Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by

IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

MAMIE'S FRIENDSHIP.

"What do you mean, I don't need protection?" flashed Mamie, with her eyes twinkling. "Surely there's not a comedian around."

"Mamie," countered Jimmie, "I wasn't thinking of your beauty. I was just gently intimating that you must take care of yourself under any circumstances."

"Say, Ann, I can get you a job with the show," said Mamie practically. "If you want to come—"

"No dear, you know I cannot sing."

"But you can dance like a fairy and you're easy to look at," insisted Mamie.

"But I do have a new job," I informed her somewhat triumphantly. "I'm going to help Jimmie write advertisements."

"Oh, Ann, I'm a little ashamed over Mamie. But it was gone at once. I could not help and like the brick she was she exclaimed heartily. "Fine!"

"And, Mamie, I found my mother!"

"What!"

Then I told her the story. The ultimate result of my mother's visit was that she made Jerry Hathaway. Then turning to Jim she said: "I hate to send you home, little boy, but can't you see that both Ann and I are at the point of death, we are so sleepy."

Jim hurriedly made his exit, promising a hurried call over telephone of the wire. I effervesing I was to be ready to take dinner for the show I got many free tickets for you."

"Come day after tomorrow, Jimmie," I said.

"Why not tomorrow?" he asked quickly.

"Have you forgotten that Jerry Hathaway and Nan and his father are coming? And among other things I shall have to find a new place to live, if Mamie is going away."

Jimmie frowned. Mamie briskly, "all that will have to be done today instead of tomorrow, for the hands of the clock reached the morning and evening hour a long time ago."

Whenever Mamie gets interested or excited she always drops into a spirited Celtic way of expressing herself and as I left to "get dressed, sleep and rest for the evening hour" I looked startled at the clock and found that it was nearly two in the morning.

"And just let me tell you, Mr. Jimmie Callahan," admonished Mamie, half in earnest and half jokingly, "that when Ann gets into her new home without mother as chaperone, you will not be allowed to remain after ten, if I know what I am talking about."

"Well, just because of that," said Jim, understandingly, "and because it is the last time I expect you girls will never let me do it again, I am going to do it now."

Before either of us realized what he was getting at he stooped and kissed me and then walked over to Mamie and kissed her, too.

Before we had either recovered from our surprise he had gone.

Then a moment after the front door in the lower hall had slammed we said nothing, and then Mamie's face broke into smiles as she exclaimed: "Will you look at that now!" Both of us have studied a mans face for love, and yet when this young Irish gentleman kisses us, we grin like kittens. He certainly has a way with him."

"Mamie, you're as tired and sleepy as I am, but oh, my dear, my dear, what am I going to do without you?" I should have cried over and over again if you had not been here to comfort me. No one could have been kinder to me than you have been."

"I am gladder than I can tell to have you say that, Ann, acushla. And do you know, you've helped me a lot?"

I looked surprised even while I put my arms about her and kissed her warmly.

"You see, Ann, until you came, I never homed in to anything more than the rough and ready Irish girl who checked the hats in some restaurant. I had some natural wit, and I was clever enough to see, when I watched the young gentlemen who in toddling with their sweethearts, what it might mean if I could only make some of my homes and dreams come true. I always knew I could sing and since I have been in the restaurant I know I can act—and some day the world is going to know it, too. Just watching you, Ann, so different from me, has been an inspiration."

Tomorrow—Jerome Hathaway Calls.

Secret of Woman Editor's Success--- Belief That Nothing Is Commonplace

NEW YORK, Nov. 30—Margaret Anderson, sole owner and executive of the magazine called "The Little Review?" A career unique in the history of women!

Barely out of her teens, with a passion for art and letters and freedom for the artist, Miss Anderson started this magazine on nothing but enthusiasm and 20 cents.

Five years ago it had never been heard of. She is now recognized as the editor of the only ultra-modern magazine through which America has come in touch with such people as James Joyce, William Butler Yeats, Ford Madox Hueffer, May Sinclair and Sherwood Anderson.

Speaking of the adventure, for adventure certainly it is, Miss Anderson says:

NOTHING COMMONPLACE.

"England, France and Germany, in fact all European countries, have some medium through which the artist may place his art before the people. In America there is almost no such medium. There are many magazines, it is true, but none of them but has its formula on which its stories are based and its pictures painted. Magazines start up and die—they die because the people back of them have little or no money, little or no courage, little or no following.

"Just how I have succeeded in keeping the "Little Review" alive is even to me a sort of miracle, but I think I have discovered what the miracle is—I have never treated any thing in life as if it were commonplace; nor any persons as if they were ordinary."

When Miss Anderson started her magazine and the proofs were held at the printers because there was no money, she went to several large houses, whose goods she desired to advertise, and without even so much as a single copy of her magazine to show, she returned that same evening with $500 in advertising.

She had convinced them that "the adventure was the value"—the adventure of having talked for a few moments to a woman who would die for her enthusiasms as the artist would die for his art.

NO DIFFICULTIES.

Miss Anderson recognizes no difficulties. She says for every difficulty there is some approach, some drama, some victory.

In this spirit she approached the artists of England and France. She wrote and told them what she wanted to do—to publish an international communication of thought, imagination and power—that she wanted to make it possible for the struggling artists of America to be heard "for," as she says, "the greatest artist in the world will become discouraged if he cannot even get his work printed." And they respond at once with manuscripts.

MARGARET ANDERSON

"For every difficulty there is some approach, some victory."

And this same Miss Anderson, young, handsome and unafraid, is also capable of the daring necessary to print on the back cover "soils owner and editor" and on the front cover the line:

"Making no compromise with the public taste."

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY'S PLUM PUDDING.

(By Howard R. Garis)

"What are you going to do today, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper of the long rabbit gentleman, not long after Thanksgiving.

"Well, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy," spoke Uncle Wiggily, as he looked at his pink, twinkling nose in the shiny back of his watch, "I was going out to search for an adventure. I stayed in the last two days you remember, once to give the celery to the squirrel boys, and the other time to pass over the cranberries to Susie the rabbit girl. But still if you want me to remain in now I'll do it," and Uncle Wiggily started to take off his tall silk hat and to put away his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch.

"Oh, not for the world," cried Nurse Jane. "I want you to go out and have a nice adventure, Wiggy." And she looked at him affectionately like, not to say molasses taffy. "What I was going to say was, that if you did go out, you could take the extra plum pudding to Grandfather Goosey Gander."

"Oh, yes, I will do that right gladly," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Where is the pink Plum Pudding that Peter Piper picked?" he asked.

"Oh, it isn't at all like the peck of prickly peppers that Peter Piper picked!" laughed Nurse Jane. "The plum pudding isn't pink, either. It is more of a purple color. We had two for Thanksgiving, you know."

"Yes, indeed, I know that," said Uncle Wiggily. And well he might, for he had helped to make one. It was this way:

As Nurse Jane was getting ready for the Thanksgiving dinner in the hollow stump bungalow a few days before, Uncle Wiggily had come out into the kitchen and asked if he couldn't help.

"Well, you might stir your paw at a plum pudding," said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy.

So Uncle Wiggily had made one, reading the directions from a recipe book that told just what to do. Then Nurse Jane forgot all about the plum pudding the bunny gentleman had made, and she baked another, which had been partly eaten at Thanksgiving. This left one plum pudding over.

"And you might as well take your plum pudding to Grandpa Goosey Gander," said Nurse Jane to Uncle Wiggily. "Almost half of my pudding is left yet."

"Grandpa Goosey will be glad to get my pudding," spoke Uncle Wiggily, "and I may have an adventure taking it to him."

Well, the bunny gentleman did have an adventure, and I'll tell you about it. Nurse Jane put the extra plum pudding in a pail for Uncle Wiggily, who soon started out over the fields and through the woods. It had been snowing a little and the ground was white, so that Uncle Wiggily's paws and his white and blue striped rheumatism crutch made funny little marks.

"If the bad old Black Bushy Bear, or the Fuzzy Fox, came along now they could easily tell where I am by my tracks," said Uncle Wiggily, stopping near a sassafras bush to look back over the fields. And, all of a sudden, a grillery growlery voice gurgled:

"Haw, I don't need to see your tracks in the snow to find you! I have you now!" And with that out popped the Fuzzy Fox.

"What have you in that pail?" snarled the Fox, looking at the one hanging on Uncle Wiggily's paw. "If that is sauce, or gravy, I'll take a taste of it before I nip you. Here, give it to me!" and, most impolitely, the fox grabbed the pail.

"That isn't sauce, or gravy," said Uncle Wiggily. "It is plum pudding and—"

"Plum pudding! All the better!" hooted the fox. He snatched off the cover, bit out the pudding and took a big bite. Then he gave a loud howl and yowl and, clapping his paw to his jaw, he danced on his hind legs.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Matter?" asked the Fox, as he howled louder than ever and danced around on his hind legs. "Do you call that plum pudding?"

"Of course, I do," said Uncle Wiggily. "I ought to know. I made it myself. What's the matter?" he asked, for the fox was now hopping around on one leg.

"Oh, my teeth! Oh, my teeth!" howled the bad Fuzzy Fox. "They're all broken to slivers! You put stones in that pudding instead of plums, and I bit on the stones and now my teeth are broken! Oh, wow!"

And with that, giving the pail and the pudding a kick away ran the fox, not stopping to take even the teeniest, weeniest nibble from Uncle Wiggily.

"Stones in my plum pudding! That's funny," said the bunny gentleman. Then he stooped over and looked at the pudding which the Fox had dropped. Surely enough the pudding was full of plum stones, or pits, as hard as rocks. It was on these stones that the bad chap had broken his teeth.

"Oh, I forgot to take the stones out of the plums. I put in one pudding!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Well, it's a good thing we ate Nurse Jane's for Thanksgiving instead of mine. I'm glad I saved mine for the bad Fox," he went on, as he watched the fuzzy chap going lickety split over the hills. "And I'm glad Grandpa Goosey didn't break his beak on the plum stones. I'll go back and get him mine of Nurse Jane's pudding."

Nurse Jane's pudding was all right, the pits having been taken from the plums, and Grandpa Goosey liked it very much. And how the gentleman duck did laugh at what happened the Fox! So Mr. Longears had his adventure, as I told you he would. And if the gentleman grasshopper doesn't forget to ask the lady bug to dance the pie pan prance at the duck's picnic, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jack Jumper.

—oo—

Little Benny

THE PARK AVE. NEWS.

Weather: Ded leaves blowing erround as if they was alive.

Sports: Sam Cross crawled throo a big empty stive last Friday afternoon to prove it was hollow and came out the other end all covered with black stuff just in time for his father to see him on his way home from the office. Sam going home with his father by special invitation and the rest being a mistery.

Sissiety: Mr. Benny Potts, Mr. Leroy Shooster and Mr. Artie Alixander went erround to the Little Grand last Thersday evening, being all the ferther they went on account of none of them having enuff money to buy a tickit, and they admired the picktures outside a wile and then went back.

Pome by Skinny Martin.

War is If.

Ive swum in the miley ocean.
Ive crawled on the miley land,
But sints the grate war in Europe
I ain't saw a Germin hand.

Exter! Teddy Hunt Bites A Iceman! Sid Hunts fox terrier, Teddy, bit the iceman on one ankle last Satidday morning, and the iceman kept on chasing Teddy erround the yard and Sid kept on chasing the iceman and telling him Teddy only did it in fun, the iceman not stopping to listen till he had to on account of being out of breth and even then not acting as if he bleeved it.

Intristing Facks About Inciting Peeple. Lew Dacis can punch himself almost all his mite in the nose without making it bleed but he obiecks to eybody cils trying.

—oo—

Dr. James I. Vance

There are moral victories which deserve to get on the list of the world's greatest battles. The superb courage and unruffled resolution put into these moral struggles are not surpassed by the bravery which faces shot and shell.

Indeed, there is a grim and quiet determination, a deliberate stamping out of indecision and inclination in the fight as soul puts up against temptation to which war with all its barbaric pomp is a stranger.

He was a railroad man, and when he came to church, which was only at a night service, he invariably sat in the last seat next to the door. But he listened, and the earnest look in his face held me as I tried to preach.

I had given the usual invitation, asking those who desired to confess the Savior to remain and meet the Session. The church had emptied, and accompanied by half a dozen officers, I was descending the church steps to the street pavement when I met my railroad friend coming up the steps breathless.

He had walked seven squares distant to the station debating with himself what to do, and at last had said: "I might as well settle it tonight if I am ever to take the step." Then he had run all the way back through the streets to the church, lest he should be too late. We went back into God's house and heard a soul make the old declaration of faith in Christ and a desire to follow Him, and then we received him into the church.

Six months later I met him in front of the big terminal over which he presided with rare ability, and said: "How are you getting along in your Christian life?" A smile that told of struggle and of victory, too, stole over his face, as he said: "I haven't cursed yet."

That was enough. He had whipped his old enemy. He had routed his besetting sin. He had won a moral victory in a war in which the powers for good and evil contend for the mastery of an immortal soul.

That is glorious! The band does not play, and no crowds cheer, but there is joy among the angels of heaven, and the Great Captain of our Salvation "sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied."

—oo—

HER BABY BEEF WINS FIRST PRIZE

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Mary had a little shorthorn calf. For that matter she still has it. Every place that Mary Ellis takes her baby beef she wins first prize. She just won the first ribbon at the Nashville cattle show.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

NICK DISCOVERS SOMETHING.

Nick looked around carefully at everything in Scribble Scratch's dining room. The fairyman still sat at the table snoring loudly and showing no signs of waking. It was very strange, the whole thing, and the more the little boy gazed at Wasp Weasel's paddy-track on the floor the more sure he became that something was wrong, and that Wasp knew more about it than anybody else.

Suddenly he began to sniff. What was

Then he took a sniff at the fairyman's cup of coffee and that smelled funny, too

that strange smell? It was like a weed, yet there wasn't a sign of a weed, nor flower even, anywhere. Being fall and quite cool, the doors and windows were shut, so the smell couldn't be coming in from the outside.

Next Nick discovered that the closer he came to the table the stronger the smell became. He sniffed and sniffed, and the more he sniffed the more sure he became that it was something on the fairyman's table that had such an odor. He lifted the orange. No, that wasn't it, nor the toast, nor the egg. Then he tried the pitcher. "Oh," said he putting it down suddenly. "That cream smells awfully funny." Then he took a sniff at the fairyman's cup of coffee (half gone) and that smelled funny, too! Because, as Nick reasoned, it had the queer cream in it.

All this time the fairyman slept on. His glasses had fallen off his nose completely, and his stiff collar was beginning to crinkle over. But nothing bothered him. He snored peacefully as though dreaming about a circus or something. The mantel clock pointed to a quarter of ten now, but the little schoolmaster wasn't bothering any more about Meadow Grove school than I am about what I'm going to have for dinner next Sunday. Only I hope it's a good one.

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Uncle Sam, M. D.

Babies cannot talk, but they have a sign language.

By crying and by movements they can explain a great many things.

A normal, healthy child gains regularly in weight; has a warm, moist skin, breathes easily, sleeps peacefully, has one or two regular bowel movements daily and cries only when he is hungry, uncomfortable, ill or indulging in a fit of temper.

The posture when sleeping is quiet, limbs relaxed, sleep peaceful, no tossing about.

The facial expression is calm and peaceful. If baby is suffering pain, the features will contract from time to time and the fists will be clenched tightly.

The breathing is regular, easy and quiet. However, during the first weeks of life, breathing may be irregular in perfectly normal babies. This should excite no alarm unless associated with other abnormal conditions, such as hot skin and flushed face.

Baby should breathe through the nose and keep the mouth closed. Mouth breathing or habitual holding the mouth open usually indicates enlarged tonsils or adenoids, or some other obstruction to the breathing which needs the attention of a physician.

The skin of the healthy baby is warm, slightly moist and a healthy pink color. The skin should be soft and smooth to the touch and the underlying muscles firm. Flabby muscles usually indicate something wrong with the feeding.

Q. My little boy of three years has two or more small lumps on each side of his back, seemingly on the glands. He has always been strong and healthy and I would like to know the cause of this trouble, and if it is likely to develop into anything of a more serious nature. He sometimes complains of feeling tired, and some days is dull and stupid. He drinks a great deal of milk, but cares little for other food. What is the best thing to do for him?

A. With regard to the enlarged glands of the neck, you will find that these will probably disappear if your child is taught to observe certain rules of hygiene; namely, taking plenty of exercise in the open air and sunshine, sleeping with the windows open and partaking of sufficient quantity of nutritious food.

In addition to drinking milk, a child of this age should eat green vegetables, once every day. Proper feeding means something more than quantity, because many articles of diet contain what are known as accessory food factors of unknown chemical composition which have a marked influence on the well-being of the race.

I would advise you to have your child's teeth examined, because frequently enlarged glands of the neck are due to material absorbed from decayed teeth and inflamed gums.

—oo—

CAT AND RAT "LIFE" TOO MUCH

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Mrs. Olga Dunlop led a cat and rat life, so to speak, with William, her husband, she told the court here. Once he threw a live cat on her shoulders and it scratched her, she said. Another time he put a dead rat in her bed. It frightened her, she held. She divorced two husbands before William for cruelty, but she said Bill "did beat all." The judge wished her better luck next time and gave her a decree.

—oo—

SWISS FORTRESS TO BE SANATORIUM

GENEVA, Switzerand—To prove its faith in the League of Nations, Switzerland plans to dismantle its most powerful fortress St. Maurice, and convert it to a sanatorium for consumptive soldiers.

The Roman emperors lent money on land

—oo—

Four million persons make returns under the federal income tax.

"Diamond Dyes" Tell You How

A Child can Follow Directions and get Perfect Results

Each package of Diamond Dyes contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has color card.—Advertisement.

LITTLE GIFTS TO MAKE FOR XMAS

TO HOLD NEEDLEWORK.

Chinese telescopic envelope baskets can be secured in any oriental store. Cover the outer envelope with black sateen and embroider with black sateen THREAD embroider yarn flowers on it in striking colors. Tie with a rope matching the flowers and finish off with a brilliant colored tassel.

SIMPLE TO MAKE.

For the dressing table and for holding handkerchiefs dainty boxes can be made. Cover with a silk of a desired shade and trim with a gold braid and tiny flowers placed in the corner. Rich, creamy lace adds a finishing touch.

NOVEL PILLOW.

A novel pillow that will surely be a welcome gift is made of black satin and is triangle shaped. It is trimmed with large brilliantly colored poppies. If desired the poppies can be made of scarlet silk and appliqued to the satin.

FOR THE WRITING DESK.

An ordinary black metal paper clip can be converted into a simple, inexpensive gift. If painted in a simple design with gay colors, it will make an attractive writing desk accessory.

APRON SET OF CRETONNE.

A set consisting of an apron and dust cap is a practical present. The apron is made with a bib resembling the bodice of a dress. The skirt is full and a large bow ties at the back. A pretty style for the dust cap is the one that ties in front with a small bow. Gay flowered cretonne is used.

LUNCHEON SET.

A luncheon or tea set consisting of a tablecloth and six napkins would be a suitable gift for the friend who entertains. The tablecloth may be any size desired although one yard is generally the accepted size. In each corner a crocheted filet motif is inserted. The motif is repeated in the napkins. The tablecloth and the napkins are edged with a tiny picot.

CROCHETED RAG RUG.

The rags for this work must be torn rather fine. Use a strong and coarse crochet hook and begin a chain stitch. If an oval rug is desired, crochet round and round the chain with single stitches. The rags can also be braided and stitched together to make attractive rugs.

—oo—

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

THANKSGIVING.

For strength which has sustained us through the day
Dear Lord, our thanks we give!
For every smile that lights life's friendly way
And makes it good to live,
Once more, with grateful hearts and reverent prayer,
Our gratitude we offer for Thy care.

For fruit of field and vine and orchard tree,
The sunshine and the rain,
The tenderness weathered on the land and sea,
Accept our thanks again.
Almighty God from whom all blessings come,
Hear now our prayers, though long our lips were dumb.

For freedom and our country, wean of hate,
Our children at their play,
Our homes where peace and love and joy await,
Accept our thanks today.
Oh, God, in all we do, and set may dare,
Make us, we pray, more worthy of Thy care.

Sister Mary

If buttons are folded in when a garment is put through the wringer there is no necessity for spending Thursday over the mending basket.

Underwear can be carefully folded and wrung much drier and with less effort in a wringer than wringing by hand. Put the buttons inside several thicknesses of the material and, unless the buttons are unusually large they will not be broken or "wring off."

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

Breakfast—Grapefruit, fried corn meal mush, syrup, coffee.

Luncheon—Cream of oyster soup, crackers, apple celery-nut salad, hot rolls, tea.

Dinner—Mock filet mignon, French fried potatoes, baked squash, romaine with French dressing, jellied prunes, white fruit cake, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

After washing the romaine fold in a towel and shake gently. This dries the leaves and does not take any time at all. The French have little wire baskets in which to dry their salad greens. Watery lettuce or its equivalent ruins any salad dressing.

CREAM OF OYSTER SOUP.

1 pint oysters
1 pint milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 dessertspoon flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Melt butter, stir to flour. Add the first cup of milk slowly as in white sauce. Add second cup of milk and oysters. Stir frequently and bring slowly to the boiling point. Let bubble up once. Serve at once. The salt and pepper should be added with the oysters.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
1 cup sweet milk
2½ cups flour
6 eggs (whites)
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups raisins
1½ cups chopped figs
2 cups chopped dates
2 cups blanched and chopped almonds
¼ pound citron, cut fine
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Mix fruit with ¼ cup flour. Mix and sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add to first mixture alternately with milk. Add eggs beaten stiff and dry. Add fruit and vanilla. Bake in a loaf in a slow oven.

A young man's start in life often includes his father.

—oo—

THEATRE IN DIFFICULTY.

VIENNA, Nov. 7.—(Correspondence).—The state opera and the state theatre, formerly subsidized by the crown and now subventioned by the republic, show a deficit of about 26,000,000 crowns for the year. As a result prices are to be increased heavily. In the old days the best seats were seven crowns, while now they are seventy-five. Boxes formerly cost eighty crowns as against 500 now. Gallery seats have risen correspondingly, and now sell at eighteen crowns.

—oo—

BIRTHS DECLINE.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The number of births recorded in England and Wales in 1919 was 692,438, including 41,283 illegitimate, a birth rate of 18.5 per 1000 of the population, says the annual medical report of the ministry of health. In 1903, a record year, there were 948,271 births, or more than 256,000 greater than last year.

—oo—

In Portugal the ability to read and write is one of the requirements for voters.

Too Weak to Do Anything

The ordinary every-day life of most women is a ceaseless treadmill of work. How much harder the tasks become when some derangement peculiar to her sex makes every movement painful, and keeps the nervous system all unstrung until life seems hardly worth living. Every women in this condition should profit by the experience of these two women whose letters follow.

Read the Experience of These Two Women

Reading, Pa.—"I had organic inflammation, pains in the side and back which were so sharp that they pulled me to my knees, and I could not walk. I had an operation and still I failed, and in the eight years I suffered I had four doctors and none helped me. My mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was then in bed, and after the first bottle I could be out of bed, then I took Vegetable Compound Tablets and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine and also used the Sanative Wash. I still take the medicine and am able now to do my own housework. My friends say, 'My! but you look well—what do you do? Who is your doctor?' And there is only one answer, 'Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines which I gladly recommend.'"—Mrs. Wm. Stein, 560 Douglas Street, Reading, Pa.

Gainesville, Tex.—"For three years I suffered untold agony each month with pains in my side. I found only temporary relief in doctor's medicine or anything else I took until my husband and I saw an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I mentioned it to a neighbor and she told me she had taken it with good results, and advised me to try it. I was then in bed part of the time, and my doctor said I would have to be operated on, but we decided to try the Vegetable Compound, and I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I am a dressmaker and am now able to go about my work, and do my housework besides. You are welcome to use this letter as a testimonial as I am always glad to speak a word for your medicine."—Mrs. W. M. Stephens, 202 Harvey St., Gainesville, Texas.

Ailing Women Should Not Experiment—But Insist Upon

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.