

Had Lost All Hope of Ever Being Well

Read story of the fight for health and final victory as told by Mrs. James A. Hall, Box 31, Norris City, Illinois.



"About twelve years ago my health failed. I could not eat anything without suffering. I had heartburn, sour stomach, palpitation of the heart, smothering spells, pains in my back and sides and a cough almost like consumption. Nothing helped me. I grew worse and was able to sit up only part of the time. I had lost all hope of ever being any better when someone gave me a Pe-ru-na book. The book described my case so truly that I began to take Pe-ru-na. After two and a half bottles I could eat without suffering and improved from then on. I took eight bottles and felt like a new person. That was fourteen years ago. So many diseases are due to catarrh that I think Pe-ru-na the greatest family medicine in the world."

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Paul Bonor, Pittsfield, Mass., Jeanette, Pa., had Alopecia, which left him without hair on any part of his head. Used four bottles of Bare-to-Hair. Now has a full growth of hair as shown on the photo. Bare-to-Hair will grow hair on bald heads. Stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Itching, and many forms of Eczema.

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MOTHER!

Child's Harmless Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to gently clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

SKIN IRRITATIONS For their immediate relief and healing doctors prescribe Resinol

GIRL HAD RETAINED PROBLEM IN MIND

Educator Tells of Remarkable Feat of Memory.

A western editor, college professor and publicist, speaking of remarkable memories that he had observed, says: "I've known some good memories. One was that of a western congressman who knows fifty thousand people in his home state and can recall every meeting with every man. I have heard Blind Tom and Blind Boone, musical prodigies who could reproduce the most difficult composition played in their hearing. I've known Al Hicks, the Montana stock inspector, who knew six hundred stock brands, their owners, their range and every vent and road brand they had ever used. But I think the most remarkable memory feat was that of a negro girl student in a high school where I once taught."

"I had a class in advanced algebra, and in the textbook was a long list of problems on which we worked for weeks. For examination I assigned any two problems on a given page, each student to make choice for himself. One especially difficult problem in three unknown quantities had required a whole blackboard for its solution. Only one boy, the class prodigy, had mastered it."

When this negro girl, who wrote a beautiful hand but was particularly dense in mathematics, handed in a faultless solution of this hardest problem, I couldn't see how she could have done it without cheating. "Ellen," I said, "why did you select this one?" "Because I could do it best, sir," she affirmed.

"I thought I couldn't believe it, finally I said, 'well, if you did it once, you can do it again, here in my office.' I watched her as she wrote steadily, rapidly, without ceasures or hesitation. Soon she handed me the paper; I couldn't have done it any better myself."

"Well, you did it, and you got your grade and an apology," I told her. "But surely you didn't work it out as you went along?" "No, sir, I just remembered it," was her surprising response. "Remembered it?"

"Yes, sir. Don't you remember that Harry Thatcher wrote it on the board? Well, sir, I just remembered it, and there it is."

Those other prodigies were doing the things in which they were interested, with which they were in love. But this negro girl, knowing and caring nothing for mathematics, had nevertheless memorized all these strange figures and their intricate relationships, in which she was not interested, and to my mind her memory feat was greater than all the others. Youth's Companion.

Dance of Summer

Edna Pugh, of Clover Leaf farm, who feeds summer boarders, was leaning on the front porch talking to a new arrival the other day, when out in the meadow near the river a young man, clad in a bathing suit leaped high in the air and dived into the ground, his outstretched arms leading considerable distance in his movements.

"When he dived into the ground his relatives were unimpaired. Then, like an excited hen he leaped and ran across the meadow, where he ended his exhibition with a most beautiful dive over the elder bushes into the river."

"Interrupted, 'dinner?' asked the new boarder."

"Nope, 'dinner-ees,'" said Edna. Pugh.—Kansas City Star.

Rapid

"Well, how are things going on here, these days?" asked the picture enlarger who visited the hamlet sufficiently often to be mildly interested in the happenings there.

"Booming, sir," booming," triumphantly replied the landlord of the tavern at Peewee's Bluff. "Fully three times as many motor cars pass through here now days as did last summer, we've got a couple of right lively divorce suits going on at once, there are fully twice as many prisoners in the jail as this time last year, and Deacon Pennypincher is actually talking about painting his house."—Kansas City Times.

His Interest

"Six little pups were borned at my place last night," announced Lim Dumm of Slippery Slap. "Cutest little fellows you ever laid your eyes on."

"That so?" returned an acquaintance. "Didn't I hear something about a new baby at your house last night, too?"

"Come to think, I reckon you did."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Why, I—durned if I thought to ask, I was so interested in the pups."—Kansas City Star.

Diagnosis

"My dear sir, what you need is a complete rest."

"But, doctor, I retired from business three years ago, and haven't done any work since."

"Ah, then I have located the seat of the trouble, you must have some employment to keep your mind occupied."—Judge.

Serious Business

"Hello, dearie—just dropped in to see if you wouldn't like to go shopping with me."

"Sorry, my dear, but I can't—I simply must buy something today."—Life.

Southwest Africa



(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

SOUTHWEST AFRICA, the latest political division of the world to acquire a constitution, was formerly German Southwest Africa, the product of the first of Germany's efforts to obtain a colonial "place in the sun." It was on this huge territorial "home" that the empire, unused to overseas possessions, cut the teeth of its colonial policy, later used effectively in other parts of the world. Since the World War the region has been under mandate from the League of Nations to the Union of South Africa. The constitution recently granted to the mandated territory was conferred by the parliament of the union and is only the forerunner, according to South African political leaders, of a still broader charter.

Germany became interested in colonies in the eighties of the Nineteenth century after most of the desirable areas in Africa had been staked out by other European powers. Along the Atlantic coast, Southwest Africa (then generally known as Namaland) was practically the only unappropriated region between the Cape of Good Hope and Gibraltar; and Great Britain looked upon this region even as more or less hazily within her sphere of influence. Undoubtedly it had remained unappropriated largely because of its utterly desolate appearance from the sea. Seeing only its sea aspect one traveler described it as "without question, the least attractive part of Africa, except only the Sahara."

Southwest Africa has an area of 322,000 square miles, and so is two-thirds as large as the four states of the union together. Beginning in the south at the Orange river, it extends northward past the Tropic of Capricorn and on to the southern border of the Portuguese colony of Angola, marked by the Kunene river. The total frontage on the Atlantic is approximately 800 miles, a distance equal to that from the island of Jamaica to central Florida, and in corresponding latitudes. In the north the territory is 620 miles wide, extending inland to within little more than 100 miles of the middle line of the continent. The territory becomes narrower to the south, and at the southern boundary is only 220 miles wide. The most striking and peculiar feature of Southwest Africa as it appears on a map is the long narrow "finger" of territory that extends eastward from the northeast corner. This corridor, only about 30 miles wide, extends for nearly 300 miles to the Zambezi river, which it reaches only a few miles above Victoria Falls.

Coastal Desert Is Desolate.

Southwest Africa's worst foe, which she puts forward to the Atlantic—the coastal desert—is known as the Namib. Few coast regions of the earth are more desolate. Shallow water, low desert islands, absence of harbors, and a dry, sandy shore, devoid of vegetation, combined to make the region so inhospitable to seamen that they always gave it a wide berth. The sand, mostly blown into dunes, extends inland from ten to forty miles, and the barren, desert character of this strip is marked from the southern boundary for about 600 miles north. The few stream beds that have been worn into the Namib during the ages have water in them only now and then over a long series of years, and when moisture does flow down from the highlands it seldom reaches the sea.

The northern 200 miles of the coast region is only a little less desolate than the Namib. It is more mountainous, less dominated by loose sand, and in a more tropical latitude. The stream beds are better defined, and usually support a growth of bushes and trees. Perhaps once in ten years the Namib receives a drenching rain and demonstrates the magic that nature hides in her drops of water. Verdure springs up all over the parched sands, animals flock in almost overnight, and for a while the former desert teems with game. Soon, however, the sun parches the soil again, the animals disappear, and once more the desert is supreme.

From ten to forty miles inland the desert gives place to a transition belt. Sparse grass and bushes appear on rising ground and afford some pasture. Immediately beyond is the escarpment of the inland plateau, its edge marked in many places by fantastically piled boulders. It is in the upland back of the sandy coastal strip that the worthwhile part of Southwest Africa exists. This region is least promising in the south where the rainfall is scant. But even there, the broad valley of the Fish river and the valleys of its tributaries furnish regions in which thriving communities have sprung up, while much of the dryer land supports flocks of sheep and goats.

The plateau region becomes more and more promising as one journeys northward. In the center of the country 14 inches of rain falls annually. A little farther north 16 and then 18 inches is received; while over most of the northern quarter of the inland region 20 or more inches fall each year.

Has Few Running Streams.

One striking thing about Southwest Africa is the lack of running streams, even in the regions of heaviest rainfall. The only year-round rivers are the Orange, which marks the southern boundary, and the Kunene and Okavango, which form part of the northern boundary. Most of the rainfall is absorbed and trickles down into underground strata. In the dry stream beds and the "pans" or dry lakes, shallow wells usually find an abundance of water for men and stock. Many wells have been bored to considerable depths and tap abundant supplies for individual and community use. From the slopes of the numerous mountains that rise from the plateau, too, springs flow.

Just as a rather extreme lack of rainfall seems to have decreed that the southern plateau country must be devoted to sheep and goat raising, so the relatively light rainfall keeps the southern three-quarters of the country from agriculture except in a few small areas where irrigation is practicable. The region of medium rainfall, however, is well adapted to stock raising and it is in this field that the greatest development has been made. Excellent grass grows over the plateau region, in the mountain valleys, and even in the extreme east along the edge of the Kalahari desert which stretches off into Bechuanaland.

Before the coming of the Germans the natives, especially the Hereros, had large herds of cattle. These were nearly wiped out by an epidemic of rinderpest in 1847. An excellent veterinary service, organized by the German colonial government, took the situation in hand and made the country once more safe for cattle. Since then the cattle population has increased greatly, improved by the importation of blooded stock. Horse-breeding is also carried on successfully and camels have been introduced and are doing well.

One Good Farm Section.

The one section of Southwest Africa well adapted to the European type of agriculture, and quite the ideal region from the point of view of the small farmer, is a small district around Grootfontein in the north-central portion of the territory. There, in a region about 100 by 75 miles, the rainfall is from 24 to 28 inches annually, the soil is good, and the climate, thanks to the altitude, is ideal. This region is at the present end of the railway which penetrates toward the northeast. Unlike most other sections of the territory this little area is reasonably well wooded. Potatoes, tobacco, wheat and the other European cereals thrive, as well as kafir corn and maize. The climate and soil conditions even permit the growing of such different fruits as grapes, apples and peaches on the one hand, and citrus fruits on the other.

The extreme northern portion of Southwest Africa has never been developed by the European population. This area next to the Portuguese frontier is more heavily populated by natives than any other. It has not been penetrated by railways and only a few white settlers live there. Plains alternate with wooded regions. Good timber frogs and palms are scattered about. Undoubtedly this section is capable of producing cotton, tobacco, figs and dates, as well as the present staples, maize and kafir corn. It was known long ago that a large variety of minerals were present in the rocks of Southwest Africa. The copper mines in the northeast have been the most valuable of the ore developments. Copper has been found in less promising quantities elsewhere, and also tin. Extensive deposits of marble are known in several parts of the territory. Strangely enough, the worthless appearing coastal desert has yielded the greatest returns. Diamonds were found near its seashore in 1908 and from then until the World War \$50,000,000 worth were taken out. In 1922 alone \$3,500,000 worth were exported.

About the Towns.

At present the white population of Southwest Africa is almost as much South African and Boer as it is German, thousands of Germans having left the colony after the armistice. The estimated population is something under 20,000 whites and perhaps 200,000 natives.

Walvis bay, the only good natural harbor, has never been developed. Swakopmund and Luderitz bay or Angra Pequena are the chief coast towns. The latter can be made into a port little if any inferior to Walvis. Swakopmund was entirely a makeshift of the Germans, with only an open roadstead. But it is so solidly constructed that its abandonment would be unthinkable. It has a resident population of about 1,400 whites and 2,500 natives and is becoming popular as a seaside resort. Life in the coast cities is more comfortable than might be supposed. The shore is washed by a cold current which brings cool nights and tempers the days. The principal difficulty is a lack of fresh water.

Windhoek, the capital, is the most delightful residence place in Southwest Africa. It has a population of about 4,500 whites and 13,000 natives. It is more than a mile above sea level, yet it is set in a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains. Trees and flowers thrive and there are parks and ornamental grounds in the city, while in the neighboring country are vineyards and orchards.

Cross-Word Puzzles Boon to Golf Widow

It already has been suggested that cross-word puzzles are the almost providential and overdue instruments of vengeance ready to the hands of wives who have long suffered from golfing husbands. The fact that a wife is daily getting bogey for the solution of puzzles in the newspaper points the moral further. The golf widow can now be tied with the crossword puzzle widower.

Evening conversations in the home should begin to have two sides and should run somewhat as follows: "Sorry to be late for dinner, dear. Had to get in 18 holes."

"You're not late. Dinner's not ready yet. Had to fill in the last 18 squares in my puzzle."

"Well, that's all right. I had a great game. Made bogey on two holes. Say, do you realize what bogey is on the fourth?"

"Eleven, isn't it?"

"What? Eleven strokes?"

"No, silly. Eleven minutes for the fourth puzzle."

"I'm talking about golf."

"But let me tell you about the third puzzle I worked on today. It has the sweetest interlock!"

"Shush! On the fourteenth I had Jeff one-down and—"

"Two across. Now it's time you're listening to me after all these years of golf monologue. Lend an ear. On the sixteenth square across I was, as you might say, in a trap to think of a word of five letters meaning a Tyrolean outery. What do you know? It was 'yodel.' After that I fooled a personal pronoun and got lost in the rough of the lower left-hand corner. Well, I got out of trouble, but it cost me three minutes."

"What a lot of drivel! You ought to have seen me today after I'd sliced—"

"—sharpened it and addressed the—"

"—with the dence of a pretty niblick!"

"—guessed the word was 'orthogonal—"

"—after which I sunk a long—"

"—key word. One minute to play!"

"Blah!"

"Blah yourself!"

(A tribute of half an hour's silence.)

"Well, my dear, what's the latest dirt on the neighbors?"

"It's quite interesting, dear. I'll be glad to tell you. But first tell me what the boss said down at the office today."—Fairfax Downey, in New York Herald-Tribune.

Giant Salt-Cellar

The Palestine government proposes to erect a plant for the recovery of 30 old billion tons of salt from the Dead sea—a giant salt-cellar of apparently unlimited capacity—and very soon huge chemical factories and warehouses will be established round the lake, and the peace and quiet of centuries will give place to the ceaseless whirl of wheels.

It is remarkable that one of the most desolate spots in the world should suddenly acquire such tremendous importance. Of all the billion tons of salt in the Dead sea, only about ten tons is common salt. The remainder consists of salts of potassium and magnesium, an abundance of which will make Palestine the richest potash country in the world.

In appearance this strange sea clarifies the Mediterranean with its clarity and blueness, but so deadly still are its waters that they have earned it its gruesome name.

Finding New Power

Although their progress is slow and un spectacular, scientists are making dogged attempts to discover a way to make artificial fuels which will replace the diminishing supplies of coal and oil. The process they seek to perform in their laboratories, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine, is the marvelous one that nature uses every day in storing up energy in leaves and plants by converting waste material into wood, etc., under the action of sunlight. Solution of the riddle is being sought in California by Dr. Herman A. Speer and a staff of research workers. A year's consumption of coal at the present time represents the accumulation of 100 years, he says.

Vienna Exports Coins

The output of the Vienna mint in 1924 was the greatest since its foundation, according to a report of the budget committee of the national assembly. Only a comparatively few of the coins struck, however, were for Austria account, the bulk going to Poland, Bulgaria, North and East Africa and even Afghanistan, in the shape of the old Maria Theresa dollar. Altogether, the Vienna mint turned out 341,000,000 coins, calling for 7,000 pounds of silver every day of the year.

Advancement in Tibet

The bitter-burning lamps of Lhasa, forbidden city of Tibet, soon will be no more. Their place will be taken, even in the most sacred shrines, by electric lamps, and electricity to light these lamps will be generated by a hydro-electric plant that is now making its way on the backs of pack mules along trails reaching from the Indian border.

Offsets the Weather

First Boarder (in the mountains)—Going to stay till November, eh? Must be rather cold here at that time of the year.

Second Ditto—Yes, but the hotel proprietor loses some of the icy manner which distinguishes him in July and August.—Boston Transcript.

WRIGLEYS AFTER EVERY MEAL



Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEYS is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.



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