A BRAND FROM THE BURNING

By MARY B. WOODSEN

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"HERE for a sob story," whispered Betty Bell, all eyes, to the man in charge at the "Helping Hand." "For the Church News."

The man in charge nodded. He knew Betty Bell's kind. Sweet young souls trying to be hard boiled and learn newspaper writing by doing sob stories, about down and outers.

The dingy room with its rows of benches was unusually crowded tonight. The light was even more ghastly and green and the derelicts even more derelict.

Betty Bell sat like a pretty flower in a rotting place and tried not to mind being stared at by all the wrecks—all, that is, but one, a brawny chap with the remnants of breeding and real good looks, just out of the state penitentiary, who sat all slumped down, scowling, and looked at nothing at all.

And time wore on and the room reeked and no preacher arrived. And Betty Bell, waiting to see the derelicts helped and get a sob-story drooped in her corner and nervously made futile little notes on a copious number of papers which didn't fool anybody.

Suddenly, the man in charge had a bright idea. He went to Betty Bell and sat down very close. And Betty Bell looked startled and embarrassed at first and then a little pleased and then a little daring and shook her head and finally nodded it and said she would.

The upshot was that Betty Bell preached to the men that night, herself, with her heart and soul in her pleading young voice and her pretty face turned up to the greenish light and her sincerity and goodness in every simple word. She was a great hit. There were ten conversions. And the jail bird suddenly stopped scowling and listened to every word she said intently. He came with the others that crowded around her afterwards. He stood very close and opened his mouth several times as if he wanted to speak and somehow couldn't.

"Can I—Can I take you home?" he blurted at last, his eyes intently on her pretty face. And the man in charge promptly shouldered in.

"I'm going to see you home, Miss Bell," he said brusquely, hastily. Never could tell about jailbirds just out. This one was evidently hard hit by Betty Bell—and daring to lift his eyes too high.

"Just to the—cars then," begged the jailbird, with that pathetic quiescence one learns in a prison, but persistently. And Betty Bell pitied him acutely with her eyes. Once more the jailbird came closer and opened his mouth—and said nothing.

And the upshot of that was that Betty Bell had a thrill as well as a sob story—for both men took her to the cars and both apparently admired her ardently.

Several strange days followed for Betty Bell. Days when she remembered that look in the jailbird's eyes and his little air of seedy breeding and those times he opened his lips and said nothing. Strange days full of a little curiosity about what he would have said had he spoken.

Her sob story was a good one. It made a little stir and the man in charge of the Helping Hand came frequently to the office. He was more than uneasy. He was genuinely worried.

"That chap, you know, Miss Bell," he said many times. "The one who—wanted to—see you home. He comes back again and again and insists on your address and phone number. He knows your name, you see. I feel an awful responsibility—as if I'd let you in for something unpleasant. I should never forgive myself. Of course I've hidden where you are from him, but he's intelligent and I get worried for fear he'll annoy you. He seems determined to see you again."

And while Betty Bell would be saying he mustn't of course, she would see him again, stalwart, prison-pale, his eyes, strangely hungry bent on her, his lips almost speaking and her heart would ache with pity and regret.

Finally, just as the man in charge was telling her one day that the chap was getting ugly and almost threatening about finding her, the telephone trilled at Betty Bell's elbow.

"Miss Bell?" She knew the breathless voice asking at once.

"Yes."

"Miss Bell—do you know who—this is?"

"Oh, yes—I—I think so—"

"I've been wanting to—to see you ever since—the other night. They wouldn't let me. But I—finally found out where you—Miss Bell—"

"Yes?"

"I—I want to—to see you awfully—"

"I'm sorry I—I—"

"I've got to see you—"

"Well, maybe some time—"

"No, now!" there was a sudden determination in his voice that somehow thrilled Betty Bell. It was a remnant of other days with him.

"But I'm at the office," she protested.

"Well, can't I see you there—just a few minutes—I won't keep you long—"

After a little silence while her eyes roved over the husky men present and her thoughts over the nonsense of projecting fear into the situation, Betty Bell finally made up her mind.

"Well—yes," she said, and told the man in charge about it—who was devouring her with adoring eyes—and let him rave.

And somehow the news got around the office which had been pleased to titter at Betty Bell's "jailbird beau." And in an incredibly short time the jailbird himself stood before her, wearing his shabby ill-fitting clothes with somewhat of an air, his forlorn eyes again on her with that strange intentness.

He rather clung to her generously proferred hand. He held it even much longer than he should, looking at her as a drowning man might.

"Can I—see you—alone," he finally asked, seeing so many faces and pretending not to see.

And once more Betty Bell's eyes roved around the office full of men and her thoughts over the silliness of thinking any harm could come to her even if—even if the boy did fancy he cared for her. Once more her mind made itself up.

"Yes," she said suddenly. "Come this way."

The man in charge looked more than annoyed. The office looked a trifle dismayed. But Betty Bell took the jailbird into a little private den proudly—though her heart thumped strangely at what she might be letting herself in for.

And once inside, the jailbird abruptly shut the door. He came and stood close to Betty Bell, towering in his piteous young strength.

"Miss Bell, I—I know I've probably made a nuisance of myself," he almost whispered. "But I—I had to see you to ask if—if—" Suddenly he leaned closer, almost hovering her, and Betty Bell's eyes grew big and frightened and she was repenting in her heart. "I know they've tried to hide you from me. I know why. They think I'm a jailbird and not fit to touch or speak to you. Maybe they're right," he said suddenly between his teeth. "But somehow, when you talked I—knew—I knew—I had to see you—you were the only one in all the world—please understand. I—I wanted to ask you—"

Suddenly his eyes, big and troubled and hungry and shamed, with infinite pathos, were on her again, looking deep into her frightened ones. He moved closer yet and thrust his young, drawn tragic face close to hers.

"Miss Bell," he whispered earnestly, after a quick look over his shoulder, and Betty Bell closed her eyes suddenly against the pity of what she felt he was about to say and what she knew she must answer. "Miss Bell I—I—I wanted to—to ask you—" he gulped all at once, and she opened her eyes again startled. "It's been so long," he whispered, huskily. "I'm so—hungry—so hungry. Miss Bell," he said close to her ear hurriedly as if in haste to be done. "I was wondering if you could—lend me two dollars and a half?"

Herders Do Not Desert Flocks

In great blizzards, Western sheep herders seldom if ever desert their hungry and helpless flocks and dogs, even when they themselves are freezing and starving through the neglect of the traveling camp-tender who brings their food and fuel. They stay on the job, asserts a writer in Collier's Weekly, not because desertion means a ten-year prison sentence, but because "sticking" is the unwritten law of the range.

Ministers Founded Yale

There were 10 clergymen concerned in the establishment of Yale university in 1701 at Branford near New Haven, Noadiah Russell of Midrael Chauncy of Stratford, Thomas Buckingham of Saybrook, Abraham Pierson of Kenilworth, Samuel Andrew of Milford, James Pierpont of New Haven, Noadiah Russell of Middletown, Joseph Webb of Fairfield, Samuel Mather of Windsor, James Noyes of Stonington and Timothy Woodbridge of Hartford.

Hand Tells the Truth

The hand mirrors its owner every time, according to a palmist. A flabby hand—a flabby mind; long artistic hand—artistic mind; shapeless animal hand—animal mentality; firm business-like hand—a business-like brain; long, nimble, itching fingers—a nimble mind (pickpocket).

Earliest Recorded Formal Execution Took Place in the Northwest Over Century Ago

The earliest recorded formal execution in the Northwest took place on the Superior bay front a century and a half ago.

The condemned man was a Chippewa Indian, Way-say-ge-shick, who had "casually" murdered a voyageur, according to data in possession of the St. Louis County Historical association, says a Duluth, Minn., United Press correspondent.

The crime occurred in 1797, when the Northwest Fur company had a trading post on the Superior bay. John Baptiste Cadotte, a mixed-blood of ability, was in charge of the stockade.

The murderer fled to his tribe on Lake Court Orielle, 60 miles from the trading post. Cadotte sent word to the fugitive's band that it must deliver Way-say-ge-shick or he would refuse to continue fur deals with the clan.

The following spring the entire tribe reluctantly marched to the post and delivered the accused brave. Indians from throughout the Superior region flocked to the stockade to see what would be done—as did voyageurs and trappers from many little outposts.

Cadotte organized a trial with a jury of white men, and Way-say-ge-shick was convicted and sentenced to die by the knife—the fashion of the quickest justice of the times.

After sentence was passed, wailing relatives of the Indian tried to ransom the condemned man with furs and pelts.

At noon the day following the trial the Indian was led in front of the outpost and an appointed executioner stabbed him. The blow was not fatal, however, and an enraged voyageur delivered the coup de grace.

Although the Indians witnessing the execution outnumbered the white men they impassively watched the manner of "pale-face" justice and returned without incident to their villages.

Wide Use of Prints for Sports Togs

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

WHEN the world takes a holiday at the beach, tennis court, golf course, aboard ship or wherever vacation lures the playful, watch prints. We promise you that you will see prints this summer such as you have never seen before, armies of them, droves of them, processions of them!

It would seem as if style creators are just discovering that if there is one place more than another where riotously gay prints lend themselves dramatically to the picture, it is at the beach and its environs. The vibrant blue and green hues of the sea, the vast dome of a glamorous opalescent sky, the bright glare of the sun, the stretches of golden sand call to the colors, and to more color and more in the fashion parade.

So it is that prints for beach and for swim wear have become a hobby with designers this summer. Needless to say, for the most part it's linens and cottons that "steal the show" when it comes to rollicking, frolicking beach and sea-going costumes. The grand thing about the spectacular printed linens and cottons that are so thrillingly enlivening the pageantry of fashion where sea-breezes blow is that you can wear them with all confidence, knowing that they have been scientifically processed so that they won't shrink and they won't lose their high color no matter how wet the water, no matter how many duckings they get, no matter how relentlessly scorching sun rays attack. This assurance of non-shrinkage and of color endurance that goes with modern wash materials has, as a matter of fact, proved persuasive in encouraging the movement that is now on of featuring tub prints in a big way for beach fashions and also for swim suits.

As to whether you don linen or cotton in the existent orgy of prints that is being staged on land or sea is entirely a matter of choice since one is declared as good style as the other. A truly amphibian suit done in the modern spirit is worn by the exultant water nymph centered in the accompanying picture. A swim suit of this type, made of print, the patterning of which is as smart and distinctive as is this patterning and which is guaranteed sanforized shrunk as is this print, will do honor to even the most ultra-of-ultra cruise wardrobes.

Any girl would look pert and modern in the clever sport pajamas here shown. It is one of the newer prints that have so much swank and at the same time so many practical advantages not only for beach wear but for house wear as well. This gaily patterned linen washes like a hankie.

And do for fashion's sake see the cunning play suit to the right in the group. Yes, you can have a costume exactly like it, buy it already made or get the material and sew your own. The new Hungarian cotton prints such as have been used for the making of this fetching outfit are selling as fast as they can be measured off on the yard-stick. The colors are rich and glowing and the prints faithfully reproduce original old-world fabrics. The trick is to make them up in keeping with their quaint design, in just some such peasant manner as here shown. Full skirt of course and rather short is according to the prescribed formula. Tune it to practical active sports wear by choosing a divided-skirt pattern. Let the bodice be backless for comfort and for "style" on a hot summer day. And to the entire add a smart bolero to give it that picturesque peasant flavor which fashion thinks so well of this season.

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TIPLESS GLOVES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Here it is, the latest step toward chic and toward greater freedom—the tipless glove, cut to show brightly polished nails. The open-air fever, starting with toeless shoes and crownless hats, has gone to the fingers. If your gloves are copper red as gloves and accessories are apt to be these days it's robin-red nail polish you'll be wanting. The suit is of horizon blue, softest featherweight woolen. The wide revers, the modified umbrella skirt, the squared shoulders and the boxy jacket with its jaunty swing make this smart street-and-travel costume as modish as it is practical.

PASTEL LACES FOR WEDDING DRESSES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Pastel laces for the wedding gown, as well as the bridal party's dresses are a new note this season, and one that bids fair to gain in popularity through the season. Very pale pastels are used, so pale that they are almost white, and yet have a special shimmer that would not be attained by plain white. One of the loveliest of these pastel wedding gowns that we have seen is of palest blue linen thread, and the edge of the train, and the edge of the slit skirt, are scalloped with the scalloping accented by tiny-pleated net in the same blue. The neckline, too, is edged with the fine net pleating.

Net, as well as lace, ranks highly for bridal gowns this season. Silk net, particularly, is adapted to molding the figure, and when cut on a princess line, accenting the slender figure, it makes a truly beautiful bridal gown. And whereas net veils are prevalent over lace bridal gowns, a net wedding dress is best set off by a lovely lace wedding veil. One veil that we have seen, over a net gown, was of lace, and very short. A bertha collar of lace was attached to the net train, the lace forming borders on the sides of the train.

Summer Velvet

Summer velvet is taking its place in the sun. The sheer quality of the fabric with its rich velvet pattern adapts itself particularly well to summer wedding clothes.

Gloves

Gloves deserve a whole chapter in themselves. They mirror fashion trends as clearly as clothes. Femininity is uppermost.

Flowers Everywhere

Flowers are everywhere. It is newest to wear two boutonnieres, one on each lapel of your suit.

What Women Want to Know About Fashions

Hats and fans go together.

Flowers bloom on hats more than ever.

Big call is for daytime suits of dark sheer.

Elaborate lace jabots are worn with tailleurs.

Black lace incrustations on white organdie are noted.

Bandeau turbans that leave most of hair exposed are popular.

Gorgeous, new evening frocks abound everywhere.

An amusing hat for summer beach wear is made entirely of cork.

The season's real evening gowns are much too formal and too complicated for dancing.

Trimming of starched white pique is used on the lightweight woolen ensembles at Lanvin's.

FRIED CHICKEN PRIME FAVORITE

Method of Preparation Varies in Different Sections.

By EDITH M. BARBER

FRIED chicken! The very words bring water to the mouth. The battle, however, in regard to the methods of its preparation continues to rage. Shall it be dipped in flour crumbs or batter, or shall it be fried in its natural state? Should butter or lard or a mixture of both be used? Shall much or little fat be used in the frying? What is the difference among the terms Southern, Virginia and Maryland fried chicken? How does Kentucky prepare it?

While fried chicken is certainly a specialty in every state, the South seems to have been given the palm, so let's see how Southerners describe their methods of cookery. In "Eat, Drink and Be Merry in Maryland," by Frederick P. Steiff, I find two different recipes under the term Maryland. In one, the chicken is rubbed with salt, pepper and flour; in the other it is dipped in milk and then in flour. In one it is fried in hot fat to half cover; in the other it is fried in butter and salt pork.

In the book "Old Southern Recipes," by Mary D. Pretlow of Virginia, the chicken is rubbed with salt, pepper and flour and fried in lard to half cover. In the "Savannah Cook Book" by Harriet Ross Colquitt, we are directed to season, dredge with flour and fry in deep, very hot fat. Emma Speed Sampson, who says she started in Kentucky but hopes to end in Virginia, gives two recipes. In one, the chicken must be dipped in milk and then in flour and fried in a small amount of lard; in the other, it is prepared in the same way and cooked slowly in deep hot fat. In the "Blue Grass Cook Book" by Minnie C. Fox, the directions tell us that the chicken must be dredged in seasoning and flour and cooked slowly in equal parts of butter and lard. In "Two Hundred Years of Charleston Cooking," the recipe tells us to season the chicken with lemon juice, salt and pepper, then to dip it in a mixture made by beating two eggs with a tablespoon of milk. It should be fried in plenty of fat until brown, then covered and cooked slowly.

Apparently the secrets of preparing really fine fried chicken lie first of all in the selection of tender birds, as well as in the method of frying. If the chickens are older, a very little water may be added after they are brown. The pan may be covered and cooking continued until the meat is tender. This process is suggested in several Southern recipes. Instead, I sometimes place fried chicken in a casserole, add cream, cover tightly and finish the cooking in the oven. Most of the cream will be absorbed and the final product will have a delicious rich flavor.

Chicken Maryland.

(From "Eat, Drink and Be Merry in Maryland," by Frederick P. Stieff.)

Take half spring chicken and season, rub over with flour, then immerse in beaten eggs. Heat some clarified butter in a saucepan, fry the chicken in it very slowly to cook and attain a fine color; then finish cooking in a slack oven for ten minutes. Dress the chicken with cream sauce and garnish the top with small corn fritters and slices of broiled bacon. Decorate the legs with paper frills.

Blue Grass Fried Chicken.

(From the "Blue Grass Cook Book," by Minnie C. Fox.)

Prepare young chicken and sprinkle with salt and lay on ice twelve hours before cooking. Cut the chicken in pieces and dredge with flour and drop in hot, boiling lard and butter—equal parts—salt and pepper and cover tightly and cook rather slowly. If it cooks too quickly, it will burn. Cook both sides to a rich brown. Remove chicken and make a gravy by adding milk, flour, butter, salt and pepper. Cook until thick and serve in a separate bowl.

Georgia Fried Chicken.

(From "The Savannah Cook Book," by Harriet Ross Colquitt.)

Cut up the chicken, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and fry in deep and very hot fat. Pour off most of the fat in which the chicken has been fried, leaving a little in the pan. To this add a large tablespoon of flour and cook, stirring it constantly, until a golden brown. Season with salt and pepper, add one half cup of cream, heat thoroughly and pour over chicken.

Casserole of Chicken

1 chicken (4 pounds)
2 teaspoons salt
Pepper
Flour
6 tablespoons butter
1 cup water.
2 tablespoons chopped celery
2 teaspoons chopped onion
½ cup mushrooms
½ cup cream

Wash the chicken and cut into pieces for serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll each side in flour. Saute in butter until well browned on both sides. Place in a buttered casserole. Add water, the celery, onion and mushrooms. Cover and cook until tender, one to two hours, in a moderate oven 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove the cover and add cream. Cover and cook another five or ten minutes.

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Dark Colors for Bathroom

In a bathroom decorated in tones of gray and deep blue, the walls are of clear gray; the ceiling is painted deep blue. Blue is also the color of the shower curtain, the window shades, the towels and the linoleum on the floor.

Fibrous Roof Coatings

Fibrous roof coatings are thick paints containing short fibered asbestos, and are used primarily for prolonging the life of composition and also sheet metal roofs.

Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

THIS summer's bride should wear something old and something new to the altar by all means, and even something borrowed if she must be literal. But she might save the "something blue" for the theme of the bedroom in the new home. Because men like blue rooms—remember when the most romantic song a young swain could croon into the ears of his lady love had words that said something about a "blue room far away upstairs"?

A blue room that would please everybody, even the bank book, might be papered in ice blue with a tiny white floral pattern in it, with woodwork painted this same ice blue. The draperies could be white glazed chintz with mulberry red ball fringe for a finish. The dressing table could also have a white chintz skirt with ball fringe for trimming, and a pair of slipper chairs might be slip covered in a mulberry and

Something Old and Something New, Something Borrowed and Something Blue.

white figured chintz. (Use that fine vibrant shade of palace mulberry that's come "in" with the Williamsburg, Va., restorations).

Cherry would be nice for the furniture in this room—in a pleasantly colonial design. And on the bed a quilted spread made of the mulberry and white chintz—have it just big enough to fall about four inches over the sides of the bed to overlap a flounce of white pleated chintz. A deep blue bedroom rug would be a satisfying finish for the room, yet inexpensive. Lamps in pale blue and white and accessories in blue porcelain for accent.

That's a bride's room that even the groom could feel at home in, yet it has allure, too, for all its simplicity.

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Sentimental.

We've been thinking of English homes in terms of roast beef for long enough. Now we are rebuked properly—a new series of model rooms recently shown in London are as sentimental as strawberry soda.

The theme of the design of each room is the personality of the owner, and the colors are selected because of their becomingness to her. The theory—we approve of it!—is that a lady's own home should set her off at her best.

And so there's a room for a brunette in corn color, light maple and beige, with accents of cerise. For a Titian haired woman there's a room with pale green walls and curtains, with carpet, furniture coverings and accessories in Parma violet shades. The bed is set in a niche papered in light green with a mauve and silver pattern, and silver metal-

Colors in Interior Decoration That Set a Lady Off at Her Best.

lic cloth upholsters the headboard of the bed.

The room for a blonde has pale blue walls and pale blue satin draperies, a plum colored carpet and plum satin love seats piped in blue, a bench covered in blue and accessories in blue morocco. The furniture here is walnut.

For a silver - haired woman, there's a lovely little room with powder pink walls, quite pale, a pale gray rug with pastel flowers in it, quite modern furniture in a gray exotic wood, furniture coverings in powder blue satins and in magenta satin.

Most of these wouldn't be rooms to raise a family in, that's true, but they are interesting and imaginative and full of bright ideas in colors that can be adapted to more practical versions.

© By Betty Wells —WNU Service.

Modern Living-Dining Room

A clever method of dividing a room that has to be used both as living and dining room consists of painting a low white dado around the base of the wall and building white bookcases out into the room the same height as the dado. These bookcases set off the corner of the room to be used as a dinette. This division is further accented by having a different shade of brown carpet than is used for the balance of the room. The upper walls are painted sand color, while the modern furniture is in natural dark walnut, varied by some bleached pieces.

Shellac Goes Athletic

Shellac is not only used over and over again on skis, but it takes a prominent part in almost every sport. It is used on golf club heads and shafts, fishing rods, baseball bats and on tennis rackets. Bowling pins and bowling alleys are also finished with shellac.

Good Brushes Essential

A good brush is necessary to obtain a satisfactory finish when painting. Cheap brushes with loose bristles spoil many a paint job.

Quick to Make; Smart to Wear

"Suited to a tea"—this captivating apron which "home girl" or matron will find quick to make, easy to embroider, smart to wear. There's a pattern for the entire apron, its yoke, border and pocket to be done in contrasting material. Cut flowers for applique from colorful scraps. In pattern

Pattern 5800

5800 you will find a transfer pattern of the apron with the motif 7¼ by 9¼ inches (including pocket) correctly placed, a motif 4 by 4⅛ inches and applique pattern pieces; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used; directions for making the apron.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

My Favorite Recipe

By Elissa Landi, Movie Star

A Recipe for Summer

For the outdoor buffet luncheon, always welcome during Summer, one of my pet recipes is for eggs pickled in beet juice. These are delicious and their bright coloring is so appropriate.

Boil about a dozen carefully scrubbed beets in a kettle of salted water. Pour off the liquid and cool. Have ready the desired number of cold hard-boiled eggs and, after removing the shells, drop them in the cold beet water. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar, several bay leaves and some slices of onion. Let the eggs soak in this mixture, in the icebox, about twelve hours. Then remove, allow to drain and serve on crisp lettuce leaves. They should be a gay shade of red and will taste as good as they look.

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Many, Many Women Say Cardui Helped Them

By taking Cardui, thousands of women have found they can avoid much of the monthly suffering they used to endure. Cramping spells, nagging pains and jangled nerves can be relieved — either by Cardui or by a physician's treatment.

Besides easing certain pains, Cardui aids in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from their food.

Cardui, with directions for home use by women, may be bought at the drug store. (Pronounced "Cardul.")

Peace and Reason

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—Collins.

Don't Irritate Gas Bloating

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria.

If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable.

You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched, unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

Thousands of sufferers have found in Adlerika the quick, scientific way to rid their systems of harmful bacteria. Adlerika rids you of gas and cleans foul poisons out of BOTH upper and lower bowels. Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika. Get rid of GAS. Adlerika does not gripe—is not habit forming. At all Leading Druggists.

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One Word

A single word often betrays a great design.—Racine.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use *Doan's Pills*. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*

DOAN'S PILLS