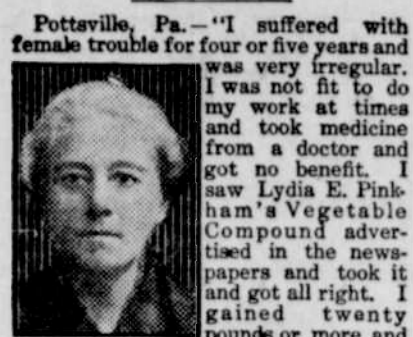


ABLE TO DO HER WORK

After Long Suffering Mrs. Siefert Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Pottsville, Pa.—"I suffered with female trouble for four or five years and was very irregular. I was not fit to do my work at times and took medicine from a doctor and got no benefit. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and took it and got all right. I gained twenty pounds or more and now I am able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. SALLIE SIEFERT, 313 W. Fourth Street, Pottsville, Pa.

The everyday life of many housewives is a continual struggle with weakness and pain. There is nothing more wearing than the ceaseless round of household duties and they become doubly hard when some female trouble makes every bone and muscle ache, and nerves all on edge.

If you are one of these women do not suffer for four or five years as Mrs. Siefert did, but profit by her experience and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Vaseline Carbolated

An antiseptic dressing for cuts, sores, etc.—A necessity where there are children. AVOID SUBSTITUTES. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. State Street New York

Bad Stomach Sends Her to Bed for 10 Months

Eaton Gets Her Up!

"Over a year ago," says Mrs. Dora Williams, "I took to bed and for 10 months did not think I would live. Eaton helped me so much I am now up and able to work. I recommend it highly for stomach trouble." Eaton helps people to get well by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases that put the stomach out of order. If you have indigestion, sourness, heartburn, belching, food repeating, or other stomach distress, take an Eaton after each meal. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Cuticura Soap SHAVES Without Mug

Alcoholic Anthology. "Did you ever see any sense to that old song, 'Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes?'" "I never did," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Nobody I ever knew in the old days was satisfied to say, 'Here's lookin' at you' without the customary accompaniment."—Washington Star.

Feel All Worn Out?

Has a cold, grip, or other infectious disease sapped your strength? Do you suffer backache, lack of ambition, feel dull and depressed? Look to your kidneys! Physicians agree that kidney trouble often results from infectious disease. Too often the kidneys are neglected because the sufferer doesn't realize they have broken down under the strain of filtering disease-created poisons from the blood. If your back is bad, your kidneys act irregularly, and you feel all run down, use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A Utah Case. John Mathias, retired farmer, 8 Second St., Brigham, Utah, says: "I suffered from severe attacks of backache. Sometimes it was hard for me to get up from a chair or from a stooped position. My kidneys caused me more or less trouble. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and in a few days the backache left and my kidneys became normal."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Deep-Seated Coughs

Develop serious complications if neglected. Use an old and time-tried remedy that has given satisfaction for more than fifty years.

PISO'S

NAVAL AIRMAN TELLS OF TRIP

Thrilling Story of the Adventure of the Balloonists Who Were Lost in Wilds of Canada.

DEATH NEAR WHEN RESCUED

Lost to the World 29 Days in All—Wandered Four Days in the Woods With Nothing to Eat Except the Pigeons They Had With Them.

Mattice, Ont.—After being lost to the world for 29 days, four of which were spent wandering in the woods, the three navy balloonists, Lieuts. Farrell, Hinton and Kloor, arrived here. Lieut. Farrell told the following story of their adventures: Lieut. Farrell's story of the flight and wanderings of the trio begins with the morning hours in Rockaway naval air station on December 13 and goes on through the flight, the landing, and up to the meeting with the Indian at Moose Factory who saved their lives. "It was just an ordinary balloon hop," Farrell began. "It was for training. Hinton told me after we left that the gas in the balloon was ten days old, stale and impure. "Hinton called me up at about twenty minutes to 12 (December 13) and told me I could come on flight if I wanted to. No special orders are needed. We just got permission from Commander Cummings of the post and Executive Officer Douglas. "I am senior officer of the three, but Kloor was in command of the flight, as he is a balloon officer and I am a gunnery officer. I have been in aviation for three years and have flown in every kind of aircraft. We left at 1 p. m.

Left With Four Pigeons. "We had four pigeons; we let the first one go with a message for the Brooklyn navy yard. "Hinton and Kloor had heavy underwear and uniforms under their flying suits. I had only the underwear and the flying suit. I had a grip with my uniform and some other things in it. We had eight sandwiches and two thermos bottles of hot coffee. None of the underwear was electrically heated. "We expected to land next morning in upper New York state. We had no maps or charts except a railroad map of the Canadian Quebec Central line, which I bought. We had three chances to land before we did. We did stop once at Wells, N. Y. "We made fast to a tree near a light. It was in a window of a farmhouse. A man came along and we asked him where we were. He told us, but he could not say what big town we were near.

Kloor Game to Go On. "We cast loose and went up again. It rained and blew during the night. We could have landed at Ottawa at 11 p. m. We saw the lights of a big city. But Kloor is just a kid and he was enthusiastic about a long flight. We all agreed that we ought to do a decent flight. There had been rain from Wells on. "The wind was north by west. That night it blew hard and rained. There was no sign of civilization. But we thought it would be all right in the morning. At daylight we saw only forests. The rain had calmed down. There were low clouds and fog. "The rain stopped at 8 a. m. (December 14). We ate all our food during the night. We had two packages of cigarettes and one box of matches, but you cannot smoke in a hydrogen balloon. We realized we were in bad that morning.

Explains Flying Technique. Here Farrell paused to give a brief explanation of the technique of balloon flying. "You have a lot of expendable ballast," he said. "We had twenty-one sandbags weighing thirty pounds apiece. At first the balloon rises with all the cargo. Then it begins coming down as the gas deteriorates. When you are down too low you throw out a sandbag and that sends you up again. "When all the ballast is gone you go up for the last time and have to come down as soon as the gas begins to weaken. "Our twenty-first bag went over that morning. After that we had to throw out equipment to keep up. We hauled in the drag rope which is used in making landings and cut it into several pieces. We used each piece as ballast. It was not very long before the last piece went over the side. "At 11 a. m. the sun came out and heated up the gas in the balloon; that makes the gas expand and sends the balloon up. "We were fighting to keep in the air. All we saw was trees, lakes, and snow. It was about 1:30 p. m. that we saw a shack in the woods. At least we thought it was a shack. We

were in doubt about this until we heard a dog bark. "I took bearings with the compass on the shack and the place where the dog barked. We decided to land. We were in low clouds about 1,000 feet high. The wind was north by west, the sun had been heating up our bag and we began to go up. We reached 6,500 feet. It takes a long time to go from that height.

Make a Bad Landing. "The clouds were below us and above us. We got down about two o'clock. It was a bad landing and we were pretty badly shaken up. We were not hurt or thrown out, but the basket was smashed against the ground.

"The balloon caught between the trees. We had taken the pigeons into the basket to protect them from the landing. Usually they ride in a cage tied outside of the basket. The weather was clear and nearly freezing. "All three of us stepped out of the basket in our flying clothes. I took the grip. We were soaking wet. Kloor took the pigeon cage. We started off at a terrific pace to get where the dog barked. We did not stop to inspect the balloon. From the bearings I took in the balloon we figured the dog to be south by east from us.

Start on Long Trek. "We started through the forest on that line. I carried my grip for one day. We went on until dark and made a fire. I smoked two cigarettes while we rested; so did Kloor. Hinton did not smoke. "We did not eat that day; we carried the pigeons until the next day. There was some snow on the ground, so we got a lot of pine brush to lie on and I picked a lot of rotten wood with my penknife. We had no firearms—only the knife and the box of matches.

"Hinton went on a little to find a stream. While he was gone he laid off his flying suit to make better headway and he could not find it on his way back. "That night I slept next to Hinton. He was next to the fire. I was on the outside. Kloor lay off to one side and slept. We got on fine together in the forest. Hinton and I didn't sleep. We got up at daylight.

They Eat First Pigeon. "We ate a pigeon that morning, December 15. We cleaned a pigeon and cooked it. We divided it in three parts, a couple of mouthfuls apiece. We drank water out of moose tracks and holes in the ground. That is what probably made me sick the next day. We started off, I carrying my grip.

"We came to a creek that day (the Indians call this stream the Nescohaga). Hinton was leading and kept moving too far to the west. "I proposed to him to go southeast. In 30 minutes we got to the creek, which was not frozen over, so we had to go through the bank of the creek. I had a hunch that night might have frozen up the creek and I left them to go down and try it out. "The distance covered that afternoon was not more than three miles. Next day (Thursday) almost the same story was repeated at nightfall, their distance from the "hypothetical" village being still as undetermined as when they made their landing.

Friday proved to be the lucky day. In the morning Tom Marks, a Cree Indian trapper, who was inspecting his traps on the outskirts of the settlement of Moose Factory, an island in the bottom of James bay, noticed tracks which he judged to have been made by three white men. His curiosity getting the better of the native Indian timidity in the presence of the unusual, Marks followed up the tracks until early in the afternoon he came upon the three balloonists.

Kloor's Story of Trip. "The first days out were the worst," said Lieutenant Kloor, describing their experiences. "We had practiced walking with snowshoes at Moose Factory while we were there and thought we were experts with them, but after going a day on the trail changed our minds. It was quite stormy, too, and the first week we were out we encountered three severe blizzards. "On Sunday a week ago it became so bad we were compelled to retrace our steps for more than a mile. We also found that the dogs we had with us were inadequate for the load we were carrying and had to send back for more. The weather, however, was not very cold. We had lots of moose meat to eat and I think we are all feeling fine.

"What scientific values to be derived from your trip?" was asked. "The main scientific fact demonstrated," replied Kloor, "is that a balloon of 35,000 cubic feet capacity can remain in the air for more than twelve hours. We were in the air for twenty-five hours and could have remained there longer. Further than that I think nothing ought to be said until we report to our superiors."

Dogs Hail the Arrival. Kloor, a blue-eyed, ruddy young fellow who looked to be in the pink of condition, was the first to arrive. He came whirling around the bend of the Missanaibi into the town, riding on the dog sled, with Sam Salisbury, Toronto explorer, who had gone to meet him.

The howling of huskies tethered before Indian huts here was the first warning of the party's approach. A moment later Kloor's sled came over the snow. He was bundled to the eyes in the garb of the country—mackinaw, moccasins, wool cap and muffler—and no one recognized him until he had slid stiffly from his sled and introduced himself. "I feel fine. We're all all right. All I ask is that I get to a fire," he said.

Trivial Accident Brings Disaster. The gypsy moth has caused a great deal of trouble in this country, and much money and energy have been spent in the effort to exterminate it. The trouble started when a French naturalist named Trouvelot, residing in the town of Malden, Mass., left a paper box containing gypsy moth eggs on a window ledge and it blew off. That was in the early eighties, and he was making experiments with various kinds of caterpillars as silk spinners.

was very weak. I felt like vomiting. Hinton was nauseated, his stomach was very bad, but our heads were as clear as they are right now.

"If we had had a definite object we could have gone fifty or a hundred miles without so much distress. We saw so much of the same sort of woods that it appeared we were not going anywhere. But we were not going in circles because we were steered by the compass zigzagging through the wood. That counted against us.

"I began to lag behind pretty much and Hinton suggested that I take off my flying suit. I did, and walked in my underclothing the rest of the trip. "Hinton wrapped my suit around him as a sort of blanket. Just before noon I had a nasty fall over a tree trunk into a hole three feet deep. I was bruised and scratched but I got up alone.

Hunch Fails to Help Out. "We didn't eat at noon and made fire and warmed up and started off again all together. We were pretty blue when we camped the third night. Our hunch about the third being the lucky day flattered.

"Hinton said, 'Let's write some letters and put them in our pockets,' but I said, 'No, we'll have plenty of time to do that.' "Hinton could hardly hold his head up. It was very cold and it sure was our worst night. We slept again with Hinton near the fire and me on the outside. I had the flying suit on, but it was too cold to lie still, and I would get up often.

"When I did Hinton did too, and we would both sit near the fire for a while. Kloor slept fine, almost in the fire. He kept getting his feet in the fire and we would have to pull them out. "Next morning we kidded the kid—that's what we called Kloor—and told him he had been hogging the fire. Hinton had the matches, because he knows how to light a fire. We were careful with the matches. We would go stiff when it took Hinton two matches to get the fire going.

Trio in Bad Shape. "Kloor had lots of pep after his night's sleep and Hinton was in bad shape. I was a bit better off than Hinton, but not much. We started off without food along the bank of the creek. I had a hunch that night might have frozen up the creek and I left them to go down and try it out."

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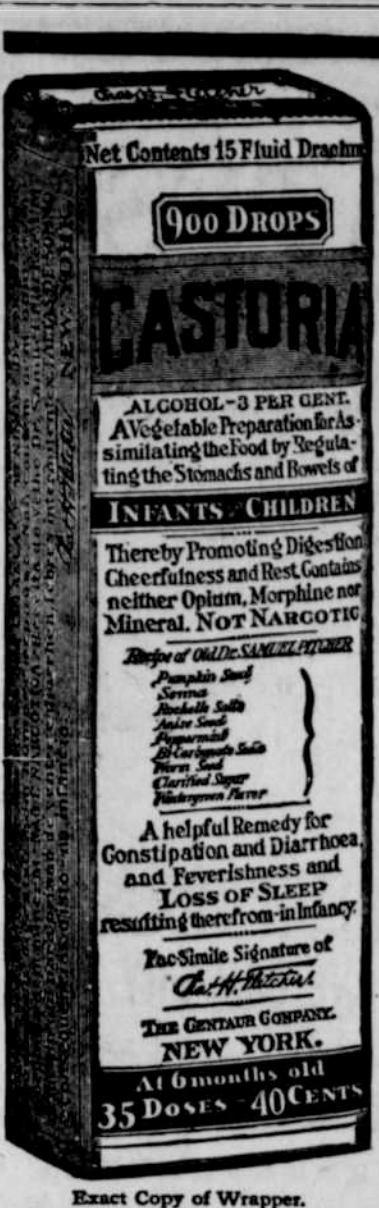
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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Wm. H. Stearns In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

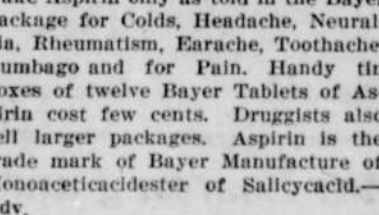
16799 DIED

Just to Impress Him. A Jew in Russia was ordered twenty strokes with the knout. The whipping-man was also a Jew, so the other was able to "square" the affair for 20,000 roubles.

It was arranged that the one should merely crack his whip while the other screamed. This was done nineteen times—but the twentieth stroke was genuine. "Why did you do that?" cried the victim. "To let you realize what a bargain you have got," the other said.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. Adv.

The Inevitable Tune. "Daddy," pleaded the sweet young thing, "can't I have an automobile? You can buy one for a song." "Yes," grunted her harassed parent, "and I know what that song will be—'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse.'"—American Legion Weekly.

Kill That Cold With HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE

FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous. Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze. Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache. Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

Look Out for Rheumatism As Winter Approaches

So many cases of Rheumatism come from a tiny disease germ that infests the blood, that physicians are beginning to realize that this source of the disease is becoming quite prevalent. Of course a disease that has its source in the blood cannot be reached by local remedies applied to the surface. One remedy that has given splendid results in the treatment of Rheumatism is S.S.S., the fine old

blood remedy that has been sold by druggists for more than fifty years. S.S.S. acts by driving out of the blood the disease germ that causes Rheumatism, thus affording real relief. Begin taking S.S.S. today and if you will write a complete history of your case, our medical director will give you expert advice, without charge. Address Chief Medical Adviser, 161 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

OF INTEREST TO EVERYBODY

The first bicycle driven by pedals was made in Paris in 1869. Ecuador takes its name from the fact that it is situated on the equator. Oil production in the United States increased 25,000,000 barrels in the last year. The West Indian crab is born in the sea, matures in fresh water and then passes the remainder of its life on dry land. Scotch interests are planning to obtain 4,000 electrical horsepower by harnessing three lakes, and to utilize the waterpower running to waste in the watershed of the Tay. As a form of hazing, "piebes" at the United States Naval academy at Annapolis who are unable to guess the daily dessert are forced to eat their meals sitting on the floor under the table.