Beggars Can Choose

THE STORY

Renewing a childhood attachment, Ernestine Briceland, of a wealthy family, is attracted by Will Todd, newspaper artist. Her sister, Lillian, urges her to break off the affair, but Ernestine refuses. A runaway marriage follows. Loring Hamilton wins Lillian's consent to become his wife. Will and Ernestine begin their married life in humble surroundings. John Poole, Will's best friend, gives a birthday party for Ernestine at Ruby Pastano's resort. Ernestine and Will have their first quarrel as a result. Will's father dies suddenly. Lillian and Loring are married. Will's mother dies almost immediately after Ernestine's baby is born. Changes in Will's office fail to bring advancement. Ernestine again is looking forward to motherhood. Will loses his job and Poole resigns. Ernestine faints on the street.

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

WNU Service

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

—9—

"Mr. Hamilton's got a taxi for us out there—had it since six o'clock. I don't know how much this'll cost him."

"That doesn't matter," said Lillian impatiently, and tried to control her perturbation. She was disturbed anew at the thought of Loring violent, uncontrolled—she had never seen him so, except on the other occasion of his quarrel with Will. But this was worse. He had always been so fond of Ernestine—as though she were his own little sister. She felt a great relief to think that he had taken charge of the search. He would find Ernestine if she were to be found.

But the thought of her sister out in these hot streets, lost, ill and alone, caused her such anguish that she could scarcely breathe. What would mamma say to her? Mamma loved Ernestine the better—always had. Mamma had really left Ernestine to her.

The door was flung open and Loring stood there. His eyes were glittering with fear or fever. He looked at her as if he scarcely knew her.

"Lillian!" he exclaimed.

"I drove," she told him, "all the way. I've been so worried."

"You had cause to worry," he said grimly. "When we find Ernestine she is going home with us—to stay. Don't you agree? She's got to have somebody to take care of her."

"Of course, Loring."

"I've news of a sort," he said slowly, and they stared at him. "I don't know what it's worth. There was a woman taken to the County hospital this afternoon—from this neighborhood. She was a young woman, and she was to be confined. It might have been Ernestine. I've sent Will out there, and I came by to see if you were here"—to his wife—"and to wait here for a phone call."

The telephone shrilled, and the sound leaped through them all. Mrs. Bennett picked up the receiver with a trembling hand, while they all watched her in straining silence.

"Yes—yes—this is Mrs. Bennett. . . . Oh, he did. . . . Oh, thank you. . . . Her sister is here. I'll tell them."

She turned from the phone.

"It's the hospital office. Will has identified Ernestine, and he's there with her. Oh, Mr. Hamilton—you found her!"

"Get your hat," said Loring. "And come with us. Never mind your keys, Lillian. We'll take the taxi."

At the hospital an interne was very businesslike.

"Her husband has identified her. Yes, he is with her now. No, you can't come in—well, only for a moment."

There lay Ernestine in the stiff, long-sleeved, hospital shirt, her hair black between her white face and the white pillow, a nurse beside her counting her respiration, Will crouching there, his face against the covers. Her eyes were opened, flushed with fever. She was talking—pleading—in delirium. Ernestine, the darling sister—in this dreadful place!

"You will all have to go," said the nurse, snapping shut her old-fashioned watch and darting a resentful look at the interne. "We cannot have anybody in this ward after hours. Mr. Todd, you will have to go."

"Ernestine," cried Lillian, and Ernestine said quickly:

"Will's coming. I tell you my name is Briceland B-r-i-c-e-l-a-n-d—I think there's more. The bus ran over me—it leaped at me—"

"She was crushed?" exclaimed Lillian, and the nurse said:

"No—she's just delirious. Please go."

"Can't we have her moved to a private room? Can't we move her?" It was Loring now.

Will had lifted his face, and he stared at Ernestine and gently smoothed her cheek, while her bright eyes turned on him.

"Papa—you must find Will—he'll worry," she urged him.

"I can't say about moving her. You'll have to see the floor doctor. She is very ill to be moved—please leave the ward now."

The nurse was definite. Training and authority were behind her, and they withdrew. Even Will had to leave her, but Ernestine made such an outcry that the nurse permitted him to come back until Loring should make arrangements to move Ernestine.

Lillian found herself in a tiny reception room furnished barely. Loring had gone to the office, Mrs. Bennett to the phone booth downstairs. For a moment Lillian thought she was going to be sick. She clung desperately to the arms of the chair. She was the only woman in the room. A black man stood near her, twisting a cloth cap in his hands, his lips moving soundlessly. There was another man, shabby, unclean, suffering in patient silence, and they were joined by a third and then a fourth vague quiet figure.

Lillian's feelings were not of pity but revulsion. She could not bear it—Ernestine here with the scum of the earth—mamma's baby—their beauty—in this place that smelled of lysol, that was as full of the sounds of sickness and suffering as purgatory is full of groans. This place was hell, it was nightmare. There came from the streets the clang of an ambulance—and a stretcher moved in the hall. Loring was beside her, beckoning.

"We are taking her to the Presbyterian hospital. They'll have a room and a nurse for her when we get there. Also a good doctor."

Lillian followed him in confusion. The ambulance she had heard was for Ernestine. The taxi threaded after it through the streets, and again there was delay. Mrs. Bennett left them to go back home. Will was with Ernestine and the stretcher. But now, at last, a small freshly painted room, as clean as a scalded dish, a high narrow bed, by an open window, an electric fan on a white dressing table, a chair or two, and a graduate nurse, capable, cool. There was a doctor, too.

Lillian stood just inside the door. The doctor was silent for a long time, examining Ernestine, reading the copy of the chart that had been sent with her.

"Uremea—and some albumen," he said as though any of them knew what he meant. "The baby will be premature—if we can get her through her confinement now swiftly, she'll be all right. When did you say she was expectant?"

Will named the date. The doctor nodded with satisfaction as though his worst fears were confirmed.

"Well, it's a nasty case," he said, "but perhaps we shall pull her through. Miss Nana"—he turned to the nurse with a rapid fire of instructions and requests and laid his coat aside. "Now—there's nothing any of you can do but give us elbow room and quiet. She's already had two convulsions. When the next comes we shall be ready for her—" The horrid word shot through Lillian's mind like a sword thrust. No—no—only idiot children—only diseased and terrible people—only the poor and helpless were so afflicted. Not Ernestine—oh, God—not Ernestine!

The doctor put them out with deliberate firmness, allowing Will to stay.

"If you go across the street, there's a nice little hotel there. Tell the clerk I sent you, and go to bed. Miss Nana will call you if there's any change, or if she's delivered. The battle is ours, now."

Lillian knew that it was as hard for Loring as it was for her to accept this dismissal and leave Will behind. Will was so futile! He would have left her in that other dreadful place.

In silence they crossed the street, registered at the hotel, and were assigned a room. They moved about in silent misery, looking out of the windows at the walls of the hospital.

"Did you know Will lost his job?"

Loring hesitated. "Yes," he said at last. "I knew it."

"But why—"

"I didn't know how Ernestine would take it, if I butted in. I thought she would let us know if she needed us."

"You know how proud she is—"

Loring moved restlessly. "I think I'll go back to the hospital. You stay here. No need for both of us to go. I'll call you if you're needed."

Weary and confused, Lillian took off her clothes, bathed in the tiny bathroom and lay down across the bed, partly dressed again. Her whole thought was strained at first toward the hospital and the possible issue of Ernestine's illness. Then her thoughts turned and turned, from Loring to Ernestine, to Will, to mamma and papa and Ernestine and back to mamma again. Mamma had allowed papa and Loring to dictate to her about Will's father. That had really separated Ernestine from them long ago. They had offered Ernestine their love and help only at the price of betrayal of her marriage. Tears came to Lillian, and eventually, tired and sad, she fell asleep.

Daylight streaming over her bed wakened her. She rose, dressed, went across to the hospital and asked for Will, wondering as she did so whether or not she should have asked for Loring.

Will came to her in the reception room, looking at her from dull heavy eyes, silent, waiting.

"How is Ernestine, Will?" she asked him softly.

"She is still very ill," he answered, and added as an afterthought: "The baby is a girl."

He was exhausted, unshaved, sad and awry. As he stood there looking vaguely about him he seemed to Lillian the most forlorn and helpless human being she had ever seen. She pitied him, but he vexed her.

"Oh, Will," she said impulsively, "you shouldn't have allowed Ernestine to have this other baby—so soon, when you weren't prepared. You should have protected her." He averted his face, but she saw his flush.

"I've got to go back upstairs," he said, and added, as he turned to the door, "Loring has already lectured me on birth control. He's left the hospital. You must have missed him."

Lillian was ashamed. She had not intended to say such a thing. It was none of their business, really. At the hotel she stopped at the desk for the key, but Loring had it. She went up in the quiet elevator. When she opened the unlocked door of their room and went in, Loring was lying back in a chair by the open window, his hat on the floor beside him, his collar and tie lying upon it. He was staring straight before him, and when Lillian came to his side he looked up at her with a piteous expression.

For a moment, standing there, a dart of such pain went through Lillian that she cried out. This was what Ernestine could do to Loring. She knew, with a gripping pang of conviction, that nothing that could ever happen to her would cause him such anguish—such rout. This was what Will meant when he said that he

She Sat There and Watched Him Prepare Supper.

knew what was the matter with Loring! She fell on her knees beside him, sobbing, and laid her face upon his knee. His hand fell on her shoulders. He mistook her fear and pain.

"She'll be all right, Lillian," he whispered. "God grant she will! The doctor said that a day or two will tell. It's uremic poisoning."

He sat forward in his chair, and his clenched hand fell on one knee, while the other arm held her convulsively.

"Thank God you weren't there. Thank God you will never know how she suffered. Will fainted once, and the nurse brought me into the room. They were fighting death like a physical foe. I helped to hold her—" He gave a stifled cry and tore the buttons from his shirt as he expanded his lungs against the crushing fear that lay upon him.

"Oh, Lillian," he cried to his wife, "I don't see how she can live—after last night. The doctor thinks she will, and so does Doctor Grey. He's with her now. But I don't see how she can survive that struggle. But one thing is settled for us, for ever." He pulled her tear-wet face up from his knee, and looked at her with blazing eyes. "You and I will have to be enough. No child is worth such anguish. No life is worth—death. No children—for us."

She hid her face against him. Her arms held him close.

"I don't care, if only you will love me."

He pressed her to him but his eyes had flown to the windows of the hospital, and she felt a tremor pass through his big frame.

* * * * * * *

Ernestine stayed in the hospital until the baby was a month old. Will borrowed the money from Mr. Poole and paid the hospital bill, paid the nurse and the two doctors, the day she was to be discharged. Loring protested in vain. The removal to the expensive private hospital had been his suggestion—it was he who got the nurse, who got the two doctors; he had planned to meet all these expenses. But Will was deaf to him. He was going to pay Ernestine's hospital bill, he declared, if he had to rob a bank. What business was it of Loring's? It was Will's wife—Will's child.

Legally the debt was Todd's. There was nothing that could be done about it, but the argument increased the bad blood between the men. Ernestine wanted to go to her own home, she told Lillian. Mamma was hurrying back from Europe. The house at the lake was closed. Lillian remonstrated with Ernestine's determination to go back to the house out in Mayfair.

"But what will you do?" she asked, and her face grew red. "Will isn't even working."

"Yes, I am," said Will. "I started today. Mr. Poole is going to open an independent studio, and I am going to work for him. He's got hold of the copyrights to his old strip and we are going to syndicate it ourselves. It will bring us in a lot of money. I'm to get fifty dollars a week to begin with . . . and we'll be all right."

Lillian's dismay was increased, not diminished, by this news. The combination of Will and Mr. Poole was worse than nothing, it appeared to her.

"I don't know what mamma will say," she protested feebly, but neither Ernestine nor Will seemed to be moved by that.

It was a wonderful day when Ernestine went home. All the way home in the taxi Will held the baby in one arm and Ernestine in the other, and his face was shining with joy when at last they stood in their little kitchen, she weak and trembling in his arms. He was starved for her, but he kissed her gently, got the rocker and filled it with cushions and placed it by the open kitchen door. She sat there and watched him prepare supper.

"Will," she said, when they had eaten, and he had closed the door against the fall dusk, "you're like you used to be. You're like you were that day we met upon the street, when I first fell in love with you. Tell me, what is it?"

"The new job, I guess. I'm crazy about it, Ernestine. In the first place, to be working again is good—and to be working for John Poole.—And then, Ernestine, I think we're going to do it.—I believe we'll make a success—a big one."

His enthusiasm was boundless. While he washed the dishes he talked to her, and then they put the children to bed, and he drew Ernestine onto his knees.

"Tell me, Ernestine—it was an ungodly business—but you aren't sorry, are you? Now that you're both home again—you're glad we've got her—aren't you?"

They sat looking at the baby. Will pressed his cheek against Ernestine's shoulder.

"Tell me," he implored her.

Ernestine understood his need for assurance. He was still suffering from the humiliation Lillian and Loring had heaped on him.

"They said—I shouldn't have allowed—allowed," he exclaimed sharply at the word. "I never thought about it."

"We're married, aren't we?" asked Ernestine, and as his bright look questioned her she shook her head a little.

"That's all," she said. "That's the answer. I'm your wife—I love you—of course I'm glad."

He kissed her passionately. It seemed so long since she had been in his arms like this—close, close.

"Oh, Ernestine," he said, "I don't deserve you. The future is uncertain. But if ever a wife deserved a good husband, you do. But, sweetheart, it's hard, it's been harder for you than for me; don't think I don't know it. But it's been worth the risk, hasn't it?"

"As long as we hold together," she whispered. "As long as we love."

And he poured his kisses upon her thin flushed face.

"I'll make up to you for everything—you'll never be sorry," he told her. And she lay against him, yielding, tremulous and in love, forgetting everything else for him as she had forgotten again and again.

CHAPTER X

Will Has a Vision

The firm of Poole and Todd found itself at the end of two years established beyond question. It owed its success to Will's terrific efforts. He had met and overcome one after another of their natural foes: Mr. Poole's idleness and intemperance. By a kind of fierce affection he had dominated and controlled the old man and kept him working. The profits were divided, after he had his fifty a week, and Poole his hundred. And out of his share of the profits, Will repaid his partner for the loan for Ernestine's hospital bill. He repaid him the exact half of the amount Poole had sunk into the business at the beginning.

And after two years he found himself face to face with the one enemy he could not conquer. Ernestine noticed that he grew thin and pale, that fall that the baby, Elaine, was two.

"What is it, Will?" she asked him. "I thought everything was fine now."

"It's Poole," said Will. "He's not drawing—he's boozing, but, of course, that's not new. Only—he's lost interest."

"What do you mean, Will?"

He seemed reluctant to put his thought into crude words.

"He's failing—his health. His eyes are bad."

"You mean—he's old?"

"Yes," said Will. "That's what I mean. He can't help it—poor devil—he struggles against it—but it's showing on him."

"But, Will, what are you doing?"

"Why, I'm managing—but that's all. When I can get him to help, we work together. We've got the strip all planned out for another year, the general sequence of things. But I don't feel that I can do Poole's stuff. My own ideas would be different. I can do the drawings well enough—nobody would notice, probably—but—"

"You don't want to go on—without him?"

"The stuff is his, Ernestine. I don't want to—there's something fundamentally wrong—even when I'm his partner, and all. For a while, as a makeshift, I can go ahead, and take care of the mechanics of it, and do the conversation—but actually, we haven't any business at all. We only have him—and when he's gone—"

Will sighed, and then squared his shoulders.

"Well—here's hoping," he said, and grinned at her. "I guess the old boat will sail another season. You see—it's hard for me to crowd him, Ernestine. He is old, and his eyes are about gone, and he hangs on me—it's like making a sick old horse pull in the harness—for us. Of course, it's for him, too, but it is really for us. We are the ones that will enjoy the money—not him. I find myself soft with him."

"I know." She understood this exactly, and her young face was troubled.

She was blooming again with beauty and vitality. She had been a lovely bud but now she was in flower—in her middle twenties—young with beauty and grace, but with poise now, too, and a strong sense of accomplishment. She had background now of a new kind—not the background of parents and school and a fine home, but the background of effort and self-control.

"I'll take Peter," she said. "You can look after Elaine."

She was going to Lillian's, to see mamma who was home from New York for another visit.

Will watched the family away, Elaine perched on his arm. Elaine was happy with her father, and they made a game of supper. Now, at two, she was beginning to be a bonny baby. They had had a long struggle with her. But at last her heart was beginning to beat a rhythmic tune—a healthy organ instead of an undeveloped heart in an undeveloped body. It almost seemed that they could breathe again.

After the little girl was sleeping Will sat beside her, smoking and watching her—dreaming those things a father dreams for his little daughter. The daylight was going, and the last of the light seemed to gather in an iridescence about the baby's face. Suddenly Will was shot through with an emotion more powerful than anything he had ever felt. For just an instant the baby face seemed the only thing in the world—the lashes down in a smudge against her cheek—he saw not flesh, but color—not bony structure, but pure line—idea—

He stared at her, and saw not the child but her picture. In that moment he sensed the true identity of her being, as one hears in astonishment clear tone and harmony where there is no sound. He was profoundly disturbed. Why, he could paint her—this was new—this feeling; he had not felt like this before, not even when he daubed so constantly in colors as a child. He had never felt this; he could paint her; he knew that he could.

* * * * * * *

During the whole month of January Mr. Poole did not draw a line. He came to the office and sat there, but Will could not get him to work, and found himself incapable of much arguing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No People of History Unfamiliar With Rings

Rings were not always used to decorate the fingers, and in suitable forms at different times, they were worn as anklets, armlets and necklaces; on the toes and fingers; in the ears and nose, writes Frank H. Vizetelly, editor of the New Standard dictionary. To this day, the nose-ring, the ear-ring, and the toe-ring are worn in Far Eastern lands. Porcelain finger-rings were worn by the poorer class of Egyptians. Such as have been preserved in the British museum, London, are of extreme beauty. Some are of blue porcelain with a band of not more than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, yet small as they are they bear two impressions.

From Egypt and the East rings were introduced to Greece, where they were worn by all free men as insignia of office or for ornament. From the Greeks the Romans adopted the custom, but by them rings were worn more as luxuries, and became very common. To so great an excess did the Romans carry this practice that they had summer rings and winter rings, the former being heavier and thicker than the latter. Roman gems were sought and highly valued for mystic virtues attributed to them.

Put the Safe First

A man called on his stock broker and found him grumbling about lack of business and recent financial complications in the city.

He was about to leave his office for the day. As they were going out, the caller noticed that the door of the safe—a large, majestic piece of furniture—was open.

"Surely," said he, "you lock your safe for the night, don't you?"

"As a rule, yes," replied the broker, "but as things are at present, I would much rather that any one should take the contents than break the safe!"—St. John Telegraph Journal.

Music Helps Efficiency

As far back as 1886 the head of a southern factory, where cigarettes were rolled by hand, placed good singers in his workrooms to increase efficiency and contentment in the plant. There are today several hundred American industrial organizations that encourage musical activities among their employees. A survey conducted by the National Association for the Advancement of Music reports that 32 companies allow the musical programs to be conducted on company time, while 132 allow them to be conducted half on company time. Experiments prove that under the influence of music more work is done and fewer mistakes are made.

Meaning in Sentence

The term "a year and a day" in a prison sentence is designated so as to insure the lapse of a full year; a person serving such sentence is bound to serve at least a complete year.

The DAIRY

GET BEST RESULTS BY FEEDING GRAIN

Adjust Calf's Ration to Prevent Tendency to Scour.

To get best results, calves should have about all of the grain they can eat up to the time they are five to six months old and a good methods of feeding would be to have enough grain in the manger so that there is some grain there practically all of the time.

It would be desirable to feed the grain twice a day, aiming to feed it so that there will be just a little left from each feeding when it is time to give the next feed. Calves are handled this way to the age of about six months, after that they can be turned to pasture or fed about the same as you would feed older cattle and should go ahead and make satisfactory growth.

It is only occasionally that it is desirable to try to treat a calf for scours by any other means than to adjust the ration so as to prevent the tendency to scour. Changing grain ration should help to reduce the amount of scouring in calves. It is necessary to avoid feeding too much skim milk also. Generally about one gallon of whole milk at a feed twice a day is as much as any calf can handle during the first two or three weeks of its life and many calves will not handle quite this much. It is doubtful if it is ever desirable to feed more than one and one-half gallons of skim milk at a feed twice a day to calves after they are put on the skim milk. Larger amounts of milk are often the cause of scouring and digestive disturbances.

Putting Milk Cows in One Large Box Stall

At various times there has been mentioned a system of dairy cow housing that has an able exponent in the head of the Illinois University Dairy department—Prof. W. J. Fraser. The plan that Professor Fraser has followed for years at the university farm, St. Paul, is to run the milk cows in large box stalls, the whole herd in one stall. The cows are stanchioned only for grain feeding and milking. Hay and ensilage are fed in racks. This plan has been quite widely adopted in Illinois and those who practice it claim that labor is considerably reduced, the cows are in better health, the manure is preserved more perfectly and the cows are cleaner. To keep the cows clean about one-third more straw will be required than when stanchioned. The cows so stabled are necessarily dehorned. This is considered an advantage whether the cows are in stanchions or loose boxes.

Hot Water Effectively Removes All Milk Fat

Several agricultural colleges and hundreds of users of machines have found from experience that hot water, not less than 160 degrees Fahrenheit, will effectively remove the milk fat that is so destructive to the rubber parts and at the same time kill most of the bacteria. Cold water should first be sucked through the machine immediately after the milking is finished. By lifting the teat cups up and down, an air brushing action will be secured as well as a water brushing effect. This will remove the milk that is in the machine.

Following the hot water rinse some users of machines find it desirable to keep the teat cups on solution racks designed for them. This arrangement keeps the teat cups and tubes filled with a fresh chlorine sterilizing solution as is not possible with the jars which were formerly used.

Dairy Facts

Yearling and two-year-old heifers should be fed very little grain.

* * *

All inferior calves in individuality and breeding should be vealed or otherwise disposed of.

* * *

The young bulls should not be used for service until they are a year old and then should be given very light service.

* * *

Weed out the unprofitable dairy cows. It is more profitable to milk three good cows than a half dozen poor ones.

* * *

Kelp is of value in the ration for the iodine content, more particularly in localities where calves are known to be afflicted with big-neck or goiter.

* * *

Of the various means by which one may get greater returns from a given acreage of pasture, none is more important than turning live stock from one pasture to another.

* * *

When the daughters of a bull come into production, that bull will soon be proved to be either a valuable breeding animal or just so much soup meat.

* * *

A cow which gives 10,000 pounds of milk in a year returns $103 more above feed cost than the typical New York state cow.

Prevent Summer Upsets

Warm weather and changes of food and water bring frequent summer upsets unless healthy elimination is assured. You will find Feen-a-mint effective in milder doses and especially convenient and pleasant for summertime use.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE
Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

One Soap *is all you need*
for Toilet Bath Shampoo
Keep your complexion free of blemishes, your skin clear, soft, smooth and white, your hair silky and glistening, your entire body refreshed.
Use
Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Contains 33½% Pure Sulphur. At druggists
Rohland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

Making Talk

"I want to do something that will draw out the conversational abilities of my friends," said the hostess.

"That's very easy," answered Miss Cayenne. "Give a musicale."

Kremola

Wonderful and sure. Make your skin beautiful, also cures eczema. Price $1.25. Freckle Ointment removes freckles. Used over 40 years. $1.25 and 65c. At All Dealers. Beauty booklet sent free. Write
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Both Sides

"He says that life without me will not be worth living," said the impressionable girl.

"Well," answered Mis Cayenne, "he may change his mind about that proposition. But if you marry him, you may both be saying life isn't worth living."

This Way Out

Elizabeth Ann's mother noticed her standing in the doorway holding the front door wide open.

"Don't do that, Elizabeth Ann," her mother commanded the little girl. "You'll let the flies in!"

"Oh, I'm not letting more in," replied Elizabeth Ann. "There are so many in the house now that I'm letting them out!"

Pigeons Now Photographers

As a result of the important part played by carrier pigeons in the World war, German army officers recently have started extensive training of the birds and experimenting with them, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Some have been taught to carry an automatic camera strapped to their breasts, the apparatus being capable of making six exposures while the birds are on the wing. Dogs are being trained with the birds, the animals bringing the birds in carriers strapped to their sides from the home port of the pigeons to officers whom the dogs have been taught to follow.

Endorsed by Nurse

"Just a few words of praise of your medicine. Nothing gave me relief and health as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did. I am a practical nurse and was so rundown that I was unable to work. I used to suffer agonies at times and would have to lie down the biggest part of the day. After two bottles of Vegetable Compound I felt better. Now I have used ten bottles and feel fine. I recommend it to many of my patients."—*Mrs. Florence Johnson, R. R. #3, Chetopa, Kansas.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.