

THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared to bear or sustain the strain of pregnancy and the strain of nursing for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to her or her baby. The unspeakable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unhygienic condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once children there are no children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Men Worth While.
"Quite a company of notables seem to be gathered here."
"Yes. The kindly old gentleman in clerical garb is a famous marrying person."
And the spry little man talking to him—
"That's Lawyer Biggles, our best known separator."

SOFT WHITE HANDS
Under Most Conditions If You Use Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better or more effective at such times as these fragrant superemacy emollients. A one-night treatment will test them in the severest forms of red, rough, chapped and sore hands.
Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XV, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Needed Gift.
The Widow—"Well, why don't you kiss me?"
Bashful Youth—"I would, only I have some sand in my mouth."
"Swallow it, young man. You need it in your system."—Life.

A Modern "Zigzag" Journey.
That once famous series of books, the "Zigzag" Journeys, have brought up to date by including a chapter on women who drive electric cars.—Chicago News.

Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Bull Blue. All grocers. Adv.

The worst thing about friends is the ease with which they are converted into enemies.

Danger in Delay
The great danger of kidney troubles is that they so often get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health will be gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease may follow as the kidneys get worse. Don't neglect your kidneys. Help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. It is the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Michigan Case
Mrs. W. P. Jones, Pine St., East, Mich., says: "My back ached, and head ached almost constantly and I often got so dizzy, I could hardly stand. Stopping caused knife-like pains in my back and my nerves were all unstrung. Doan's Kidney Pills cured everything else failed, and six boxes permanently cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FARMINGTON, N. Y.

A True Tonic
is one that assists Nature. Regular and natural action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels will keep you well and fit, and this action is promoted by

BEECHAM'S PILLS
The largest sale of any medicine in the world. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c and 25c.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 33-1915.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life" Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Helen Pays Dearly for Holding Her Own With an Assertive, Insolent Woman

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel H. Urner.

Helen viewed the coat from every angle in the triplicated mirror. She liked the cut, the straight lines gave her an added slimness. Its very plainness was distinctive after the fussy braids and buttons of the other suit.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," the saleswoman came back into the dressing room—but the skirt's been mislaid. Just let me see that number, and I'm bringing it on the coat."

"I like this better than any of the others," admitted Helen. "If the skirt is as good—I think I'll take it." "It's a circular skirt—I know you'll like it. Just a moment."

There seems to be some mistake. Another customer has the skirt and she wants to try it on.

"Oh, but I've already said I'd take it!" Helen's distress for the instant intensified. "Why, they can't."

"That's what I told Miss Boyd, but she says her customer had the skirt first. I've just sent for Mr. Carter."

This element of uncertainty greatly enhanced the desirability of the suit, and with a genuine obstinacy Helen determined to have it. The door now swung open to admit a stout, blonde, assertive-looking saleswoman.

"Will you kindly let me have that coat a moment?" with icy authority. "Why, I've bought this suit," flushed Helen.

"I beg your pardon, madam, my customer has the skirt! She had it on before Miss Walker showed you the coat."

"They're sent for the floorwalker—I'd rather wait till he comes." "But, madam, my customer is waiting to try the coat on," arrogantly.

Here, to Helen's intense relief, her own saleswoman came back with a tall, fair-haired, youngish man.

"Mr. Carter, this is the customer. She likes the coat and has practically bought the suit without seeing the skirt, but Miss Boyd insists—"

Miss Boyd, the stout saleslady, interrupted with an excited, voluble protest. Her customer had the prior right to the suit. She had seen it on the figure, and the stock girl had just taken it off for her when Miss Walker took away the coat.

Realizing that Miss Walker was much less assertive, Helen felt that she must help her out or she would lose the suit.

"I've had an account here for several years," her voice quivering with excitement, "and if Ardman's won't let me have a suit that I've—"

"My customer has an account here also, madam. She saw the suit on the figure before—"

"Miss Thomas, the buyer, will have to decide this," nervously interrupted Mr. Carter. "I'll send for her," hastily making his escape.

A buzz of voices outside, and the door was pushed open by a tired, frail, but capable-looking woman, whom Helen knew was the buyer. She was followed by the blonde saleslady and Mr. Carter. Everybody began talking at once in excited, high-pitched voices—everybody but the buyer, and she only listened. Then she turned to Helen with a brief "I'm very sorry that such a mistake has happened."

But it was really said by the coat, but I'll have to see the other customer."

"Right in the next room," and Miss Boyd led the way triumphantly.

Again Helen was left alone, a choking sense of thwarted indignation in her throat. She would not get the suit. Everybody always took advantage of her. She could never hold her own.

An endless wait; then Miss Walker rushed in with a triumphant: "It's yours! You see, all the marks—stock number and coat—are on the coat ticket. That's what decided it!"

Oh, she's making an awful row—she's lying!"

"What did she say?" eagerly, then quickly ashamed of her question.

"When she couldn't get the suit she even tried to buy the skirt!" "The skirt?" repeated Helen. "Why, she wouldn't want just the skirt?"

"Of course not, but she's determined you shouldn't have it! She's still arguing—hasn't taken it off yet, but she does want that. Says she'll withdraw her account, and never—"

"Oh, joyfully," here the skirt now, as Mr. Carter handed it in.

It was with a sense of elation, of thrilled exultancy, that later Helen left the shop. For once she had triumphed.

Then she realized that in her excitement she had not even tried on the skirt, but since it was just a plain model it could not be far wrong.

They were almost through dinner when Emma brought in the large box marked "special." Dropping her napkin, Helen looked up with an excited, "Oh, it's my suit! I'll mind to see it!"

"See here, the suit can wait—you finish your dinner."

But, surely, Helen had it out of the box and was trying on the coat.

"Wait, dear, I'll put on the whole thing—you can tell so much better," and gathering up the package she ran into her room.

But her heart sank as she slipped on the skirt. It was made with a yoke, a style she never liked, for the line across the hips took from her height. And the coat—something it did not look quite the same!

But then she had had on her hat—perhaps that had made some difference.

Anxious for Warren's opinion, she ran back to the dining room. As she turned slowly around before him, he viewed the suit in stolid silence.

"Not crazy about it. Big enough for two of you."

"Oh no, it's just the skirt that's too long and the sleeves!"

"All right, if you're satisfied. You're the one that's got to wear it."

But Helen was not satisfied. She had Emma leave her dishes to pin up the skirt. Then she spent the next hour viewing it in the various mirrors—her discontent growing as she found new faults.

"Take it back if you don't like it," growled Warren, exasperated by her constant appeals as to why he thought of this or that alteration.

"Oh, I can't ask them to take this back," flushing.

"Why not? You're not so blamed scrupulous about firing things back."

"Oh, but this is different—another woman wanted the suit! Oh, they had a time! They had to send for the floorwalker and the buyer—"

Then came the story with all its details.

"That's rich!" Warren threw back his head and roared. "Ha—ha, I'd have given a farm to see you two women scrapping. But right in with the skirt on, did she? Regular hair-pulling scene, eh?"

"Oh, she was so insolent about it!" indignantly.

"Well, I can't see that you were such a 'perfect lady.'"

"Why, I simply held on to the coat! You certainly don't think I should have given it up to her?"

"Huh, seems now you've decided sorry you didn't! I should say she got the best of that deal. Looks like you're the one that's stung."

Almost in tears Helen went in to take off the suit. As she swung it on a form in her closet, she thought of the months it must hang there, of the countless times she must wear it—and always with distaste. For she never wore with comfort a thing that she disliked.

It was a bitter price for a few moments of triumph. Other people were always triumphing over her—yet neither regret nor retribution seemed ever to come to them.

With an almost vicious bang she shut the closet door. It was always so! Others got off—she never did. Whatever happened she was always the one to pay.

MUSSEL MUD AS FERTILIZER

Organic Remains of Shellfish Secure Fertility to Poorest and Most Exhausted Soil

Consul Frank Desdemyer writes from Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada: In most of the bays indenting the shores of Prince Edward island are found extensive deposits of mussel shells, so called locally, being organic remains of countless generations of oysters, mussels, clams, and other bivalves of the ocean and of crustaceous animals generally. The shells, usually more or less intact, are found imbedded in dense deposits of mud-like substance and this combination is a fertilizer of high value and potency. It supplies small quantities of phosphates and alkalies. An ordinary dressing of it secures fertility in a striking manner to the poorest or most exhausted soil. The shells decay slowly, year by year, throwing off a film of fertilizing stuffs. The deposits around Prince Edward island vary from five to twenty-five feet in depth. They are taken up by dredging machines worked from rafts in summer or from the ice in winter.

Chocolate Soldiers.
Captain Bland of the 15th Cavalry branch of the British army in France reports, says the Westminster Gazette, that Tommy Atkins is striving with all his might to live up to George Bernard Shaw's "Chocolate Soldier."

Chocolate sweets and, in fact, sweetmeats of all kinds are in such great demand that British confectioners are busy night and day.

From Cairo comes the report that the Australians stationed there have absolutely eaten the entire chocolate supply.

Lawyer Blind From Birth.
Blind from birth, yet successfully passing the bar examination before the state supreme court, is the record of Ole H. Flow of Pierre, S. D.

A native of South Dakota and has made his way regardless of his handicap for many years.

Procuring a copy of Blackstone, he memorized it from readings by his sister. He then joined forces with another young aspirant for the bar, and they have worked together until both passed the examination. Flow wrote out his answers to the questions read him by one of the court stenographers using an ordinary typewriter.

An Expert.
Johnny—"What is an expert, pa?"
Pa—"A fellow who tells others how to do things he can't do himself."—Kansas City Star.

Women employed in the United States arsenal at Philadelphia have asked for a 25 per cent increase in pay.

An Empire Ranch.

We hear of "captains of industry," "Napoleons of Finance," and "land barons," but what title is imposing enough to fit the Australian cattlemen who own or control 25,000,000 acres of ranch land—a domain as large as Pennsylvania?—Youth's Companion.

Portable Hotel.
"When I landed I took the car for a hotel."
"What a singular mistake!"—Boston Transcript.

A Benevolent Refusal.

"Senator, I wish you would give me a job as your private secretary." "Oh, my boy," responded the ally senator, "don't get mixed up with the government service. Nothing to it. Ruins a young man. Besides, I have promised that position to my son."—Kansas City Journal.

Always sure to please, Red Cross Bull Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

In most families the property is in his name and the religion in hers.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and countless before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupify, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, for you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and always fever.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Substitute for Horn.
A cheap and easily made substitute for horn can be made of wheat flour and sodium silicate. This substitute is very hard and strong and, by inserting organic dye into the composition while mixing, it can be colored to imitate almost any kind of horn substance. The compound is made by mixing 10 parts (by volume) of sodium silicate (40 degrees Baume) with distilled water, and then stirring the resultant liquid into a thick paste with fine white wheat flour. The mass is then allowed to stand for three weeks, during which time it undergoes a chemical reaction that produces a hard, hornlike substance. This composition can be molded without pressure when first made and turned and machined like brass after it has set.

\$10,000 Conscience Fund.
Ten thousand dollars was added to the treasury department's conscience fund the other day when a special delivery letter from New York, containing the sum in its currency, was received at Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo's office.

"While the sender has paid double to the United States the amount he stole, yet his conscience is not satisfied, and here's another payment," read a letter accompanying the contribution.

This is the third largest contribution to the conscience fund. Some contributions are as low as a penny.

Willing to Oblige.
"Nora," said the mistress to the new servant, "we always want our meals promptly on the hour."
"Yes, mum. An' if I miss th' first hour shall I wait for th' next?"

Her Country's Need.
Secretary of Agriculture Houston, said at a luncheon in Washington: "An English hen has broken the world's record by laying 288 eggs in a year."
Mr. Houston smiled and added: "She must have understood her country's urgent need for shells."

Modern Hero-Worship.
"What's the big celebration? Conquering hero or something?"
"No. One of the town boys murdered a fellow some years back an' he's just been declared sane by a jury. That's the reception committee."—Buffalo Express.

To Prove Her Love—and His.
"Why does he look so worried?"
"His June bride is beginning to talk of cooking him something to eat."

Don't kick because your neighbor gets a bigger salary than you do. He is probably worth more to his boss.

"Gee, I never tasted any Flakes like these"

New Post Toasties

They're absolutely new—made by a new process that brings out the true corn flavour and that keeps the flakes firm and crisp, even after cream or milk is added.

New Post Toasties are made of the hearts of selected white Indian Corn, cooked, seasoned and toasted; and they come to you FRESH-SEALED—as sweet and appetizing as when they leave the ovens.

The little puffs on each flake are characteristic of the

New Post Toasties

Your grocer has them now—get a package and give your appetite a treat.

