Social Forms and Entertainments



May Day Possibilities.

Very soon the children will be saying, "Tomorrow is May day; can't we have a party:" and if you are a dutiful, obliging mother you will say "yes, indeed, but, begin your preparations this minute." So they will get tissue paper and braid it into neat baskets; if they can get the rope crepe paper so much the better. Then they will scurry off to hunt wild flowers, place them in water over night, all ready for the early May day morning filling, then they'll hang them on the door bells and run away. Tucked inside there may be love notes and even tiny gifts.

Perhaps you will plan for a costume pageant with a May queen, recalling Tennyson's favorite:

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year—
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

Most children know how to dance, so you can have a group of milk maids, Scotch highlanders, English shepherdesses, Roman maids with pipes and garlands, dainty Japanese, and Robin Hood with his merry men. Crepe paper and cambric will make the costumes, and girls of twelve and over can do much towards making their own, as I know from experience that they love to do it. Dressing up and "make believe," come perfectly natural to children, and they thoroughly love plays with action. It is great fun to wind a May pole and not difficult, either, to braid the gay strips around the pole and then undo them. There may be any number of strips to wind. I want to tell you of a book called "Maypole Possibilities," by Mrs. Jennette E. Carpenter Lincoln. It will tell you much that you all want to know and I cannot take space to go into details here.

An "S" Supper.

Some years ago this "S" supper was given to vary the monotony of the ordinary church supper. It was a success and I copy the menu for others who may like to try it. The card at the top said "Supper Schedule."

Sumptuous! Superb! Satisfying!
Substantials
Slimly Sliced Sandwiches, Stylishly Shaped
Selected Sea-Fruit, Somewhat Seasoned
Scalloped Sea-Fruit
Savory Salmon Salad
Scrumptious Salad; Small, Sleek, Sardines
Square Saltines
Sundries
Sharply Spiced, Slender Sweet Pickles
Sour, Stinging, Stimulative Sauce
Seraphic Sweet-Cakes
Silver Spiced Sponge Snow
Sweetmeats
Small, Succulent Sacharine Slices
Sweetened, Solidified Strawberry Syllabub
Soft, Smooth, Snowy, Slippery Sherbet Sips
Sisters' Special Steeped Sip
Steaming, Soul-Stirring Stimulant
Sentiment Souvenirs, Suitably Selected
Supper, Six—Seven Sixty
Several Sweet Sisters Sedulously Serving

Ideas for Luncheon Tables.

At an early summer luncheon, or rather a "spring" affair, as the season is so late, have the centerpiece of the most abundant flower available. In the case I am describing apple blossoms were used. A small but very sweetly tuned music box was the centerpiece, literally covered with a mound of apple blossoms. When luncheon was announced there was "music in the air" and the guests found their places by cards decorated with apple blossoms done in water-colors and a bar or two of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" done in gilt across the top. The favors were candy boxes in the shape of musical instruments and the hostess said she hoped all her guests were "sweetly attuned." The home at which this pretty luncheon was given was in the country, and after the repast all repaired to the orchard and gathered blossoms, which they took home.

At another spring party the table was laid out like a formal garden with stiff little trees taken from "Noah's arks" and purchased at the favor department, as were the gilded garden tools. Wild flowers were used in toy wheelbarrows. As a pastime the hostess used some of the flower guessing contests that have appeared in our department from time to time. She had made the cards on which the questions were written in the shape of flower pots, the outside being painted to represent a potted plant. The prizes were brown baskets of spring flowers. The ice cream was served in flower pots and the salad in turnip cases. As it was made of vegetables, this was most appropriate.

Ship Party.

Did you ever hear of one? Well, neither did I until recently, and I am telling you all about it just as soon as I can. This affair was given for a boy's eighth birthday and he just loved boats better than anything else, so his mother had the tinsmith make an oval pan four inches deep, which she filled with water and put in the center of the dining-room table. Around the edge she arranged ferns and vines with moss, and in the water she placed the gold fish from the aquarium. At the toy store she bought ducks, miniature row boats, sail boats, a little steamer, swans, frogs and play fish. There was a five-cent sail boat at each place with the name of child on the side. The cake had a sail boat done in pink icing for decoration, with the boy's name and date of birth and present date underneath. All this had been kept a profound secret and all the kiddies were wild with delight. This mother is noted for her successful children's parties and she says it's because she has just the same things for each child to take home, and she usually serves refreshments first, as ice cream and cake are after all what makes a real party to the average child, and, served early, the supper hour is not interfered with. Then, too, she says children are much happier and easier to manage when their stomachs are full.

Moon and Morning Stars.

Here is a Spanish game that I am sure the children will enjoy these warm spring days. One thing is necessary, and that is bright sunshine for this pastime. The girl who represents the moon stands in the shadow of a large tree or building and she cannot go out into the sunshine. All the other players are the morning stars, and belong in the daylight, so they stay out in the sun; occasionally they venture into the shadow calling alluringly:

Oh, the moon and morning stars,
Oh, the moon and morning stars,
Who dares to tread, oh!
Within the shadow?

The watchful moon keeps her eyes open and pounces upon some too venturesome star, catches her and takes her place among the stars and the victim becomes the moon.

Junior to Senior Banquet.

Our junior class in high school is to entertain the seniors soon. Can you give us some suggestions as to a menu? We want three or four courses and the cost of each plate not to exceed seventy-five cents.

We are tired of the same thing every year, so hope you will suggest something new.—Bernice.

First, have an appetizer or canape, to be more correct, made by taking a round of bread cut out with a biscuit cutter, spread thinly with anchovy paste (canned), then a slice of ripe tomato, on it a ring of white of hard boiled egg in which is stuffed olives. Next have sweet bread and mushroom patties, hot buttered rolls or baking powder biscuit, salted nuts and green peas served in little timbals or paper cases; then have a salad with cheese crackers, followed by a frozen dessert with coffee and bon-bons. I am sure you will find this a delicious menu.

No Gifts at Wedding.

Will you kindly tell me if there is a way within the bounds of "Good Form" to intimate to the invited guests to a golden wedding that gifts really will not be acceptable?—Lucy.

There is no way; it is considered very rude and not all good form to say "No presents" on the invitation. When it is done people do not regard it, but send gifts just the same. So just take what comes gracefully and remember that any one who celebrates their golden wedding these days is worthy of all honors bestowed upon them.

Mystical Letters.

Will you please tell me the meaning of the letters J—M—J? I received a message from a western friend and she used these letters where the date usually appears. Is there a code of letters for each month and its date? If so I would be delighted to know about it.—Mrs. M.

I cannot tell you the meaning of the mystical letters, for I saw them used as you state and I do not know of any code. Perhaps they are more up-to-date "out west" and have signs that we know not of.

MADAME MERRI.

Proper Messenger.

Never send a friend on a fool's errand. Go yourself.

Models of Hats Accepted as Best of Season's Styles



CONDEMNED BY PUBLIC OPINION

Woman Once Accused of Crime Is Shunned by Her Neighbors.

LIZZIE BORDEN'S LONELY LIFE

Twenty Years Ago She Was Charged With the Murder of Her Parents, and Although Acquitted She Seems Compelled to Live Alone, Except for the Companionship of Her Servants.

FALL RIVER, MASS.—Twenty years ago Lizzie Borden, accused of the murder of her father and her stepmother, stood up in the court room at New Bedford and heard a jury of her peers pronounce the verdict of acquittal—heard them declare to all the world that she was "not guilty" of two of the most brutal and atrocious murders that ever shocked the country.

Today that same Lizzie Borden lives a recluse, as damned by public opinion and as ostracized by former friends and enemies alike as if that same jury had pronounced the one word "Guilty."

Lizzie Borden still lives in Fall River, but as far as Fall River is concerned, Lizzie Borden is an outcast, an Ishmael, a social pariah. Her name is uttered with contempt, and ever her friends and relatives who comforted her during the months of her imprisonment and througout the ordeal of her trial have long since ceased their visits. Today her nearest neighbors pass her by without a nod or sign of recognition, writes Gertrude Stevenson in the Boston Herald.

Twelve jurymen found Lizzie Borden guiltless. Nevertheless, she has been punished and persecuted as no other innocent woman in history. She has lived to know the tragedy of a verdict of acquittal. She has come to realize that Andrew J. Jennings, her counsel and friend, was a true prophet when, in addressing Judge Blaisdell at her preliminary trial he declared:

"Don't, your honor, don't put the stigma of guilt upon this woman, reared as she has been and with a past character beyond reproach. Don't let it go out in the world as the decision of a just judge that she is probably guilty."

Murder Still Unavenged.

After 20 years, when the deaths of Andrew J. Borden and his wife are still unavenged—when the double tragedy still heads the list of New England's unsolved murder mysteries—with Lizzie Borden banished from society, shunned by all who were once near and dear to her, the words of Andrew J. Jennings may well be remembered as an example of masterly and farsighted prophecy.

After 20 years, Lizzie Borden lives as shut off from the world as if she were behind prison bars—condemned to solitude by barriers stronger than any prison wall could be—less tangible but a hundred times more effective than any bars of iron—the silent, inexorable censure of her fellow men and women.

This woman, who for two decades has maintained the silence of a Sphinx, who has never asked for mercy, never pleaded to be understood, never by any word or sign expressed indignation at the treatment accorded her by the people of Fall River, lives in the great silent home she purchased with her share of her murdered father's half million, knowing no human companionship save that which she can hire—no friendships except those of occasional strangers who turn a cold shoulder upon her advances when they find that she is the Lizzie Borden once tried for murder—no affection save that of the dumb beasts with which she has surrounded herself now that human attachments are denied her.

When Lizzie Borden was acquitted it was commonly believed that she would soon shake the dust of Fall River from her feet, and that under an assumed name she would try to live down the accusation that had been made against her—that in new places and among new people she would attempt to find new interests and new pleasures.

Bought House in Home City.

But Lizzie Borden apparently never contemplated such a procedure. As soon as the affairs of her father's estate were adjusted, she proceeded to purchase a handsome mansion in the exclusive "hill section" of Fall River—the very neighborhood she had long and futilely tried to induce her father to enter.

To all intents and purposes the woman planned to live among her friends and acquaintances, just as she had always lived, continuing to attend the same fashionable Congregational church, entertaining and being entertained, only now she had the added advantage of several hundred thousands of dollars in her own right. She had her horses and carriages, the beautiful clothes she had always longed for and which the thrift of her father and his second wife had previously denied her. Apparently, aside from the shadow of the tragic deaths of her father and stepmother over her life, everything that heart or mind could desire was Lizzie Borden's.

It was while reveling in the luxury and power that the possession of a large amount of money cannot fail to give Lizzie Borden read the writing on the wall. It was then she first began to feel the pressure of public opinion—that she first realized that former cordial greetings were growing colder and more cold—that friends who once would stop for a chat or drop in for an informal visit passed her by with scant nods and averted eyes—that she came to understand the tremendous force of unexpressed criticism—that the conviction came home to her than which no earthly situation is more crushing or more annihilating—that she was being shunned by every human being, with an occasional rare exception, who had formerly made up her life and happiness. It was all the more terrifying because it was so indefinable. There was no tangible finger of scorn—no open declaration of hostility—just that insistent, maddening, universal aloofness.

Never Wore Mourning.

She was criticised because she did not wear mourning for her parents. Her every going in and coming out was discussed, and all manner and kind of construction placed upon every ordinary, unimportant detail of her mode of living and acting. Some thought she drove her horses too rapidly and recklessly down the main street. Some averred that she had never shown the proper grief over her father's death. Others insisted that she was making altogether too sudden and too blatant display of the money that had come to her with the murder of her father. She could do nothing right. If she tried to be happy and forget the awful shadow that had come into her life her critics called her heartless. If she appeared on the streets in a sober, subdued frame of mind there were all sorts of gossipings and predictions and clackings of tongues—such an attitude could mean but one thing to their minds!

So the years went on, one after another of her friends dropping away from her, until today Lizzie Borden, looking for all the world like any other stout, matronly woman you might meet on the street, is without a doubt the most isolated free woman in New England.

Seems Without Emotion.

She is today just what she was described as being when she faced trial for her life twenty years ago—a stolid, immobile, unemotional appearing woman—her large, strong features expressing the same determination that characterized her when she faced her accusers on the charge of parricide. If this woman has ever had an emotion it can honestly be said that she has invariably succeeded in concealing it from any human eye.

She goes about today just as she went her way, firm-mouthed, direct-eyed and baffling of understanding during the days following the discovery of the mutilated bodies of her father and her stepmother, during the inquest that resulted in her arrest, day after day during the preliminary trial, at the end of which Judge Blaisdell found her probably guilty—throughout the grand jury hearing when twenty out of twenty-one grand jurymen voted to indict her—all during the eight months of her confinement in Taunton jail while she waited the sitting of the superior court and during the long hours of her thirteen days' trial by jury which ended in her acquittal and release.

Months Without a Visitor.

Not in fifteen years has Lizzie Borden attended the church where up to her thirty-third year she was a leader—working for charity—presiding at meetings of the Christian Endeavor, singing in the choir—active in all church socials and gatherings. Not in years has she entered any store or shop in the city where she was born and spent her girlhood and young womanhood as the younger daughter of one of the city's richest and most respected business men. Not to the knowledge of anyone has she engaged in any charity for the past ten years.

Months pass by without a human foot crossing her threshold other than those of menials and tradespeople. A visitor at the Borden door is such a rare and curious sight as to occasion comment throughout the neighborhood.

Not only the house of tragedy on Second street, where she was born and brought up and which is still in her possession, but also her present beautiful residence high on the hill overlooking the business section of Fall River, is the mecca of innumerable curious sightseers year after year. Apparently the interest in the Borden murders and the personality of the daughter upon whose shoulders guilt first fell never abated. A round dozen prominent Fall River people tell me that, no matter where they go, the minute they mention that their home town is Fall River, they are greeted with bue one inevitable question:

"Whatever became of Lizzie Borden?"

Put Lizzie Borden First.

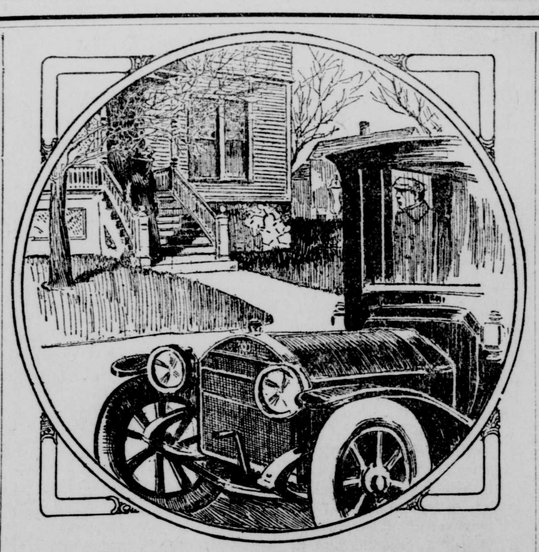
Fall River is noted for its mills—its industries—its prominent people; but they rank second in interest and importance to the question:

"What about Lizzie Borden?"

Lizzie Borden comes and goes about the city and in and out of it, unquestioning and unquestioned. A few years ago she discarded her carriage and handsome pair for the finest limousine that money could buy. Secure from observation in its richly upholstered interior, she drives about the city at dusk or goes to and from the trains and takes trips around the surrounding country. All her shopping is done out of town. She is a frequent visitor in Boston, where she makes her home at the Bellevue, registering as "Lisbeth Borden," although her story is well known to the hotel attaches.

Crimes Never Forgotten.

The real attitude of Fall River toward Lizzie Borden is perhaps best reflected in its newspapers. Every year, on the anniversary of the crimes, the Fall River Globe prints a vigorous article in regard to the murders, the perpetrator and the fact that the crimes remain an unavenged blot on the community. The articles are pointed so strongly and so openly at one and only one person as to invite suits for criminal libel, but if the woman ever sees them or hears of them, she has made no sign.



Porch of Lizzie Borden's House, and Her Auto.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE

Initiative a Thing Which Many People Seek Most Earnestly to Be Relieved Of.

In some quarters there is a penalty put upon initiative. Society frowns upon those who rebuke its practices. It does not care to be rebuked. It wants no John the Baptist, with his locusts and wild honey and terrifying message. It wants a Petronius, a Beau Brummel, to regulate its entertainments and set a style in dress.

The devotee of fashion is generally content to drift with the tide. He or she accepts opinions and ideas—as they would not accept their clothing—ready-made. The notable, the protestant, is banned, ostracised. You must do as the others do in modern Rome and Babylon. No wonder the seer of Concord asks indignantly: "But is science and the heart always to be merely endured and tolerated, and never to walk to the quarter-deck and take the command?" Why, when music is heard, or a picture exhibited—or even when horses are put through their paces—are the clothes some woman wears the matter of paramount interest? Just so long as the habiliments is more than the wearer, and what is put on the head is more than what is put into it, we shall have "science and the heart" apparently (thoughnever really) subservient to the foolishness of Vanity Fair.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some Promises Easily Remembered.

One of the managers of the Frohman forces met an old Kansas City friend recently in New York, and each being pleasantly surprised to see the other, they decided to talk over old times at a convenient bar. During the course of the conversation the manager volunteered to send two complimentary tickets to the hotel to the friend's wife and sister to attend a matinee the following afternoon.

As they parted the friend admonished him not to forget to leave the tickets as he had promised, and added that he would better tie a string around his finger to remind him.

The manager laughed and voiced his thought.

"Oh," he said, "I never have to tie a string around my finger to remember things for other men's wives."

Gethsemane by Night.

I wanted to visit Gethsemane, seen from a distance only. So thither we directed our steps, and I wished for silence. For the first time in my life I was about to enter—oh, so eargerly!—that place the name of which mentioned at a distance had so profoundly moved me, and I had not foreseen all these people, the crowd attracted hither as if for a spectacle. We entered the grotto called that of the Agony, now becomes a chapel, with a rock for a dome, which for sixteen centuries had been considered the place in which Jesus passed through that awful agony before the arrest. Other places have been disputed and questioned, but concerning Gethsemane there is universal agreement. The little altars, very old and simple, do not disfigure this grotto, which does not seem to have changed in nineteen hundred years. It was in such a spring night as this, as cold as ours promised to be, that the apostles slept here, their eyes weighted down with fatigue and anguish, while Jesus went away from them into the garden, "a stone's throw," to pray for strength. Here Jesus came to awaken them three times, and here amid the flash of torches was he taken. This rocky vault stood there and heard and saw those things; but it is mute.—Christian Herald.

Play With Spirit.

Figg—Shakespeare is immortal. I consider "Hamlet" a play for all time. Fogg—That's so; it will never give up the ghost.

THE KITCHEN CABINET



WHO lives and works for love
The miracle shall prove;
The Eternal Power is his, whate'er he do,
Weakness is strength for him, and old things are made new.

COMPANY DISHES.

When entertaining at luncheon and a small cake is desired, try these: Bake cup or sponge cakes in gem pans, frost with boiled frosting, and when cold cut a small circle from the top and scoop out part of the inside crumb. Fill with a rich preserve, place on a doily-covered plate and serve with a bowl of sweetened whipped cream.

Lemon Snow Pudding.—Put two tablespoonfuls of gelatine into a bowl, add a cup of water, and when the gelatine is softened add two cups of boiling water, a half cup of sugar, the strained juice of two lemons which has been boiled with the water and sugar for five minutes. The thin yellow rind may be added, too, and strained out. When the mixture begins to set add six whites of eggs folded in carefully after they are stiffly beaten. Put into a wet mold and allow to set until firm. Serve with a custard or with whipped cream and fruit of any kind desired for a garnish.

Cheese Fingers.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and fold in lightly a cup of grated cheese. Season to taste with paprika and salt. Spread in long, narrow crackers, then brown in the oven. These may be either served hot or cold, and are nice with a salad course.

A delicious salad is made of finely-diced apples and a shredded green pepper. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Cucumber Salad.—Take five tablespoonfuls of sour cream, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dash of red pepper and salt to taste, and a tablespoonful of finely-chopped chives. Blend carefully, and use as a dressing on thinly-sliced cucumbers.

Hot fried sardines served on a bed of water cress makes a nice way of serving these little fish.

Celery and nuts chopped fine and mixed with a salad dressing makes delicious filling for sandwiches.

A teaspoonful of sugar added to each quart of flour when making baking powder biscuits will improve them.



IF YOU are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself and see you do not shirk
The common little ways of being kind.

FOOD EN CASSEROLE.

Of course, all cooking in casserol is done in the oven. If one uses gas, it may seem an expensive method of cooking, but when one realizes how much can be done with the oven, the work may be planned to save every bit of heat. There are on the market small ovens which can be used on the little simmer burner at a very slight expense. The oven will save its price in a few weeks' gas bill.

There are small stone dishes which may be used to serve hot bits of any vegetable or meat and make most appetizing dishes. For example, if one has a tablespoonful or two of sweetbreads, mushrooms or fish of any kind, they may be put into a small ramekin, white sauce added, and covered with crumbs and browned when needed. For a family of five, one may have something different in each dish, and each member of the family may be suited as to choice, provided they don't all want the same thing.

Tongue which has been corned, if cooked for several hours, with seasonings, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a few drops of tabasco, half a cup of seeded raisins and a pint of beef stock, will be delicious and tender. The tongue may be removed to a platter and the sauce poured around it.

Veal, though one of our expensive meats just now, may be used to add variety to the table, buying one slice from the leg, brown it well and place on a layer of carrots, turnip, onion and potato. Sprinkle with celery and pour over all the browned gravy, slightly thickened with flour. Bake slowly until tender.

A most delicious casserole dessert is baked bananas, which have a sauce of lemon butter and sugar poured over them. Serve with a half glass of currant jelly addded ten minutes before serving.

Nellie Maxwell.

Two Kinds of Pleasure.

"The girls are getting up another party."

"Well, inviting people to one's house is a delightful pleasure."

"True, but the keenest enjoyment seems to come through leaving people out."

Rich Man and Poor Man.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to sponge on Gotrox daily at lunch. The meals are always at his expense."

"Oh, it's a mutual arrangement. The jokes are at mine."

Reactionaries.

Knicker—Our young couples want to begin where their parents left off.

Bocker—And they will probably end where the old folks began.

Apparatus invented in England for preserving fish in carbonic acid gas under pressure is said to keep them perfectly fresh for at least six months.

To prevent a cow switching her tail in the face of a person milking her a Maine man has patented a chain and hook to hold her tail against one leg.

Street Ethics in Chicago.

A law has been enacted in Prussia which makes it a prison offense for any one to fail to answer a cry for help or to go to the rescue of a person in danger when it is possible to do so without endangering one's own life. Such a law would not be amiss in Chicago. Not only ethics, but ordinary decency and manliness are too frequently forgotten here. Let a thug assault a person in the street and the majority of men who happen along, instead of going to the assistance of the person assaulted, will scurry away so as not to be dragged into the affair. Let a person be injured by a street car half the people who witnessed the accident will refuse to give their names to be called upon as witnesses by the victim.

Whether all the ethics of citizenship can be enforced effectively through laws and ordinances may be doubted, yet the legal declaration of some primary duties would help to develop a conscience in such matters now apparently sadly lacking.—Chicago Tribune.

Alarmed for His Mother.

Little Harry, hanging about the kitchen, saw a stuffed fowl sewed up before roasting. He was much impressed by the sight. A few nights later his mother, hastily dressing to go out, found that a new frock had been sent home without the proper allowance of hooks and eyes. Summoning aid, her sister basted the frock together up the back.

"Grandma," said Harry, seeking the source of perennial sympathy and comprehension, "come and see what auntie's doing to mamma. I think she's going to roast her, for she's sewing her all up."

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?
Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—good to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

The old fashioned mother and her slipper have qualified many a man for the presidential chair—even if he didn't land.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

Many a man fails to forge ahead because he has the looking backward habit.

A soft answer may not turn away wrath, but it saves a lot of useless talk.

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

Charity covers a multitude of sins that ought to be exposed.

Some spinsters are so timid that they would jump at a proposal.

Does Backache Worry You?

Many who suffer with backache and weak kidneys are unnaturally irritable and fretful. Bad kidneys fail to eliminate all the uric acid from the system, keeping you "on edge" and causing rheumatic, neuralgia pains.

When your back aches, and you notice signs of bladder irregularities, suspect your kidneys and begin using Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Tennessee Case

Mrs. Baylies Marshall, Fayetteville, Tenn., says: "I was treated by the best physicians in this locality but nothing helped me and I steadily ran down until I weighed but 85 pounds. My back ached terribly, kidney secretions were irregular and I felt all worn out. I steadily improved under the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and when I had used 6 boxes, was entirely cured. I now weigh 125 pounds and enjoy the best of health."



"Every Picture Tells a Story."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

Paxtine

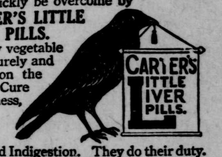
A Soluble Antiseptic Powder

as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female ills? Women who have been cured say "it is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women.

For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good



MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colds and correct disorders of the stomach and bowels. *Used by Mothers for 22 years.* At all Druggists 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

TRADE MARK.

DAISY FLY KILLER



placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't tip nor tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or sent express paid for $1.25. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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