

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monahan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, sometimes I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bad Sickness Caused by Acid-Stomach

If people only realized the health-destroying power of an acid-stomach—the many kinds of sickness and misery it causes—the lives it literally wrecks—they would guard against it as carefully as they do against a deadly plague. You know in an instant the first symptoms of acid-stomach—bloating, indigestion, distressing, painful flatulency, sour, gassy stomach; belching, food repeating, heartburn, etc. Whenever your stomach feels this way you should lose no time in putting it to rights. If you don't, serious consequences are almost sure to follow, such as intestinal fermentation, auto-intoxication, impairment of the entire nervous system, headache, biliousness, cirrhosis of the liver; sometimes even catarrh of the stomach and intestinal ulcers and cancer.

If you are not feeling right, see if it isn't acid-stomach that is the cause of your ill health. Take EATONIC, the wonderful modern stomach remedy. EATONIC Tablets quickly and surely relieve the pain, flatulency, belching and heartburn that indicate acid-stomach. Make the stomach strong, clean and sweet. Stop the burning, the stomach in healthy condition so that you can get full strength from your food, your general health steadily improves. Results are marvellously quick. Just try EATONIC and you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands who have used it and who say they never dreamed anything could bring such marvellous relief.

So get a big 50-cent box of EATONIC from your druggist today. If not satisfactory, return it and he will refund your money.

EATONIC
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

A CHARMING GIFT
ARMISTICE PERFUME

This perfume extract will recall to you the rich, costly odor of a hundred French flowers—so lasting, so true. **WARRANTED** to send you a bottle, 15 ounces each, and a special bottle with glass stopper and gold-rimmed top (this alone is worth one dollar) altogether five bottles of different, enchanting perfumes. Send \$1.00 today, money order or currency. Send \$1.00 TODAY.

ARMISTICE SPECIALTIES
131 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.
DEALERS, AGENTS—Send \$1.00 for above, including agency terms and samples, exclusive territory, wonderful proposition.

His Complaint.
"Say, looky yur!" began a citizen of the Sandy Mush region, entering the Palace drug store in Tumlinville, "You fellows sold me this yur rat p'izon last week, and three or four of my children got hold of the box and ett up right smart of the stuff. It didn't 'pear to damage 'em none, and I'll be dogged if I don't believe I've been swindled."—Judge.

A Lady of Distinction.
Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores, followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum Powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

Whiling Away Leisure Hours.
"I wonder how much wood Wilhelm has really chopped."
"I dunno," answered Farmer Corn-tossed, "but I have a suspicion he didn't cut down more'n enough to make a few good fishin' rods for hisself an' the boys."

Reserve is a force; timidity, a weakness; and success belongs to the strong.

Back Giving Out?

That "bad back" is probably due to weak kidneys. It shows in a dull, throbbing backache, or sharp twinges when stooping. You have headaches, too, dizzy spells, a tired, nervous feeling and irregular kidney action. Don't neglect it—there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Use **Doan's Kidney Pills**. Thousands have saved themselves more serious ailments by the timely use of Doan's.

An Illinois Case
Geo. Mahurin, 112 S. Main St., Canton, Ill., says: "I used to have bad pains across my back. Many times I was laid up for three or four days at a time. My kidneys were in a disordered condition and I was obliged to get up several times during the night. Every move I made sent painful twinges through my back. Doan's Kidney Pills soon helped me and after I took six boxes, the trouble disappeared."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Clams

By DORA MOLLAN

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"By golly!" suddenly exclaimed Doris from where she stood by the window. "If that job doesn't end soon there won't be a clam left in the cove!"

"Doris!" came the reproachful voice of her mother, "please don't use such unladylike words."

"Find me one as expressive and I won't," responded the irrepressible Doris. "I'm dying for some clams, and those laborers laying the new gas pipes are just digging them all up before I get a look-in."

"But they are busy putting in the pipes, aren't they, dear?" mildly queried Doris' mother. "How can they dig clams at the same time?"

"Oh, they're just stalling on the job, mother, waiting for some more pipe. The little foreman told me so yesterday. Meanwhile they're just digging up all the clams."

"Doris!" the mother again started to remonstrate with her lively young daughter, but as often happened, that same daughter took the words from her mouth. "I know, mother, what you're going to say—Please don't go around talking to that strange young man. You needn't worry. I've only seen one worth speaking to since we came—and he was clamming, too. Came from over across the cove somewhere. Got a lot, too. If he'd had any decency he'd have offered me some. Goodness knows I hinted broadly enough."

The little mother remarked in a resigned tone: "He thought you were a child, probably, with your bobbed hair and that short, red skirt."

"I should worry what he thought; he's some country clam himself," Doris replied, laughingly. "All the same, I wish my boots would arrive. It was so stupid of us to forget them. Then speculatively: 'That water's too cold to go into barelegged.'"

"I should say so," the mother made haste to reply. "Doris, don't you think of such a thing."

"No, mother, I won't," dutifully spoke the daughter, busily scheming in her impatient young head some way of getting over those clam flats, where at the moment several Italians were industriously digging.

Now, Mrs. Dart, Doris' mother, had purposely omitted packing those boots. She had a rather guilty feeling all day, as Doris watched for the parcels post. This clever, up-to-date young daughter was rather beyond the old-fashioned mother.

She was proud of her, of course, for didn't that same cleverness enable Doris to "hold up the government at the rate of thirty-five per, with a month's vacation," as Doris herself expressed it?

And didn't that weekly thirty-five make possible the yearly vacations at the shore, even if sometimes they had to come at an unheard-of early date? But oh dear! if the child would only care about clothes like other girls and not insist on bobbing her hair with the ridiculous excuse that it saved time.

And then those awful knickers—and boots—that she insisted on wearing out fishing and clamming! But Mrs. Dart preferred not to think about them.

Doris was a wizard at finding a way out of a dilemma. Probably that was why she succeeded so well in business. The only way out of her present one, she decided, was over a bridge farther up the cove.

This bridge had been started with a flourish by some bunko amusement company and finished in a fizzle. It lacked five feet of reaching the flat island in the center of the cove. But on that island were clams—that could be gotten at without the aid of boots.

So on the following day, no boots having arrived and low tide coinciding with her mother's rest hour, Doris got into the obnoxious knickers and, armed with short-handled hoe and a bag, walked over the unfinished bridge, took a flying downward leap—and there she was!

The clams were plentiful. This was a place the laborers had not hit upon. Doris dug and dug, and the tide crept up and up. Clam digging is a time-consuming work; so when the bag was nearly filled the strenuous young lady was relieved to find by a glance at her watch that it was not quite time for her mother's nap to be over. But at the bridge she found, somewhat to her dismay, ten feet of water, shallow to be sure, but growing deeper every moment between the low shore and the much higher end of the bridge.

"Time and tide," quoted Doris, ruefully, as she started bravely through it. The water was knee deep when she managed to throw the bag up onto the bridge; but getting herself up was quite another proposition. The sand was soft and her feet sank into it.

Doris didn't give up easily once she started to do a thing, but when her feet grew numb she accepted the futility of further effort and waded back to the island.

No one was in sight. Even the laborers had gone home. A loud "Hello!" brought the little mother running from the cottage and out onto the bridge, but she was powerless to help.

In the tower windows of a large house situated some distance across the cove a young man, with the aid of binoculars, watched the maneuvers of a seaplane, out on the bay. It disappeared up the river and the watcher,

taking the glasses from his eyes, glanced indifferently over the immediate landscape.

"Hello! There's that kid digging clams down on the island." He brought the glasses into play just as Doris started for the bridge, and laughed as she made the first unsuccessful attempt to gain the structure. But when the second and third ended in failure his face sobered. "She's mighty plucky, anyway; looks like it's up to me to get a boat out and give her a lift."

Mrs. Dart spied the young man running down toward the cove and pointed at him. Doris ran over to that side of the island. As the boat approached she recognized the occupant as the "clam-man."

"Hello, there!" he called up cheerily; "you seem to be in a pickle. Be long on the other side of the cove, don't you? Hop in and I'll take you around. How did you get here, anyway?"

"Jumped off the bridge," returned Doris shortly, for on close view her keen eyes noticed that his corduroy suit and gray flannel shirt were of the finest quality. Her rescuer's thoughts ran something like this: "Pretty well as plucky—and older than I thought."

Mrs. Dart's anxiety over her daughter's plight had obliterated from her consciousness the abhorrence of knickers. Now, as she stood on the shore where the skiff was making its landing, she became acutely aware of them. Her voice held more than motherly anxiety when she said:

"Hurry right into the house, child, and put on some dry clothes. I will thank the young man." Her thanks included an invitation to come in and have some tea; and, nothing loath, the young man went.

When Doris appeared Mrs. Dale was already on friendly terms with her guest, whom she addressed as Mr. Martin. She invited him to dinner the next day. After he left she showed his card to her daughter, and the latter, glancing at it, exclaimed excitedly, if inelegantly: "Hully gee, mother! He's one of the 'Four-Hundred'—a blooming millionaire; and you've invited him to corned beef and cabbage!"

The next winter the following marriage notice appeared in a society magazine: "Married—December 12, 1918, at the home of the bride's mother, Towson Martin and Doris Randal Dart."

And Sally Dewire, a young debutante, remarked to her chum: "Wonder where he ever picked up that little nobody! But, then, he always was queer. We'll never see her in society, if that's what she's aiming for. He hates it. He's a regular clam."

NOT MEANT FOR CIRCULATION

Volumes in Ancient Library of Alexandria, Egypt, Were Not Infrequently 150 Feet Long.

How would you like to have to read a story written on a sheet of paper 150 feet long?

This task faced those who made use of the famous library at Alexandria, for the universal writing material in that day was papyrus, parchment not coming into use until three centuries later. This collection contained 490,000 books, and when it was burned treasures of the literature and history of ancient days beyond all price were lost. The library was destroyed by accident when flames spread to the shore from the fleet which Caesar had set on fire.

The reed, from the inner covering of which papyrus was made, still grows in Egyptian marshes. Thin strips of it were cut off and laid close together. A sheet was formed by laying strips across these at right angles, after which the material was moistened, pressed and dried. The paper thus made had a fair writing surface, but was not very durable. Unless handled with extreme care papyrus scrolls found nowadays will crumble into dust. The sheets, sometimes made 150 feet long, were called "bibliot," from which the modern Bible and book are derived. The ink used was made of gum and lambblack. Papyrus was not only used in Egypt, but a large amount of it was exported. Excavations in the ruins of Herculaneum have brought to light many thousands of these scrolls.

John Boyle O'Reilly.
An Irish-American poet and journalist, born at Dowth castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844, John Boyle O'Reilly arose rapidly in his chosen career and came to be beloved for his earnestness of purpose and the human interest which he interjected into his writings. At the age of eighteen he went to London as an agent of the Fenian society, and later was sentenced to be shot by the British government, but this sentence was commuted to penal servitude for 20 years. O'Reilly escaped from western Australia, was rescued by an American whaler and carried to the United States. He settled in Boston and devoted his talents to literary work and public activity, and died August 10, 1890.

The Yosemite Valley.
Geologists have determined, by unerring fact, that the river did by far the most of the work of forming the Yosemite gorge and that the great glacier which followed the water ages afterwards did little more than square its corners and steepen its cliffs. It may have increased the depth from 700 to 1,000 feet, and more. During the uncountable years since the glaciers vanished erosion has again marvelously used its wonder chisel. With the lessening of the Merced's volume the effect was no longer to deepen the channel but to amazingly carve and decorate the walls.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR



Self-Made Music.

"Do you think our oratorical friend was sincere when he asked the crowd not to interrupt him by demonstrations of approval?"
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "there are men who would rather listen to their own voice than to applause."

No More Games.

"The honeymoon is over."
"Are you quite sure of that?"
"Yes. She no longer hides when she hears hubby insert his latch key in the front door because she knows he wouldn't hunt for her if she did."

Wed and Won.

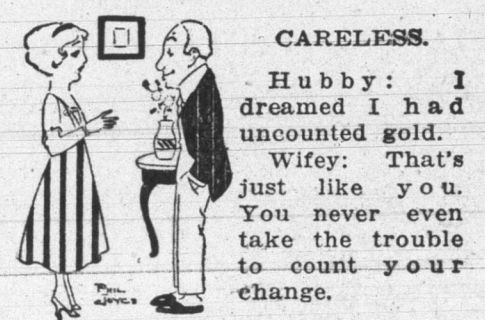
Wunce—He lost all he had in Wall street, but later he married a widow with three million dollars.
Twyce—I see. Lost on the stocks but won on the bonds.—The Lamb.

More to the Point.

Evelyn—My father made his fortune when he was quite a young man. Would you like to know how he did it?
Edward—Not especially; but I would like to know if he still has it.

In the Affirmative.

"Did you propose to her on your knees?" asked Smith.
"Yes," replied Brown. "That's where she was sitting when I proposed to her."—London Answers.



CARELESS.

Hubby: I dreamed I had uncounted gold.
Wife: That's just like you. You never even take the trouble to count your change.

Conflicting Opinions.

The world's a fleeting show. We're glad that we are here to see.
On whether it is good or bad
The critics disagree.

Land of the Midnight Sun.

One-Eye Jake—"Does the sun ever set in the east, Pete?"
Pete—"I don't know, Jake, I ain't been further east nor Denver."—Widow.

Its Status.

"He says he could have worked out a fine idea with a little capital, but he was pinched by poverty."
"I see; a case of arrested development."

The Drawback.

"It is a wonder Henry made good as a photographer."
"Why so?"
"It is such a negative sort of a business."

Unusual.

"It's an unusual case."
"In what way?"
"His wife even likes his business friends."

Opinions.

"Every man has a right to his own opinion."
"And yet," mused the policeman, "I once helped pick up the scattered remains of a man who entertained the opinion that he was justified in leaving dynamite on people's doorsteps."

The Test.

"I see you have been retained in that murder case as an insanity expert. How are you going to determine the degree of irresponsibility of your client?"
"By the size of the fee I get out of him."

That's Different.

Harduppe—Will you settle a bet for me?
Goodthyng—Gladly. What is it?
Harduppe—Ten dollars I lost to Flubdub.—Judge.

Taken With Salt.

Oswald—My love for you is like the deep blue sea—
Clarissa—And I take it with the corresponding amount of salt.—London Answers.

Husband Who Is Handicapped.

"Imagine, from what Mrs. Robinson says about her husband, that he is having trouble in supporting her."
"What does she say?"
"She is continually referring to him as a man with such a brilliant mind."—Judge.

Revenge.

"Pa, what is revenge?"
"Revenge, my boy, is the art of making a disgrace of yourself just because somebody else has been unfair to you."

WRIGLEY'S

The Greatest Name In Goody-Land



Sealed Tight Kept Right

The Flavor Lasts

NOT AN UNNATURAL ERROR FUNERAL A PICNIC FOR DOG

Inquirer Might Be Excused for Thinking Old Lady Was Gone Beyond Recall.

Rover Had Quite a Good Time While on His Way to His Last Resting Place.

Concerning the cheese that made Limburg famous, a bulletin of the National Geographic society, quotes a communication from William Wisner Chapin as follows:

"Limburg is sometimes called the garden of Holland. Of the celebrated relish known as Limburger cheese it has long been a query how an article of food made from delicious material and considered such a delicacy can possess so obnoxious an odor and still retain its self-respect. This peculiarity has made Limburger cheese responsible for many amusing incidents.

"A Dutch-American rural citizen once went to town to make some purchases, among which was some of this odoriferous commodity. For convenience he placed it in a long box in the wagon behind the seat. Happening to stop on the road, an inquisitive acquaintance approached and asked what the box contained.

"In answer he raised the lid and replied, 'I have my grandmother.'"
"Well," rejoined the inquirer, as he caught a whiff of the contents, 'she's not in a trance.'"

Courage.

"Aren't you afraid to wear a bathing suit like that?"
"Afraid of what?" asked the girl.
"Sunburn."

A big picnic was planned and I was slated to transport the refreshments and a crowd of relatives to the picnic grounds, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. I placed the boxes and baskets containing the sandwiches, cake, fried chicken, etc., in a trailer, hitched the trailer to my car, already filled to overflowing, and started gayly on my way.

A huge dog belonging to my aunt accompanied us, and I had the misfortune to run the heavily loaded machine over him, killing him instantly, as we all thought. My aunt was deeply affected and insisted that I take Rover's body along and bury it beside the river. I loaded the dog's carcass into the trailer and started on again, but not so gayly.

When we reached the picnic grounds and I reconnected in my trailer I beheld Rover sitting up licking his chops as large as life, or larger, I should say, for he had devoured all our provisions.

After He Had Declined It.

"What made Latin a dead language, pa?"
"Oh, I guess somebody doctor-ed it."—Cartoons Magazine.

Pity the misguided amateur gardener who tries to live on the vegetables he raises.

Every Year Sees An Increased Demand

for Postum, from coffee drinkers who realize a change in habit will bring better health.

The Original

POSTUM CEREAL

is rich and satisfying as a table drink for both young and old.

At Grocers.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.