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A TRUE sportsman is as careful about his pipe tobacco as he is about his lures. Why distress the poor fish and taint the pure air with a strong pipe when Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking tobacco costs so little, and is so mild and fragrant? The success of the Sir Walter Raleigh blend is due to the use of very choice Burleys, which, although mild, lack neither body nor flavor. The quality is uniform, and the gold foil wrap retains all the natural freshness and fragrance.

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How to Take Care of Your Pipe
 (Hint No. 7) Leave the stem out of the ashtray a day after cleaning your pipe thoroughly. The stem and bowl can then absorb any moisture and dry thoroughly. A pipe cleaner run through the shank also helps to keep your pipe dry. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe," Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 104. (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

IT'S 15¢—and milder

Dangerous Vacations
 A vacation should be something that you prepare for easily, enjoy thoroughly and regret not at all. Too often it turns out to be a more or less damaging experience for you and your pocketbook.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Inevitable
 My own dullness, and the dullness of others, amazes me. . . . But I am not able to do much about it.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Not Worth the Price
 If the diet isn't well planned, it just means spending money for the fun of getting sick.

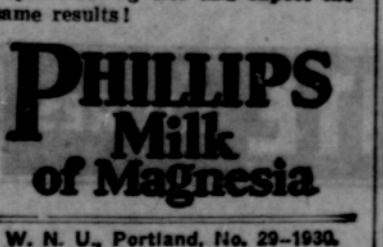
When a man earns his money he never has any to burn.



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Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort: for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!



W. N. U., Portland, Mo. 29-1930.

The Mazaroff Mystery

—By—
J. S. FLETCHER
 Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
 (©. by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)
 W. N. U. Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"You're all right?" I said eagerly. "Safe?"

"Safe—yes!" she answered. "All right, too. But—everything else is all wrong! Maythorne?—where is he?"

"Outside," I said. "The police, too! Two of them—Corkerdale and Manners."

"We've got to see the police at once!" interrupted Sheila. "Let them in, Mervyn. You'll hear everything that I say to them," she added, turning to Mr. Elphinstone. "There mustn't be any delay, either! Open the door!"

I thrust back the latch and threw the door open—the three men outside came in, wondering. The two policemen, thus admitted, appeared to lose their tongues, but Maythorne, after a first keen glance at Sheila, smiled.

"I think you're none the worse for your adventures, Miss Merchison," he said. "I hope Mrs. Elphinstone is not seriously the worse, either?"

"My mother's had a sort of collapse after she came in," replied Sheila. "The doctor says she will be all right after a night's rest. Sit down, all of you, if you please—I want to talk to you," she continued, abruptly. "You've all been wondering where my mother, and Allison Murdoch, and myself went, and where we've been since, haven't you?"

"A good deal of search has been made for you, miss," observed Corkerdale, finding his tongue. "Going on now, it is, too! What happened, if I may ask?"

Sheila looked at Maythorne and from him to me.

"Happened?" she answered. "My mother and I were kidnapped!"

Mr. Elphinstone groaned—but there was a note of triumph in his voice.

"By whom were you kidnapped, Miss Merchison?" asked Maythorne quietly.

Sheila unconsciously lowered her voice as she bent forward to answer. "Allison Murdoch!" she replied.

"And—where is Allison Murdoch?" continued Maythorne. "But—I suppose you don't know?"

"No!" answered Sheila. "I don't know!"

Corkerdale cleared his throat—the sound suggested that he thought it was high time he came in.

"What I'd wish, Mr. Maythorne," he said—"that is, Sergeant Manners and myself—would be if the young lady would just tell us what happened after she and her mother and this woman left the hotel three nights ago. Seems to me we want a consecutive narrative, as it were. Then—"

"I'm going to tell you," interrupted Sheila. "But I shall have to begin before that. I must begin where Mr. Maythorne and Mr. Holt came to Miss Apperley's flat that evening—the evening that my mother arrived here. After you two had gone," she continued, turning to Maythorne and me. "I thought a lot—a tremendous lot—about the whole business. I was very uneasy about everything—the will—the general situation. To tell you the truth, I felt that if things were going to remain where they were I should come perilously near to suspicion of my own mother. So—"

Mr. Elphinstone smote his knees with his open palms and groaned audibly. But Sheila gave him a glance and went on.

"So, eventually, I said to Miss Apperley that I was going to Short's, to have it out with my mother, if I could. I came here—I saw my mother in that bedroom."

"Alone?" asked Maythorne.

"Alone! We had a sort of row at first—she was naturally furious with me; first, for taking the will out of her possession; second, for running away to London with it and giving it to Mr. Holt. But in the end she calmed down, and eventually, when we had restored amicable relations between ourselves, she told me that I need not have been so hasty, for it was her full intention to send the will, either to Mr. Postlethwaite, who had prepared it, or to Mr. Crole, the very next day, with an account of how it had come into her possession."

"How had the will come into Mrs. Elphinstone's possession?" asked Maythorne.

"In this way," replied Sheila. "I told you and Mr. Holt that my mother was out late in the evening for two evenings in succession, and that on the second evening I stole downstairs on hearing her come in, and, unperceived by her, saw her examining a document which I afterward discovered to be the will. Her explanation was that on coming in that night she found one of the French windows in the library open, and on the carpet, just within, an envelope containing the will! She had just picked this up and was examining it when I saw her."

"To be sure—to be sure!" muttered Mr. Elphinstone. "Perfectly clear!—perfectly!"

"Proceed, if you please," said Maythorne, quietly.

"Well," continued Sheila. "I then began to talk to my mother about various possibilities as to how the will had come there. I pointed out that the possession of it, and her refusal to account for it and to reply to questions of all which is due to her natural pride and obstinacy and dislike of being coerced by anyone) would

make people—like you, for instance—suspicious about her. She cared very little about it, but we began to discuss the question of the identity of the murderer. For it seemed to me that whoever had stolen the will had previously murdered its maker! And eventually, and I think, accidentally, I told her about that Cairngorm brooch which you showed me the other night."

"Ah!" exclaimed Maythorne, with a sudden betrayal of his keen interest. "You did? Good—good! And—"

"She immediately became excited. She jumped to the conclusion that you had picked it up at the scene of the murder—"

"I did!" remarked Maythorne.

"So she suspected—and said that that of course was why you were taking care of it. Then she told me that—from my description—the brooch was one of two which Mr. Elphinstone had bought, years ago, in Scotland, and given to her. She had never worn either, as they were cumbersome and heavy; she still had one, but she had given the other away, some time before."

"Aye, and to whom?" asked Maythorne, eagerly.

"To Allison Murdoch!" replied Sheila, giving us all a swift, enveloping glance. "And of course, as soon as I heard that, I saw through the whole sordid business. Allison Murdoch was the guilty person! She had murdered and robbed Mazaroff; she had dropped that brooch at Reiver's den; she had thrown the will into the library at the tower—the one fatal mistake she made for her own chances—and . . . I told my mother my conclusions. And then I fetched Allison Murdoch in, and accused her—pointblank!"

There was a murmur that seemed to denote a mixture of interest and of admiration from the two policemen; Corkerdale, who sat twiddling his thumbs and watching Sheila intently, smiled broadly.

"You plumped her with it, miss?—straight out!" he exclaimed. "Yes—yes?"

"Straight out!—there and then," asserted Sheila. "But let me tell you why—in addition to what I've already told. During the last few minutes of my talk with my mother I'd been thinking, harder and quicker than I'd ever thought in my life. Now, I remembered something about Allison Murdoch and about her family. Although my mother rarely mentioned such matters to me, I knew more about Marrasdale and my father's connection with it than she had any idea of—I had picked up a lot of knowledge and gossip from the old people round about us. And I knew that my father, Andrew Merchison, was well known in those parts before his marriage, and that his people had been folk of some consequence there. I knew, too, that Allison Murdoch's family had been there a long time, too, and that between it and my father's people there was a deadly enmity, arising out of—"

"Land!" interrupted Mr. Elphinstone. "Land! The Merchison lot did the Murdochs out of a bit of land—some years ago. Piece of oppression and chicanery—but it was done. Unforgivable, of course—in the minds of these Border people. Feud! Land feud! Such things are remembered for ever."

"They rankle," said Sheila. "There was blood shed over it at the time—a Merchison shot a Murdoch; though not fatally. All that's well known—Mr. Elphinstone knows all about it—"

"Country-side gossip to this day," agreed Mr. Elphinstone. "There are men and women there in Marrasdale who remember it—"

"Well," continued Sheila, "it struck me that Allison Murdoch, who is a silent, grim, reserved, determined woman, probably not only remembered it, but, if she got the chance of revenge, would take it without hesitation. I figured it all out this way. Allison Murdoch, when Mazaroff, who, of course, was really Andrew Merchison, came to the Woodcock, was helping there: helping with the cooking and so on. She saw him, and recognized him. She no doubt got acquainted with his habits and knew that he strolled out on the moors, after dark. Now,

"Ornery" Long Employed to Express Contempt

"Ornery" and "onery" are corrupted forms of "ordinary." They are dialect or colloquial terms meaning insignificant, low, mean, contemptible, and they express a higher degree of contempt and disapprobation than "ordinary" does. "Ornery" as a contraction of "ordinary" was a common provincialism in England in the time of the Stuarts, although it is now nearly obsolete. We find the phrase "upornery" in the Easthampton records as late as 1679. In Ireland and the United States this form persists in the still more corrupted forms of "ornery" and "onery," which were brought to the American colonies and perpetuated largely by Irish and Scotch Irish immigrants, who settled in the South and West. This explains the fact that "ornery" and "onery" are generally regarded as southernisms or westernisms. In 1820 the New York Constellation published the following as a southern expression: "You ornery fellow! Do you pretend to call me to account for my language?"—Pathfinder Magazine.

Hearing Insects Feed

"You wrote recently in this column," writes a correspondent to "Looker-on" in the London Daily Chronicle, "that one of your readers heard snails eating. I have never heard them, but I have heard snails and caterpillars eat. Snails make a scratching noise. Caterpillars crunch. The caterpillars of the privet hawk moth make quite a loud noise, and I have often heard them when sitting in the garden, and they have been eating the lilac leaves." Other correspondents state that they have heard snails feeding.

Fresh Air and Warmth

The public health service says that fresh warm air of a proper degree of moisture and free from appreciable drift is now recognized as essential to indoor workers. The old idea that a cold room necessarily contains fresh air and that comfortably warm rooms necessarily contain bad air has been discarded.

Alaska's Coastline

Alaska has more than 23,000 miles of coast.

she didn't live at the Woodcock—she lives at a cottage of her own, on the way to Birnsdale. I came to the conclusion that having made up her mind to revenge the old feud on Andrew Merchison, she watched for her opportunity. On the night of the murder she saw him go out and take the path towards Reiver's den. She abstracted Mazaroff's gun from the parlor and followed him—and shot him. And—"

"A moment!" interrupted Maythorne. He glanced at the two policemen. "Corkerdale and Manners will understand the meaning of a question I want to put to you," he continued. "It's this—does this woman, Allison Murdoch, at all resemble your mother, Mrs. Elphinstone?"

"Very closely!" answered Sheila. "They're of the same height and build, anyway—very similar in figure and not at all unlike in general appearance."

"One could easily be mistaken for the other in the dark, eh?" asked Maythorne.

"I should say, very easily," asserted Sheila. "In fact, I have so mistaken them, myself."

Maythorne turned to the policemen. "That accounts for what Eccleshare and Parslave saw—or believed they



"Straight Out!—There and Then," Asserted Sheila.

saw," he remarked in an undertone. "Eh?"

"Seems so—to me," answered Manners. "Yes—I should say it did."

Corkerdale, however, said nothing; he was still watching Sheila. "You were saying, miss—?" he suggested.

"Well—I was going to say that that seemed to me a good ground for suspecting her, taking other things into consideration," continued Sheila. "But I had another ground. It was well known—it had already got talked about. He was careless about displaying his wealth—I myself heard, as people do hear things in villages, that he left large sums of money and even diamonds lying about on his dining table. Now, I knew that Allison Murdoch is a covetous, avaricious, grasping woman; miserly to the last degree. If she murdered Andrew Merchison out of revenge, she was just the sort of woman to rob his dead body of everything on it out of sheer greed! She is, I say that sort—"

"A hoarder!" muttered Mr. Elphinstone. "A saver of farthings! I think you're quite right, Sheila. But murder—dear me!"

"Well, that's the conclusion I came to," said Sheila, "and these were my reasons. In the few minutes in which I thought all this out, I came to the absolute definite conclusion that Allison Murdoch had shot Andrew Merchison, had robbed him of his money, valuables, and papers, and that it was she who had thrown his will into the open window of Mr. Elphinstone's library, where my mother had picked it up. And, as I said at the beginning, as soon as I'd arrived at that conclusion, I called her into my mother's room—that room!—and accused her of the murder!"

Mr. Elphinstone treated us to one of his groans. But Corkerdale, unconsciously, edged his chair nearer to Sheila.

"Now this is where the really interesting part comes in, miss!" he

said. "You charged her! What might she reply, now?"

"She denied it, of course—indignantly," answered Sheila. "She was for flouncing out of the room, to complain to Mr. Elphinstone. Then she changed her mind, and said she'd go to her own room, pack her things, and leave the hotel. I soon settled her, though!"

"Aye?—and how, miss?" asked Corkerdale, still more interested.

"I told her that if she attempted to leave that room until I'd finished with her, I'd ring the bell, send for the police, and give her in charge!" said Sheila. "And I should have done so—nothing would have stopped me. That calmed her down—she knew me! Then I talked to her. I pieced things together finally. I told her that her Cairngorm brooch had been found on the scene of the murder—"

"How did she take that?" interrupted Maythorne.

"She turned very pale," replied Sheila. "But almost instantly she retorted that my mother had an exactly similar brooch—why wasn't she suspected? I replied that my mother never wore the other brooch—evidently she, Allison, did. Then I went on to rub it into her, frightening her all I could. My mother, on her part, begged her to tell of anything she knew. Finally, on my telling her that unless I got some explanation, I should give her in charge there and then, she admitted that she knew—something!"

"Ah!" said Maythorne. "Something!"

"Something!" repeated Sheila. "And having admitted that, she made a strange offer—though I'm bound to say that it didn't seem so very strange at the time. She pointed out that she was alone there in London, that she was, in a degree, at my mercy. Then she reminded us that she had a brother here in London, a man who left Marrasdale years ago, and who had, she said, a business in the Harrow road—"

"Aye, to be sure!" muttered Corkerdale. "The Harrow road?"

"And she made us an offer," continued Sheila. "She said that if we would go with her, there and then, to her brother's house, and allow her to consult with him first, she'd tell us the absolute truth about all that she actually knew. We were fools enough to go—and we set off at once, without telling anybody. We expected, of course, to be back in a very short time."

"What happened, miss?" inquired Corkerdale.

"We left the hotel and got a taxicab round the corner of the next street," continued Sheila. "Allison Murdoch told the driver where to go. I know where the Harrow road opens in Edgware road at Paddington Green; we went a long, long way beyond that. At last we got out—"

"A minute, miss," interrupted Manners. "When you got out, did you happen to notice if you were being followed? By another taxicab, now?"

"I did see a taxicab pull up on the other side of the street lower down," replied Sheila. "I noticed that while my mother was paying our man."

Manners sniffed, and whispered to his colleague—an audible whisper. "That 'ud be—him!" he said. "Tracked 'em! Beg pardon, miss for interrupting you."

"We walked up the road a little way," continued Sheila. "Then we turned into a side street, and into a still smaller street that ran off that—a dark, gloomy street. Outside one of the houses, Allison Murdoch asked us to wait a few minutes while she went in. We did. She was away perhaps five minutes. Then she came out and fetched us in. It was a dark, gloomy house—as gloomy as the street outside. She took us into what seemed to be a back bedroom, on the ground floor, where there was a dim light from a gas bracket, and asked us to wait a few minutes longer. Then she went out—and that was the last we saw of her."

Corkerdale, still twiddling his thumbs, took his eyes off Sheila for the first time. He cast them up to the ceiling, and stared at whatever he saw there, thoughtfully. Manners, however, let out one word, sharply: "Trapped!"

"Of course we were trapped," asserted Sheila. "We deserved to be!—anyhow, I did. We hadn't been in that room five minutes before we knew it. We heard the door locked from outside, and what seemed to be a bar put across it, too. I immediately flew to the window and tore the blind and the curtains away. Then I saw that there were heavy shutters across the window—on the outside—and I found the sashes of the window itself were nailed down. We were trapped indeed! Horrible!"

"What happened?" asked Maythorne, softly. "In brief."

"In brief—yes," said Sheila. "I'm not going into details of that horror for anything—now, at any rate. I beat on the door, but there was no reply—everything was quiet enough. After an hour, a panel that I'd noticed in one of the walls—the sort of thing, a hatch, you know, that communicates between a kitchen and a dining room, was suddenly slipped open, and a hand and arm thrust in a big basket and dropped it on the bed. Then the panel was banged to, again, and I heard it secured. There was food—plenty of it, and good—in the basket, and a couple of bottles of wine—good claret—and glasses and a corker. So we weren't starved. But there we were, trapped!—until this evening—two nights and two days. We never saw anybody. Each evening another basket was dropped in, so suddenly that we'd no chance to seize the hand that dropped it, or to get a glimpse of it adjoining room. We neither saw nor heard anything. All the time."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

This Week
 by ARTHUR BRISBANE

Work Starts at Last We Don't Take Advice Women in Business A New Jersey Ghost

Work has actually started on the Boulder Dam. Good news. Probably, the power and water, in the end, will be owned by private individuals, paying a small sum to the Government in proportion to cost, padding the power and water to the public for all the traffic will bear.

But, at least, the water and the power will be used. That is a start.

Later, if the people have brains enough to run their own affairs as efficiently as the corporations that exploit them, they will know what to do about Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals and other properties. Once men did not own their own bodies or lives. They do not yet own their natural resources. But they will, some day.

Lindbergh gives the League of Nations transit section detailed suggestions for aviation. Standardization of airways, uniform markings and signals, a comprehensive meteorological and radio reporting system, uniform regulations for clearing are suggested.

The recommendations are sound, but the people are too busy to pay attention to recommendations, from no matter how high a source.

Except in California and a few other states, we have not been able to agree on a code of automobile signals. In the great State of New York, for instance, when a man puts his hand out and wiggles it, you won't know whether he will turn to the left, to the right, stop dead or back up.

Mrs. Edison wants women to go back to the home because they "lose prestige in business."

"Deep down in her heart, every woman wants a home," the distinguished lady told her hearers. That is true, but every home needs a man to support it and protect it.

Between "losing prestige" and washing dishes and clothes for an incompetent male, the intelligent woman decides to relinquish a little prestige.

If every one could find a husband like Thomas A. Edison the problem would be easy.

Miss Martha L. Connole, lady lawyer, replying to Mrs. Edison's statement, asks:

"The home, where is that?"

Woman has been kicked out of the home, according to Miss Connole, and finds it hard to succeed in business because "chivalry has fallen into the ash can."

"When you see a woman working," says Lawyer Connole, "some man has fallen down on the job of providing for her support."

West Long Beach, N. J., thinks it has a ghost. It was first seen a week ago Sunday night by a party of young people in an automobile. They threw stones at the white figure and swear that it stood ten feet high.

A few days later, at midnight, 3,000 people waited in a graveyard, borrowing courage from each other.

Twice previously the ghost had rushed and scattered small groups of watchers.

This time, of the 3,000, only half a dozen women saw the spook.

Two thousand nine hundred and ninety four, including the police, saw nothing. That's about the average for ghosts, in real tests.

A German scientist startles Berlin with a long range loudspeaker that causes a great orchestra to be heard for twenty-five miles in all directions. A Chicago band could play in the Loop, and be heard with painful distinctness on the north, south, and west sides, and twenty-five miles out into Lake Michigan.

Think, then, as the old Puritans used to say, when describing Hell, how it will be hereafter.

Think of Gabriel's horn that will be heard 25,000 miles in all directions, around the world, bringing the dead from their graves and reassembling the disintegrated elements into which they will have been dissolved. That will be a real loud speaker.

Mr. Burr, research director of Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, feels effectively with the gar, a cannibal fish shaped like a snake, that destroys great quantities of good fish.

Mr. Burr attracts the cannibal with a 200-watt spotlight, and the gar, swimming near the surface, is caught in a net charged with electricity, stunned, sinks to the bottom and suffocates. It cannot live in deep water.

Respectable fish caught in the net are not injured. Destruction of the gar will save endless millions of good fish.

If only that could be tried on warlike nations!

Twenty-five thousand pupils in 274 Bible schools are to be taught "The Evils of Liquor" and the desirability of leaving whisky alone, quite apart from prohibition.

Every boy and girl in this "dry land" needs that teaching. It should begin in the graveyard, made prosperous by bootleggers, continue in hospital wards, at wind up at the "social function," where Americans of all ages, make fools of themselves and show that they despise the law.

PAINS

No matter how severe, you can always have immediate relief!

BAYER ASPIRIN

Uncover Ancient City

The French government and Yale university are uniting in the work of uncovering the ancient city of Doura on the Euphrates river. The scientists have been excavating for about a year and the objects unearthed are said to have thrown new light on the little-known area of 300 A. D., as well as the obscure Parthian civilization.

Up to the present time the finds consist mainly of parchment records, of no importance in themselves, being mostly minor legal documents, but of great value in supplying names of officials and other data of the city.

Japanese Corn Flax for quick relief.

A Soft, Clear Skin gives beauty and freshness to your complexion. Use this skin-purifying, softening and shampoo soap daily.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

Contains 33 1/2 per cent Pure Sulphur

HIPs: Blue Dye, Black and Brown, 50c

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Make Profitable Use of Time to Get Results

Sometimes we are so utterly dull and out of touch with the stimulus of life that we complain how time hangs upon our hands. The truth is, time neither flies nor remains still. It moves onward at exactly the same rate today as it did a million years ago. What is happening is an alteration in our reaction to time. All these points of view arise out of a changed state of our mind. One moment we see things one way—the next the same things have an entirely different color. That is why, one day, time seems to be fleeting, and another to drag.

Time is always with us, and all we have to do is to occupy ourselves in a way that will produce the best and greatest results. This means thinking on a constructive basis, so that every moment of life is spent in such a manner as to have in it but a minimum of waste.—Exchange.

Roll Over, You're Dreaming

"What's your idea of an ideal place for a vacation?"

"A place where the fish bite and the mosquitoes don't, and where neither the bees nor hotel keepers sting you."

Ant Sets an Example

People who are too busy to take a vacation should learn from the lowly ant. Consider the ant. There is nothing busier than an ant, and yet it always finds time to go to picnics.—Judge.

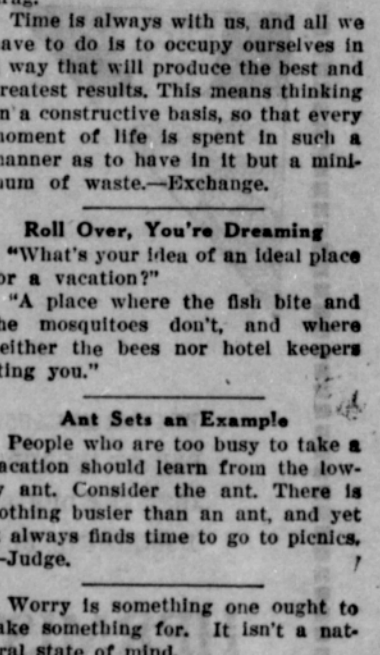
Worry is something one ought to take something for. It isn't a natural state of mind.

Looks Young, Feels Fine

"Eight years ago before my last baby was born, I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I got such good results that I named her Catherine Lydia. I have six older children and five grandchildren, too. I am 44, but people tell me I look much younger. I am now taking the Vegetable Compound again because of my age. I eat and sleep better and I do all my housework, and my washing. I will do my best to answer letters."—Mrs. H. Dolhonde, 6318 York St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

W. N. U., Portland, Mo. 29-1930.



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