



WE + DO?

From the Red Cross News Bulletin the following quotations will bring good cheer to those whose relatives are in the service:

No better advice could be given to soldiers in camp or about to leave for camp than this:

"Tell your troubles to the Red Cross field director."

In every camp and cantonment there is an official Red Cross representative whose sole business is to cater to the needs of enlisted men.

If a soldier is worried about his family back home this Red Cross man will see that the problem is solved satisfactorily.

The soldier or sailor is sick in camp and cannot write to his relatives at home, the Red Cross man will attend to it for him.

In short, the Red Cross bureau of military relief is organized to help enlisted men in every way and the Red Cross is eager to have the men use this service.

The Red Cross field director can be found at Red Cross headquarters inside the camp cantonment. No matter what the soldier or sailor's problem may be, he will do well to consult this representative.

One reason the American people recently gave \$170,000,000 to the Red Cross was to continue this service and enlisted men should avail themselves of it freely.

The families of soldiers and sailors also should appeal to their local Red

Cross chapters for help in any situation. The help always is confidential. There will be no publicity.

Camp service has grown to be one of the largest phases of Red Cross work.

To indicate the volume of this work it may be stated that up to April 30, 1918, the Red Cross had distributed 1,822,006 sweaters, 641,971 mufflers, 623,972 wristlets, 454,569 helmets, 1,392,352 pairs of socks.

The work for the families of enlisted men by the home service department has been equally impressive. To June 15 service had been given in some form to 202,302 families and \$2,054,827 had been expended in this relief work. There are now 20,606 home service workers in the United States under Red Cross supervision.

Then there is the canteen service with more than 700 units ready to meet troop trains to give refreshments to the men, or to take care of those who become sick en route.

The convalescent houses are nearing completion in all camps to afford enlisted men a bright, cheerful environment for their hours of convalescence. Provision is made for entertainment and social diversions, which are powerful aids in the convalescent stage.

The communication service of the Red Cross keeps families of enlisted men informed of their welfare both here and abroad, if the men are sick, wounded or captured and unable to keep up correspondence.

EXPERT TO TELL TWINS' AGES

Freaks Concerned Only as to How Much They Will Get at Each Meal.

New York.—A search for physicians qualified to render judgment on the ages of Lucio and Simplico Godino, Samar twins, on exhibition in a freak circus at Coney Island, has been started by counsel for James Dunlavey, show proprietor, who is charged with exhibiting children under sixteen years of age. The twins are one of a dozen freaks of their sort known in medical annals, having separate heads and feet and being joined back to back.

Four physicians who were put on the stand in the proceedings declared their total inability to decide the matter of age. Their testimony estimated them anywhere between eleven and eighteen years, but all uni-



Lucio Did Most of the Talking.

mately confessed they were not qualified to make a definite statement.

The twins are interested but somewhat difficult witnesses. They were brought into the courtroom, and not being able to sit jointly in the witness chair, were given a straight-backed chair without arms. Lucio's legs hung off one side, Simplico's off the other. Alternately, as if by a well-established signal arrangement, they took turns looking at the magistrate and the witnesses, in order not to dump each out of the chair. Between looks they faced blandly in opposite directions.

Quite unexpectedly the hearing developed into a complaint against the food that the Samars have had since the Children's society took charge of them. It appeared that they had had no meat, no potatoes and no rice.

Lucio did most of the talking. Speaking for himself he thought it was terribly bad treatment. He said he liked nothing better than a batch of ham and eggs for breakfast, a couple of chops for dinner and a fine roast or stew for supper, not to mention plenty of vegetables and a dash of Worcestershire over all. To most of these things Simplico nodded assent.

There are things that Simplico likes to eat that Lucio doesn't, like a good whiff of cabbage or soft custard pie. And twins such as Lucio and Simplico are in no position to fight it out. They were united in their preference for beef.

The case will be heard again, when the defense expects to produce a doctor who knows all about the 12 Siamese twins of medical record and will deduce their ages for the puzzled court.

NEWS and of WASHINGTON



Motorman's Goldenrod Almost Caused Trouble

WASHINGTON.—It is right early in the season for goldenrod, but there are always pioneers. One blossom, anyhow, must have started in to bloom ahead of official fall weddings, for a motorman had it stuck in his cap as he breezed his car toward the capitol the other afternoon.

The yellow of it caught the interest of an oldish couple, who smiled at each other, the way comrades do when some trifle recalls associations that belong to both. Also, the sprig passed its talk-value on to a couple of young fellows, one of whom must have had experiences to go by:

"His girl gave him that." His companion, being a trifle younger and therefore a whole lot wiser, knew better. "Betcher he stuck it there to make her believe his other girl gave it to him. He knows how to make 'em jealous, all right. Oh, say, ole man, did I show you the postcard Lil sent me from Colonial Beach? It's a dandy."

The other responded with a suddenness which implied his right to be considered when Lil's favors were being passed around.

"Let's look." The younger fellow fumbled in his pockets and then remarked with maddening nonchalance that he must have left it in his other coat.

"Your other coat—huh." That was every word he uttered, but—take it from dear Mercutio—enough is always enough. There was no other coat.

The two foolish youngsters, Lord love them, grinned over the show down, and that was all there was to it, unless—unless you have a memory of your own for goldenrod all fringed around a cool spring, with big trees overhead, the old Chesapeake swishing in and out across the beach—and dear live things flashing in the air—and chirping in the bushes—and crawling under roots and—everything.



LET'S LOOK

YOU SHOULD SEE TH' SWELL POSTCARD LIL SENT ME

Read This and Learn Proper Name for Grapefruit

HE IS a nice man from 'way down south in Dixie. And he has a room in the home of an equally nice woman, who is helping to win the war. With a kindly thoughtfulness which is one of the reasons that make people nice, he brought the woman a bag of fruit the other day.

It was a bulgy bag filled with yellow balls that the woman accepted as grapefruit. But it wasn't grapefruit. The man said so, and he knew.

"Down home, where this fruit grows, we call it pomelo, in honor of the man who introduced it into this country from the far East. We have always called it pomelo, and we always shall, because pomelo is its proper name." And you couldn't ask a better reason, could you, seeing that pomelo neither looks nor tastes like a grape?

If you notice, few discoverers get the immortality due them in the matter of names, whether it be a Columbus, who founded a continent, or a Pomelo, who provided it with something new in fruit—but don't worry. It is just one of the little kinks in human nature that will be straightened out as soon as the well-known millennium comes our way.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, formerly of New York and now of heaven, was a prominent promoter of the popularity of pomelo in the North, and frankly conceded her share in renaming the fruit for the reason, as she explained, "the big balls grow in clusters like grapes."

In the present wisdom to which she has attained, Mrs. Leslie doubtless realizes the entire foolishness of robbing a man of what you might literally call the fruit of his labor—we have to go to heaven to see things like that. Also, grapefruit tastes better when you call it pomelo. Try it once.

And the Women Simply Couldn't See Him at All

ARE Washington women gallant? Now, I don't propose to answer that question. All I want to do is set forth something I saw happen on a street car the other afternoon, and leave it to you to answer the question as you will. The car was one of these mid-door affairs in which innocent passengers are packed to the tune of "Plenty of room up front."

He was an inoffensive-looking man with a large bundle in his arms. The bundle, wrapped in paper and tied with string, had all the seeming of a windmill. In reality it was an electric fan, as was apparent to prying eyes from the fact that a bit of the brass blade had penetrated the wrapper.

Now an electric fan is pretty heavy. And when two hands are required to hold and guard it that leaves few hands to hang onto straps with. And there aren't any straps on these cars, anyway. The best you can do is grab the back of a seat, or let your closely packed neighbors of the moment hold you up by mere juxtaposition.

The man was occupied by a woman. Her arduous shopping of the afternoon. These twenty-some years, he told me afterward, and giving it to women in the street cars, the tables would be turned. "I thought, 'will see what difficulty I am having sitting on me. Surely one of them will be sporty on her seat.'" "For the 'sport.'" "Looking out the windows."

Done, but the World Needs It

to walk to work in the early days of car crushes since going and coming without missing a day. The crusading zeal of the reformer, and with the loftiest intentions in the world are making life raspy for friends who prefer to ride.

"It is so much healthier, don't you know, and look at what we save. If you would only take the trouble to rise a bit earlier—all it requires is will power and—all that and more.

But there are always others. One of them is a man in the same office, whom the crusaders have known years enough to nag into salvation, regardless of the world-old fact that people good, honest, everyday people—object to being made over by patterns not of their own choosing. For days and weeks growing into months he has cheerfully accepted their reformatory raids, but— you know about that last straw—the other morning he settled them with a masculine protest which he doubtless considered original, but which Socrates got in ahead of him, and no telling how many others in eons gone before.

"That's the worst of you good women. You never know when to let go." For that time, anyway, the crusaders went down in defeat, but all the same, brothers, what sort of a world would this be for you and for all of us if good women should learn to let go?



LOOKING AT ME ONE AFTER ANOTHER

Sturdy Suits for the College Girl



First impressions of the new fall suits leave a sense of their sturdiness and easy lines in the mind before the eye begins to sum up all the details that pronounce them the creations of this season. Dark mixtures, plain cloths with soft finish and the attribute of warmth—in their appearance at least—in browns, blues, greens and grays, appear popular in the showings in the same order as they are mentioned here. Browns in several warm and several dark shades has been chosen for street and for formal suits, with such persistence that it may displace navy blue which has had a phenomenal vogue. Browns and mixtures in brown and gray seem somehow to associate themselves in the mind with khaki and in a few of the new models the styles are very distinctly of military origin.

In ordinary street suits many of the new coats are semifitting, with a loose, narrow belt of the fabric, defining a high waistline. There are some new double-breasted models in which the lapped-over fronts are trimmed away in several novel ways. On both single and double-breasted styles necks are high and coats button up to the top of the collar which is more than tall enough to reach the chin. Sometimes the collars are of the turn-over variety, but oftener they are straight and wrinkle when they are buttoned up close about the throat.

Patch pockets and medium-sized bone buttons, that match the cloth in the suit in color, appear with such frequency that they may be considered features of the new styles. Collars are not always of the same material as the coat, for velvet and fur are used in many of them.

A practical and pretty suit for the college girl who must now be outfitted with a wardrobe for fall, is shown in

the picture. It is a double-breasted model in a dark mixture, with plain brown velvet turn-over collar that buttons up about the throat. Its belt fastens with a buckle covered with the material, and its buttons match the cloth in color. The coat is even in length all around and somewhat longer than those of the past season. The skirt is plain, ankle length and wide enough for comfortable walking.

Julia Bottomley

Fur Used Less.

In the new suits for fall the absence of fur trimmings is notable. This is partly on account of the very high prices of furs now and partly because women are at present wearing all sorts of long stoles, capes and coats of fur over their suits and dresses. It is thought this fad will carry into the coming fall and winter, and now in these days of thought for conservation of materials, all these little items are considered by the manufacturers.

Colored Felt Hats.

The milliners have brought out colored felt hats for summer as a substitute for straw. They are in brilliant and neutral tones, and are heaped with gorgeous flowers. It is the advent of the trimmed hat, which all milliners have ardently desired.

New Waistcoats.

The prettiest of the new waistcoats or little sleeveless bodices that are so much worn with street suits are made in slip-on fashion, with no front closing. This design gives the makers a chance for decidedly attractive effects in the way of tucks and frills and ruffles on the front.

MAN GETS \$2 REWARD FOR RETURNING \$3,000

Marysville, Cal.—Complimenting him for his honesty and giving him \$2 in cash, Mrs. Ebert of Shasta county rewarded D. Davis of this city for returning her purse containing \$3,000 and much valuable jewelry.

CLIMBS HIGH WHILE

Father Finds His Ten-Year-Old Son Clinging to Peak of Roof.

Mount Carmel, Pa.—Hearing on the housetop, Harry Lucas, an investigation and was started to see his ten-year-old son Harold clinging to the peak of the roof. Necessary to get a ladder to the lad from the building. Lucas, a victim of somnambulism, left his bed, climbed through a window to the water spouting and pulled himself up to the steep, sloping roof, a feat he would have been unable to accomplish if awake.

Beads in Child's Ear.

New Orleans, La.—Physicians at the Charity hospital recently had some difficulty in extracting three beads from the ear of five-year-old Alice Buckley of No. 2419 Banks street. The child said that she was at play and jammed the beads into one of her ears. Try as she might, she could not get them out again, and they sank deeper, necessitating medical attention.

CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels needs a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

CAN'T ALL BE COLLEGE MEN

Pithy Remark Credited by Andrew Carnegie to Self-Made Man With Limited Education.

Andrew Carnegie, complimented one day at his Scottish castle on his gifts to the cause of education, said to a young lady:

"There's nothing so pathetic as the self-made man who is conscious of his lack of education. These poor fellows seem to think that everybody is educated but themselves.

"Once, in a smart New York restaurant, I heard a man with a diamond horseshoe pin say hoarsely to a waiter:

"Shove over that there chandelier."

"It isn't a chandelier, sir," said the waiter, as he obeyed, "it's a crucet."

"The man with the diamonds blushed brick red.

"Well, never mind what she is; shove her over," he said. "We ain't all been to college."

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion whitener, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how freckles, sunburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

Missed the Kaiser.

A negro from Louisiana supposed when he reached the training camp that he was already "at the front."

"Say, boss," he asked an officer, "where's dat feller dey calls the kaiser? I been here six weeks an' I ain't seen him."—Exchange.

Fiery Red Pimples.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by an application of Cuticura Ointment to distressing eczemas, etc., proves their wonderful properties. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Its Fault.

"Is your new automobile all right?" "It's pretty fair, but it will shy at horses."

Yes, Luke, we know that every married man has a grievance—and so has his wife until she becomes a widow.

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.