to light.

Just now the cable brings the news of a determined movement in France to put an end to dueling. The minister of justice has issued a circular of instructions to public prosecutors, urging a strict application of the law. "The law has cost too much blood," he says, "and it is more than ever essential to take all necessary steps to spare it. The war has cost us many crippled that their number must not be added to by a vain pretext of settling private quarrels." The minister then goes on to quote the provisions of the law under the head of homicide and assault under which prosecutions are to be brought, and directs the prosecutors to demand the heaviest penalties permissible for infringement. The French press is commenting very favorably on the movement, and will do all that is possible to insure its success.

As things settle down to a more normal basis, we may find that the logical lessons of the war have taken a deeper hold than has yet made itself apparent, under the disadvantages of the reaction which followed the close of the long and terrible strain of conflict on the field. As France is now drawing the right conclusion with reference to private conflicts, so the nations in general may find, as they recover their equilibrium, that they have gained sufficient moral enlightenment to avoid armed conflicts with one another.

They Must Not Bluff.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

Will Irwin one of the men writing today who sees that the people of the world are demanding release from war in a voice that will be heard, warns that the disarmament conference is in danger, if it is not approached in a better spirit. He says:

All politicians of all nations represented in the coming conference are going into that conference without any sincere intention of doing anything. They hope only to use the conference for a ground of jockeying for national advantage.

If that is true, if the nations are so unfortunate and ineffective as to have for their representatives men who do not understand that this time something real is expected of them, there needs to be word go up from every organization and every interested citizen that one thing is expected of this conference, whether the other parts of its ambitious program are reached or not. That one thing is reduction of armaments.

In a million quiet homes, men and women who see that all pay for war and the loss to the victor is little different from the loss to the vanquished take a step forward—to make war less likely by reducing the means of making war.

If a man has no other interest in disarmament than the saving of his taxes, more than four-fifths of which in our country in this year of peace go for war, he can do no better than find some way of making his voice heard to say he expects the conference to save him money.

If our government insists that armament must be cut down, it is likely to get armament cut down. It will make this its first business if it hears from the country that it is what everyone expects of it. Private citizens writing to senators and congressmen can do a great deal.

REMINISCENT OF HIS FAMOUS FATHER.



A striking photograph of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt driving home a point in his address at the Dutchess County fair at Rhinecliff, N. Y.

By Norman Haggood, of Universal Service.

The breakdown of Clemenceau's popularity in France is as complete as was that of Mr. Wilson in this country, but the explanation is simpler. Most Americans think of Clemenceau as a standpatter and imperialist. As a matter of fact, he was a liberal if we compare him with the other strong forces in French governing circles. And what he is being punished for is his liberalism, not his imperialism.

From the standpoint of most French politicians what happened at Versailles that Clemenceau gave up the desires of Foch and the other believers in a settlement based on force and accepted instead Mr. Wilson's League of Nations and Mr. Wilson's promise to use his efforts to bring about a temporary triple alliance to make France feel safe until the league should grow into a real protection. Mr. Wilson was unable to deliver and the French politicians now point out that France has neither the safety from agreement which Wilson promised, nor the safety from crushing military occupations of Germany and annexations, on which the Foch plan was based. Clemenceau therefore is kicked out of popularity by his country with as much promptness and decision as was ever handed to any other popular idol.

Once an English statesman at the height of his prestige was congratulated by a friend on the enthusiasm with which the people followed him. "Wait awhile," said the statesman. "It will not be long before they are crying for my head."

Clemenceau in his youth was a radical. He took active part in the commune at the end of the Franco-German war. Since then he has spent most of his time in sharp opposition to existing governments. It was in the savagery of his attacks that he earned his name of "the tiger." But being in power is something different from being out, especially for a person who is primarily a critic. When in power, instead of throwing bricks, one has a chance to see what they feel like.

Clemenceau deserves our sympathy because he is more nearly right than are those who are turning public opinion against him. The crowd that have taught the French people to look upon the tiger as the betrayer of their welfare are the crowd headed by Poincaré and Foch. They are the crowd that think safety lies in the French possession of territory up to the Rhine, in French excuses for marching to Berlin, in handling the Ruhr and Silesian questions not from an industrial point of view, but from the standpoint of weakening Germany.

Extraordinary revelations came out in the recent attacks on Clemenceau by the Poincaré people, both sides referring to documents. These documents show that Lloyd George and Wilson tried to prevent the occupation of German territory. But nevertheless France had her way on that point. They show that Foch's idea of getting hold of the Rhine for a French strategic frontier has by no means been abandoned, but has now more support than before, among French statesmen, because of the failure of Wilson to put through his plans for quieting French fears with international agreement.

They show also that both the Poincaré and the Clemenceau factions admit that the terms imposed on Germany are beyond her power to meet and that this inability to meet the terms gives France an opportunity to occupy the Rhine indefinitely.

For the two principal opposing groups of French statesmen to rejoice that they have succeeded in imposing on Germany conditions that are impossible, because that gives the French military power an excuse for indefinite occupation, is about as wise as the reconstruction policy that was carried against the views of the dead Lincoln. Yet the present feeling runs so high that demands are constant that Clemenceau shall be put on trial for treason. The reason for this fury is that Clemenceau has not been as crazy as the Poincaré people think he should have been.

In "Everlasting Dishonor."

From the New York World.

Even a limited debate on the German treaty will afford to Senator Lodge the opportunity to reconcile his 1918 opinion about a separate peace with his 1921 opinion.

In 1918 certain critics of Mr. Wilson had invented an entertaining falsehood to the effect that Mr. Wilson might make a separate peace with Germany after the war was won, and that this was his reason for not entering into an alliance with the belligerent nations associated with the United States. Among those who pretended to take this seriously was Henry Cabot Lodge, then ranking republican member of the Senate committee on foreign relations. Senator Lodge's horror was so great that he gave expression to it in these words:

The intent of congress and the intent of the president was that there could be no peace until we could create a situation where no such war as this could recur. We cannot make peace except in company with our allies. It would brand us with everlasting dishonor and bring ruin to us also if we undertook to make a separate peace.

Senator Lodge is not afflicted with what Burke described as "that chit-chat of honor that felt a stain like a wound." His political career has never been marred at any stage by devotion to principle, and we need waste no time in wondering why the 1921 Lodge like repudiated the 1918 Lodge. But what the senator from Massachusetts said in 1918 expressed the general opinion about peace.

A Rich Woman on Strike.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

As the daughter of John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. Harold P. McCormick, of Chicago, enjoys hereditary eminence. There is distinction, too, in her position as the wife of the head of the harvester company. But this reflected greatness has failed to satisfy her. She is ambitious to be a personage in her own right. She has chosen psychology as the medium in which to achieve individuality.

That the lady's ambition should have snatched the McCormick family ties is, of course, unfortunate, but in this instance such a misfortune will be regarded as incidental. Public interest will focus rather on the dissatisfaction with fortuitous glamor and the purpose to do something "on her own." Probably public interest will be sympathetic, too. The unrest which permeates the so-called rank and file today, according to a sociologist of some standing, is caused by the "desire to be somebody." This "quantity production" and factory practice generally take no account of such aspiration is believed by some to be one of capital's grossest blunders.

Mrs. McCormick, it may be surmised does not know that she is a striker, but she is. She is protesting the origin of things in her sphere. If she were not the daughter of the richest man in the world, if she had come to America a Russian peasant, if she had learned how to make cigars and subsequently achieved leadership among the workers of that trade, she likely today would be a Rose Pastor Stokes.

"Julia O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin." Does not a similar relationship exist between the president emeritus of Harvard and the man with the hoe?

Epitaphs for Motorists.

Here rests the remains Of Percival Sap; He drove his machine With a girl on his lap.

Lies slumbering here One, William Lake. He heard the bell. But had no brake.

Beneath this stone Sleeps William Raines; Ice on the hill. He had no chains.

Here lies the body Of William Jay; He died maintaining High right-of-way.

At fifty miles Drove Ollie Fild; He thought he wouldn't Skid, but did.

Here he sleeps, One, Johnny Fonger; He rounded a turn Without a honker.

—Columbus Dispatch.

Sasacape.

From the London Athenaeum.

Late one afternoon, when the wind had become cool, for it was out of the north of northwest, the sun vanished before its time, and the wind ceased. The world became motionless, but for the deliberate surf on the bar. The sea had the burnish of pewter. The headlines were unsubstantial outlines, and they might have been poised in midair. Whether a distant steamer was sailing the heavens to another planet, or going to America, it was hard to say. No clouds could be seen overhead, but the sky was gray. In the indeterminate west, where the sun ought to have been setting, were a number of small islands of pearl, too high and softly luminous to be of this earth, and they were floating in a threatening cobalt darkness. The light of day was pallid, its origin and meaning a mystery. It betrayed common things strangely and in mockery, as though revealing in them an alarming and unsuspected import.

DYED HER DRAPERIES, SKIRT AND A SWEATER

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run. So easy to use.—advertisement.

And the Worm Turns.

Rub—This work is an awful grind!
Dub—Well, the boss is a crank!
Kansas City Star.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Truly Transatlantic.

North—How do you know Robb just arrived from Europe?
West—He's whistling "Dardanelles."

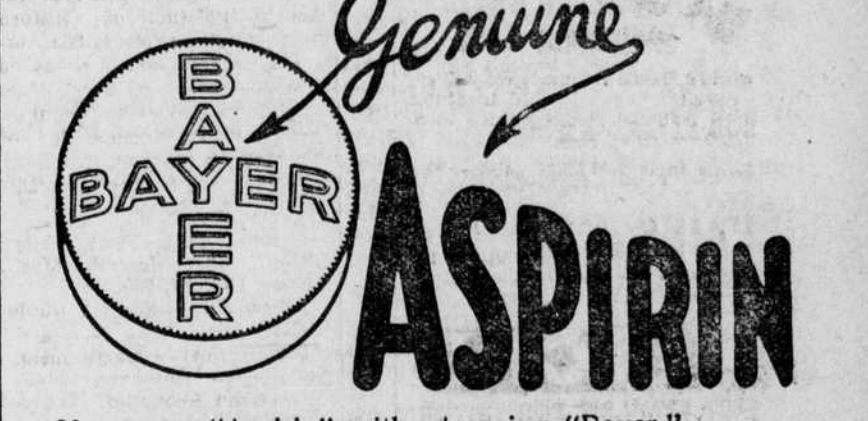
SAVED FROM THE OPERATING TABLE

What Cheer, Iowa—"I am very thankful for the advice Dr. Pierce so willingly gave me, and wish to say that I did just as advised. I am now in the best of health and can truthfully say I do believe Dr. Pierce's medicines saved me a very serious operation. The doctors said I would have to be operated or I would never regain my health; but I decided to give Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery a trial, and they surely have done wonders for me. My mother thinks these medicines can't be equalled anywhere and so do I. Dr. Pierce's medicines have to my knowledge, been used for at least 15 or 16 years by different members of our family, both male and female, and we can't speak too highly of them."—Mrs. Elsie L. Orrick.

Obtain Dr. Pierce's Family Remedies in tablets or liquid from your druggist; or write Dr. Pierce, Pres. Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

When compared with the tailor-made woman appearances are against the self-made man.

Money is just like a man. The tighter, it gets the louder it talks.—Raleigh Times.



Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

- Colds
- Toothache
- Earache
- Headache
- Neuralgia
- Lumbago
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocarbocic acid of Salzigolac.

His "Tip."

Young Little liked a "little bit on," but unfortunately he had not the skill, or perhaps it was only the luck, to pick winners.

On looking through his racing paper one morning he saw a tipster's advertisement.

"Two sure things for \$5."

He purchased a money order for the required amount, and wrote off straightaway to the address in the advertisement.

But the advertiser was a smarter man than Little, for in reply Little received the following note:

"Dear Sir—As advertised, my 'sure things' are:

"Loose Button—Sure to come off.
"Dirty Carpet—Wants some beating."

It Was Too Late Then.

The husband of one of his pensioners having died, the minister called to see how the widow was bearing up under her sorrow. His sympathy touched her greatly.

The clergyman asked if it had been necessary to hold a post-mortem examination.

"Oh, yes," replied the widow, "but more's the pity, they didn't hold it until my dear husband was dead, otherwise he might be with me now."

And she dissolved into tears.

There approaches an open season for football casualty lists.

Reinforced.

Two contractors of a type unfortunately too familiar were talking of some buildings which had collapsed before they were finished.

"Well, Billerton," said one, "you always have better luck than I do."

"Better luck? How's that?"

"Why, my row of new houses blew down in last week's wind, you know, while yours weren't harmed. All were built the same—same woodwork, same mortar, same everything."

"Yes," said the other, "but you forgot that mine had been papered."—Harper's Magazine.

When a man falls into an error he is likely to be more or less injured in his descent.

One-half the world wonders why the other half lives.

The foolish man who built his house on the sand—

He gave an example in folly which anybody can understand.

It isn't so easy, however, to sense the mistake of trying to build the body on foods which lack essential nourishment.

Here, again, is a foundation of sand which gives 'way when the test comes.

Many a food that tastes good lacks honesty of nourishment to equal its taste. Thus it tempts the appetite into mistakes that often are costly.

Grape-Nuts is a food which helps build bodily endurance for life's stress and storm. The full nourishment of wheat and malted barley, together with the vital mineral salts so necessary to bone structure and red blood corpuscles, with phosphates for the brain, is retained in Grape-Nuts. The long baking process by which Grape-Nuts is made gives the food a natural sweetness and an unusual ease of digestibility and assimilation.

Served with cream or milk, Grape-Nuts is fully nourishing, and whether eaten as a cereal at breakfast or lunch, or made into a pudding for dinner. Grape-Nuts has a particular delight for the appetite. Sold by grocers.

Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder

"There's a Reason"