

## "Run Down" People Easy Prey To Serious Disease

When you get "run down" it merely means your system is disordered,—working poorly. If the disorder stays small, you may remain just "run down." But if it gets worse, you are downright sick. Don't wait until your "run down" condition develops into real illness. Start today toning your system with an A-1 blood remedy to drive out the

impurities, a vegetable medicine like S.S.S., which has served thousands thus in the last half century.



Get S.S.S. from your druggist right now. Then write us about your condition, addressing Chief Medical Advisor, 848 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia. We'll send you medical counsel free.

### Cracks at Creation.

The fool, however, never admits his identity.

A thing what is worth doing at all is not always done right.

Yes, the world still wags, even if the U. S. no longer "jags."

It takes a fool to tell a lie and a smart man to get away with it.

People with swelled heads are recognized by their lack of sense.

There are shadows in the lives of all people, but the sunshine of a smile will break through the darkest of them all.

Some people get all they can and try to get rid of more than they get.

Backaches are common to people who do not like to work in the garden.

The allies are still allied in an effort to give the German screw an extra turn.

Some people have so many brains there is no room left for common sense.

It is difficult at times to tell whether some people are brainy or hairbrained.

The fellow who goes out to kill two birds with one stone is liable to miss both.

### Blanche's Make-Up

By KATE EDMONDS

(By 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

Mrs. Laura Peaslee sat in a comfortable rocking chair in the broad, airy hallway of her home, listening idly to the gay chatter and laughter of a group of merry girls. There were four of them—Nellie Day, her niece; two cousins, Agnes and Frances Wood, and Blanche Virdeen, the latter a visitor of the Wood girls, whose home adjoined that of Mrs. Peaslee.

Except for the loss of her husband, life had been very pleasant to the wealthy widow. She had an ample fortune and many valued friends, and in adopting her favorite niece she had added a new joy to existence. Her heart warmed as she listened to the pretty prattle of Nellie and her companions. A token of interest was added as she thought of another favorite—Deslyn Moore. He, too, was an orphan, and his mother had been the closest schoolgirl friend of Mrs. Peaslee. The latter had felt bound to interest herself in the lonely boy, and she had given him a good college education. Now she was very proud of the progress he was making as a chemist in a nearby city. Every summer Deslyn spent two weeks at the Peaslee home. He was expected to make his annual visit during the present week.

It was concerning him that the bright quartette of young ladies were making so much noise. They all knew Deslyn except Miss Virdeen. Even her dark Spanish-like face had glowed, however, with interest at a sight of his photograph, treasured by Nellie. Deslyn had good prospects. He was not engaged.

"We must all look our prettiest, you know," laughed Agnes. "Aunt Laura says Deslyn is surely going to carry one of us away with him."

"Well, don't flatter yourself, plain homely sister of mine," retorted the mischievous Frances. "It was always Nellie with Deslyn, and Nellie will certainly be the fairy princess."

"Yes," remarked Miss Virdeen in her felicitous way, "with that cream and peaches complexion of yours, Nellie, ordinary and artificial charms like ours will stand little show."

"Artificial!" bridled the circumspect Agnes.

"Oh, on that score the reference was exclusively to myself, dear," explained Blanche. "I confess to the guilt of a make-up, girls. Come, Nellie, you were so kind as to invite me to visit with you overnight, and I brought my toilet case with me. I hardly thought you would be interested, but I look so dreadful when I get up in the morning that I didn't want to terrify you with my wrinkles of care and cross face lines."

Blanche envied the strong, healthy, natural girl, whose bright eyes and glowing cheeks told of sunshine, pure air, a quiet home life and—love.

They had a great time of it as Blanche opened the toilet case. She showed them how she brought the cherry red to her lips.

"And at night, dear—you see this muslin cloth. It is a beauty mask. Now look—I saturate it from the green bottle, I lay it over my face, and in the morning when I take it off the skin is clear and smooth as a baby's."

The next morning a hurry call came from Agnes, an unexpected invitation to a picnic. Blanche had to flit early. She left her toilet case behind her. Nellie did not go. Deslyn was expected on the afternoon train.

Nellie paused with a smile as she observed the open toilet case. Then she looked into the mirror. "Suppose I take my nap in a beauty mask. Why, I'll try it just for fun."

She laughed as she saturated the piece. Two hours later, just as Mrs. Peaslee entered the house, she was startled by a frantic scream. She rushed up the stairs. There was Nellie, staring into the mirror. Her beautiful face was raw blotches.

A doctor was hastily sent for. He ordered a dressing, examined the toilet case, and discovered that Nellie had used a strong acid used for burning away proud flesh instead of the harmless beauty preparation.

That afternoon there came a telegram stating that Deslyn was delayed till the next day. A slight accident detained him, the message said.

Miss Virdeen smiled softly to herself when she heard of Nellie's mishap.

Nellie told her aunt she simply would not meet Deslyn. To her surprise her aunt appeared leading Deslyn, who had a bandage across his eyes.

"You can come down, Nellie, dear," announced her aunt, appearing in her room. "Poor Deslyn! While experimenting in his laboratory a chemical exploded, nearly blinding him."

Two weeks later Nellie's disfigurement had totally disappeared. A few days later the happy Deslyn was allowed to use his eyes. He viewed his radiant fiancée tenderly. She told him all about her mishap, and her tears and misery over it.

"Cream and peaches!" quoted the ardent lover. "Yes, Nellie, and roses and lilies, and all things that are pretty and sweet—that's you!"

### Parthian Shot.

"I wonder," remarked one woman, "what the other club members really think of me."

"I hesitate to tell you what I've heard," said her sour-faced companion. "If you'd heard anything bad, you wouldn't hesitate, so it's all right. Thank you so much. Good-by."—Boston Transcript.

### Boots In His Youth.

(Letter to New York Sun)  
What old boy of today does not recall that first pair of copper toed boots? Those shiny caps were in first to meet the many obstacles in the path of childhood and they conquered. Uppers and soles might waste and wrinkle with age, but those toes wore a cheerful countenance to the last step. Then came the boots with polished red tops.

No real boy would profane those bright embellishments by wearing his trousers over them. The trousers went inside the boots, and the boy, taller by six inches, strode off to school with head high and martial tread.

In winter came the cowhide boots. These, well appointed with melted mutton tallow, were impervious to any kind of slush, but if left wet overnight would often freeze solid. Many an old fellow will recall how he struggled in the morning to get into those frigid coverings and go through the torture of thawing them out by the warmth of his cold feet under the school benches.

Every kitchen has its bootjack behind the woodbox. These jacks served the dual purpose of pulling off boots and hurrying after alien cats.

Now we are on the subject of footwear mention must be made of those Sunday calfkin boots. The breed of calves from which they were made must be extinct. No such black soft leather is in evidence nowadays. Their tops were so delicately thin that they could not stand alone but settled about one-third of their length in glossy convolutions about the ankles. They were indeed beauties, the shining mark of a gentleman.



It's an old saying that murder will out, but it would be more to the point to see the murderers snuffed out.

England and France have unofficially advised us that they intend some day to pay the debts they owe to this country. Our grandchildren's grandchildren will be duly impressed with their generosity.

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### CHEAP NITROGEN Supplied By Soybean And Corn Crop.

Farmers can obtain approximately 35 pounds of nitrogen worth about twenty-five cents per pound or a total of \$9.00 from each acre of land at a cost of 30 to 50 cents by planting soybeans in their corn at the rate of six pounds to the acre, according to Ralph Kenney, crops extension specialist from the College of Agriculture.

Soybeans planted at this rate usually yield about one ton of hay per acre, which contains about 50 pounds of nitrogen or a one-tenth of the amount contained in both the

roots and the above-ground portion of the crop. Counting both the roots and the hay a ton of hay represents about 55 pounds of nitrogen, two-thirds of which, or the 36 pounds come from the air, provided the plants grow nodules and costs the farmer only the amount necessary to plant the acre.

The best practice to follow in regard to soybeans and corn grown together is to hog them off or pasture them with any kind of livestock, according to Mr. Kenney. This keeps stock in first-class condition at no expense to the farmer and also aids in building up the soil since the droppings of the animals contain 80 per cent of the fertility which was in the feed consumed. This is returned to the soil without loss.

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