INCREASE WEIGHT AND VITALITY WITH PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

The average person is beginning to realize [illegible]

At the seaside too, the plump well-rounded figure is most admired.

[illegible]

CAUTION.—Although Bitro-Phosphate is unexcelled for the relief of nervousness [illegible] because of its remarkable tendency to increase weight, one should watch the scales while taking it unless it is the desire to put on flesh.

Garage Fire

Flint, Mich., June 17th.

The four automobiles that were in the garage fire Sunday morning were insured in the Citizens Mutual Automobile Insurance Company at Howell.

The adjuster for the company met with the owners of the automobiles and made a satisfactory settlement, making a total cash settlement of $5,249.00. The owners of the cars were very much pleased with the prompt and satisfactory adjustment.

The adjuster for the company said they were able to pay in cash because they had accumulated a surplus during the five seasons and had on hand over $80,000. Automobile owners who take a policy in the Big Mutual know that when a serious loss occurs that the company has the money on hand to pay promptly, and the fact that the company has written over 46,-000 policies gives each member the benefit of a very low rate of insurance due to quantity production.

U. S. Army Raincoats

Finished too late to go to France
While they last — For Civilians

U. S. Government Specification Rubberizing
Made under Supervision of Govt. Inspectors
Highest Possible Waterproof Quality
Released and Offered Direct to Civilians
Delivered Free to Your Door on Receipt of

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Two Fast Color Rubberized Material
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DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 by EXPRESS, prepaid, $1.25.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Itching Rashes Soothed With Cuticura

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

Scene on the Magdalena River.

THE trip by the Magdalena river from the sea to Bogota, the capital of Colombia, is one of the most interesting the traveler can find, says the London Times. The time of the voyage varies from nine to fourteen days, according to whether it is made in the wet or dry season.

During the trip one ascends from sea level to 9,000 feet above it; there are three separate train, and two steamer journeys; the scenery varies from sweltering forest to wide, airy pastures, wheatfields and ragged blue mountain peaks; the dwellings of the people change from insouciant, palm-thatched huts to the imposing Spanish style stone mansions of the ancient city of Bogota.

Puerto Colombia, with the turquoise Caribbean washing its feet, is a port by courtesy. Steamers call there for the convenience of Barranquilla. Widespread, sunny, flower-bedecked Barranquilla sits upon the bank of the Magdalena, and continually and passionately discusses the question of water transport, for it can have no direct access to the sea until the Magdalena bar is conquered.

From Barranquilla one takes a river steamer to La Dorada. On the flat-bottomed river boat, drawing only a foot or two of water, travelers must provide themselves with bedding; the steamship company lends a canvas cot but nothing else, and the Barranquilla hotels specialize in providing the visitor for Bogota with the outfit—a pillow of tree-cotton, a couple of tiny sheets, a mosquito netting "bar," a couple of little towels. No other bedding is needed, for the heat is stifling; but the judicious also take table delicacies and everything needed in the way of beverages, with the exception of coffee, of which there is a constant and most excellent flow.

Soon the forest closes down to the edge of the water, as unconquered, as dominant, as in Quesada's day, 400 years ago. Quesada took two years to ascend the river to Bogota, the survivors of his party arriving ragged and starving; the marvel is that a single one of those adventurers reached the plains.

Scene of Great Beauty.

The jade of banana leaves, whipped into rags by the wind, the glaucous green of lilies, the emerald of the palms, the jasper of the great forest giants, is only broken here and there by a trail of flowering vine or the rare sight of a high-perched mauve or gold orchid; where open spaces occur there are low-growing bushes covered with flowers, and one sees a host of butterflies and birds, but usually there is nothing but the river and the green wall of forest. When rain falls in a straight sheet even the forest is blotted out and the alligators and turtles of the margins are invisible until the sun reappears.

When a stop is made for wood or to deliver merchandise to some little trading point the outlet for some rich region producing sugar, hides, coffee or tobacco, all the village comes to the little wharf, guns are fired and the church bell is rung in the steamer's honor; there are a number of such places below Puerto Berrio. Puerto Berrio is important as the starting point for the wonderful Cauca Valley, worth some trouble to reach and possessing a perpetual June climate, a wealth of fruit and flowers, a fertile soil and mountains sown with precious minerals.

At La Dorada, where the blue mountains have suddenly come nearer and turn green and purple, there is little but a row of modest cottages, and the railway sheds; but here is the train for Beltran, the line leaving the river, and traversing a wonderful country of bright green pastures with sturdy herds grazing, fine lusty trees and hills that rise grotesquely, topped with fantastic rocks like battlemented castles of the middle ages. All this region is famous for its tobacco, and has exported it to Europe for over a hundred years. The train stops at Honda, where one looks far down at the rapids; the town is bright and pretty, the center of a gold mining industry, and here, by the way, one buys four cigars of excellent tobacco for the equivalent of 2½d.

There is another halt at Mariquita, where Quesada died, and where today an English company has established one of the terminals of an aerial tramway across the broken country, forests and mountains into the Cauca valley. The tall standards march along into the distance almostly directly west; I believe that the enterprise has been, as it deserves, very successful—I heard of a grand piano having been carried triumphantly by this air line.

Trains Go Slowly.

About five hours is occupied by the train journey and then Beltran is reached with its waiting steamer for the rio arriba. The steamers for the upper river are small, the dining tables set out on the open main deck in picnic style. There are only six cabins on this little boat, and most of the score of passengers sleep outside under a sapphire velvet sky set with a million diamonds. This sky seems very close above; the air is soft, full of woodland scents; all night one hears the song of the river, only overcome when at first flush of dawn hundreds of ringing bird voices begin to call from the bushes.

With full daylight comes realization of the beauty of the rio arriba. Here the steep, folded mountain spurs stand down to the water's edge, little white cliffs marking the force of the flood in the rainy season; brilliant green on the long crests, these spurs take on deep violet shadows in the innumerable clefts and gorges.

When the steamer reaches Girardot, with its scarlet blossoms, its cobbled streets tipping down to the river, and its eternal clothes-washing on the flat stones of the margin, there is but one section of the journey still to be traversed—the railroad to Bogota. During this final stage there is a great deal of steady climbing to the upland plateau, and a long run across the cool plains.

One passes through regions of wonderful fruit—rose-apples and nisperos, grenadillas, and manzanas and melons; ascends through a cutting whose sides are jet black because here is a seam of excellent coal providing fuel for the railway; and, after rolling through level lands where cattle graze peacefully beside willow-bordered brooks, sees at last the twin peaks of Monserrat and Guadalupe, with the white walls of Bogota at their feet. The mountains stand like a vast purple barrier; beyond lies that lake of legends, Guatavita, a score of gold-bearing rivers; the emerald mines of Muso from which the finest stones in the world, and the largest annual quantities, are produced.

Rationing and Improved Health.

It is not true that under rationing the health of the nation "is suffering from lack of good food," says the Weekly Scotsman. "On the contrary, the health of the children in the schools has never been so good, and but for the influenza epidemic the death rate would in all probability never have been so low. Of essential foods everyone has had enough. Butter has been short precisely because it was necessary to safeguard the children's milk, but no one who understands the work done by the ministry of food in securing the raw material for, and arranging the manufacture of, margarine will say that the subject of fat in general has been neglected."

Not Worth $10.

An American unused to court etiquette was invited just before the war, says Collier's, to dine with a German prince. A glittering flunky presented a silver plate to him just before the hors d'oeuvres were served. He blushed, fumbled in his pocket, then said to himself, "I have nothing but a $10 note, but I don't think any German dinner is worth $10," so he let the plate pass. He then discovered that the plate was intended to receive the white gloves that he ought to have worn!—Boston Post.

How Paris Was Named.

In 52 B. C., when Caesar conquered Gaul, Paris was called, in Gallic, Lutetia (Mud-town). At that time it was inhabited by a Celtic tribe, the Parisii. They burned their town rather than surrender to Caesar, so that general ordered a new town built at the same time, and called it after the tribe, Parisii. This was the original form of the present name, Paris.

Pretty Party Frocks

If you would forget that there is anything in the world but joy, spend a little time looking at the party frocks in which the summer girl will dance some hours away. If these dance frocks flourished in the daytime, bees and butterflies might pursue them, for they certainly borrow from flowers their color and piquancy and sunshine glimmers in their brocades and embroideries. Evening gowns indulge in sumptuous materials, in gold and silver tissue, in rich embroideries and twinkling sequins and all kinds of shimmering things, including the new shot taffetas. Finally they turn to tulle and laces or sheer crepe. A world of fine and fragile fabrics belongs to them.

The two pretty party frocks shown here are of the simpler designs, one of them in white and the other in black with embroidery and brocade sash in metal and colored brocade. The white frock has a slim underslip of embroidered satin, draped about the ankles and full draperies of fine net ending in points about the bottom, hang over it. A vestee of twinkling sequins fills the V-shaped opening of the bodice—the net makes a filmy drapery that falls from the shoulder. For a lovely finishing touch a narrow ribbon hangs in loops and ends from the girdle.

Black georgette over a satin slip serves for the dignified gown at the left of the picture. Its construction is so simple that the picture tells about all that can be told. It has a very plain bodice with round neck, bound with brocade. The skirt is gathered to this and hangs straight with an overlapping panel at the front that is embroidered near the bottom. The same embroidery appears at the sides below the hipline. A very gorgeous sash of heavy brocaded ribbon makes the wide girdle with one long hanging end.

Petticoat Substitute.

The long, slim suit and dress skirts almost make the wearing of petticoats an impossibility. But we may be just as modestly and comfortably clad, for there are the long bloomers to take their place. These bloomers or pantalets are usually chosen in dark suit colors and may be had ankle length or shorter and with or without ruffles. A new style has an accordion plaited piece set in just above the shoe tops. For summer the short silk jersey bloomers in flesh and pink with uneven insets of lace at the knee are perhaps the newest. Camisoles of silk jersey with lace or embroidered in pink and blue silk are also very new.

Hats for Midsummer

Dress hats for midsummer, as compared to other millinery, are as orchids compared to other lovely blossoms. These millinery blooms are the most fragile, most splendid of all, the fairest and the shortest lived. They are midsummer interpreted in hats by designers whose fancies are unhampered by thoughts of anything but beauty. They look to the sheerest fabrics and to the most beautiful colors to translate their thoughts into millinery.

In the group of three hats made for the heart of summer, two are of printed georgette and one of plain georgette in the sheerest quality. The same wide-brimmed, graceful shapes appear developed in laces, malines and nets. Brims usually have lines in flowing curves about the face and crowns are often flexible. The hat at the right of the group is a lovely example. A vague flower motif against a black ground provides color. There is no trimming except the sash of velvet ribbon, in one of the colors in the crepe, that is brought about the crown and tied in a bow at the back.

In the hat at the left there is a hint of sport styles in the covering. It is of white crepe georgette with gay figures of Rin-tin-tin and Nanette disporting themselves over its surface. A covered silk cord with small tassels at the ends disposes itself in a careless bow on the crown—to answer "present" in case any one asks for the whereabouts of trimming.

In the last hat, georgette is shirred over a wire frame with a wide ruffle flowing about the brim edge. This is one of a few models in which the crown is not flexible. Although in this particular hat there are no flowers or fruit in the trimming it is an exception to the rule, the designer having placed a sash of ribbon about the crown, tied in a generous but simple bow near the front.

Julia Bottomley

Substitute for Furs.

The reported decision of clothing manufacturers, particularly specialty houses, of going more into leather-lined or convertible overcoats for next fall and winter finds an echo in the women's wear trade. According to a dress goods representative the suggestion that leather be substituted in some cases for fur trimmings has met with quite a little response. The price consideration is not one that holds the important place for the change, even though there is a difference in favor of the use of leather, but the novelty of leather trimmings is expected to be a big factor.

Blue and orchid is a color combination much in evidence this season, especially for evening and semi-evening gowns.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Copyright by the AUTHOR

THE PICNIC.

"Well," said one of the cows, "I am quite tired out. Quite tired out. I just want to chew my cud and go to sleep. But it was a delightful picnic, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Miss Holstein, known as Miss Hannah, "and I believe it was given especially for us."

"Indeed," said another cow known as Miss Hatty.

"Yes, lots of farmers got together who owned fine cows and that is why some of us were sold and exchanging. You see we have come to a new home. Our master sold us, but we were sold together."

"That's good," said Miss Hatty. "I always get along well with you, though I am not such an adjective to exercise. I'd rather give you up than chew my cud any day."

"So would I," said Miss Hannah.

"Did you see all the ice cream they had at the picnic?" asked Miss Hatty.

"Yes, I did, just gallons and gallons of it," said Miss Hannah.

"Good of us to help make it," said Miss Hatty.

"I didn't help make it," said Miss Hannah.

"Oh yes, you did, you often help to make ice cream."

"No, I don't," said Miss Hannah. "I have never made ice cream. I could not turn the handle or pack in the ice or anything like that," said Miss Hannah. "I've seen the farmer's boy doing it, to hang around the freezer as he sat on the back steps.

"And I have never, never helped him. I don't see how you think I could. You haven't much sense, Miss Hatty. Could I turn that crank with my tail, do you suppose?"

Miss Hatty was grinning, a silly cow's grin.

"My dear Miss Hannah, I didn't say that you helped freeze the ice cream, but you do help to make it. Don't you give milk and cream?"

"Yes," said Miss Hannah.

"Well, then, use your thinking cap."

"I haven't one," said Miss Hannah. "In fact I haven't a cap at all. I've never seen the need of it, and no one has ever given it to me. Sometimes I've thought I'd like a bonnet with long, long feathers I could move about and keep the flies away."

"Oh," said Miss Hatty, "I am a stupid cow but you are more stupid. You are very, very stupid."

"I suppose I am," said Miss Hannah, who didn't seem to mind in the least being thought stupid.

"What I meant was," said Miss Hatty, "that you should have stopped to think, not really to put on a cap or a hat, just to think."

"Oh, I see," said Miss Hannah, her big eyes looking rather sleepily at Miss Hatty.

"Well, you admit now you have helped with ice cream, don't you?"

"Yes, I admit it," said Miss Hannah.

"Oh, there were so many automobiles there today, so many rich farmers, so many, many excitements. And the children ran races and some of them won prizes. I tell you that was an honorable sort of a picnic for a cow to be at," said Miss Hatty.

"I didn't know there were honorable sorts of picnics," said Miss Hannah.

"Well," said Miss Hatty, "I mean it was a sort of a picnic which was so fine that it was a great honor for any cow to be there."

"Yes, yes, but then we're superior cows I've always heard," said Miss Hannah. "Not that it makes any difference to me."

"It doesn't make much difference to me," said Miss Hatty, "though I suppose it is nice. We see so much of the world. We go to county fairs and exhibitions."

"Oh yes," said Miss Hannah, "but they are all the same. People look at us, we look at people, but the only things that are really fun are sleeping, eating, grazing, chewing our cud, and whisking the flies away with our tails."

"True," said Miss Hatty, "cows aren't particular creatures about having excitements."

Books as Companions.

If we thought of books as companions and chose them as we do other associates, many a book much in demand at the libraries would be left untouched upon the shelves. And yet books are companions, and the association of books is almost as influential in character-molding as association with people. Choose your book friends as you would choose other comrades. —Girl's Companion.

Tampering With Nature.

Young Hopeful, who lives in the suburbs, was very much interested in the adjustment of the time, and on the morning when the clocks had been set back an hour awoke his mother.

"Mother, mother," he called from his little bed, "listen to Mrs. Jones' chickens! They must have forgotten to tell them to set their crow back." —Life.

Had Enjoyed Herself.

At a children's party recently five-year-old Eva, as she was about to take her leave, approached the hostess and said: "Good-by, Mrs. Blank. Mamma told me to be sure and tell you I enjoyed the party ever so awfully."

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HELLER, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

STILL FAITHFUL TO STUARTS?

Pretender of that Line to Britain's Throne Is Now Prince Rupert of Bavaria.

There was once to be found in Britain a little group of romantic sentimentalists who remained faithful to the Stuart line, and celebrated on January 30 a kind of Jacobite toast day. A writer in Living Age remembers seeing postage stamps bearing the likeness of the "Pretender," who happened to be a princess of Bavaria. These were attached to the envelope by the side of the official postage stamp, thus constituting a source of annoyance to the serious-minded Victoria.

Since the death of his mother, Maria Theresa of Bavaria, a few weeks ago, ex-Prince Rupert of Bavaria is now the official Stuart pretender to the throne of Great Britain. The muse of history has ever had a leaning toward irony.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Couldn't Hear Him Crow.

Baby Marie Osborn was being featured at an East side theater. It must have been a show particularly suited for the little folk. At one point in the story a rooster flew on a fence in the early morning, flapped his wings proudly and crowded lustily. When he appeared on the fence, so realistic was the picture that the audience became silent. Then the stillness was broken by a small voice, lost in the realism of the thing: "Mother, mother, I can't hear him crow!"—Indianapolis News.

Perfect.

"But his table manners are poor," observed the old-fashioned mother.

"Poor! Why, mamma!" exclaims the dashing daughter, "he took me to lunch with him at the St. Gorgeous and ordered nothing but the most expensive things on the menu!"

Buy a Farm Now.

Because land is cheaper than it will ever be again. The U. S. Railroad Administration is prepared to furnish free information to homeseekers regarding farming opportunities. We have nothing to sell; no money to lend; only information to give. Write me fully with reference to your needs. Name the state you want to learn about. J. L. Edwards, Manager, Agricultural Section, U. S. Railroad Administration, Room 70, Washington, D. C.—adv.

In Agreement.

"Here's a critic that takes the view that Hamlet was mad."

"Well, I don't think he was any too well pleased myself."

It is hard for a man to support a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary.

Wise is the man who closes his face before he says too much.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tire, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.