SICK WOMEN HEAR ME

You Can Be Free from Pain as I Am, if You Do as I Did.

Harrington, Me.—"I suffered with backache, pains through my hips and such a bearing down feeling that I could not stand on my feet. I also had other distressing symptoms. At times I had to give up work. I tried a number of remedies but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me more good than anything else. I am regular, do not suffer the pains I used to, keep house and do all my work. I recommend your medicine to all who suffer as I did and you may use my letter as you like."—Mrs. MINNIE MITCHELL, Harrington, Me.

There are many women who suffer as Mrs. Mitchell did and who are being benefited by this great medicine every day. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains no narcotics or harmful drugs. It is made from extracts of roots and herbs and is a safe medium for women. If you need special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

Brief Encounter.

"You seem much interested in this photoplay."

"Yes. You might say that I enjoy a personal acquaintance with the star."

"Dear me! Tell me how you met her."

"I've never met her, but one day when I was crossing the street in Los Angeles she nearly ran over me in her sport car." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

But One Way Is Better.

A bluff, hearty old bachelor friend of the family, trying to get on terms with the son of the family, asked him: "Have you practiced any fancy methods of skating, sonny?" "No," said sonny; "I can skate only two ways as yet." "Ah, and which are they?" "Standing up and sitting down," said sonny.

Why Daniel Escaped.

The Teacher—When the lion found Daniel in his den why do you think he didn't eat him up?

The Bright Pupil—'Cause he was so glad it wasn't Mrs. Lion usin' his den for a sewin' room.—Dallas News.

WHAT DOCTOR PIERCE HAS DONE FOR HUMANITY!

BY DOCTOR CRIPPS

It has always seemed to me that Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., should be placed near the top when a list of America's great benefactors is written. He studied and conquered human diseases to a degree that few realize. Whenever he found a remedy that overcame disease, he at once announced it in the newspapers and told where it could be bought at a small price. He did not follow the usual custom of keeping the ingredients secret, so that the rich only could afford to buy.

Savanna, Ill.—"I found the greatest satisfaction in taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is an excellent medicine to give a woman strength. I have taken the 'Prescription' during expectancy and afterwards when I was run-down and weak, and in both cases it proved very beneficial. I was stronger and healthier after taking this medicine, and I take pleasure in recommending it."—Mrs. Charles E. Mullin, 1024 N. Main street.

Rockford, Ill.—"Last winter I had a severe bronchial cough, which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured. The relief was so prompt and permanent that I am very enthusiastic in praise of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I also had occasion to use Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed recently. It was recommended to me very highly to break up a cold when my friends thought I was coming down with the influenza, and it certainly did break up my cold, so that I feel sure it warded off a sick spell. In all my life I have never known any medicine to break up a cold so quickly as Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed."—Mrs. L. E. Lake, 813 Montague St.

To stop the pain of Corns, Bunions, Callouses, Blisters, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Tender Feet, use

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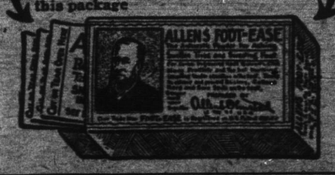

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PAULA THE POET.

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Paula was curled up on the wide couch by the window, scratching oddments of inspired thought.

Beth, most understanding, capable, moodless a chum that an erratic poet ever had, was busy preparing a dainty and nourishing evening meal.

Paula was a girl of brilliant intellect, wonderful in poetic fancy but utterly and completely lacking in the domestic virtues. She could no more have cooked the little meat loaf and biscuits that were scenting the apartment than she could have put out to sea in the R-34. Her taste in clothes was simply a wish to cover herself decently, and her hair was long and natural and wound about her head in the particular way that it happened to go. And she wore ordinary boots, not sandals.

But Paula could write poetry.

Beth possessed all the artistic tastes that go to produce a perfect type of temperamental poet. Her hair was tarnished and most becomingly bobbed. Her orange and black smocks were poems of batik art and often while entertaining at tea she wore an adorable Chinese mandarin, from which her little feet peeped out from the wide trousers—like captive butterflies. There was always incense burning when Beth was around.

But Beth could cook, make wonderful clothes, entertain with great success, and she was a delightful bit of the feminine world to have about the house.

Beth could not, however, have written a poem any more than she could have put together the parts of their joint flivver.

"Here's another man person wanting to meet the poet, Paula," called Beth as the postman left his wares at the door. "He has been reading your verse for two years and is coming from the middle West just in the hope that you will give him the pleasure, etc., etc.," Beth finished off with a laugh. "Oh—to have some great Western cowboy consumed with passion for me—just once."

Paula, too, laughed from her nest of brilliant-hued cushions that Beth had made, but her laugh was a trifle impatient.

"I just can't be bothered meeting all these perfectly strange people all the time. You've no idea what a muff I feel listening to their ravings. I have absolutely nothing to say to them, and my poor brain struggles for conversational niceties and I very nearly pass out in the attempt."

"That's what you get for being a genius," said the unfeeling Beth. "The penalty for writing boiling, scorching love effusions which you no more feel than I do is to have to let all the strange men in the world come and gaze into your soulless eyes."

"You have all the soul and scorching emotions for both of us," laughed Paula. "If we each had temperament and moods, then, honey, we couldn't live together so happily." She jumped up and just as Beth was about to take her hot biscuits from the oven Paula swept her into an encircling arm. "You're a little duck," she said affectionately, "and I wish just for once you would meet this Western cowboy as Paula.

When Beth had rescued the biscuits she turned questioning eyes on Paula.

"If you really mean it—it would be a bit of a lark. I have all the earmarks of a poet—nuttiest of nuts."

So it happened that the two girls exchanged identities, and never were two more alluring personalities transferred for the mere sake of joggling the credulity of a Western cowboy.

And the heart of the Western cowboy, who went by the name of John Rylance, was most assuredly rampant when he found two delightful girls waiting to receive him at tea. The small apartment was curiously homelike. Rylance felt decidedly at home even before he was directed by Beth toward the great cushioned chair in the sunny window.

Paula had met the big ranchman with her habitual calm exterior, but within her brilliant brain there was an instant desire to write a splendid poem. She effaced herself behind a wall of concentrated thought that left Beth a free hand to weave her net about their visitor.

Rylance realized that his interest was straying from time to time from the animated Beth to the strangely magnetic personality of Paula. It was true he had come from the West to meet the poet who had set his heart to singing by the mere printed words of her "Songs in Exile," yet now as he sat looking into her piquant little face with its frame of bobbed hair he felt more definitely the lure of the other girl.

And yet this girl who had been introduced as Paula Raymond was the exact duplicate in appearance of the type he had expected. There was the stamp of Greenwich village on her and the undoubted charm of character. That which was lacking, Rylance could not define. He knew that while he talked with her he was constantly longing to probe the mind of the quiet, introspective, apparently disinterested girl whom he had met as Beth Goodwin.

And the real Beth's alert senses caught the vague disappointment in the Westerner's mind. She knew that his soul and the soul of Paula the Poet had found something that had made a meeting of the physical beings necessary. It had been the lure of Paula's soul that had dragged him all the long way from the West, and now he was struggling against a vague regret that he had come.

Into the mind of Rylance came a short verse of Paula's that had always more or less puzzled him as to her exact meaning. The words of the verse could be taken as the reader chose, but somehow Rylance felt a keen desire to know the poet's own meaning. He was curious to know if she would enlighten him or whether the poem had entirely drifted from her mind with the flow of others.

"Miss Raymond," he said, looking at the girl whom he supposed to be Paula, "I wonder if you would mind very much giving me your own real interpretation of these four lines?" He took the little worn volume from his pocket and read from it one of Paula's own favorite bits. When he had finished he looked expectantly at the girl in the orange smock. Would her eyes kindle with the fire of genius—the inspiration that had flung those words from her pen—or would they remain birdlike and alert?

Rylance drew a laggard breath.

The eyes were utterly and completely blank. Then he remembered that undoubtedly poets forgot many of their own inspired words as soon as they were transferred to paper. He was, however, disappointed. More and more he regretted having risked losing the ideals he had formed of Paula Raymond through her verses. He wished he had remained in his dream of her out in the broad West.

Then some strange impelling force dragged his eyes to those of the quiet Beth and, as if she had been flung before him in painted letters, he knew the truth.

Her eyes were alight and her cheeks were soft flames while now from her lips came forth a flood of exquisite words like the rushing torrent of an impatient brook. An explanation, wonderful, deep with thought, and put forth with such brilliant understanding as to make the soul of Rylance glow within him, came from that other soul—the soul that Rylance had loved.

Beth had been making frantic efforts to stop the flow of words from Paula's lips. Her alert eyes had caught the knowing expression in the Westerner's quiet smile, and somehow she felt a keen relief.

"You are fortunate in your friendship," Rylance said with a queer look in his eyes, "there are not many chums who could so get under the mind of the other and in fact sense the poetic thought of another so truly and express it so magnificently."

Paula had the added grace to blush and Beth jumped up suddenly, bent on brewing a cup of tea. Having beaten her retreat, she wondered what method Paula would take to extricate herself from the false position they had assumed.

Paula was not troubled about having given away her identity, but she felt a bit startled at the new emotions within her that she knew were not destined to spend themselves on the mere writing of verse.

Then Beth, from the little kitchenette, heard Rylance speaking.

"You couldn't have hidden your soul long from me, Paula Raymond. I have loved it too well for it to escape me under a camouflage."

Beth couldn't hear Paula's answer, but it must have been satisfactory, for when she returned with a dainty tea tray there was an atmosphere of happiness that prompted her thoughts to stray toward orange blossoms and wedding and a tiny flat.

EYEBROW IS HIS SPECIALTY

New York "Beauty Doctor" Makes Good Living Ministering to the Vanity of Women.

The American woman, according to a New York doctor, is the loveliest woman in the world, and he is beginning a "drive" to keep her so. He rails against the habits and customs of New York women, and declares they are ruining their intellects and their health by trying to keep young and beautiful the wrong way.

Flesh is a menace to longevity, and the woman over thirty should be careful of her diet, and take plenty of exercise. She should eat very little meat, plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit, and she should never smoke a cigarette!

The man of the hour in New York is the eyebrow specialist, who can change a woman from a beetle-browed beauty to a beauty with eyebrows that are just a slender curved line. That man does nothing but alter the shape of women's eyebrows, and he makes a good living at it.

He has long, delicate, white fingers and a little pair of silver tweezers. With these he tweaks out hair after hair until only a little group where the brow starts are left. Then he puts on some healing cream to ease the irritation of the tweaking, and finally, when you and your brows have recovered, he takes a slender camel's-hair brush and paints a narrow curved line where your hairs once were.

The Wrong Man.

"These two crestfallen footpads were brought to the police station by the man they sandbagged."

"Well, if they ever hit him once I don't see how he kept from toppling over."

"Easily enough. The person they struck was Prof. Finetti, circus star, who bounced down a flight of steps on his head."—Birmingham-Age-Herald.

Bright Frocks for Gay Times

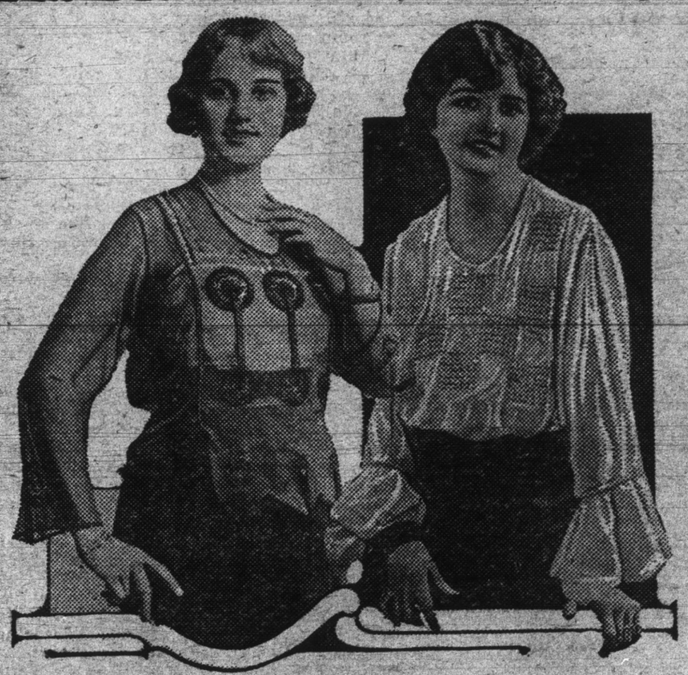
THE sweet young person so evidently pleased with things in general and her party frock in particular, as shown in the picture above, has very good reason to be satisfied. You will notice that nothing less beautiful and impressive than georgette crepe has been used for this important dress, in which she may attend a June bride as flower girl or be dressed up for any other great occasion. These models in georgette may be made in organdy, net, or other sheer materials, plain or figured, and will be pretty in any of them, but georgette leads just a little in the adorable procession of almost transparent goods.

Both the pretty frocks pictured have short sleeves, round neck, straight skirt and frills of the georgette, and each has a gathered waist, a little short, and narrow ribbon for a girdle, finished with bows having loops and ends of about the same length. In the dress at the left, this bow is placed directly in front and the skirt is fuller than in the other frock. Its decoration is completed with four narrow flounces gathered with a little frill at the top. Two similar flounces finish the sleeves. A very narrow and fine lace makes a pretty neck finish and a surplice drapery of georgette is caught to the waist with very small chiffon roses set on the shoulders and at each side.

In the other frock a narrower skirt has three tucks above the hem and an apron drapery at the front, edged with a narrow flounce. A little chiffon rose is set on this drapery where it is trimmed to a point at each side. The waist has a short cape, plaited about the neck and scalloped at the lower edge, where a flounce is set on. Two rows of narrow ribbon, like that on the girdle, add a little gleam of satin to this soft drapery.

Colored organdy is a favored material for young girls' party dresses, trimmed with tucks or with flounces of the same.

Clever New Ideas in Blouses



INGENIOUS designing, more than anything else, is the distinguishing characteristic of the last arrivals among spring and summer blouses. They are about equally divided between two styles—those that terminate at the waist line and those that are lengthened to cover a part of the skirt. In the ranks of the first there are nearly all of those fine, lingerie blouses, of voile and sheer batiste, that are hand-made and thus placed among the aristocrats of their kind. They are dainty and modest with drawn work, hand-run tucks, hemstitching and other needle work to embellish them. Collars are conspicuous and cleverly managed in them but there are a few collarless models that button in the back. Narrow ties of black ribbon often give them a tailored flavor.

Two blouses of georgette, one with a short peplum, front and back, with side portions laid in plaits over the hips, and one without a peplum, invite comparison in the picture. In the peplum blouse the seams are piped with satin and the neck and sleeves bound with it. Besides its unusual construction, the decoration is managed in a new way. Eyelets worked at the center of circular motif, done with embroidery silk, allow narrow ribbon to be threaded through them. The ribbons end in long loops, each having a jet pendant strung on it. This is something entirely new. It serves also to make a pretty touch for the flaring sleeves.

The long, full sleeve, with deep pointed flounce caught to the wrist with a band of velvet ribbon, is the ingenious detail that distinguishes the other blouse. It is ornamented with squares of French knots at the front.

Spring blouses include some sleeveless models to be worn over underblouses. These are peplum styles that are open at the sides. There are also surplice blouses and those having vestees among the novelties to be considered.

Julia Bottomley

Spring Hats a Success.

The early spring hats produced by Paris milliners are obviously a success on the Riviera, notes a fashion writer. Cellophane materials are rather heavy and hot looking for summer. In one form or another they resemble patent leather and jet bugles, both of which seem cumbersome for summer wear. However, the scarcity of straw braids will militate against the use of straw hats, and if a fabric or composition is to be used, cellophane is the newest as well as the most unusual idea presented.

Novel Trimming.

Brass coins, real true Chinese or Japanese coins, in some instances, and other times coins made specially for the purpose, are used to trim some of the new frocks and blouses. Often they are set in a sort of frame of wool embroidery.

Nerves All Unstrung

"But Doan's Made Life Again Worth Living," Says Mrs. Harris

"I was in excellent health until my kidneys weakened," says Mrs. N. A. Harris, 1009 Indiana St., Neodesha, Kansas. "The kidney secretions burned like fire and passed so often I couldn't get a moment's rest. My back ached and for days at a time I was confined to bed, fairly tortured with the sharp pains. I couldn't stoop without fairly screaming with misery.

Mrs. Harris

I lost strength and weight and was so weak I became a nervous wreck. Headaches and dizziness added to my distress. My sight blurred; limbs, hands and face were swollen and puffy sacs came under my eyes. I lost hope of being well again.

Finally a neighbor brought me a box of *Doan's Kidney Pills*, and later I got several boxes. My troubles began to lessen and soon I could sleep all night and wake up refreshed and happy and life was again worth living. I am now a strong, healthy woman and owe my health and happiness to *Doan's*.

Sworn to before me,
J. A. DEARDORFF, Notary Public.

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