

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse."

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

Nimble-Footed.

The preacher was a young man and nervous, but interesting. He was making an eloquent plea for the home life, and was descending eloquently on the evils of the club, telling his congregation that married men in particular should spend their evenings at home with their wives and children.

"Think, my hearers," said he, "of a poor, neglected wife, all alone in the great, dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping baby with one foot and wiping away the tears with the other!"

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region;

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Within the Law.

A real negro "mammy" of the old type came up the walk through the old-fashioned garden to the side porch. She had a basket of "fresh aigs" on her arm and was offering them for sale.

"Are you sure they are perfectly fresh, auntie?" asked the lady who came out of the house.

"Yes'um, they sho is all right, Miss Bess. Ain't nary disorderly alg amongst 'em."—New York Evening Post.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Probably.

Bix—I see that someone is getting up a "Woman's Dictionary."

Dix—More words in it, I suppose.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills put the stomach in good condition in a short time. Try them for Sick Stomach, Bloating and Indigestion. Adv.

Snickers and giggles seem to have taken the place of the good old-fashioned hearty laugh.

ASTONISHING TOBACCO REMEDY—Guaranteed to instantly remove taste for cigarettes or tobacco in any form, or money cheerfully refunded. Send for and receive wonderful remedy by return mail. Address Dept. 2, Tobacco-Cleanse Co., Wichita, Kansas.—Adv.

Many a woman suffers from insomnia because her husband talks in his sleep.

The Cough is what hurts, but the tickle is to blame. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop the tickle—5¢ at good Druggists.

Ever notice that the girl with a broken heart always manages to save a few of the pieces?

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the brightest and fastest. Adv.

Nearly every man is willing to do his duty—as he sees it.



THE GENESIS OF THE HOBBLE

Captain MacManus, master air-tractor, leaned idly on the pneumatic star-board rail of the great New York receiving float of the Five Continents & Australia Aerial line and gazed down at Manhattan Island, 5,000 feet below, as it was in the year 1962.

Down on the caissons of the F. C. & A. ground terminal a tiny electrical depot-tender, all glass and wire, was taking aboard her quota of passengers, bound for the float to catch the 10:11 Express for Paris. The Express, a monster 900-footer, that flashed her red hull across the Atlantic on the 10,000-foot level at the rate of 150 miles an hour, lay in her clips on the float, impatient to be released and tear herself away from contact with things near-mundane.

It was a scene that the captain had seen year after year, yet he never tired of witnessing the silent swiftness with which the thing was managed.

A tiny bell buzzed near him and No. 10 Starboard Clip swiftly opened its great steel arms and awaited the coming of the boat that had signaled it.

Out of the tender came rushing four boys in the white and green uniforms of the apprentices of the line.

"Kids bound for the training grounds in the Himalaya's," grunted Captain MacManus.

"What luck?" cried one. "We've got just fifteen minutes to catch the Paris Express, and we want to get the Great Mystery unraveled before we sail."

"Yes, Captain MacManus," said another. "Please, sir, tell us what this is," and he thrust into the old man's hands one of those antiquated card-board affairs which, in the long past days of their usage, were designated as "cabinet photographs."

"I found it in an old trunk I was going through," gasped the apprentice in awe. "I was afraid to touch it at first. I didn't know what it might be. Then I put on my germ proof and current proof glove—and picked it up. It didn't hurt me. So I brought it here. I know you could tell us what it is if anybody could."

Old MacManus twirled his binoculars.

"Right you are, kids, in coming to me," said he. "If anybody can tell you anything about ancient relics I'm the man. Why, I can remember back to the days when women couldn't vote."

While the apprentices were recovering from this awe-inspiring assertion of antiquity, the captain was holding the object of the commotion off at arm's length and studying it carefully.

"My lads," said he at last. "It's a photograph."

"And yet," he mused smilingly, "and yet, those old days were good days, after all."

"My boys," said Captain MacManus, "she was not doing penance, and she was not being punished."

"You don't mean to say that she was wearing that thing of her own free will?"

"No; she was doing it because she had to; it was the style."

"Go on, captain," said the boys, "we like to hear about those queer old-fashioned days."

"Well, Style was the absolute Boss of all women in those days, my lads. It was before they'd acquired the equal right with men to help worry about how the world should be run, and there they went along in the old, instinctive ways of their mothers—that have all been done away with now—and their instincts ruled them, and the Boss of the biggest instinct of all was Style."

"What was the biggest instinct?" asked the group.

"The desire to look pretty and make other women look plain."

"And what was this Style thing that you mention, captain?"

"Style was a mysterious power that changed every year or so, and when it changed women had to change with it. One year Style would be for plump women, and all the women would be plump. Next year it would be for thinness, and all the women would be thin."

"So we guessed," said one of the boys. "We read about them in history books. But what is it of?"

The figure on the photograph was different from anything ever seen or dreamed of in the year 1962.

The figure of the woman of the day, the physiognomy was dainty and appealing to the eye, but it was almost surrounded by a great mass of material resembling hair. To the waist the figure bore some resemblance to the women of 1962.

But here the resemblance ceased. From the waist down the figure was shaped like an elongated V, with the small end at the bottom, where the feet should have been. It looked something like a woman who had been caught and tied so she couldn't move.

"That," said Captain MacManus, "is an old-time photograph of a woman in a hobble gown."

"What! Ha, ha, ha! Good joke, captain," laughed the apprentices.

"Fancy—a woman! But tell us what it really is, captain, please."

"I have told you," said the captain. "It's a woman in a hobble skirt of the age of 1912 or thereabouts."

"A woman!" the boys drew forward and gazed at the picture in amazement. "A woman—in a what did you say, captain?"

"A hobble skirt," said the old man. "You don't know what that is, do you, kids? Never heard of such a thing? Can't imagine such a thing, eh? But that's what this relic of the past represents, and you can look in any ancient history and see that I'm right."

"What do you think the woman had done, captain?" asked the apprentice.

"Yes. To make them bind her up in that fashion. What was she being punished for."

"Or maybe she was doing penance of some kind," suggested another.

thin. Sometimes it said: "No hips," and the women promptly didn't have any hips; then it would say: "Let there be hips," and hips there were, lads, till you couldn't rest. Now, you young fellows, who live in this age when women, having finally won their hard-fought battle to get a finger in the world's work, have got plenty of other things to worry about besides looking pretty and therefore don't care so much for style, you fellows can tell just about what women will look like one year after another. It was different in the old days; you had to be ready for anything then.

"I remember one sad, sad case that came about through this, and it happened in this same age, about 1912, that this ancient lady in a hobble skirt belonged to. There was a brave young explorer who'd gone down to take the temperature of the south pole. He had a beautiful young wife that he had to leave behind in a little old-fashioned hotel named the Knickerbocker that used to stand at the corner of Forty-second and Broadway, because this was before they had electric heat and all modern inconveniences, including Turkish baths, at the pole. 'I'll be waiting for you,' says she. 'Hurry back.' 'So long,' says he; and away he went and was gone for five long years.

"You see, when he went away woman wire plump, and had—hips—shoulders, and wore long skirts, with room enough in them to walk. When he came back it was the year of these hobble skirts and the women were altogether different. The young explorer goes into his apartments in the little hotel and something that looks like this picture leaped up to welcome him, and he steps back and hollers: 'Gimme my gun. There's a strange animal like a seal in the room.' And it was only his wife. The sad part of it was that he had to pay the dressmaker next day."

"But why did the women let Style boss them so?" asked an apprentice.

"Would it punish them if they wouldn't get thin or plump as it ordered them?"

"Would it! Indeed it would, my lad; it would let them see other women who were in style!"

"But how did they ever happen to hit onto anything like this hobble skirt, captain?"

"Well, you see, 'twas in the days when the ladies were fighting for equal rights with man. The men wouldn't let them wear the trousers as yet, so the dear women did the next best thing. They couldn't get the whole trousers, but they could get one leg. They took and made it into a skirt as you see in the picture."

The young alman gazed at the strange picture in amazement. "Why in the world did they think such things made them pretty, captain?" asked one. "Fancy one of our women today wearing anything that would interfere with their stride!"

"The women of today are free," said Captain MacManus. "They have thrown off the thrall of instinct. And yet," he mused smilingly, "and yet, those old days were good days, after all. Douse my signal rays! I don't know but what they were as good as the present era, so far as the women are concerned. Yes, lads, in those days I was once tempted to enter that old-fashioned and discarded state of matrimony."

"What was the matter, captain?" asked one of the boys. "Wouldn't the girl have you?"

"Run along," growled the old man. "Get aboard the Express. You're like all the boys nowadays; you're too keen on ancient history."

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DENIES THEORY OF LOMBROSO

Equally High Authority Asserts That There is No Distinct Type of Criminal.

Dr. Charles Goring is the latest criminologist to combat the theories of Lombroso and to assert that there is no such thing as a criminal type.

Dr. Goring admits that there are some persons who are naturally criminals, but he denies that their criminality shows itself by physical stigmata. Seeing that criminality is a purely artificial distinction, it is hard to understand why nature should aid in the classification. Our social system, has seen fit to select a small number of the almost innumerable ways of being wicked and to label them as criminal. The other ways are not labeled as criminal, although they may actually involve a much greater moral turpitude.

It is not the function of society to prevent people from being wicked, but only to prevent them from being wicked in such ways as are particularly pernicious to the rest of the community. There was a time when it was criminal to read the Bible.

It is still criminal to do some things of which the moral sense may highly approve. We can hardly expect nature to give her sanction to our artificial distinctions.

Robert Burns belongs in the very front rank of the world's great men. As a song writer he stands along with Goethe, Heine and Beranger, and as a satirist he ranks well up with Juvenal and Pascal.

His "Coter's Saturday Night," his "Tam O' Shanter" and his "Holy Fair" are simply inimitable, as great, in their line, as the most consummate masterpieces of the world's greatest writers. Burns was original in the best sense of that word, and his songs, satires, epistles and many of his more serious productions stand forth unique, and fresh, and powerful as the tints of Titian or the chiseling of Phidias.

POULTRY



PRACTICAL TALK ON POULTRY

Much Advice Given by Theoretical Writers Not Worthy of Consideration on Average Farm.

The advice commonly given in poultry papers would require one to exercise nearly as much pains in the cleaning of a chicken house as in the cleaning of a kitchen. Such advice may be suitable for the city poultry fanciers, but some of it is out of place when given to the farmer.

The ease with which the premises may be kept reasonably free from litter and filth is a largely a matter of convenient arrangement. The handiest plan from this viewpoint is the colony system.

In this the houses are moved to new locations as the ground becomes soiled. If the chicken house is a stationary structure, it should be built away from other buildings, scrap-piles, fence corners, etc., so that the ground can be frequently refreshed by plowing and sowing in oats, rye or rape. The ground should be well sloped, so that the water draining from the surface may wash away much of the filth that on level ground would accumulate.

Cleanliness indoors can be simplified by proper arrangement. First, the house must be dry. Poultry droppings, when dry, are not a source of danger if kept out of the feed.

This may be accomplished by providing dropping boards under the roosts. The droppings in the poultry house should be removed often enough to prevent foul odors. It is best to clean it every day.

Dry earth, gathered in the fall and stored in bins, is an excellent cleansing agent to use on the dropping board of the chicken house. Drinking vessels should be rinsed out when refilled and not allowed to accumulate a coat of slime.

Many poultry writers give innumerable diseases and lists of remedies concerning which the average farm poultryman needs no knowledge whatever. There is very little definitely known on the subject of poultry diseases. Poultry ailments are assignable to one of the three following causes, or a combination of these: First, hereditary or inborn weakness; second, unfavorable conditions of food, surroundings, etc.; third, germs or animal parasites.

A great many chickens die within the shell or during the growing process, there being no assignable reason save that of inherited weakness.

For this class of troubles the only remedy is to breed from the better stock.

The prevention of the second class of ailments comes under the general head of "Feeding." A chicken, whether young or old, to thrive well, must have exercise, clean water, grit, a variety of grain food, green or succulent food, and caseln or meat foods. The food requirements of a laying hen are very like those required by a growing chicken.

Yarded or shut-in hens should be supplied with more lime than the food contains, however, to provide for the egg shell. Crushed oyster shell is much used for this purpose.

The third class of ailments belongs to the group of contagious diseases. These contagious diseases may be grouped into the general classes: First, those highly contagious; second, those contracted by fowls that are in a weakened condition. Chicken cholera is representative of the first class. This is spread by droppings and dead birds, and through feed and water.

To stamp out the disease, kill and burn all sick chickens, and disinfect the premises frequently and thoroughly with a spray made of one-half gallon carbolic acid, one-half gallon of phenol and 20-gallons of water. Corrosive sublimate one part in 2,000 parts of water should be used in the drinking water.

Where the Money is. We may all of us get the same price for eggs, but we don't all of us get the same price for the feed that goes to make the eggs. And that's where the money is—or isn't.

Dr. Perry's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels worms in a very few hours. Adv.

It's awfully hard for a girl with a pretty ankle to keep her shoe laces tied.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

More About That Coldest Winter. "Ptui!—just see!"—indorsed Uncle Lazenberry, the old Oracle Onken had concluded his meteorological reminiscences. "That's a—ptui!—fact! I remember myself how cold 'twas in eighteen hundred and ahtin'! Recollect perticularly that livin' coals froze solid right in the fireplace and the flames of the candles would freeze and eat 'em for wood. Eh-yah!—'twas middlin'—ptui!—cold, that winter."

SHE GAVE UP ALL HER WORK

On Account of Her Weakness, But Cardui, the Woman's Tonic, Brought Back Strength.

Summit, Va.—Mrs. Leonora Walker, of this place, has the following to say regarding her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic: "Before I began to take Cardui, I suffered with womanly troubles, and, also, with what I thought was stomach trouble. I was so weak, I had to give up all my housework; and could not do any of the cooking."

I commenced taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and after the third day I began to feel better. Have now used five bottles, and am well, and can do all of my housework and cooking by myself. In fact, I feel like a new woman."

I shall be only too glad to do anything I can, to help praise the Cardui Home Treatment, for it is so good for suffering women. I shall never be without it."

For over half a century, Cardui has been helping to build weak, nervous, tired-out women, back to strength and health. It goes to the seat of the trouble and builds up womanly strength where it is most needed.

Cardui may be the very medicine your system has long been needing. Get a bottle from your druggist today. It cannot harm you, and should surely do for you what it has done for so many thousands of others.

N. B.—Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request. Adv.

Queer Human Nature. "People are funny." "How now?"

"In this Van Million divorce suit they divided \$25,000,000 amicably and they scrapped about the custody of a pug dog."

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger.—Adv.

Living Up to Theory. "He never spans his son, does he?" "No, he's an efficiency crank."

"What's that got to do with it?" "He says the upward stroke is lost motion."—Houston Post.

Dr. Perry's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels worms in a very few hours. Adv.

It's awfully hard for a girl with a pretty ankle to keep her shoe laces tied.

SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Common Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy."

You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

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