

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

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

GIVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS" IF CROSS, BILIOUS OR FEVERISH.



No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out of sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look! Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomachic diarrhea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile quietly moves out of the little bowels without gripping and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative" because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and soothe the stomach and they really have its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grownups printed on each bottle.

Reserve your child's health by giving a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" at the first sign of constipation. See that it is made by the California Fig Syrup Company—A. W.

IN THE PREVARICATORS' CLUB

Stories Told That Would Make Baron Munchausen or Arcturion Hang Their Heads in Shame.

A Chicago packer was dealing the lack of integrity in England as compared with the inventive aptitude of his own countrymen.

"What's so funny about that?" asked the visitor at Crumson's. "All you have to do is to have a pig in a tank through a hole in the machine and five minutes later out come thousands of sausages."

"What business of that?" asked the visitor. "Business of the machine."

"The machine is made of Chicago man. With the machine you can make stone large sausage, but you can't like shoes or saddles, merely a matter of turning a screw."

"Oh, is that all?" said the Englishman. "We've used that machine in England for the last thirty years. What's more, it's improved on it. Sometimes we found the sausages were not up to the standard. Well, what happened, all we had to do was to put them back in the machine, reverse the engine."

"Go on!" cried the American. "What happened?"

"Out walks the pig as fit as a fiddle."

Heal Baby Rashes

That itch, burn and torture. A hot Cuticura Soap bath gives instant relief when followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

How He Got By.

"What became of Pierre Pete?" asked the visitor at Crumson's.

"He joined the army," answered Broncho Bob.

"That he was too old to fight."

"He was. But he was such a fighter that nobody dast to tell him so."

Cynical Comment.

"Why do they prefer single men to married ones for the army?"

"Because they would rather have those who don't know so much about the horrors of war."

Zoological Information.

"Paw, has a hypocrite got anything to do with a hippopotamus?"

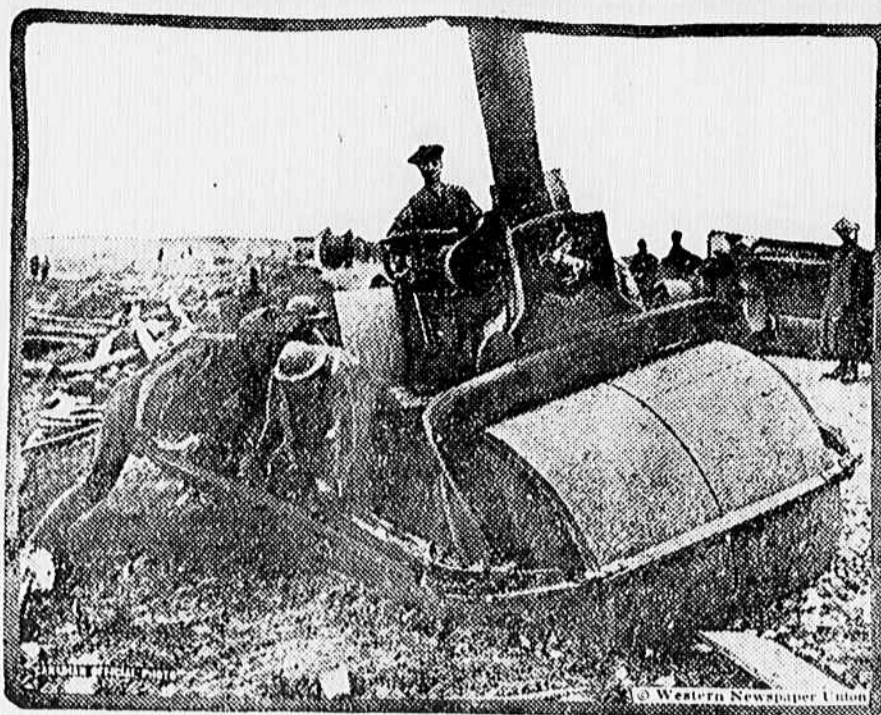
"Naw—sonny—he's more often a boss trader."

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic destroys the malarial germs which are transmitted to the blood by the Malaria Mosquito. Price 50c.

Small ideas and big words make a painful combination.

Your Eyes A Wholesome, Cleansing, Retiring and Healing Lotion—Mistine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Mistine when your Eyes Need Care. M-18 Mistine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

TROUBLES OF THE ENGINEERS IN FRANCE



The engineers across the water are constantly busy making roads and reconstructing those that have been torn up by shells. Here is a roller that has got stuck in a ditch, and it takes busy Canadians like those you see to pry it back into place.

GOOD OLD "PEP" NEVER LEAVES YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL'S FIGHTER

In the Battle Line or Lying Wounded in a Hospital His Chief Characteristic Is His Indomitable Spirit—If There Is Yet an American Who Does Not Hate the Hun He Should Hear the Tales of the Heroes of Chateau-Thierry.

Paris.—The indomitable and unconquerable spirit of the soldiers from the United States is one of the outstanding characteristics that excite the admiration of all who come in contact with them. They make the American proud of his nationality and arouse the envy of those who, by circumstances over which they have no control, are denied the privilege to be one of them.

If there is yet an American who does not hate the Hun, he or she should have seen the first trainload of American wounded that arrived here from Chateau-Thierry. As these heroes modestly related their experiences, one had a mingled feeling of worship for them and intense hatred for the blood-maddened beasts who are responsible for the awful agony which the world is now suffering.

In a compartment with a number of French wounded was a nineteen-year-old boy from Chicago. He was all alone and surrounded by men who could not speak his language. He was in the most terrible pain, but managed to keep down the slightest groan. Nothing could have drawn a whisper from him before his French comrades in arms.

A Red Cross doctor asked him if there was anything he wanted.

"Just a drink of water, please," was the low answer.

He got it. The doctor asked if there was anything else he wanted. The boy wanted to be turned on his side. With a machine-gun bullet through his leg and a wound that had seared its way across his hips, he was perfectly incapable of holding himself.

The doctor turned him on his side and then discovered the lad had had nothing to eat for 32 hours. Unfortunately he was only one of many in the same fix. The Red Cross did its best and soon had what emergency food it had in the hands of those who were still able to use them. The more seriously injured, of course, were the first to be removed by the long line of waiting ambulances.

Indomitable Spirit.

Before the train pulled in the ambulances were drawn up and waiting. So was a small crowd. As the first ambulance quit the station the crowd started to cheer. There was a dough-boy on the front seat with the driver, one arm in a sling, the other stuffing a sandwich into his mouth. He waved the sandwich in acknowledgment, while a contented look came over his drawn and tired face.

The crowd increased as the ambulances formed almost a continuous train. Words of sympathy were heard on all sides not mingled with tears as the flower of young America that had marched forth so valiantly a few short months before was painstakingly transferred to base hospitals.

At the end of the procession came a cortege that the crowd grasped the meaning of in a moment. They were ambulances, but their destination was the cemetery and not the hospital. The women wept openly and crossed themselves, while the hat of every man in the crowd came off in a respectful salute to the dead.

The sight was one to wring the heart, but the indomitable spirit of America bobbed up whenever a man able to talk above a gasp was found. Many of the wounds were from shrapnel. Where they were not really serious the possessors told the tale of what they had been through.

It was five o'clock in the morning of July 15 before the platoon to which Louis Cooke of Rayville, La., belonged saw the Germans approaching. "Our officer just yelled 'Let's get 'em, boys!' and we started after 'em," said Cook. "The Heinies were coming on the south bank of the

Marne and there were only eight of us to about sixteen of them, but we sure cleaned out that first batch. My pleasure ended right there, though, for a piece of shrapnel banged me in the left arm and it was back to the woods for me. But, believe me, my company did its share in driving the Huns into the river."

Didn't Know When to Quit.

If anyone wants to know why the Americans were at first driven back from the river bank, they are hereby referred to Lonnie Shelton of Burdine, Ky. Shelton's unit alone took over 500 prisoners when the Americans returned to the counter-attack, and but for the fact that a number of them were knocked out, as Shelton was, they would have still been going.

"They knocked us back at first by the most terrific barrage I ever saw turned loose, but we didn't stay back long," declared he. "We got the order to counter-attack, and the way we waded back into Mr. Boche was something to write home about. I've never seen such a bunch as we had. They advanced yelling like hell, bayoneted and shot down every Heine that didn't know enough to get out of the way. Those guys could never beat America in a thousand years, and tell 'em I said so."

Kentucky had another man in that same scrap that didn't know when to quit, even after a piece of shrapnel had cut a nasty gash in his right leg. He's Arthur Baker of Doorway, "Kalamazoo," and he had just gone into line with his company when the ball opened. The barrage got him, but didn't put him out. A little later, when the Germans came over to see about it, Baker was still on the job, working his gun for all he was worth. When the Americans had to go back Baker was so exhausted he couldn't retire. His comrades picked him up and carried him.

They Didn't Last Long.

"Heine!" tried out one of his favorite stunts of dressing up some of his soldiers in French and American uniforms, according to Anton Zolnowski of 2848 South Turner avenue, Chicago.

"We saw ten men on the edge of a little wood a little distance away, eight of them were in French uniform and two in American. We yelled to them to come over and join us. They advanced a few paces and then opened fire on us."

Zolnowski smiled rather unpleasantly as he patted a right arm that bears a machine-gun bullet.

"They didn't last long. We made one dash for them. Not one of 'em got away. They were Germans all right. There was another group coming up. I got a private and then the officer in charge called into me. I tried to shoot him with my rifle, but it was broken. I got him all right, though."

The Chicagoan seemed inclined to end the conversation there.

"How'd you get him?" I asked, after a little pause.

"Just turned the butt end of my gun around and clubbed him over the head with it," replied Zolnowski in the most matter-of-fact tone.

When the Americans came back at them it didn't take long to clean every German out of their territory, declared Elmer Sturtz of Wellsburg, Pa. Before he got a Mauser ball in his right shoulder Sturtz had the extreme good fortune to see two pontoon bridges the enemy had thrown across the river destroyed by the accurate fire of the American artillery.

Content to Be Going.

They were filled with Germans, too. Some of them were coming, but there were others who seemed very content to be going. Two shells from American six-inchers lit squarely over the

bridges. There was a terrific report followed by an inferno. Both bridges crumbled in the middle. Both were crowded beyond their limits. Bits of Germans came raining down for almost three minutes, according to the spectator, while from the rivers the wild cries of the injured and drowning made a picture Sturtz will always carry with him.

For a few minutes the river was literally choked with bodies. The Germans were at last moving on Paris, but in a way they had hardly reckoned.

Between puffs of a cigarette, the first he'd had in a day, Frank Hogan of Galveston, Tex., confirmed Sturtz's story of the wholesale drowning of the enemy. The Texan was working a Stokes gun a hundred feet from the southern bank of the river when the first waves of field-green began to cross.

"You can't say enough for those artillery guys," he said, as he tried to twist into as comfortable a position as a wounded thigh permits. "Ten minutes after the orders had been telephoned to the batteries they had a perfect range on that river. While we were pouring bullets into the Heinies the guns got their numbers with both small and large shells. At the spot where we were stationed I reckon there must have been about 3,000 of the Fritzies got across the river. They didn't all go back. In fact, I don't think there were hardly any of that bunch that'll go back to Germany. We captured over 1,500 ourselves and killed easily 500. The rest were trying to beat it back to the other side when our shells hit their bridges."

Some Sharpshooter.

A Pittsburgher, N. G. Rameno, who was injured in the arm by a piece of shrapnel, says there's one American sharpshooter that made a record anyone might be proud of during the first of the mixup. While the German engineers were trying to throw their first pontoon bridges over he picked off twenty-eight of them with his rifle. I couldn't get his name, but he already wears a sharpshooter's medal. He deserves another.

Lots of soldiers believe in "hunches."

James L. Paul of No. 730 Spruce street, Philadelphia, does, and it's a fortunate thing for him that he played his. With a comrade Paul was in a dugout during a barrage. Shells were landing all around. Finally one blew in the entrance, so Paul decided their dugout was becoming a little too warm. He waited for a short lull in the terrific firing and then darted for another shelter. He had not gotten fifteen feet away from the dugout when a big one scored a direct hit on it. His companion was killed, but Paul escaped with a wound from a splinter that will keep him out of action for several weeks.

JACKIES CAPTIVATE KIDDIES



Some of the French refugees and orphans who have been adopted by American sailors. Here their tall guardians are taking the tots on an outing, and Mignonette, Lulu and others are very happy. Our American sailors and soldiers have made a hit with the French kiddies and they are a familiar sight in the villages of France.

TURKS QUIT WORK ON UNHOLY GROUND

Antigo, Wis.—A series of misfortunes, including the drowning of one of their number and the murder of another, caused a crowd of Turkish railway laborers employed at Monico to demand that they be transferred to some other place, as they considered the scene of their troubles "unholy ground." Their request was granted.

Pronounce by Sneezing.

Bellaire, O.—The judge did not address the complaining witness or the defendant by name when Walter Zharlekowsky had Salunnas Voicelljchownishwiski arrested on a charge of provoking him. He tried the names several times and then took the case under advisement.

Strike Big Gas Pocket.

Fairmont, W. Va.—A 13,000,000-foot gas well was brought in on the Gump farm five miles southwest of Mannington. It is the largest gas well to be drilled in this section for five years.

Trust Me! Try Dodson's Liver Tone! Calomel Harms Liver and Bowels

Read my guarantee! Liven your liver and bowels and get straightened up without taking sickening calomel. Don't lose a day's work!

There's no reason why a person should take sickening, salivating calomel when a few cents buys a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone—a perfect substitute for calomel.

It is a pleasant, vegetable liquid which will start your liver just as surely as calomel, but it doesn't make you sick and can not silitate.

Children and grown folks can take Dodson's Liver Tone, because it is perfectly harmless.

Calomel is a dangerous drug. It is

mercury and attacks your bones. Take a dose of nasty calomel today and you will feel weak, sick and nauseated tomorrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone instead and you will wake up feeling great. No more biliousness, constipation, sluggishness, headache, coated tongue or sour stomach. Your druggist says if you don't find Dodson's Liver Tone acts better than horrible calomel your money is waiting for you.—Adv.

He Hadn't Thought of That.

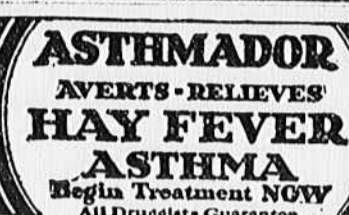
"Did ye bring home that pane of glass for the kitchen windy, Pat?"

"O! did not. O! was after a twilve by fourteen, an' the only soize they had was fourteen by twilve."

"Ye fool, why didn't ye get it? Ye could have put it in sideways, couldn't ye?"

Grove's Baby Bowel Medicine aids digestion, relieves Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea and Flux. It is just as effective for Adults as for Children. Perfectly harmless.

Admiration is far more tolerant than love.



DRIVE MALARIA OUT OF THE SYSTEM



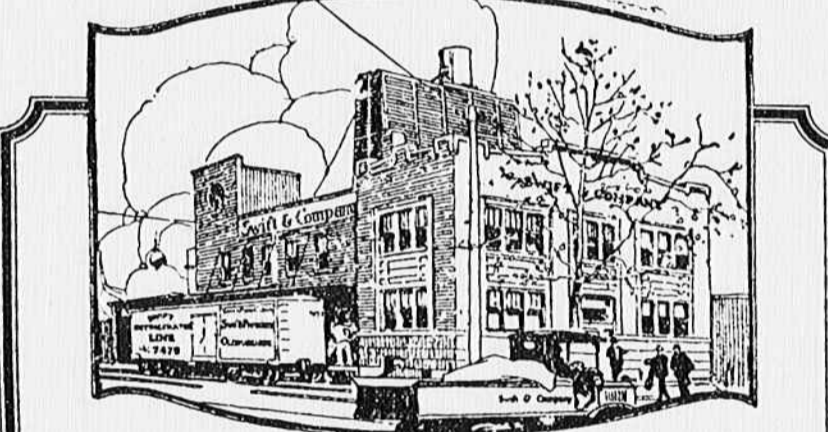
A GOOD TONIC AND APPETIZER

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



What is a Branch House?

The Branch House is the place in the packing organization where what the packing plant does for you is put where you can use it.

Both are the natural result of growth and development in the living thing they belong to.

Swift & Company Branch Houses are located in distributing centers all over the country. They are fitted out with refrigerating equipment to keep meat cool, sweet and fresh.

Each one is in personal charge of a man who believes in what Swift & Company is doing for people and wants to help do it.

They are directed by men who have spent years learning how to get better meat cheaper to the places where it is needed.

Meat is shipped to the branch houses direct from the packing plants in Swift & Company's refrigerator cars, in such quantities that it can be disposed of while fresh and sweet.

Your meat dealer comes here to buy your meat for you—unless someone else can treat him better than we can.

So you need the branch house in order to live well; and the branch house and the packing plant need each other, in order to be useful to you.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC SOLD FOR 80 YEARS For MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES