SICK WOMEN SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED

Letters Like This Prove the Reliability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Turtle Lake, Wisconsin. — "I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness, backache and nervousness. I had these troubles for years and had taken other medicines for them, but I have found no medicine so good as the Vegetable Compound and I recommend it to my friends who have troubles similar to mine. I saw it advertised and thought I would try it and it has helped me in all my troubles. I have had six children and I have taken the Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound before each one was born, for weakness, vomiting, poor appetite and backache, and again after childbirth because of dizzy headaches. It is a good medicine for it always helps me. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for the last eight years for constipation." — Mrs. MABEL LA POINT, R. F. D. No. 1, Turtle Lake, Wisconsin.

In a recent canvass, 98 out of every 100 women say they were benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

His Editorial Work

"Your husband is editor of the Clarion, is he not?" asked a newcomer of Mrs. Dinks.

"Yes."

"And as you have no family, and have considerable leisure on your hands, you assist him now and then in his editorial work, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the brisk little woman, hiding her berry-stained fingers under her apron. "I edit nearly all his inside matter."—Everybody's Magazine.

There appears to be two important perils to look out for in crossing a pasture: A bull and lightning.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

"My Rheumatism is *gone* ——"

"THERE are thousands of you men and women, just like I once was—slaves to rheumatism, muscle pains, joint pains and horrible stiffness. I had the wrong idea about rheumatism for years. I didn't realize that increasing blood cells had the effect of completely knocking out rheumatic impurities from the system. That is why I began using S. S. S.! Today I have the strength I used to have years ago! I don't use my crutches any more." S. S. S. makes people talk about themselves the way it builds up their strength. Start S. S. S. today for that rheumatism. You'll feel the difference shortly.

Free Booklet Send name and address to S. S. S. Co., 111 S. S. S. Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for special booklet on Rheumatism & Blood.

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

Cuticura Toilet Trio

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To Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M, Malden, Mass.

Famous Forts in U. S. History

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Remember the Alamo!"

What Boonesborough is to Kentucky, the Alamo is to Texas, and both are more than the most famous forts in their respective states. They are monuments to the memory of two great American frontier heroes—Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett—they are national shrines.

The Mission of San Antonio de Valero, commonly called the Mission del Alamo (Alamo being the Spanish word for cottonwood tree) was founded by the Franciscans in 1703 and after various removals was established in its present location in 1722. Soon after the outbreak of the Texan War of Independence in 1835 the Alamo was seized by the Texans.

Its commander early the next year was Lieut. Col. William Barrett Travis, a young Carolina lawyer. Associated with him was Col. James Bowie of Georgia and of Bowie knife fame. They had only about 140 men but in February there came a welcome reinforcement in the person of Davy Crockett, accompanied by some of his neighbors from Tennessee.

On February 23, 1836, Santa Ana, the dictator of Mexico, appeared before the fort and demanded its surrender. Travis answered with a shot from his cannon and a defiant hoisting of his flag. The Mexican leader had more than 4,000 men but he did not care to risk an assault so erected batteries and opened fire.

For eleven days the siege was continued with heavy losses for the Mexicans but without a single casualty among the defenders. In the meantime Travis' appeals for help brought to the Alamo Col. James Butler Bonham, who slipped through the lines of the besiegers, and a detachment of 82 men, led by Capt. J. W. Smith, which cut its way through.

Finally on March 6 Santa Ana ordered a grand assault by a picked force of 2,500 men. Two attacks were beaten back by the desperate Texans but the garrison, weakened by the long vigil and lack of food, could not hurl back the third attempt. The Mexicans swarmed over the walls and for the next few minutes there followed one of the most desperate hand-to-hand encounters ever fought on the American continent. When it ended only five of the 180 defenders were left alive and they were wounded, helpless prisoners. By command of Santa Ana they were killed at once.

But the sacrifice of Davy Crockett and his fellow heroes was not in vain, for the battle cry which swept the field at the decisive battle of San Jacinto, was "Remember the Alamo!" On a monument in the state capitol at Austin commemorating their deeds is this line: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none."

"Old Shotto's Bloody Ranche."

"Oh, we don't mind the marching,
Nor the fighting do we fear;
But we'll ne'er forget old Harney
For bringing us to Pierre.
They say old Shotto built it,
But we know it isn't so—
For the man who built this bloody ranche
Is reigning down below!"

So sang the veterans of Gen. W. S. Harney's Sioux expedition who spent the winter of 1855-56 there, and this "bloody ranche" which they were execrating, was Fort Pierre, South Dakota's most famous fort. An army legend asserts that it was founded by Peter the Hermit, survivor of the First crusade, who selected this place near the Bad Lands because of its indescribable dreariness and desolation.

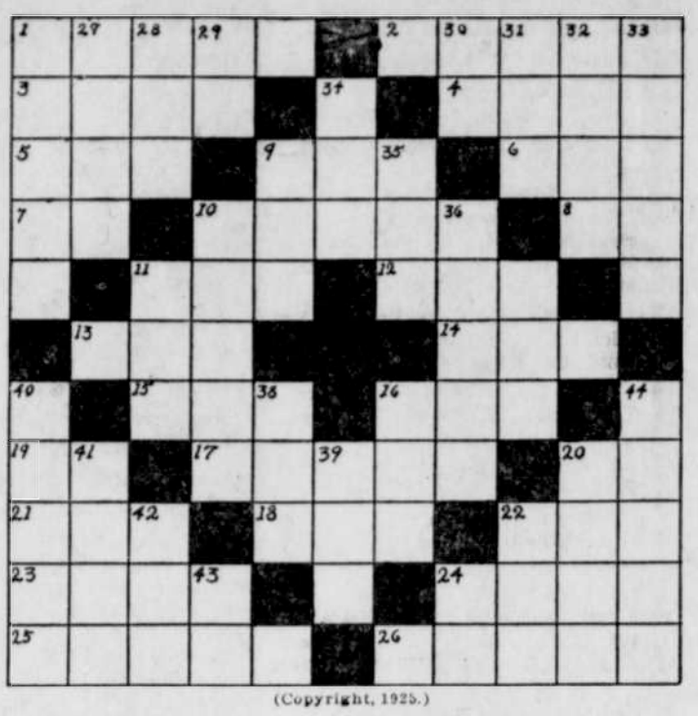
More authentic history informs us, however, that it was built on the west bank of the Missouri about three miles above the mouth of the Teton river by Pierre Chouteau, Jr. (of the famous St. Louis Chouteaus), in 1830, and was occupied as a post of the American Fur company in 1832. From that time until 1855 it was the most important post of the A. F. C. in the upper Missouri country and was the center of the vast trade in buffalo robes with the Sioux.

In 1855 the United States bought Fort Pierre for a military post, but abandoned it the next year and moved all its property to Fort Randall, about 150 miles down the Missouri. But even after the old post was abandoned, its name remained as a landmark for everybody in that region who still spoke of it as though it still existed.

From the day in 1804, when Lewis and Clark held their council with the Teton Sioux on this spot, it was visited every year for the next half century by a succession of noted travelers and explorers. Among them were George Catlin, the Indian painter, Prince Maxmilian of Weid and Dr. Nicollet, who was accompanied by Lieut. John C. Fremont, as yet unknown to fame as "The Pathfinder." The first religious services in South Dakota were held at Fort Pierre in 1840 by Dr. Stephen R. Riggs.

In 1859 a second or new Fort Pierre was built as a trading post about two miles above the site of the old fort. Although it never became so important as the older fort, around it grew up the settlement which became the city of Pierre, South Dakota's capital.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



(Copyright, 1925.)

Horizontal.

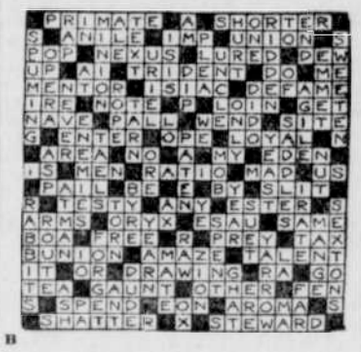
1—The fourth month
2—Condition
3—Meadows
4—The outer coats of grains
6—An emergency outfit
7—Conjunction.
8—French for "The"
9—Reverential fear
10—Industrial shops
11—Over
12—Relations
13—Disorder
14—A precious stone
15—Not high
16—Less than two
17—A mixed drink
18—A name for a child
19—Ancient Sun God
20—Myself
21—A beverage
22—An English drink
23—Not any
24—Tidy
25—A name for a toy bear
26—Shelters

Vertical.

1—Apart
27—A fruit
28—A small animal
29—A substantive verb
30—A disease (abbr.)
31—A vessel mentioned in Bible
32—Caudel appendage
33—Go in
11—A lubricant
10—A fruit growing on vines
9—The fluid we breathe
34—A small sharp instrument
35—A large animal
36—Posters
37—Referring to original name
38—Not dry
39—The Supreme Being
16—Not in
40—A Civil war general
41—A species of trees
42—Not the beginning
43—A boy's nickname
24—A compass point (abbr.)
22—The Roman numeral "X"
20—Flesh of an animal
44—Resting places

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.



HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

ANIMALS OF NEVERWERE

By DON W. REI

THE HUSKY-TUSK-WALRUS

The Husky-Tusk Walrus is a beast who likes a fuss,
He's a bluff and tough and rough old battling mauler;
He is always full of fight, every day or any night,
And he'll lick six tigers for a quarter dollar.

He thinks it very nice to ride a cake of ice,
'Till he drifts into an arctic grocery store;
There he eats black spice and snuff, and he never gets enough,
He just licks up every bit and asks for more.

When he leaves the grocery he goes on a spicy spree,
'Till at last his stomach gets so sizzling hot,
That he mounts an iceberg handy, and eats it up like candy,
And it takes nine tons of ice to put it out.

The Whale's Breath

The herring fishermen of the English coast, while searching the sea for their quarry, follow certain signs which indicate the presence of the fish. One of these signs is the presence of a certain whale which lives on the herring. This whale stays around in close proximity to the fishermen while they are at work and seems to regard them as his friends, as indeed they are. Only one habit of his annoys them. If he breathes out one long sigh in the direction of the working crew they have to fly for their lives, for his breath is a suffocating stench.

There are stories that sometimes a fresh and ignorant young deckie has been rude to the herring whale, thrust a boat-hook down his throat, for instance. Thus insulted, the whale loses his temper and will destroy a fleet of nets.—Los Angeles Times.

Joy of Living Intensely

I came down from Massachusetts to lick New York. It was nip and tuck between us for quite a while, but I've got my foot on its neck—for the moment, anyway. I love New York. I love its noise, its dirty streets, its city smells. Under its roar I always feel its heartbeat, big and strong. I still feel the thrill from the lights of Broadway. For me, spring begins when the hurdy-gurdies play. Up in Massachusetts I learned out of books. Things were easy—and monotonous—with the family always ready to decide everything for one. But down here I've learned life. I've learned the taste of hunger and the kinship of loneliness. It's a great thing to learn, for it makes joy very sweet and laughter priceless. There's only one failure in this whole big city. It's the chap who really thinks "it can't be done!"—Everybody's Magazine.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

(Copyright.)

As Translated Into the English

Sometimes a story takes on added value in the re-telling of it even though the man who repeats it gets it twisted. This doesn't happen often, still it does happen. I recall an instance:

One night at dinner in honor of a distinguished visiting Englishman I was reminded of a yarn which I had from Sam Blythe and when I was called upon by the chairman to speak a few words I told it, and it went very well. It had to do with a prospector in Oklahoma, who, on a Saturday night, bought a quart of moonshine whisky and took it to his lonely cabin, anticipating a pleasant Sunday. But as he crossed the threshold he stumbled and fell, dropping his precious burden and smashing the bottle, so that its aromatic contents were wasted upon the floor. Depressed by his misfortune, the unfortunate man went to bed. As he lay there bemoaning his loss, a mangy, furtive, half-grown rat with one ear and part of a tail, emerged timorously from a hole in the baseboard, sat up, sniffed the laden air and then, darting swiftly to where the liquor made a puddle in a depression of the planking, ran out its tiny pink tongue, took one quick sip of the stuff and fled in sudden panic to its retreat. But it didn't stay; shortly it again appeared, and now a student of rats would have discerned that a transition had taken place in the spirits of this particular rat. Suddenly it had grown cocky, debonair, almost reckless. It traveled deliberately back to the liquor and imbibed again. Seemingly satisfied it started for home but, changing its mind, it returned and partook a third time of the refreshment. Immediately then its fur stood on end, its eyes burned red, like pigeon-blood rubies, and straightening itself upon its hind legs it waved its forepaws in a gesture of defiance and shrilly cried out:

"Now, bring on that dad-blamed cat!"

No one seemed to enjoy my little story more than did the guest of the evening. After the party broke up he made me tell it to him all over again. I could tell from his expression that he was trying to memorize it. In fact, he confessed to me that he expected to us it when he got home as a typical example of American humor.

Six months later I was in London. I attended a dinner. My English friend was the toastmaster. Perhaps my presence recalled to him the anecdote he had so liked. At any rate, he undertook to repeat it.

His version of it ran for perhaps twenty minutes. He entered into a full exposition of the potency of the illicit distillation known among the Yankees, he said, as "shining moon." He went at length into the subject of the habits of rats, pointing out that inasmuch as rats customarily did not indulge in intoxicants a few drops of any liquor carrying high alcoholic content would be likely, for the time being at least, to alter the nature of almost any rat. At length he reached his point. It ran like this:

"And then, this little rodent, being now completely transformed by its repeated potations, reared bolt upright and, voicing the pot-valor of utter intoxication both in tone and manner, it cried out in a voice like thunder:

"'I say, I wonder if there isn't a rat about somewhere?'"

Spoken From the Soul

Nick was the grizzle-headed factotum of an assembly room in a certain southern town. This story, which has to do with him, possesses one merit if it possesses none other—it has the merit of being true.

According to local gossip Nick was a sorely henpecked man. It was said that when displeased with him Aunt Effie, his mastodonic wife, had a way of tying his hands behind him and then correcting him with a bed slat. Sometimes she corrected him so thoroughly that he limped for a week afterward and sat down only on cushioned chairs. If there were no cushioned chairs handy he preferred to stand.

Yet Nick bore the secret of his domestic tragedy bravely. He never swore out a warrant for Effie; never publicly complained of the roughness of her disciplinary methods.

But, as the saying goes, the worm will turn, although why it should turn, seeing that a worm is the same on both sides, no one knows. Nick didn't exactly turn, but one time he did bare his inner convictions without exactly going into details.

Some ladies were decorating the assembly rooms for a wedding reception which was to follow the ceremony at the bride's home and Nick was helping them.

"So they's fixin' to have 'nother marriage, is they?" said Nick, half to himself as he unraveled an armful of southern smilax. "Well, seems lak folks will keep on gettin' married." He fetched a soft, pensive sigh under his breath.

One of the ladies overheard him. She knew something of the life Nick was said to lead in the privacy of his home. Mischief led her to speak.

"Why, Uncle Nick," she said, "you surely haven't any grudge against marriage, have you?"

"Oh, none, not fur other folks," said Nick. "But, Miss May, speakin' fur myse'f in strictes' confidence to you, I'll jes' say dis: Ef I wuzn't, I wouldn't."

"Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigley's"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home tonight.

Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet—for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little freshener!

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

Change for the Best

Slim Slableigh was the tightest-fisted man in a New England town, none of whose inhabitants was known as a spendthrift. One dark night he was held up by a bandit who demanded:

"Hand over yer cash or you get drilled!"

"I-I only got a dime," faltered Slim.

"Well, that's better than nothin'. Fork it over."

Slim hesitated a moment and then asked:

"C-can you m-make change for half a dollar?"—American Legion Weekly.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name 'Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years.

Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

From Bad to Worse

"Your handwriting is very bad, indeed," said a man to a young college friend who was more addicted to sport than study. "You really ought to learn to write better." "Yes," returned the young man; "it's all very well for you to tell me that, but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

Permanent roads are a good investment —not an expense

Why America Must Have More Paved Highways

Almost every section of the United States is confronted by a traffic problem.

Month by month this problem is becoming more and more serious.

Hundreds of cars pass a given point every hour on many of our state and county roads. Downtown city streets are jammed with traffic.

Think, too, how narrow many of our roads are, and how comparatively few paved highways there are in proportion to the steadily increasing number of cars.

If the motor vehicle is to continue giving the economic service of which it is capable, we must have more Concrete highways and widen those near large centers of population.

Every citizen should discuss highway needs of his community with his local authorities.

Your highway officials will do their part if given your support.

Why postpone meeting this pressing need?

An early start means early relief.

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