

OLD PRESCRIPTION
FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it. A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend; for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that so many people claim, it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores—Adv.

His Trouble.

The young, witty-looking Tommy was leaning gracefully across the counter in the bar of the Cow and Caterpillar.

Every now and then he would give a twitch to his left arm.

"Shell shock!" whispered a sympathetic observer. "Poor fellow."

"I wonder if he will tell us his experiences?" said another man.

The subject of their remarks then turned to them and remarked, amiably:

"I wonder if I shall ever make this darned wristwatch go?"—London Tit-Bits.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

Good Guess.

"That fellow with the prognathous jaw gets things done."

"I presume you pose as a student of anthropology?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, guess you are right in saying that fellow gets things done. I happen to know he's a baker."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Held at a Distance.

"Father," said the ex-crown-prince, "why do you keep the title of 'count'?"

"As a sort of compromise. I feel that very few people are going to like me well enough to want to call me by my first name."

Garfield Tea was your Grandmother's Remedy for every stomach and intestinal ill. This good, old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.—Adv.

Was Bound to Have Her.

Buddy saw a sweet baby girl at a neighbor's and, running to his bank, took out all his money and said, "Mamma, please come with me; I am going to buy that baby."

"Oh!" said mother. "I am afraid her mamma won't sell her."

Buddy's face lost its smile for a moment, then brightening again, he said, "Come on anyway; if we can't buy her we will rent her."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. H. Fletcher*.

In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Comparison.

"The devil is not as black as painted."

"No, compared with the Kaiser he is positively green."

How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CASTORAE MEDICINE. HALL'S CASTORAE MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Good Reason.

Sergeant—"Why did you sell your wrist watch?" Private—"Time was hanging too heavy on my hands."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets put an end to sick and bilious headaches, constipation, diarrhea and indigestion. "Clean house."—Adv.

Infantile Genius.

"Mayme's baby must be the smartest child, to hear her talk, on the block."

"Yes, I was fully prepared to hear her say when the child swallowed a tack it was because he heard the doctor say he needed more iron in his system."

The Reason.

"There goes a crack regiment." "I suppose that is why there is so much sap about its marching."

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy.

No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. 50 cents a drapier's dozen. Write for free booklets.

MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

The Grist

By ARCHIE CAMERON NEW
(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

John Gates came out of a trance-like stupor and shivered in disgust. He had not been the victim of a bad dream. No, he shivered, would that life were like that dream!

Two minutes before there had danced before his vision a picture of an old grist mill. He could see the trees lazily and happily brushing their leaves with every puff of wind, and the little dam that laughingly dashed its spray against its rocky formation. And his father, with his kindly old eyes and stooped shoulders, pouring into the mill's grist fine whole wheat.

And then he saw the pure-white flour, so much in keeping with the sacredly pure precincts about which he had scampered years before, barefoot, poor, but happy. And then the sweet smile of his mother—that dear, kindly soul, whose happiest mission was ministration to his boyish whims and an appreciative father's wants. And then he woke up!

For a moment he surveyed himself sadly. Those bare toes of his boyhood were now encased in rich, comfortable shoes showing off in marked contrast the worn carpet on which they rested. He fingered nervously the well-tailored clothes that long since had replaced torn, ragged overalls, and smiled bitterly. And then he looked up!

An old man bent over a desk several feet away seemed to remind him of the old miller, his father, with his sparse gray hairs and stooped shoulders until he looked up. A pair of rascally, cunning eyes met Gates' furtively, and then darted to a rough-looking individual waiting, as was Gates, on one of the chairs in a row about the wall of the large outer office. A buzzer sounded and the door of the inner sanctum opened.

"It's your turn next," huskily whispered the old man to the other. "Leave it to Jerry Bletzman. He'll fix you up."

The man grunted unintelligibly and rose hesitatingly to his feet. He, like most of his waiting brethren, had come to be "fixed up." And Bletzman, the far-famed P. Gerald Bletzman, self-styled "counselor" at law, was to do the fixing—or, rather, the "unfixing." For Bletzman's many hired henchmen proclaimed that no matrimonial knot was too hard for their patron to untie.

"'Jes' leave it t' me," boomed a rascally voice, which Gates recognized as Bletzman's as he hurriedly pushed a spidery-looking young man out of his office. "I'll get somethin' on her. They ain't none o' them too foxy fer Bletzman, are they, Pete?"

Pete, his assistant, acquiesced speedily with a chuckle, and Bletzman closed a beady eye on the man who stood close to Pete's desk.

"Come right in," he welcomed the other stately, laying a sweaty palm on the client's sleeve. "Pete, bring th' gentleman's card in—now."

The door slammed and again the outer office subsided into a low murmur of voices.

So, mused Gates, this was what he had come to. A place where the sacred ties of marriage and motherhood were handled about like packing boxes and card-indexed like a case of measles. Br-r-r!

And across the room, instead of the sweet smile of his mother, a gray-haired woman in gay clothes smirked fraternally at him while waiting her turn.

This drove Gates' eyes to his lap, on which rested a neat package, which he now untied. Dragging forth a yellowish paper, he fell to reading it, and again it conjured forth visions from out of a happy past.

There was a great high-ceilinged parlor, smelling deliciously of fresh-picked blossoms, and echoing the sound of many laughing voices and the crinkle of many stiff party dresses. And a rose-bower in the center, under which an ecstatic couple were receiving congratulations. And Gates, as he read his marriage license, heard anew, as if it were yesterday, the little old pastor's solemn warning, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Perty well prepared, ain't yuh, master?" The voice at Gates' elbow caused him to thrust the paper back in the packet, as he looked up to meet the leer of the man on his right.

"My old woman swiped mine" continued the other, enviously. "Leastways, she musta given it t' th' guy she loped with. Cost me fifty extra t' get a new one. Ain't women th' darnest yeget?"

Gates stared at him unseeingly, but the last remark caused him to shiver anew. Lucille, his wife, a yeget? Never! She was a fine girl, through and through. They just couldn't get along—that was all. And some one had suggested Bletzman to him, and—

"It'll come outa th' mill, sadder an poorer," vouchsafed another waiting one. "Bletzman'll see t' that."

"Out of the mill," echoed Gates to himself, in horror. To be sure, it was a mill, but what kind? Bletzman's mill swallowed up human souls and gave up what? Fine white flour? Could that hoydenish girl be likened to his father's flour? Or the decrepit, red-nosed wreck at his side who called his wife a yeget? Or that old woman who flirted with him and in whose

brassy locket at her wrinkled neck there probably reposed pictures of her grandchildren? And was he to be made a party to "fixing" his wife—little winsome Lucille, whom he had wronged? Yes, he reflected, he had wronged her. No wonder she had complained of his friends coming to the house, drinking heavily, talking loosely and gambling madly. It had offended those finer sensibilities that now, in him, in the midst of Bletzman's revolting atmosphere, kept back with a rush. Why hadn't he kept promise to do so, the giving of which he had called hen-pecky? If he only had kept it—she might still be with—

Two doors opened simultaneously. Through one a burly individual shoved a man, and stood surveying the crowd of waiters.

"Who's next?" he vociferated, in his best barber manner, as if getting divorced was no more than a shave. "Ah, the little lady?" He advanced toward the outer door and Gates followed him with his eyes. And then Gates staggered, in horror, to his feet. "Lucille," cried Gates, as a pretty, slender young girl of obvious refinement hesitated at the threshold.

"I want to see—Mr.—Bletzman," she announced in a low tone, and that individual was about to take her out stretched hand when he was roughly pushed out of the way and a tall, muscular figure stood between him and Mrs. Gates.

"Lucille," repeated John Gates, forcing her to meet his gaze, "you have no business—here—this place."

"What in the—" Bletzman started to sputter, edging himself toward the couple, but again Gates pushed him aside.

"Come, Lucille," he urged, taking her hand and leading her toward the door. "Out of this den. This is not for us. I came as I know you did—to get a divorce." He brushed his free hand across a feverish brow as if to wipe away an awful vision.

"Come, this is not the mill—for us. Let's go back to Lochinvar—to peace. Let's be happy as we were before I came to the city. We—"

"Do you know you are interferin' with my business?" demanded Bletzman, in a seething rage. "This lady wants to see—"

"Me," John finished Bletzman's sentence, restraining his clenched fists with an effort. "She wants to see me," he repeated. "Do you get that? And she will—exclusively—for the rest of her life—if she wants to." And then, as if the mighty Bletzman were no more than a troublesome beggar, Gates swung around and faced the trembling little girl he had promised to love, honor and protect. "Don't you, Lucille?"

She did her best to enforce this tunic into the fashions of other countries, but with small measure of success until late this autumn. After steady persistence, a trick she has in the making of all her forms of art, the least of which is fashion, she found that America had suddenly awakened to the comfort and beauty of this garment.

It is difficult to persuade American women to go without shirtwaists. They borrowed the idea of a wash shirt from man, as they have borrowed all their fashions, and they felt, and rightly so, that there is an element of cleanliness in putting next to the skin throughout the day hours a garment that can go to the tub. The tunic does not go to the tub, and the only way to keep it entirely fresh is to wear it over a long-sleeved muslin lining, which many women do.

Practical and Ornate Blouses.

The tunic and the outside blouse are one and the same thing. You may call

TUNIC IS TO BE GIVEN A TRYOUT

New York. Some historians may know when the tunic started its career as a fundamental fashion in the clothing of the human race, but no one has stated the exact date with an attempt at accuracy, according to a prominent fashion authority.

There are many who believe that it was the first garment worn by Adam and Eve when they realized that clothing was to be a necessity to their species. The tunic really followed the mante, and from Elijah to William I of England is a long, long spell of history, but we know that the former wore a mantle and the latter a jupon.

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even with the impetus given to tailored suits in the early autumn, the pendulum appears to have swung back to one-piece frocks and luxurious wraps of fur and velvet. Probably with the advent of early spring, with the southward bound tourist, the coat suit will regain the prestige of October. If it does, these extravagant, short, medieval tunics will have a high chance for development. In the interim, they are worn not only with heavy tailored suits, but as tops to separate skirts.

Can Be Made at Home.

It is in this department of dress that they are most brilliant. There are some dressmakers who feel that smart women will no longer order entire frocks if the enthusiasm for these brilliant accessories grow in strength. However, there is no reason for despair in that, for the tunic blouse, as it is displayed at this hour, is no mean thing to make and no poor thing to purchase. Its fabric and the ornamentation put upon it bring the cost well up beyond the average purse. But the

best part of it is that the amateur can

make these things at home, for they

have nothing but straight lines and

are built from loosely hanging widths

of the material.

And yet there is danger in the work of the amateur, especially if she is guided by this hasty description, for it is the tunic of the Conqueror that is in fashion, not the snook of the Russian moujik or the gorgeous coat of the Arabian potentate. The widths must outline the figure, and they must cling to the hips, and the armholes must be cut with precision and perfection. The whole attempt of fashion today is to throw the figure into a sharp outline, and we must watch that tendency if we would keep abreast of what is happening and cultivate our vision to look ahead.

There is no reason for women to cry aloud over the extravagance of some of the new tunics that are offered, for these may be copied in simple fabrics.

Leather Buckskin Brocade.

Here are a few of the most extreme short tunics that are sponsored by good houses in Paris and America. First, there are the blouses of leather, which were shown in America