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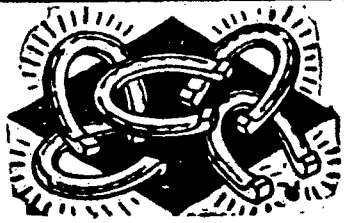
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## REWARD OF MERIT

By JULIA A. PORTER.

Jane stood before the mirror, impartially scrutinizing the lady reflected therein.

"Damn it!" thought Jane. The mirror was between two windows and reached to the floor. She ran up the shades, letting in a flood of sunlight, stepped nearer and resumed her scrutiny.

"Damn it!" whispered Jane. She took a hand mirror, revolved slowly, still keeping up the pitiless scrutiny.

"Damn it!" said Jane vigorously. The lady in the mirror was not attractive, though she might have been so a dozen years before. Her clothes were shabby; hands rough and reddened; her hair, wholly neutral in color, was twisted into a firm knob on the back of her head, after the fashion of women who have no time to waste on personal adornment; she possessed nothing that could be classified as complexion, and her whole expression and attitude indicated unmitigated weariness.

"It's my turn now," said Jane to her double; "I mean to have the time of my life."

Jane deserved it. Thirteen years before, when she was eighteen, came the news of the disaster which had swept away both parents, leaving her to care for Jim and Nell, both too young to realize the full extent of the calamity. But now, for two years Jim had been "James L. Bedford, M. D.," and Nell was well along on her wedding journey, and of their united fortunes, Jane still had \$1,500 left.

"It rightfully belongs to me," said Jane to the mirror lady; "I have earned it."

Hadn't she served Jim and Nell, both night and day? Hadn't she seen to it that they could hold their own with their young companions? Hadn't she sacrificed a college course that they might lack nothing? Hadn't she dismissed the servants and herself cooked and scrubbed and mended until both were well settled in life? Hadn't she given Peter back his ring? Good old Peter! How he protested—how he coaxed—how he bewailed his fate—how he vowed he would wait until Jane had done her full duty as she saw it. And Peter was still unmarried.

Yes, the money rightfully belonged to her. It was her turn now.

That evening Jane announced that she was going on a vacation, her first one in 13 years. She just wanted to go off by herself, and doze, and dream, and dawdle, and be quite free, for several weeks. Yes, she preferred to go alone, and she preferred not to say where she was going.

Jane went straight to New York. She searched out the most eminent beauty specialist and took daily treatments. She had her hair brushed and sunned; she had her face massaged; she had her hands manured; she practiced gymnastics; she took dancing lessons; she slept long hours; she ate good food; she amused herself in many ways.

At the end of six weeks she returned home and again stood before the mirror, but a very different lady returned her gaze; a lady Peter surely would approve. All trace of weariness had vanished, the dowdy clothes had disappeared, and a general air of well-being had displaced her old careworn look. From the top of her well-coiffed head to the toes of her well-fitting shoes, she radiated an impression of joyous expectation.

As Dr. Jim was not home from his office when she arrived, pink cheeks and smiling she set out on a walk. As good luck would have it, she soon saw Peter approaching; he stared at her, and then holding out both hands said, "Jane, you were everlastingly right when you refused to let me bind myself indefinitely by a promise. Next week I am to marry Sylvia Elder, the dearest, loveliest little girl that ever breathed," and after a short pause he added, "You do look stunning yourself."

Jane grasped both hands cordially and said, "Congratulations! You are sincerely; there can be no mistake this time."

Dr. Jim was at home when Jane returned. He also stared a moment and then exclaimed:

"Why, Jane, you are positively pretty, but I never noticed it before."

He seemed somewhat ill at ease, but finally told her that he had been thinking matters over during her absence, and had concluded that in his profession an office in a good location was an absolute necessity, adding, "You must have about fifteen hundred dollars still left, and if you could give me my share right now, I could step into a dandy location."

They were interrupted by the post-man.

"A letter from Nell," said Doctor Jim, handing it to his sister.

The letter began: "I do hate to ask Ned for money so soon after our wedding. Isn't there about five hundred dollars due me from father's estate? If I could have it right now I should be eternally grateful."

"Damn it!!!!" thought Jane.

Planets Hovering Round the Sun.

The present arrangement of six of the eight planets of the solar system would appear remarkable if a total eclipse should withdraw the glare of sunlight from us. Mars, Venus and Mercury would be seen in an irregular row, east of the sun.

## How to Live

Common Sense Comments on Health, Happiness and Longevity

By GEORGE F. BUTLER, A. M., M. D.

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### ACTIVITY.

The four great forces at work in nature to keep us living, and well, all merge into one great trunk or center; and that is activity. Life is like the great locomotive that goes screwing down our valleys and across our plains. The coal in the tender is like food to the man; both furnish the heat and are the source of power. The breeze that fans the spark in the fire-box and which kindles the flame, that heats the water, that produces the steam, that turns the great drive-wheel, is like "flame or vitality in man." The drive-wheel, the puffing smokestack, the ringing bell, the rattling wheels; all telling us that glad tidings or friends are being brought to us—is cheerfulness. All good and useful things are active. The cheerful fire that warms us, or cooks our food, is roaring, crackling, dancing, leaping. The sparkling water that quenches our thirst comes trickling down over the pebbles, or falls in rain, penetrates the earth, until it strikes the bed rock, and then comes bubbling up again, ever moving. The light that comes to us from the sun is generated by vibration. The wind that blows is only the result of nature's activity. The air is only pure when in constant motion. A cessation of activity is succeeded by stagnation, and stagnation means disease and death.

Rest—yes, most assuredly, you must rest, but get tired first, and then enjoy every moment of your rest to the fullest extent possible. What is it to be tired? I'll tell you. There are two sources which supply the body with materials with which the blood is ever busily engaged in rebuilding or replacing the countless little cells which make up our body. The one is the food which is operated on by the digestive organs, and the other is the oxygen which is assimilated by the lungs. If our exercise is a little in excess of that which our bodies are accustomed to, the tissues of the body are broken down more rapidly than the blood can refurnish, and with the flat chest and undeveloped lungs, the blood is not furnished with enough oxygen, and thus the muscles and nerves are being starved and cry out for rest; or, in other words, that you cease to draw upon them until the blood has time and opportunity to renew itself. If proper food is furnished, rest will stop the destruction of tissue; the lungs will soon furnish sufficient oxygen and the normal condition will soon be established. Nature provided many helps to digestion, such as cleanliness, pure air, sunshine, and cheerful surroundings; but the only possible means of distribution, development, strength and health are by proper exercise.

Health, long life, education, progress, in short, everything of worth accomplished in life depends on mental and physical activity properly directed. If physical stamina, health, and intellectual culture are to be attained, mental and physical activity must be so regulated and systematized that not only symmetrically developed both brain and body, but to simultaneously develop one with the other. An unsymmetrically developed body will not have stamina or remain long in health, nor will a brain that is not all-around or symmetrically developed reason logically; nor, on the other hand, will a developed brain in a dwarfed body, or a dwarfed brain in a developed body, accomplish great things. All life is movement. It is its very essence. LEARN HOW TO LIVE.

The old man whose brain is sound, and who is not ashamed to keep on thinking and working, rejoices, even in the evening of life, in the world and people and the happiness of youth, and enjoys love and consideration instead of being the object of aversion or ridicule.

Keep mind and body active. Fight vigorously against worry and despondency. One great remedy is to take short views. It is no use trying to run away from difficulties, they are sure to overtake you. Face them boldly and they will often vanish.

Activity is the presence of function. An active man is seldom despondent. To be idle is to suffer. Activity may lead to evil, but inactivity cannot lead to good. You have not a faculty of body, mind or soul, whose law of strength is not action.

Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday. Start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

The amount of abuse which the modern civilized stomach can withstand is an eternal monument to the perfecting powers of the evolutionary survival of the fittest.

With some people the question is not how much good is this food good to do me, but, how pleasant it will taste for an instant while it is passing through my mouth.

## LILLY OF THE COURT

By JACK LAWTON.

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Lilly sat up in her window, and looked down to the stone court below. Fall leaves blew about the court and in the breeze was a hint of winter to come. Lilly, dreaded winter because with fuel so high, she wondered how she was ever going to keep warm. She had become accustomed to the feeling of never having had quite enough to eat—but heat was a different thing; one had to be warm. Especially when the doctor warned one against the danger of drifting into a cold, and when the same unreasonable doctor ordered fall days spent in the open, with clean air to breathe and nothing in particular to busy one's hands. The air of Brundage court was not clean with dust of traffic all about, and nimble fingers wielding the embroidery needle, could not of necessity be long idle. Lilly considered it kind of the department store buyer, around the corner, to allow her to embroider initials in order, on fine linen handkerchiefs. Lilly had acquired a skill of her own in drawing fanciful monograms, and her work was in such demand that it kept her bending to catch the window light of Brundage court, after lights had popped out everywhere to show that evening had come, and then, she was obliged to finish by gas light. Usually Lilly crept early into her hard bed, to get some refreshing sleep, before the morning sun shining through the window should make work again possible. Looking into the opposite lighted apartments at evening Lilly wondered, wistfully, what it might be like, to live in a real home with a real family to love and care for one; the small pale girl had never known. Mrs. Crosby, who had adopted her years ago from the orphan asylum, hoped to acquire a strong young housekeeping companion for her old age. In this, Lilly growing into frail young womanhood, disappointed. She had given loving kindness, and had won love in return, but when old Mrs. Crosby died, the only heritage left her adopted child, was the accomplishment of fine embroidery.

Lilly liked to sit quietly and watch the country bus drive into the court at evening, awaiting possible passengers to a not far distant village. From its mud splattered sides, the girl drove imaginary pictures of a rough country road, with late flowers blooming at the side, and red and golden leaved trees forming a canopy overhead. And as Lilly pictured, she laid aside, painstakingly, nickles and occasional dimes, toward her fulfillment of the doctor's prescription. For one afternoon she would breathe clean country air. In this same old bus she would ride to the village and back again, and the memory might be something to cheer winter hours. The bus-man smiled involuntarily when he saw her coming, the rusty black suit was a quaint little suit, made over from one of Mrs. Crosby's, while the velvet fan that went with it, was such a contradictory saucy fan—Lilly's own work—and of flaming red velvet. The bus-man could not know that this red velvet had composed a best parlor cushion, but he noted as Lilly came near the way her hair curled in soft rings about its braid, and he felt sorry in his kindly heart for the pearly pallor of the small girl's face. The bus-man was young, and his customers had grown to count, in a whimsical way, on his helpful interest in themselves. Big Bill Dawson gave to each one at evening his personal greeting and welcome. "You want to go out to Clóverdale?" he asked Lilly conversationally.

"Well, I guess you're my only passenger at this hour—most of 'em come in mornings, and go out nights. You'd better sit up here by me, you won't jolt so. When do you want to come back? Evening trip? That's about 5:30. You won't have any fog to stay." "I don't care about staying," Lilly told him, "I want the drive through the country air."

It was astonishing how much more she told him, as the two went rattling along the road together. Big Bill, had a way of winning confidence by his sympathetic personality. Little Lilly of the Court, was unaware that she was giving her life history, with the doctor's order thrown in, until Bill Dawson by a few apparently careless questions, had learned her simple story. It was a very pleasant ride. Lilly did not know when she had enjoyed anything so much.

"Tell you what," said Bill with finely assumed impulsiveness, "Why can't you spare time for this run every fine day? At this hour I seldom have company, and it's mighty monotonous going over the same old track alone. Wouldn't need to cost you anything. Honest, there's no reason why you couldn't do it, and carry out your doctor's prescription, as well."

In the end Lilly yielded to the suggestion; it really seemed foolish to refuse, and the embroidery, for some strange magical reason, progressed more rapidly afterward. It was when almost the last leaf had fallen, that Bill Dawson appeared one afternoon in the court with an automobile. "Thought I'd leave the old bus home," he told Lilly, "and take a holiday. Just you and me. When you are going to ask a girl to marry you," said Bill, "you can't do it so well in a bus."

The new rose color of Lilly's cheeks deepened visibly.

"Oh! Lilly!" the young man cried, "Don't say you won't give me my chance!"

And Lilly stepped into the car.

## MAY YOUR NOSE GROW FAT

Persian Salutation That Has Odd Sound—Gracious Hospitality Extended to Foreigners.

The Persian hospitality to the European is graceful. When you enter the house they tell you that your presence has brought happiness to your slaves, or if they are sufficiently Europeanized not to use the oriental hyperbole, still they make you feel that your arrival has brought happiness. If you comment on the sweetness of a child they reply, "She kisses your hand." If you do any service for the poorer people they are likely to say, "May your hand never pain you." And—suggestive, this, of the famous maxim: "May your shadow never grow less. May your nose grow fat."

The rich and well-to-do give you many cups of tea, generally followed by coffee, and the more sugar they put in the more polite they are trying to be. The more you eat the happier they are. Even the poor wish you to drink tea. When at a roadside cafe you buy your tea the cafe keeper serves it to you with the air of a host. The Persians have that truest essence of hospitality, that which makes you feel it has given them pleasure for you to stop beneath their roof. They are said to be greedy for money and hard at a bargain, but these traits they never show their guests.

## YOUTH HAD NOTHING ON DAD

Old Gentleman's Memory Also Went Back to the Time He Spent in Hot Brazil.

Among the members of a firm having South American connections are the Joneses, father and son. Recently Jones Junior, who had just returned from Brazil, was relating some rather tall stories of life down there, when he asked:

"Now, during that awful heat, what do you suppose it was, aside from the temperature, that made it impossible for us to take our after-dinner 'sleaz'?"

"Why, what?" asked a glibbie steve.

"The peculiar noises," continued Jones Junior. "You see, the coffee was popping on the trees. The sun was so hot, the grains just roasted before they were picked."

Whereupon dad yawned. "Rather warm down there," he admitted. "But when I was in Brazil you couldn't sleep nights. Every once in a while there would sound the most extraordinary noise that ever fell upon human ear."

"What were the sounds, dad?" asked Jones Junior, with a grin.

"The rubber trees were stretching themselves," answered dad.

Use of Mica.

The stuff we call mica has been used since very ancient times in India for many odd purposes. Washermen employed it to give a sparkle to cloth. It is the material out of which "unbreakable" lamp chimneys are manufactured and is used for windows and glazing material for pottery, and for the backs of mirrors. Artists in India utilize it largely for paintings.

Mica, ground to a fine powder, has a high reputation in India as a medicine. It is prescribed as a tonic. Native physicians are said to have a secret process for dissolving mica—which, supposing it to exist, would be an enormously valuable discovery, inasmuch as it would mean that mica could be used for making unbreakable tumblers, decanters and other dishes.

By far the most important deposits of mica in the world occur in a belt which lies in the northern part of the Hazaribagh district in India. There it is commonly found in plates large enough to have marketable value.

Dignified Rebuke.

The captain of a battleship recently in New York harbor is celebrated throughout the fleet for his dignity and his conscientious efforts to set in his own behavior a good example to his men. Among other rules he made for himself while in port was one which, when he went ashore, brought him back to his ship every night before midnight. On one occasion a combination of circumstances delayed him and he did not get aboard until near 1 a. m. The lieutenant on duty saluted the skipper with professional smartness and cheerfully said:

"Good morning, captain."

The captain returned, the salute putreficially and replied thus to the greeting:

"Good evening, Mr. Blank; you have a great deal to learn of your profession, sir."

Shakespeare's House.

Washington Irving, who paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon and whose soul was stirred to its depths, in speaking of the various stories which were told about the authenticity of the claimed location of Shakespeare's house, said: "What is it to us whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of their reality." By public subscription the house which was claimed to be the birthplace of William Shakespeare was purchased on Oct. 22, 1861, as one of the means of perpetuating national interest in the great dramatist.

## The Same Girl.

Ethelbert—Who was that new girl I saw you with last night?  
Jack—That wasn't a new girl, that was my old girl painted over. She was Jack Central Manning.

## RECORD



One of the interesting records in Lowell, Mass., is the one kept at a shop on Merrimack Street, which was begun in 1827. This location is still the same. The old prescription books have been preserved and form an interesting record covering nearly a century.



Perhaps one of the most interesting books in that of the year 1827, is one of the pages of this book, written on June 2nd, 1854, is a prescription for Father John's Medicine. This prescription was composed by the Reverend Father John O'Connell, the old drug store on that date, and was successful in treating Father's illness, which was a severe cold.

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