IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

The Evidence.

Fair Overseas Visitor—And, my dear, they're just the cleanest boys you ever saw. It must have been the day they sent their things to the laundry, for the major took us all over the barracks, and there wasn't a sheet or pillow slip in sight anywhere! And not even a speck of linen in the mess hall! —The Stars and Stripes.

BACK LIKE A BOARD? IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

There's no use suffering from the awful agony of lame back. Don't wait till it "passes off." It only comes back. Find the cause and stop it. Diseased conditions of kidneys are usually indicated by stiff lame backs and other wrenching pains, which are nature's signals for help!

Here's the remedy. When you feel the first twinges of pain or experience any of these symptoms, get busy at once. Go to your druggist and get a box of the pure, original GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, imported fresh every month from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. Pleasant and easy to take, they instantly attack the poisonous germs clogging your system and bring quick relief.

For over two hundred years they have been helping the sick. Why not try them? Sold everywhere by reliable druggists in sealed packages. Three sizes. Money back if they do not help you. Ask for "GOLD MEDAL" and be sure the name "GOLD MEDAL" is on the box.—Adv.

Dry-Cleaning, as It Were.

"Like my new bathing suit?"

"Yes."

"It's waterproof."

"That so? Is that an advantage?"

"Yes. I can go in bathing now and not get wet."

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally. Adv.

A Trouble Glutton.

A man who had seven wives has just been sent to Sing Sing. That sort of a glutton for trouble will probably find serving a jail sentence merely a vacation.



Pimples

rashes, hives, redness and skin blemishes can be quickly removed with

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Delightful in a warm bath before retiring—soothes the nerves and induces refreshing sleep. Druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

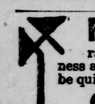
Equally Distasteful.

It is to be supposed that women like to hear cynical remarks about women by a man no better than men like to hear cynical remarks about men by a woman.

Kept Up Too Much of a Racket.

Mrs.—You and I are one.

Mr.—Still, I never feel alone when I'm with you.



Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tire, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated Inflamed or Granulated use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

Cho-Cho is Coming, Children!



PHOTOS BY HARRIS & EWING

INCREASING WEIGHT



CHO-CHO GIVES HEALTH RULES

"CHO-CHO! Cho-Cho! Cho-Cho, the Health Clown!" yelled the 2,500 children packed into the big assembly hall of the school.

Sure enough, it was Cho-Cho, the famous health clown. The familiar figure walked out on the platform and every child there could see at a glance that he was a really-truly, sure-enough circus clown, with his white face with red spots on it, his big white ruff, full trousers and coat, marked with the bright red diamonds. In one hand he carried a metal scale (such as is used for weighing the baby) and on the other arm a market basket filled with green vegetables, from the midst of which peeped a frying-pan and a coffeepot and a pint bottle of milk.

"Hello, children!" he called out. "Glad to see you!" And he tripped over an imaginary obstacle, nearly losing his hold on his market basket, to the unholy joy of the youthful spectators.

"Ho, ho!" he roared. "Almost lost my dinner that time. Those vegetables are precious. I eat 'em alive and get big and strong."

The white figure advanced to the center of the platform by slow stages, because of a continuous dropping of the various articles contained in his basket. In picking up a carrot he dropped a beet and in picking up the beet he dropped a cabbage, and so on; and how these children laughed! At last he deposited his burdens safely on the bench.

"I've been to the country and the things in that big basket were all given to me as presents by a kind farmer and his wife. Shall I tell you about my visit?"

The delighted yell that went up was answer enough. So Cho-Cho told about it. The farmer and his wife showed him how the cows were milked and they told him that these animals were working overtime to get milk enough for the city children, who insisted on drinking milk instead of tea and coffee because it makes them grow tall and strong.

This reminded him that he had had no milk since breakfast and he must interrupt his story to take his nourishment, for milk is a food as well as a drink and he makes it a point to drink at least a quart a day. He took the bottle of milk from his basket, removed the paper top, wiped the neck of the bottle carefully with a paper napkin, explaining that he always did this to any bottle or glass or cup from which he drank, as one never knows who used the article or whether or not they had whooping cough or measles or mumps or any other disease that one might catch. Then, with much joyous blinking of the eyes and rubbing of the stomach and wiggling of the toes, he drank the entire contents of the bottle.

He found the eggs, which the hens had laid in the hay, and learned that there is as much nourishment in one egg as there is in a good big piece of beefsteak. The vegetable garden was visited and he learned that spinach, a vegetable for which he never cared, contains a vast amount of iron which makes one strong so that one can win races and pitch baseballs better than any of the other fellows in our gang, and so on.

And—what do you think! When he got back after eating these things that make one strong and healthy he had gained a whole pound. And this he proved by standing on the scales and letting one of the children read the figures. A whole pound! and a normal child is only supposed to gain half a pound in a whole month. He pranced about and laughed with glee over this glad news.

And then he produced the frying pan and the coffeepot, which he brandished in the air as he pranced about, declaring that they were the deadly enemies of all children, and the only thing that should be put in them was holes. Nothing cooked in a frying pan or a coffeepot was fit for any child to take into his system, and he hurled them from him in a rage.

Then he gave a side-splitting imitation of a boy going to bed. He undressed with great care and carefully folded each garment and placed it on a chair, yawning and rubbing his eyes the while.

"What does he do next?" he asked his audience.

"He brushes his teeth!" was the reply.

"He sure does," answers Cho-Cho, "and this is how he brushes them, up and down, up and down, in the new style, instead of cross-ways in the old-fashioned way. And then he gargles his throat like this, to get rid of all the dust of the street—and next?"

"He takes a bath!"

"Right again," says the clown, and you never saw such fun as Cho-Cho had in his bath, scrubbing himself and squeezing the sponge over his head, and getting soap in his eyes and mouth, and sputtering and laughing all at once. One never realized that a bath could be such fun.

"And now," said he, as he rubbed his back with the imaginary towel, "what next?"

"He opens his windows!" came the chorus.

"Of course," said Cho-Cho, "he opens them at the top and the bottom, like this, so that Mr. Good Air can come in and Mr. Bad Air can go out. And now he drinks a glass of nice, cold water—he drinks four of these every day and this is his last—mm, mm, it's good! Now he jumps into bed and the first thing you know he's snoring away like this."

"I must go now. But remember! If you do these things you'll gain half a pound a month." So he backed away and out the door, kissing his hand and shouting "Good-by" at every step, though the children yelled so that he could hardly be heard at all.

This is a true story. It happened just this way in New York city and is going to happen in many other cities. Cho-Cho is a real clown and he is working in this thing for Uncle Sam to make the school children strong and healthy.

The school hygiene division of the National Bureau of Education of the Interior Department is carrying on a national health contest among the school children of the country. At present there are, according to Secretary Lane, 6,000,000 underweight children in the country, and 15,000,000 suffering from physical defects which could be prevented or corrected. The bureau of education's health contest aims to reach these children.

"Health, strength, joy" is the motto of the division, and its methods are all directed toward making health education real fun. Health charts which children fill in for themselves, showing their weight and height and how much each of them gains, are sent by the division to all schools and teachers which ask for them. Brightly colored pamphlets for teachers and children, and personal letters, give advice about health problems. And best and latest of all, Cho-Cho, real circus clown, has been employed to make amusing and helpful talks on what a child should eat, wear and do to be strong and well.

It is a fact that at least 15 per cent of our children today are suffering from malnutrition, resulting not so much from eating too little as from eating and drinking the wrong kind of food. All sorts of methods have been tried, with very little success, to remedy this condition, to induce the parents to provide and the children to eat the foods that will nourish and give them strength. Cho-Cho and a pair of scales, on which each child can be weighed once a month, is a combination that will go a very long way toward bringing about the desired results.

The monthly weighing is a most important factor in this work. Johnny and Jenny, who have rigidly lived up to the instructions given by Cho-Cho for four long weeks, step onto the scales with their eyes shining and their hearts pounding with excitement. If they have gained more than the desired half a pound, their cup of joy is brimming over, and if, on the other hand, they are not quite up to the mark, their guilty consciences remind them of the coffee which they have drunk or of the baths which they neglected to take, or the green vegetables which they refused to eat, and they realize that Cho-Cho was right—one cannot do these things and still gain his half a pound a month.

Cho-Cho is very busy these days. He is booked solid for months to come in various cities. But one clown cannot do all the work of the country, and so other Cho-Chos are being trained. It is a nation-wide campaign, which they are waging to better the condition of the boys and girls who are to constitute the next generation of our citizens.

"What the Dickens."

Shakespeare as well as Dickens anticipated some modern catch phrases, such as the popular injunction to keep your hair on. "You are like to lose your hair!" remarks one of the characters in "The Tempest." Then we find Falstaff exclaiming:

"The game is up."

"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."

And a thirsty soul in "Antony and Cleopatra" confesses:

"I have yet room for six Scotches more."—London Chronicle.

EAGER FOR GREAT ADVENTURE

Men of Today Vastly Different From Those Who Went Exploring With Christopher Columbus.

They had to bribe men in the earnest and timorous days of Columbus to ship for the first Atlantic trip. Sailing towards the edge of a perfectly flat earth had no particular charms, even for criminals and "broken men" who were offered indemnity if they would go. Life imprisonment, in safety, seemed better than high adventure terminated at any moment by a sudden cataclysmic death.

That was 427 years ago. Now, says the New York Evening Post, there is no need to call for criminals to man the first Atlantic trips in air. They had to turn men away from the crew of the R-34 on the first voyage by lighter-than-air machine, and even then one stowaway got himself aboard and made the trip. The idea was to keep the tremendous dirigible as light as possible. And so, with all this eagerness for flying, the R-34's crew was smaller than the crew of the Santa Maria, which consisted of 52 ignorant and fearful men, who had no idea just why they went, or where. On the three ships together, the Encyclopedia Britannica says, there were 88 men, 52 on the sailing ship Santa Maria, which Columbus commanded himself, and 18 apiece on the caravals Pinta and Nina.

Cheap bargains are dear.—Spanish Proverb.

Famous Chinese Temple.

The Yellow temple of Pekin has as its chief distinction a shrine erected in honor of the garments of a holy man. A Tibetan lama visiting Pekin died of smallpox. His body was returned with ceremony to his native land, but some of his clothes the Chinese kept for sentimental and religious reasons. And because the lama was so extremely holy—a living Buddha, in fact—the emperor ordered a temple built over his sacred clothes. The result of the royal edict was an edifice of gold and white marble in the grounds of the Yellow temple where the holy man had lodged. The mausoleum of the departed lama's clothes is highly venerated. Chinese worshipers bow reverently at the shrine and offer prayers. At intervals yellow-coated priests drone their invocations.

Turned From War to Peace.

A vast quantity of the road-building machinery with which the pioneer and engineer regiments of the American army in France built the fine thoroughfares along which ran the great trains of motor lorries carrying supplies to the fighting doughboys at the front, and the tools with which these same pioneers and engineers constructed the elaborate trench systems back of the front fighting zone, are to be brought back to the United States and used in making roads in this country. Tractors that hauled big guns up to the line will hereafter be used to haul the big loads of gravel and rock for American roads.

"BUDDY"

By EVA GOLDBERG.

Preparations were being made at "Idlers' Lodge" for the invasion of "The Jolly Ten." Polly French, their president, left on an earlier train than the other members, with plans for dressing up the crude bungalow and replacing isolation by a homelike atmosphere.

Buddy Moore, her acquaintance of half an hour, she had already adopted as camp mascot, and the little fellow proved his worth by running errands in the locality so unfamiliar to the newcomer.

"Now what a cozy touch that gives," Polly convinced herself, while she surveyed a corner where stood a settee upon which were arranged gayly-colored pillows. A picture here and there—several pennants tastefully distributed—what a transformation it made on the bare wall!

While Buddy ran out to gather some wild flowers for her vase, the industrious girl undertook to repair a broken rocking-chair. Missing her aim, the hammer heavily struck her finger.

My, but that hurt! What a fierce blow! And was the hand swelling?

The happy youngster, with an armful of fresh posies, romped in to display them. Excited Polly glanced at herself in bungalow attire, then at Bud.

"Sonny, do you know where I can get a doctor? See what I've done!

"I don't know, Miss Polly," he ventured with childlike hesitancy, "but I can go to the village and find out."

"The village—bless your heart—that's half a mile down. You're an angel." And she stroked his crop of golden hair. "Aren't you afraid to go all alone?" she inquired. "You can read a doctor's sign, of course?"

"Sure I can," he assured. "It says M. D., don't it? I can read—I'm seven now—in the second grade—we read hard books and write with ink, we do—"

"All right dear, then remember—the first sign that reads M. D.," she shouted as he ran towards the door.

The little chap was half way down to the village when he passed a house whose brass doorplate attracted his eye. On it was displayed in large black lettering:

M. D. CLARKE,
Proprietor, Sunrise Studios.

Spying the initials, and without attempting to decipher the rest, which was beyond his power, the youngster rang the bell and summoned the owner of that long title. A serious appearing young man approached him.

"Miss French says for you to come right over—she's hurt herself and it aches dread-dreadfully," the boy announced without any ceremony.

Morton D. Clarke was in a quandary.

"French," he asked. "Who is she?"

"You'd better hurry, 'cause she's afraid her hand's poisoned," the little messenger warned, ignoring the direct question.

The artist followed the speedy little footsteps that led to the road which introduced "Idlers' Lodge" where the patient was now in severe pain.

"Oh, doctor," she explained, upon meeting the hatless, breathless stranger, "I would have called at your office only that I am not acquainted with this town and so sent—"

"Doctor?" he interrupted, "but there must be some mistake, girlie. I'm no doctor, but an artist—up here for the summer.

"Let me waste no time, though," he suggested when noticing the exposed wound; "perhaps I can help you by 'phoning for one."

In a moment he was gone.

Returning from the station, Mr. Clarke assured Miss French that a physician would arrive in 10 minutes. In the meantime he tried to make her forget her suffering by his engaging manner and interesting conversation.

"Now tell me," he urged, "who ever played a joke on me and gave you my name as being a doctor?"

Buddy, overhearing this, amusingly vindicated himself by proving the existence of an M. D. on Clarke's name.

Both Morton and Polly laughed heartily, and after medical attendance had given relief, she was better fitted to enjoy the event occasioned by well-meaning, innocent Buddy.

Soon the artist very thoughtfully volunteered to finish the decorations about the cottage, and, by applying his artistic knowledge, great improvement did he achieve.

How satisfied Polly was! And wouldn't the girls be surprised and delighted at the welcome sight!

Nine tired vacationists greeted their president on the front porch, and one observing young lady, eyeing a man, whispered to Polly, "What, a flirtation already?"

But in a short time everybody knew the reason for the man visitor's call.

At the end of a well-spent vacation, everybody vowed their return in another season to that ideal spot. And so it was to be—only, were they gifted with the power to look ahead a year, they would foresee themselves as "The Jolly Nine," with a new president at the head, the former being Mrs. Clarke.

And again, looking ahead, and peeking on the veranda of the "Sunrise Studios," they would hear Morton say to his wife, while recollecting the instance that brought them together, "And yet the folks say, 'what's in a name?'"

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Very Ancient Proverb.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," is an old English proverb. Thomas Tusser, who flourished about 1550, in his "Good Husbandry Lessons," made use of the phrase, "A fool and his money be soon at debate." Of its origin we know nothing.

Probably What Mother Thought.

Martin had just been in to see his new baby brother and on being asked what he thought of him replied that he was about the prettiest little red thing he had ever seen.

The Nationally Accepted Wall Tint



No Package Genuine Without Cross and Circle Printed in Red

To Get Alabastine Results You Must Ask for Alabastine by Name

We Hand You the Package That Puts Health and Cheerfulness in Your Home

Smoked, grimy, papered, painted or kalsomined walls are a menace to health and offensive to the discriminating housewife.

Alabastine is so economical, so durable, so sanitary, so easy to mix and apply that it is universally used in securing proper wall conditions.

Alabastine is used in the homes, schools, churches and on all kinds of interior surfaces, whether plaster, wallboard, over painted walls, or even over old wallpaper that is solid on the wall and not printed in aniline colors.

Alabastine is packed in dry powder in full five pound packages, requiring only pure cold water to mix, with directions on each package. You will readily appreciate the economy of Alabastine over other methods, and remember it is used in the finest homes and public buildings everywhere. Be sure you get Alabastine, and if your dealer cannot or will not supply you, write direct for sample card and color designs with name of nearest dealer.





New walls *demand* Alabastine, old walls *appreciate* Alabastine.

Alabastine Company
1346 Grandville Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Unfortunate Insect.

A friend, passing the house the other day, saw little Jeanne playing with a bumblebee in some water.

"My," said the friend, "but that bumblebee is certainly having the time of his life!"

"Yes," said Jeanne—and then with a tinge of regret, "but he doesn't know it. He's dead."

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

WIDE DIFFERENCE IN LIVES

Something of a Moral in the Careers of John Burroughs and the Late Jay Gould.

More than seventy years ago two boys attended the village school of Roxbury, among the Catskills, together. They sat in adjoining seats. One wrote a composition for the other, and charged him 70 cents for the performance. The man who collected the cash for his writing was Jay Gould, who died at the age of fifty-six and left an estate valued at $70,000,000. The man who paid cash for the composition was John Burroughs, the famous naturalist and writer, who recently celebrated his eighty-second anniversary at his beautiful vine-clad cottage on the Hudson.

Burroughs hasn't been bending all his efforts to getting money, although he has acquired a competence of this world's goods. He says he has taken real joy out of life. Nature appeals to him in a marvelous way, and he has passed his feelings on to the world in his many books.

"I'm just as spry as I ever was and haven't an ache or pain," he says. "It is all because I live the simple life."

His Accomplishments.

The cultured young lady from Boston who was visiting in Richmond had mentioned so often that she spoke half a dozen languages that the company was getting decidedly bored, as no one present was able to prove her powers as a linguist. Finally, she turned to a tall, lank gentleman and asked: "And how many languages do you speak, Mr. Blank?"

"Three, ma'am," drawled the Southerner; "poor English, fair Virginian, and perfect nigger."

It is almost as easy to fall in love as it is to fall out again.

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

NO PAIN. NO TROUBLE

IN USE OVER 30 YEARS

—KOHLER—

ONE NIGHT CORN CURE

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

PRICE 15 CENTS EVERYWHERE AT DRUG STORES AND GENERAL STORES

Kohler Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.



Going Too Far.

"One should try to bear with the faults of his neighbors," remarked the altruist.

"To be sure," replied Mr. Dubwaite. "But when one of my neighbors persists in playing German grand opera records on his phonograph when he knows all the time I have a German officer's helmet on display in my living room, I want to take an ax over to that fellow's house and assert myself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Strong Withstand the Heat of Summer Better Than the Weak

Old people who are feeble and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the depressing heat of summer by taking Grove's tasteless chill tonic. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

His Diamond a Bargain.

An amusing story is told in connection with the early days of Sir J. B. Robinson, the South African millionaire, who has been figuring prominently in the London law courts.

He was crossing the Vaal river in 1869, looking for diamonds. He asked the natives if they had seen any "pretty stones," and at last he found a man who had a diamond. It was a small stone, and the prospector offered $50 for it, but he refused to part with it. He increased his offer to $60, but still the man refused.

"What will you take for it?" he was asked.

"Twenty goats," was the firm reply; "nothing less."

"I sent off to the nearest farm," says Sir J. B. Robinson, in telling the story, "and bought 20 goats for $37.50, and so got possession of my first diamond."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

School "Beery" Class.

Schoolmasters have good opportunities for collating curious groups of names. In one class, which a master called his "beery" class, were boys of the name of Negus, Malster, Burton, Whitbeard and Stout.

At the same time there was a boy in another class named Glue and the school cleaner was Mrs. Wines.

As the school opens onto "Brewery Road" the name "Beery" was not inappropriate.—London Chronicle.

Reached Limit of Endurance.

Bobby's usual early morning chatter was suppressed to permit father to sleep. Unable to keep the silence longer, he burst out: "My mouth's tired; I gotta talk now."



A dish you'll always relish

At breakfast or lunch with either milk or cream

Grape-Nuts

fills a requirement for nourishment not met by many cereals.

No cooking No waste

At Grocers Everywhere.

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