Look For This Name

Libby's On Packages of Olives and Pickles

—it's a quality mark for exceptionally good table dainties. Our Manzanilla and Queen Olives, plain or stuffed, are from the famous olive groves in Spain.

Libby's Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles are piquant and firm. Your summer meals and picnic baskets are not complete without them.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

BLACKS KODAKS
ESTB. 1850 - DETROIT
OPTICIANS
156 WOODWARD AVE.

WANTED TO SEE THE RESULT

Little Willie Evidently Had at Some Time Beheld a Slot Machine in Operation.

There are some very funny things in a big store besides the things the girls say about the floor walker or the fancies the ribbon-counter boys have about the personalities of buyers and heads of departments.

For instance: The other day a small lad, with an unmistakable stamp of the country, was trailing his mother along through a big store. He was hanging back and she was pulling. The boy never had been in a big store, and the place was full of many wonders.

All of a sudden his pulling and lagging became a stubborn and pronounced utter stoppage.

"Come on, Willie," said the mother.

"Aw, maw, wait," begged the boy. "No," protested his mother. "What's the matter with you?"

"Look!" cried the boy. He was pointing to a young man leaving an employees' time clock, which the young man had just punched.

"Wait, maw," continued Willie, "I want to see what he wins!"

CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

By Frequent Shampoos With Cuticura Will Help You, Trial Free.

Precede shampoos by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these fragrant supercreamy emollients. Also as preparations for the toilet.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Prices for footwear are going up in England and retailers find difficulty in getting stocks.

Andalusia's olive crop is a poor one owing to a recent drought.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A Michigan Case

James Greenman, 143 E. Adams St., Scotts, Mich., says: "I went laid up for three months with terrible pains in my back. I had headaching dizzy spells, was a nervous and lost forty-five pounds in weight. Instead of an operation as the specialist suggested I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they permanently cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Brightest Women Find

sometimes that they are dull in mind, depressed in spirits, and that they have headache, backache, and sufferings that make life seem not worth living. But these conditions need be only temporary. They are usually caused by indigestion or biliousness and a few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will quickly, safely and certainly right the wrong. This famous family remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the liver, regulates the bowels. Beecham's Pills cleanse the system of accumulating poisons and purify the blood. Their beneficial action shows in brighter looks, clearer complexions, better feelings. Try them, and you also will find that they

May Be Relied Upon

Directions of special value with every box. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY

by George V. Hobart

John Henry Gets a Present

SAY! did you ever dream you were going to get a wonderful Christmas gift from a rich relation and wake up in the icehouse?

Friend wife and I are not mercenary, but we did have a hunch that Uncle Peter would slip us an onyx clock with which we could hide the knotholes in our phoney mantelpiece, or an amethyst ash tray which we could use as a bathtub for the canary, but nothing doing!

It was a sad blow to us that Christmas morning, because the old boy is cloistered with coin. He owns all the eagles on the gold pieces. He has pet names for them and keeps them cooped up like a flock of chickens.

And all he sent us was a book worth sixty cents net, written by a pretzel pen pusher named Helfenhelfen.

I wanted to throw it out the window at a taxi driver engaged in exercising his engine for the benefit of those in the neighborhood who were sleeping late on Christmas morning, but Peaches had her shoes and stockings off and was wading through the first chapter.

The book, she informed me, was a series of essays on reincarnation.

Can you the that for a Christmas present from a man to whom money comes crying like a child and begs to be put to sleep in his safety-deposit vaults?

Reincarnation is a long, loose-looking word, and to a perfect stranger it has a slightly suspicious sound, but it is not a worse than its bite.

After reading about half a gallon of Helfenhelfen's theories, Peaches began to bite her nails and make faces like a highbrow.

"The idea of a person having been somebody else in a previous existence is interesting, isn't it, John?" she gurgled. "I wonder who I was?"

"You appeared first as the Queen of Sheba," I told her; "and after chasing King Solomon up a sycamore tree you disappeared for several centuries and then you slipped into history's moving pictures as Cleopatra, and I've a dog-gone good mind to divorce you for the way you carried on with Marc Antony."

"Oh, tush!" giggled Peaches. "Have some sense. Who do you think Hep Hardy was?"

"Hep!" I said, "why Hep originally was a katydid or a tree toad, probably both. Later on he appeared as a dancing dervish and made weekly pilgrimages to Mecca to fill himself and the goatskin with grape. Then he dropped out for several hundred years to get a new set of watertight compartments and finally reappeared as Joe Morgan in 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and he's been playing that ever since."

"I don't see why you can't take this seriously," she pouted. "Herr Helfenhelfen's book is very wonderful."

"So is a Swiss cheese sandwich," I ventured. "Did you ever stop to think how wonderful those holes are in a Swiss cheese? How did they get there? You don't find them in a Camembert, do you?"

Peaches put up the storm signals and burned me with a baleful glance.

"It's easy enough to make fun of something you can't do yourself," she snapped.

We were on the verge of our first quarrel and all on account of an old German dope peddler, but it was up to me not to hoist the white flag if we were to live happily ever after.

"Why, little bright eyes," I said; "that's the easiest thing I do. Writing essays on reincarnation is where I live. I can put old Oscar Sauerkraut to sleep because I have the punch in every paragraph. Where's my fountain pen? I'll show you!"

"Indeed!" was all she said as she flounced out of the room. So it was up to me to make good as an essayist or forever lose the title of Captain.

So I dashed off the following globules of thought, left them on the center table where she'd be sure to find them, and moseyed into the kitchen to see what surprises lay hiding in the ice chest.

First Essay.

David kept his boot heel on the neck of the fallen Goliath and laughed pleasantly.

"Are you all in?" David inquired, after a pause.

"I refuse to speak until you take your spurs out of my face," replied the giant.

David at once showed his obliging nature.

"We shall meet again," Goliath replied hoarsely.

"Not if I see you first!" said David.

"I will take good care that you don't," chuckled the expiring giant.

"How?" was David's interrogation.

"It will be in the far, far future," said the giant. "You will then be one of the Common People walking in the streets."

"And you?" David asked.

"I will be a chauffeur on a smoke wagon, and what I will do to you will be a pitiful shame," responded the giant.

Then with a bitter laugh the triumphant Goliath turned over and pushed his mortal coil off the shuffleboard.

Second Essay.

The ghost of Julius Caesar looked threateningly at Brutus, the Stabbist.

Brutus sneered.

"You," he said; "to the mines!"

Not one of Caesar's muscles quivered.

Brutus used a short, sharp laugh.

"You," he said; "on your way!"

Caesar never batted an eyelash.

Brutus pointed to the rear.

"Go way back," he said, "and use your laziness."

Caesar pulled his toga up over his cold shoulder.

Brutus laughed again, and it was the saucy, triumphant laugh of the man who dodges in front of a woman and grabs a seat on the elevated railroad.

"The next time we meet you will not do me as you did me at the base of Pompey's statue," said the ghost of Caesar, speaking for the first time since we began this essay.

"We will not meet again because I refuse to associate with you," said Brutus.

Caesar smiled, but it was without mirth, and as cold as the novice of suspension on the door of a bank.

"Yes, we will meet again," said Caesar.

"Where?" said Brutus.

"In the far, far future," said the ghost of Caesar shriekingly. "You will be born into the world again by that time, and in your new personality you will be one of the Common People, and you will burn gas."

"And you?" inquired Brutus.

"I will be the spirit which puts the wheels in the gas meter, and may heaven have mercy on your pocketbook!" shrieked the ghost of Caesar.

"Are You All In?" David Inquired, After a Pause."

Brutus took a fit, and used it for many minutes, but the ghost kept on shrieking in the Latin tongue.

Third Essay.

Napoleon stood weeping and wailing and gnashing his eyebrows on the battlefield of Waterloo.

He was waiting for the moving picture man to get his photograph.

The victorious Wellington made his appearance, laughing loudly in his sleeve.

"Back, Nap! Back to the Boulevard des Dago!" commanded Wellington.

Napoleon put his chin on his wishbone and spoke no word.

"You," said Wellington; "you to the Champs Elize! This is my victory, and you must leave the battlefield—it is time to close up for the night."

"We will meet again, milord," answered Napoleon. "Avec beau temps lei bong swat!"

"What does that mean?" asked Wellington.

"It means that the next time we meet I will do the swatting," answered Napoleon bitterly.

"And when will that be?" inquired Wellington, laughing loudly.

"In the far, far future," replied the little Corporal. "You will then be one of the Common People."

"And what will you be?" Wellington asked.

"I shall be spirit of the High Cost of Living and I shall gnaw at your pocketbook until your appetite becomes a burden unbearable. Bon soirmes enfants, du spitzbuben!"

Then the little corporal called a cab and left Wellington flat on the battlefield.

When I came back from the kitchen I found Peaches in the front room hugging Helfenhelfen to her heart and laughing her yellow head off.

"Like it?" I asked, swelling up with the pride of authorship.

"Look!" she sputtered between laughs. "Look, John! Isn't Uncle Peter a dear old fox! He wanted us to read this book and find the real Christmas present. Look here, on page 173 he has neatly attached a thin little check for a thousand dollars! Isn't he a darling?"

"It's worth that to read 173 pages of Helfenbetten," I squawked, to cover my confusion.

Some Uncle, that old boy, and I take back anything I may have said about him in those dark moments before Helfenhelfen came across with the cush.

After we sat there for two hours spending the money, I asked Peaches how my homemade essays stacked up with the German importations.

"What essays?" she inquired blankly.

"Why, I left them here on the table," I said.

"Oh, that!" she cooed. "I thought that was a letter of apology so I threw it in the wastebasket without

"Look, John! Isn't Uncle Peter a Dear Old Fox?"

reading it, because an apology wasn't necessary."

Isn't she the limit in imported chin fon, I ask you?

HER SIDE OF THE CLOTH

Younger Sister Was Anticipating What in Time She Knew Would Be Hers.

How often it is that the younger of two children in a family is at a disadvantage, in the matter of what is done for him, the clothes which he wears and the attention which he receives generally. It is sometimes pathetic, although occurring not so much from any real difference in the feelings of the parents for the two as from thoughtlessness and the natural order of things. The handing down of clothes from older to younger, for example, is almost necessary in many a family, but it is a hardship for the younger one, nevertheless.

One family once had two girls in exactly this situation, the younger being just so much behind her sister in growth and development that it came perfectly natural that the elder's dresses should fall to her lot in the course of time. And so it happened that all the new things were the elder's and the younger always had them made over for herself.

One day the elder was told by her mother to go downtown and select some material which she liked for her graduation dress and bring it home for approval. Full of glee, the girl started to go, when the younger spoke up in all seriousness: "Don't you think I ought to go with her, mamma," said she, "to see if I like the other side?"

It set the mother to thinking, and after that the younger got some new things of her very own.—Rochester, N. H., Courier.

In Old Porto Rico.

In the vicinity of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, are several historically interesting places. The little village of Rio Guanroba, near Anasco, was the scene of the unique experiment by which the Indians, in 1511, endeavored to discover whether the Spaniards were immortal.

After holding a Spanish nobleman under water six hours they were assured that those intruders were just as subject to death as themselves.

About seven miles from Mayaguez, across a rough mountainous country, is the famous sanctuary of Montserrat, which is visited every year by many pilgrims.

Situated conspicuously among its wild surroundings, its large stone church is visible for many miles. From the mountain top we obtained a delightful view of the beautiful plain through which flow the Boqueron and Guanajoba rivers.

How Shoe Peg Was Invented.

To a Massachusetts man, Joseph Walker, is due the credit of inventing the shoe peg. Previous to the year 1818 its use had not been known, and its inventor gave a new start to the manufacture of boots and shoes.

Shortly after the introduction of this invention some unscrupulous parties are said to have tried to swindle the unsuspecting by endeavoring to sell shoe pegs as a new kind of oats.

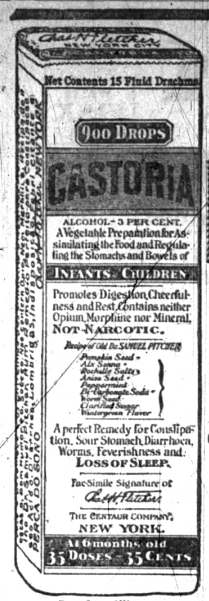
Up to 1818 boots and shoes had been sewed, and the peg, made first by hand, came in to revolutionize the trade. It was, however, the custom of shoemakers who lived away from the manufacturing centers to make their own pegs by hand even as late as 1880, but the machine-manufactured peg has now superseded them.

Remark Somewhat Unkind.

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd and observed that the sheep selected the coolest situation for lying down. "Mac," said he, "I think if I were a sheep, I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my lord; but if you had been a sheep ye would have had nae sense." And Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story and turning the laugh on himself.

Psychological Money.

That every man, woman and child in this country has $1,965 is psychological—very much psychological.—Wall Street Journal.



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Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Many a man has sense enough to get a good wife, but hasn't sense enough to know it.

Slots cut part way through the blade facilitate the work of a new hoe for mixing mortar and cement.

For genuine comfort and lasting pleasure use Red Cross Ball Blue on wash day. All good grocers. Adv.

No Change.

"Was she self-possessed when you proposed?"

"Yes; and—er—she still is!"—Answers.

Happy is the home where Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Sure to please. All grocers. Adv.

Cacophonous Item.

"She sings like a bird."

"Yes. Incessantly."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Vocal Carpenters.

Hazel—What is that scraping noise out front?

Dawn—Must be the chorus girls filing off the stage.

One Advantage.

"Traded your motorboat for an aeroplane, eh? What's the idea?"

"Well, there's this about an aeroplane—even if the engine does break down, you're bound to land some where."

Talented.

"Wasn't your wife something of an elocutionist before she married you?" asked the man who had just returned from an extended stay abroad.

"She is yet," answered the other, sadly, thinking of her oratorical efforts on the occasions when he had come home late from the club.

Shrapnel in Warfare.

Shrapnel is most effective against prone skirmishers at ranges from 1,000 to 3,000 meters, when burst twenty-eight to twenty-two meters short of the target, and against standing skirmishers at the same ranges when burst fifty-six to forty-five meters short of the target. Black also points out that a single shrapnel from a light field howitzer produces a greater number of hits when the point of burst is favorably situated than one fired from a field gun.

Shrapnel is also playing a most important part in aerial warfare, and of these antiaircraft shrapnel, all of which embody the same general essentials, there is perhaps none more effective than that known as "Ehrhardt antiaircraft shrapnel."

Generally speaking, the man who died rich is the one who is soonest forgotten.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Dr. Morine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting—Just Eye comfort. Write for Booklet of the Eye. By Mail Free. Morine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

The Grand Smash.

"So you bought an auto. How are you getting along?"

"On crutches."

Read Backward.

Jack—How did you come to get interested in that novel you are reading?

Marie—I liked the way it ended.

Great Scheme.

Lawson—How do the Bjenkyes manage to go away for three months every summer?

Dawson—Why, haven't you noticed? They give up the old flat in the spring and take a new one in the fall.

One Good One.

Patience—What do you think of that new young man boarder?

Patrice—Oh, I think he's all right. "Got good eyes, hasn't he?"

"Well, he's got one good eye."

"One good eye?"

"Yes, one seems good; but he was winking at me with the other during the entire meal."

Hint Did Its Work.

When the young British officer, ordered to the front, called on his tailor to get a fresh outfit, the tailor could not forget that there was an unsettled account.

But he felt nervous about broaching the subject.

"I see the enemy," said the young officer, "has had a check."

"Lucky enemy!" said the tailor, wistfully.

The young officer looked puzzled for a moment and then took the gentle hint. Next day the bill was settled.

His Bid.

Between the blonde young woman on the other side of the car and her stout neighbor next to the left there intervened a space perhaps four inches in width. Clinging to the strap just in front of the blonde woman was a cheerful individual whose uncertain footing was, it seemed, not wholly due to the jolting and jerking of the common carrier. Presently he fastened an ingratiating smile upon the young woman.

"Madam," murmured he, "if you'll remove sit down in that place there by you I'd—I'd vote for woman suffrage."—New York Evening Post.

What She Would Say.

Bashful Student—What would you say if I were to throw a kiss at you?

Miss Highbrinely)—I'd say you were the lamest fellow I've ever met.—Columbia Spectator.

MANY WAR ZONE HOSPITALS

Have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease for antiseptic comfort for the wounded. Shaken into the shoes or dissolved in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives prompt relief and comfort and prevents the feet taking fired or hot sweat. Try it TODAY. Sold everywhere. 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Send for free sample. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.—Adv.

Time's Changes.

"You know when I was living here some years ago," remarked the man who had just dropped in, "you had a little boy about six years old whom you thought the brightest boy in the world."

"Yes, I remember," was the reply; "but he's been through college since then."

Aberdeen's linen mills are kept busy by war orders.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 23 cents. Write for free sample. Write for "FREE SAMPLE." Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible for many of not only give relief — they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

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Paztine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed

For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ills, as a remedy for inflammation, ulceration and douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever had medicated douches will fail to appreciate at once their healthy condition. Cleanse privacies and the system follows its use. Thus it becomes Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have used it have declared they'd say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists, 50c. a box, or by mail, postpaid. Sample Free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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One should be fit and ready for both work and play all the year 'round.

If vacation time finds you run down, physically and mentally, you may be sure that body, brain and nerves have not been properly rebuilt day by day with the right kind of food.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and barley, contains all the rich food elements of the grains in easily digestible form.

All of those vital mineral salts found under the outer coat of the grain, so necessary to repairing the wear and tear of work or play, are retained in Grape-Nuts.

Grape-Nuts has delicious flavour and has proven itself a mighty rebuilder of brain and brawn—

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.

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Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain; Stops Spavin Lameness. Allays pain. Does not Blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. $2.00 a bottle, delivered. Book 1 K free.

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