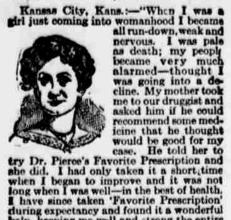
MOTHERS, PREPARE



during expectancy and found it a wonderful belp, keeping me well and strong the entire time."—MRS. BELLE GAMMON, 2919 Roosevelt Ave.

WOMAN'S CRIT-ICAL TIME

Omahs, Nebr.:—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for many years at certain critical times when such a years at certain critical times when such a tonic was necessary and it never failed to strengthen and build me up. When I was raising my family I took it and always the results were most satisfactory; then during middle life it helped me to come through in a strong and healthy condition. I am very enthusiastic concerning Dr. Pierce's remedies and have recommended them not only to members of my own family but to many others besides and have never heard one complaint. Dr. Pierce's book, the Common Sense Medical Adviser, has been in my home for 35 years and I know it has saved me many a doctor bill, as well as many of my friends whom I have advised through it."—MRS. THOS. GRAY, 4316 Erskine St.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots, does not contain alcohol or narcotics. Its ingradients printed on wrapper.

Send 10c. for trial package of Favorite rescription tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids; otel, Buffalo, N. Y.

BILIOUSNESS Caused by **Acid-Stomach**

If people who are bilious are treated according to local symptoms they seldom get very much better. Whatever relief is obtained is usually temporary. Trace biliousness to its source and remove the cause and the chances are that the patient will remain strong and healthy.

Doctors say that more than 70 nonorganic diseases can be traced to an Acid-Momach. Biliousness is one of them. Indigestion, heartburn, belching, sour stomach, bloat and gas are other signs of acid-stomach. EATONIC, the marvelous modern stomach remedy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries which lead to a long train of ailments that make life miserable if not corrected.

if not corrected.

EATONIC literally absorbs and carries away the excess acid. Makes the stomach strong, cool and comfortable. Helps digestion; improves the appetite and you then get full strength from your food. Thousands say that EATONIC is the most effective stomach remedy in the world. It is the help YOU need. Try it on our money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee. At all druggista Only 50 cents for a big box.

rou wani inis rarm That has 100% soil, climate and water. No hot winds. Located in the rain belt and most prosperous part of Colorado. One crop often pays for the land and gives a profit besides, Priced from \$16 to \$75 per acre. Liberal terms. We have plenty of them. Buy now before the price doubles. Write,

SHELTERS - SELANDER CO., YUMA, COLO.

Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

But the Other Kind. "I don't believe in these spiritualistic seances. I went to some, and I tell you I've got the spirits bottled up." "I wish I had."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia. sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.-Adv.

Every man may have his price, but it differs greatly from what his neighbors think he is worth,

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freekies, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freekles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautifui clear complexion.

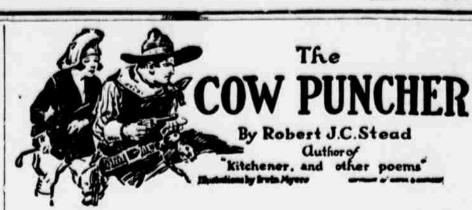
Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckies.

A woman invariably laughs at her husband's silly jokes just before she



attempts to make a touch.

URINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, YOUR EYES Irritated, Inflamed or often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Marine Eye Renedy Co., Chicago Irritated, Inflamed or



-22-

"Your country needs you more," she whispered. "It is better that way. And what a man you are in uniform! I think I see you smashing heads instead of bottles. Six out of six, Dave! It's awful, but you must do it. Already we know what has happened in Belgium. You will forget your own wrongs in the greater wrongs of others. . . . And I shall join the service as a nurse. My father was a doctor, and I can soon pick it up."

She chatted on, but he had become suddenly grave. "I don't think that is your course, Irene," he said. "This is going to be a bigger job than it looked. The government will get soldiers and nurses; the popular imagination turns to such things. But it will be neither soldiers nor nurses that will win the war. I feel sure of that now. Millions of men will be taken from production and turned to purposes of destruction. They will be taken from offices, where they need little food, and put in the trenches, where they need much food. Countries will be devastated; armies will retreat, destroying all food as they go. Ships will go down with cargoes of wheat; incendiary fires will swallow warehouses of food. I believe my fit for the fight than I must, in some cludes the women; it includes you."

"We? But what can I do?"

"Since I left home I've thought a good deal of the old ranch. I despised it in those prosperous daysthose days we thought were prosperous -but the prosperity is gone and the and know that all we can feel and ranch remains. It still lies out there, just as it did when you and your father motored down that afternoon a dozen years ago. I think you'll have to go back there, Reenie. I think you'll have to take the boy Charlie, and what other help you can get, and go back to the old ranch and raise something for the soldiers to eat. You can do it. There are good men to be had; men who can't very well carry a rifle, but can drive a plow. And believe me, Reenie, it's the plow that's going to win. Go back and put them at it. Think of every furrow as another trench in the defenses which shall save your home from the fate of Belgium's homes. It's not as easy as going to the front; it hasn't got the heroic ring to it, and I suppose there are many who will commercialize it. Let them. We shall need their profits after the war to pay our debts. But it's the thing that must be done. And you'll do it, won't you?"

"I'll do whatever needs to be done, Dave. I'd rather be by your side, or as near as may be, but if you say that my duty lies back on the old ranch I shall go back to the old ranch and raise food for my soldier. And when it's all over we shall ride those old hillsides again. . . . Up the canyon, you remember, Dave? The little niche in the wall of the canyon, and all the silence and the sunlight? . . . For-



Any philosophy which accepts the well be deflected by incidents so com- too much to let it go back." monplace as to quite escape the notice of the casual observer.

Some such thought as this comforted tured. "He was a-a man." me-or, at least, would have comforted me, had I thought it-when a leaking arose and stood for a moment in an gasoline tank left me, literally as well foothills. The sun of an August after- Then with quick decision she went into sky; low in a valley to the left a rib- turned in a moment with a letter. bon of silver-green mountain water All these scenes the eye took in without enthusiasm, almost without approval, and then fell on the whitewashed ranch buildings almost in the shadow underneath. And in these days a ranch-almost any ranch-

meant gasoline. I soon stood at the door. My knock attracted a little chap of two and a half or three years; his stout hands half or three years; his stout hands neath it, running through it in some way shoved the screen back, and I found I cannot explain, is a note so much deeper myself ushered into his company. There evidently was no one else about, so I visited, and we talked on those things which are of importance in the world of three-year-olds.

"Muvver's don to the wiver," he confided. "She tum back pwetty soon." "And father?" I asked. "Where is

be?" Into the dark eyes came a deeper look; they suddenly shone with the

more than pride-adoration, perhapsin his words as he straightened up and said in perfect English: "My father was a soldier. He was killed at Cour-

I looked in his little sunburnt face, in his dark, proud eyes, and presently a strange mist enveloped the room. How many little faces, how many pairs of eyes! It was just fading away when a step sounded on the walk, and I arose as she reached the door.

"The Man of the House has made me at home," I managed to say. "I am shipwrecked on the hill for a little gasoline."

"There is plenty out in the field, where the tractor is," she replied. "You will find it without difficulty. Or if you care to wait here, Charlie may be along presently."

Her voice had sweet, modulated tones, with just that touch of pathos which only the Angel of Suffering knows how to add. And her face was fair, and gentle, and a little sad, and very sweet.

"He has told me," I said. There terhood-that universal sisterhood of suffering which the world has known in these long, lonely years. . . place is in the trenches; but those less | And it was between us, for we were all in the family. There was no occasion form or other, produce food. That in- to scrape acquaintance by slow, conventional thrust and parry.

"Yes," she said, sitting down and motioning me to a chair. "I was bitter at first. I was dreadfully bitter at first. But gradually I got a different view of it. Gradually I came to feel



"My Father Was a Soldier-He Was Killed at Courcelette."

know here is on the surface-on the outside, as you might say, and we can't know the purpose until we are inside. It is as though life were a riddle, and the key is hidden, and the door behind which the key is hidden is called Death. And I don't believe it's all for nothing; I won't believe it's all for nothing.

"Then there is the suffering," she continued, after a pause. I don't know why there should be suffering, but I know if there were no suffering there would be no kindness. It is not until you are hit-hard hit-that you begin principle that the great, overshadow- to think of other people. Until then ing events of life are subject to an in- all is selfishness. But we women-we telligent controlling influence must of women of the war-we have nothing necessity grant that the same principle left to be selfish for. But we have the applies to the most commonplace and whole world to be unselfish for. It's every-day experiences. The course of all different, and it can never go back. the greatest stream of events may We won't let it go back. We've paid

It was hard to find a reply. "I think I knew your husband a little," I ven-

"He was all that," she said. She attitude of hesitation; her fingers went as figuratively, high and dry in the to her lips as though enjoining caution. noon blazed its glory from a cloudless an inner room, from which she re-

"If you knew him you may care to threaded its way through fringes of read this," she said. "It's very perspruce and cottonwood, while on the sonal, and yet, some way, everything uplands beyond sleek steers drowsed is impersonal now, in a sense. There in the sunshine, and far to the west- has been such a common cause, and ward the Rockies slept unconcerned in such a wave of common suffering, that their draperies of afternoon purple. it seems to flood out over the individual and embrace us all. . . . So this is really, in a sense, your letter as well as mine.

I took it and read:

I have had many letters to write since my service began as a nurse in the war. never have I approached the task with such mixed emotions. The pain I must give you I would gladly bear myself if I could; but it is not all pain; underthan pain that it must be joy. You have already been advised that David Elden was among those who fell at Courcelette. It is trite to say that you have

the sympathy of a grateful nation. How grateful the nation really is we shall know by its treatment of the heroes who survive the war and of the dependents of those who have crossed over. But nothing can rob you of the knowledge that he played a man's part. Nothing can debar you from that universal fellowship of sympathy which is springing up wherever

manhood is valued at its worth A new Order has been born into the spirituality of a life only three years removed from the infinite. By what instruction, I afterward wondered, by what almost divine charm had she been able to instill into his young mind the honor and the glory and the pride of her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual, a thing to be escaped if possible. But now it is universal, a thing not to be escaped, but to be accepted, readily, bravely, even gladly. And all who so accept the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual. Annapolis was opened. George Bannow it is universal, a thing not to be escaped, but to be accepted, readily, bravely, even gladly. And all who so accept the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual that the United States Naval academy at Annapolis was opened. George Bancroft, the historian, who was then sectored the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual that the United States Naval academy at Annapolis was opened. George Bancroft, the historian, who was then sectored the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual that the United States Naval academy at Annapolis was opened. George Bancroft, the historian, who was then sectored the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual that the United States Naval academy at Annapolis was opened. George Bancroft the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual that the United States Naval academy at Annapolis was opened. The first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual that the United States Naval acad world; the Order of Suffering. Not that it

Manufacture of the Control of the Co

its insignia, which is unselfishness and sympathy and service. And in that Order you shall not be least, measured by either your sacrifice or the spirit in which you

But you are yearning for his last word; for some voice which will seem to you now almost a voice out of the grave, and am happy to be able to bring you that word. It was something more than chance that guided me that night-as it is every

We were well behind the line of actual fighting, but I had become detached from my party in moving to another station; lost, if you like, yet not lost; never have I gone so directly to so great a destination. While trying to get my location, I became aware of a presence; it will sound strange to you, but I became intensely aware of your presence. Of course I knew it could not be you, in the flesh, but you it seemed to be, nevertheless. I moved as though led by an invisible hand, and presently I found a bit of shattered wall. In the gloom I could just discern the form of a man lying in the shelter of the wall-if you could call it shelter—it rose scarce a foot above the ground. I knelt beside him and turned my torch

on his face. It was pale even through the brown skin; the eyes were closed; the hair was wet and plastered on the forehead; there were smears of blood on it and on his cheeks. As my light fell on his lips they framed a smile. "Reenie," he said, "it was good of you

to come. I knew you would come."
"I am here, Dave," I answered, and I think you will forgive the impersonation. "Now let me find out where you are hurt and we'll fix you up, and get you moved presently."

He opened his eyes and looked at me with the strange look of a man whose thread of consciousness is half unraveled. "Oh, it's you, Edith," he said, when he had taken me in. "Funny, I thought it was Irene. I must have been dreaming."
I questioned him again about his wound and began feeling his hair. "It's not there," he said. "Guess I got it all over my hands. They got me this time. Don't

waste time on me. Some other fellow may have a chance."

I found, with a little examination, that seemed no reason why I should not say it. She had entered into the sisterhood—that universal sisterhood of and felt his grip tighten on it.
"I'm going to stay till it's over, Dave.
We'll see it out together."
"That's decent," he answered, and then

was still for quite a time. "I've often wondered what was on the other side," he said, at length. "I shall know presently."

You are not afraid?" I whispered. "No. Only sort of-curious. And-reverent. I guess it's reverent. . . . You know I haven't been much on religion. Never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word?" "In one word—sacrifice, 'He that loseth his life shall find it,' "I quoted.

He did not answer, but I could see his lips smiling again. His breath was more labored. A few drops of rain fell, and some of them spattered on his face.

Presently he chuckled. It was an eery sensation, out on that broad plain of death, alone by the side of this man who was already far into the shadow-to hear

"That splash of water-you remembermade me think of the time we pulled the old car into the stream, and the har-ness broke or something, and I had to carry you. You remember that, Reenie?" I could only say, "Yes," and press his hand. His mind was back on the old, old

He became suddenly sober. "And when Brownle was killed," he went on, "I said was the innocent thing that got caught Perhaps I was right. But perhaps it's best to get caught. Not for the getting caught, but for the—the compensations. It's the innocent men that are getting killed. And perhaps it's best. Perhaps there are compensations worth while." His voice was weaker, and I had to lean

close to catch his word "I'm going-out," he said. "Kiss me,

And then I kissed him-for you. Suddenly he sat up. "The mountains!" he exclaimed, and his voice was athrill with the pride of his old hills. noonlight-on the mountains!"

Then his strength, which seemed to have gathered itself for this one last vision of the place of his boyhood, gave way, and he fell back, and he did not And what can I add? Dear, it is not

defeat. It is promise. It is hope.

Some day we shall know. But until then we shall go on. It is woman's bit then we shall go on. It is woman's bit to carry on. But not in despondency, not in bitterness, not in anger or despair. He didn't go out that way. He was reverent—and a little curious, and he went out with a smile. And we shall go on, and carry his smile and his confidence through the valley of our sacrifice. What am I doing, speaking of our sacrifice? I salute you, sister in the Order of Suf-fering-and of hope.

EDITH DUNCAN. I handed the letter back to her, and for a time I had no words. "Won't you

let me tell the story?" I said, at length. "The world is full of sorrow, and it needs voices to give that sorrow. words, and perhaps turn it into hopeas this letter does." She hesitated, and I realized then how

much I had asked. "It is the story of my life-my soul," she said. "Yet, if it would help-"

"Without names," I hastened to explain. "Without real names of places or people."

And so, in that little whitewashed home, where the brown hills rise around and the placid mountains look down from the distance, and a tongue of spruce trees beyond the stream stands sentinel against the open prairie, she is carrying on, not in despondency and bitterness, but in service and in hope. And so her sisters, all this world over, must carry on, until their sweetness and their sacrifice shall fill up and flood over all the valleys of hate. . And if you should chance that

way, and if you should win the confidence of young Three-year-old, he may stand for you and say, with his voice filled with the honor and the glory and the pride of it:

"My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcelette," THE END.

Believed to Bar Mosquitoes.

Many plants are popularly believed to keep away mosquitoes, among them being several species of eucalyptus, the castor-oil plant, the chinaberry tree, etc. Scientific observations have not confirmed the popular idea on this subject.

the United States Naval academy at Annapolis was opened. George Banretary of the navy, was largely instru-

WANTED A PEEP; **GOT AN EYEFUL**

High School Girl Gives Youth Lesson He Will Never Forget.

Detroit, Mich,-Curious young men who lurked about the exterior of Southeastern high school on Fairview and Goethe avenues, to get a peek at the girls in their "tank" saits have discontinued this nightly practice with amazing abruptness.

For several weeks these young men enjoyed a blurry view through frosted windows, of the Southeastern swimming pool on "ladies' nights," The classes meet on Monday and Wednesday evenings and are composed mostly of portly married women who are taking swimming to reduce.

Unable to restrain their eagerness of visage, the boys agreed to carefully remove one section of the frosted win-



Gave Him a Thorough Trouncing.

dow pane which had the audacity to open on the dressing rooms. The broken window aroused the suspicions of Joseph H. Corns, principal of the school, and on the following "ladies' night" he lay in waiting for the cul-

One young man was captured and turned over to the girls for punishment. The fair swimmers lined up in their "tank" suits and told the young man to take an "eyeful" but he only stood abashed and chagrined.

It was then decided by the jovial swimmers to give the young man a ducking and a splashing that he wouldn't forget. They rushed at him the way they would attack a pushball on the college campus, and the stranger went overboard with hat, overcoat, shoes and all. After giving him a thorough trouncing he was set free. The young man is reported to have run home like a streak of lightning, and the girls are enjoying their swimming nights unmolested.

STEALS, BUT RETURNS LOOT

Mysterious Stunts of Thief at Paris, Ky., Baffles the Local

Police. Paris, Ky .- A thief who steals dia-

mond rings only to return them is baffling police here. Several weeks ago two diamond

rings, valued at \$800, were stolen from the home of Mrs. Katle Wilson. Ten days ago they were returned to her mysteriously. Miss Carolyn Roseberry, daughter

of John Roseberry, wealthy citizen, lost a \$6,000 platinum cluster ring. She offered a reward and agreed not to ask any questions. Later she found a tin box tied to the front doorknob. It contained the ring.

A week ago a \$700 ring disappeared from the home of William Farris, restaurant man. Later it was found hanging by a string to a window at the Farris home.

Police believe the thefts to be the work of some one who has access to the homes.

Human Arsenal Is Chased by Police

New York .- Dropping thirteen blackjacks, ten revolvers, two pairs of handcuffs, eight deputy sheriff badges and six private detective shields, a man whose identity is unknown, ran away when approached at Broadway and Reade street by Patrolman Gaetano Christiano of the Beach street station. Patrolman Christiano fired

one shot at the man, but slipped when he started to chase him. Other policemen, called by the shot, found a fire-escape ladder at Reade and Church streets

swung to the street, and following footprints in the snow on the roofs discovered at 99 Chambers street William Ranken, seventeen, of 384 Race street, Philadelphia.

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and



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.

Revenge is a gun that kicks much harder than it shoots.

EASIER FOR HER TO DYE THAN TO BUY

"Diamond Dyes" Turn Faded, Shabby Apparel Into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. -Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,-dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers-everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card .-- Adv.

Microbes have sense enough to pass up tobacco and whisky.





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