

# Old People Need A Bowel Stimulant

The Ideal One Is a Mild Laxative-Tonic That Will Keep the Bowels Gently Active.

Healthy old age is so absolutely dependent upon the condition of the bowels that great care should be taken to see that they act regularly. The fact is that as age advances the stomach muscles become weak and inactive and the liver does not store up the juices that are necessary to prompt digestion.

Some help can be obtained by eating easily digested foods and by plenty of exercise, but this latter is irksome to most elderly people. One thing is certain, that a state of constipation should always be avoided, as it is dangerous to life and health. The best plan is to take a mild laxative as often as is deemed necessary. But with equal certainty it is suggested that cathartics, purgatives, physics, salts and pills be avoided, as they do but temporary good and are so harsh as to be a shock to a delicate system.

A much better plan and one that thousands of elderly people are following, is to take a gentle laxative- tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which acts as rarely like nature as is possible. In fact, the tendency of this remedy is to strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles and so train them to act naturally again, when medicines of all kinds can usually be dispensed with. This is the opinion of many people of different ages, among them Mrs. Mary A. P. Davidson of University Mound Home, San Francisco, Cal. She is 78 and because of her sedentary habits



MRS. MARY A. P. DAVIDSON

had continual bowel trouble. From the day she began taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin she has had no further inconvenience and naturally she is glad to say kind things of this remedy.

A bottle can be bought of any druggist at fifty cents or one dollar. People usually buy the fifty cent size first, and then, having convinced themselves of its merits, they buy the dollar size, which is more economical. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded. Elderly persons of both sexes can follow these suggestions with every assurance of good results.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 419 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

## FOUND MISS WILDFIRE

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Frank Churchill had had the briefest glimpse of her, but her face haunted him for months afterwards. As agent for an eastern land company he had stopped for a night at her father's ranch in Montana. The girl had appeared shyly in the living room of the house and her father had caught her sunbrowned little hand and drawn her affectionately to him.

"Come Bess, I want you to meet the man from New York who wants to build sky scrapers on the side of Money Mountain."

Bess Delorme had laughed merrily and placed her hand for an instant in Churchill's; with a few words of encouragement concerning his venture Bess had slipped away and he had never seen her again.

But her face haunted him always with its charm of sweet expression and the pretty curve of cheek and chin. The thick dark lashes that shaded her soft black eyes, and the curling tendrils of her jetty hair, were set in his memory like a painted picture.

The next year he returned to find her parents dead and the motherless home broken up. Bess Delorme had gone further west, someone said to relatives in California. No one knew definitely.

So Churchill nursed his secret love and looked always for the face of the girl he had seen but once. He became a traveling salesman and his business took him over much western territory. In every town or city he visited his first inquiry was for someone by the name of Delorme, but so far he had never found trace of her.

It was a cool sweet, night such as California knows often, and Churchill lingered on the steps of his Los Angeles hotel wondering how to spend the evening hours before bedtime.

He lighted a cigar and wandered down the street until he came to an open air moving picture theater. He paused before the gay posters outside the entrance, studying the pictures of the western play "Miss Wildfire." Suddenly he bought a ticket and went inside.

He sat patiently through several reels until finally there was flashed on the white screen the title of the next play: "Miss Wildfire, a story of love and hate on the plains."

Churchill settled back in his seat. It would be something to look on the familiar country where Bess Delorme lived. At the very first scene his interest was aroused. Surely there was the Delorme ranch house, and the girl dressed in corduroy skirt and flannel shirt with broad brimmed hat on her dark curls was Bess Delorme herself.

The play proceeded; cowboys rode madly hither and thither; rival lovers appeared for the hand of the rancher's daughter; the rancher was a man who was strange to Churchill and Bess was the only familiar face among the characters. The characters came and went, made love, disagreed, hated each other, fought and died—and Frank Churchill saw only one face through it all.

When the play was over he went dizzily around to the office of the manager and asked questions.

"Miss Wildfire—why that part is taken by Lillian Delorme, one of the most popular players; let me see, that's a Goodenuff film. Miss Delorme is one of the Goodenuff players, you know. Sorry, that's all I know about it. Write to the film company in San Francisco, they'll give you her address."

Churchill thanked him and went away only to return and view the "Miss Wildfire" film again.

When the doors were closed for the night he went to his hotel and studied the telephone directory.

The Goodenuff Film company could not be expected to be doing business at midnight, therefore his long distance call to San Francisco was unanswered. He went to bed stirred by a thousand hopes and fears.

"It must be that I'm going to meet her again somewhere or I wouldn't have chanced on that film tonight when my thoughts are full of her," he told himself time and again during the sleepless night.

At nine o'clock the next morning he got the Goodenuff Film company by telephone and to his chagrin learned that Miss Delorme had left the company the week before and gone east. Her destination? Oh, New York, I suppose, they all go there," sighed his informant as the interview was closed.

"East" was indefinite—New York was a clue that Churchill clung to as he finished his business in Los Angeles and prepared to leave for Chicago on his homeward trip.

And everywhere he went he kept his eyes wide open for some glimpse of his love and whenever he was in the vicinity of a moving picture show he dropped in hoping to see Miss Wildfire once more. Again and again he saw the play in different cities until he knew it by heart. He grew intensely jealous of the big cowboy hero of the play who made such romantic love to the charming little western girl and he would have slain the villain singlehanded every night if he had been flesh and blood.

At last he reached New York and reported to the sales manager. Mr. Robinson was very busy that morning and he sent word out to Churchill to wait a couple of hours for him.

"I'll borrow a stenographer then and dictate a few letters," decided Churchill and he spoke to the chief clerk.

Five minutes afterwards he was seated in a small office his feet elevated to a table and his mind busy

over the correspondence that had accumulated during his absence.

Someone opened the door behind him and slipped into a chair. He turned his head slightly, saw a dark, curly head the outline of a white clad shoulder, and arm and a slim brown hand poised a pencil over a fresh notebook.

Churchill's feet came down from the table and his hat flew into a corner. "Good morning," he said crisply. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," was the low-toned reply. "Please take this letter: The Goodenuff Film Company, San Francisco, California. Gentlemen:—Referring to my several inquiries concerning the whereabouts of Miss Lillian Delorme until recently a member of your company of players, may I not impose upon your courtesy a little further and ask you to institute some inquiry, in whatever direction you may deem advisable, concerning the destination of Miss Delorme when she left San Francisco. I am very anxious to find her present whereabouts and—"

"Oh, excuse me!" cried the stenographer breathlessly. "Going too fast for you?" he asked kindly.

"No—but, please, Mr. Churchill!" He whirled around in his chair and stared with unbelieving eyes into the blushing startled face of—Miss Wildfire herself.

He sat there with parted lips for an absurdly long time but it was rather disconcerting to search the west for a trace of Bess Delorme and come back to the east to find her prospectively established in his firm's business office!

It took Frank Churchill two hours to explain to Bess Delorme why he wanted to see her and to hear from her lips that she had decided not to be an actress after all and that she had taken her dying father's advice and gone east to seek work in New York; her only aid had been one of Churchill's business cards found among her father's effects.

"Well, Churchill," said his sales manager when at last he interviewed the traveling man. "You can put mourning band on your sleeve—I'm going to change your territory."

"Not New England?" asked Churchill delightedly.

"Yes, I thought you'd kick a lot over it—you've been so keen for the west. I was looking for something out there but I've found it now. I say Mr. Robinson, fix it up so I can have a month off in October, will you?"

"Not getting married?" asked the other.

"Perhaps," returned Churchill guardedly, but in his heart he knew that Miss Wildfire and he had not crossed the continent in search of each other in vain.

"Then I'll see that you get a pass over the line to Niagara Falls," grinned his chief.

(Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## SNAKES THAT REALLY WALK

Scientists Assert They Have Method of Locomotion of Which Few Are Aware.

Apropos of the recent discovery in Africa of the Gigantosaurus Africanus it is interesting to note the many facts which point to the conclusion that snakes swam before they took to land. It is not impossible that the traces of former snake locomotion which are found in the python and other snakes are the remains of former fins. It is said that when the reptiles came to land and learned to burrow in the sand they lost these.

There is one explanation of the rudimentary foot of modern times in the snake world, and that is in the remains of the flying dragon. When the dragons ceased to fly and came to earth it is said that some of them survived as snakes and that the remains of their feet and wings survive in the species that tempted Adam and Eve.

The usual method of walking in the snake tribe is peculiar and is more like walking in a bag. A snake walks; he does not crawl, as the average layman imagines. Snakes walk on their ribs. The old Germans or Teutons used to have a warrlike custom of proclaiming their kings. The sturdy warriors would lock their brazen shields together, lifted high above their heads, on which the future king was elevated. The snake's belly is in some respects like the interlocked shields. His feet are his ribs, which he is capable of working forward or backward, at the same time bending them.

Over each rib there is a shield, and as the foot moves the point of the foot is lowered and digs into the ground or takes hold of any projection on the surface over which it is going. This moves his bulk along. He also curls himself up and thus moves along more swiftly. Grabbing with his front ribs, an ugly snake can hold fast while he pulls up his other half. Scientists do not believe that snakes can spring, but that they sometimes jump.

Dining Early.

Lord Shaw told a good story at a dinner to the Bench and Bar given recently by the Fishmongers' company. He said that in the old days the Scottish bench in Edinburgh were accustomed to dine at four o'clock in the afternoon, and sometimes these convivial gatherings were prolonged to a late—or early—hour, as the case might be.

At two o'clock one afternoon a client called at the house of a distinguished lawyer and asked to see the master.

"He's at dinner," replied the maid. "At dinner?" gasped the caller. "Dinner at two o'clock in the afternoon! Surely your master dines early?"

"No," replied the maid. "It's yesterday's dinner he's still eatin'!"

## TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Signatures on Paintings. Experts rarely rely on signatures alone to determine the authenticity of an old painting, but trust rather to their knowledge of the painter's technique. Sometimes the painter's name is found in a conspicuous place, as for instance, in Raphael's "Sposalizio" at Milan.

Proud of having surpassed his master the youthful genius wrote on a frieze in the very center of the canvas, "Raphael Urbina."

Reynolds hardly ever signed his work. But upon the completion of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," he wrote his name large on the gold embroidery of her dress. He was unable, he said, "to resist the temptation of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

## "CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH LIVER

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Seldom Are. "Did you attend that terrible play?" "I did!" "And was it as immoral as you had been led to hope?"

Good positions far exceed the supply of good material available to fill them.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 10c.

You have a right to your opinion. So have others.

Good positions far exceed the supply of good material available to fill them.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 10c.

You have a right to your opinion. So have others.

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"

"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Most of the musk that is exported from Tibet is bought by a French firm and is used in the manufacture of perfumery.

Never. "Is your wife still away from home?"

"My wife is still nowhere."—Boston Transcript.

Easy Winner. Senator Kay Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.

"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who