

WOMAN AGITATOR TAKEN FROM TURKEY

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 20.—Halide Edib, the most prominent woman leader among the Turkish nationalists, and Reouf Bey, deputy for Sivas and mouthpiece of Mustapha Kemal in this city, Cara Vassif Bey, and several other members of the chamber of deputies, have been deported, presumably to Malta, by the British.

They were placed on board the cruiser Hebeus Friday shortly before that warship sailed.

After Mustapha Kemal and Reouf Bey, Halide Edib was probably the best known speaker and organizer in the nationalist movement. When the Greeks landed at Smyrna and some Turks were killed, she cast aside all traditions of Turkish women.

She organized and addressed mass meetings and in the place of the Turkish here against alleged plans for the dismemberment of the country that the allied high commissioners forbade further meetings. She has often been described in the British press as a "frebrand and a dangerous agitator."

She was graduated from the American Woman's college here and won recognition as a novelist and poet. She is a widely traveled, handsome woman and distinguished herself during the war as an aid to her husband, who was head of the Turkish Red Crescent, which fills the place of the Red Cross in the Turkish armies.

With the exception of the Marash incident there have been no massacres of Christians, although there are large numbers of Armenians and Greeks at the mercy of the Turks in Asia Minor.

As a Woman Thinketh

By Helen Rowland

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You could judge a man, by the HAT he wore.

If he clung faithfully to a brown derby—that inverted salad-bowl, which is responsible for most of the bald heads in this world.

You knew that he was an unregenerate Bromide!

You knew that he went to business every morning, promptly at nine o'clock, and returned every evening, in time for dinner.

That he would vote the straight Republican ticket, no matter if the heavens fell!

That he shaved every day, kept his watch in order, loved baseball, and "pooh-poohed" the thought of Woman Suffrage.

That he had the "Umm" habit, and always ate his dinner with the newspaper propped up in front of him—that he thought Schopenhauer was the name of a sausage, Omar Kaiyama a fancy brand of cigarettes, and Ibanex a Russian dancer.

That he always paid the rent promptly, always growled about the laundry bills, always stumbled over his shoes at night, and always tipped the waiter EXACTLY a quarter.

If he wore a fuzzy "push hat" with a cute little bow in the back.

You knew, that either his wife had picked it out for him.

Or that he worked at the ribbon counter or in a men's haberdashery.

And wanted to be an actor—or at least to LOOK like one!

And that he could whistle all the latest songs and repeat all the latest vaudeville jokes.

If he wore a big, dashing-looking Stetson.

You knew that he came from the South or the West.

And that it would be perfectly safe to go up to him on the street, and ask him to help you find your way.

And he would doff the Stetson with the manner of a Sir Walter Raleigh, and answer "Yes Ma'am" or "Certainly Ma'am!"

If he wore a high silk hat.

You knew that he secretly yearned to be a doctor, a lecturer, a society man, or a deacon.

And probably wasn't ANY of them!

But NOW—what can you tell about a man?

They all wear exactly the SAME brown, green, or gray hat, with a soft brim.

And they ALL look nice and innocent and romantic in it!

But it doesn't mean anything at all.

Because NO man picks out his own hat, any more.

He just goes into a shop, closes his eyes as though he were waiting for a train to run over him—

And lets the clerk WISH it on him. And yet—

Men have the colossal audacity To LAUGH at women's hats!

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION MEN MEETING IN PITTSBURGH

(By Associated Press)

PITTSBURGH, March 20.—Delegates from all parts of the country representing many religious denominations assembled here Friday for the first general session of the religious education association's seventeenth annual convention.

A discussion of the convention theme, "the formation of public opinion," in charge of Prof. Raymond Dodge, Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn., marked the initial meeting.

TOSS COIN TO WIN SUIT.
London, England.—The defendant in a claim for \$100 at Bow county court offered to toss the plaintiff "200 or nothing." The plaintiff agreed and lost the toss.

BREAK THAT COLD
LANE'S COLD TABLETS
GUARANTEED

Jehre's
HEADQUARTERS FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY

The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

Such thrilling things have happened since this morning. Most wonderful things. Mostly to do with my Aunt Cecilia.

We dressed up in our prettiest clothes this afternoon and she really looked as young as I did, in her soft old-rose dress and white furs. Lots of people looked at her as we went into the hotel to meet Jack.

Jack was in high feather and glad to see Aunt Cecilia, whom he admires very much. We talked and had a lovely time. The music was entrancing and Jack and I were so happy with each other. I told him about the European trip and although he looked sad at the thought of the postponement of our wedding he just acted like a brick and said he wouldn't have a miss such a chance for anything—not even for his happiness. It was very noble of him, really. He looked so clean and handsome when he said this to me and I squeezed his hand under the table. You see, he knows that he won't have a chance to take me to Europe for several years, himself, as his business is just getting under way here and he couldn't possibly leave it for some time to come.

Well, as we were billing and cooing and paying no attention to anything but ourselves we heard Aunt Cecilia give a queer little gasp and then saw her go pale.

We turned and followed her eyes and as we did so I noticed a tall, very distinguished man standing in the doorway of the room with his eyes fixed on Aunt Cecilia.

Aunt Cecilia got up, murmuring "Jeffrey," and then sank back again; she was trembling all over.

The tall man walked over to a table next to us, and then he faced Aunt Cecilia and smiled a still, rapturous smile.

At his look she flushed to the most wonderful girlish scarlet and looked hungrily at him as she bowed her head.

In an instant he was over at our table and lifting her hand to his lips.

in a grand, chivalrous manner that made me thrill with pride for Aunt Cecilia. And he was calling her "Cecilia," which must be some idea of his own about her name!

"Jeffrey," said Aunt Cecilia ever so softly, as if she was fearful of disturbing a phantom: "Oh, Jeffrey."

Then he sat down with us and turned out to be no other than Aunt Cecilia's old lover—no, young—for they both looked like a couple of kids on a holiday.

Such a reunion, such questionings. Straight off he looked down at her left hand, I suppose to see if she was married or not, and she only smiled adorably and looked deeper into his eyes. She knew instinctively that he was not married. My sex is much cleverer in these things, somehow, it is perfectly agreed.

Jeffrey Davenport was certainly attractive and it seems that he had just landed that morning from India and was stopping at the hotel. What a wonderful accident that brought him right to Aunt Cecilia the very day of his arrival, and after twelve years, too. Well, the world is very small, after all.

While those two were finding themselves and Jeffrey's blue eyes were glued to Aunt Cecilia's soft, stony ones, Jack and I suddenly discovered that we had something dreadfully important to do ourselves, somewhere, any where but in that room—and at that table. They hardly noticed us slipping away, so engrossed were they in each other.

Jack and I spent a long time discussing the reunion of the pair and came to the conclusion that there would be two weddings in the family before long instead of one. It's most exciting, all of this, as you will admit.

Dear, darling Aunt Cecilia, I'm so happy for her I can hardly write this. I wish that I felt half as sure of myself as she looked when we left. I almost wish that I had her experience behind me, though that is a dreadful thing to whisper to oneself under the circumstances.

Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have had help from you by reading your advice to others and now I wish to add my mite.

I wish to advise the one signing herself "Brown Eyes." When I was a young girl I met and loved a splendid young man who also had a temper, such as the one described by "Brown Eyes." He always excused his bad temper, saying he could not control it. He always seemed sorry, too, in a few minutes, but that was after I was so terribly humiliated and ashamed that I felt disgraced.

I was very young and my mother had died when I was a small child and so there was no one to turn to. I married him. Today except for my children I would be alone in the world. His jealousy drove all my friends away. If any one, man or woman, looked at me I would get a lecture and he would ignore the party entirely. Now no one will come when he is home and that is most of the time.

My advice to "Brown Eyes" (my eyes are brown, too) would be to give him up. After once she is his wife he will show his real self and her life will be a counterpart of mine—a life of misery.

A FRIEND TO YOUNG GIRLS.

Isn't it a pity that there are so many people with spoiled and sulky natures and violent tempers? With the proper start in life, if their parents had taught them self-control, they might have been lovable and charming. Your advice to "Brown Eyes" is good. Her fiancé is too old to reform now.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl of 20 and have been keeping company with a boy of the same age for nearly a year. He has treated me fine in every respect, with the exception of drinking several times. He always tells me about it when he has been drinking. He does nothing out of the way when he does drink.

He seems to be a nice fellow and comes from a respectable family. Two or three years ago his reputation was not so bad, but he no longer acts as he did then and I really believe he intends to hold out doing better. He said he would for my sake.

Several days ago my brother-in-law and sister told me I had to stop going with him. If I don't, they will not have anything to do with me, as folks are talking or would talk about me for going with him. I told them he was

not the boy he once was and that he was trying to be a man, which I am sure he is. They did not want to believe it, for they always have some objections to the boys I go with.

I am a girl of a respectable family and have lots of friends. Of course I do not want to do anything to cheapen my reputation. My parents do not object to our going together and seem to think a lot of him. He says he really loves me and I believe he does. I am sure I love him and it will break my heart to give him up. Please advise me what to do.

Drinking now is inexcusable. If your friend drinks to any extent now that is illegal, your sister and her husband are justified in the stand they take. I believe with them that it would be better to give up the young man than to spoil your own reputation. There are so many men with whole-some habits that it is foolish to walk right into trouble. Unless the young man loves you enough to consider your reputation and to protect it with his good conduct, he will not make a good husband. Let reason rather than impulse govern you in this matter, since the happiness of the great part of your life depends upon the judgment you show now.

WOMAN LIVES TO 113.
DUBLIN, Ireland.—At the remarkable age of 113 years, Mrs. Ryan of Tipperary, has just died.

Blowing Bubbles Crime In Illinois Orphans' Home

CHICAGO, March 20.—Blowing soap bubbles is an offense in the Illinois state home for soldiers' orphans, where 338 children of war veterans are housed.

Miss Annie Hinrichsen, secretary of the department of public welfare found two small boys kneeling on a crack for punishment, on a visit to the home Friday.

"What did you do?" she asked.

"Blew soap bubbles."

Miss Hinrichsen reported to her chief, Charles H. Thorne, that the boys had only three toys; that the playroom for sick children was a cement "cell" in the basement, devoid of all furniture; that children suffering from contagious diseases slept in the same beds with those who were well, three to a bed; and that sick children, including five year old twins, were found scrubbing the cement floors.

The hospital records show twice as many cases of contagious disease each year as there are inmates of the home.

What's in a Name

(Copyright)

JUANITA

The lovely Spanish favorite Juanita has come to be a "name" without a country. The music of its syllables proved irresistible to many countries and in modern times, it has lost its Spanish heritage and come to be as American as Anne or Edith.

Juanita means "grace of the Lord." It comes originally from the same source as John. It was probably in honor of St. John the Evangelist's guardianship of the Blessed Virgin that her name became joined with his. In the fifth century a Giovanni (John) Maria Visconti of Milan appears and straightway, Juan Maria becomes a popular name in Spain.

By adding a final "a," the feminine Juana was formed, a name which proved more acceptable than the masculine Juan as a preface to Maria, and soon Maria was dropped entirely and Juana became a separate name. Spain is fond of endearments and diminutives, as Rosita and Carmencita and scores of other names prove, so presently the ever popular Juanita was evolved. Many famous women of Spain bore the name, among them a queen, who was known as Juana la Loca. Her reign in Castile was an unfortunate and distressing period.

It may be that the Spanish influence in the southwestern states brought Juanita into vogue in this country, or her fame, according to some, may have been established by the country-wide vogue of the old song with which even the present generation is familiar. Who does not remember:

"Juanita, ask thy soul if we should part?"

Juanita's talismanic gem is the freopal. That gem of sunny Spain promises her protection from evil spirits, good health and happiness. Tuesday is her lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

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Mrs. Solomon Says—

Being The Confessions of The Seven-Hundredth Wife.

By Helen Rowland

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My Daughter, I say unto thee, consider not that time wasted, which a youth spendeth in the love-dream!

For a spring romance is the Spring Tonic of the Soul!

Then, be merciful, when thou observest a youth with the Spring Love-Fever. For his feet stumble and his eyes see not, and his ways are strange and wonderful.

He walketh as one in a trance, and staresth out of the office-window seeing visions.

He addresseth the office-boy as "Dearest" and knoweth it not. He bringeth his stenographer her violets. He signeth a business letter "Yours devotedly." He calleth Central, "Dear Heart!"

He haunteth the haberdashery and lingereth before shop-windows.

He bringeth home much fine raiment and adorneth himself in fearful and wonderful combinations. Seven dollars doth he try, each evening, before he is satisfied. Seven times doth he tie his cravat, yet is NOT content.

He studeth his profile in the mirror, and wondereth how long his hair will LAST. He shaveth his chin until it is sore.

His egotism falleth from him as a veal. He ceaseth to believe himself

irresistible," and beginneth to wonder if he is "passable."

He brusheth up on the poets. He putteth aside his pipe, and buyeth a fancy cigarette-holder. He resisteth the onion-salad, and cannot be persuaded.

He forgetteth to eat his luncheon, and his breakfast goeth untasted; yet at dinner time he hath NO appetite.

He donneth odd gloves and is covered with shame before his fellow-men.

He entereth a street-car and rideth six blocks beyond his destination, before he awakeneth from his coma.

He deserteth his friends; and the club and the cabaret know him no more. The flirtatious flapper smileth upon him in vain. He gazeth through her seeing only the damsel of his dreams!

All those things, in which he once delighted, have become as satisfying as cold kisses and as unalluring as cold spaghetti.

He cannot WAIT until the appointed hour to see his Beloved, but is arrayed and pacing the floor at half-past six. When he departeth from her he hasteneth straightway to the telephone, to say "Good-night" again.

Yet, when Autumn cometh, and he hath RECOVERED from his anaesthesia, thou canst safely smile at his folly.

And he will laugh with thee, right merrily, saying:

"Verily, verily, I WAS an ass—yea, an unmitigated Simp!"

But I say unto thee, nay verily!

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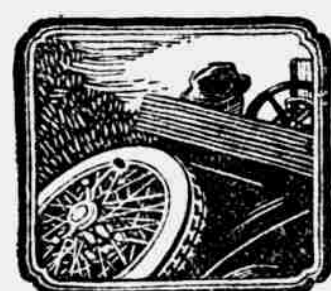
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Best in the Long Run

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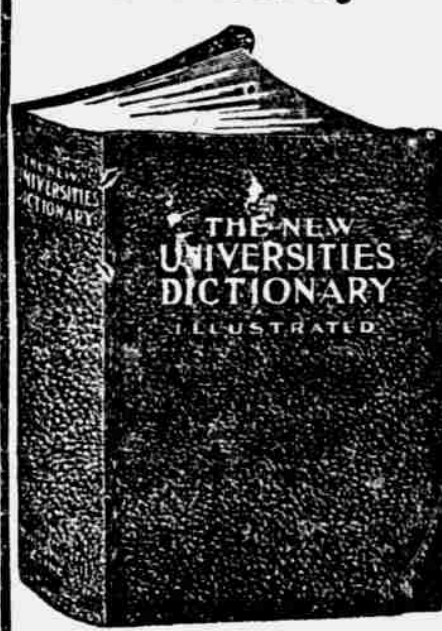
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