John's Mother Praises Doctor

There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, headachy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since, I consider him a Fig Syrup boy."

Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

Considerate of Mother.

A small lad who persists in leaving his wagon, kiddy car and other playthings on the good-natured neighbors' walk was requested in a kindly way to take his toys home.

"I don't like to take them home, 'cause mother don't want her things mussed up with my trash," was the boy's lament.

ENDS COUGH

All Should Know This Thing To Do

An Ohio woman says: "I took Glessco for a cough that had bothered me for some time and it did wonders for me. I can recommend it to everyone."

* * * * *

It is so easy to lessen suffering from coughs and colds if you knew this simple thing to do. Ask any physician—any trained nurse—about the remarkable properties of Glessco. Try it yourself and know what real freedom from coughs and colds can be. *Glessco relieves croup in babies without causing vomiting*—eases and lightens whooping cough. So keep it always at hand in your home for every member of the family. Contains no opiates. All druggists and most general stores have Glessco.

DR. DRAKE'S
GLESSCO
Cough and Croup Remedy

THE GLESSNER COMPANY (7) FREE TRIAL
Findlay, Ohio
Send me at once a liberal Free Trial bottle of Dr. Drake's GLESSCO and a copy of the book, "Diseases of Infants and Children."
Name.....
Address.....

Long Time Ago.

Morris L. Ernest arguing before the house judiciary committee for the right of an accused man to be heard in his own defense declared that to be an essential of any decently regulated society. "I call to your attention," he said, "that even before Adam and Eve were thrown out of the Garden of Eden they were granted a hearing."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Don't get crotchety about "drafts" as you grow old. Not more than one in a thousand will do any harm.

SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Record Freight Train.

What is thought to be the longest freight train ever operated was one over the Virginia railroad from Victoria, Va., to Roanoke, Va., a distance of 123 miles. The train consisted of 189 empty coal cars, eight empty box cars, two cars of gasoline, one of steel and one of asphalt. The locomotive was 2-10-10-2 mallet type and is used in handling trains of 125 to 160 loaded cars.

Effects of Gulf Stream.

Generally, the Gulf stream does not affect the eastern shore of Maryland, because the prevailing winds there are off shore and not on shore. Occasionally, however, and for short periods, the wind is on shore. At these times, especially during winter, the temperature of the air obviously is a little warmer, owing to the Gulf stream, than it would otherwise be.

Fashion's Changes.

In George Washington's day the citizens of the upper class dressed much as he did. Between 1790 and 1800 there occurred a change in the style of garb worn by men. A round hat, short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons reaching to the ankles and fastened by buttons comprised the attire of a gentleman. The hair was short and unpowdered.

Mole Fur.

The fur of the mole is best when the animal is killed in the winter season. It is also called as "prime" in midsummer, although the animal's fur is somewhat shorter then. During the molting periods in the spring and fall there is deterioration in the value of the fur.

Weather.

We can't escape weather. It is a universal experience. We are all interested in it. If, however, by a great effort, we could refrain from talking so much about it, we should doubtless make ourselves more comfortable and bore other people less.—Exchange.

Hero Who Was Spurned.

John Paul Jones, the Scotsman who became the first admiral of the United States navy, never was married because, on his first visit to the United States, the girl whom he loved refused to accept his proposal.

Kipling's Career.

Rudyard Kipling composed his first juvenile work at the age of thirteen. At twenty-six he was acclaimed a genius by the public and the writer of more best sellers than any other author of the time.

Gave Name to Flower.

The poinsettia, so popular during the holiday season, is named for Joel Roberts Poinsett of South Carolina, the first United States ambassador to Mexico. He brought it into our country from Mexico.

Unique Bird.

The water angel, a member of the thrush family, flies not only in the air but through the water. The feet of the bird are not adapted to swimming, as are those of the duck, so it uses its wings in the water.

They're Not Rare.

There is a girl in this neighborhood who is so vivacious that we often think she's doing her setting-up exercises when she's merely talking to a friend.—Ohio State Journal.

Sidestepping Trouble.

There would be a heap less trouble in the world if a lot of people only would open their mouths to put food in or have a tooth taken out.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perfect World.

The world won't be perfect until some one invents a fool-proof automobile, a rain-proof pants crease and a wind-proof sailor straw.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Life Is Easy.

Life becomes almost automatic if you tap the source of strength, of love of happiness upon which life depends.—American Magazine.

Auto Depends on You.

You can't depend on your automobile. Your automobile depends on you. So use your brains and save a life.—Atchison Globe.

All or Nothing.

It is out of the question to want to be rather good. One must be sincere and wish to be good with all one's might.—Tolstoy.

Remember This.

The only people who don't worry are those who have too much sense and those who haven't enough.—Los Angeles Times.

Thinks It's Wrong.

A man who has implicit faith in his watch often gets out of patience with the radio's "correct time."—Toledo Blade.

The Pastor Says:

He who is able to have many things stands in danger that many things may get him.—John Andrew Holmes.

WELL OR MONEY BACK

Your Piles eliminated or fee refunded—is the WRITTEN ASSURANCE we give in administering the Dr. C. J. Dean famous non-surgical method of treatment. (Used by us exclusively) Remarkable success also with other Rectal and Colon ailments. Send TODAY for FREE 100-page book giving details and hundreds of testimonials.

TREATING PILES

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC
PORTLAND SEATTLE
DEAN BLDG. 2ND & MAIN SHAFER BLDG. 4TH & PINE
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

The Double Cross

By A. E. THOMAS

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THE STORY

Jim Stanley, New York business man, orders his desk audiphone taken to his home, intending to finish his dictation there. Rollo Waterman, his partner, comes in. Both are in love with Doris Colby. Stanley proposes tossing a coin to determine which shall first propose to Doris. Waterman wins. Nina Morgan, Waterman's secretary and mistress, has overheard his conversation with Stanley and resents Waterman's plan to desert her. Waterman says he is penniless and must make a rich marriage. He urges Nina to tell Doris that Stanley has wronged her (Nina). Doris admits to her father her interest in both men, but is unable to decide which to marry. Nina tells Doris her story, exacting a promise that Doris will not tell the source of her information. Doris is convinced of Stanley's duplicity and is broken-hearted, realizing that it is Stanley she loves. Waterman proposes and Doris accepts him. Stanley accepts the situation, and as a wedding present gives his share of the business to Waterman. He arranges with his secretary, Frank Wilson, to take charge of his other business interests. He is going to India. Doris tells Waterman part of Nina's story and he promises to "try" to find the girl. Frank Wilson, aware of Waterman's crookedness, leaves his employ. The latter begins to importune Doris for money. Bromfield, the gambler, is pressing Waterman for payment of gambling debts.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

—9—

He knew that the idea was current that Waterman's transactions were not only unfortunate but that they were not all that they should be in business integrity. Not a word of all this had passed his lips. Not a word of it would ever pass his lips except upon his daughter's request. And now a new element had entered into the situation. Waterman was gambling not only in the Street, but at Bromfield's as well.

"Hm," he reflected, "there's bound to be a crash. Poor Doris!"

When Doris went to the opera that same evening she went in no gala mood. With all the will in the world she could deceive herself no longer. She knew that her marriage was a failure. She had come by this time to have a reasonably clear understanding of her husband's character. She knew, for example, that he was not truthful. Once when she had caught him in a lie she had let him see it. The result was an outbreak of temper so painful to her that she resolved never to risk it again. She did not know, of course, the exact condition of his business affairs, but from time to time her mind went back to the talk she had had with Wilson, and her heart sank.

Many eyes were turned upon her as she entered her father's box in the golden horseshoe, during the intermission after the first act. Among them were the eyes of Frank Wilson. As Wilson leveled his glasses at the Colby box, his eye caught the flash of diamonds. He had never seen Doris wearing this necklace before. In fact, she had worn it only twice before in her life. She did not care for jewels, and she had worn the necklace this evening only on her husband's request. It had been a family possession for many years and had come to her upon her mother's death when she was still a little girl.

"I wish," Waterman had said to her that morning, "you'd get out your diamond necklace and wear it to the opera tonight. You never wear the thing. What's the use of having it?"

To please him she had consented. She went after lunch to her strong box at the bank, got the jewels and carried them directly home. There she turned them over to the efficient Hetty, her personal maid. Hetty had been a fixture in the Colby household for a good many years. She had been Mrs. Colby's maid, and at her death had been attached to the personal service of Doris. At this time she was a woman of middle age, gray-haired, portly, laconic, efficient, reliable, devoted.

There were four guests at dinner—John Rawley, and his young wife, who had been at school with Doris, and Doctor Briggs and his debutante daughter.

At table Waterman drank a bit too much, but as it made him more agreeable than he had commonly been of late, Doris reflected that it was an ill wind that blew no good.

"I see," said Doctor Briggs, who sat on Doris' right, "that you're wearing your mother's famous diamonds. I can remember the first time that ever I saw them. It was at the Academy of Music in Fourteenth street. The opera was 'Dinorah.' Patti sang that night."

"Ah, yes," said Doris, "the Academy of Music. I drove past it only yesterday. There were huge signs on the front of it announcing Charlie Ray in 'Papa's Troubles.' The world moves, doesn't it?"

"It moves," said Rawley, "but whether it moves forward or backward is another matter."

"Yes," laughed Waterman, "we're on our way, but we don't know where we're going."

The debutante giggled. Presumably she did other things at times, but she did nothing else this evening. She giggled to such good effect that Waterman, who sat upon her left, acquired the idea that he was a humorist and devoted himself to her exclusively. To the debutante it appeared to be a hilarious evening. She appeared to regard "Butterfly" as a comedy.

Now "Butterfly" was one of Doris' favorite operas, but for the first time in her life she did not enjoy it. She could not fix her mind upon it. She was thinking, as she had often thought of late, of Jim Stanley. Suddenly it occurred to her that she absolutely, positively, and wholly disbelieved every single word of the story that Nina Morgan had told her. She sat up a little straighter in her chair, as the realization swept over her. It was as if she had risen suddenly, instantaneously recovered from a long and serious illness. It was amazing. There was no sense in it—yet there it was. There was no explaining it—yet disbelieve it she did, utterly.

She spent the rest of the evening as in a daze. Puccini's tragic melodies surged over her head in vain. Before the final curtain she pleaded a headache, arose, and departed. She left Waterman with her guests, waving aside his insistence upon accompanying her home. She wanted to be alone.

Yet she had not finished undressing when he arrived. Waterman appeared to be in an affectionate mood. Affection with him was a sporadic thing. It came in waves. Apparently there was a stormy sea tonight, but Doris checked him with a word.

"I'm tired," she said, "any my head aches. I want to sleep."

Doris unclasped the diamond necklace and laid it upon her dressing table.

She fell asleep thinking of Nina Morgan. That girl—why had that girl told her that terrible lie? A lie it surely was—she knew it. How? Never mind—it was a lie—it must have been. She knew it. Thus she pursued the circle of her thought, arriving always at the same conclusion until peace came to her mind, and her bosom began to rise and fall almost imperceptibly, steadily, gently, with the ease and grace of youth and health.

Through the drawn curtains of the chamber came the faintest gleam from a distant street lamp. One of its vagrant rays fell dimly upon the jewels that lay upon the dressing table. There they slept in the not quite total darkness, faintly gleaming, like a pool of molten silver at the bottom of a well, under the starlight.

* * * * * * *

It may be that Mr. Colby would have taken no further interest in the relations between his son-in-law and the Goddess of Chance had it not been for the fact that, on a certain afternoon a few weeks following his luncheon with General Leavitt at the Lawyers' club, Waterman had taken one drink too many. He had been reviewing his business situation. To ameliorate the unpleasantness of the conclusions to which this occupation had driven him he had resorted to liquid consolation. Certain of these papers, he presently reflected, would be much better off in his safety deposit box than in his desk at home. He thrust them into his pocket, filled his glass again, emptied it, and started to go out.

As he reached the hall door he stopped. Those papers—what had he done with them? His slightly clouded memory could not instantly inform him. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out the papers, identified them, and thrust them again into his pocket—all but one. That one fluttered lightly over the edge of the jardiniere and tucked itself neatly between that ornament and the baseboard. There it lay, an hour later, when Mr. Colby, having enjoyed a cup of tea and a half hour's chat with his daughter, departed from the apartment. As he opened the door his eye caught a flash of white behind the jardiniere. Stooping, he picked up the scrap of paper, glanced at it casually—then read it with care. Thoughtfully he put it in his pocket and departed.

This was why, about noon the following day, Mr. Bromfield received this communication:

"Mr. Alexander Colby presents his compliments to Mr. William Bromfield, and requests the pleasure of his company this afternoon at Number One Hundred Broadway, at half past three o'clock. R. S. V. P."

Mr. Bromfield read this communication through twice, then he leaned back in his swivel chair, thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, put his feet upon his desk, and meditated. Anyone who knew him, seeing him just then, would have realized that he was considering a knotty problem.

At a few minutes before the appointed hour Mr. Bromfield's beautiful French coupe rolled up to the sidewalk in front of Number One Hundred Broadway. He was pleasantly welcomed by the lawyer, who was evidently no stranger to him.

"Sit down, Mr. Bromfield. I must apologize for asking you to come so far downtown, but I thought perhaps our meeting would be more tactful here than elsewhere."

"I quite understand, Mr. Colby. All sorts and conditions come to your office in the way of business. As a matter of fact, after receiving your kind invitation, nothing would have kept me away."

"You are curious to know why I wish to see you?"

"I admit it."

"Ah, well," smiled the lawyer, "I counted a little on that. Will you smoke?" he added, indicating a box of perfectos upon his desk.

"Thanks, no. The temptation to smoke in my line of business is so constant that it is a case of smoke all the time or not at all, and I have chosen the latter alternative."

"Yes—yes." Mr. Colby fell into a fit of abstraction. His silence lasted so long that Mr. Bromfield thought it wise to break it.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"Oh, yes—yes—to be sure," replied the lawyer, rousing himself. "I am upon the point of asking you to do me a favor."

Now, Bromfield had begun to have a suspicion as to the character of that favor, but he only said politely, "Anything in my power, I assure you."

Mr. Colby put out his hand, drew toward him a pad of paper, took up a pencil from the desk, and proceeded to draw a series of little pictures upon the pad. "It was a way he had when conversing with clients. "I suppose," he went on, "you have heard of the theft of my daughter's necklace?"

"Naturally. Everybody has heard of it who can read the newspapers. Have you any clew?"

"None at all. The police have gone through all their customary motions. The private detectives employed by the insurance people have gone through theirs. And they have all drawn blank."

"I read in the papers," said Bromfield, "that the police were convinced from the first that it was an inside job."

"Yes, they always say that, when they fail in such a case. They feel that by such an announcement they can saddle at least a part of the blame upon the owner of the stolen gems."

"Still," said Bromfield, "you must admit that circumstances rather favor the inside theory. As I recall them, there was no evidence at all that the house had been entered. No locks were broken, no windows found suspiciously open, no evidence of the presence of a stranger in the apartment that night."

"True—true," agreed the lawyer. Another silence fell. Again it was Bromfield who broke it.

"I can see," he said, "that you have formed some theory of your own."

"Perhaps," admitted Mr. Colby. He rose, walked to the window, and looked out. When he turned again to Bromfield, he spoke easily, swiftly, like a man who has come to a decision.

"Mr. Bromfield," he said, "I do not need to beat about the bush with you. It is in connection with the theft of these jewels that I have asked you to come and see me this afternoon."

Bromfield affected surprise. "I shall be interested to see how that can possibly be," he said.

The lawyer continued: "I will not disguise from you the fact that I have a definite opinion as to the identity of the thief. I think I know his name. I shall not mention it either now or at any time. I do not desire to punish anyone, no matter whom it may be. Fortunately, since something more than one hundred thousand dollars is involved, the insurance prevents any pecuniary loss. But entirely aside from that feature of the case, the diamonds have a sentimental value for my daughter and myself."

"I know," said Bromfield. "They belonged to the late Mrs. Colby."

"Quite so, and to her mother before her. Naturally, therefore, there is a special reason for regretting their loss."

"I quite understand," agreed the sympathetic Bromfield.

"Now, we both understand," went on Mr. Colby, "that though you are in person an agreeable, cultivated and presentable individual, nevertheless your business is one which is discountenanced by the law."

"Quite true," interrupted Bromfield, defensively, "and yet I'll have you understand that I've never felt myself a criminal. All my games are on the level—they always have been. When gentlemen play at my place they have an equal chance with me, with the exception of the slight percentage in my favor which is inherent in the rules of certain games, and I never have been able to see why it should be made a criminal thing for me to allow men to risk their own money upon the chance of gaining a fortune."

"My dear Bromfield," smiled the lawyer, "we're not here to discuss the ethics of your business. What I was getting at is this, though as I say, you're a person whom it is agreeable to meet, and your personal morals are so far as I know above reproach, nevertheless I know that in your line of business it is sometimes necessary for you to come in contact with certain gentlemen who are not so scrupulous as yourself. Is that not true?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Very well then, while I share your regret, nevertheless I wish if possible to make use of this lamentable circumstance."

"In what way, may I ask?"

"In this way," replied the lawyer, busy with his pencil upon a portrait whose features somehow took on a vague likeness to those of a man of whom he was thinking at the moment. "It occurred to me that it was barely possible that in your regrettably necessary association with some of these, shall I say, declasse persons, you might by chance stumble upon some information which would enable me to recover my daughter's necklace." He stopped and glanced shrewly at the gambler.

The latter met his gaze. "It is possible," he said at length.

"In that case," went on the lawyer, "I wish to say that if you are able to recover them, I will see that you are reimbursed to the full amount of the insurance, plus any necessary expense. In addition to that, you will place me under a great obligation."

The gambler leaned forward in his chair, and fixed his keen eyes upon the other. "Understand me now, Mr. Colby—I have at present no knowledge whatever as to the whereabouts of the diamonds."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On Molding Character

Now, it is better than nothing for a bad man to have one virtuous impulse; it is better than nothing for a man in a rocky field to find one place where there is soil and where a handful of corn will grow and wave like the trees of Lebanon; it is a glorious thing for a man to know that there is something in the world besides himself, and that he is not omnipotent, omniscient, or omnipresent; it is a good thing for a man once in his life to feel little, and to know himself as he is; but how much better it would be if he could fix the vision and turn it into character!—Henry Ward Beecher.

Handclasp Defense Sign

We clasp right hands when we meet because of old when two men met it was the best way to be sure that neither could draw sword upon the other.—American Magazine.

Genuine BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

World May Some Time Get Fuel From Water

That water may one day replace coal as fuel was the prospect offered by Doctor Von Hohenau, a Brazilian delegate at the world fuel conference in London.

He stated that as the result of 15 years of study he had discovered a method of using water as fuel. He was submitting information concerning his process to the British and German governments.

Briefly, Doctor Von Hohenau claimed that by applying to water very high vibrations he was able to release the hydrogen, and then to extract further hydrogen from the oxygen. The hydrogen could then be used as a gas in the same way as coal gas is used for power purposes.

Doctor Von Hohenau said that the low cost of the process would mean the end of coal as a fuel. Eventually coal would only be useful for the chemicals it contained, which at present were largely being wasted.

Find Tropical Snake in Yellowstone Park

A rubber snake, the first of its species to be found in the Yellowstone National park, was discovered recently by a party of visitors being conducted along one of the nature trails by Ranger Naturalist Herman Albertson. The rubber snake is a northern species belonging to the same family as the boas and pythons of the tropics and is classed as a constrictor. Unlike its tropical brothers, it not only is harmless but is said to make a fine pet, as it does not attempt to bite or resent handling. The specimen discovered in the Yellowstone was small, not more than a foot in length, and was of nearly uniform diameter throughout, the tail being blunt-ended much like the head. The whole surface of its body was rather smooth, with a loose-fitting skin of plain greenish-brown above and tannish-yellow beneath. Rubber snakes seldom reach more than two feet in length.

The "Bounce" in Silk.

For the manufacture of parachutes, silk has been found to be the most desirable material yet discovered, but the United States is almost entirely dependent on other countries for its supply of silk which would be an unfortunate position in the event of war when this country would be in need of 30,000 or 40,000 parachutes. As it is we have constant use for 5,000 of these safety devices for our aviators. Silk has all the desirable qualities and above all it has what is called "bounce," which means that the material opens and spreads quickly where other materials which have been tried as a substitute have a clinging quality which interferes with the prompt opening of the parachutes.

It Would Help.

"I'm taking reducing exercises, Robert," said Mrs. Winkley.

"I wish you could induce the household expenses to join you," responded her harassed husband.

Over-Generous Souls.

Acquaintance with one or two super-generous persons never fails to emphasize the blessedness of giving over the blessedness of receiving.—Exchange.

Butter Brings Higher Prices

Biggest Creameries Say Few Cents Worth of "Dandelion Butter Color" Is Best Investment.

Dairymen everywhere are making bigger profits from their butter, nowadays. They're keeping their product that Golden June Color, which brings top prices the year 'round, by using "Dandelion Butter Color." It takes just half a teaspoonful to the gallon of cream. It's the most permeating butter color and therefore the most economical. It colors uniformly and never streaks. It's purely vegetable, wholesome and tasteless, and doesn't color buttermilk. It meets all State and National Food Laws. Large bottles are 35¢ at all drug and grocery stores. Write for FREE SAMPLE to Wells and Richardson Co., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

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Liberal Grading. Big profits for you! Paying top-notch prices for 50 years. Fur market booming. Send today for price list. Trappers' Guide FREE to shippers. McMillan Fur & Wool Co. Minneapolis, Minn.

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Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 49-1928.

Silence Preferred.

"What do you think of talking pictures?"

"There are many ancient tales afloat," said Miss Cayenne. "Talking pictures are all right. But I'm glad there aren't any in the old family album."

HELPED AT CHANGE OF LIFE

MRS. CORA CALAHAN
216 E. Ashton Ave., Grand Island, Nebr.

"I am going through the Change of Life. At times I would cry for hours. I got tired of going to the doctor so I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I had taken the first bottle I began to get better. I have taken eight bottles now. I feel that it has saved my life, also doctor's bills. I work for a family of six, washing, cooking and do all my own work. People say I look like 25."—*Mrs. Cora Calahan.*

MRS. F. C. HELMING
822 E. Harrison St., Portland, Ore.

"Lydia E. Pinkham did for me what doctors failed to do. When the Change of Life began I was very poorly. Now at 55 I do all my own work, attend two dances a week and it is hard to make people believe I am over 40. I never see a woman in ill health but I advocate your medicine because I know its value. Every woman should take it, not just for a month or two but until they have passed the critical period."—*Mrs. F. C. Helming.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.