

DETROIT WOMAN RECOVERS

Health Much Better After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Detroit, Michigan.—"Your little book left at my door was my best doctor. I read it, then said to my husband, 'Please go and get me some Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I want to take it.' The first month I took three bottles of Vegetable Compound and one of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. If you only knew how much better I feel! Now when my friends say they are sick I tell them to take Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines. I give the little book and your medicines the best of thanks."—Mrs. HAMERINK, 3765 25th Street, Detroit, Michigan.

In newspapers and booklets we are constantly publishing letters from women, who explain how they were helped by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

These letters should guide you. If you are troubled with pains and nervousness, or any feminine disorder, bear in mind that the Vegetable Compound has helped other women and should help you. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Sulphur Stone

Sandstone is of little value as a building material, as it will not stand pressure in excess of some 8,000 pounds per square inch. Recent experiments by the United States board of standards indicate a cheap method of making sandstone as strong as granite. The stone is cut, then soaked in melted sulphur for several hours. The sulphur permeates the structure and, when cold, blocks will stand a pressure of 30,000 pounds compression. Tests for weathering qualities are still in progress, but initial results are reported to be extremely favorable. —Exchange.

Rule Works Many Ways

Give a child his first chance with a folding two-foot rule, and with it he discovers a tent, fishing pole, sword, house, bridge, hat, arch, mop, fence, hatchet, window frame and half the letters of the alphabet. That is, of course, in the first few minutes. Later on he discovers more things.—Kansas City Star.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELLANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

How quickly that rash disappeared!

THOUSANDS of users have wondered at the quickness of the action of Resinol Ointment and Soap. The answer is that it is not a surface treatment, but one that reaches the depths of the pores and attacks the source of the disorder, starting the healing right.

The first touch relieves the itching, burning and soreness and a few days persistent use rarely fails to clear away the trouble.

When the skin is once restored to its normal condition, the daily use of Resinol Soap is generally sufficient to keep it healthy. Ideal for the complexion—unsurpassed for the bath and shampoo. Ask your druggist what he knows about the Resinol products.

RESINOL

CURES COLDS IN 24 HOURS
WORLD'S FINEST STANDARD PRICE
AT ALL DRUG STORES
CASCARA QUININE
FOR TWO GENERATIONS
CURES LA GRIFFE IN 3 DAYS
DETROIT, W.H. HILL CO., MICHIGAN.

HAPPINESS A BY-PRODUCT OF WORK

From Adventures in Contentment by David Grayson.
Happiness, I have discovered, is nearly always a rebound from hard work. It is one of the follies of men to imagine that they can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment. As well try to get beauty! For happiness must be tricked! She loves to see men at work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will be found, not in palaces, but lurking in cornfields and factories and hovering over littered desks. She crowns the unconscionable head of the busy child. If you look up suddenly from hard work you will see her, but if you look too long she fades sorrowfully away.

TODAY

BY ARTHUR BRISBAKE
It is all right to die quietly, but men and nations ought not to live too quietly.

If a farmer works all his life with nothing to show for it, he ought to complain and he ought to show "unrest." Unrest, discontent, blaming and demanding, are the foundations of everything worth while. There was unrest in this country in 1776. There was unrest when the sea went overboard in Boston harbor. Discontent is the mainspring of progress. There isn't enough of it.

Many years ago this writer suggested that the flying problem would be solved by transmission of electric power without wires. Power stations at Niagara Falls and other points, would supply the power, and machines flying above, would "pick it up."

Now Edison, who exhibited his first incandescent electric light just 45 years ago, predicts the age of "power transmission by wireless." When that comes, you may see gigantic flying machines going around the world year after year, six miles up, where no strong winds blow, rarely landing, carrying small planes to drop passengers at New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, Manila and so on, all the way around.

How fast we travel along the road of science!

Forty five years ago, Edison's first incandescent lamp shed its feeble light. The other night, fliers, practicing in the dark on Long Island, sailed down to the ground, following the shining ray of a searchlight with more than 1,000,000 candlepower, slanting at the right angle and safely guiding them to the ground.

Soon light will be almost as cheap as darkness. Every street and highway in the country will be lighted as thoroughly as the main traffic of great cities.

Crime will vanish under light, as disease germs will under sunlight.

And there will be no lost "hours." Machines will be grinding out their wealth 24 hours a day, with men in three shifts of eight hours (or better, four shifts of six hours), superintending the production.

Mrs. Willow, widow, aged 39, appeared before a jury accused of ordering her young admirer, Shadel, aged 18, to kill her husband. The jury finds her guilty of murder in the second degree. But Mrs. Willow could not possibly be guilty of murder in the second degree. If she planned the murder, and ordered Shadel to carry it out, that was premeditated murder, and therefore murder in the first degree. If she didn't plan the murder she was not guilty at all. Perhaps the jury acted on the theory that something ought to be done about the fact that the lady's morals left something to be desired. Or it might have been chivalrous reluctance to hang a lady.

"Criticism is easy, art is difficult." MacDonald, labor prime minister of the British empire, discovers in his turn the truth of the old saying. It is easy to put a new "Utopia" with happiness and plenty for everybody on paper, or in a speech. But doing the thing when power comes is different.

Lloyd George attacks MacDonald, saying the labor party promised to find jobs for everybody, and goes out of office with unemployment greater than when labor entered office.

Lloyd George attacks MacDonald labor also for lending money to bolshevist Russia. But Lloyd George, only the other day promising the British that he "would hang the kaiser," now favors lending hundreds of millions to Germany. England wants to do business with Russia. Why attack MacDonald for trying to make it possible?

The British elections will answer an old question: do working men ever stick together long? In this country politicians answer, no. England very likely, will answer otherwise.

Great Britain takes woman suffrage more seriously than it is taken here, where we allow them to vote but, apparently, don't think much of them in public office.

Forty-one women are candidates for parliament in this election. They include "nobelwomen," with assorted titles, one lady formerly a domestic servant, and one stenographer. What- ever you think about the British, you must grant that they possess a genuine brand of democracy.

A Modest Man.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
"Professor, you are known as a profound student. I want to get your advice."
"Perhaps it would be better not to come to a student for advice," said the professor mildly. "Sometimes I feel that the more I study the less I know."

This year marks the silver anniversary of the West Golf Association, which was organized at Chicago in 1899.

Wild, Simply Wild.

From the Chicago News.
"Your husband is simply wild about you, isn't he?" asked Phyllis.
"Yes," replied Doris. "He fusses about me in his sleep, but the poor absent-minded fellow nearly always calls me by the wrong name."

The deepest known trench in the ocean lies about 145 miles southeast of Tokio. This discovery made recently by the Japanese naval survey ship Manchu, has been announced by the navy authorities. The new "deep" measures 23,635 feet, or more than six miles. It exceeds by 648 feet the hitherto greatest known ocean depth, the famous Marianne trench.

Boys Do Not Realize Bad Bargain in Catering to Taste for Dissipation

From the Omaha Bee.

"Omaha is just a wide place in the road," jauntily declares a boy of 20, who has confessed to a long series of burglaries. "We will be out in eight or nine years."

Perhaps even before that. In the meantime, he will be kept on a road that has wide spots, not even as wide as Omaha. The path down which his feet will wander during the eight or nine years he looks forward to will take him from the cell house to the mess hall, to the workshop and back to his cellhouse. It will be "stepping," but not the sort he says he spent from \$30 to \$100 a night on. He will learn a new step. Instead of the "one-step" it will be the "four-step"—from one end of his short cell to the other, two steps each way, four for the round trip.

He was out of a job and had a "disgust." So did his partner, and they stole money to spend on dissipation. Out of the burglaries they may have received several hundred dollars each, certainly not as much as \$1,000. In the eight years they expect to spend at Lincoln, if paid laborer's wages only, they would earn \$14,000 each. On the scale of a union musician, they would earn more than \$20,000 each.

Looks like a pretty high price to pay for a few nights of "stepping," doesn't it? From 20 to 28, the glorious years of youth, that should be filled with the joys of discovering each day a new delight in the world, will be spent in prison. Instead of the wonders of new experience with each rising of the sun, there will be the monotonous repetition of a dull routine. Broom-making, maybe, or something as inspiring. No wanderlust will be gratified. No smart "girls," who think a man should be lavish to the point of recklessness with his money will enliven their leisure hours. Sundown will find them "at home" in a cell, and 4 in the morning will find them asleep.

Eight years of regular habits, with no dissipations, may breed in them a wild desire to "step" even harder. More likely, though, long before that time has elapsed they will realize how hollow and empty the excitement they sought, and how all out of proportion is the price they are paying. For with it goes that which can not be bought with money, a good name.

If the law went to limit of Mosale justice, they would be required in addition to make whole the loss of those from whom they stole to get money to waste in profligate pursuit of disreputable pleasure. That would make the lesson complete for them.

ENDURANCE.

Lord Byron.
Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolate bosoms; mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load.
And the wolf dies in silence. Not bestowd
In vain should such examples be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.

Old Epitaph.

Found in Lanford Church, Oxfordshire, England.

From McNaught's Monthly.
Within this little Howse Three Howses lye,
John Howse, James Howse, ye short-lyd Twins, and I.
Anne of John Howse once ye Endred Wife
Who lost mine Owne To give those Babes Their Life.
We three, though dead yet speake and put in mind
The Husband Father whom wee left Behind,
that we were Howses Only made of clay
And called For Could no longer wish Him stay,
but were Layd here to take our rest and ease
by death who taketh whome and where he please.

Thrift Not Merely Saving.

From the Boston Transcript.
What is thrift? Does it mean anything more than just saving money?

Recently an elderly woman in New York lost her lifetime savings, amounting to \$500, which she was carrying in a bag sewed in her clothing.

Postmaster General New made the statement not long ago that \$1,000,000,000 is lost by the people of the United States who purchase fraudulent securities through the mail—an amount, by the way, equal to two-thirds of the estimated total cost of government in the United States, including federal, county, city, town and village expenses.

The newspapers frequently tell us of cases where savings have been swept away through carelessness or cupidity.

What, therefore, did these persons gain by saving their money? Would they not have been just as well off had they spent their funds as they earned them?

These questions, which quite naturally arise in the minds of many, are but indications of the need of a more general understanding of real thrift.

It is thrifty to save money. It is just as much a part of thrift to know what to do with it after it has been saved.

Gilbert's Mission to Europe.

From the Richmond Times.

After all, youth is, perhaps, what Europe needs at this moment more than anything else. It needs to get out of the old rut in which the elder statesmen have held it all these years. The vigor and the strength and the clear outlook of youth would do wonders in bringing the Continent up to the level of modern ideals. Mr. Gilbert may be the symbol of a new day in Europe.

Disappointed.

From the Chicago News.

When the policeman found him he was wandering round the outskirts of a country fair ground which the rain had made into a shocking puddle. Struck by his behavior, the officer accosted him.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Lost anything?"
The man hesitated and then in disappointed tones he told his story.
"No; it's not that, but I've been taken in. One of those chaps at the club last night told us there was a terrible quagmire at the fair ground, but I've looked in every cage and I can't find it."

Where Fashions Come From.

From Harvard Business Review.

For women's wearing apparel most of the styles originate in Paris. The couturiers of Paris are referred to generally as the dictators of fashion. As a matter of fact, they could more accurately be described as persons engaged in trying to build a reputation as style leaders by drawing from all sorts of sources ideas with which they hope to catch the public fancy. Back of the couturiers are the designers of fabrics, lace, embroideries, trimmings and other dress parts. It is an important part of the couturier's task to know what these designers are doing and to work with them in the development of new colors or new effects. The couturiers are thus assemblers of existing new creations as well as designers on their own account.

Their designs are based on current waves of popular interest—a color scheme from Egypt, some new or revived idea in draping or in fabric or in decoration based on some popular interest likely to prove attractive by the time large scale production can be made effective. It should be made plain that these creators of fashions really have two separate purposes in mind. One purpose is to establish and maintain a reputation as original and dominating creators; the other is to make a limited number of garments to be sold at a high price to a small circle of clients drawn to them on account of this reputation for leadership.

They are the portrait painters of the textile business. The few gowns they make are sold at "high" prices. It should be remembered, however, that even at these price levels the business is sharply competitive.

The Ideal Office Girl

From The Detroit News.

Here are the ideas of several employers in Detroit, about what constitutes an ideal office girl:

"She must be able to keep her mouth shut."
"Must not waste time in talking."
"Should dress neatly."
"Never saw an ideal office girl. I never hire a pretty girl. I never hire a homely one. I take 'em medium. I pick 'em for common sense—when I can!"

But the office girls have something to say about the ideal boss. A few of the qualifications are:

"The boss one can't put anything over on."
"Like them good looking."
"Don't like the golf fan who goes out every afternoon and leaves the office girl to ahh for him the rest of the day to his wife and his clients."
"It's fifty-fifty on the boss who swears. Some like him; others don't."
"Don't like a moody boss."
"Like them to remember that employees are human."

A summary of qualifications for an ideal boss would show that he must be: Good looking, of even disposition, of regular habits, reasonable in his demands of work to be done, willing to raise salaries for meritorious work without waiting for the employe to force the issue.

Cold Bad For Tin.

From Popular Mechanics.

Extreme cold is known to have had disastrous effects on tin. In countries like northern Russia, it is declared that many utensils often become useless in winter. A whole shipload of blocks of the metal, stored in a Russian custom house, was reported to have crumbled into dust during the cold months. It has frequently been found in mines in a gray-powder form which, when heated, turns into the shiny metal but, during sub-zero weather, may become dust again. When tin "catches the cold," a tiny grayish spot that grows in size, and is joined by others, appears on the surface. In time the metal crumbles away.

Too Early To Worry.

From the Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Human nature is peculiar. There are people who are mournful as to the awful fate of the United States after our population reaches 200,000,000, but these same folks are not in the least concerned about present day problems.

Reproductions of two famous paintings were presented to the Prince Regent of Japan recently by the Federation of Christian Missions in Japan. Most of whose members are Americans. The pictures are Watts' "Sir Galahad" and Soord's "The Lost Sheep."

Joining to Waste

"The sports of other days don't appeal to the youths of today," declared an elderly resident. "Horse chestnuts are ripe and popping out of their prickly shells, but I haven't seen a single boy whirling strings with two of these nuts tied to the ends. That used to be my finest fall frolic. We'd whirl the strings and then let go, and the device would wind around telephone or light wires. All the kids enjoyed the sport. And to such a degree that the coppers on the beats used to chase us merrily when we became over-zealous in culminating up the wires. But the boys of today don't know this pleasure. And it seems a shame for all the fine horse chestnuts to go to waste."—Detroit News.

Fragrance in Flowers

Fragrance in flowers is determined by laws which are beyond human comprehension. It is not a quality peculiar to a family, but to individuals, or rather varieties in that family. Old varieties of roses were mostly fragrant; many of the newer and most beautiful are not. The older peonies were rather unpleasant in odor, but many of the newer varieties are deliciously perfumed.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

His Hangover

"What's the matter with that old fellow over there, going from one automobile to another and poking them in the ribs with his umbrella?" asked a recently arrived guest.

"That's old Judd Haggie," responded the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "He's senile now, but he used to be a horse buyer in his younger days, and he can't get over the habit."—Kansas City Star.

Stingless Bee

A beekeeper of Thurston county, Washington, announces that through scientific processes he has evolved a stingless bee. The insect is said to give good honey.

Time brings the truth to light.

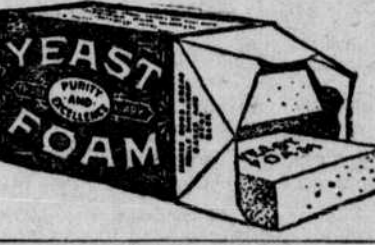
For sweet dough set your sponge with

Yeast Foam

The wife who is a good bread maker is a real helpmate for the bread winner.



Send for free booklet "The Art of Baking Bread"



"Good bread is the pride of the thrifty bride"

Northwestern Yeast Co. 1730 North Ashland Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Literally

Diner—How's the hash today?
Walter (nonchalantly)—Like everything else.—American Legion Weekly.

The Limit

He—I will love you forever!
She—Midnight's as late as I can sit up!—Judge.



After 15 Hard Months—His USKIDE Soles Still Good!

THINK of that! Marcellus R. Abel, a Cincinnati traffic officer, wore this pair of USKIDE Soles fifteen months, in rain, slush, on hot, rasping pavements.

"I have had such comfort," he says, "cool in summer, warm and dry in winter—and they are still good for several months' wear."

USKIDE—the wonder sole for wear. It wears and wears—twice as long as best leather—often longer. USKIDE cuts your shoe bills. Have your repairman put USKIDE Soles on your shoes today. And be sure your next new shoes have genuine USKIDE Soles. The name is on the sole—for your protection.

And—for a Better Heel to Walk On!

A fit companion for USKIDE Soles—the "U. S." Spring-Sole Heel. Made of new Spragad Rubber, the purest, toughest rubber known. Get onto a pair right away.

United States Rubber Company

USKIDE Soles