

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.

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 health or beauty.

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 now 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.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

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

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Wasted Steam. Ever since the introduction of electricity we have had and made free use of electrical meters, but it has only been within the last few years that reliable steam meters have been in the market.

To be suspicious is to make oneself the friend and intimate of evil. It is to ally oneself with all the evil forces in the world.

Evil in Suspicion. To be suspicious is to make oneself the friend and intimate of evil. It is to ally oneself with all the evil forces in the world.

Just So. "Dad, what is meant by carrying coals to Newcastle?" "It's a figure of speech, my boy. Like trying to tell something to a graduating class that they don't know."

And a considerable percentage of our so-called friends will not stand the acid test.

Some men have no more friends than a baseball umpire.

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.

A South Dakota Case

Mrs. Joannah Straw, 226 N. Broadway, Canton, S. D., says: "For three years I suffered terribly from pains in my limbs and a steady backache. I was weak and lame and had bad dizzy spells and headaches. My health was all run down. I had Doan's Kidney Pills brought in a very low price, restoring me to good health and suffering since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. POST-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 33-1915.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY by George V. Hobart



John Henry on Servant Problem

WHEN Peaches and I got tired of the Big Town—tired of its noises and hubbalooboo; tired of being tagged by taxis as we cross a street; tired of watching grocers and butchers hoisting higher the highest cost of living—that's our cue to grab a choo-choo and breeze out to Uncle Peter Grant's fine and bungalow in the wilds of Westchester, which he calls Trooly-rooral.

Just to even matters up, Uncle Peter and his wife visit us from time to time in our apartment in the Big Town.

Uncle Peter is a very stout old gentleman. When he squeezes into our little flat the walls act as if they were bowlegged.

Uncle Peter always goes through the folding doors sideways, and every time he sits down the man in the apartment below us kicks because we move the piano so often.

Aunt Martha is Uncle Peter's wife and she weighs more and breathes oftener. When the two of them visit our bird cage at the same time the janitor has to go out and stand in front of the building with a view to catching it if it falls.

When we reached Trooly-rooral we found that "Cousin Elsie" Schulz was also a visitor there.

"Cousin Elsie" is a sort of privileged character in the family, having lived with Aunt Martha for over twenty years as a sort of housekeeper.

They call her "Cousin Elsie" just to make it more difficult. Three or four years ago Elsie married Gustave Bierbauer and quit her job.

"Cousin Elsie" believes that conversation was invented for her exclusive use, and the way she can grab a handle of the English language and break it up is a caution.

Language is the same to Elsie as a siphon is to a highball—and that's a whole lot. Two years after their marriage old Gustave stopped living so abruptly that the coroner had to sit on him.

The post mortem found out that Gustave had died from a rush of words to his brainpan.

The coroner also found, upon further examination, that all of these words had formerly belonged to Elsie, with the exception of a few which were once the property of Gustave's favorite bartender.

After Gustave's exit, Aunt Martha tried to get Elsie back on her job, but the old Dutch had her eye on Herman Schulz, and finally married him. So now every once in a while Elsie

chair and landed on a cat which had never done him any harm. Elsie's interpretation of that wedding invitation is going to set Herman Schulz back several dollars, or I'm not a foot high.

And maybe they don't have their troubles at Trooly-rooral with the servant problem.

It's a hard problem that—and nobody seems to get the right answer. One morning later on Peaches and I were out on the top porch drinking in the glorious air and chatting with Hep Hardy, who had come out to spend Sunday with us, when Aunt Martha came bustling out, followed by Uncle Peter, who, in turn, was followed by Lizzie Joyce, their latest cook.

Lizzie wore a new lid, trimmed with prairie grass and field daisies, hanging like a shade over the left lamp; she had a grouchy looking grip in one hand and a green umbrella with black freckles in the other.

She was made up to catch the first train that snuffed into the station.

Aunt Martha whispered to us plaintively: "Lizzie has been here only two days, and this makes the seventh time she has started for town."

But Lizzie took the center of the stage and scowled at her audience. "I'm takin' the next train for town, mem!" she announced with considerable bitterness.

Uncle Peter made a brave effort to scowl back at her, but she flashed her lanterns at him and he fell back two paces to the rear.

"What is it this time, Lizzie?" inquired Aunt Martha.

Lizzie put the grouchy grip down, folded her arms, and said: "Oh, I have me grievances!"

Uncle Peter sidled up to Aunt Martha and said in a hoarse whisper: "My dear, this shows a lack of firmness on your part. Now leave everything to me and let me settle this obstreperous servant once and for all!"

Uncle Peter crossed over and got in the limelight with Lizzie. "It occurs to me," he began in polished accents, "that this is an occasion upon which I should publicly point out to you the error of your ways, and send you back to your humble station with a better knowledge of your status in this household."

"Scat!" said Lizzie, and Uncle Peter began to fish for his next line. "I want you to understand," he went on, "that I pay you your wages!"

"Sure, if you didn't," was Lizzie's come-back, "I'd land on you good and hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you fathead?"

"Fathead!" echoed Uncle Peter in astonishment. "Peter, leave her to me," pleaded Aunt Martha.

Bpt Uncle Peter rushed blindly on to destruction. "Elizabeth," he said sternly, "in view of your most unrefined and unladylike language, it behooves me to reprimand you severely. I will therefore—"

Then Lizzie and the green umbrella struck a Casey-at-the-bat pose, and cut in: "G'wan away from me with your dime novel talk or I'll place the back of me unladylike hand on your jowls!"

"Peter!" warningly exclaimed the perturbed Aunt Martha. "Yes, Martha, you're right," the old gentleman said, turning hastily. "I must hurry and finish my correspondence before the morning mail goes." And he faded away.

"It isn't an easy matter to get servants out here," Aunt Martha whispered to us. "I must humor her. Now, Lizzie, what's wrong?"

"You told me, mem, that I should have a room with a southern exposure," said the Queen of the Bungalow. "And isn't the room as described?" asked Aunt Martha.

en, because I'm a nervous woman—I am that!" And then the Duchess of Devilish Kidneys got a strange hold on her green umbrella and ducked for the grub foundry.

Aunt Martha sighed and went in the house. "Hep," I said, "this scene with Her Highness of Clamehadow ought to be an awful warning to you. No man should get married these days unless he's sure his wife can juggle the frying pan and take a fall out of an egg-beater. They've had eight cooks in eight days, and every time a new face comes in the kitchen the coalscuttle screams with fright."

"You can see where they've worn a new trail across the lawn on the retreat to the depot. "It's an awful thing, Hep! Our palates are weak from sampling different styles of mashed potatoes."

"We had one last week who answered roll call when you yelled Phyllis."

"Isn't that a peach of a handle for a kitchen queen with a nap like the Borough of Bronx on a dark night?" "She came here well recommended—by herself. She said she knew how to cook backward."

"We believed her after the first meal, because that's how she cooked. "Phyllis was a very inventive girl. She could cook anything on earth in the water, under the earth, and she proved it by trying to mix tenpenny nails with the baked beans."

"When Phyllis found there was no shrodded oats in the house for breakfast she changed the cover of the washtub into sawdust and sprinkled it with the whisk broom, chopped fine."



Uncle Peter is a Very Stout Old Gentleman.

"It wasn't a half bad breakfast food of the homestead kind, but every time I took a drink of water the sawdust used to float up in my throat and tickle me."

"The first and only day she was with us Phyllis squandered two dollars' worth of eggs to make a lemon meringue popple."

"She tried to be artistic with this, but one of the eggs was old and nervous and it slipped. "Uncle Peter asked Phyllis if she could cook some Hungarian goulash, and Phyllis screamed: 'No; my parents have been Swedes all their lives!' Then she ran him across the lawn with the carving knife."

"Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to ask what was for dinner, and Phyllis got back at her: 'I'm a woman, it is true, but I will show you that I can keep a secret!'"

"When the meal came on the table we were compelled to keep the secret with her. "It looked like Irish stew, tasted like clam chowder, and behaved like a bad boy."

"On the second day it suddenly occurred to Phyllis that she was working, so she handed in her resignation, handed Hank, the gardener, a jolt in his cafe department, handed out a lot of unnecessary talk, and left us flat."

"The next morning we got in the kitchen was a colored man named James Buchanan Pendergrast. "James was all there is and carry four. He was one of the most careful cooks that ever made faces at roast beef."

"The evening he arrived we intended to have shad roe for dinner, and James informed us that that was where he lived. "Eight o'clock came, and no dinner. Then Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to convince him that we were human beings with appetites."

"She found Careful James counting the roe to see if the fish dealer had sent the right number. "He was up to 2,196,493, and still had half a pound to go. "James left that night, followed by shouts of approval from all present."

"I'm telling you all this, Hep, just to prove that fate is kind while it delays your wedding until some genius invents an automatic cook made of aluminum and electricity. Hep laughed and shook his head. "This servant problem won't delay my wedding," he chortled; "if there wasn't a cook left in the world we wouldn't care; we're going to be vegetarians because we're going to live in the Garden of Eden."

"Tush!" I snickered. "Tush, yourself!" said Hep. "Oh, tush, both of you," said Peaches. "John said that very thing to me three weeks before we were married."

"Sure I did," I went back, "and we're still in the Garden, aren't we? Of course if you want to sublet part of it and have Hep and his bride roaming moonstruck through your strawberry beds, that's up to you!"

"Well," said friend wife, "being alone in the Garden of Eden is all right, but after you've been there three or four years there's a mild excitement in hearing a strange voice, even if it is that of a serpent!"

Close the door, Della, I feel a draft. Useless Inquiry. "What's the plural of omnibus?" "I don't know," replied the man who had been standing on the corner. "The word doesn't need any plural. It's hard enough to see as many as one of 'em."

Very Likely. Patience—Our boarding-house lady told me she has a family coat-of-arms. Patience—I can imagine figuring in it is a prune couchant.

ARE YOU DISFIGURED BY SKIN ERUPTION?

Pimples, rashes, ringworm, prickly-heat and, worst of all, that red itching, scaly torment, eczema, vanish when you use resolin ointment and resolin soap. There is no doubt about it. Even though your skin is so unsightly with eruption that you shun your friends and your friends shun you, resolin usually makes it clear and healthy, quickly, easily and at trifling cost.

When you are sick of wasting time and money on tedious, expensive treatments, get resolin ointment and resolin soap from the nearest druggist and you will quickly see why physicians have prescribed them for twenty years for just such troubles as yours! Great for sunburn.—Adv.

A young woman named Gold and a young man named King were married in Minneapolis the other day. A court commissioner did the molding. There are 155 creameries and 1,002 cheese factories in Ontario. United States trade with Canada in 1914 amounted to \$492,450,324.

Miss Julia May's Candles. It was Miss Julia May's birthday, and in honor of the occasion a cake had been baked to be decorated with candles, one candle for each anniversary. Dinner was being delayed and Miss Julia May called to Aunt Piney: "What is holding dinner, Aunt Piney?"

Aunt Piney's answer called for no further explanation: "Lawdy, honey, is you forgot how many of dese candles dey is to light?" —Nashville Banner.

Why, Certainly. Patience—So she's learning to dance, is she? Patience—Yes. "Where?" "Why, on her feet, of course."

Match Wind Shield. A new pocket holder for safety match boxes has a slide to form a wind shield when a match is lighted. Drink Denison's Coffee, For your health's sake. Prosperity begins to pay the freight as soon as it is found out.

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 one-half 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 more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but 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 allays fever. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

HOUSE HELP AND THE WAR

So Many People Are Staying Home That It Is Hard to Get Good Servants.

"Well," snapped a New York lady as she came out of an intelligence office, "I didn't think the war in Europe would make any difference to me in my daily affairs, as I don't run over to the other side every few weeks as some do, and miss it ever so much when they don't, but I am learning that it is really a great inconvenience."

"You know usually in summer good servants are not nearly so hard to get, but now so many people are staying home and keeping their servants that it is almost impossible to get a good one. One agent I saw yesterday told me she had had 12 calls in the morning from ladies who wanted house help of one kind or another and she had absolutely nothing to offer. I understand that 200,000 people will not be going abroad this year and every one of them, or their families, are exhausting the summer servant supply. I always did think war was dreadful, and now I think it is worse than ever."

One of London's Oldest Women. Mrs. Mary Mitchell of Old Brompton, Chatham, recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday. She is a widow and is the granddaughter of a centenarian who died at the age of one hundred and three. As a member of the Wesleyan Methodist community, she was the first Bible woman to visit the homes of the royal marines as long ago as 1832.—London Times.

A Queer World. This is a queer world. In one end of town a woman who has denied herself enough to eat so that the children might have milk for supper will pick up a piece of newspaper and see a big headline over the news that a woman in the other end of town has just paid \$10,000 for a Pekinese poodle.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Appropriate. Patience—Will always dresses appropriate to the occasion. Patience—I suppose, then, when he's going to draw carpet tacks he puts on his "claw-hammer."

A man seldom saves any money after marriage unless he has a wife who will save it for him. An income tax means an outgo check.

Riches Lie in Ourselves

What the Man Is, Not What He Has, Makes Him Wealthy or Poor.

In my own life, as I wander farther and farther along the vagabond trail in search of truth and beauty, I find it easier and easier to find contentment without the riches of the world. Leave me imagination, and I shall still be rich; but give me all the wealth of the world and take from me imagination and you will plunge me deep into a bottomless hell of indescribable misery.

We cannot own things without being owned by them. Thoreau understood this. His life was so successful that Emerson wrote of him, "Wherever there is beauty, he will find a home. I cannot live Thoreau's life. But I can live my own."

"In the transmission of heavenly waters," says Emerson, "every hole fits its hydrant."—Thomas Dreher in the Nautilus.

A Test Case. "I don't know whether my pretty neighbor takes me seriously or not." "You can easily find out." "How?" "Pretend you have found another pretty neighbor in the same block."

Just So. "What do you think of these here 'summer furs'?" "It's carrying things pretty fur."

To die for a woman may be an act of bravery, but the man who leads her to the marriage altar and agrees to earn a living for her is a real hero. Being happy is often a matter of not having anything to make you otherwise. Women do not like new wrinkles any more than they do old ones.

Advertisement for Post Toasties and cream. Includes an illustration of a bowl of Post Toasties and a teapot. Text: "A Delightful Treat Post Toasties and cream. Dainty, delicious morsels of white Indian corn, toasted to a delicate brown. An appetizing dish served with cream or crushed fruit. 'Toasties' are ready to eat direct from package—Breakfast, lunch or supper—Enjoyed by old and young, and 'The Memory Lingers' Grocers everywhere sell Post Toasties."