

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, 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 need 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, diarrhoea, 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 counterfeiters 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.

Reasonable Supposition.

"There is a feller here who owns a queer animal," said the landlord of the Pettunia tavern. "It has a head like a turtle and a body like a calf. There is a fin along its spine. It has feathers on its body, fur on its legs, and a spike or sticker on the end of its tail. It whistles up to ten o'clock in the morning, and then brays till noon. Afterwards—"

"Nonsense!" said the guest, whose roundness was shaped considerably like that of a rare old fiddle. "You don't expect me to believe a fantastic tale like that, do you?"

"Well, I heard you saying a little while ago that you feared we could never whip the Huns and might eventually be compelled to conclude a German peace. Of course, if you believe that you will believe anything."—Kansas City Star.

Every Profession Has Its Indorsers of Eagle Remedy

From physicians to lawyers, merchants, mechanics, locomotive engineers, office men and housewives come words of highest praise for the effectiveness of Eagle Pile Remedy in banishing piles of every form. Some of recent origin and others of long standing.

Because Eagle Pile Remedy, by its entirely practical home treatment, taken internally, banishes piles from the source instead of treating the result of ailments incident to their cause.

Try a box, if you are troubled now. Or have a box handy when they begin to appear. Send \$1 to the Reed Distributing Co., 141 Godwin Street, Patterson, N. J. Or drop a postal for an explanatory booklet. It is free.—Adv.

The Bird Man of the Future.

"Confound it!" exclaimed the bird-man of 2374 A. D. "Smatter pop?" asked the night owl. "Oh, I was going to fly out a little with the boys last night, but my wife stuck my wings full of molasses and I couldn't fly any farther than the Y. M. C. A."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Dandruff and Itching.

To restore dry, falling hair and get rid of dandruff, rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Where He Got the Idea.

"Shakespeare said that all the world was a stage." "Um. Do you suppose the streets were filled with these chorus-girl costumes in his day?"

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Used by the American, British and French troops. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain relief for tired, aching feet. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Whoever chooses his wife for the way she looks on the street seldom makes a serious mistake.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills contain nothing but vegetable ingredients, which act gently as a tonic and purgative by stimulation and not by irritation. Adv.

With plenty of ambition and hustle a man is equipped for wonder working

"OVER THE TOP"

By An American Arthur Guy Empey. Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

EMPEY WRITES AND STAGES A PLAY BEHIND THE LINES WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. After exciting experiences on listening post detail and observation post duty, Empey is picked for patrol duty in No Man's Land and has narrow escape from death.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

While they are talking, an old Jew named Ikey Cohenstein comes along, and Abe engages him for cashier. After engaging Ikey they meet an old Southern negro called Sambo, and upon the suggestion of Ikey he is engaged as porter. Then the three of them, arm in arm, leave to take possession of this wonderful palace which Abe has just paid \$6,000 for. (Curtain.)

In the second act the curtain rises on the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, and the audience gets its first shock. The saloon looks like a pigeon, two tramps lying drunk on the floor, and the bartender in a dirty shirt with his sleeves rolled up, asleep with his head on the bar.

Enter Abe, Sambo and Ikey, and the un commences.

One of the characters in the second act was named Broadway Kate, and I had an awful job to break in one of the Tommies to act and talk like a woman.

Another character was Alkali Ike, an Arizona cowboy, who just before the close of the play comes into the saloon and wrecks it with his revolver.

We had eleven three-hour rehearsals before I thought it advisable to present the sketch to the public.

The whole brigade was crazy to witness the first performance. This performance was scheduled for Friday night and everyone was full of anticipation; when bang! orders came through that the brigade would move at two that afternoon. Cursing and blinding was the order of things upon the receipt of this order, but we moved.

That night we reached the little village of S— and again went into rest billets. We were to be there two weeks. Our company immediately got busy and scoured the village for a suitable place in which to present our production. Then we received another shock.

A rival company was already established in the village. They called themselves "The Bow Bells," and put on a sketch entitled, "Blighly—What Hopes?" They were the divisional concert party.

We hoped they all would be soon in Blighly to give us a chance.

This company charged an admission of a franc per head, and that night our company went en masse to see their performance. It really was good. I had a sinking sensation when I thought of running my sketch in opposition to it.

In one of their scenes they had a soubrette called Flossie. The soldier that took this part was clever and made a fine-appearing and chic girl. We immediately fell in love with her until two days after, while we were on a march, we passed Flossie with "her" sleeves rolled up and the sweat pouring from "her" face unloading shells from a motor lorry.

As our section passed her I yelled out: "Hello, Flossie; Blighly—What Hopes?" Her reply made our love die out instantly.

"Ah, go to h—!" This brought quite a laugh from the marching column directed at me, and I instantly made up my mind that our

sketch should immediately run in opposition to "Blighly—What Hopes?"

When we returned to our billet from the march, Curley Wallace, my theatrical partner, came running over to me and said he had found a swanky place in which to produce our show.

After taking off my equipment, and followed by the rest of the section, I went over to the building he had picked out. It was a monstrous barn with a platform at one end which would make an ideal stage. The section got right on the job, and before night had that place rigged out in apple-pie order.

The next day was Sunday and after church parade we put all our time on a dress rehearsal, and it went fine.

I made four or five large signs announcing that our company would open that evening at the King George the Fifth theater, on the corner of Ammo street and Sandbag terrace. General admission was one-half franc. First ten rows in orchestra one franc, and boxes two francs. By this time our printed programs had returned from London, and I further announced that on the night of the first performance a program would be given free of charge to men holding tickets costing a franc or over.

We had an orchestra of seven men and seven different instruments. This orchestra was excellent, while they were not playing.

The performance was scheduled to start at 6 p. m.

At 5:15 there was a mob in front of our one entrance and it looked like a big night. We had two boxes each accommodating four people, and these we immediately sold out. Then a brilliant idea came to Ikey Cohenstein. Why not use the rafters overhead, call them boxes, and charge two francs for a seat on them? The only difficulty was how were the men to reach these boxes, but to Ikey this was a mere detail.

He got long ropes and tied one end around each rafter and then tied a lot of knots in the ropes. These ropes would take the place of stairways.

We figured out that the rafters would seat about forty men and sold that number of tickets accordingly.

When the ticketholders for the boxes got a glimpse of the rafters and were informed that they had to use the rope stairway, there was a howl of indignation, but we had their money and told them that if they did not like it they could write to the management later and their money would be refunded; but under these conditions they would not be allowed to witness the performance that night.

After a little grousing they accepted the situation with the promise that if the show was rotten they certainly would let us know about it during the performance.

Everything went lovely and it was a howling success, until Alkali Ike appeared on the scene with his revolver loaded with blank cartridges. Behind the bar on a shelf was a long line of bottles. Alkali Ike was supposed to start on the left of this line and break six of the bottles by firing at them with his revolver. Behind these bottles a piece of painted canvas was supposed to represent the back of the bar, at each shot from Alkali's pistol a man behind the scenes would hit one of the

bottles with his entrenching tool handle and smash it, to give the impression that Alkali was a good shot.

Alkali Ike started in and aimed at the right of the line of bottles instead of the left, and the poor boob behind the scenes started breaking the bottles on the left, and then the boxholders turned loose; but outside of this little fiasco the performance was a huge success, and we decided to run it for a week.

New troops were constantly coming through, and for six performances we had the "S. R. O." sign suspended outside.

CHAPTER XIX.

On His Ovn.

Of course Tommy cannot always be producing plays under fire but while in rest billets he has numerous other ways of amusing himself. He is a great gambler, but never plays for large stakes. Generally, in each company, you will find a regular Canfield. This man banks nearly all the games of chance and is an undisputed authority on the rules of gambling. Whenever there is an argument among the Tommies about some uncertain point as to whether Houghten is entitled to Watkins' sixpence, the matter is taken to the recognized authority and his decision is final.

The two most popular games are "Crown and Anchor" and "House."

The paraphernalia used in "Crown and Anchor" consists of a piece of canvas two feet by three feet. This is divided into six equal squares. In these squares are painted a club, diamond, heart, spade, crown, and an anchor, one device to a square. There are three dice used, each dice marked the same as the canvas. The banker sets up his gambling outfit in the corner of a billet and starts bally-hooing until a crowd of Tommie's gathers around; then the game starts.

The Tommie's place bets on the squares, the crown or anchor being played the most. The banker then rolls his three dice and collects or pays out as the case may be. If you play the crown and one shows up on the dice, you get even money, if two show up, you receive two to one, and if three, three to one. If the crown does not appear and you have bet on it, you lose, and so on. The percentage for the banker is large if every square is played, but if the crowd is partial to, say two squares, he has to trust to luck. The banker generally wins.

The game of "House" is very popular also. It takes two men to run it. This game consists of numerous squares of cardboard containing three rows of numbers, five numbers to a row. The numbers run from one to ninety. Each card has a different combination.

The French "estaminets" in the villages are open from eleven in the morning until one in the afternoon in accordance with army orders.

After dinner the Tommies congregate at these places to drink French beer at a penny a glass and play "House."

As soon as the estaminet is sufficiently crowded the proprietors of the "House" game get busy and, as they term it, "form a school." This consists of going around and selling cards at a franc each. If they have ten in the school, the backers of the game deduct two francs for their trouble and the winner gets eight francs.

Then the game starts. Each buyer places his card before him on the table, first breaking up matches into fifteen pieces.

One of the backers of the game has a small cloth bag in which are ninety cardboard squares, each with a number printed thereon, from one to ninety. He raps on the table and cries out: "Eyes down, my lucky lads."

All noise ceases and every one is at tension.

The croupier places his hand in the bag and draws forth a numbered square and immediately calls out the number. The man who owns the card with that particular number on it covers the square with a match. The one who covers the fifteen numbers of his card first shouts "House." The other backer immediately comes over to him and verifies the card by calling out the numbers thereon to the man with the bag. As each number is called he picks it out of the one picked from the bag and says, "Right." If the count is right he shouts, "House" correct, pay the lucky gentleman, and sell him a card for the next school." The "lucky gentleman" generally buys one unless he has a miser trace to his veins.

Then another collection is made, a school formed, and they carry on with the game.

The caller-out has many nicknames for the numbers such as "Kelly's Eye" for one, "Leg's Eleven" for eleven, "Clickety-click" for sixty-six, or "Tot of the house" meant is ninety.

Empey tells in the next installment how the war is crumbling the British wall of caste, which once was insurmountable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

Set your pride in its proper place and never be ashamed of any honest calling.—Jean Ingelow.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power.

DAINTY TABLE TRIFLES.

While strawberries are still too expensive for too frequent use, they may be used as a garnish or accessory, making a most tasty dish. A most delicious filling and icing for a cake may be made, using crushed fresh berries with a teaspoonful of lemon juice.



juice added and thickened with confectioners' sugar.

A few sliced berries may be used as a garnish for a gelatin dessert, for the sherbet cups of junket or for squares of angel cake with whipped cream and berries for dessert.

A little sugar added to the roast or stew will add to the flavor and it will brown with a richer color.

When the coffee cream has soured add a little soda and a teaspoonful of sugar; beat until well blended and it will usually be unnoticed, unless the cream was too sour.

Rhubarb and Pear Salad.—Bake two cupsful of rhubarb with a half a cupful of sugar added when nearly cooked. Let stand to chill. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of sugar, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Arrange the rhubarb, which should be tender but not broken, with six halves of canned pears on a bed of lettuce; pour over the dressing, sprinkle with chopped candied ginger and serve.

Frozen Prune Fluff.—Soak a pound of prunes overnight in three pints of water. In the morning add sugar to sweeten and the rind of half an orange; cook until the prunes are tender. Strain off the juice and remove the peel. Stone the prunes and rub them through a sieve; add the juice, a half-cupful of finely chopped walnut meats and two unbent egg whites, then freeze. Serve garnished with orange marmalade.

Amber Marmalade.—Put one grapefruit, one lemon and one orange, through the meat grinder; add ten cupsful of water and let stand overnight, then cook until tender; let stand again overnight, add ten cupsful of sugar and cook until thick. Put into glasses and seal as usual.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt. An ev'ry grin so merry draws one out. —Wolcott.

LET US REMEMBER.

That early potatoes may be quickly prepared by using a rough piece of burlap to take off the skin. This is economy of time as well as of food. A whole recipe of drop cakes or cookies may be prepared and baked at one time if two baking sheets of sheet iron are used that fit the oven. This is a great saving of fuel if gas or kerosene or electricity is used. Milk bottles should be carefully wiped before removing the cap for two reasons, the first because of cleanliness, the second because bits of glass are often chipped out of the bottle in transit and are unnoticed, even when they drop off into the milk when pouring it from the bottle.



Kindling may be carried very easily by using a piece of canvas with strong handles. Cut the cloth 45 by 27 inches. Use wooden spoons in stirring foods. A hard rap of a metal spoon on the side of a granite dish will dislodge pieces of the lining of the dish; this gets into the food and is as dangerous as glass. A wooden spoon never becomes too hot to handle and is much easier on the hands in stirring. Water drained from cooked rice or macaroni makes fine starch for laces or delicate dresses. Brooms are too expensive these days to treat without consideration. They should always be hung or turned upside down, resting on the handle.

Grated potato used as a poultice over an inflamed eye will relieve it if left overnight. A sauce dish of left-over preserves may be thickened with a little gelatin, with a grating of lemon or a bottle of lemon juice added, then served with whipped cream, making a dainty dessert and an economical one.

The dish of onions left from today's dinner may be put through a sieve and served in tomorrow's meat sauce. Nails and roughness in the heel of a shoe will rub and wear the hose. Pound down the nails and glue a piece of heavy cloth or chamol's skin into each heel. This will save the feet and also the hose.

The wise buyer will purchase good sized eggs when possible, and when starting the poultry yard see that she has a strain of hens which produce large eggs. Small eggs should not demand the same price. Weighing eggs is a wise and economical method, and will in time discourage the production of small eggs.

Nellie Maxwell

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.



The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

"Beaver Board"
Use "BEAVER BOARD" for your walls and ceilings. It is air-tight and wind-proof. Any carpenter or workman can put it on. It produces far more tasteful effects than plaster and is more economical.
STRATTON & BRAGG CO.
Petersburg Virginia
"Beaver Board" Distributors.

WOOL We Pay Highest Market Prices for Virginia and North Carolina Wool—No commissions deducted. We are buyers for large mill consisting half-million pounds a month. Write or ship to us and we will allow full market price—no expenses deducted except freight; prompt settlement. We also pay top prices for Hides, Skins and Tallow.
Old Virginia Hide and Wool Co., Inc.
P. O. Box 775 Richmond, Va.

NIC-O-PINE
An excellent remedy for insects on plants, such as Roses, Palms, Ferns and Vegetable plants or money refunded. Price 35 cents delivered to any part of the United States. Reference: Union Savings Bank.
F. H. KRAMER, Inc., 916 F., Washington, D. C.

BAGS WANTED Second-hand Bags, burlap, excels bagging and twine. Write for prices. RICHMOND BAG COMPANY Department 1108 E. Cary, Richmond, Va.

Cash for Old False Teeth Don't matter if broken. Also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Mail to: MESSRS. L. S. SUTT, 8, 238 St. Paul, Pa.

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, N. C. 23-1918.
MUSTACHE COMES WITH BARS
Or, at Least, That Would Seem to Be the Idea That Was in the Mind of Private Jones.

Somewhere in France, they're all here—or they will be. Private Bill Jones, late customs inspector at San Francisco, walked into a depot quartermaster's office, a copy of Paragraph —, S. O. —, in his hand. It was evening, and only a major and a captain were present.

"What do you want?" asked the captain. "Transportation, sir," replied Private Jones, putting forth his best salute, "this order says I've got to go—"

"Well, I'll be—," said the captain, interrupting. "This is the last piece I expected to see you." "Well, for the love of Mike!" exclaimed Private Jones. "I'd 'n' know you in a minute if it wasn't for that mustache and the—a—shoulder bars." The captain used to be in the Immigration department in San Francisco and he and Private Jones used to work together.

Protected.
Soph—I was over to see her last night when some one threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the side!
Fresli—Did it hurt her?
Soph—No; but it broke three of my fingers.—Burr.

One Kind.
"Have you girls in your house?"
"Well, my wife puts me through one every time I stay out late."

Do You Know The Fine Flavor of POST TOASTIES
IS FOUND IN NO OTHER CORN FLAKES
Dobby