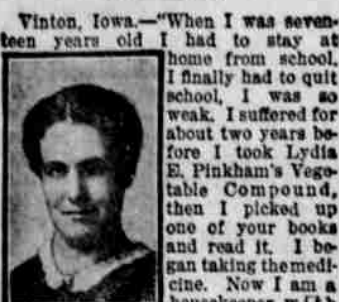


GIRLHOOD TO MOTHERHOOD

Iowa Woman Found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Always Helpful



Vinton, Iowa.—"When I was seven-teen years old I had to stay at home from school. I finally had to quit school. I was so weak. I suffered for about two years before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, then I picked up one of your books and read it. I began taking the medicine. Now I am a housekeeper with six children, and I have taken it before each one was born. I can not tell you all the good I have received from it. When I am not as well as can be I take it. I have been doing this for over thirteen years and it always helps me. I read all of your little books I can get and I tell everyone I know what the Vegetable Compound does for me."—Miss FANNY SULLERS, 610 7th Avenue, Vinton, Iowa.

Many girls in the fourth generation are learning through their own personal experiences the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mothers who took it when they were young are glad to recommend it to their daughters.

For over half a century, women have praised this reliable medicine.

For Piles, Corns Bunions, Chilblains, etc.
Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

Ability

Our national gunification today is at the feet of ability. We bend the knee to those who do things. Instead of spoiling us, money has given a greater sense of appreciation for the expression of the arts. We will not walk across the street to see the richest son of the richest man. But we will stand all evening in the back of a theater to have a wistful extra girl, raised to stardom, make us boo-hoo like saps.—O. O. McIntyre in Cosmopolitan.

COLDS

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Any cold may end in grippe or flu. Take prompt action. Take HILL'S at once. HILL'S breaks a cold in 24 hours. Because it does the four necessary things at once: Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones entire system. Colds rarely develop if HILL'S is on hand to check them at the start. They stop quickly when HILL'S is taken later. Be safe! Get HILL'S in the red box. 30 cents.

HILL'S
Cascara - Bromide - Quinine

LEONARD EAR OIL



CARBUNCLES Cause DEATH
Boils and carbuncles cause agony, sometimes death. Take no chances with home-made poisons or expensive operations. One application of CARBOLIL (a scientific antiseptic) quickly stops pain and draws out core. Get a generous tin box from your druggist today and keep it on hand. Money back if not satisfied. Don't accept substitutes—ask for CARBOLIL by name. SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Sells Everywhere. Price 25c. Parker Bros., New York.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiram Chemical Works, Patuxent, N. Y.

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.

DON'T NEGLECT
Inflamed eyelids or other eye irritations. You will find a soothing and safe remedy in MITCHELL EYE SALVE.
HALL & BUCKEL, at all New York City druggists.

DR. STAFFORD'S LIVE TAR
Remedy for CROUP and colds. Relieves coughing, hoarseness, roughing. Takes internally for inflamed membranes of throat and bronchitis tubes.
HALL & BUCKEL, New York
FOR bronchitis

Sylvia of the Minute

By
HELEN R. MARTIN
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WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Handsome, fastidious and wealthy—young St. Croix Creighton awaits his sweetheart at their trysting place. She is fifteen minutes late, this ordinary little Pennsylvania Dutch girl, Meely Schwenckton, but he awaits her eagerly. She is so demurely beautiful, he thinks, but so out of his "class." Despite her apparent innocence and ignorance, she succeeds in keeping him at a distance, to his chagrin. Meely, in the Schwenckton home, is altogether unlike the girl who meets St. Croix clandestinely, and her speech has little of the Pennsylvania Dutch accent.

CHAPTER II—Continued

The noise of Mr. Schwenckton's suddenly rising and walking to the door at the head of the stairs sent Lizzie, white and quivering, back to her dishwashing.

Meely, slowly following, took a towel and began to dry the dishes already washed, both of them waiting in tense anxiety for the entrance of "the Mister."

But Mr. Schwenckton did not at once come down. Meely and Lizzie, from where they worked, could still hear, faintly, the voices in the room above.

"I have awful afraid!" Lizzie whispered, her teeth chattering as she splashed in the dishpan. "Pop he whips so hard! It's awful good of you, Meely, to help me! Meely! If I have all done nice and clean till Pop comes down, he won't whip me so hard!"

"You poor little thing!" Meely exclaimed, working as fast as Lizzie herself. "I won't let him touch you! I'll—"

"But I have afraid that would make him do it all the harder, Meely—your takin' up for me after what his Sussie just tol' him!—how you tol' me it was a pity I wasn't old enough to run off! If you took up for me now, after her tellin' him that, he'd think I was gettin' spilt by you and that he'd have to learn me!"

"But you've done nothing! That horrible woman lies! I'll tell him how she lies! And how she imposes on you two children and overworks you. He's too fond of you, Lizzie, to allow it, once he understands. He seems so especially fond of you, Lizzie. Did he ever whip you?"

"Not yet. I'm the only one he didn't whip. Each one, as soon as they got big enough, got one awful hard whippin' and then never no more. Once was enough. After that one they never disobeyed to Pop no more. Once was enough to learn 'em. Except Sammy. On account of Aunt Rosy's bel'n' here, Sammy's had his second one. The reason Nettle and Jakey run off was that Pop was a-goin' to whip 'em if they didn't mind to Aunt Rosy, and as big-grown as what they are yet, they didn't want to take it off of him, so they run off."

"But how have you escaped, Lizzie?" "I don't know—I never seemed to do nothin' to get a whippin' for. But I know Aunt Rosy'll make him whip me tonight! I have so afraid, Meely! I'd run off to Gramma's like Nettle done if it wasn't dark night and ten miles away!"

"It's a wonder your father doesn't force Nettle to come home. He did try to, didn't he?"

"Yes, but Gramma she tol' Pop he darsen't make Nettle come home till Aunt Rosy's away a-ready. Till Sussie's well and Aunt Rosy goes, then Nettle she'll come home. But mind you what she tol' Pop yet!"

"What?" "She tol' Pop if he tried to whip her fur runnin' off, she'd run off where he couldn't find her, like Jakey done. Pop he's awful downhearted about Jakey. He don't show it much; but he is."

It was not until after Sammy had finished his supper and the table was cleared and the last dish washed and put away in the cupboard, that Mr. Schwenckton, followed by Aunt Rosy, returned to the kitchen.

Lizzie, with a faint hope of saving herself, spoke to him ingratiatingly, though she was white with fear of him. "See, Pop, how I got all the work done—all the dishes and pans—" "Yes, well, but," Aunt Rosy broke in, "look at your diapers still layin'—"

Mr. Schwenckton laid his arm around Lizzie's thin shoulders, which shrank away from his touch, for she did not know whether it meant a caress or whether he was about to lead her away for punishment.

Meely, fearing the latter (for she had been a witness to Sammy's chastisement a week ago) could not restrain herself, unwisely as she felt her interference might be. "Mr. Schwenckton, this woman doesn't tell you the truth!" she said breathlessly. "Lizzie's an obedient, willing, hard-working child!—and if Aunt Rosy can't get on with her, that's her fault and not Lizzie's. And, Mr. Schwenckton, it's a crime to put a little frail girl like Lizzie to such heavy work as washing sheets and diapers! You don't know, do you, that this little girl stands at the washtub several hours every day? Her back will be strained! I ought to have told you before, but I hated to interfere. Now, Mr. Schwenckton, you've got to put a stop to it! You must, you must!—this woman's a devil!"

"Tut, tut!" Mr. Schwenckton raised

his hand in protest against such unseemly language on the lips of a girl; and Aunt Rosy's look of deadly spite at Meely's accusation turned into a broad smirk of satisfaction. "Didn't I tell you Sam, how she's gettin' Lizzie spilt fur you? Learnin' her to swear and curse (you heard her call me a devil yet!) and to disrepute me and you—"



Then, Very Carefully, So as Not to Waken Her, He Carried Her Upstairs and Put Her to Bed.

other housekeeper; for no perfect stranger could do worse than what you do! So if there's any more trouble and if things ain't kept cleaner 'round here, I will send you packin', now mind I'm tellin' you!"

Aunt Rosy, with a look of cold, concentrated resentment at Meely, turned to go instantly upstairs to her sister—but Mr. Schwenckton checked her by the simple, but effective means of barring her way with his brawny outstretched arm. "Not up there. I won't have Sussie worried no more tonight." He pointed to the door opening from the kitchen into a small bedroom. "To your own room, Aunt Rosy."

She looked at him reproachfully. "So this here's the thanks a body gets for leavin' my own home and comin' here to work myself to the bone for you—"

"Yes, well, if you did work for us—but you don't. You make my little children do all. Puttin' a little girl like Lizzie yet to the wash-tub! Yl, yl, yl! Don't you leave me hear of such a thing again!"

"It's her," Aunt Rosy pointed vindictively at Meely, "that makes you so contrary! Takin' your children's part agin your wife's sister! And standin' by a stranger that's tryin' to keep your wife sick by washin' her and openin' windahs on her—"

"That'll do, that'll do, Aunt Rosy. It didn't need Meely to open my eyes—though for a while, there, I was awful dumb about you. But I only gotta take a look at this here crusty, through-other kitchen—and your puttin' Lizzie at the wash-tub, a child like that!—well, le' me tell you that when I come in here this evenin' and see Lizzie at that there tub standin', I felt dangerous! I didn't show it none, but for a minute there I felt dangerous! So, he concluded, "don't leave it happen again. And don't go near Sussie no more tonight."

For an instant Aunt Rosy wavered, as though weighing the possibility of defying her brother-in-law. But she

knew the futility of such an attempt. He'd simply pack her in his car and run her back to her own home; that's how he'd settle it.

So, with a parting glance of malice at Meely, she turned away and went to her bedroom.

Mr. Schwenckton stooped and, picking Lizzie up in his arms as though she were a baby, carried her across the room to a big rocking-chair, where, folded to his breast, he rocked her until she fell asleep.

Then, very carefully so as not to waken her, he carried her upstairs and put her to bed.

CHAPTER III

It was at the heavy noon meal of the next day that Meely for the first time heard Mr. Schwenckton break his own rule against complaining at the table. "Ach, Aunt Rosy, these here flies is somepin awful! Sussie she never has no flies when she house-keeps. And this here's October yet! My first wife, neither, she didn't have no flies. Leastways not in October yet! Why do you so leave the flies in? Couldn't you manage with less flies?"

"It ain't my fault that there's flies. It's that there fat farm-hand of yours that gives flies in fur me, still; fur when he goes out the door, he's so fat he can't get out quick and that lets the flies in."

"You're always got a good excuse, alint, Aunt Rosy?"

"But I don't see, Mister, why you ever got such a fat farm-hand that he gives flies in fur me and that he's too fat to set in your car and drive it for you." She diverted the conversation from flies.

"Yes, it is some onhandy that me and Absalom's both too big to drive our car easy. Us," smiled the farmer, who liked his little joke, "we gotta set in the back seat and have such a chiffooner! But, Aunt Rosy, blamin' Absalom for these here flies—no. That's goin' too far. I don't give you right. You better get after these here flies—"

"Did Absalom tell you," Aunt Rosy diplomatically interrupted, "who his compny is that's wistlin' at their place?"

This question proved effective in diverting attention from the flies.

"Why, no, he didn't speak nothin' to me that they had compny wistlin' 'em," said Mr. Schwenckton. "What makes you conceit that?—that they have compny?"

"I seen a strange shirt on their wash-line this mornin' that I reckoned wasn't Absalom's. I didn't get time to run down and ast Missus whose the strange shirt was—what with all I had to do and Lizzie not helpin' any," she whined in a tone of deep injury. "But this after, meebly, I'll get time to run down."

"That's funny, too, again—that they got a strange shirt hangin' out and Absalom not sayin' nothin' to me about compny," remarked Mr. Schwenckton reflectively.

"But couldn't the 'strange shirt' be a new one of Absalom's?" Meely asked.

"No, it ain't Absalom's size or color," Aunt Rosy pointed out.

"Do you know," said Mr. Schwenckton thoughtfully, "what I suspicion about that there strange shirt? I suspicion they're got a boarder at Absalom's, like us. I guess Marvin Creighton's boardin' with 'em since his Pop turned him out! For, you see, this here township's very handy in the center of all the schools he has to visit. Yes, I bet you that's whose the strange shirt is! It's Marvin Creighton's! So then, Meely, he jocularly added, "you better watch your step, with the school superintendent livin' right handy here in sight of us! On our own farm yet!"

Meely stared blankly for a moment, without comment; then, pulling herself together, dropped her eyes to her plate.

As Meely remained silent, Aunt Rosy prodded her for an expression of her sensations at the great news.

"I suppose," Meely at last became articulate, "my teaching, when he holds it, will give him a shock! It's not," she sighed, "according to rule. I don't know the rules! I don't know anything about teaching! I do have some ideas of my own, though—"

The sudden realization that she was talking to one of the school trustees brought her to a jolt. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Surgeon Well Placed Among Nation's Great

Selection of Dr. Ephraim McDowell as one of Kentucky's two representatives in the Hall of Fame—the other is Henry Clay—is a reminder of the great service this surgeon rendered to humanity. He blazed the way of his profession in abdominal surgery when, in 1890, he performed a difficult operation that never had been tried before, saved the patient's life and enabled his profession to save countless other lives afterward. Doctor McDowell was literally a "doctor of the old school," the type that thought nothing of the monetary return from his practice. He was an adviser of the people, often in financial matters as well as being the custodian of their health and that of their children. He was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia and had ample opportunity to study

the science in which he early decided to spend his life. After obtaining what medical education was available in America, he attended the University of Edinburgh and on his return from Europe located in Danville, Ky., in 1795 to practice. It was there that he performed the operation that made him famous.—Kansas City Star.

Never Alone

The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone.—Joseph Addison.

Italian Fascists Get Chance to See World

A young Italian who lately finished his university course and means to take up architecture as a profession has been one of the first to benefit by Mussolini's order that every Italian merchant ship should reserve two berths free on every voyage for young Italians desirous of seeing the world.

They can choose their route and the extent of the journey, paying only about 18 or 20 lire a day. This brings "the grand tour" within the reach of the professional classes and will surely serve as a liberal education.

"Book and rifle make the perfect fascist," Mussolini often reminds his young followers, and now he adds the traveler's compass to the emblems of excellence.—Chicago Journal.

For Croup What Would You Do?

Here is a physician's prescription used in millions of homes for 35 years which relieves croup without vomiting in 15 minutes. Also the quickest relief known for Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough. If there are little ones in your home, you should never be without a bottle of this valuable time-tried remedy, recommended by the best children's specialists. Ask your druggist now for Dr. Drake's Glomox, 50 cents the bottle.

The Shirker

Commander Fitzhugh Green, who has established "In New York a kind of travel bureau for outfitting explorers, said at a recent wedding breakfast:

"Explorers love exploring, but they hate the dull, hard work of getting their equipment together. They're like bachelors in a way."

"The mother of eight grown-up daughters turned to a wealthy bachelor one evening and said in a menacing voice:

"With your liking for the fair sex it's strange that you have never married."

"One voulez-vous?" said the bachelor. "A man can love flowers without wanting to be a gardener."

Mothers, Keep Your Health Up to Par

San Bernardino, Calif. — "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is such a help in motherhood, I am amazed that every woman does not take it during expectancy. Before my first child came I suffered with a continuous pain in my left side. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription strengthened me and I had a fine healthy child, without the pains that most women suffer. Also my strength returned rapidly afterwards. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic and nerve worthy of the highest praise."

—Mrs. Mary J. Queen, 252 E. 4th St. All dealers. Large bottles, liquid \$1.35; Tablets \$1.35 and 65c.



If you would be somebody in the world begin by being yourself.

Law is strong but easily broken.

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

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 Monocentricacid of Salicylic acid

Old-Timers in Line
In an old-timers' parade at Hereford, Va., J. Ludwig, eighty-two, drove a twenty-eight-year-old horse; Nathaniel Gregory, ninety, came next, driving a horse thirty-three years old. Then came Jere Moll, ninety-one, driving a horse thirty-five years old. And last came Samuel Gehret, ninety-seven, with a horse thirty-seven years old.

Relationship
"They say that pity's akin to love." "A sob-sister, I suppose."

Cuticura

Heals Irritating Rashes

Don't suffer with rashes, eczemas or irritations when Cuticura Soap and Ointment will quickly relieve and heal. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and anoint with Cuticura Ointment. Nothing quicker or safer than Cuticura Soap and Ointment for all skin troubles.

Use Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 33, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Sure Relief

TELL YOUR FRIENDS
What You Know about BELL-ANS for Indigestion

BELL-ANS

FOR INDIGESTION

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

One Explanation
Gladys—What do they mean by calling Mr. Keene an eight-by-ten business man?
Julia—They mean he is not exactly square.

CORNS

Ends pain at once!
In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 2-1928.

The Explanation
"Why did she marry Jack? I thought she valued her freedom."
"She did. But she couldn't bear to think of Jack having any."—New Haven Register.

There are no wolves in Africa, though jackals in Abyssinia and the Sudan are sometimes known as wolves.

Soil in a forested area absorbs more water and holds it longer than soil in an open area unprotected by vegetation.

Law is strong but easily broken.