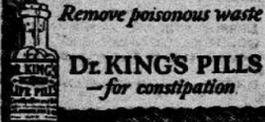


**Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION**



**BELL-ANS**  
6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief  
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

**Remove poisonous waste**



**Dr. KING'S PILLS**  
—for constipation

Strict.  
"Aren't they awfully strict in their home life?"  
"Dear me, yes; the bishop told me he had to faint before he could get anything to drink."

**Brought Joy to Babies for Fifty Years**

What mother doesn't know the value of Teething?  
For nearly fifty years this wonderful prescription has brought joy and happiness to countless thousands of little suffering children.  
Teething is absolutely harmless and endorsed by the medical profession. It is wonderful in relieving bowel troubles of babies and little children such as Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery and Constipation. It is also invaluable in breaking up a cold. Remember—it's just a baby, so be careful what medicines you use.  
Teething is sold by all druggists, but if you can't get it, send 50c to Moffett Laboratories, Columbus, Ga., and get a package together with valuable Baby booklet.—Advertisement.

After a boy has spent a year at college he resembles the picture in ready made clothing advertisements.

**"Cascarets" 10c**

**Best Bowel Laxative When Bilious, Constipated**

To clean out your bowels without cramping or overacting, take Cascarets. Sick headaches, biliousness, gases, indigestion, sour, upset stomach, and all such distress gone by morning. Nicest physic on earth for grown-ups and children. 10c a box. Taste like candy.—Advertisement.

One nice thing about living in the suburbs—when you miss the last train out you have to stay in town.

**DYED HER BABY'S COAT, A SKIRT AND CURTAINS WITH "DIAMOND DYES"**

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a new, rich color into shabby shirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything. Day Diamond Dyes—no other kind—these perfect dyes are guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.—Advertisement.

Movie romances all seem to read: "And so they were divorced and lived happily ever after."—Imprint.

The Colman's Talcum Trio. Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Colman's Talcum your every-day toilet preparation. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

Joe the Plodder says some fellows always grab a stool when there's a place to be moved.

Remember to Mothers. Reckless carefully every bottle of CALUMET that favors old ready-to-use babies and children, and see that it bears the signature of **Calumet**. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Some men do not hesitate about breaking a promise because it is so easy to make another.

Constitutionally inferior, diseased, nervous, and feeble. Women's health. Vegetables. Eat natural regularly without spices. Advertisement.

A Warm Blanket.  
"Is your wife a good cook?"  
"The meat he'll eat for nothing they will eat when they're full."

Remember that the only way to get a good thing is to pay for it. Advertisement.

**Impulse Dodds' Christmas**



**F.H. Sweet**  
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**TOMMY** Dodd, "Impulse Dodds," cattleman, was in Chicago, with his big sale over. And even in Chicago, where sight-seeing cattlemen were common, Impulse Dodd was a noticeable figure, with his six feet odd, free money ways, and almost perpetual smile.

He paused in front of a small, narrow store, whose one window was full of toys. Inside, the counter and shelves were packed with the same kind of goods.

"Just Santa," said Impulse, aloud. "Believe I'll go in."

He closed his fingers tightly and pushed open the door with his thumb, stiffly extended.

"Put in his thumb," he grinned, "and—does he pull out a plum?"

In the shop were two men, the one in front of the counter loud-voiced and threatening. "Well," this one was finishing, as Impulse entered, "I'll give you just two more days to meet your bill, till the day after Christmas. If you don't pay me in full then, I will take possession."

As the man stalked out, Impulse raised his right foot and swung it back and forth thoughtfully.

"Can I show you anything, sir?" he asked a moment later, as Impulse turned to the counter with a half-regretful frown on his face, adding: "It's just as well you didn't do it, sir. He's a very vindictive man."

"That so? Then I sure wish I had. I don't generally hold back on things, but this city's getting me right scared. I've reined up unusual the last three days. Now 'bout the toys. That man's talk is so easy unraveled. I reckon you'll sell cheap?"

"At almost your own price, sir. There is only this one day to sell, and I can't hope to do enough. I've seen failure for a week past, though for a while I did hope to come out in condition to start again. Now what can I show you?"

"Well, not only one solitary thing in particular, I reckon," scanning the shelves judiciously. "They all look right enticing, and what I didn't buy would make me feel sorry to look at. What'll you take for the bunch?"

The storekeeper moved along the counter, trying to arrange his goods more attractively.

"Look around all you want to," he said amiably. "And there is an easy chair back yonder where you can sit and rest, if you like."

Impulse followed him.

"No wonder you can't sell, if you treat all customers like me," he complained. "Now, see here," slapping a big roll of bills on the counter. "How



"How much?" demanded Impulse. "Remember there's only one day for selling Santa stuff."

"Do you mean business?" asked the storekeeper, a selfish business counting into his voice.

"How much?"

"Fifteen hundred, if you mean the coat. But I warn you it's too late to sell such."

"Oh, I'm sure a hatter down home," cheerfully, "and I've a hunch I can move Santa goods tolerable brisk the day before the day. Now let's see, fifteen, with a fair per cent for profit and a little for good will makes it just two thousand. There you are, peeling up another bill or two, and then replacing the roll in his pocket. "Now you've got to throw in your services as clerk for the rest of the day."

"But I can't—" began the dazed shopkeeper. But Impulse was at the door.

"Back right soon," he called. "Be getting the goods ready to handle quick."

Outside, Impulse played up and down the street. Half a dozen urchins were playing on the sidewalk, two or three were hanging behind a tray, a peddler was crying his wares. Other pedestrians were busy seen among pedestrians and street vehicles. Impulse had a hunch that his search and that a hunch that would cover a sale on the street. At the same

time the other hand was coming from his pocket with all the coins his fingers could grasp. These were tossed into the air. By the time they had ceased flinging on the sidewalk, fifty more or less grimy little hands were clutching for them.

"Now, you bunch," called Impulse. "Just listen to me for a minute. Who's the most no 'count boy in this neighborhood?"

"Crawfish Bobby," answered a voice promptly. "He never stands treat, an' carries every cent home to his ma-a-a."

"And the most unpopular girl?"

There was a short silence, then several of the boys tittered.

"Raggy Sally," said one of them. "She's Peasant Seller Bet's girl, an' when we boys throw mud she fights like a wildcat."

"And gives all of you a mighty good drubbing. I hope," commented Impulse. "Now, boys, the two who bring Crawfish Bobby and Raggy Sally to me get a four-bit piece each, and tell them they'll get another for coming. Now, the lot of you come back, for the show isn't half over."

Ten minutes later, Crawfish Bobby and Raggy Sally stood in front of him. Impulse placed a hand upon a shoulder of each.

"These two are going to be little Santas and give you all a right nice



"Mr. Santa Claus, I believe, sir," she began.

present by and by," he called to the rapidly increasing crowd of urchins. "Mind, you'll owe it in part to them. Now stampede into the streets and alleys of the neighborhood and corral every boy and girl you can find, and bring 'em here. Just an hour from now this store'll commence to give out presents, and you'll all get one. Nobody will be missed. Hit the street and the whole lot of you except these two."

In an hour, the door was thrown open and the rush began, with half a thousand whooping youngsters to make the assault. It was short work, the pillaging of the store, and in forty minutes all was over. And then, just as the hilarious present bearers were scattering into every street and alley, an automobile swerved out from the street traffic and stopped at the curb. In it were an old gentleman and a lady and several girls. The gentleman motioned some of the urchins to the side of the car, where they were questioned as to the extraordinary spectacle. Then a few words passed between the occupants of the car, after which one of the girls alighted and came to the store. Crawfish Bobby and Raggy Sally were just outside the door, with their arms full.

"You're the little Santa's," smiled the young lady, as she took their hands, "and I just know you had a big time." Then she entered the store and went straight to Impulse.

"Mr. Santa Claus, I believe, sir," she began.

"Why—er—no," stammered Impulse, turning red, "only—er—just as a sort of advance agent, named Impulse—I mean Tommy Dodd."

The girl broke into a ringing laugh. "Impulse! I like that," she cried.

"Now, Impulse Dodd, have you any definite arrangement for the Christmas holidays—any binding engagement, I mean?"

"No-o, nothing except to tramp sidewalks and say 'Howdy' to every stranger who'll let me."

"Good! Then there's nothing in the way of our invitation. You see, we're having a houseful of company for the holiday week, and papa and mamma suggested that I ask you. Papa owns a ranch out West, and he says he knows how a stranger must feel in a city at Christmas time, and he thinks a man who can do what you've just done will certainly be an acquisition to our party. And I may add we all feel the same way. You'll come? There is room in our machine."

Impulse nodded. He lacked words fitting to the occasion. A week at a home party! Gee! wouldn't that be grand, to tell the boys at the ranch. Start back the day after Christmas? Who! He! No, sir! That would be rank foolishness. Not till the last gun was fired.

So he walked out to the automobile with the girl, with nava a thought of the emptied store behind, or of the heaving, misty-eyed man who could now stand up again without the baleful specter of a creditor to glare at him over the goods. And as Dodd entered the automobile, one of the girls afterwards declared that she heard his murmur. "And pulled out a plum," though she could not understand why. It was just one of his money ways.

**THE KITCHEN CABINET**



(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

How jolly it is, of a cold winter morning, To pop out of bed just a bit before dawning, And thinking the while of your jolly old bath, To kindle a flame on your jolly old hearth!

Ah, me! It is merry! Sing derry-down-derry.

Where now is the lark? I am up before him, I chuckle with glee at this quaint little whim.

I make up the fire—pray heaven it catches! But what in the world have they done with the matches? Ah, me! It is merry! Sing derry-down-derry.

This is a song that has never been sung—nor ever will be—so the tune is immaterial.—Ralph Bergengren.

**MORE CHRISTMAS CAKES**

A delicate cake which is more of a confection is:

**Almond Macaroons.**—Take one pound of sweet almonds blanched and pounded until smooth; while pounding add a few drops of rose water to keep the almond mixture smooth; add to the whites of seven eggs beaten until stiff—two pounds of carefully sifted powdered sugar—a little at a time to keep the mixture full of air. Use two tablespoonfuls of rose water for flavoring which includes that used in mixing the almonds. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered baking-sheet or buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven.

**Molasses Drop Cookies.**—Take one-half cupful each of sugar, butter, molasses and sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of raisins, currants, and cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger to taste. Stir up over night and bake the next morning.

**Sunshine Gems.**—These are good if you can afford the eggs. Separate the yolks and whites of seven eggs. Sift one cupful of granulated sugar, then sift two-thirds of a cupful of pastry flour five times. Beat the white of the eggs until stiff, adding one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar when they are half beaten; now add the yolks which have been thoroughly beaten, mix the sugar, then the flour. Bake in greased gem pans in a quick oven for fifteen to twenty minutes. When cool ice with orange icing.

Common sense teaches that there is no one branch of human art or science in which perfection is not a point forever receding.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

**HERE'S A RAISIN**

Our dieticians are endeavoring to train us to appreciate and use more raisins as they are so rich in iron and a good heat and energy producer. The grape sugar found in raisins is perhaps the most easily digested of any sugar; requiring little change before it is assimilated and made into good red blood.

The raisin is a good scavenger, a muscle and flesh-producer and when well masticated is easily digested by the average stomach.

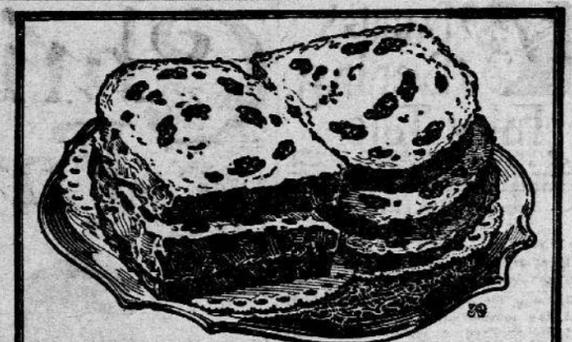
The layer raisins are the choicest in the market and many cooks prefer them, seeding them at home rather than to buy the seeded or seedless; however, one may find very good brands of the seeded raisins which have delicious flavor. A handful of raisins added to a fruit salad gives just a touch of flavor that is found in no other fruit. As filling for cake, mixed with nuts or other kinds of fruit such as figs, dates, prunes or the dried apricots and peaches, one may have an endless variety of good things.

**Sweet Raisin Bread.**—Take one quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls each of lard and sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of five eggs, a cake of compressed yeast, two pounds of raisins and one-half ounce of spices flour to make a mixture to knead. Prepare and bake as usual. When cold cover with a thin coating of powdered sugar and water.

**Raisin Confection for the Christmas Box.**—Put a pound of raisins through the meat grinder with a cupful of any desired nuts, or a mixture of walnuts, hickory nuts and almonds or pecans, add a pinch of salt, the juice and rind of an orange, or vary with a lemon instead of the orange, then mix until rather stiff with confectioner's sugar. Pack into a waxed paper-lined tin box, press until firm and set away to become hard. When firm cut in slices, dip in fondant or chocolate or wrap in waxed paper and serve plain. Such candy cannot hurt the children and is good for them, eaten moderately.

**Graham Raisin Bread.**—Take a quart of water, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar, lard and molasses, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a cake of compressed yeast, two pounds of raisins, one-half cupful of chopped nuts, equal parts of graham and white flour. Let the dough rise twice, then again, when made into loaves, and bake in a medium hot oven.

NEELIE Maxwell



**Why Bake At Home when you can buy bread like it, ready baked?**

**COUNT** the raisins—at least eight big, plump, tender fruit-meats to the slice.

Taste it—see how the raisin flavor permeates the bread.

No need to bake at home when we've arranged with bakers in almost every town and city to bake this full-fruited raisin bread.

Just 'phone and they'll deliver it—all ready to surprise the family tonight.

**SUN-MAID RAISINS**  
The Supreme Bread Raisin

Your retailer should sell you Sun-Maid Raisins for not more than the following prices:

**CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT**

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, Dept. N-550-12, Fresno, California. Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

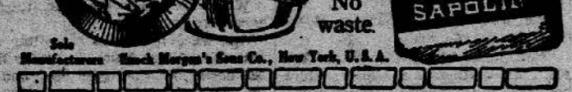
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**Cooking Utensils must be CLEAN**

For quick results on all metalware use

**SAPOLIO**

Cleans - Scours - Polishes



**10c Gives New Life to Old Stockings**

Putnam Fadeless Dyes—dyes or tints as you wish

Really Not His Concern. Jones—Are you married? Movie Actor—I really don't know. My lawyer attends to all those things.

Double Barreled. Neighbor—What caused you to lose the fight? Teddy—I lost the race!

A girl without cheek has her kisses handed to her.

A divorce decree is always a parting injunction.

**"Lots for Your Money Brands"**

Should Not Tempt You—Use

**CALUMET**

The Economy BAKING POWDER

That's What Millions of Housewives Do

—They know that Good Baking Powder can't be sold for less—that "more for the money" means bake-day failures, waste of time and money—that Calumet means economy.

The sales of Calumet are over 150% greater than that of any other baking powder.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER