

Says Indigestion Is Entirely Ended

Victims of stomach trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, and their allied complaints find Tanlac an ever-ready source of relief and comfort.

When a boy starts out in the evening, the "whirl of gaiety" begins with an oyster stew.



Mrs. Sarah Lamb.

East Bakersfield, Calif. — "Lr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best tonic and blood purifier I have ever taken."

Obtain the Discovery in tablets or liquid from your nearest druggist or send 10c for trial package to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

English Child Pedestrian. England has a very youthful walking champion in the person of Master G. O. Edwards, aged ten, of Moss Side, Manchester.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Beauty in Suffering. Suffering becomes beautiful when anyone bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility but through greatness of mind.—Aristotle.

Nobody likes a grouch, but lots of folks act as wet nurses thereto.



25c and 75c Packages, Everywhere

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE LAST GOLDEN ROD

"Hello, Mr. Wind," said Miss Golden Rod. "I am the last Golden Rod flower of the season, I think."

"I think you're one of the nicest of all the nice flower families."

"How kind you are, Mr. Wind, and I can tell you, I do appreciate your kind words."

"I mean them, I mean them," said Mr. Wind decidedly. And the leaves and grass and even Miss Golden Rod herself nodded and said:

"Mr. Wind means what he says."

"I've been hearing of the Fleur-de-lis which is the national flower of France," said Mr. Wind. "You know it is the Iris flower."

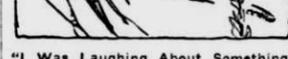
"It used to be called Fleur-de-Louis, meaning the flower of Louis, who was one of their rulers in the olden days. A fleur is the same as a flower—it is the French word for flower."

"There is quite a story about it, and as I know you like to hear about flowers, I will tell you this story."

"Do," said Miss Golden Rod.

"Iris," said Mr. Wind, "was a messenger of the old Greek gods. They had a birthday party to which all the flowers were invited, and three sisters came beautifully gowned in purple, yellow and red. Their colors were the colors of the rainbow, and the rainbow was dedicated to Iris."

"Oh yes, there are many, many stories of Iris! The flower has been much used in Egyptian carvings, and, too, it



"I Was Laughing About Something."

has been used for perfumes and oils. "It is said that a powder made from its roots was part of a mixture used for broken bones!"

"And another story about it is that it was supposed to be good for bites from snakes!"

"But, though the Iris or Fleur-de-lis has so many stories about her, I am fonder of our own lovely Golden Rod."

"How happy that makes me," said Miss Golden Rod.

"I am very devoted to the country here. That is why I cannot bear to leave."

"I should have gone some time ago, but I just couldn't. My flower trunk was packed and ready to give to the Flower Expressman who would scatter the seeds about, but I couldn't bear to leave, as I told you."

"But, Mr. Wind, you are laughing. Pray tell me why you are laughing? Have I said anything funny?"

"No," said Mr. Wind. "I was laughing about something funny that I heard today."

"Someone said how helpful I was in drying the clothes that were out on the line."

"Yes," someone said, "the Wind is very helpful. He is a fine dry wind, and he is just making the clothes dry in no time at all. He is such a help."

"Then someone else said: "I really don't know what I would do if it weren't for the Wind to help me with my washing. He doesn't exactly help with the washing itself, but the washing is finished much sooner because he helps with the drying."

"Oh, I really do not know what I would do without Mr. Wind. I do not know at all."

"And then someone else said: "I can't see how Mr. Wind is so much of a help in the washing and drying. He hasn't any hands. How can he help wash and dry clothes?"

"Well, I laughed then and I laugh now to think of myself with hands. Fancy the wind blowing about with a pair of hands to look after."

"It is so ridiculous. It did make me laugh."

"But the first two who had spoken explained to the third person (who very evidently knew absolutely nothing about washing and drying) what a help I was in blowing and drying without hands. And now I must be about my work, but how glad I am to have seen you again, dear, bright Miss Golden Rod."

The KURDS



Kurd Coolies in Irak.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

The so-called Kurdish Republic, one of the latest governmental units reported to have been set up in the eastern Middle East, is supposed to have been created by a Kurd bandit from the Persian part of the region that has been indefinitely termed "Kurdistan" for generations.

Kurdistan has sprawled across international lines with a fine disregard for those hypothetical, man-made limits; and its people, too, have disregarded national boundaries. Semi-nomadic, many of them spend their winters in the warm plains of Irak, and their summers in the cool uplands of Persia or Eastern Turkey.

The Kurds are, par excellence, the mountaineers of the Middle East. The highlands have ever bred not only a love of liberty and independence, but often an aggressive and marauding spirit as well, and all these traits the Kurds have in abundance. Big and muscular, with piercing dark eyes and long mustaches that contribute a look of fierceness, every one armed to the teeth, the men might be described as the world's nightmare conception of brigands.

Three thousands years ago the proud kings of Assyria led their trained armies northward into the mountainous region of the upper Euphrates and Tigris rivers. The turbulent mountaineers against whom they advanced fled before the civilized soldiers of the Mesopotamian plain and took refuge in inaccessible heights, leaving their rude villages of mud and stones to be destroyed.

Not Easy to Conquer. Invariably the kings claimed to have defeated the wild upland tribes, as boastful inscriptions carved in the living rock still prove; but the defeat was never permanent. As soon as the soldiers retired the mountaineers reoccupied their villages, and soon began to plunder the lowlands as lawlessly as ever.

Centuries later, when Xenophon led his ten thousand Greeks from the lower Euphrates northward across the Armenian plateau to Trebizond, the mountaineers were still untamed. All night they rolled stones down the mountain-side upon Xenophon's army, and were vanquished only by a stratagem.

Today the great empires of Mesopotamia have fallen; the power of Greece has passed away; but, still, as of old, the mountains breed lawlessness, and the mountaineers are the unsubdued scourge of the people of the plains.

The lineal descendants of the Carduchi who opposed the march of Xenophon are the Kurds—a sturdy, strong-featured race of Mohammedan Aryans, allied to the Persians on the one hand and to the Armenians on the other. Their home is in the southern part of the Armenian plateau, among the headwaters of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, and in the Zagros mountains, which run southeastward from Lake Van to the Persian gulf and form the boundary between Turkey and Persia. There they tend their flocks; for the majority are primarily shepherds, although they cultivate the soil as far as possible.

Although most of the Kurds possess villages, composed of clusters of low, flat-roofed houses of stone or mud, all the tribes are more or less nomadic. The majority live in dark-brown, many-peaked tents of goats' hair during the summer, not wandering far from home, but merely going up into the high mountains, where it is too cold and snowy to live in winter.

A considerable number, however, live a purely nomadic life, wandering hundreds of miles along regular routes. Among the pure nomads society is organized upon a half-tribal, half-patriarchal system, while the half-patriarchal Kurds are either divided into tribes or clans, like those of medieval Scotland, or are ruled by feudal lords, whose power is often absolute.

Poverty is the rule among the Kurds; the mountain fastnesses are difficult of access, and they themselves are strong and hardy by reason of their life of exertion. The people of the neighboring fertile lowlands, on the other hand, are relatively well-to-

do, and are also comparatively unprotected and averse to war. All these factors combine to make the Kurds a race of plunderers. "No race," says the famous geographer Reclus, "neither Baluch, Bedouin, nor Apache, has developed the marauding instinct to a higher degree than have the warlike Kurd tribes."

Hate Their Neighbors. In the northern portion of Kurdistan, Kurds, Armenians and Turks are jumbled together in the same region. These three peoples have little love for one another.

The Kurd hates the Turks because they have often worsted him in battle, because they tax him heavily whenever they are able, and because they curtail his opportunities for fighting and plundering. He despises the Armenians because they are Christians, and because they can be robbed and ill-treated almost with impunity when the Turks give permission. Yet in spite of this he has a sort of sympathy for them, because they, too, are oppressed.

The Armenian hates and fears both the Kurds, who plunder him, and the Turks, who oppress and persecute him. He also despises both races because they are not so clever as he. It is only by exerting his superior wits in business or in flattery of his rulers that he can manage to maintain his position. It is not strange that his character reflects the conditions under which he lives.

The Turk, in turn, despises the Kurds because many of them are only half-hearted or heretical Mohammedans, and because they are simple, unsophisticated folk. He fears them, also, because they are wild, lawless people, who make the life of the tax-gatherer a burden and who rob a Turkish official with great glee if they find the opportunity. The Turk despises the Armenians, because as he would somewhat unfairly put it, "they are cowardly Christian dogs." He hates them because he knows that they are far quicker and keener than he, far better business men, and far better educated.

In the edge of Persia, again, the Kurds are racially distinct from their neighbors, and have rarely been submissive to the central government. The chief caravan route from Irak through central Persia lies through their region, and often they have completely dominated this highway, taking toll as they chose from the caravans.

Picturesque Costumes. They are in reality semi-barbaric, nomadic tribes that live on their flocks and by hunting in these wild mountain valleys. They have their own national costume, which is perhaps the most picturesque in all Persia.

Almost always armed to the teeth these tribesmen look particularly romantic when dashing down a boulder-strewn hillside on their sure-footed ponies; the gleam of a rifle slung over a shoulder; flowing purple turban loosely bound around a huge black felt hat; broad, colorful scarf about the waist, half hiding two or even three handlovers and above which projects hilts of a knife and a locally-made revolver or perhaps a German automatic Mauser; baggy trousers, gaily tasseled and embroidered saddle-cloths, and a certain air of bravado withal that vividly recalls an Oriental, a more brilliant Velasquez, or those gallantly attired heroes so naively shown in old Persian miniatures.

The Kurdish women are generally somber in dress, but do not hide the beauty of their faces under veils as strictly as the Persian women.

Credulous, fierce, and intractable as the Kurds are, they are nevertheless a people of true strength of character. They have been a menace to the development of constitutional government in the countries in which they live. They themselves are ruled partly by the patriarchal system, partly by the clan system, and partly by the feudal system, and all have had the bitter experience of the hated rule of despotic monarchies. For three thousand years they have lived the same wild, simple life, remote from all men and at strife with all men. Now modern ideas are coming to them.

Wit and Humor



EQUAL TO THE SITUATION

He had been waiting for his boiled egg with exemplary patience, and at last he saw it coming along, borne on a heavily-laden tray.

But alas! to the expectations of man! The waitress lost her nerve, and down went the tray with all its contents.

"Never mind, miss," said the sufferer. "It'll do just as well poached."—London Tit-Bits.

An Injudicious Parent.

"He's breeding trouble for himself."

"How?"

"His teaching his young son to drive the car."

"Where's the trouble in that?"

"From now on he's going to have many an argument as to which one of them is going to have the car after supper."

Passing Moods.

"A man in your position must study the passing moods of the people."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "and he must look out for the moods that pass so quickly, that he'll have to revise the speeches he made in the spring in order to stann a chance of being elected in the fall."—Washington Star.



THE MANTLE OF CHARITY

Mrs. Primm—That woman just ahead of us is Mrs. Torso in her latest evening gown. She puts every cent she has on her back.

Her Husband—Ah well, poverty is no crime.

Serious Stuff.

..humorist wrote in a lighthearted way Of the price of fuel, the other day: But I don't see, to save my soul, How a fellow can joke about a ton o'clock!

A Patient Sufferer.

The Doctor—You are coming along finely, Mr. Longsuffer. In a couple of days you can take down that quarantine card.

The Patient—Better leave it up a few more weeks. My wife's so afraid of contagion she's sent her dog out to board till the danger is past.

A Vain Chase.

Dumas, the younger, was talking with a friend when a would-be humorist went by.

"Poor fellow, remarked the friend, "he is always on a chase after a joke."

"Yes," answered Dumas, "and the joke always wins."

Whirled Off His Feet.

"I had a little balance in the bank but I became engaged two months ago and now—"

"Oh, love makes the world go round."

"Yes, but I didn't think it would go so fast that it would make me lose my balance."

The Modern Definition.

Teacher in Agriculture—What is a barnyard?

Bright Pupil—The place where they make moving picture comedies.

Both Ends.

Mrs. Long—An ideal house to visit is one where you can stay as long as you want to.

Mrs. Shorte—Yes, or go away when you choose.—London Answers.

The Movie Star.

"With all her money you'd think she'd purchase a painting or two."

"She needs all the wall space for photographs of herself."

Gallantry.

She (very pretty)—It seems to me that I have met you before somewhere.

He—Impossible, or I should have fallen in love with you before.

Just a Suggestion.

Miss Gotrox—Really, Mr. Harduppe, I don't know how to take you.

Mr. Harduppe—Why not take me for better or worse?

Mash Note.

Newlywed—Take a letter to my wife.

Stenog—Just a minute, till I get out a soft pencil.—Life.

A Newly-Found Relation.

Student—I should like permission to go riding with my brother.

Warden (quickly)—And how long have you known him?

Student—About two weeks.—Vassar Miscellany News.

A Wise Choice.

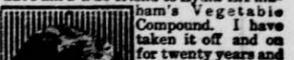
Oldbatch—Weren't you rather reckless to marry a widow? She's heard all the old classic excuses before.

Gaysport—That's why. I knew her first husband and know just the line of fiction she'll fall for.

A FRIEND IN NEED A FRIEND INDEED

Writes Mrs. Hardee Regarding Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Los Angeles, Calif.—"I must tell you that I am a true friend to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken it off and on for twenty years and I have never had a change from a delicate girl to a stout, healthy woman."



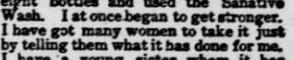
When I was married I was sick all the time until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in bed much of my time with pains and had to have the doctor every month. One day I found a little book in my yard in Guthrie, Oklahoma, and I read it through and got the medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and took eight bottles and used the Sanative Wash. I at once began to get stronger. I have got many women to take it just by telling them what it has done for me. I have a young sister whom it has helped in the same way it helped me. I want you to know that I am a "friend indeed," for you were a "friend in need."

—Mrs. GEORGE HARDEE, 1043 Byram St., Los Angeles, California.

Let Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound be a "friend indeed" to you.

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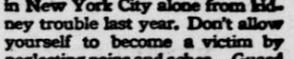
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Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot grip. Try it today.



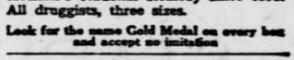
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Removes Dandruff, Soothes Itching, Restores Color and Fades Hair. Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Keeps Hair Soft and Silky. Cleanses Scalp. Washes Grease, Dirt and Soot from Hair. Cleanses Scalp. Washes Grease, Dirt and Soot from Hair.

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Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. All pain, secure comfort in the use. Makes walking easy. Buy by mail or at Druggists. Elmer Chemical Works, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The burning or sandy film, and to relieve inflammation and soreness, use Hindercorns Eye Balm, according to directions. Satisfying, soothing. HALL & SUGGER, 147 Waverly Place, New York.

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