

**WORTH OVER \$125  
A BOTTLE HE SAYS**

Georgia Farmer Says Tanlac Relieved His Rheumatism Entirely.

**SUFFERED 45 YEARS**

"I Am a Well Man in Every Way and Feel as Strong and Healthy as I Ever Did," He Says.

"I wouldn't take five hundred dollars in cash for the good four bottles of Tanlac did me," said J. M. Mallory, a well-known farmer of Stonewall, Georgia, a short time ago.

"For forty-five years I suffered almost every day," he continued, "and was so crippled up with rheumatism that I had to hobble around on crutches. My knees were so stiff I could hardly bend them and so tired I have been so weak that I have had to take to my bed for weeks at a time. More than half the time I couldn't do any work. I had indigestion and stomach trouble, too, and my back hurt so bad that I couldn't lay on my left side at all. I tried every medicine I saw advertised and many prescriptions besides, but kept getting worse.

"My brother living in Atlanta told me what Tanlac had done for him and begged me to try it. Well, sir, I have taken four bottles in all and have thrown my crutches away for the rheumatism is entirely gone and I can jump two feet off the ground without it hurting me a bit. I am a well man in every way and feel as strong and healthy as I ever did in my life."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

**ADAM SPRUNG FIRST JOKE**

Asked Eve if She Expected an Ichthyosaurus, When She Objected to Spider on Rose.

We believe that in the Garden of Eden, Adam gave Eve a rose in exchange for a kiss. And she shuddered and said, "Ugh! There's a spider on the rose!" and he answered, "Well, what do you expect for one stingy little kiss—an ichthyosaurus?"

We believe that to be the oldest joke in the world—older than the goat, the mother-in-law, or any that are supposed to be included in the Original Seven. In varying forms one finds it in the Talmud, in Plautus, in Aesop, in Rabelais, in Joe Miller, in all the almanacs and comic papers.

When we were a boy, it was told in a minstrel show, thus: A man buys a suit of clothes at a second-hand store. He comes back and complains that the coat is inhabited by unpleasant insects. And the dealer says, "Well, what do you expect for \$5—humming birds?"

Vaudeville knows it in this form: Tenant—"Look here, you'd have to make some repairs in this house. The cellar is full of water." Landlord—"Well, what do you expect for \$15 a month—champagne?"

And just last week we ran across our old friend again in a weekly comic paper. This time a passenger on a street car calls down the conductor for not calling the names of the streets distinctly. And the conductor replies, "Well, what do you expect for \$14 a week—a tenor solo?"

Lastly—a few days ago, we ran a version of the old thing in this column. We cut its hair, trimmed its whiskers, and fitted it with a new suit, but we could not disguise it completely. When you run across it in any of its costumes, send us a clipping, will you? We are making a collection of that joke.

**Quite Sufficient.**

The Amateur Gardener—What do you consider is best for cabbage worms?

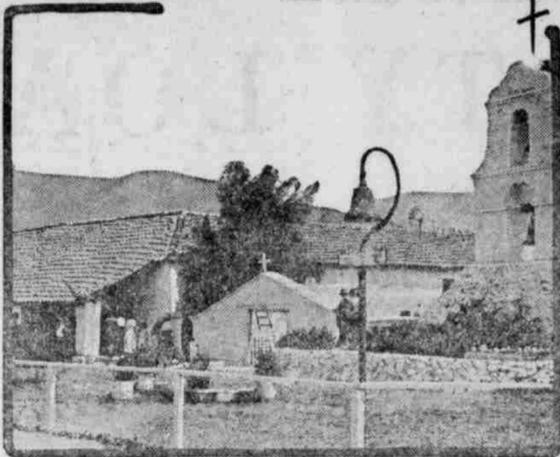
The Market Gardener—I never studied their diet closely, but mine seem to thrive on cabbages.

The worst of a grass widow is that she is apt to make hay of her reputation.

**People eat Grape-Nuts because they like it and they know it's good for them**



**EL CAMINO REAL**



Old Pala Mission.

**T**HE pilgrims to Canterbury walk upon a way polished by the feet of history and rich in an atmosphere of majestic antiquity. Association with Roman, Briton, Pict, Scot, Dane, Celt and Norman has clothed it with personality, glorifying what would otherwise be mere geographical locality, and the spirits of humans of all later times are drawn to it as the dividing point between paganism and Christianity to the English-speaking world.

But if we of today were to walk upon the historic highway in the far West, called El Camino Real, we could not dream ourselves back into the day when the brown-robed Franciscans went forth and back upon it, treading the tender grass of winter or raising the golden dust-clouds of summer, because that way is hard-paved today, and the pilgrim's dream would be sadly broken by the dodging of the automobiles which have claimed the way as a personal possession, writes Neeta Marquis in the Los Angeles Times.

But to the automobilist who has a mind for the past as well as an eye for the present, there is a wealth of charm to be found on the road, marked by the mile-post belis, particularly in traveling from Los Angeles to San Diego, at the road's very beginning.

It was cool and deliciously foggy when we left Los Angeles, soon after eight o'clock, and one of the first surprises, when we reached the real country, was to find the air sweet with the fragrance of orange blossoms and roses. I had fancied the orange trees not yet in flower, and the roses very largely gone for a while, but acres of both were there to confound me. Dahlias almost as big as cabbages nodded their gorgeous crimson and magenta heads from country doorways, and in a bowlerlike river bed we saw a company of tourists out of their machines gathering green castor beans, perhaps under the impression that they were horse chestnuts.

In the open stretches, the blue distance of fog were artistically set off by golden hedges of wild mustard and sunflowers. At intervals all along the road the rose racks set up by an enterprising public spirit were often full of bloom, mostly with the warm-scented "Ragged Robins," of velvety crimson. We even met a country girl driving, who, having the prettiest of pink faces and being dressed in pink, looked like a Duchesse rose herself.

**To San Juan Capistrano.**  
We crossed the great San Joaquin ranch through miles of small, golden bean stalks, which shaded into distances of amber against the blue-veiled hills. It looked as if it had taken as many Mexicans as are enlisted with Villa to rake those stacks into such geometrically spaced order.

In the hill country beyond, the rich brown of tarweed, whose sweet pungency filled the air with healing, wholesome balm, covered all the landscape, and exquisitely subtle colors were brought out under the cloud-mottled sky. Ever and again the black-green of eucalyptus clumps made picture-like effects against the tawny fields. Faith, this was a long road, and less varied, when the padres trod it in the olden time!

It was down a canyon dotted with great sycamores that we finally came upon the artist-haunted ruins of Mission San Juan Capistrano.

This spot is classically modern compared with really ancient things, yet it has its own atmosphere of relative antiquity. I never have gazed on the pyramids or the Sphinx. St. Peter's at Rome, Notre Dame and St. Martin's at Canterbury are, so far, only names and pictures to me. Even Plymouth Rock is very remote in personal association as well as distance. But my latent reverence for the finger-marks of time and the monuments to human ideals came up at sight of these singularly quaint and beautiful remains of a period rich in romance and devout dreams on this golden western slope.

**Beauties of the Ruins.**

Pomegranate trees and dusty red geraniums grew in front of the ruined walls rising against the pale blue of a noonday sky. Where the whitewash was gone, the ruins were a rich golden

brown in tone. The front of the building was disappointing at first glimpse. The yard was bare and bleak looking, the monument raised to Junipero Serra, and a luxuriant green pepper tree being the only outstanding relief. But it was when we wandered unguided through the long arcades on the inner court, penetrating into musty rooms within the three-foot walls and swinging the massive wooden doors to behind us, treading upon the worn old flagging curved to fit the feet of priest and neophyte of long ago, that the real atmosphere of the place comes over us.

I tried to forget the half-dozen automobiles standing outside on the road, and the groups of tourist-folk, who, curious-eyed, were making perfunctory pilgrimage there at that same hour, and instead of taking a cursory glance and motoring on again, I asked permission for our small party to enter our lunch in the long shady arcade overlooking the inner court, where the kindly green of ivy was clinging to the bare bricks of the arches.

It was not hard to rebuild in memory those broken arches encircling the patio, even across there where a small laundry was dangling in pathetic incongruity, and imagine the place rich with green growing things—luscious figs and grapes and oranges, and other transplantings from Catalonia, Castile and Old Mexico. Then, upon just such a quiet, peaceful noonday as this, Padre Anselmo and Padre Miguel might have been sitting on this selfsame old bench, looking across the luxuriant greenness to where the brown arches merged into the summer brown of that soft blue sky. The hill and the sky remain unchanged now, but the arches are crumbling and the padres are dust.

We bade farewell to San Juan Capistrano and took the curving road again. A great brown hill sloped down to meet an unbelievable blue ocean, and from here on the sea was scarcely once out of sight.

"Truly," I said, drinking deep of that beauty of color and contour, "this is a picture country, if there ever was one!"

Those stretches along the water, down close to the sand where the ice plant grew, were a delight. After long miles marked off by the picturesque bells, we passed San Onofre canyon and San Onofre creek opening into the sea, the canyon widening to hold as magnificent a grove of sycamores as there is in southern California.

We climbed the scarred and picturesque heights where the Torrey pines crouch in the wind like giant bodies with craven spirits. From this commanding vantage point we looked across the valley away from the sea, where colors of vegetation and colors of soil mingled in singularly rich variety.

And at last we saw the city of our destination shining ahead in the afternoon light, a white city, like Cadiz, overlooking the sea.

**Mint and Rue.**

In the eleventh chapter of St. Luke, verse 42 it states: "Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye like the mint and rue, and all manner of herbs." Mint is mentioned no other place in the Bible. In this day and age, or at least in this country, both mint and rue have run wild until in some places they are a menace to better plants. Both seek only damp soils yet both are quite resistant to drought as the root system still lives long after tops are destroyed and will put forth again and again. It is evident that in olden times these plants were of great economic importance in both culinary and medicinal departments. Today, while mint is widely used, largely in manufacture of perfumes, the use of rue has practically ceased.

**No Longer Quiet.**

Bill—Do you remember my brother? Gill—Oh, yes, very well.  
"Remember how quiet he used to be at school?"  
"Yes, indeed."  
"Well, look at him now."  
"What's the matter with him now?"  
"He's a bass drummer."

**INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON**

(By REV. F. B. FIEZEWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

**LESSON FOR OCTOBER 14.**

**RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY.**

LESSON TEXT—Ezra 1.  
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.—Psalms 124:3.

Israel went into captivity because of her sins. The time of her disciplinary process was about to end, as its purpose was now accomplished: namely, the cure of Israel's idolatry. Ever since the Babylonian captivity the Hebrew people have been worshippers of the one God. Monotheism has stood forth as a vital characteristic. The main reason for the Jews' maintenance of racial identity in spite of their national dislocation and the breaking up of their social ties, is the unity of their faith, around the one God.

**I. The Proclamation of Cyrus (vv. 1-4).**

(1) The Time of (v. 1). The first year of Cyrus; that is the first year after his conquest of Babylon.

(2) How It Was Brought About (v. 1). The Lord stirred up his spirit. The Lord often uses very unlikely agents in the accomplishment of his purposes. There is nothing too hard for him. He can readily use a heathen king to accomplish his purpose. He can find a way of approach to any heart. Likely Darius was the agent used to bring the matter to the king's attention. Darius was still the influential prime minister of Babylon.

From his study of the prophecies of Jeremiah (Jer. 25:12; Isa. 45:1; compare Daniel 9:2); he knew that the time was near for the return of the people to their own land, so he likely brought the matter to the attention of the king and persuaded him to thus favor his people.

(3) Its Contents (vv. 2-4).

(a) A confession of the true God (v. 2, 3).

He acknowledges him to be the God of heaven, the Most High, the Supreme God, a God of goodness. He declared, "He has given me all the kingdoms of the earth," and that God had with authority laid upon him the charge of building him a house at Jerusalem.

(b) A Generous Permission to Israel (v. 3). All who desired to go up to Jerusalem and build the Lord's house were permitted to go. He even commanded the blessing of the Lord to be upon them.

(c) A Positive Co-Operation (v. 4). None were obliged to go up, but a positive obligation was laid upon those who did not go up to render assistance to those who did. They were to aid in the building of the house of God by giving money, beasts and goods. It was more than a free-will offering, an obligation in addition thereto. The obligation was even wider than the people of Israel. The heathen were asked to render aid.

**II. Response to the Proclamation of Cyrus (vv. 5, 6).**

(1) By Israel (v. 5). Strange to say the decree of Cyrus was not met with great enthusiasm. Only a small number, chiefly from Judah and Benjamin, returned (v. 5). For most of them it meant giving up business interests, for they had settled down to the regular callings of life. Besides the sacrifice of business interests it involved great risks as to the future. The entire company, including servants, was about fifty thousand (2:64). Of this company we note the following divisions; first, chiefs of the fathers of Judah and Benjamin, that is magistrates; second, priests and Levites, leaders in religion; third, skillful artificers, head workmen.

(2) By Their Neighbors (v. 6). This response was apparently more hearty than that of the Jews themselves. Their neighbors gave freely of gold, silver, beasts and goods. God had not only graciously disposed the heart of Cyrus toward his people, but they found peculiar favor from their neighbors, so that their wants were abundantly supplied.

**III. Restoration of the Sacred Vessels (vv. 7-11).** These vessels had been carried away to Babylon many years before. Little did Nebuchadnezzar realize that he would put into safe keeping the vessels which would be needed at this time. They were carefully numbered and turned over to the proper officers. Except for their desecration in Belshazzar's feast, they were none the more for having been carried away. These were brought up to Jerusalem from Babylon.

**Poverty.**

Poverty is only contemptible when it is felt to be so. Doubtless the best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.—Bovee.

**Love's Secret.**

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.—Frederick W. Faber.

**Honest Endeavors.**

I think that there is success in all honest endeavor, and that there is some victory gained in every gallant struggle that is made.—Dickens.

**Power of Littles.**

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.—Michael Angelo.

**What Well Dressed Women Will Wear**



The Schoolgirl's Coat.

The schoolgirl's coat is an important consideration which cannot be deferred now, although the outfitting of the "dapper" is about the most difficult of a mother's problems. This young person is apt to have ideas of her own coupled with more determination than her limited experience warrants. When she is past sixteen the task of clothing her becomingly grows easier every day. Before that time it is best to select things designed for "the awkward age" by those who specialize in this line of work. They are artists that know how to make the most angular of younglings look attractive.

Some models, in heavy wool velours and other coatings, are banded with fur fabrics or the short-haired furs. For all-around wear the plain cloth model is most apt to please the discriminating mother and in the long run will force its good points on its youthful and impressionable wearer. She has to be educated in the selection of clothes as in everything else. It is important to dictate her choice in them sometimes as it is to choose the right books and the right music for her.

The schoolgirl's coat shown in the picture is of heavy wool velour in brown. It is a straight-line model with somewhat narrow shoulders, long waist lines, narrow belt and ample, convertible collar. All of these good points will commend it as up-to-date; a chic example of the mode in coats. Its collar and actual pockets reflect the styles for grown-ups and it is of the same soft and comfortable material that is used for the most mature wearers. This is an item that will please the "dapper."

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Breakfast Coats Made Their Debut.

And now a new luster is to be added to the wardrobe of women, for the "breakfast coat" has made its debut. The holidays are always preceded by pretty, gay conceits in breakfast jackets and this year the breakfast coat will present another allurement for the Christmas shopper. It is an enticing garment made of light colored taffeta; a more or less straight coat, open down the front and reaching almost to the bottom of the petticoat.

The breakfast coat is an unpretentious but very pretty affair, easy to make and simply trimmed. Ruffles and ruchings of silk, like the coat, take the place of lace for finishing collar and sleeves. Narrow girdles are also made of the silk. By keeping to simplicity in trimming and in design this new claimant for favor may be made up in gay colors and still deserve to be called a coat.

The breakfast coat appears in company with fascinating new caps and head-bands that take the place of caps. Ribbons and laces, little hand-made flowers of chiffon or satin and small, fancy braids are used for these bands. Sometimes a wide ribbon, with narrow field of lace on each edge, headed with bands of the tiniest flowers, is fastened at the ends with snap fasteners. Other bands are made of wider lace and narrower ribbon, like that one shown in the picture. The last word in head-dresses for home or breakfast wear is a Chinese "coolie" hat made of satin ribbon and lace. It is rather difficult to make and according-

ly high in price, but the breakfast coat is very moderately priced and so we it is to love it.

*Julia B. Bostwick*

**Charm of Crepes.**

There is a prediction that crepes of many sorts will be decidedly fashionable next year. And for that we are thankful, says a fashion writer. We have all learned of the charm of crepes of various sorts in the last few seasons, when georgette and other crepe fabrics have been in such wide vogue. Perhaps one of the chief charms about crepe is that it clings and falls in such soft and attractive folds and lines. Moreover, it is eminently practical, for it does not show wrinkles.

**Shirring by Machine.**

An easy and quick way to make shirring on a sewing machine is to loosen the tension to make the thread draw easily, lengthen the stitch and sew across your material as many times as you desire rows of shirring. Then pull the under thread tighter and you will have as even shirring as if done by hand, and it will wear much better.

**Flowered Tea Coats.**

Charming tea coats are of flowered mousseline de soie, with wide silts at the waist, through which strands of silken beads are passed.

**BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH**

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down to health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sennative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a mid-wife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."



—Mrs. JENNIE Hoyer, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, headache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Hock or Bursitis**



**FOR ABSORBINE**

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 M free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for making the antiseptic solution for both horses, cows, swine, various birds. Always Pen and Inkman's. Price 25¢ and 50¢ bottles of druggists or delivered. Will sell you more, if you wish. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

**NEW YORK FARM FOR SALE**

50 acres cultivated, 2000 head of cattle, 100 head of horses, spring water, 10000 bushels of corn, 10000 bushels of wheat, 10000 bushels of oats, 10000 bushels of hay, 10000 bushels of straw, 10000 bushels of grain, 10000 bushels of feed, 10000 bushels of stock, 10000 bushels of produce, 10000 bushels of other goods.

Write for New List of Real Farm Bargains

J. B. O'NEILL, Real Estate Broker, 1000 Michigan St., Detroit, Mich.

**The Spirit That's Needed.**

G. Bernard Shaw, the Irish playwright, said recently in London that nobody but an idiot could imagine that the pacifists and socialists would be allowed to have any say in the peace negotiations which will end the world war.

"If Shaw is right," said a labor leader, "it's a bad thing for the world, and so I hope he's wrong."

"I hope the peace negotiations will create among the nations the spirit embodied in a saying which an old grandmother used to quote in my childhood, namely—

"If you want a neighbor, be one."

—Exchange.

**Help to Save Nation's Food Supply**

In this time of high cost of living, everybody should use all possible means to prevent waste and to help save food. No one means can be more effective than a vigorous campaign to exterminate rats which destroy over two hundred million dollars worth of foodstuffs annually. Keep garbage in rat-proof cans, stop up their holes, and above all exterminate them with Stearns' Paste, which can be bought for a few cents at any store. A two ounce box will usually rid a house or barn of every rat. It destroys mice, cockroaches and waterbugs as well. Adv.

**In Doubt.**

"I wish you could find out how I stand with your father."

"Why do you want to know?"

"He gave me a tip on the stock market today."

Every man has his price, but most of us get beaten down while bargaining.

**Back Lame and Achy?**

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

**A Michigan Case**

"Every Picture Tells a Story"  
S. O. Moran, 181 E. Washington St., Colquhoun, Mich., says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good medicine for I have used them with benefit. My kidneys were disordered and I had weakness and pain across the small of my back. I could hardly do any lifting or stooping. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of the backache, regulated the action of my kidneys and benefited me in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
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