

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR
A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating,
harsh physic into a
sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Khaki for the Navy.

Naval medical authorities, after experience gained in naval operations at Vera Cruz, are of the opinion that white clothing, particularly white hats, are too easily penetrated by the sun's rays and are therefore unsuitable for use in the tropics. It is recommended that only khaki or forestry neutral clothing be supplied to the navy for landing parties.—The Pathfinder.

A GLASS OF SALTS WILL
END KIDNEY-BACKACHE

Says Drugs Excite Kidneys and Recommend Only Salts, Particularly If Bladder Bothers You.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.—Adv.

Solved.

"Professor Grouch has at last solved the problem of abolishing distress in the world."
"What's his scheme?"
"To starve the poor off the face of the earth."

FALLING HAIR MEANS
DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Solace.

"Ah," he murmured, "if there were only something in this mundane world that would solace all these vague yearnings, satisfy one's wildest longings, and fill the aching void within!"
"Well, what's the matter with pie?"

WINTER MULCH FOR THE STRAWBERRY BED



Getting the Land Ready During Cold Weather.

(By M. N. EDGERTON.)

In a sense the strawberry plant is an evergreen. Unlike the bush or tree fruits, it has no wood growth to ripen. Its leaves do not shrivel in the fall, and at the touch of frost drop from the plant, hence it is but reasonable to suppose that the plant will have further need of them at some future time.

Observing closely, the student of nature will note that in place of ripening, as is the case with bush and tree fruits, the leaves of the strawberry plant take on a deeper shade of green with the advent of autumn, finally assuming a recumbent position.

This is nature's method of preparing this plant for the necessary period of dormancy.

During this period the forces in the plant remain inactive. With the coming of spring, the warm breezes, sunshine and showers, there is an awakening—a springing up of new life.

With the bush and tree fruits this awakening of pent-up energy first manifests itself by the swelling of buds. From these, tiny leaves push forth, to be followed by the unfolding and development of blossoms.

In embryonic form leaf and blossoms have been tucked away and protected in a sheath of well ripened woody growth.

These stored-up forces are protected against injury from low temperature up to a certain point, depending somewhat on atmospheric conditions prevailing at the time and conditions under which the growth and ripening of these buds took place.

However, with strawberry plants there is no swelling and unfolding of leaf buds, for each leaf and cluster of blossoms appear separately and at different periods of time.

In place of well-ripened, woody tissue, the embryonic leaves and fruit stems of this plant are protected by the crown of the plant, which consists of a succulent growth of plant tissue only.

With such a protection, these embryonic leaves and fruit buds are not fully prepared to undergo the rigors of winter, hence additional protection is required if the plants are to retain their strength and vigor unimpaired. By looking into the matter closely, the reason for this may be very plainly seen.

I have said that the leaves of the strawberry plant go into winter in a green, succulent state, and for this reason their purpose has not yet been fully accomplished.

With the advent of spring, and the awakening of nature, these leaves resume activities.

The root feeders gather in the elements of plant food from the soil. The circulatory system carries this food to leaf tissues, where, under the action of sunshine, a chemical change takes place, by which it is made available for assimilation.

Some of this perfect plant food is used by these same leaf tissues, but by far the larger portion is carried to the crown, there to be used in the growth and development of a new and larger leaf system.

This being true it will readily be seen that if the leaves of the present season's growth do not pass through the winter with vitality unimpaired, an abnormal condition in plant life will result.

With its tissues wholly or partly dead, the leaves of the plant are unable to resume the functional activities properly, as would otherwise be the case.

New leaves may push out from the crown of such plants, to be sure; but such growth never possesses that vigorous, healthy appearance so characteristic of normally constituted plants.

Nor are the leaves the only part of the plant that sustains injury through exposure to winter frosts and sunshine, for the tissues that compose the crown are injured more or less by the same thawing and freezing process.

In addition to the injury to the leaf and crown, as noted, there is, on some soils, injury done to the root system through the lifting, heaving action of frosts.

Grown on a class of soils that honeycomb readily, these surface feeding plants are often left stranded, so to speak, their crowns projecting more

or less above the surface of the ground, many of the fine feeding roots having been broken in the process.

The contest with the elements over the plants in the unprotected strawberry bed will present every degree of vitality except that of a plant in perfect health.

The plants of an unprotected strawberry bed will make as brave a showing as their unimpaired vitality will permit, but results as measured by the harvest will be very disappointing when compared with those secured from a bed of plants that have been given the proper protection.

The remedy, then, or preventive, rather, is the winter mulch. What shall we use, and when best applied?

In our own work any material that is convenient is made to serve the purpose, and the mulching operations are begun as soon as freezing weather sets in—in our latitude about 43 degrees, that is about November 1.

Whether the material used is straw, marsh-hay, corn stalks, or forest leaves, good results will be secured if properly applied.

The quantity that should be applied varies somewhat. In one article that I read not long since, a writer recommended eight inches of settled straw. There are conditions under which a mulch of that depth would mean disastrous results.

In our opinion one inch of the settled straw will afford ample protection in most instances. If the ground is frozen hard at the time, a thick mulch may be applied with safety, but the placing of several inches of straw or other material over plants when the ground is in an unfrozen condition, is almost sure to result disastrously.

The finer the material, the closer it will settle, and consequently the greater the harm likely to be done. The coarser the material used the better; for there is sufficient circulation of air to supply the needs of the plant, yet the sunlight is excluded.

I have received reports from growers in which it was claimed that a much had proved ruinous to strawberry plants. However, if the entire circumstances relating to such instances were fully known, I am confident it would be found that either improper material had been used or improperly applied, perhaps both.

The straw or chaff should be used sparingly, in amount sufficient to preclude the direct rays of light only.

A blanket of snow makes the very best sort of protection, as it permits a free circulation of air, even when it packs in a hard drift several inches in thickness.

This being true, it is a wise plan, whenever possible, to establish the strawberry bed where it will have the benefit of a windbreak of some sort.

In latitudes where there are large snowfalls, it will even pay to build an artificial windbreak of some sort, if needed, to prevent the winds sweeping the ground bare of snow.

In our latitude a light covering of straw answers every purpose required for the winter mulch, as this is always supplemented by a snow blanket, making an ideal combination.

It is not generally thought that excessive freezing of the ground is injurious to the plants, yet we have always had the best results when the ground has been held unfrozen throughout the entire period of plant dormancy.

It seems strange to me now, that so many strawberry growers have their beds without protection, thereby discounting largely the results due at harvest.

Yet it is not so very strange, after all. Many of us go through life with the mind's eye half closed to the things about us. It took several years of costly experience to convince the writer that the winter mulch is an important factor in strawberry growing and that the work must on no account be neglected if the most highly satisfactory results are to be obtained.

Rations of Idle Horse.

You can cut down somewhat on the rations of a horse that has very little work. Give him from four to eight pounds of ground oats and corn, fed on chopped hay, in two meals.

TOLD OF THE HEN

Poultry Men Exchange Ideas About Noble Bird.

Appealed to One, as Having a Comical Aspect—How Editor Broke Man's Habit of Allowing His Chickens to Run.

"A customer was just telling me of the experience of his little boy who this morning learned a lesson on the habits of that comic biped known as the chicken," said a well-known poultry dealer. "He said that while at breakfast he heard the little chap patter downstairs and run to the out-kitchen, where was kept a chicken which had yesterday been presented to the boy by his uncle. Upon opening the door he set up a howl.

"What's up, son?" cried the father. "He wouldn't go to bed!" wailed the boy.

"There the Wyandotte roosted on the edge of the box, ignoring the beautiful nest the owner had prepared inside, expecting the chicken to crawl in like a pup and curl up to sleep."

"Yes," resumed the poultry man, who talks interestingly on the subject of the walking birds, "the chicken is a stupid thing to be, with its by-product, the egg, so important a factor in the food supply.

"He seems so comical to me. He roves about all day, trying to catch up to his head, which he thrusts forward and then steps even with. Incidentally, the side-eyes spy a bug here and there.

"His head retains something of the shape and motion of his ancestor, the snake.

"The tall feathers are important to a chicken in maintaining its balance. When lost in battle or by accident, the cripple will fall on his nose in running.

"I saw a woman in Bucks county killing chickens for the Philadelphia market. Her method of slaughter was to hang the fowl head downward from a line stretched between two trees. She went along the row and cut each chicken's throat with a jack-knife.

"One immense Plymouth Rock rooster developed such powerful reflexes that he broke the rope twice, and a tar rope had to be substituted to insure the execution. This woman also killed pigeons in the same way.

"I recently heard of some smart devices to break a hatching hen. One was to place a loud ticking dollar watch in the nest. At first the 'cluck' looked in every direction as if for an enemy, then she became panicky, bristled up and jumped from the nest in terror.

"One hen was going about with a square block of wood tied between her legs. After several trials it penetrated to her little walnut bean that she could not sit down, and she gave up the idea of hatching the china egg always left in the nest as a nucleus for the laying hens.

"I have a new chicken story, by the way; got it from a Jersey farmer:

"Brungardner was greatly annoyed by neighbor Fenstermaker's chickens, which passed the daylight hours in his garden. He did not wish to quarrel

with Fenstermaker. One day he told the local editor of his troubles.

"How many hens do you keep yourself?" asked the scribe.

"Only two."

"All right, leave it to me."

"The next issue of the paper had a paragraph calling attention to the phenomenal laying of Brungardner's hens. From two hens he was collecting from six to seven eggs a day. Fenstermaker shut up his chickens. 'Brungardner's getting my eggs,' he remarked to the editor."

A New Cure.

A bedpost has not generally been regarded so much as an eye-opener as an eye-shutter, but if a story that comes from Boston is true—and what story from Boston was ever untrue?—our oculists should go to school to the handmaids of Morpheus. Mr. Frank H. Hayes, who has been stone blind for nine years, so the tale runs, struck his head violently against the bedpost on arising, and was astounded a few minutes afterward to find that his sight had been entirely restored. We do not know whether the virtue of this cure lay in the bedpost or in the fact that it was a Boston bedpost, but if it was really effected in this way there would seem to be a good deal in such inanimate objects not heretofore dreamed of in the philosophy of optics. One of the morals of this modern miracle would seem to be that "knocking" is sometimes a very efficacious process, and that the only way to make some folks see things is by knocking them into their heads.—Baltimore Sun.

Frank Comment.

In his very, very early youth Mr. Mumpser had been a pretty child. His friends did not believe this was possible, and even he had forgotten all about it until one day he unearthed a painting of himself at that period from among the old lumber.

This he handed to his wife as some compensation for his present somewhat worm-eaten appearance.

"There, Alice," said Mrs. Mumpser, proudly exhibiting the picture to the servant. "That is a portrait of your master, painted when he was a child."

Alice gazed open-mouthed at the production.

"Lor, mum," she said, after some moments, "what a pity it is we have to grow up, ain't it?"—London Answers.

Return of Walnut.

The wood of our fathers, the good old "black walnut" that was reckoned the supreme cabinet material of 50 years ago, has come back. True, they call it "American walnut" now, and give it a shiny finish and try to hide the deep, purplish brown which is the true glory of the stuff; but it is the same old wood in spite of all. May it soon get back its ancient name and more than its ancient popularity.

Heartless Prophetess.

"Harold says that after we are married he will want me to dress like a queen."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "And for a while he will be as proud as a king. After that he will grumble like a taxpayer."

The fellow who is good at making excuses isn't very valuable for anything else.—Toledo Blade.

The masculine idea of an intellectual woman is one who is built like a hairpin and wears spectacles.

For Five Years

I was Troubled with a Chronic Disease. Peruna Cured me Sound and Well.



Mrs. Maggte Durbin, 299 Victory St., Little Rock, Ark., writes: "I was troubled for five years with a chronic disease. I tried everything I heard of, but nothing did me any good. Some doctors said my trouble was catarrh of the bowels, and some said consumption of the bowels. One doctor said he could cure me; I took his medicine two months, but it did me no good. A friend of mine advised me to try Peruna and I did so. After I had taken two bottles I found it was helping me, so I continued its use, and it has cured me sound and well. I can recommend Peruna to any one, and if any one wants to know what Peruna did for me if they will write to me I will answer promptly."

WANTED TO CONTINUE GAME

Secretary Lane Couldn't Understand Defeat in Golf While He Had Clubs to Play.

Joseph Daniels, secretary of the navy, was invited the other day to go out and play golf.

"I can't play it," said Daniels; "I made up my mind some time ago not to go in for golf until they change the rules."

"How do you mean?" "Well, until they change the rules and make it as good a game as shinny."

That recalls the tale they tell about the time Franklin K. Lane, now secretary of the interior, first undertook the mastery of golf.

Two enthusiasts over the game lent a large set of clubs to Lane and they played a round. When they had reached the last hole Lane walked over to the nearest teeing place and began attempts to drive off with each club in his sack, one after another.

"The game's all over," they explained, gently.

"Well," asked Lane, picking up another kind of club, "can't I play my hand out?"—New York Sun.

Modersty Rewarded.

"She quit because the manager of the show asked her to wear tights."

"You seldom see a chorus girl like that."

"Seldom, indeed. The incident gave her so much free advertising that she is now drawing a fancy salary in vaudeville for posing semi-nude as a living picture model."

Not What He Meant.

"I'll bet I can tell what you are laughing at."

"I'll bet you can't. Perhaps your nose doesn't look as funny as you imagine it does."

London Crisis.

"Waiter! Vienna steap, please!" "Ush, sir, we calls 'em Petrograd patties now, sir!"

891 Million Bushels Harvested

How Much Wasted?

Last year's wheat crop in the U. S. was a record yield, surpassing all expectations.

All of the nourishment of this enormous crop should go into food for mankind, but much of it will be wasted.

In making white flour and many foods, the outer, or bran coat of the wheat is discarded. This bran-coat contains vital mineral salts, iron for the blood, lime for the teeth and bones, phosphate of potash for the brain and nerves, etc., etc., all absolutely necessary to health.

All of these mineral elements are retained in making

Grape-Nuts

Food

About three-quarters of a million bushels of selected wheat are used by the factories of the Postum Cereal Company, and none of the nutriment of this wheat is wasted.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. The food comes ready to serve and costs less than a cent a dish. It's mighty good, too.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers everywhere.