HAY FEVER
ASTHMA
AVERTED-RELIEVED
ASTHMADOR

and instantly the room is flooded with a brilliant light. This convenience is possible in your home, barns and sheds with

DELCO-LIGHT

This complete electric lighting plant will supply all the light you require; also ample power for the churn, cream separator, washing machine, etc. Pays for itself in a very short time.

Write to
Home Light & Power Co.
Charlotte, N. C.

Delco-Light

OXIDINE
Kills Chills
Good for Malaria, constipation biliousness – a fine tonic. Guaranteed or money back
Ask your dealer
Behrens Drug Co., Waco, Tex.

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 35--1918.

FIND HUMOR IN AD COLUMNS

Notices Not Intended to Be Funny, but Are Made So by Their Peculiar Wording.

Advertisements are vagarious things sometimes, as, for example, those which were all actually printed: "A respectable young woman wants washing." "I will make coats, caps, and bears for ladies out of their own skins." "I want an overseer who can take care of 5,000 sheep who can speak French fluently." "Wanted—A girl who can cook; one that will make a good stew." "I want a husband with a strong Roman nose with strong religious tendencies." "I will sell a fiddle of old wood I made out of my own head and have wood left enough for another." "For Sale—A small stock of the same whisky drunk by his majesty on his recent visit to Dublin." "One hundred dollars' reward for the recovery of the body of Hale Short, drowned in the river on the night of the 17th. The body can be recognized by the fact that Short had an impediment in his speech."

GIRLS! USE LEMONS FOR SUNBURN, TAN

Try it! Make this lemon lotion to whiten your tanned or freckled skin.

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 quickly the freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

All Verger Cared About.

The late Lord Alverstone's love of music made him for many years a member of the choir at Kensington parish church. A good many curious folk went to see the unusual spectacle of an attorney general in a surplice, but were not always able to identify him.

One of these visitors asked the verger which of the choirmen was the attorney general, and received the dignified reply:

"That's the vicar, them's the curates, I'm the verger, and so long as the choir gives satisfaction it's not my business to inquire into the antecedents of any of 'em."—London Chronicle.

Stomach Troubles and Dysentery caused from Drinking Ice Water or from sleeping near an open window should be checked immediately. Get a bottle of GROVE'S BABY BOWEL MEDICINE, a safe and sure remedy for Summer Diarrhoea. It is just as effective for Adults as for Children.

Poverty is no disgrace if you've spent your money for war purposes.

Alaska fishery products for 1917 were valued at $51,405,200.

When Your Eyes Need Care
Try Murine Eye Remedy
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book.
MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

"OVER THE TOP"

By An American Soldier Who Went Over the Top

Arthur Guy Empey

Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

—24—

When we took over the front line we received an awful shock. The Germans displayed signboards over the top of their trench showing the names that we had called their trenches. The signs read "Fair," "Fact," "Fate," and "Fancy," and so on, according to the code names on our map. Then to rub it in, they hoisted some more signs which read, "Come on, we are ready, stupid English."

It is still a mystery to me how they obtained this knowledge. There had been no raids or prisoners taken, so it must have been the work of spies in our own lines.

Three or four days before the big push we tried to shatter Fritz's nerves by feint attacks, and partially succeeded as the official reports of July 1 show.

Although we were constantly bombarding their lines day and night, still we fooled the Germans several times. This was accomplished by throwing an intense barrage into his lines—then using smoke shells we would put a curtain of white smoke across No Man's Land, completely obstructing his view of our trenches, and would raise our curtain of fire as if in an actual attack. All down our trenches the men would shout and cheer, and Fritz would turn loose with machine-gun, rifle, and shrapnel fire, thinking we were coming over.

After three or four of these dummy attacks his nerves must have been near the breaking point.

On June 24, 1916, at 9:40 in the morning our guns opened up, and hell was let loose. The din was terrific, a constant boom-boom-boom in your ear.

At night the sky was a red glare. Our bombardment had lasted about two hours when Fritz started replying. Although we were sending over ten shells to his one, our casualties were heavy. There was a constant stream of stretchers coming out of the communication trenches and burial parties were a common sight.

In the dugouts the noise of the guns almost hurt. You had the same sensation as when riding on the subway you enter the tube under the river going to Brooklyn—a sort of pressure on the ear drums, and the ground constantly trembling.

The roads behind the trenches were very dangerous because Bertie shrapnel was constantly bursting over them. We avoided these dangerous spots by crossing through open fields.

The destruction in the German lines was awful and I really felt sorry for them because I realized how they must be clicking it.

From our front-line trench, every now and again, we could hear sharp whistle blasts in the German trenches. These blasts were the signals for stretcher bearers, and meant the wounding or killing of some German in the service of his fatherland.

Atwell and I had a tough time of it, patrolling the different trenches at night, but after awhile got used to it.

My old outfit, the machine gun company, was stationed in huge elephant dugouts about four hundred yards behind the front-line trench—they were in reserve. Occasionally I would stop in their dugout and have a confab with my former mates. Although we tried to be jolly, still, there was a lurking feeling of impending disaster. Each man was wondering if, after the slogan, "Over the top with the best of luck," had been sounded, would he still be alive or would he be lying "somewhere in France." In an old dilapidated house, the walls of which were scarred with machine-gun bullets, No. 3 section of the machine gun company had its quarters. The company's cooks prepared the meals in this billet. On the fifth evening of the bombardment a German eight-inch shell registered a direct hit on the billet and wiped out ten men who were asleep in the supposedly bomb-proof cellar. They were buried the next day and I attended the funeral.

CHAPTER XXVI.

All Quiet (?) on the Western Front.

At brigade headquarters I happened to overhear a conversation between our G. O. C. (general officer commanding) and the divisional commander. From this conversation I learned that we were to bombard the German lines for eight days, and on the first of July the "big push" was to commence.

In a few days orders were issued to that effect, and it was common property all along the line.

On the afternoon of the eighth day of our "strafeing," Atwell and I were sitting in the front-line trench smoking fags and making out our reports of the previous night's tour of the trenches, which we had to turn in to headquarters the following day, when an order was passed down the trench that Old Pepper requested twenty volunteers to go over on a trench raid that night to try and get a few German prisoners for information purposes. I immediately volunteered for this job, and shook hands with Atwell, and went to the rear to give my name to the officers in charge of the raiding party.

I was accepted, worse luck.

At 9:45 that night we reported to the brigade headquarters dugout to receive instructions from Old Pepper.

After reaching this dugout we lined up in a semicircle around him, and he addressed us as follows:

"All I want you boys to do is to go over to the German lines tonight, surprise them, secure a couple of prisoners, and return immediately. Our artillery has bombarded that section of the line for two days and personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied, so just get a couple of prisoners and return as quickly as possible."

The sergeant on my right, in an undertone, whispered to me:

"Say, Yank, how are we going to get a couple of prisoners if the old fool thinks 'personally that that part of the trench is unoccupied'—sounds kind of lidsy, doesn't it mate?"

I had a funny sinking sensation in my stomach, and my tin hat felt as if it weighed about a ton and my enthusiasm was melting away. Old Pepper must have heard the sergeant speak because he turned in his direction and in a thundering voice asked:

"What did you say?"

The sergeant with a scarlet look on his face and his knees trembling, smartly saluted and answered:

"Nothing, sir."

Old Pepper said:

"Well, don't say it so loudly the next time."

Then Old Pepper continued:

"In this section of the German trenches there are two or three machine guns which our artillery, in the last two or three days, has been unable to tape. These guns command the sector where two of our communication trenches join the front line, and as the brigade is to go over the top tomorrow morning I want to capture two or three men from these guns' crews, and from them I may be able to obtain valuable information as to the exact location of the guns, and our artillery will therefore be able to demolish them before the attack, and thus prevent our losing a lot of men while using these communication trenches to bring up re-enforcements."

Receiving First Aid.

These were the instructions he gave us:

"Take off your identification disks, strip your uniforms of all numerals, insignia, etc., leave your papers with your captains, because I don't want the Boches to know what regiments are against them as this would be valuable information to them in our attack tomorrow and I don't want any of you to be taken alive. What I want is two prisoners and if I get them I have a way which will make them divulge all necessary information as to their guns. You have your choice of two weapons—you may carry your 'persuaders' or your knuckle knives, and each man will arm himself with four Mills bombs, these to be used only in case of emergency."

A persuader is Tommy's nickname for a club carried by the bombers. It is about two feet long, thin at one end and very thick at the other. The thick end is studded with sharp steel spikes, while through the center of the club there is a nine-inch lead bar, to give it weight and balance. When you get a prisoner all you have to do is just stick this club up in front of him, and believe me, the prisoner's patriotism for "Deutschland ueber Alles" fades away and he very willingly obeys the orders of his captor. If, however, the prisoner gets high-toned and refuses to follow you, simply "persuade" him by first removing his tin hat, and then—well, the use of the lead weight in the persuader is demonstrated, and Tommy looks for another prisoner.

The knuckle knife is a dagger affair, the blade of which is about eight inches long with a heavy steel guard over the grip. This guard is studded with steel projections. At night in a trench, which is only about three to four feet wide, it makes a very handy weapon. One punch in the face generally shatters a man's jaw and you can get him with the knife as he goes down.

Then we had what we called our "rumsdiggers." These are strands of barbed wire about three feet long, made into a noose at one end; at the other end the barbs are cut off and Tommy slips his wrist through a loop to get a good grip on the wire. If the prisoner wants to argue the point, why just throw the large loop around his neck and no matter if Tommy wishes to return to his trenches at the walk, trot, or gallop, Fritz is perfectly agreeable to maintain Tommy's rate of speed.

We were ordered to black our faces and hands. For this reason: At night, the English and Germans use what they call star shells, a sort of rocket affair. They are fired from a large pistol about twenty inches long, which is held over the sandbag parapet of the trench, and discharged into the air. These star shells attain a height of about sixty feet, and a range of from fifty to seventy-five yards. When they hit the ground they explode, throwing out a strong calcium light which lights up the ground in a circle of a radius of between ten to fifteen yards. They also have a parachute star shell which, after reaching a height of about sixty feet, explodes. A parachute unfolds and slowly floats to the ground, lighting up a large circle in No Man's Land. The official name of the star shell is a "Very-light." Very-lights are used to prevent night surprise attacks on the trenches. If a star shell falls in front of you, or between you and the German lines, you are safe from detection, as the enemy cannot see you through the bright curtain of light. But if it falls behind you and, as Tommy says, "you get in the star shell zone," then the fun begins; you have to lie flat on your stomach and remain absolutely motionless until the light of the shell dies out. This takes anywhere from forty to seventy seconds. If you haven't time to fall to the ground you must remain absolutely still in whatever position you were in when the light exploded; it is advisable not to breathe, as Fritz has an eye like an eagle when he thinks you are knocking at his door. When a star shell is burning in Tommy's rear he can hold his breath for a week.

You blacken your face and hands so that the light from the star shells will not reflect on your pale face. In a trench suit there is quite sufficient reason for your face to be pale. If you don't believe me, try it just once.

Then another reason for blackening your face and hands is that, after you have entered the German trench at night, "white face" means Germans, "black face" English. Coming around a traverse you see a white face in front of you. With a prayer and wishing Fritz "the best o' luck," you introduce him to your "persuader" or knuckle knife.

A little later we arrived at the communication trench named Whisky street, which led to the fire trench at the point we were to go over the top and out in front.

In our rear were four stretcher bearers and a corporal of the R. A. M. C. carrying a pouch containing medicines and first-aid appliances. Kind of a grim reminder to us that our expedition was not going to be exactly a picnic. The order of things was reversed. In civilian life the doctors generally come first, with the undertakers tagging in the rear and then the insurance men, but in our case, the undertakers were leading, with the doctors trailing behind, minus the insurance adjuster.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is Anyone Old in New York?

In Bruce Barton's novel, "The Making of George Groton," the author says: "No one is old in New York. They drain in every year from all parts of the country—millions of men, young and vibrant. They stay and work, and grow into middle age; and then suddenly they vanish. One may walk for blocks on Fifth avenue or Broadway and hardly see anyone over fifty. Where do they go to? No one seems ever to die; no funerals clog the traffic. There are plenty of funerals, of course, but you don't notice them as you do in a little town. I have wandered for hours in the big woods, wondering where the birds go when they die; and never yet have I run across the body of a dead bird. What becomes of old birds? What becomes of old New Yorkers? These are twin mysteries to me. I cannot unravel them."

Got Along Without Metals.

The cliff dwellers knew nothing of the use of metals. Their knives were made from the bones of the deer, highly polished and very sharp. Their household utensils consisted of pottery jars and casks made of fiber and covered with a substance resembling modern varnish. Although the earliest cliff dwellers were prehistoric cave dwellers, have existed in almost every age of the world.

LIBRARY SLAPS HUN KULTUR

German Books Are Banished From the Shelves of the Los Angeles Public Library.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Los Angeles has made a sweeping drive on German kultur as her bit in the psychological war with which civilians are backing up the American army.

Following closely on the action of the board of education banning German from the public schools, the Los Angeles public library has banished German books from its shelves.

Henceforth, for the duration of the war, no child in this city will be allowed to study German, and no person, child or adult, will be able to read German books and, through their pages, to absorb any of the viewpoints of Germany. English books that may prove to expound German philosophy will also be banned.

No man can make money as a pirate and give it away as a Christian.

Town Has Chopping Bee.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—In order to save coal, more than 900 bankers, lawyers, physicians, laborers and tramps spent a whole day chopping wood at three camps established on the river bank here. They cut 600 cords of wood.

Liberty.

Liberty is a slow fruit. It is never cheap; it is made difficult because freedom is the accomplishment and perfectness of man.—Emerson.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

(Copyright, 1918, by Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 1

SOME LAWS OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

LESSON TEXTS—Luke 6:20-36; 23:34.

GOLDEN TEXT—Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20:35.

DEVOTIONAL READING—II Corinthians 9:6-12.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Luke 10:8; Romans 12:8; II Corinthians 9:6-15; Hebrews 13:16; Ezra 1:2-4; I Chronicles 29:3-9.

The principles of ethics which shall prevail in the earth when Jesus Christ shall be king are entirely different from those of the world. The worldly spirit always inquires as to what gain will accrue from an action or service. Its policy is doing good for the sake of getting good. Those who have been made partakers of the divine nature, who are really subjects of the kingdom, do good because they have the nature and spirit of God, not because they expect something in return.

I. Give to Every Man That Asketh of Thee (v. 30).

This does not mean that any request that may be made by the idle, greedy and selfish should be granted. Only evil would result from such indiscriminate and unregulated giving. Such benevolence would foster idleness and selfishness. Oftentimes the worst thing you can do for a man is to give him money. The drunkard will only spend it for more drink; the gambler will continue his dissipation. The meaning then is, give to the one asking the thing which he needs. The man in poverty needs to be given a way to earn his living, rather than to be given money without the necessity of labor. There is that in the human heart which refuses charity, and cries out for a means to honestly gain a livelihood.

II. Of Him That Taketh Away Thy Goods, Ask Them Not Again (v. 30).

"Ask" here means demand. It doubtless forbids the forcible demanding of the return of that which has been taken from one.

III. Do to Other Men as You Would That They Should Do Unto You (vv. 31-34).

This ethic puts life's activities on the highest possible ground. He does not say, refrain from doing that which you would not like to be done to you, as even Confucius taught; but to positively make the rule of your life the doing to others as you would wish them to do unto you. Loving those who love us, doing good to those who do good to us, and lending to those from whom we hope to receive, is just what all the sinners of the world are doing. The child of the kingdom of Christ is to be different.

IV. Love Your Enemies (v. 35).

That which is natural to the human heart is to hate the enemy. To love in the real sense means to sincerely desire the good of even one's enemy and willingness to do anything possible to bring that good. Such action is only possible to those who have been born again. Christ loved those who hated him. He was willing even to die for his enemies.

V. Lend, Hoping for Nothing Again (v. 35).

This is what the Heavenly Father is constantly doing. He is kind and gracious unto the unthankful and the wicked. He sends his rain and sunshine upon the unjust and sinners. He makes fruitful the toil of those who blaspheme his name. He thus does because it is his nature to so do.

VI. Be Merciful (v. 36).

The example for the imitation of the disciple is the Heavenly Father.

VII. Judge Not (v. 37).

To judge does not mean the placing of just estimates upon men's actions and lives, for, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The tree is judged by the fruit it bears. The thorn tree does not bear figs, nor the apple tree bear grapes. Our only way of discerning the character of men and women is their actions. That which is condemned is censorious judgment—the impugning of motives.

VIII. Condemn Not (v. 37).

This means that we should not pass sentence upon men for their acts, for to their own master they stand or fall (Rom. 14:4). The real reason why such action is not warranted is that the bias of our hearts and the limitation of our judgments render it impossible to righteously and intelligently pass judgment.

IX. Forgive (v. 37.)

Those who forgive shall be forgiven. The one who has realized the forgiving mercy of God will be gracious and forgiving toward others.

XI. Liberality Determined by What Is Left (Luke 21:1-4).

The rich cast into the treasury much, but it was from their abundance. The poor widow cast in all that she had; there was nothing left. God estimates a gift by what one has left, not by the size of the gift. To give the widow's mite is to give all. For the millionaire to give the widow's mite would mean for him to give his millions.

Spiritually Discerned.

We shall look upon the Incarnation, the greatest conceivable thought, the greatest conceivable fact, not that we may bring it within the range of our present powers, not that we may measure it by standards of this world, but that we may learn from it a little more of the Gospel grandeurs of life, that by its help we may behold once again that halo of infinity about common things which seems to have vanished away, that, thinking on the phrase, "the Word became flesh," we may feel that in, beneath, beyond the objects which we see and taste and handle is a Divine Presence, that lifting up our eyes to the Lord in glory we may know that phenomena are not ends, but signs only of that which is spiritually discerned.—Bishop Westcott.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

HEROISM OF SCOUT RESCUERS

While several boys were in swimming in the Tennessee river near Knoxville, two of the number became imperiled and cried for help. John and Tauxe Yule, both of whom are boy scouts, quickly responded to the cries.

John Yule succeeded in reaching one boy and bringing him to the shore. Tauxe Yule went to Louis Russell's assistance. He states that they went down twice, but he was able to bring the terror-stricken lad to the surface in both instances, and believed they were safe, when young Russell, again frightened, threw his lower limbs about his rescuer, and they went to the bottom.

The splendid heroism and hazarding of their own lives, as exemplified by the Yule brothers, was commended and they did everything possible to save their friend, himself a much-beloved boy.

Scout Executive J. M. Gore says that Tauxe Yule would undoubtedly have saved Russell if the drowning boy had not secured a scissors lock, a thing never before thought possible when the rescuer had the life-saving arm lock.

Tauxe Yule is an accomplished swimmer and only a week before had saved a boy from drowning in the Tennessee river.

USING A FIELD TELEPHONE.

This Boy Scout Is on Park Conservation Work and Is Holding Down His Post Well.

THOUSANDS IN SCOUT CAMPS.

Thousands of Boy Scouts of America are enjoying their wonderful camps all over the country. For the time they will forget all about cities, sidewalks and civilization in the joys of swimming, boating, mountain-climbing and athletics of all kinds. Instruction in scouting will be mingled with these sports.

At all of these camps, the scouts are having a good time, while gaining in health, self-reliance and everything that helps them to be prepared for the unselfish patriotic service which is the heroic dream of every true scout in khaki.

SCOUTS FEED THE SOLDIERS.

Surplus vegetables from the many war gardens in Kingsville, Tex., are gathered, picked and shipped to the mess officers at the army camp by the boy scouts of that city.

The army officials are very appreciative of the movement. The garden owners are glad to contribute vegetables, and the scouts are glad to assemble them.

In some instances they gather them from the gardens, ice them if necessary, pack them in hampers and bushel crates and express them. The government pays the transportation charges and provides new hampers.

SCOUTS AND TORN FLAGS.

Pawtucket (R. I.) scouts are endeavoring to secure the removal of United States flags which have been flown until they were badly tattered, and in doing so have come up against the problem of what to do with these wornout flags.

They have asked for suggestions. One official is working out a symbolic ceremony to be used.

BOY SCOUT DOINGS.

While on a hike, scouts of West Union, Ia., discovered a 40-foot wooden bridge afire, and with their cooking utensils they all turned in and put the fire out.

The scouts of Troop No. 7 of Manorville, Pa., assisted in putting the road (a mile in length) through the borough in good shape by using a road scraper drawn by a tractor and covering the uneven places with ashes delivered on a siding by the railroad company free.

BOY SCOUT FIRE PATROL.

Under the scout executive, who is also deputy fire warden, the scouts of Meriden, Conn., are organized as a fire patrol. They have a system of quick mobilization. Automobiles are engaged to carry them with their equipment of fire-rakes, axes, water-bags, etc., provided by the state of Connecticut, to any point where they may be needed.

The law gives them the right to commandeer plows, teams and men between the ages of eighteen to fifty-five years.

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles. I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. $2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 R Free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strained, Torn Ligaments, Swollen Glands, Veins or Muscles; Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers. Allays pain. Price $1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

HOW TO

cut your grocery bill in half. Have plenty to eat and get well and keep well, which the Government wants everyone to do in order to be efficient in all things and accomplish their rightful desires. This man has been trained at a big expense for the express purpose of showing you how. For full information address ten cent stamp to Eat for Health and Efficiency Man, Plainfield, Indiana

Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. K, Boston."

MOST GOLFERS WILL SAY SO

Only One Classification for Player Who Would Make Such a Claim as That.

"Pa," said Tommy, who had cuddled one afternoon at one of the golf clubs, "is a man a good golfer if he knocks the ball one hundred and twenty-five yards?"

"Just a novice, my son."

"Well, if he knocks the ball two hundred and fifty yards?"

"Mighty good! He's mighty good if he can do that, my boy."

"Well, pa, what if he knocks it two hundred and seventy-five yards?"

"He's a splendid player, Tommy," replied pa, as he once more fastened his eye on the newspaper.

"Well, pa, what if he knocked the ball three hundred and twenty-five yards—what would he be then?"

"Probably a liar, my son. Now you had better kiss mamma and go to bed."

Sure to Miss Him.

Father was sitting in the den taking a peaceful smoke, when there came from the parlor a noise that sounded like a cross between the sigh of a pine tree and the wail of a locomotive. With something akin to strong language he rose and went downstairs. In the hall he met his daughter.

"Say, Bessie," queried the old man, "what is the agitation in the parlor?"

"Charley," was the response of Bessie. "He is singing 'I Wonder if He Will Miss Me?'"

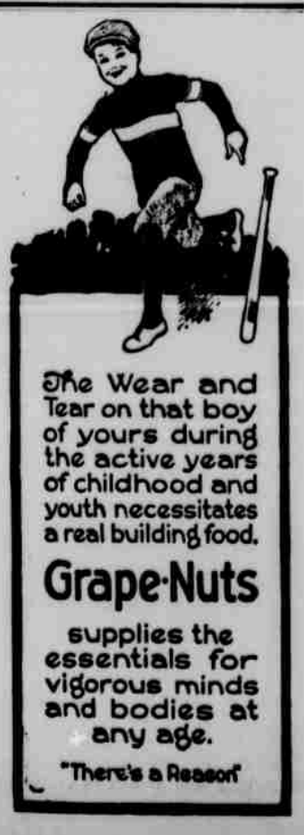
"Yes," answered dad, regretfully. "I can't see to shoot straight at night, and I am too rheumatic to kick."

Quite Natural.

"Some of the chiefs of the departments are very pompous."

"Yes, but then it is in order for official bureaus to have big nobs."

Germany uses sand as soap substitute.


The Wear and Tear on that boy of yours during the active years of childhood and youth necessitates a real building food.
Grape-Nuts
supplies the essentials for vigorous minds and bodies at any age.
"There's a Reason"