

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

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Another "Strike"

Too bad that labor strikes do not end as quickly as the gold strike at Hampton hills, Crook county. One day comes a tall tale of a new strike in the old bed of Lost river. A day or two later and the stories are denied and the affair described as more of a real estate promotion than anything. And the stampede ended as suddenly as it began.

Strange, yet not strange either, how swiftly people will rush to a new diggings. The spirit of the old west still survives. We have memories of the Klondike rush and Goldfield and Tonopah; memories also of the land rush in Oklahoma when reservations were opened up. The movie "Cimarron" gave a graphic reproduction of these land rushes. Our personal memories, be it understood, are not from participation but from contemporary reading. And these memories are part and parcel of the mental baggage of people today.

So it comes whenever there is a rumor of a gold strike there are always crowds of people foot loose, ready to start for the diggings, to stake out claims or to prey upon those who do. The accounts of the trek into the Hampton hills show that overnight there was an influx of people into the region, many of the cars bearing out-of-state licenses, so it is said. The widening circle of rumor seems to bring recruits swiftly to the scene.

The Oregonian performed a useful service in giving prompt publicity to the honest reports which disappointed prospectors gave of the Lost river region. Otherwise scores, perhaps hundreds, might have pressed into the desert to waste time and money in fruitless search.

As a matter of fact, the terrain of the United States has been pretty well worked over and there are slim prospects of genuine gold strikes of sizable dimensions. Placer fields are either for big dredge operations or for simple shovel and pan work. Hard rock mining yields chiefly pockets of treasure. Thousands are earning wages in gold hunting; but their rewards come chiefly after patient search and very hard work, not as a result of extremely lucky finds.

Canada is coming to the fore as producer of gold and silver, Ontario and British Columbia having some profitable fields. Australia is about worked out; and South Africa is not showing production increases of some years ago. While the chances of finding bonanzas grow fewer each year, gold production continues large, coming chiefly from large-scale operations. The problem is not only one of finding gold, but of expense in handling the ore and treating it. The day of the old-fashioned genuine gold strike is probably past for our country.

Langer Renominated

GOV. WILLIAM LANGER, convicted in federal court, who will be up for sentence today, was renominated to his present office in the North Dakota primaries Wednesday. He ran as a candidate on a vindication platform and seemingly convinced a plurality of the voters; at least he is ahead in the count. Langer's offense was levying political contributions on federal workers and using the money to support his house-organ newspaper. He was subsidizing his own press by forced levies on humble CWA workers.

Evidently such lapses from civic virtues are of little offense in the state of North Dakota. But more probably Langer was renominated because he made the biggest promises plus the fact that his opposition was divided. Over in Minnesota the voters sent to congress a man who had served in the penitentiary and who got in numerous scrapes with the law later in Washington. In Seattle the voters elected a man in the county jail on a rape charge to the state legislature.

So it goes. Well, the people have the votes and if they want to be ruled by law breakers they have only to elect them. But the record is a sorry one for those who have faith in democratic institutions.

New Grazing Law

THE president has signed the Taylor grazing bill. The papers have not related just what its provisions are, but the president hails it as the culmination of years of effort to obtain proper regulation for grazing in the public domain. This is badly needed to conserve these areas. The tendency has been for over-grazing until in many places one-time excellent pasture areas are worthless now. Here is a place for orderly planning both to preserve the forests and grazing lands, prevent waste of vegetable covering which permits soil erosion, and plan the grazing privileges to make certain the supply of food animals for the nation. If the Taylor act does this under wise administration it will be a real step forward.

Building materials are reduced in price ten per cent. That will be good news to prospective builders, and very timely now that the housing bill is made law by the president's signature. The great unemployment now is in the durable goods industries. These are the heavy industries and the construction industries. Let these swing back into activity and there would be a big upward surge on the spiral to better times.

Early offers indicate a pretty good price for pears this season. California reports say offers range from \$20 to \$40 and in Medford first offers are \$30. Prices last year were around \$16 and the year before about \$10. The pear industry is an important one in the state and these prices will allow producers a profit. They need it to make up for heavy losses the last few years.

The midwest is now breaking heat records. Some records fall most every day: the mile running race, or the Kentucky derby, or the highest June temperature, or the longest dry spell. One thing, Oregon doesn't get into the papers often for breaking weather records, well, except in the rainy season.

Workers released when the hosiery mills at Harriman, Tenn., closed because their blue eagle was withdrawn, kidnapped a union agent and shanghaied him out of the country. Not a worthy gesture toward law and order. Disorder and violence are by no means all on one side in labor disputes.

The midwest which a month ago had its tongue hanging out from drought, now has storms of wind, rain and hail. Twelve were killed in a week and storm and \$1,000,000 worth of property destroyed. The old rule seems to apply—one extreme follows another.

A sad pre-Fourth of July celebration near Olympia when near a dozen workers in a powder factory lost their lives.

"—and all I ask of you, boss, is the price of a beer!"



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

FEW ARE aware of the great advances which have been made in the treatment and prevention of infectious diseases. Shortly after the war between the states, Lord Joseph Lister, an English physician, advocated the necessity of what we now call "surgical cleanliness." His theories, although revolutionary, were fortunately accepted. They resulted in a great reduction in the numbers of serious fatal infections which are commonly encountered in homes, hospitals and public institutions.

Prior to the days of Doctor Lister, and for some time after, erysipelas was a common and often fatal infection. In those days the disease was spoken of as "Saint Anthony's fire" and little hope could be offered its victims. In most instances serious and even fatal complications occurred. The dreaded disease annually took a dreadful toll of lives.

Knowledge of Infection

Today the disease is less frequently seen. This can only be explained by our increased knowledge of infection and our ability to prevent it. In addition, medical science now offers special methods of treatment that aid in combating the disease and reducing the danger of complications.

The disease is caused by a germ called the "streptococcus hemolyticus." This germ enters the body through an abrasion, wound, scratch or break in the skin.

Perhaps the most characteristic symptom is the skin eruption which soon appears. The surface becomes red and swollen, with a sharp, clean-cut elevated border. Blisters form in the reddened area and the inflammation spreads rapidly.

Cold compresses of gauze saturated in a solution of magnesium sulphate, give relief from the burning pain. At times a 10 to 20 per cent strength of ichthyol ointment is beneficial.

Method of Treatment

Another aid in painting the skin beyond the border of the lesion with a solution of iodine or a strong solution of silver nitrate. This is believed to stop the advance of the infection.

I am letting you know about these methods of treatment because of some emergency which may demand immediate care. But, of course, your doctor must see the patient as soon as possible.

Perhaps the greatest advancement in the treatment of this disease, as well as its prevention, is the use of erysipelas antitoxin. This serum with the big name is obtained by immunizing horses against the poisons or toxins of the erysipelas germ. Then the fluid part of the blood is used to prepare the serum. With care erysipelas can be avoided. Never neglect an injury of the skin. Bear in mind that a scratch, laceration or tear of the skin permits dirt and bacteria to enter and set up an infection. Proper hygiene of the skin prevents this and minimizes the danger of erysipelas and other skin disorders.

Answers to Health Queries

Mother. Q.—My little girl of three has whooping cough with severe choking paroxysms. What would you advise? What precautions should I take to safeguard her and to protect other children with whom she is apt to come in contact?

A.—Have your doctor advise you. The child should be kept away from other children until the disease has run its course. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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This country shut off shipments of arms to Bolivia in a sudden burst of righteousness, but Bolivia seems to have put a bad crimp in the advancing Paraguayan army in the Gran Chaco. Seems to be very inconsistent to put the clamps down on exports of munitions to little Bolivia, while we go merrily on adding to our own armaments and taking care of the big country customers.

The country may breathe a sigh of relief over the peaceful settlement of the steel mill dispute between employers and employees. Now is no time for shutdown of plants by strikes or lockouts. More men need work, and factory payrolls give purchasing power.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic class of '88 in 46th annual reunion: Started Salem high school:

(Continuing from yesterday:) We were disappointed in Eugene in not finding Wilson McNary, biologist of the University of Oregon. Wilson, since our last visit, had moved his entire collection to Pendleton. Wilson says his most interesting exhibit is "watching the butter fly."

The first guy we met in Salem was Basil Wagner. "Basil" said he had the most up to date mortuary in the state and insisted we inspect it. "Right now," he said, "the manner in which he patted me on the back and gripped my hand I had a suspicion he was soliciting business rather than extending a welcome. We told him he would see us later."

The second pilgrim encountered was Herbert Rowley. Herb feels he is poetically inspired. He recited to us the first verse of a poem he had just begun:

"AN ODE TO A WORM"
"I'm only a little worm
That lives down in the ground.
All I ask in this wide world
Is a place to squirm around."
But every time I crawl on top
To get a breath of air
Some craven pirate with a hoe
Wants to make me a pair.
Or else a squawking blue jay
That is perched high on a rail
Ignores my right to even live
And grabs me by the tail.
Herb says he figured on 45 inches of this stuff but when he got that far he was stuck. We told him guys had been stuck for less and suggested Basil Wagner to help him out.

We were mighty glad to see Ed Baker, Salem's bureau of information, for Ed is the boy that knows all, tells all and says nothing. Ed sat down and gave us the works, and from him we glean the following:

Lena Crump, Minnie Hosford and Addie Payne have organized the Ladies Fly by Night Club and claim to have solved the mystery of "Oh where is my wandering boy tonight?" By throttling down and flying low they see everything and tell the boys about it the next morning. They are soliciting a larger membership so as to cover more ground, the fair ground and every place.

Lyda Parrish has the Rickrell postoffice. Ed says "Bun" used to cheat at postoffice, but Uncle Sam won't stand for anything like that now.

Fred Byars, judge in the bathing beauty contest, awarded first prize to Ruth Harrington. Milt Meyers thought Blanche Albert should have had it. Fred said for the past 30 years he had made an exhaustive study of bathing costumes, and everything, and there was a whole lot to be taken into consideration.

Fred Williams, prosperous Dallas merchant, is manager of the Shot and Shell hardware store. Fred said, so far, he had not felt the depression. His six children ran the store, he just puttered around.

When Ed got this far he was all fagged out and begged to be excused. Any way, it was time for his milk and afternoon nap. "Would we come tomorrow?"

We called on Milton Meyers at his White Leghorn Poultry Market. Everything was spic and span, including Milt. He says his 14 years' experience in the ladies' ready-to-wear department store has been of great value in the poultry trade; that he can dress a chicken in no time, or, in Milton's own words, "in nothing flat."

Johnnie Reynolds' very attractive book store is in the old post-office building on South Commercial street. John was formerly in the candy business, but sold out for a couple of reasons. When he passed out candy hearts to the girls they said, "John, you quit your kiddin'." Another thing, John had a bad tooth and the gumdrops made it ache. John said he would have been admitted to the bar if the bartender had acted as a gentleman.

Ossian Shirley just drove into town with a span of mules. Ossian is raising pickles out on Howell prairie. He claims the attributes of a successful farmer are a strong back and a weak mind.

In the "Short Wave Beauty Parlor" we found Florence Carterlin. Flo was, at the moment of our entrance, putting the finishing touches on a customer for \$12.80. After a jolly good visit Flo said she had a little secret to tell us. "Cross our heart to die" if we ever breathe a word, we promised. "Well," she says, "you know Cora Litchfield is flying a little high. Cora has taken up aviation and the giddy way she travels is awful and all her friends are hoping she won't run her hobby into the ground."

Deeply enmeshed in his work shop we find Fred Piper, the inventor. Besides the rapid fire dishwasher that made Fred so popular with the ladies, Fred has just perfected two new combinations to the alphabet. The articles will be "new deal." The articles will be on the market at an early date, or, as Fred said, "P. D. Q." "It is true," Fred says, "that necessity"

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THE PRIMARY IS DEAD

When the 219 hand-picked delegates, at 12:04 past midnight, yesterday nominated Senator Pete Zimmerman of Yamhill county for the governorship, they did more than to place an independent candidate in the field. They delivered to the Oregon primary law a mortal blow. They, who more than others, have voiced allegiance to it, stabbed it to death. Were it an infant, no doubt it, on receiving the deadly wound, would have exclaimed, as did another victim of treacherous friends on an historic occasion in the Roman senate, long ago, "Et tu, Brute!"

Yesterday morning, here in this happy commonwealth, our primary law was aglow with life and vigor. It was the medium through which our people chose their candidates for office, through which they wrote the verdict of their deliberate final choice. Last night this same primary law lay there, in the house of representatives of the state, a corpse. Stabbed to the heart, its life blood rushed forth and stained the carpet with a crimson flood, and it fell there in the public forum lifeless—its life sacrificed that its erstwhile friends might satisfy the political ambitions of themselves and their leaders. —Albany Democrat-Herald.

"DEATH SONG" By Joan Clayton & Malcolm Logan

SYNOPSIS

In August, Seifert Vail was murdered at exclusive Sherwood Forest Sanatorium. Up to that time, Mark Hillyer, the playwright, crippled from arthritis, had been bored. The crime gave him new interest in life. It was he who finally solved the mystery. He saw the significance of the phonograph record singing in Vail's own voice in the room where its creator lay dead.

CHAPTER II

For two days Mark was feverishly busy. The doctors took his case history, X-rayed him, bled his legs and took specimens of his blood. When they were not examining him, he lay in bed, propped up with pillows, and issued orders to the dozen. He fought several skirmishes with the sanatorium staff and, victorious, saw his bare, antiseptic quarters blossom into an imitation of a green room. When he had finished, a crimson carpet covered the floor, a brass spittoon gleamed in one corner; a cocktail shaker adorned the bedside table. Mark's big leather chair stood beside the scarred oak desk on which he had written his first stalling play, "The King of High Jinx."

"It's just like home," I told Mark. "Home!" said Mark. "Get out of here before I start bawling!" We worked on Mark's new play for three months, and Mark put on a magnificent display of temperamental. He had always acted his plays as he wrote them, and he found it intolerable to dictate, lying quietly in bed. He was restricted to two hours of work a day, and when he was not working, he was so profoundly, bitterly bored that I feared he would never recover. I expressed that fear to Dr. John Calvert, who had taken a particular interest in Mark.

"Boredom isn't fatal," he said, in his dry way. "If it were, half my patients would be dead. Tell him the mountains are worth looking at."

"You can take your mountains, and you know what you can do with them," Mark said when I repeated this advice. "My mountains are skyscrapers and my trees are the street lights. Times Square is the only scenery I want to see."

Dr. Calvert had sounded unsympathetic, but for some time after that conversation, he took what he called the "mountain" patients in the cottages to visit Mark. That was characteristic of him. He would go to any trouble for a patient, though his manner with them was often unfortunately curt. John Calvert was not more than thirty-eight, but he was usually as sedate as a man twice that age. He seemed to me very guarded, as though he were afraid to let himself go. He was curious to see how well he and Mark would get along, and he had revealed very slight emotion. Sometimes Mark carried him away, and for a little while the

doctor would be gay; then he would realize that he was letting down his defenses, and he would withdraw into himself again. In April Mark finished his play. It opened in New York on the fifteenth of May, at the end of a disastrous theatrical season. "Gas Light Willie," produced on a shoestring—Mark's own shoestring, by the way—was an instant success. Mark didn't know whether to be exultant or furious. He hated Ellis Cochran's success in the role he had planned for himself. He loved his own pictures in the newspapers. They were new photographs. Mark had posed in bed for them. He wore a dress shirt, a dinner jacket and a cigarette holder that drooped from his lips at a rakish angle. The camera shone on him to the detriment of his own features. Mark was abnormally sensitive about his infirmity.

Even in the beginning, the murder of Seifert Vail fell into a pattern that now seems almost inevitable. If Mark had not written "Gas Light Willie," he could never have solved the crime; it would not even have occurred to him to try. "Gas Light Willie" made Mark a sanatorium celebrity. Other patients, driven by boredom in search of novelty, maneuvered for introductions to the patient whom Broadway had forgotten. Mark was a new experience to them, though they were not to him. The jaded men and women who came casually to Mark's room in the hospital were rich, ill, and self-centered. They were gossip. This was their common meeting ground with Mark.

He listened while they talked of the other patients—their annoying habits, their love affairs, their illnesses and their idiosyncrasies. So it was that his chair was put into the hands of the clues which were to lead him to the solution of a murder not then committed. These informal tea parties, at which he frequently served cocktails made from prescription liquor, gave Mark an understanding of the reasonlessness, the feverishness, the petty emotions magnified to monstrous hates and fears and incredible loves, which fill the lives of the sick. It is not remarkable that later he was to insist upon the importance of the trivial.

Sue Faraday, Mark's nurse, acted as his hostess. She was small, lovely girl with warm brown hair, and eyes, and in her starched white uniform she looked like an ingenue from one of Mark's plays. She loved Mark, I believe, yet in those days she was not aware of it. Vail's murder she was to fail him. Like all of us, she had her own anxieties, her own secret. In the beginning, untouched by tragedy, flattered by the excitement of nursing a man both playwright and actor, she was charming.

"Mr. Ruxton wants to meet you," Mr. Hillyer, she would say; and then, in a breathless whisper, "He's our richest patient, you know." James Ruxton, a tall, gray man dying tediously of cirrhosis of the liver, called several times. Usually he came with his handsome, pleasant young nephew, Loren Ruxton. The tired, ill man had built up a great investment banking house obviously had nothing in common with a man who had spent

his whole life in the theatre; but he loved his nephew with all the passion of an aging, lonely man, and no interest of Loren's was too slight to engage his attention.

Twice Mark was visited by Willis Glendening and Milton Cross, who lived with Seifert Vail and James Ruxton in Lakeside Cottage. They were a strange pair. Glendening, an ewish-eyed, long-nosed, inquisitive young man, boasted of his health and prowess, hungered for excitement as for a drug and suffered from acute dilation of the heart which might kill him at any moment. Cross, a splendidly healthy hypochondriac, lived in constant fear of exertion and disturbance. Mark called him "the dening" quailed continually, but they seemed to find their interminable and vicious bickering a necessity of life.

Seifert Vail came to Mark's room on one occasion. He was a beautifully proportioned man with a singer's deep chest, he came to tell Mark in a voice rasping and husky from an aneurism of the throat that "Gas Light Willie," who fifth of August, was a trash. Mark blandly agreed. Vail amplified his criticism.

"No drama without music can be anything but shallow," he said. "I understand," said Mark, "that you were a singer."

"I had the most magnificent voice in the world," he said. "The best critics said I would be greater than Caruso."

Mark said, "I heard you in Tristan, Mr. Vail."

"Tristan!" the singer exclaimed. His mouth began to work. "How Francine loved me as Tristan!" Suddenly he began to cry, and as he cried he cleared his throat, his mumbled. For a moment I stared at him. I had heard the story of the death of his wife and abrupt end of Vail's career a few months later. Before I could move, Vail turned abruptly and without another word left.

"I detest crying drunks," Mark said when he had gone.

"I wonder where he got it," I said.

"I wonder how he paid for it," said Mark. "In fact, I wonder how he rates Sherwood Forest at all. I've never heard of charity cases here, and opera singers who've been 'creed' out for years are notoriously not millionaires."

I said a shade ironically, "Why not ask Dr. Calvert? Isn't Vail an old acquaintance of his?"

"I've already asked," replied Mark, the inscrutable gleam of his eyes which did not concern him. "He's as much in the dark as I am."

This incident occurred two months before the murder, and I have repeated the conversation as accurately as I can remember it, because, later, Mark's only meeting with Seifert Vail was to prove so important. He never returned to Mark's room, and I hardly saw him again until the fifth of August. On that sultry Wednesday night, James Ruxton, at the suggestion of his nephew, gave a dance for all the patients well enough to attend. As at this dance Seifert Vail made his last public appearance.

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

LAUDS MR. HAWLEY

To the Editor:

As an honorably discharged soldier of the Spanish-American war with active service overseas, I wish to express appreciation of the courageous stand taken before the Oregon Conference of Methodist ministers by our illustrious townsman and fellow citizen, W. C. Hawley. Subsequent to the offensive resolution, sponsored by the ministers, asserting their belief that "under no circumstances is war anything but murder," Mr. Hawley, as lay delegate, arose to protest the resolution in favor of the soldiers. And while his remarks were not quoted in full by Portland newspapers, eye witnesses say the ex-congressman's encomium in behalf of those who have worn the uniform of patriotism, was eloquent, dramatic and profound.

It is gratifying in the extreme to we ex-service men to know there is occasionally a citizen of Mr. Hawley's calibre, who possesses the intestinal fortitude to refuse to join in the cacophony of an emasculated pacifism, which denounces war as murder and soldiers as murderers, and who yet have sufficient red blood filtering in their veins to recite without blushing:

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Land where our fathers' pride,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring."

Many of the ex-service men of the nation are devout churchgoers and professing Christians, but we feel embarrassed to sit sheepishly in the pews and hear ourselves branded as villains and murderers by some misguided clergyman, while enjoying the heritage bequeathed to him, by those who nobly laid down their lives at Lexington and Gettysburg.

ALLEN O. HESS.

Rains Benefitting Potatoes and Corn on Mehama Farms

MEHAMA, June 28. — Mr. and Mrs. Keith Phillips are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby boy Jimmy. This is their first child. Mrs. Phillips was Beulah Ottinger of Sheridan.

The rain, while delaying the haying, has done the farmers a vast amount of good in regards to their corn and late potatoes. Very little hay is down here as yet.

HARVEST FIELD PEAS

HUBBARD, June 28. — Field peas are being harvested in this community. After they lie in windrows to dry a combine threshes them. Jake Sonnen will combine them.

FIRE DAMAGE HELD TO RESIDENCE ROOF

WOODBURN, June 28. — The Woodburn fire department was called to the farm home of Chas. Dean east of Woodburn Wednesday about 1 p. m. The residence had caught fire and burned a large part of the roof. No other damage was done due to the prompt arrival of the Woodburn truck.

Recent cases coming before Justice of the Peace Horton were: City of New Insurance Company and James P. Feller vs. Joseph Sonnen and Jacob Sonnen, which resulted in a judgment of \$150 and costs against the defendants, Jacob and Joseph Sonnen. The case was pertaining to an automobile accident which happened on Broadway road in January. A. L. Roberts paid a fine of \$5 and \$2 costs on a charge of reckless driving. S. Diebels, charged with driving without an operator's license, was fined \$5 and \$2 costs which he did not pay and was committed to the county jail. George Stahl, arrested for assault and battery on his father, Adam Scheil, was fined \$5 and \$3.50 costs. The fine was suspended.

A group of friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller called at the Miller home Saturday night to celebrate her birthday anniversary. Games were played until a late hour and refreshments brought by the guests were served. Music and singing completed the evening's enjoyment. A family picnic was held at Champeau's before honoring Mrs. Miller's birthday.

Church Reception for Aschenbrenner on Eve Departure

INDEPENDENCE, June 28. — A farewell reception party was given in honor of Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Aschenbrenner Wednesday evening in the social parlors of the Methodist church. The party featured a potluck dinner and speeches by Rev. Aschenbrenner and members of the church.

Rev. Aschenbrenner left Thursday for his new home in Warren, Ore.

MATURITY—MATERNITY MIDDLE AGE

At these three critical periods a woman needs a medicine she can depend on. That's why you should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. 98 out of 100 say, "It helps me!" Let it help you, too.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND