

Will Not be One Day Without

PE-RU-NA

This Lady TELLS Her FRIENDS

Mrs. Mary Fricke, 507 Bornman St., Belleville, Ill., is just one of the many thousands of ladies throughout the country who, after an agony of years, have at last found health, strength and vigor in PE-RU-NA.

Her own words tell of her suffering and recovery better than we can do it: "I suffered with my stomach, had awful cramps and headaches so I often could not lay on a pillow. Saw your book, tried PE-RU-NA and got good results from the first bottle. To be sure of a cure I took twelve bottles. I have recommended PE-RU-NA to my friends and all are well pleased with results. I will not be one day without PE-RU-NA. Have not had a doctor since I started with PE-RU-NA, which was about fifteen years ago. I am now sixty-three years old, hale, hearty and well. Can do as much work as my daughters. I feel strong and healthy and weigh near two hundred pounds. Before, I weighed as little as one hundred. I hope lots of people use PE-RU-NA and get the results I did." An experience like that of Mrs. Fricke is an inspiration to every sick and suffering woman.



MRS. MARY FRICKE

If you have catarrh, whether it be of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or other organs, PE-RU-NA is the remedy. It is not new; it is not an experiment. PE-RU-NA has been tried. PE-RU-NA has been used by thousands who once were sick and are now well. To prevent coughs, colds, grip and influenza and to hasten recovery there is nothing better.

PE-RU-NA will improve the appetite and digestion, purify the blood, soothe the irritated mucous linings, eradicate the waste material and corruption from the system. It will tone up the nerves, give you health, strength, vigor and the joy of living. Do what Mrs. Mary Fricke and thousands more have done—try PE-RU-NA. You will be glad, happy, thankful.

Tablet or Liquid. Sold Everywhere.

CAMERA INSTEAD OF RIFLE

Big Game Hunters Get the Thrill of the Sport Without the Useless Slaughter.

It was a notable event in the history of the wild life of our country when the first big game hunter hung up his rifle and took to the woods with a camera.

Ever since the first photographer went afield with a sportsman, the camera man has been the best exponent and advertiser of the prowess of the man with a gun. During the days of the slow and cumbersome wet plate and long exposures the alert and sudden wild animal was about as unattainable pictorially as the canals of Mars.

The dry plate opened up great possibilities in the photographing of dead game in its haunts. From 1884 onward American hunters of big game joyously welcomed the startling pictures made by Laton A. Huffman of Miles City, Mont. Mr. Huffman was a true sportsman, a fine shot, and as a photographer of hunting scenes he long stood without a rival. Never will I forget the thrills that I received in his little old log cabin studio in "Millstown," when he showed me his stereoscope views of "elk and dead grizzlies, glory enough for one day"; a mountain sheep ran on the brink of a precipice, many buffalo-killing pictures, and antelope and deer galore. I think that Mr. Huffman—who still lives and photographs—enjoys the distinction of having had more photographs stolen for publication without credit than any other camera man on earth; and that, I know, is a large order.

American sportsmen hailed with joy the birth of the light, ever-ready, universal-focus camera. It was the opening of a new and delightful field of Christian endeavor. It presented a highway of escape from the flood of game-slaughter photographs that had been sweeping over the continent like a deluge—"Masterpieces of Wild Animal Photography," by William T. Hornaday, in Scribner.

When Nature Conspires.

We are told that the "walking and climbing leaves" of Australia were for over half a century, among the best attested of natural wonders.

It is related that a party of sailors, wandering inland, sat down to rest under a tree. A gust of wind shook to earth several dead and brown leaves. These, after remaining prone on the ground for a few minutes, proceeded to show signs of life and crawl toward the trunk, which they ascended, and attached themselves to their respective twigs.

Hence, the sailor-men, who promptly ran away, said the spot was bewitched.

The simple fact turned out to be that the so-called leaves were really leaf-shaped insects, having long, pendulous legs, which could be folded out of sight, and possessing the chameleon-like power of varying their color to correspond with that of the foliage they were clinging to.

Upon being shaken to the ground, instinct taught them to seek the shelter of the friendly leaves again as soon as possible.—Exchange.

Gas Tank Terrified Waiters.

Pandemonium reigned in El Prado cafe for a few fast and furious seconds, the Havana Post states.

Shortly after 8 o'clock, when the extra waiters were busy handling the evening's largest crowd, there suddenly burst out in the cafe a rapid succession of short, sharp, hissing sounds:

"Psst—psst—psst!"

It seemed as though all Havana was suddenly giving the well-known Cuban call for service. A hundred thousand people crowding about the cafe and shouting "Psst, chico!" could not have created more excitement. Waiters looked under chairs, behind the bar, rushed to all their customers, wiped off tables frantically, tossed their napkins desperately in midair and gave other signs of frenzy.

The fuss did not begin to abate until the proprietor, red faced and sweating with exertion, discovered the source of the hissing sounds. A large cylinder of the carbonated gas in the corner of the cafe had sprung a leak, the gas hissing mysteriously as each whiff of it escaped.

Vital Statistics.

One of the census men called at the home of a workman in New York, noted in his neighborhood as a great reader and a wisecracker for statistics. He found the man poring over an encyclopedia.

"How many children have you?" asked the census taker.

"I have just three—and that's all there will be too," replied the man, looking up from his book of knowledge.

"All right, by why so positive?" "According to this book here," said the man with deadly seriousness, "every fourth child born in the world is a Chinaman!"—Saturday Evening Post.

American Women Have Prettiest Feet. A well-known French shoe manufacturer states that the shoe is the foundation of a woman's wardrobe. If she is not well shod, it spoils her appearance.

He says that American women have the prettiest feet in the world, and appreciate the value of the low-heeled shoe. For walking, this manufacturer insists the low-heeled shoe is the only one permissible. For wear around the house, he advocates sandals that hold the feet in shape, yet yield sufficiently to allow them to rest.

NO MERCY FOR THE FLIRT

According to Dream, Modern Girl Met With Deserved Condemnation at St. Peter's Hands.

Cortlandt Bleeker was talking at Piping Rock about the modern girl. "I had a dream last night," he said. "I dreamed that a modern girl gazed and appeared before St. Peter. "She wore a gown of filmy, almost transparent tissue. She was very beautiful, and she had a conquering air."

"Let me in, please," she said. "My sweethearts were numberless, but my virtue remained unspotted. Though I skated over miles of thin ice, I never once fell through. I am a modern girl."

"But St. Peter frowned and said, pointing downwards with his forefinger: "I condemn you to the same flames to which you condemned your foolish lovers."

Boys and Dog Dig Up \$2,000.

Four schoolboys, while spending the Whitsuntide holidays in Mulhuddert, a village outside Dublin, rattling with a terrier, discovered a hoard of more than £400 in sovereigns (normally \$2,000) in a rat hole. The news quickly spread, and a local postman claimed the money as his. He says about £400 was left to him by his father, a blacksmith, who had inherited it from his father, and to keep it safely in these troublous times the postman buried it in a field where it would still have remained but for the inquisitive terrier. The postman's claim was admitted unanimously and the parents of the boys returned him sums amounting to about £150. Local volunteers are making inquiries with a view to having the balance of the money restored.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Handy Airplane.

Just as we have reached the era of national prohibition, a way has been found for reaching Europe in a great hurry. Under the newest development of inventive genius, a thirsty man can hop to the other side, discuss matters of importance with a friend till his words begin to run together and his hat settles permanently over one eye, and then he can get back in ample time to have the headache right in his own home. This is indeed a remarkable age.—Thrill Magazine.

HE HAD MISSED SOMETHING

Mr. Gap Johnson Brought to a Realization of His Ignorance of His Surroundings.

"It must be wonderful to live all your life long in the midst of the 'Land of a Million Smiles,' where the silvery waters purr and plash and the nymphs frolic all the day!" prattled one member of a party of city motorists who had invaded the Ozarks.

"To live in the 'p-tu'—which?" surprisingly returned Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"Here among the hills and dells of 'The Playground of America.' Look at the advertisement in the newspaper and—"

"Well, I'll be—p-tu—dogged! I never would 'a' b'lieved it in the living world if I hadn't seed it in the paper! I've lived yur since Heck was a pup, and I never knowed nuthin' like these yur ladies—nymphs, I b'lieve you called 'em—to be setting on rocks this-a-way and skylarking around with nuth'n in pertickler on but undershirts and smiles. Say, how long has this yur—p-tu—business been going on, anyhow?"—Kansas City Star.

Nickel No Good.

A little girl walked into a confectionery one morning, placed a nickel on the counter and called for an ice cream cone.

"Ice cream cones are 7 cents, little girl," the fizz clerk announced.

"Well, then gimme a soda pop."

"Six cents."

"Got any root beer?"

"Yep, 6 cents, too."

The little girl sighed disappointedly and started out, leaving her nickel on the counter.

"Here, little girl, you're leaving your nickel," the clerk called to her.

"Oh, that's all right," the child shouted back.

"It's no good to me—it won't buy anything!"

Harmonious Episode.

"Did you notice any unanimity of sentiment during the earlier sessions of the convention?"

"On one point only," answered Senator Sorghum. "Everybody stood up when the band played 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

If men had intuition they wouldn't trust it.

Some More Truths.

WOULD you use a steam shovel to move a pebble? Certainly not. Implements are built according to the work they have to do.

Would you use a grown-up's remedy for your baby's ills? Certainly not. Remedies are prepared according to the work THEY have to do.

All this is preliminary to reminding you that Fletcher's Castoria was sought out, found and is prepared solely as a remedy for Infants and Children. And let this be a warning against Substitutes, Counterfeits and the Just-as-good stuff that may be all right for you in all your strength, but dangerous for the little babe.

All the mother-love that lies within your heart cries out to you: Be true to Baby. And being true to Baby you will keep in the house remedies specially prepared for babies as you would a baby's food, hairbrush, toothbrush or sponge.

Children Cry For



Are You Prepared?

A doctor in the house all the time would be a good idea. Yet you can't afford to keep a doctor in the family to keep baby well or prevent sickness. But you can do almost the same thing by having at hand a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, because it is a wonderful remedy for indigestion, colic, feverishness, fretfulness and all the other disorders that result from common ailments that babies have.

Fletcher's Castoria is perfectly safe to use. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. Children cry for Fletcher's Castoria, and mothers recommend it because they have found it a comfort to children and a mother's friend.

If you love your baby, you know how sweet it is to be able to help baby when trouble comes. You cannot always call upon a doctor. But doctors have nothing but good to say of Fletcher's Castoria, because they know that it can only do good—that it can't do any harm—and they wouldn't want you to use for baby a remedy that you would use for yourself.

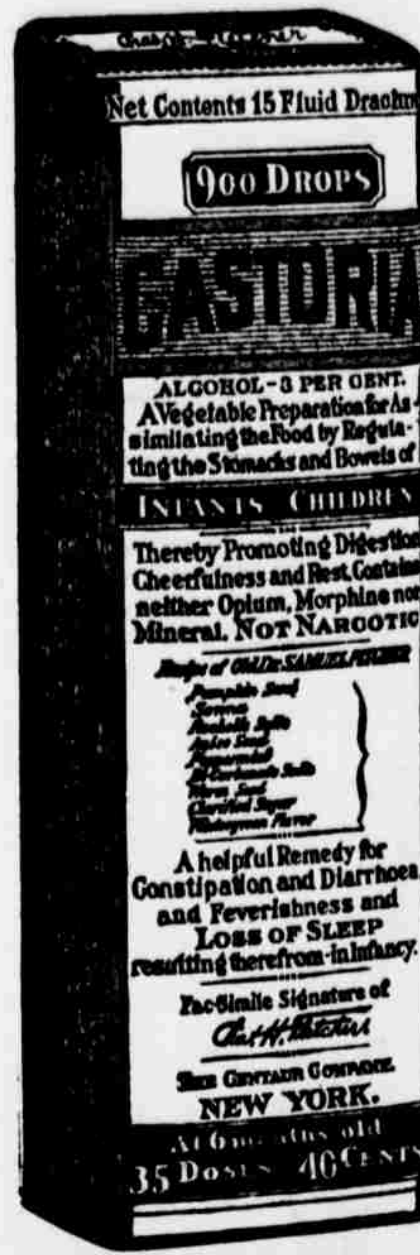
MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

First Choice.

Down in Terre Haute there are two places of interest, to which every Terre Hautean takes his visiting friends—the Davis gardens and Highland Lawn cemetery. The other day a young society matron started to take her two visiting friends out for a drive. Now, her roadster was new and the way she drove it was exceedingly reckless. Near Main street she turned to the women and asked: "Now which place shall I take you first?"

The most frightened one turned to the other visitor: "Oh, tell her Davis gardens," she whispered, "I'm sure we'll get to the cemetery if she keeps up this sort of driving much farther."—Indianapolis News.

Yes, Alfred, before marriage a woman is pensive, but after marriage she is expensive.

Paging Herself.

While a member of a college society, I was called upon one evening to act as recording secretary in the absence of the one elected to that office. After a short prayer, with which all programs were opened, I began to call the roll. When I came to my own name, which I called several times, I waited so long for the "here" or "present" response that a smile and titter ran around the hall. I then became conscious of what I was doing, and proceeded to finish the roll call in a hurry.—Chicago Tribune.

Waste.

Samson pulled down the temple. "Heavens, man," we cried, "don't you know how scarce buildings are?"

Real self-sacrifice is to be a benefactor without praise or gratitude.

Bamboo for Paper Making.

According to Sir Harry Johnston, the famous African explorer, the inexhaustible supply of grasses, reeds and rushes of tropical Africa can be utilized in making paper. William Raitt, the cellulose expert of the British government, points out many serious difficulties in making paper from these grasses, but says that these are not found in bamboo, which renews itself annually.

Suspicious.

The head of the firm had secretly called in an expert accountant to check up the cashier. "Have you discovered any evidence of dishonesty?" asked the expert accountant. "Well, I've noticed that he carries a different umbrella every time it rains," explained the head of the firm.

When Something Is Wrong With Your Comfort

—when nervousness, indigestion, biliousness or some other upset makes you think you are not eating or drinking the right thing

—if you're a coffee drinker, cut out coffee ten days and use

Postum Cereal

This delicious drink with its coffee-like flavor, suits coffee drinkers. Its value to health soon shows, and its economy is so apparent under use that one quickly realizes.

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

WARNING!

The "Bayer Cross" on tablets is the thumb-print which positively identifies genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 20 years, and proved safe by millions.



Safety first! Insist upon an unbroken "Bayer package" containing proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago and for Pain generally. Made and owned strictly by Americans.

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Ready tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages available in the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monrovia, California of Salsolite