

CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

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.

Less Drinking by College Boys.
Drinking is on the decrease at Cornell—which is a significant argument against it. According to a well-known professor, a graduate himself and a man who keeps informed on undergraduate matters, there is only one-quarter of the drinking among Cornellians now that there was ten years ago. That is encouraging, but there is still too much.—Cornell Sun.

PAINFUL ECZEMA ON HANDS

Blenville, La.—"I was troubled with eczema in my hands for several years. The skin would break and look like it had been cut with a knife and my hands were so sore I could hardly bear to put them in water and could hardly use them. When I used them the blood would run out. They would heal a little and then they would get worse than ever again. They were very painful. The eczema got to breaking out on my arms in pimples which itched and burned very badly.

"I used different remedies, also used all kinds of facial creams and on my hands and arms and I did not get any relief until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I cured my hands and eczema with Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Miss Fannie Mostiller, Oct. 5, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 23-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Decided Position.

"Are you a neophyte in politics?"
"No; I ain't in any fight. I'm a peaceable citizen."

DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. LeClear's Health—Her Own Statement.

Detroit, Mich.—"I am glad to discover a remedy that relieves me from my suffering and pains. For two years I suffered bearing down pains and got all run down. I was under a nervous strain and could not sleep at night. I went to doctors here in the city but they did not do me any good.



"Seeing Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised, I tried it. My health improved wonderfully and I am now quite well again. No woman suffering from female ills will regret it if she takes this medicine."—Mrs. JAMES G. LECLEAR, 336 Hunt St., Detroit, Mich.

Another Case.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is all you claim it to be. About two or three days before my periods I would get bad backaches, then pains in right and left sides, and my head would ache. I called the doctor and he said I had organic inflammation. I went to him for a while but did not get well so I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I was relieved and finally my troubles left me. I married and have two little girls. I have had no return of the old troubles."—Mrs. CHAS. BOELL, 2650 S. Chadwick St., Phila., Pa.

HER BOY'S RETURN

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

"Scat!" ordered Mrs. Jared Smith, and bang! a rolling pin went hurtling through the open doorway after a flying canine. It struck the animal, who uttered a cry of pain and disappeared, limping.

"Easy, mother; easy does it, you know," spoke an even, soothing voice, and Jared Smith came into view. "Just a minute more and I might have got it. Here's your rolling pin, ma. I'll look after the dog."

"You'll do no such thing, Jared Smith!" stormed his angry helpmate. "The animal got his lesson and deserves it. I told you when you brought the half-starved creature here yesterday he'd make us trouble."

"And what has he been doing?" inquired Jared placidly.

"Better ask that when you get your supper," observed Mrs. Smith tartly, "seeing as the dog stole the small loaf I'd baked special for you, and put it out to cool."

"Well, maybe the poor creature needed it worse than I did," said Jared.

"One thing—don't you dare to bring that animal back here! Now, you mind me!" proclaimed Mrs. Smith.

Jared went out in search of the animal in disfavor. He had picked up the poor creature coming home the day previous.

Jared was tender-hearted, even with the brute creation. His kindly face wrinkled with sympathy as he came across the dog slinking behind the barn and holding up a broken paw.

"Why, you poor thing!" he pitied, caressing the frightened and trembling animal. "And don't you hold it against Samantha," he proceeded.

"She's good as gold, but she's had her crosses, and she hasn't been used to pets since—h'm—" there was a



The Animal Acted Strangely.

strange catch in Jared's throat—"since a long time ago," he concluded in a sad, dreamy way.

Jared went into the barn and got some horse blanket and some rags. He soon had the injured limb mended up. Then he filled a pan with water and led the animal to an empty cattle pen way back of the house.

"Now you stay here till the storm blow over," he advised his dumb charge. "Samantha will come around right when she knows she's hurt you, and I'll see you get some supper," and the dog wagged his tail and looked up wistfully into his eyes as though fully understanding all that was spoken.

"Where are you going with that tin plate of stuff?" demanded Mrs. Smith, suspiciously, as just after supper she detected her husband sneaking out of the kitchen with some heaped up scraps.

"It's for that dog, Samantha," explained Jared. "You hurt him a good deal, and I've put him in a comfortable straw bed outside of the lot, where he won't trouble you any before he gets in shape to travel on his way."

"You'll just encourage him to hang around," declared Mrs. Smith, peevishly.

"Samantha," said her husband softly, "don't forget that David liked dogs."

"David!" The old wrinkled face of the woman flamed, paled. Her lips quivered. She went about her work in silence, her head drooping, one by one the tears falling across her homely, toll-worn hands as she put things in order.

David—her boy!—a door opened in her soul long closed seemingly, and a host of longing, pitiful memories had rushed in.

Two years lonely, bitter and hopeless—two years without the boy who had run away from home to become a sailor. Only once they had heard from him. There had come a letter to the mourning mother from the errant but loving son.

"I wouldn't do it over again," read

the pathetic missive, "but I'm started, and I've got pride enough to go through with it. Mother, I'm going to the East Indies next. Then I'm coming home. And I'm going to bring back some of the rare silks and jewels they say you can pick up there for a song!"

Vain dreamer! A year went by and no further word from the wandering boy and the ship he had sailed in reported lost in a terrible storm off the Malacca coast.

Mrs. Smith was strangely silent all that evening. After they had retired for the night her husband noted how restless she was. Once he fancied he heard her sobbing softly.

He was himself awakened shortly after midnight by the barking of the dog. The animal seemed to have come up to the house and was pawing at the door. Mrs. Smith made no complaint and Jared knew she was thinking of the lost son.

"You can fetch that dog into the kitchen if you want to, Jared," she said softly as her husband started out to feed the stock.

As Jared came out into the yard the dog limped up to him. The farmer petted the animal and motioned it to follow him into the house. However, the animal acted strangely. It did not seem to want to go with him, circled about him and then turning its face toward some thick underbrush whined in a plaintive and it seemed a beseeching way.

"The critter acts funny, I declare!" Jared was saying as his wife came out into the yard. "Why, what does the animal want, anyhow?"

The dog had caught a loose fold of his coat in its teeth and was persistently pulling at him.

"This means something, Samantha," said her husband quite seriously. "See, he wants us to follow him."

"E does look that way," agreed Mrs. Smith.

Out of curiosity both of them followed the limping animal. The dog penetrated the thick copse given over to dense undergrowth. Ten feet advanced among this Jared Smith halted with a shock.

"Why, Samantha!" he exclaimed. "It's a man!"

Mrs. Smith peered timidly over her husband's shoulder.

"Oh, Jared! Is it some one dead?"

"I think not, I hope not, Samantha," replied Jared, lifting a one-half eaten little loaf from beside the prostrate figure—"your bread!"

Just there the dog crept up to the stranger and nosed at his face buried in the grass. The recumbent man moved and then with a groan turned his weary fever-stricken eyes upon the intruders.

"Mother!" he uttered, and collapsed.

"Oh, Jared!" fairly shrieked Mrs. Smith, "it's my boy!"

Yes, thus the runaway had come home—in lieu of silks of the far away Indies, rags. Instead of the dazzling gleam of jewels, the hectic glitter of death in his eye!

Just in time they had found him. When they had carried him—oh, so tenderly! to the house, and the doctor arrived, it was to tell them that another hour in inattention might have ended in his death.

"I stole up to the house weak, almost fainting," David Smith told them when he was convalescent. "Then ragged and ashamed, I could not go in. But there was mother's bread. I took it, not the dog, not this grand splendid hero to whom I owe my life in discovering me later that night."

And the night of a grand family jubilee, attended, too, by the faithful sweetheart of old times, the faithful animal was awarded a post of honor.

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NOT A FRIEND OF RAGTIME

In Denouncing That Form of Music, Frank Damrosch Brings Forth Amusing Story.

Frank Damrosch, standing on the deck of the steamer en route for Europe, deplored the grip that ragtime has taken on the American public.

"Ragtime tunes are like pimples," said the director of the Institute of Musical Arts. "They are impurities in the musical system which must be cleared out. But a vaudeville artist, just home from France, told me with enthusiasm that we were becoming famous in Europe for our ragtime."

Mr. Damrosch smiled bitterly. "Famous for our ragtime!" he scoffed. "A poor claim for distinction. It reminds me of a story."

"During his travels in the west a well known English clergyman was accosted by a native of Deep Gulch who said:

"Wall, sh, and what strikes you most about this place?"

"The clergyman instantly replied:

"Your blasphemy, sir. I don't think I have ever been in a place where blasphemy was more general or more horrible."

"A look of gratified vanity spread over the native's face.

"You're about right, stranger," he drawled. "For variety of blasphemy I don't think we can be beaten. This is a wonderful region."

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