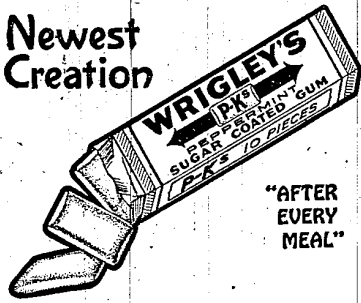


WRIGLEYS

Newest
Creation



Deflectable sugar coating around a nippy zippy bit of peppermint chewing gum.

Sweeten the breath, aid digestion, quiet nervousness, allay thirst and help keep teeth white.



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TREAT!

The Flavor Lasts

B-22

GREAT DAY IN LANCASHIRE

"Sermons Sunday" a Gala Occasion in the Lives of People of Northern England County.

"Sermons Sunday" are state occasions in Lancashire, where a northern person in the London Daily Mail. No one who has not been present at one of them can have any conception of what they are. "Sermons" are held annually in most of the large towns outside of Manchester.

In normal times of regular employment "Sermons Sunday" is the Sunday when new summer clothes are put out for the first time. This year, of course, the majority have had to be content with making old things do.

The day usually starts with a procession—Lancashire people love processions outside their churches. The procession is intended partly as a witness to the faith, partly to show the size of the Sunday school.

In this procession, which consists of from 350 to 1,200 persons, range from three-year-old little toddlers to men and women of eighty and even more.

The technical Lancashire term for the procession is "walking." "Are you walking on Sunday?" is probably the most frequent question on people's lips the week before sermons; and to be prevented from "walking" is almost a tragedy.

"I once knew an old lady of eighty-six," writes the person, "who claimed to have 'walked' 87 times, for the first she had been carried as an infant in arms—and her proudest boast was that she had never missed since."

"Sermons" was a time for renewing old associations. If there is a church-much care and affection is bestowed upon the graves during those few days, and in many cases the evening congregations are so large that an extra service has to be held in the churchyard.

Other main features of sermons are the "little singers," the special preach-

ers, the immense congregations, and the huge collections.

The "little singers" are twenty or more little girls dressed in white, who lead the procession and afterward sing special hymns during the service.

Special preachers, of course, form a great attraction. In the days of cheap fares preachers were brought from all parts of England and in some churches the same preacher would be engaged year after year.

As to the congregation, it is a "poor day" if the church is not filled to overflowing at least twice, and the size of the collection leaves the poor southerner gasping.

Last year in one town collections of more than £700 were made in one church and over £500 in another in a single day. And even this year, with unemployment and under-employment so general, sums of £450 and £280 have been realized in the day.

Saving Something. A certain railway official has preached economy in and out of season and it has rather got on the nerves of the employees. He likes to talk to the men, putting questions which he thinks will bring out their special abilities and demonstrate their fitness for promotion, and recently he cornered a locomotive fireman.

"What would you do?" the official asked. "If you saw that your train was heading into an unavoidable collision that promised to be an utterly destructive wreck?"

"Why," the fireman responded promptly, "I'd grab a lump of coal and yell to the engineer to bring the old chug, and jump."—Life.

Pessimists and optimists are their own reward.

Many a so-called truthful man is merely a diplomatic liar.

There is no hope for the man who has lost his self-respect.

Eugenics seems a plausible theory—to anybody who is not in love.

A Gift from Nature's Storehouse

The delicious, crisp granules of the wheat and barley food

Grape-Nuts

contain all the natural up-building values of the grains, including mineral salts so essential to health.

A food equally well suited to the requirements of young and old.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by grocers everywhere

CONDENSED CLASSICS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By LEWIS CARROLL

Condensation by Newton Newkirk



Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) was born at Daresbury, Cheshire, England, Jan. 27, 1832. He was a mathematician as well as an author, and while the literary life of "Lewis Carroll" was a direct and practically uneventful career, his mathematical career was a brilliant one.

Mr. Dodgson was extremely fond of children, and it was an open secret that the original of Alice was a daughter of Dean Liddell. A dramatic version of the Alice books was produced at Christmas, 1856, and has since enjoyed numerous revivals.

Throughout this dual existence, Mr. Dodgson persistently refused to be publicly identified with "Lewis Carroll," although his authorship of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" was well known.

He died at Guildford on the 14th of January, 1898; his memory is appropriately kept green by cut in the Children's hospital, Great Ormond street, London, which was erected and endowed perpetually by public subscription.

ALICE sat nodding sleepily on a mossy bank beside her big sister, who was fast asleep. Presently a pink-eyed white rabbit ran by looking at its watch and crying, "Oh dear—I shall be late!" Alice bounded after the rabbit across a field and into a hole under a hedge. Running through the hole a distance she suddenly stepped off into space and began to fall. She fell slowly and it was a very pleasant sensation. Alice was wondering whether she would reach the earth's center when, bump!—she landed on a heap of leaves under a tree.

The rabbit was scampering down the passage. Springing to her feet she followed, but it disappeared around the next corner and Alice found herself in a long hall of many doors all locked. On a table was a golden key which fitted the smallest door, only 15 inches high. Unlocking this she beheld a beautiful flower garden, but could not squeeze through the door.

On the table she found a bottle labeled "Drink Me." Alice tasted—it was delicious and she drank it all. Soon she shrank to only ten inches in height. "Now I can go into the garden," cried Alice, running to the door, but alas, she had unlocked it and left the key on the table far beyond her reach.

Beneath the table in a glass dish she found a cookie on which were the words, "Eat Me." She ate this and soon grew nine feet tall. Frightened, the rabbit entered and seeing Alice fled in dismay, dropping his gloves and fan. Alice picked them up and began to fan herself. Soon she was only two feet high and dropped them on a grass mat. Thence she stopped growing smaller and knew it was a magic fan.

Hearing footfalls she turned to see the rabbit standing near. It was nearly as tall as she and seemed very angry. "You go to my house and bring me a pair of gloves and a fan," commanded the rabbit sternly. Alice, badly frightened, started to obey. Strangely enough the hall vanished and she found herself running through a forest of trees.

Soon she came to a little white house. The doorman said "W. Rabbit." Entering she hurried upstairs to the rabbit's bedroom and found, not gloves and a fan, but a bottle on the bureau. It was not locked, but Alice drank the contents. She grew so rapidly that the room was hardly big enough to contain her, although she was lying on the floor with her knees drawn up to her chin.

While in this predicament someone threw a handful of pebbles through the window into the room. These turned into bits of candy. Alice ate several of them and soon shrank until she could escape from the house. Running into the wood she put down beside a mushroom to rest.

"What can I do for you?" asked a voice. Alice looked up and on top of the mushroom sat a blue caterpillar smoking a pipe. "Oh, please, sir," replied Alice, "make me larger!"

"That's easy," said the caterpillar; "one side of this mushroom will make you taller and the other side shorter."

Before Alice could ask more the caterpillar disappeared. Alice broke off a piece from each side of the mushroom. After eating a bit of one she grew so short her chin struck her foot. Hastily eating some of the other she grew so tall her head was among the tree tops. "Oh, dear, dear!" she cried, "my regular size again!" she cried nibbling from the first piece and shrinking down to only nine inches.

In despair she started to walk through the wood and soon came to a little house about four feet high. Without knocking Alice walked into the kitchen. The Duchess sat rocking a little pig in her lap, the Cook was sprinkling gobs of pepper on a lettuce of soup and a Cheshire Cat on the hearth flamed from ear to ear at her. All three sneezed violently from time to time.

"Please, go away—I don't like your grin," said Alice to the Cat. "All right," replied the cat, and vanished, beginning with the tail and ending with the grin—but the grin remained after the rest had disappeared. To escape from this hybrid grin Alice ran out of the house and into the wood.

Caught by the grin, she found a little door open leading into a big tree Alice slipped through and slammed the door behind her, shutting out the grin.

Turning about she last found herself in the beautiful garden. Standing about a rose-tree near the entrance were three gardeners painting the white roses red. "Why are you doing that?" asked Alice. "Because," replied one, "the Queen does not fancy white roses." "But I do," said another; "here comes the Queen now!"

Alice turned eagerly to behold the royal procession. There were soldiers with clubs, couters, barded with diamonds and the royal children were ornamented with hearts, white and red and among them hopped the White Rabbit. Last of all came the King and Queen of Hearts.

When the Queen came to Alice she stopped and asked, "My child, do you play croquet?" "Y-y-yes," stammered Alice much confused. "Then here is your mallet," replied the Queen handing Alice a live flamingo. Then the game began and such a crazy game of croquet Alice had never seen.

The croquet balls were live hedgehogs and the soldiers bent over to make the arches. Besides the ground was full of hummocks and ridges. All played at once. When Alice would get ready to hit her ball with the flamingo's head, either the hedgehog would walk off, or the soldier making the arch would stand up to rest his back.

"How do you like the game?" asked a voice. Looking up Alice beheld the grin of the Cheshire Cat. Before she could answer, the Cat's head appeared, but no more of it. "I don't like it at all," replied Alice, dropping her mallet which at once flew off. The first time she lost the King, who did not like being grinned at, and complained to the Queen, who ordered the Cat to be beheaded on the spot.

"That is I'd very well," said the King, "but I should like to know how it is possible to behead a cat which has no body?" While they were arguing the Cheshire Cat vanished, head, grin and all.

Alice went to look for her flamingo, but could not find it. When she returned all the players had gone to the Palace. Alice followed and entering found a trial in progress. The King and Queen sat on either throne hearing the evidence. The Knave of Hearts was being tried for stealing some tarts the Queen had made. Several witnesses testified, but they talked of everything else except the stolen tarts.

"What a silly trial!" thought Alice, nibbling absent-mindedly at a piece of mushroom she had left. Almost before she knew it she grew so tall her head bumped against the ceiling.

"Call the next witness!" commanded the King. "ALICE!" cried the White Rabbit. "But I don't know anything about the stolen tarts," protested Alice. "That's very important," remarked the King. "It's against the rules for a witness over a mile high to testify," said the Queen. "Leave this court at once!" ordered the King addressing Alice. "In that case," said the King, "let the jury consider the verdict."

"Sentence first and verdict afterwards," objected the Queen. "How absurd to have a sentence before a verdict!" said Alice scornfully.

"Off with that girl's head!" shouted the Queen pointing at it. "I can carry out the Queen's orders," asked the Royal Executioner politely. "No, I won't!" cried Alice; "you are all nothing but a naughty pack of cards anyhow and I am not afraid of you!"

Thereupon the whole pack rose up. Into the air and flew, straight into Alice's face.

"Come, Alice, dear, wake up!" said her big sister, shaking her gently; "you've been sleeping nearly an hour and it's time to go home."

Then little Alice knew that her wonderful journey had been only a wonderful dream.

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No Kisses in Japan. Japanese girls do not kiss each other, nor do parents kiss their children. They bow, kneel, smile and utter polite phrases with downcast or averted eyes and bent head, and are content with this sort of expression of affection.

American Locomotives Overseas. The export of steam locomotives from the United States has increased nearly 100 per cent since 1913, from 491 in number, valued at \$4,473,429 in 1913, the last pre-war year, to 1959, valued at \$30,753,735 in 1919, the first peace year. In 1920 the number exported was 1,711 in number with a value of \$53,929,847.

Of last year's exports 721 locomotives were sold to European countries, mostly to Belgium, Poland, France and Italy. Outside of Europe, our best customers were Cuba, Brazil, China and British Africa.

'Twas the Room Went Upstairs. Teddy had returned from the city and was describing a large apartment store he had visited. He seemed greatly impressed by the height of the building and the number of doors. One of his little playmates who had been listening attentively finally inquired: "Did you go away, 'way upstairs'?" "No," replied Teddy. "We just went into the finest, tiniest little room and stood still and the little room went upstairs."

Expression Was Originally Job's. It is a long way to go to the days of Job for a "modern" expression! The phrase, "Escaping by the skin of the teeth," may be found in the twentieth verse of the nineteenth chapter of the Book of Job: "My flesh cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Why Librarians Laugh. "Packer wants me to give twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea," said a youngster at the librarian's desk. Possibly he thought it was a Reverse beach story.—Boston Transcript.

Handy. "He's a handy man around the ball room."

"In what way?" "He'll dance with the fat women and the wallflowers."

All is lost save honor, is a phrase that means a man intends to pay his debts as soon as he can.

It's a touching farewell when a man gives you the tips of his fingers instead of a vigorous handshake.

Kind-hearted people will accept your explanation amiably when they know it isn't so.

Many a man works his friends so that he may be in a position to play the races.

The longer a man studies women the less he knows about them.

A woman never likes her husband to be chummy with a bachelor.

Wine and friends improve with age, but salted peanuts do not.

The older some women get the more grish they try to act.

An honest failure is much better than a fraudulent success.

DARLING BABY

BRIGHTENS HOME

Children's Laughter a Pleasing Sound



Altoona, Pa.—"I am writing to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had six children die almost at birth. From one hour to nineteen days is all they have lived. Before my next child was born I took a dozen bottles of your Vegetable Compound, and I can say that it is the greatest medicine on earth, for this baby is now four months old, and is a healthier baby you would not want. I am sending you a picture of her. Everybody says 'That is a very healthy looking baby.' You have my consent to show these few lines to anybody."—Mrs. C. W. Benz, 131 3rd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Mrs. Janssen's experience of interest to childless wives.

Millston, Wis.—"I want to give you a word of praise for your wonderful medicine. We are fond of children, and for a considerable time after we were married I feared I would not have any. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it strengthened me so I now have a nice, strong, healthy baby girl. I suffered very little at childbirth, and I give all the credit to your medicine, and shall always recommend it highly."—Mrs. H. R. Janssen, Millston, Wis.

Mrs. Field of Marinette, Wis., adds her testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She says:

Marinette, Wis.—"I was in a nervous condition and very irregular. My doctor advised an operation. My husband brought me one of your booklets and asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It overcame my weakness so that I now have a healthy baby girl after having been married nine years. I am glad to recommend your medicine, and you may use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. H. B. Field, 330 Jefferson St., Marinette, Wis.

There are many, many such homes that were once childless, and are now blessed with healthy, happy children because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored the mother to a strong and healthy condition, as it acts as a natural restorative for ailments as indicated by backache, irregularities, displacements, weakness and nervousness.

Women everywhere should remember that most of the commoner ailments of women are not the surgical ones—they are not caused by serious displacements or growths, although the symptoms may be the same, and that it may be so many apparently serious ailments readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. It acts as a natural restorative. It can be taken with perfect safety and often prevents serious troubles.

Therefore if you know of any woman who is suffering and has been unable to secure relief and is regretfully looking forward to a childless old age, let her try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it has brought health and happiness into so many homes once darkened by illness and despair.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.