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Seen and Heard In Indiana

Indianapolis.—George N. Mannfeld, chief of the fish and game division of the state observation department here, called attention that December 19 was the last day of the open season for the lawful shooting of any species of wild game in this state other than rabbits and waterfowl. Rabbits can be lawfully killed up to and including January 9, 1925, but the season closes on waterfowl after December 31. The bag limit on wild duck is 15 a day and on geese, 8 a day. Mr. Mannfeld pointed out that the end of the lawful shooting season on wild game does not mean that fur-bearing animals, such as skunk, opossum, fox, raccoon, muskrat, etc., cannot be killed after December 20. Fur-bearers are not classed as wild game and under Indiana laws may be trapped and killed up to and including February 10.

Evansville.—The grave of James Bethel Gresham, one of the three first Americans to fall in the line of battle after the entrance of the United States in the World War, marked only by a glass fruit jar, is soon to be marked with a government marker, the state having been sent out, according to a notification received by Gresham's mother, Mrs. Alice Gresham Dodd. Patriotic organizations of the city will likely join in a befitting service at the placing of the marker over the Gresham grave.

Muncie.—Mrs. Nancy J. Wilson, who died a year ago, left an estate of several thousand dollars and included in her bequests a trust fund of \$5,000 which she turned over to a trust company to be invested for the benefit of the unfortunate children of Muncie. Interest on the investment for the last year amounted to \$300, and the trust company took 15 boys and girls, recommended by public school principals, to a store and spent \$10 for clothing for each child. The owners of the store took no profits on the garments sold.

Anderson.—Mrs. William Gladback of Fishersburg, west of here, has a land grant dated 1817, bearing the signature of President James Monroe, in which 100 acres of ground on the present site of Quincy, Ill., was granted her grandfather, Thomas Baxter. Mrs. Gladback may use the historic land grant as a basis for a claim to a share of the valuable property. She claims that when the ground was transferred her grandfather did not sign the deed.

Indianapolis.—E. R. Root, Medina, Ohio, one of the speakers on the first day's program of the annual Indiana Beekeepers' association convention at the statehouse, congratulated the beekeepers of Indiana on the support they receive from the state, and asserted that Indiana has the best law for control of disease among bees and the best system of inspection in the United States.

Indianapolis.—Maj. Gen. Robert E. Tyndall, O. R. C., was selected commander of Indiana commandery, Military Order of Foreign Wars, and Brig. Gen. L. R. Gignilliat, superintendent of Culver Military academy, was chosen senior vice commander at the annual meeting, held at Indianapolis, when Brig. Gen. Hugh A. Drum, U. S. A., of the general staff, was the guest of honor.

Rockville.—Workmen have been employed day and night in an effort to repair the break in the four-inch pipe extending from the pumping station across Little Raccoon creek to the State Tuberculosis hospital, near Rockville. The pipe was broken in the creek. It was said at the hospital that the repairs probably would be completed soon.

Terre Haute.—Yeggmen at Terre Haute robbed two safes and escaped with approximately \$2,500. The safe in the office of the Standard Oil company was jammed open by four masked bandits and the contents, \$800, was stolen. At the American theater, approximately \$1,600, the receipts of Saturday and Sunday, were stolen.

Indianapolis.—Cairly Littlejohn, for six years state inspector of mines and mining, and instrumental in the framing of Indiana mining laws, died at the Methodist hospital in Indianapolis, following a major intestinal operation. Mr. Littlejohn was sixty-four years old.

Chicago.—Edgar F. Hiatt, former president of the Dickinson Trust company of Richmond, must serve five years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga., for defalcations from funds of the bank. It was decided in the Federal Court of Appeals at Chicago.

Kokomo.—The appointment of Mrs. Minnie Bernard as agent for the distribution of automobile license plates in Howard county was announced by Frederick E. Schortemeier, secretary of state.

Anderson.—Paul Wicker and Elwood Brightman, both age twenty, were arrested, charged with holding up and robbing John Mainly, age twenty-four, in his home at Anderson.

Terre Haute.—Floyd Black, age twenty-eight, said by police to have a long police record, was captured here after a revolver fight in which he was severely wounded that he was immediately taken to a hospital in an effort to save his life. Black has been hunted five days as an alleged accomplice to his brother, Lester, already under arrest, in an attempted working of the Dixie flyer, crack C. & E. I. train.

Noblesville.—John Hare, seventy-three years old, local machinist, committed suicide by shooting himself.

THE BALLYHOO GIRL

By ALBERT M. TREYNOR
(© by Short Story Co.)

YOU'VE seen the brazen, rouge-daubed females who pose in front of side shows, while barkers scream coarse hyperbole to the crowding yokels outside the tent. They are known professionally as ballyhoo girls. The term, usually, is opprobrious; but not always, not always. Applied to Miss Madine Vance it gained a new and lovely significance. Miss Vance was one of the four ballyhoo girls who were employed by the side show of the great Baum and Bagley circus. She was neither brazen nor rouge-daubed. Therein she differed from nearly all of the others. Afternoons and evenings she stood on the small platform in front of the lesser tent with her frazzled and baggy sisters—the center of leering, masculine interest, a blushing picture of tortured and flinching modesty. Once I saw a delicate Corot hung in an auctioneer's shop between two vulgar, strident lithographs, and my feeling then was a muffled echo of the pang that used to clutch at my heart when I saw Miss Vance in her poor little red dress, standing beside her garish companions.

I was sort of an assistant manager and publicity man for Baum and Bagley in those days—one of the pioneer press agents, you might have called me. I'll have to answer for that, too. I suppose, when my time comes to explain about the things I have done or have failed to do.

I knew Miss Vance quite well, and I tried to be good to her. Every person with the show, from the most besotten canvasser to Madame Westphalia, the featured member of the Westphalia troupe of aerialists, of course, knew why Miss Vance was a ballyhoo girl. There are no closets with a circus, you know, and the skeletons have to be hung up, grinning, where everyone can see.

Miss Vance had once been a highly paid aerialist—a member of the Westphalia. It, in fact—but she had lost caste. There is nothing worse that can happen to a sawdust artist. You can see how this is true. Yet, Miss Vance loved Harry Westphalia, the madame's eldest brother. That, perhaps, made it worse. Otherwise, she might have found courage to leave the show, even though she was born in the life and knew nothing else.

Miss Vance's fault had been an involuntary one. She had "lost her nerve." To a worker under the dizzy top canvas that phrase has a hideous significance. Performers should take out insurance on their nerve; but I don't suppose any company would assume the liability. Kubelick had a policy on his fingers and Gene had one on her toes. There are companies that will protect any one against the accidental loss of almost any essential function. I expect there are some that would have taken a risk on Samson's hair. But I've never heard of any insurance organization on earth that would agree to indemnify a performer for a failure of nerve. There is too much uncertainty involved.

Miss Vance's trouble came one hot evening in the mid-summer when the big top was straining to a capacity crowd. She was working over a net on the flying trapeze with the Westphalias. Young Harry was hanging by his knees from one of the roving bars. Miss Vance had jumped for his hands, and had brought up cleverly in his muscular clasp. Twenty feet away the madame was also swinging, head downward, waiting easily and confidently for the live weight which she knew would come hurtling towards her in the next few seconds.

The music cue came, presently, just as Miss Vance was flashing towards the madame in the long, graceful curve that prefaces the double somersault through space. Young Westphalia released his hold at the critical second, but, to his horror, the girl still pulled at his arms. She was clutching at his wrists with the madness of mortal fear in her fingers. The limp of perversity that sports with our subconscious selves had tightened her grip, you see, until it was too late to let go.

In that moment there came to Miss Vance a terrifying intuition of human fallibility. For the first time, she realized that a force, alien and inexorable, controlled her physical actions, and that the bidding of her own mind was not the supreme command. Unnerved, trembling, shaken to the principle of her being, she could only cling to the man's wrists while their oscillations grew less, and she finally dared drop to the net below, her spirit broken, her wonderful self-confidence destroyed.

The act, of course, had to be stopped. The madame was indignant. That's the way of the peculiarities of a certain type of professionals. She at

Hasty Sightseers Pass Up Things of Interest

Many villages in England through which motorists and tourists rush without a moment's pause have something about them of belonging to them or situated in their immediate neighborhood which would be worth a stop—did the traveler but know, says London Tit-Bits.

At the "Bear," Esher, is shown the pair of heavy spurred boots which were worn by the boy who drove Louis Philippe to Claremont after his flight from France. At Houghton-in-the-Vale, between East Barham and Walsingham, is a little chapel called "The Shoe House." When Walsingham abbey was the Lourdes of England, to which pilgrims flocked from all parts of the world, they left their shoes there before proceeding to pay their devotions. Above the sun dial on the tower of Eynsford church in Kent is Brown's famous couplet.

Grow old along with me.
The best is yet to be
and one at Hallowood in Surrey has

once saw the truth concerning Miss Vance's trouble and knew that any performer, herself included, at any moment, might be similarly attacked. Yet there was no sympathy in her manner as she slid to the net, swung to the ground, kicked into her slippers and swept off, without a word, to the dressing room.

Harry Westphalia felt sorry for the girl. I could see that much in the glance he gave her as he walked out of the arena with the rest of the troupe. But I could also see that, from that moment, he would look down upon Miss Vance as a member of a greatly inferior social class. The lines of caste are drawn with brutal distinctness among circus people.

If, by some supreme effort of the mind, Miss Vance had succeeded in recovering her old professional confidence, she would have been restored to her former position. But no one seemed to entertain the thought of such a possibility. Miss Vance certainly did not. She knew that she had lost the grip on herself, and to that misfortune she resigned herself without a struggle.

Hale, of the side show, offered her a job posing with the other girls; and she took it. There wasn't anything else for her to do; and suicide wasn't quite in her line.

One evening, as we were sauntering out of the lot we happened to pass Madame Westphalia and her seven-year-old son, Teddy. They were accompanied by Harry. When Teddy saw us he broke away from his mother and danced impudently in front of Miss Vance.

"Yah, yah! Ballyhoo girl!" he shouted. Madame Westphalia gave no sign, but Harry seized his nephew by the arm and quickly drew him away. For an instant I felt the girl cringe beneath the sting of the taunt. The naked soul of her had been felled by the words of the demon child; but oh, how bravely she bore it! Almost immediately she regained her self-control, resuming towards me her light, bantering tone, as we continued our walk.

A week later we were playing to one of those record-breaking crowds that, either a kindly providence or capable press department, was turning out for us that year. The aerial apparatus was in place, but the act was not due for about fifteen minutes. I was just strolling into the big top when Madame Westphalia came sprinting past me like a locust woman. "My boy, my boy!" she was shrieking; and, sure enough, there was reason for the mother's alarm.

Teddy, in some manner, had climbed to the madame's trapeze when no one was looking. A childish whim had caused him to unfasten the tape by which he might have descended. Directly beneath him was a pile of hurdles that had been thrown there at the end of an equestrian act. The net had been stretched. Now, on his uncertain perch, he had become frightened, and was slipping from the bar—slipping, slipping from the bar!

The big audience was standing on the benches—just standing, staring—rigid with horror.

Then, I felt rather than heard a sharp sigh whip around the human horseshoe, like the sudden intake of a pneumatic copy tube. I saw that the concentrated gaze of the crowd had been shifted from the boy to a pair of hanging rings, some 30 feet to the right. A girl in a short, red dress had climbed to one of these rings. She was swinging—swinging in a lateral direction—in rapidly widening arcs—swinging with all the impetus her lithe body and limbs could throw into the movement—swinging until her heels dimpled the canvas top. Suddenly she shot out over the arena towards the boy's trapeze. There was a flicker of red, a fearsome creaking of ropes as the trapeze halted taut, and the woman caught up securely on the bar with the boy. The shock threw him from his precarious resting place, but a strong, brown hand clutched the looseness of his blouse as he fell, and held him until he could be drawn up to safety.

Then—and then—the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a switch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy? He drifted into railroad work when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

the inscription, "I led only the sunny hours."

At Upware Ferry, on the banks of the Ouse, there is an inn with the legend, "Five miles from anywhere. No hurry," painted in large letters on its gabled front, while at Hoddesson in Hants is to be seen the great bed of Ware, mentioned by Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night." It is 12 feet square with curved oak pillars. Cheshunt shows a rocking-horse, said to have been the earliest "mount" of Charles I.

Hard Punishment

Only a few years have passed since petty criminals received punishment that today would be regarded as inhuman. A London magistrate sent a man of eighty to jail recently for three months for stealing an umbrella. The man's record showed that he had six years' penal servitude when only nineteen, a ten years' sentence at twenty-five, and ten years more in 1890 for stealing articles worth only a few shillings.

Birds Will Eat Injurious Bugs

Farmer Is Also Benefited by Consumption of Various Weed Seeds.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The economic value of birds, especially insectivorous birds in farm districts, cannot be too strongly emphasized. In the opinion of the biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. For this reason the bureau is interested not only in the protection of migratory game birds, which is one of its important functions, but also in the conservation of all beneficial bird life.

Hardly an agricultural pest exists but has numerous effective bird enemies. For instance, 25 kinds of birds are known to feed upon the clover weevil, and a like number upon the potato beetle, 36 on the codling moth, 46 on the gipsy moth, 49 on horseflies, 67 on billbugs, 85 on clover-root borers, 98 on cutworms, 120 on leaf hoppers, and 168 on wireworms.

Devour Weed Seeds.

Birds devour the farmer also by eating quantities of weed seeds. It has been estimated that a single species of sparrow in a single state—Iowa—consumes annually 875 tons of weed seeds. Birds do not, of course, especially single out the noxious seeds or an insect pest for food; but eating indiscriminately and voraciously, the most abundant food is taken first, and this is likely to be the moving caterpillar or adult insect, or the seeds on the plant or on the ground, where they have been carried by the wind. Many species of birds perform another important service to man through their feeding habits, since they act as scavengers. In districts where the disposal of waste is not completely taken care of by community and individual effort, birds make a valuable contribution to public health.

Domestic Cat Is Enemy.

Next to man himself, wantonly using his gun, the worst enemy of farm birds is the domestic cat. Storms also destroy a great many birds by cutting off their food supply. Protection against the elements cannot often be provided for birds except where refuges or sanctuaries are maintained for them, but

ANIMALS GREATLY EFFICIENT IN CONSUMING RAW MATERIAL

Convert Many Farm Crops Into Valuable Products.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In a talk delivered during the International Live Stock exposition, held at Chicago, Dr. John R. Mohler, chief of the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, told briefly of the importance of live stock in our national economy. "One may ask," said Doctor Mohler, "why it is necessary or even desirable to have a large animal population in a country such as this with its millions of automobiles and trucks and its vast acres for producing cereal grains. The answer is simple. Our domestic animals, developed through long years of evolution, are marvelously efficient in converting vast quantities of grasses, forage, plants and other products which are of slight direct value to mankind into valuable animal products. These products include meats, milk, butter, cheese, leather, fats, wool, mohair and almost countless by-products ranging from violin strings to fertilizer.

"The United States contains the largest crop-producing region in the world, yet the human population uses only

Dairy Herds Do Well on This Mixed Ration

Corn-soy-bean silage, clover hay, ground corn and oats, corn-soy-bean fodder roughage with a small amount of oilseed added each day—that's the ration Charles Beck, Bremer county, Iowa, is using to produce the 1,000 pounds of milk he delivers daily at a nearby condenser, says a writer in Successful Farming. It does not take a dairy-minded farmer long to see that Beck, whose herd of 40 grade cows are just starting their third milking season, has the right idea.

"Last spring I planted soy beans with the corn I expected to use in silage," offered Beck. "I thought that if beans were good in silage, they would be all right in fodder, so I planted a high-growing variety to be cut with the corn for roughage.

"Besides cutting the cost of concentrated feeds by reducing the requirements of them, soy beans increase the efficiency of the silage," continued Beck, while explaining his system of dairy farming.

An abundance of clover hay is grown each year by Beck, who started several years ago to grow into the dairy business instead of going into it in a lump sum. A pure bred bull was the first move Beck made toward better dairy farming. Next he began selling his poor cows. That system has made his herd one of the profit makers in the county.

Profits From Apples

Careful records kept for the past 20 years of the cost of every orchard operation and the income from the sale of the fruit in a typical ten-acre Baldwin apple orchard in western New York show that apple growing has paid an attractive profit, at least in this orchard. The average yearly net profit on a barrel of apples for the 20-year period has been \$1.51 and the average annual profit per acre for the 20 years has been \$120.71. Estimating that the orchard is worth \$500 per acre, the annual net dividend has been 23.3 per cent.

a protective public sentiment, supported by effective laws, will lessen the damage done by man and domestic animals. Birds may be still further encouraged and increased by the provision of food trees, such as the mulberry, which will serve the double purpose of attracting them away from cherry or other fruit trees and supplying them with suitable food.

Orchard Draining Needs Most Careful Attention

Many fruit growers fail to realize that orchard land that is inclined to be wet requires drainage just as much as land for general crops. This is particularly true of peach, cherry and apple orchards. The pear, plum and quince usually withstand a more moist soil condition. Where the land is heavy and naturally poorly drained the trees make a slow growth, are inclined to suffer from root rot and winter injury, the bark is reddish in color and they are often short-lived. Neither good culture nor fertilizers will overcome this trouble. Also good surface drainage is no assurance that tilting is not needed.

The most observing orchardists are using more tile and there is unquestioned evidence that it is paying well in better trees and crops. This is a good time of year to make a critical survey of the orchard and determine whether certain depressions or basins need an outlet for the surplus water in the spring. If so, a ditching machine may do the work better and cheaper than to dig the ditches by hand. The tile are usually laid about two to two and one-half feet deep, although on some level areas it is necessary to put them deeper in order to secure enough fall.

The main lines of tile will follow the natural depression, even though it is quite irregular, and the laterals will follow the minor depressions that lead into the main one. Additional laterals should be laid so as to give drainage to the entire area that is wet and springy in the early part of the growing season. In more level fields the main lines are usually about two rods apart, depending upon the nature of the soil.

about one-tenth of that crop directly as food. The public appetite much prefers to use the corn crop in the form of juicy steaks and savory hams. Through the stockman's skill our domestic animals are becoming gradually more efficient in converting coarse feed into refined and concentrated products. As alchemists for the refinement of base materials, cattle, swine and sheep—to say nothing of goats—have an enviable record."

Contrivance Holds Bait Easily Reached by Mice

Recent experiments have demonstrated the value of a wooden poison station that may be easily and cheaply constructed to make poisoned bait readily accessible to mice without exposing it to the weather. Square pieces of 1 by 8-inch boards are cut for bottoms. A depression to contain the poisoned bait is made across the bottom board with a chisel or, if made at a planing mill, by a group of circular saws. The two walls of the station are cut from 1 by 14-inch strips into 6-inch lengths. The whole is fastened together with four nails. Mice are attracted to these poison stations and have often been observed running around them.

Use Tractor to Shell Corn and Grind Feed

Make your tractor shell your corn and grind your feed for you this winter. Don't let it stand idle in the shed eating up interest money on your investment. It is much easier and warmer to grind your own feed at home than it is to harness up a team of horses and drive to a feed mill in cold weather.

"If you have several tons of fertilizer or feed to haul, hitch your tractor to two or three wagons and make one trip take the place of several trips to town," says F. W. Duffee, of the agricultural engineering department, Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

"There are only a few jobs for a tractor during the winter months, but if they are done with the tractor the interest on your money invested will more than be returned.

"A tractor has the advantage over horses that when it is standing idle it does not use feed."

FARM NOTES

In the book of successful farming, there are many clover leaves.

Moldy corn is always dangerous feed and the flock should not have access to it.

The droppings boards, perches and nests should be treated for mites. The pullets also should be examined for lice.

The Purdue laying ration with corn meal has given excellent general satisfaction. A good grade of flour middlings will give much better results than standard middlings.

No use talking—chickens do not like rye grains. About the only way to get them to eat rye is to grind and make a dry mash with corn and oats. Chickens do not seem to like wheat bran either.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHO SHOULD DRIVE AUTOMOBILES?

WHEN you get on a railroad train and roll into your pullman berth, you go to sleep with perfect confidence in the intelligence and ability of the man at the throttle. You know that the engineer of a passenger train is sure to be a tried and tested employee of years of training and experience. You know that his eyes and his nerves and his heart have been examined and tested, that he does not befuddle his brain with whisky or drugs and that his ability to think clearly and act promptly in an emergency has been proven.

This was not always true. In the early years of railroad building, many accidents were due to untrained men in the engine cab. But gradually it was learned, often by costly mistakes, that the safe and successful engineer must be a man with keen and perfect vision and with nerves and muscles always under control.

But a new method of travel has developed in the last 20 years. There are today over 12,000,000 motor cars in this country. Traveling as fast as the average train, carrying every day many times more passengers than all the railroads put together, automobiles are today far more dangerous to life than railroad trains. This is shown by the large number of people killed every year by autos, as compared to the comparatively small number of lives lost by railroad accidents.

We are just beginning to realize that the same qualities of mind and body are required to drive an auto as to run a steam engine.

Before the World War, practical business men had a marked contempt for scientific men. They were all right in lecture rooms and laboratories, but they had no connection with every-day business matters. The physical and mental tests used in classifying and sorting the men in the draft opened the eyes of many captains of industry.

The other day the management of the Yellow Cab company asked Prof. A. J. Snow of Northwestern university to apply psychological tests to their 3,000 cab drivers to determine if any of them were unsuited for work as chauffeurs. Professor Snow used three tests to determine the mental alertness, rapidity of nerve and muscle reactions and sensory acuteness of these men. He reported that 18 per cent of the oldest drivers in the employ of the company were unfit to drive cabs and should be given inside jobs or dismissed. The officials were skeptical and to prove that the psychologist was wrong, they checked up the record of each man. They found that the 18 per cent of drivers pronounced unfit were responsible for 48 per cent of all their accidents.

Do you know that the driver of the car in which you ride has keen eyes, steady nerves and muscles which act immediately to meet an emergency? If you don't, keep out of his car. Do you know that you are fit to drive a car yourself? If you don't, find out or let someone else drive.

REMOVING WRINKLES BY PARAFFIN

NEWSPAPER dispatches from Los Angeles state that a beauty doctor has disappeared following the death of one of her patients. The "doctor" performed some operation on the woman's face to remove wrinkles. Unfortunately, infection followed and the operation removed the patient, wrinkles and all.

What the operation was we do not know. Several methods have been invented for removing wrinkles. One is the injection of paraffin. Paraffin has been used in facial surgery for over 20 years. It is of great value, for instance, in repairing a broken nose or in building up a fallen bridge of the nose. The melted paraffin is injected by a syringe under the skin, filling out the sunken space. While it is soft, it can be molded into the exact shape desired. Then some beauty doctor got the bright idea, that paraffin injected into the cheeks would fill them out, and by stretching the skin, would pull out the wrinkles, just as blowing up a toy balloon stretches the rubber bag and makes it smooth and round. Paraffin was supposed to be harmless. The operation was only a needle prick. Many women who wanted plump cheeks without wrinkles had then pumped full of paraffin, hoping that they'd look youthful and lovely once more. Since then, most of them have been wishing they hadn't and trying to find someone who could dig the hardened wax out of their cheeks.

Now the trouble is that, after the wax is injected, it hardens and the pressure stops the blood supply. The cheeks are plump, alas sometimes they are too plump but the skin over the mass of paraffin is bloodless and dry. It looks like, and really is dead skin. It can be covered with rouge and powder, but it has no color or vitality. It is especially liable to infection, having no resistance. The paraffin may melt and one's cheek run down into one's neck, which is most unpleasant.

Don't be fooled by enticing advertising or foolish friends. You can't buy a good complexion in a drug store or a beauty parlor. Fresh air, pure water, inside and out, good soap, simple food and plenty of outdoor exercise and open-air sleep will bring better results and no regrets.

Old Religious Houses

Double monasteries were religious houses comprising communities of both men and women, dwelling in contiguous establishments, united under the rule of one superior and using one church in common for their liturgical offices. Ireland presents only one known example—Kildare.

Nothing Gained by Hurry

Business dispatched is business well done; but business hurried is business ill done.—Bulwer-Lytton.

WOMAN WILL WASHED DISHES SITTING DOWN

Mrs. Ashcroft's Remarkable Recovery After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Covington, Ky.—"I was so weak and nervous I could hardly do my housework as I could not stand because of the bearing-down pains in my back and abdomen. I sat down most of the time and did what I could do in that way—washed dishes, etc. One day I took a book describing Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine was put in my mail-box. I say how the Vegetable Compound had helped others so I gave it a trial. I had to take about a dozen bottles before I gained my strength but I certainly praise this medicine. Then I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier for poor blood. I was cold all the time. I would be so cold I could hardly sit still and in the palms of my hands there would be drops of sweat. I also used the Sarsaparilla Wash and I recommend it also. You may publish this letter and I will gladly answer letters from women and advise my neighbors about these medicines."—Mrs. HARRY ASHCROFT, 632 Beech Avenue, Covington, Kentucky.



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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 far even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Powerful Lamp in New York Harbor

The world's largest searchlight, for which a single electric lamp of approximately five billion candlepower provides the light, has been put into commission at the United States Lighthouse station on Staten island in New York harbor. This new beacon under ordinary weather conditions can be seen for a distance of 50 miles, but upon a recent clear night it was reported as visible at Philadelphia, more than 75 miles away.

This searchlight was developed by the government in an effort to produce a light more powerful than any hitherto built. The beam of light from the five billion candlepower electric lamp passes through a series of high-power lenses and issues forth from the searchlight a brilliant, penetrating shaft of light.

Those Sunday Drivers!