HELP

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By JOANNA SINGLE

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Mrs. Jerry Towne could never let anything alone. She wanted to help. Her pretty home, though not exactly a heaven, was a place where marriages were made. Some of them were happy. And many occurred as scheduled by the lady. Others did not.

Fairlie Trent, a little pale, but quaintly lovely, had just dispensed tea in her studio while her friends—and others—viewed her winter's work. It had been a hard winter's work, fruitful, and with a picture hung in the salon. But Fairlie was dispirited. She did not like teas.

John Carter was one of her guests. They had studied together, but he, her elder, was some laps ahead. She called him the "pacemaker." He praised her, but also criticised mercilessly and helpfully.

He had come to the tea with Kittie Morse, and was now leaving with her. This fact gave Mrs. Towne an idea. She looked after the two from the window, and then came to take her leave of Fairlie, gurgling and chattering. The girl heard her talk at the door to old Peter Terriss.

"John Carter hasn't eyes to see that Kittie Morse is wild about him! Her money and position would do wonders for him. It would be salvation—give him travel and a chance to study abroad. He could quit doing pot-boilers." Her fine imagination helped her along the road of conversation. She continued warmly: "Besides, I am convinced that he cares for her, but won't woo her because of his foolish sensitiveness about her money. And it would keep him from marrying some poor girl—he is the sort that is bound to be in love with somebody, and that would spell simply disaster! And—" She interrupted herself to wave a fat little gloved hand at Fairlie and was gone. She was the last of them, and Fairlie shut the door and locked it almost savagely.

Then she did a queer thing. She put her hands over her eyes and stood erect and stiff against the door. After that she walked slowly over to the hearth where a fire still smoldered, poked the coals aimlessly a moment and then threw herself down full length on the rug, hid her face in her arms and cried. The dusk of the March evening came down and inclosed her, but she did not stir until some one knocked and kept knocking. Then she asked who was there.

"John Carter! Let me in, Fairlie!"

"Go away!" she called. "I am tired to death. I won't let you in." He parleyed a little, pleading that she needed a walk, that at least she should go that evening to the theater with him. But she was obdurate. He went away.

Then Mrs. Jerry began to help. She gave parties and invited Kittie and made John Carter take her home. She always threw them together. And she did it with the skill and delicacy of long practice. It did not occur to the young man what was being done to him. But Fairlie saw. And she knew that the little matron was right in a few things.

Fairlie knew that John Carter, also just making good, had suffered also. She knew better than anybody. He had told no one else. He knew she would understand. She was his comrade. But a wife was, of course, what he needed. It was bound to come. And Kittie was pathetically in love with him. Fairlie shut herself up and worked harder than ever.

The late fall, the early winter passed, and something new came over Fairlie that made her world wonder. She came out of her shell. Once it had taken coaxing to make her accept invitations. All at once she was seen everywhere. She sold a picture or two to rich people she met, she bought a few stunning gowns. Her quaint little figure, her black hair and Irish blue eyes made her noticeable anywhere. No gayety was too gay, no hour too late. And she worked also—no one could see how. She grew thin, but more brilliant.

With all this she kept her old circle of intimate friends at a sort of distance. She was friendly enough, but never to be seen for three minutes together. The "busy; go away!" card was on her door, or she was out at some festivity. John Carter almost never saw her, and though he went where she went, she managed never to give him a word. Thus, by grace of circumstances—and Mrs. Jerry Towne—Kittie was somehow constantly in his company.

It was along in early spring that Carter, taking stock with himself, realized that he was becoming a mere acquaintance to his old comrade—he seemed to be coming out of a daze or dream of some sort, and wondered how he could have allowed it. He was still painting pot-boilers—he had a mother to support—but doing fine work also by leaps and bounds.

One bright March morning he beggared himself for an armful of daffodils and went straight to Fairlie's studio. The sign was out, but he knocked, and then went in. Fairlie flashed at him where she stood in paint apron, holding her palette, before the easel where she was working. He felt leagues away, though she smiled.

"Go away, John! Genius burns! Look at this—of the old wood in winter—and then depart!" He came over, gave a word of hearty praise to the work, and then took the girl's palette away from her. He clasped both her hands in his, despite her.

"Fairlie, what's the matter with you? For months you have not been like yourself. You have somehow shut me out of the old friendship—and I simply won't have it. Have I done anything? Tell me!" She trembled in his grasp, but made herself meet his gaze and pulled her hands away. She spoke very calmly, almost nonchalantly.

"Nonsense, John. We have simply both been very busy. Of course you haven't 'done anything!' I am glad you are doing so well." He stood looking at her.

"John, I'm glad you came in. It gives me a chance to tell you before I tell any one else that I am going to marry Stephen Kingston. It—" His gaze of utter astonishment made her pause. "Why—not?" she asked.

"Why not?" he repeated. "You can't love him, Fairlie. And if you did it would be horrible for you. Nothing but money and society. You know you wouldn't work. There would be no stimulus. Nothing fine and high and driving to keep you at it—a deathly ease that any artist must fight. Fairlie, don't you see—you always have, little comrade—that the struggle, the necessity, is good for us?" She tried to stop him, but could not. "I don't care if you have promised him. I shall tell you what I came to say, that I love you better than anybody else in the world knows how to. You shall not do it, child. Do you want to?"

A knock came at the door, and to save herself from giving way to her own heart, she cried "Come in!"

Mrs. Jerry entered. With her were Kittie, several dames of their world, and a negligible man or two. Last came Stephen Kingston. Fairlie had not told John that the man was still waiting for her answer. They all gathered about her and John Carter, who was measuring with a keen eye the sleek assurance of the other man.

"We came to see your winter picture," breezed Mrs. Jerry. "We knew you wouldn't mind our passing the busy guard. Mr. Carter has also done it." She was congratulating herself secretly on having helped Stephen Kingston to see so much of the pretty artist. Her matches seemed likely to come off as scheduled—by her.

At that moment a naughty boy with an icy ball of melting snow forever settled the case of Stephen Kingston's aspiration to marry Fairlie. The boy flung the ball—it shattered to a thousand bits the window which Fairlie had just stepped up to raise.

At the crash all the women screamed. Fairlie did not move, but cried out, her nerves gone to nothing, glass raining about her.

"John! John!" All her heart was in that call, and in an instant John Carter had her in his arms, forgetting the others, who were crowding about. He shook away the broken glass and found her uninjured. But he did not let her go, and she clung to him, trembling. The awful strain of the winter had told on her, and she was weaker than she knew. Finally the man heard a little giggle from Kittie. He drew Fairlie back toward the hearth, and she pulled away from him, trying to laugh, but the tears were on her cheeks.

"—I was so—frightened. I didn't—sleep last night," she said nervously, but John Carter hushed her. He smiled, facing the others.

"It's informal enough, the announcement," he said calmly, his eye full on Stephen Kingston, "but we—I may as well say now as any time, that Miss Trent and I—that is, Fairlie and I, are going to be married next week and go abroad." He took Fairlie's hand. She stood like a stone, but her eyes were shining. Kittie giggled again, and Kingston glared. John went on:

"My sister, out west, wants mother with her, and that will free Fairlie and me to study in Europe a year. I know you will all be glad for us, every one of you!"

Churchmen Passed Up Wine

At Big Meeting in Hotel Astor at New York the Waiters Sought Orders in Vain.

That the New York campaign of the men and religion forward movement was not opened with the aid of a corkscrew is no fault of the Hotel Astor management.

When the 200 diners took their places at the tables at the opening dinner the other evening they found wine glasses in place, wine lists placed where they could not be overlooked, ash trays in abundance and match boxes for everyone.

Some one had blundered; some one had expected a high time, to all appearances, and not a few of the "key men" of the churches, not to say ministers of international reputation, were startled when they saw the "layout."

When wine orders were not received the waiters ostentatiously laid the wine cards before the diners, ahemed, and asked:

"Do you wish something to drink?"

Not a single order was received. After the speaking began a few cigars were lighted, but they were allowed to die out when it was seen that smoking was not to be general.—New York Evening Mail.

Famous Welsh Fortress.

Carnarvon castle is the most splendid specimen of medieval military architecture surviving in Britain, not excepting Alnwick. Art and beauty were combined with strength by De Elfreton, the architect, who had been commanded to construct a palace within an impregnable fortress. Whether the mean little passage chamber in the Eagle tower was the birthplace of the infant prince whom Edward I. made the medium of such a grim practical joke upon the Welsh seems doubtful, but the main story may still be true.

NOODLES

FOR BEST RESULTS, TRY THESE APPROVED RECIPES.

Little Accessories That Give Flavor to the Soup Are Well Worthy of Attention—How Some Handle the Dough.

The following recipes represent the experience of several noodle makers, as described by them:

Noodle Soup.—Boil a small shank of beef for three hours, strain off liquor, return to the pot, and add salt. Make noodles by rubbing into one egg as much flour as it will take, then roll out as thin as a wafer. Dust over a little flour and then roll. Cut off thin slices from the edge of the roll and shake out into long strips. Drop lightly into soup and let it boil for ten minutes after they are put in. About a saltspoon of salt should be added while mixing in the flour.

Bread Noodles.—One egg, one tablespoon of water, pinch of salt, one-half cup flour, or enough to thicken. Put a scant one-half cup of flour in a bowl and break into it an egg. Add water, stir all well together and add more flour until a thick dough is formed, then roll out to a thin sheet and let dry a few minutes. Dredge with a little flour, roll up and cut into broad strips and lay them straight to dry. Drop in boiling water with a pinch of salt and boil for twenty minutes. Drain in colander, put in dish, and cover with browned bread crumbs and a little butter.

Noodles.—One egg, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, three-fourths cup of flour. Beat the egg, add salt, and add the flour to make a stiff dough—three-fourths of a cup is usually sufficient. Roll out on a floured board till as thin as a wafer and leave on board to dry while soup is cooking. Then cut up in little thin strips and drop in boiling stock. Let boil about thirty minutes.

Some cooks after rolling out their noodle dough hang it over a roller or over a clean cloth on a broomstick to dry. Of course eggs are in different sizes, so it is impossible to tell the exact amount of flour that any one egg will require.

China on which is gilt decoration should not be washed in strong soap suds or water containing washing powder.

In washing ordinary china the hotter the water the more easily the pieces will dry and the brighter they will be.

Leather-covered furniture can be cleaned with sweet milk applied with a piece of soft flannel. Rub gently until dry.

Dish cloths should be kept scrupulously clean by washing thoroughly in soap and water, well rinsed and hung in the air after using.

An ordinary brick is excellent for an iron stand and if heated before using the irons will keep hot much longer than with the common iron stand.

Perfume in Cakes.

The latest luxury for the woman who likes a faint fragrance of sweetness about all her belongings is the cake of perfume which may be tossed among lingerie or laces without the trouble of sewing sachet powder up in cotton batting and silk pads. These cakes of perfume are put up attractively, and when the perfume fails—as all perfumes do when exposed to the air—the surface of the cake may be scratched and a new surface of sweetness exposed. These cakes of perfume are not by any means inexpensive, a small size costing almost $1, but the perfume is dainty and refined and by scraping the surface occasionally the cake may be used some time.

Sweet Milk Griddle Cakes.

Take two cupfuls of flour, one level tablespoonful of baking powder, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and a third cupfuls of milk, one egg and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Sift together the dry ingredients, add the milk gradually, then the well-beaten egg and the melted butter. Beat thoroughly and drop by spoonfuls on a greased hot griddle or frying pan.

Olive Oil Pickles.

Use medium-sized cucumbers, a gallon jar and small bottle of best olive oil (25-cent size). Slice cucumbers without paring, and for every three cucumbers use one tablespoon each of salt, brown sugar and black mustard seed, pouring the oil gradually over each layer. Fill the jar with vinegar and after standing two weeks pack in glass jars if you wish.

Chestnut Puree.

Procure two pints of large chestnuts, split them across with a sharp pointed knife, plunge them into a saucepan with boiling water and allow them to boil for two minutes drain well, dry them on a cloth and put into a frying pan with a small piece of butter; place over a quick fire for five minutes, cover with a cloth and remove the shells while hot.

Silver and Brass Cleaners.

For cleaning brass and silverware: Half a cup of whiting, then fill the cup up with cold water. Pour this mixture into a bottle, add one ounce of ammonia. Shake well before using. Wet a flannel cloth with this, then rub the article to be cleaned, afterwards rubbing dry till polished.

Blend for Potted Beef.

(For one pound of meat pounded to a paste.) Use one level tablespoonful of salt; one teaspoonful (level) of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of allspice, and one teaspoonful of sage, with melted butter sufficient to knead to a thick paste.

HOME OR SCHOOL LUNCHEON

Proper Proportion of Foods for the Upbuilding of Body and Mind.

The following list of foods and the menus planned from it will assist the mothers in planning a well-balanced lunch for home or school:

Nitrogenous Foods. — Milk, eggs, fish, poultry, cheese, beans, wheat, bread, gelatine.

Fats.—Butter, olive oil, fat of meat, cream, peanut butter, nuts.

Starches and Sugars.—Potatoes and starchy vegetables; sugar, all kinds; sweet chocolate; rice, oatmeal, macaroni, fruits, cornstarch, molasses, maple syrup, tapioca, honey.

Monday.—Minced chicken sandwiches; milk, white cookies, orange with sugar.

Tuesday.—Whole wheat bread, roast beef, sliced; cake of sweet chocolate, banana.

Wednesday.—Peanut butter sandwiches, milk, tapioca pudding with fruit.

Thursday. — Brown bread with cheese-and-nut filling, chocolate pudding, molded; milk.

Friday.—Egg sandwiches, milk, hermits, gelatine molded with fruit and nuts.

When the child stays for an afternoon session without coming home at noon a larger amount of food should be given.—Harper's Bazar.

PROTECTION FOR THE TOTS

Cheap and Efficient Screen That May Be Placed Around the Heating Stove.

So many little children who are just toddling about get burned by falling against the heating stove, that every stove where there are children about should have some sort of a screen made about it. For several years we used one made of common 26-inch field fence, made of No. 11 wire.

Simply cut enough of the wire to reach around the stove with about six inches of space between the screen and the stove.

Make a base of 2x4 lumber, as the wire alone is not heavy enough to stay in place. It should not be nailed to the floor, but so it can be raised up or sweeping, etc.

If a heavy zinc board is used under the stove the screen can be made to just fit on the outside of it and thus be more firmly fixed in place.

Philadelphia Scrapple.

Use two hogs' heads, hearts and tongues. Skin the heads, cut off jowls, split heads, removing eyes, ears, brain and tongue. Cleanse. Boil until meat drops from bones (tongues and hearts in separate kettle) and bony pieces. Cool and grind in meat chopper, saving liquor. Return meat to liquor, add water to make two gallons liquor, bringing to boil. Thicken with cornmeal, salt and pepper to taste, seasoning with sweet marjoram, being careful not to use too much. Cook two hours. Pour into pans. Set in cool place. Slice and fry in drippings or butter, or serve cold with vinegar, as a relish.

Hint.—All meats should be "put on" in cold water. Let come just to boiling, then remove from water and wash. Kettle should be washed before replacing meat. Use boiling water the second filling. Season one hour before serving.

Steamed Beets.

Beets may be cooked in this way in about the same time that it takes to boil them, and this method is a happy compromise between baking and boiling them. To bake them is not a very economical method when the work must be done by gas, yet by this method they retain every bit of their sweetness and delicate flavor. It is best to use a little water in the pan when baking them, so they are thus partly steamed. Unless they are covered by another pan, in which case the steaming process is more complete, they will need to be turned frequently, but not with a fork, for this makes them bleed. A pancake turner is the best thing to use.

Pot Roast.

Take any kind of meat, put into an iron pot a tablespoonful of meat frying's or butter; let it brown; wash off the roast and put it into the pot. After it begins to fry pour in enough water to half cover the meat; season with pepper and salt, cover and stew slowly. As the meat begins to fry add more water; turn it often and cook about three hours. A half hour before serving add either Irish or sweet potatoes or turnips and let them brown with the meat.

Boiled Vegetable Sandwiches.

One who has made a hit in preparing lunches for her family has kept her observation clearly at work, and the result has been that one of the young ladies, who carries her lunch, has found most welcome little sandwiches spread with cold mashed squash, turnip or even boiled cabbage. These especially for a meat combination, as with the double sandwich, will be most desirable as a lunch dainty, to those who like such combinations.

Turkey Stuffing.

One quart finely sifted bread crumbs, one quart hot mashed potatoes, one medium-sized onion chopped fine, one tablespoon salt, one teaspoon sage, one teaspoon savory, half teaspoon pepper; moisten with water until the mixture is quite thin, add one large egg beaten until light and one-quarter cup melted butter.

Berlin Salad.

Cut eight or ten sardines into pieces and put in a salad dish. Then put over them a layer of peeled and sliced tomatoes, then a layer of cold, thin sliced cucumbers. Garnish with lettuce leaves, and just before serving pour over a salad dressing.

Martha Washington Jumbles.

Stir to a cream one pound each of butter and sugar, and three well-beaten eggs, one pound flour, one wineglass rose water and one teaspoon lemon extract. Roll out thin, cut with a ring cutter, dust over with granulated sugar and bake.

FOR MILADY'S DRESSING TABLE

DOUBLE chins are said to disappear almost as if by magic when subjected to treatment with a set of little rollers, which are being used here for the first time. There is a tiny ivory and tortoise shell roller for rubbing away superfluous flesh under the chin and smoothing out the wrinkles which have a provoking way of making themselves visible in every young woman's face. This delicate toilet accessory must be manipulated with the utmost care. The set includes three rollers. Besides this one, which is the simplest of the three, there is a roller somewhat larger, supplied with a tortoise shell or amber handle and with four tiny ivory balls instead of the familiar cylinder. This quartette, working together, yet each having a rotary motion of its own, is supposed to change flesh into thin air or something equally invisible. The third in the set has two rollers, one being attached to each end of the tortoise shell handle. Each roller is designed to work on a special part of the face. A key to the working plan is enclosed in each box with the set, so that the amateur will have no difficulty whatever in managing the little cylinders and balls. And after she has learned the use of each she need not refer again to the chart.

There is a delightful new face cleanser which is less harmful to the finer skin than some of the soaps used by women and which, it is claimed, will accomplish the cleansing process quicker and more pleasantly than a water aplication. The cleansing liquid comes in two bottles, and they are to be mixed in the proportions of two of one to one of the other. The solution of which a smaller quantity is used is pinkish in color and has a clean, sweet odor. The other liquid looks like water. When the mixture has been made the face is cleansed with it by dipping a piece of absorbent cotton in the liquid and rubbing it gently all over the face. Cold cream applications are not so effective as the liquid cleanser.

A delicious cold cream intended for day use, one might say, to differentiate it from the cold creams put on at night to remove soil and wrinkles, comes in white jars and is a delicate pink in color. The cream is velvety smooth and has an exquisite odor. A little of it should be applied before the face powder is used. This keeps the skin smooth and protects it from the weather.

Instead of using face powder many women are now applying cold cream which has a becoming whitening effect and really is a substitute for the dry powder. The cream, it is claimed by the makers, has absolutely no grease in its composition. It has a flesh tint, and after it has been allowed to soak well into the pores of the skin the complexion looks pearly white and pink, yet does not have a powdered appearance. The cream comes in jars of different tints to match different complexions.

An eyebrow pencil is considered an important part of the modern toilet outfit. Imported pencils done up in long, thin silver or gilt tubes can be had in black or shades of brown, so that when deftly used the lines do not show conspicuously, while the eyebrow is effectively accentuated.

Triangular bottles of perfume are a novel importation from a French specialist in this line of toilet articles. The bottles are shaped differently for the different scents. There is a squat, wide bottle, tapering toward the top, which holds a deep amber liquid of rare fragrance and allurement. Another triagular bottle of blunter proportions contains a perfume of quite a different odor. These are sold in leather cases, satin lined, into which the bottles fit perfectly.

Without the aid of scissors or knife the cuticle around the finger nails can be kept smooth and well pushed back by using a device which has recently been placed on the market. The manicure outfit contains a pair of metal pincers about three inches long, which hold in their tip a tiny disk which looks like rubber. This is about the size of a small lozenge. Holding it firmly in the pincers the disk is first dipped into a box of salve which is a part of the nail improving paraphernalia, and afterward it is rubbed and rolled around the cuticle to polish off any ragged bits of skin and to keep the nail smooth and delicately shaped.

IN VOGUE

The skirts to the evening dresses are long, most of them have trains, and the trains are usually made in the long court length.

Many of the new street and auto coats have their collars and cuffs trimmed with velvet, corduroy, ratine, bengaline, braid or satin.

There seems to be no end to the designs in scarfs just now and the materials used also—satin, velvet and fur as well as lace and batiste.

The accordion plaited full, straight jabot is the very newest style of jabot and appears in black and white. Whether this will supersede the popular side ruffle remains to be seen.

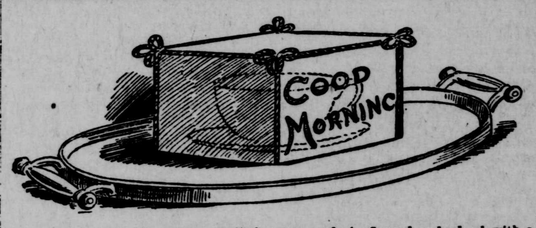
Most fashionable materials are rich and heavy. Tailored costumes are made up of thick woolly goods and for suits and dresses even plush is used, with heavy chenille fringe as trimming.

A double row of buttons of embroidered silk outlined with button loops of silk on embroidery trim many of the smartest models from the neck down to the bottom of the skirt, or from the waist line down.

White Marabou the Fad.

In fancy feathers, tall military pompons are approved, and are worn in marabou, ostrich and coq. White marabou is the current fad.

Novel Teacup Cosy



OUR sketch illustrates a little home-made contrivance that will be much appreciated by many people as it is of service for keeping warm the early morning bedroom cup of tea that always suffers so unless the recipient happens to be quite ready for it.

It was made with the aid of a square tin biscuit box, and as biscuit boxes are constructed in almost every conceivable size and shape it is not difficult to obtain one that will fit comfortably over a cup and saucer. For this tin, and fitting it exactly, a cover was made in flannel and edged with a colored cord carried into three little loops at each corner. The words "Good Morning" were worked upon one side, and the cover was fastened to the tin by stiches run through the material and a number of tiny holes pierced in the sides of the tin near the corners. The dotted line in the sketch indicates the cup of tea underneath the "cozy." This little contrivance will keep a cup of tea warm for some time, and it is by no means unsightly, and is easily removed from the teapot when the tea is required.

Toad Barometer

A police station in a western city has a trustworthy weather prophet. It is a frog of the genius Hyla, generally known as the tree toad. The reptile was induced to act as a barometer by a policeman who was formerly an old frontiersman.

He threw into a glass jar some stones and added a couple of inches of water. Then he whittled out a little wooden ladder and put it into the jar. After some lively scrambling a tree toad was caught, placed in the jar and a tin lid screwed above him. The weather indicator was complete. When it is going to be fair weather the toad roosts on the top round of the ladder, solemnly blinking the hours away. From twelve to fifteen hours before a change to bad weather the toad begins to climb down, and hours before a storm sets in he squats himself on a stone, and, with his head just above the surface of the water, peers aloft at the coming storm. Let the weather be changeable and "shifting," as "Old Prob" says, and the toad goes up and down the ladder like a scared middy. When it is fair, and the toad roosts aloft, his skin is a light grayish green. When the change comes the skin turns black as the toad goes down the ladder, becoming a jet, shining black by the time the creature reaches the bottom.

Atrocities of Savages.

New South Wales government is considering what action to take regarding a number of outrages reported from Rosel island, near British New Guinea. The islanders are probably the most savage cannibals in the world. Their special practice is smothering. When they have marked a victim they signal to their associates, and in an instant seven or eight of them crowd round the doomed man and in silence squeeze out his life. One holds his mouth and nose, others seize his limbs, and another kneels or jumps upon his chest.

PECULIAR AFTER EFFECTS OF GRIP THIS YEAR.

Leaves Kidneys in Weakened Condition

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are very distressing and leave the system in a run down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to more serious sickness, such as dreaded Bright's Disease. Local druggists report a large sale of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root is a great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, and, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free by mail, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince any one who may be in need of it. Regular size bottles 50 cts. and $1.00. For sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.

THE REASON.

Dinks—I saw your boss today.

Winks—Who? Old Closefist?

Dinks—Yes; and it seemed to me he looked miserable.

Winks—He always is miserable in February. He pays all us fellows by the month, you know.

SCALP HEALED IN FOUR DAYS

"It affords me pleasure to tell of the good Cuticura Soap and Ointment have done my little girl. She had eczema on the scalp last fall. The trouble began this way. First a small mattery pimple appeared. The pimple broke and the matter, a watery substance, ran on the skin, forming a hard crust which was very itchy. It was on the top of her head, and the crust became as large as the palm of my hand. My doctor said it was eczema.

"I used a remedy but had no success with it. I used it nearly two weeks, then a friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used the Cuticura Ointment, applied it on the scalp at night and morning, and in four days the scalp was all healed, no sign of crusts or scabs could be seen. Then I washed her hair with Cuticura Soap. She has not had a sign of eczema since Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured her, and I shall always keep them in my house. I can prove this statement by my neighbor and family." (Signed) Mrs. H. B. Cooley, Marlboro, N. Y., April 3, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Truth Alone Not Sufficient.

Just consider for a moment how ridiculous it would be for a lawyer to attempt to win a case on his client's bare assertion as to the facts. The facts as stated, might be true, but truth alone is not sufficient either in law or in advertising—there must be proof positive or at least evidence (reasons) sufficiently good to convince the jury or the judge that the assertions made are probably true.—John E. Kennedy in Printers' Ink.

For COLDS and GRIP

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

Good Sign.

Mrs. Knicker—John never remembers to mail my letters.

Mrs. Bocker—Perhaps he is cut out for a statesman.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—Bacon.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe.

The better half of the family never knows quite as much about how the other half lives as she would like to know.

Time is incalculably long, and every day is a vessel into which very much may be poured, if one will really fill it up.—Goethe.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Many things may come to the man who waits, but better things come to the chap who waits on himself.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Hope is a good thing to have, but you can't hang it up with the three ball merchant.

ITCH, ITCH relieved in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. At Druggists.

All things come more quickly to him who tips the waiter.

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