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THE STATES' OLDEST NEWS-PAPER
 (Established 1873)

BOARDING THRILLS
 E. K. Waelde has never taken a railroad trip, though for 39 years he has been the railroad station agent at Milton, N. Y.
 Now, retired on a pension at the age of 57, he starts a 7000-mile jaunt in a Pullman. He will travel over the continent, visiting the alluring places to which he has been selling tickets since 1883.
 To put yourself in his place for a moment, just recall your breathless excitement when you took your first railroad trip, long ago.

Many a man who figuratively "has seen and done everything" would trade several years of his life, to have followed Waelde's system and saved up a few of life's simple thrills.
 Youth says, "Hooray! I'm going there. First trip! Don't you wish you were me?"
 Old age, conceited, cynical, boasts scornfully, "Aw, I've been there. Don't expect too much. You're apt to be disappointed."
 Yet old age envies youth's excitement and anticipation. When those are gone, youth is gone—and with it, most of life that is really worth while.

Joy is in the pursuit and conquest, not in the capture and victory.
 Anticipation beats realization.
 You young men, taking hard knocks, trying your strength, you do not realize it but with all your hardships and disappointments you are living the best time of your lives. The trip is the thing that counts, not the destination.
 The lure of the sea, also its charms, is in the voyage rather than the far-off port.
 Young women, too, some day will look back with misty eyes and long for the dreamland of girlhood.
 Don't be impatient. Everything in life comes—oh, only too soon.

TO STUDY HUMAN FACTOR
 Hundreds of big business men bank together in an organization "to study the human factor in American business and industrial life." The purpose is to lessen friction between employer and employee.
 Meetings will be held, long speeches made, committees appointed, investigations started, etc., etc., etc.
 Why go to so much fuss, when all that is needed is a mutual practice of the Golden Rule? Failing to live up to that rule is the cause of nine-tenths of life's problems, may-be more.

A FORD PREDICTION
 Henry Ford predicts that eventually there will be 30,000,000 autos in the United States. That, says Ford, will be the "saturation point," nightmare of people in the auto business.
 Thirty million autos would be nearly three times as many as we have now.
 Ford expects one auto for each four or five people. The ratio now is one in ten.
 Passenger traffic may shift to airplanes before autos reach the 30,000,000 mark.

FROM A SMALL SEED
 Woolworth 5-and-10-cent stores are selling goods at the rate of \$166,000,000 a year. Multiply it by 20, and you have the number of nickel purchases necessary to make the year's sales.
 This business is a greater monument to its founder than the Woolworth building. It shows what a gigantic thing can grow from the small seed, a new idea.

POST-MORTEM
 So many records have been destroyed that the real money cost of the World War never will be known, say economists of Bankers Trust Co.
 Their estimate is \$84,945,000,000, three-eighths for the Kaiser crowd, the rest for the allies. This includes property losses as well as direct spending. After all, it is only \$50 for each man, woman and child in the world—not enough to be seriously alarmed at.

HELEN KRAWGOFF
 Helen Krawgoff, 14 years old, passes through on a 12,000-mile journey from Japan to Germany.
 A long trip, but she travels alone and safely.
 Five hundred years ago, women usually were not safe 12 miles, let alone 12,000. Civilization has brought them protection. Men are better than they used to be, but nothing to brag about yet.

SPENDING
 How big an income would it take to satisfy you?
 Robert C. Mankowski, globe-trotter, and big game hunter, says he cannot make both ends meet on \$20,000 a year. He petitions the

New York courts to double his allowance.
 At that, there are plenty who would consider \$20,000 a year a mild form of poverty. Big prizes to the winners in the American fortune lottery. Few winners.

RUSSIAN MONEY
 Russia is calling in its paper money, exchanging one new ruble for 10,000 of the old ones. The new ruble is worth less than a third of the old one. A sensible attempt at currency deflation.
 Americans who hold German marks one of these days probably will be notified of a similar trade of one new mark for many old. It is physically impossible for the mark ever to return to par, though a syndicate of American bucket shops might make a good showing at the job.

MONEY
 Somebody still is making money. Dividends paid by industrial corporations this month will total \$41,525,000.
 This is only about \$2,000,000 less than in August, 1919, during the big boom.
 The orange is yielding nearly as much juice as ever, but it requires harder squeezing.

EDITORIAL REVIEW
 Comments reproduced in this column may or may not express the opinion of The Tribune. They are presented here in order that our readers may have both sides of important issues which are being discussed in the press of the day.

BREEDING THE BONEHEAD
 For a hundred years we have pinned our faith to two improving agents in this country: education and a rising economic status.
 We have said you can take the low-grade stock of Europe and teach it three years of Latin, spherical trigonometry, a year of physics, a modern language, some United States history, and Longfellow's epic and make it fit for a self-governing democracy, if only you give it modern plumbing, fresh air, motor cars, a living wage, and a helping hand.

But these things are not working. The motor car bandits, grafter, thugs, city hall bosses, and municipal tyrants of various sorts all live in the pink cotton and tinfoil environment to which we have pinned our faith. Indeed, most of these rascals have been caught through our taxes, and so taught to undo us.
 Education and environment will help, but they will not cure. For we are missing something somewhere. We are wasting something. We must still ask what is the matter with America. Wherein has it failed? Why do not the dreams our fathers dreamed about the blessings of a free country come true? Why do the morons keep breeding morons? If the glass eye does not beget its kind, why does the bonehead? Why are the second and third generations from the low breeds of Europe, living under our economic conditions and educational advantages, still producing a breed so little improved that the ballot box is almost as dangerous a dynamic in their hands as the bludgeon of a free country?

Somehow, if not entirely, it is our own fault. We spend billions to educate these children of the immigrant, but we neglect to teach them the important things that good citizens should know. We teach them facts, but too often neglect the truth. The truth which every American should know is what is good conduct; what acts are social and what anti-social.
 Why is a grafter an enemy of society? Why is it wrong to consider a public office a private snap? Why is a tip a misdemeanor and a bribe felony? Why is the public service corporation a traitor when it reports to legal technicians to evade a contract?
 These are simple things, not hard for a child of 10 to understand. They are as easy of comprehension as the arithmetic lesson of the fifth grade. They are much simpler than many things taught in the seventh and eighth grades, and vastly more important than much that is taught the child in high school.
 Social education is one of the things that will clear the clouded mind of the moron about public affairs.

Education will not quicken his intelligence. But it will clarify his mind, and he will fight and wrong, and put the child upon another moral plane. He can then help to contribute to an American public opinion, and reasonably may be expected to contribute to a majority which will respond to the call of American ideals.—William Allen White in Collier's Weekly.

A THOUGHT
 And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.—Matthew 5:41.
 There is no road too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; there are no honors too distant to the man who prepares himself for them with patience.—La Bruyere.

TODAY'S WORD
 Today's word is—OBVIOUS.
 It's pronounced—ob-ee-vee-us, with accent on the first syllable.
 It means—easily discovered, seen or understood; plain; evident.
 It comes from the Latin prefix "ob," meaning, among other things, "to, toward, facing," and the Latin word "via," meaning "way."
 It's used like this—"There's an obvious reason for the railroad strikers' unwillingness to return to work upon no better pledge than a rehearsing of their grievance by the same tribunal whose decision caused them to strike in the first place."
 The smallest baby at birth now weighed two pounds one ounce.



Tom Sims Says

Old King Coal is a scarce old soul and a scare old soul is he.

The disgusting thing about paying rent is it won't stay paid.

In love letters, "XXX" marks the spot where the man falls.

We had forgotten football until we saw a doctor whistling.

Days are getting shorter. It is dark enough to rob a house right after supper now.

We saw a man in a cap talking through his hat.

Maybe some radio fan will invent a way to broadcast freight.

The man who thinks he is always right is wrong.

A woman who marries for money works more than eight hours a day.

Thanksgiving Day is coming. Better be doing something to be thankful for.

A shortage of chins is reported among the high-brows.

Gasoline is used in cleaning. Ten gallons leaves you flat.

If we all got what we are worth there wouldn't be enough.

Theda Bara wants to come back. We haven't heard from Theda since the flappers broke out.

Sometimes the woman with a bee in her bonnet gets stung.

The worst thing about a vacation is the boss is liable to find you aren't need you.

What's worse than no front teeth during corn-on-the-cob time?

Health hint Never try to step on a man who is a live wire.

Sometimes all the early bird gets is hungry before breakfast.

The nickel cigar is back. The rest has improved its strength.

Travel broadens a man, but flattens his pocketbook.

There are so many hoboes in the country it is dangerous to leave a farm out overnight.

Lots of people not in "Who's Who" can tell you what's what.

Cider is back, but it must be hard to sell.

Literary Digest's poll on prohibition doesn't show much because the bootleggers voted dry.

Cheer up! Suppose the twin strikes had been triplets?

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts

Nancy was changed into a little Chinese girl and Nick was changed into a Chinese boy.
 They had first been turned into toys by Flap-Doodle, a mischievous fairy. And two kind fairies tried to change them back again into a little boy and girl.

But there was a mistake somewhere, and instead of being Americans they were Chinese.
 "Well, I don't care!" said Nancy bravely, smoothing her new silk kimono. "It's better than being a doll-baby anyway!"
 "And anything's better than being a wooden soldier who can't move," declared Nick. "And all my clothes were only paint!"

Suddenly he thought of something. "I tell you what let's do, Nancy," he said. "Let's go after Flap-Doodle again and try to get the Fairy Queen's wand, that he stole. He won't know us at all this way."
 "Oh, yes, Josky! Kinky!" agreed Nancy eagerly. "You call yourself Nick Oil Ting and I'll be Nan Soy. We'll get a little Chinese house somewhere and invite him to visit us."
 "When he's not looking we can get the magic wand and fly off with it to the Fairy Queen's palace. We still have our Green Shoes."
 Mr. Rudadub thought it a capital idea and Mr. Sprinkle-Blow said so, too. So the Twins prepared to leave Scrub-Up Land at once.

"Do you suppose Flap-Doodle is still on the Moon?" wondered Nick. "No!" answered Mr. Sprinkle-Blow. "I heard him say that he was going to travel over the Milky Way to visit some of the stars. He wants to rent a new house."
 "Will he go back to Tinky-Winkle Land?" asked Nick. "Just to get his mail," answered Mr. Sprinkle-Blow. "He's afraid to stay there long as he's done so much damage."
 (To Be Continued.)
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UNUSUAL FOLK

By NEA Service
 Boston, Mass., Aug. 17.—Miss Dallas Duane was talking one day, out at her home in Carson City, Tex., about the career she intended, to carve out for herself after she got a little older—she's only 19 now—when her brother remarked scoffingly: "Career! Pooh! You'd starve to death if you didn't have a private income."
 "Just to show you," exclaimed his

COME ON, IT'S YOUR TURN NOW!



sister, "I'll get a job right now—the first respectable job I can find."
 The Duanes have friends in Boston, so to Boston the young woman came, in search of work. She could have found it with her friends too, but feared her brother would say she was holding it through pull, not on her merits. That's why she accepted employment in a Charlestown quick-lunch restaurant. The manager says she's the best waitress the place ever had. Miss Duane's dress clothes shall keep the position until her brother apologizes.

FLAG SMUT IS CAUSING LOSSES

Washington, Aug. 14.—Farmers in the mid-western wheat fields where the spread of flag smut among the crops is causing increased loss in the harvest, are urged by experts of the agriculture department to plant varieties next fall which are immune to the parasite or more highly resistant. The region adjacent to St. Louis in Illinois and Missouri has been found to contain an area of about 700 square miles in which the spores are spreading rapidly, where, in 1921, only 72 square miles were infected. The department experts believe that attempts at eradication are likely to fail and that change in planting is the only means of checking the spread.
 The damage wrought by the smut amounts to a large figure. In Australia, where conditions are similar to those in some parts of this country, fields sometimes show losses as high as 20 percent, it is said, and the infection is, in general, like that of but or stinking smut in our own wheat growing regions. In the two states where this smut has been found, parts of fields have shown losses as high as 20 percent, but it is doubtful if field losses there have ever been as much as 5 percent of the crop.
 A number of varieties of wheat grown in this area have been found not to take the disease at all or to be highly resistant to it. Of the soft winter wheats, Red Rock, Stoner or Marvelous, Fulcoater, Mammoth Red and Dietz are in this class. Of the hard, red winter wheats, Illinois 10-10, Kanred, Illinois 12-41 and P. 1069, are highly resistant if not immune to the department states. Numerous other strains and varieties have shown high resistance, but some varieties that have been very popular in this district have been found to take flag infection very readily.
 Investigations indicate the probability that the spores of the disease are carried by the wind from field to field, a department circulated declares, and for this reason it is doubtful if any quarantine measures can be effective in preventing its spread. There is a strong indication that the growing of resistant varieties is the least expensive and most dependable method of resisting loss. It is added, Crop rotation also will help to keep the disease under control, for, unless a variety is completely resistant, growing wheat after wheat will increase the infection in a field.
 Farmers within or near the infected area are urged to consult with their county agents or state experiment station and arrange to get supplies of these recommended varieties for sowing in the fall.

GIRLS! LEMONS BLEACH THE SKIN

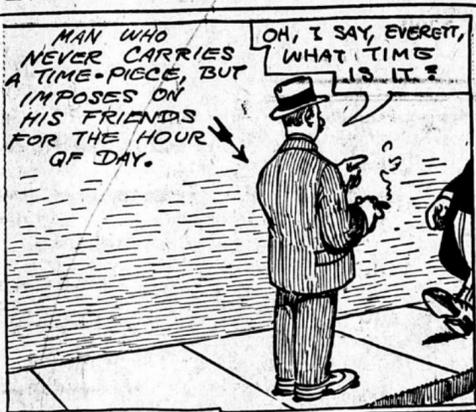
Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of harmless and delightful lemon bleach. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, then shortly note the beauty and whiteness of your skin.
 Famous stage beauties use this lemon lotion to bleach and bring that soft, clear, rosy-white complexion, also as a freckle, sunburn, and tan bleach because it doesn't irritate.



The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

(Continued from our last issue.)
 Antony tried to put himself in Cayley's place—Cayley, when Antony had first discovered him, hammering at the door and crying, "Let me in!" Whatever had happened inside the office, whoever had killed Robert, Cayley knew all about it, and knew that Mark was not inside, and had not escaped by the window. But it was necessary to Cayley's plans—to Mark's plans if they were acting in concert—that he should be thought so to have escaped. At some time, then, while he was hammering (the key in his pocket) at the locked door, he must suddenly have remembered—with what a shock!—that a mistake had been made. A window had not been left open!
 And then Antony's sudden appearance! Here was a complication. And Antony suggesting that they should try the window! Why, the window was just what he wanted to avoid. No wonder he had seemed dazed at first.
 "Ah, and here at last was the explanation why they had gone the longest way round—and yet run. It was Cayley's only chance of getting a start on Antony, of getting them open somehow before Antony caught him up. Even if that were impossible, he must get there first, just to make sure.
 So he had run. But Antony had kept up with him. They had broken in the window together, and gone into the office. But Cayley was not done yet. There was the dressing-room window! But quietly, quietly, Antony mustn't hear.
 And Antony didn't hear. Indeed, he had played up to Cayley splendidly. Not only had he called attention to the open window, but he had carefully explained to Cayley why Mark had chosen this particular window in preference to the office window. And Cayley had agreed that probably that was the reason. Now he must have chuckled to himself!
 They were outside on the lawn again now, Bill and Antony, and Bill was listening open-mouthed to his friend's theory of yesterday's happenings. It only gave them another, mystery to solve.
 "What's that?" said Antony.
 "Mark. Where's Mark? If he never went into the office at all, then where is he now?"
 "I don't say that he never went into the office. In fact, he must have gone. Elsie heard him." He stopped and repeated slowly, "She heard him—at least she says she did. But if he was there, he came out again by the door."
 "Well, but where does that lead you?"
 "Where it led Mark. The passage."
 "Do you mean that he's been hiding there all the time?"
 Antony was silent until Bill had repeated his question, and then with an effort he came out of his thoughts and answered him.
 "We'd better make certain. Cloud says he's a sluth-bound. Bill—one of these that travel on their stomachs

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO



very noiselessly? I mean, could you get near enough to the pond to make sure that Cayley is still there, without letting him see you?"
 "Rather!" He got up eagerly. "You wait."
 Antony's head shot up suddenly. "Why, that was what Mark said," he cried.
 "Mark?"
 "Yes. What Elsie heard him say."
 "Oh, that."
 "Yes... I suppose she couldn't have made a mistake, Bill? She did hear him?"
 "She couldn't have mistaken his voice, if that's what you mean."
 "Oh?"
 "Mark had an extraordinary characteristic voice."
 "Oh!"
 "Rather high-pitched, you know, and—well, one can't explain, but—"
 "Yes?"
 "Well, rather like this, you know, or even more so if anything." He rattled these words off in Mark's rather monotonous, high-pitched voice, and then laughed, and added in his natural voice, "I say, that was really rather good."
 Antony nodded quickly. "That was like it?" he said.
 "Exacty."
 "Yes." He got up and squeezed Bill's arm. "Well, just go and see about Cayley, and then we'll get moving. I shall be in the library."
 "Right."
 Bill nodded and walked off in the direction of the pond. This was glorious fun to him. The immediate program could hardly be bettered.
 To Antony, who was older and who realized into what deep waters they were getting, it did not seem fun. But it was amazingly interesting. It was like looking at an opal, and discovering with every movement of it some new color, some new gleam of light reflected, and yet never really seeing the opal as a whole. His brain could not get hold of it.
 But there were moments when he almost had it... and then turned away from it. He had seen more of life than Bill, but he had never seen murder before, and this which was in his mind now, and to which he was afraid to listen, was not just the hot-blooded killing which any man may come to if he loses control. It was something much more horrible. Too horrible to be true. Then he took again for the truth. He looked again—but it was all out of focus.
 CHAPTER XIV.
 Bill had come back, and had reported, rather breathless, that Cayley was still at the pond.
 They stood in front of the row of sermons. Antony took down the Reverend Theodore Ussher's famous volume, and felt for the spring. Bill pulled. The shelves swung open toward them.
 "By Jove!" said Bill, "it is a narrow way."
 There was an opening about a yard square in front of them, which had something the look of a brick fireplace, a fireplace raised about two feet from the ground. But, save for one row of bricks in front, the floor of it was empty. Antony took a torch from his pocket and flashed it down into the blackness.
 "Look!" he whispered to the eager Bill. "The steps begin down there. Six feet down."
 He flashed his torch up again. There was a handhold of iron, a sort of large front staple, in the bricks in front of them.
 "You swing off from there," said Bill. "At least, I suppose you do. I wonder how Ruth Norris liked doing it."
 "Cayley helped her, I should think." It's funny.
 "Shall I go first?" asked Bill, obviously longing to do so.
 Antony shook his head with a smile.
 "I think I will, if you don't mind very much, Bill."
 "Right," he said. "Go on."
 "Well, we'll just make sure we can get back again, first. It really would be fair on the inspector if we got stuck down here for the rest of our lives. He's got enough to do trying to find Mark, but if he has to find you and me as well—"
 Antony sat down on the ledge of bricks, swung his feet over, and sat there for a moment, his legs dangling. He flashed his torch into the darkness, again, so as to make sure where the steps began; then returned it to his pocket, seized the staple in front of him and swung himself down. His feet touched the steps beneath him, and he let go. "Is it all right?" said Bill anxiously.
 "All right. I'll just go down to the bottom of the steps and back. Stay there."
 The light shone down by his feet. His head began to disappear. For a little while Bill, craning down the opening, could still see faint splashes of light and could hear slow uncertain footsteps; for a little longer he could fancy that he saw and heard them; then he was alone.
 Well, not quite alone. There was a sudden voice in the hall outside.
 "Good Lord!" said Bill, turning round with a start. "Cayley!"
 If he was not so quick in thought as Antony, he was quick enough in action. Thought was not demanded now. To close the secret door safely but noiselessly, to make sure that the books were in the right places, to move away to another row of shelves—the difficulty was not to decide what to do, but to do all this in five seconds rather than in six.
 "Ah, there you are," said Cayley from the doorway.
 "Halloo!" said Bill, in surprise, looking up from the fourth volume of "The Life and Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." "Have they finished?"
 "Finished what?"
 "The pond," said Bill, wondering why he was reading Coleridge on such a fine afternoon. Desperately he tried to think of a good reason for verifying a quotation—an argument with Antony—that would do. But what quotation?
 "Oh, no. They're still at it. Where's Gillingham?"
 "The Ancient Mariner"—water,

water, everywhere—or was that something else? And where was Gillingham? Water, water everywhere.
 "Tony? Oh, he's about somewhere. They aren't finding anything at the pond, are they?"
 "No. But they like doing it. Something off their minds when they can say they've done it."
 Bill, being in his book, looked up and said "Yes," and went back to it again. He was just getting to the place.
 "What's the book?" said Cayley, coming up to him. Out of the corner of his eye he glanced at the shelf of sermons as he came. Bill saw that glance and wondered. Was there anything there to give away the secret?
 "I was just looking up a quotation," he drawled. "Tony and I had a bet about it. You know that thing—about—or—water, water everywhere, and—er—not a drop to drink." (But what on earth, he wondered to himself, were they betting about?)
 "Nor any drop to drink," to be accurate."
 Bill looked at him in surprise. Then a happy smile came on his face.
 "Quite sure," he said.
 "Of course."
 "Then you've saved me a lot of trouble. That's what the bet was about." He closed the book with a slam, put it back in its shelf, and began to feel for his pipe and tobacco. "I was a fool to bet with Tony," he added. "He always knows that sort of thing."
 So far, so good. But here was Cayley still in the library, and there was Antony, all unsuspecting, in the passage. When Antony came back he would be surprised to find the door closed, because the whole object of his going had been to see if he could open it easily from the inside. At any moment, then, the bookshelf might swing back and show Antony's head in the gap. A nice surprise for Cayley!
 (Continued in our next issue.)

Impending Fires

(By R. A. Middaugh, State Fire Marshal.)
 Never since in the 80's has North Dakota been covered with so dense and luxuriant growth of vegetation. Thirty days from now this vegetation will be touched by Frost and be dry enough to burn. With an average wind blowing, nothing short of a systematic system of fire-breaks will stop a prairie fire such as we are bound to have this fall. Now a couple of swaths on each side of a strip two hundred feet wide along your township lines where there is prairie, then when these swaths are dry burn them; then when the grass in the center strip is dry—on a still day burn it out and you will have an adequate fire-break. If you are an old settler you can remember when the grass and weeds were as rank as they are this year what a terrible thing a prairie fire was—nothing in the State could stop it but the Missouri River. A lot of people are going to lose their homes and their farms now, so it won't be your property. Bankers and business men should urge their farmer friends to prepare against this awful menace as it behoves us all to save this bountiful crop of feed and grain.
 This Department is willing to cooperate in every way possible in spreading a warning to our people to prepare before the grass is dry, for these fires we are bound to have this fall.
 Smokers—please take special pains not to set a fire carelessly. Don't ever, while riding through the country, throw away a live cigar or cigarette butt; isn't it easier to make sure it is extinguished than for hundreds of people to fight the resultant fire, and many of them lose their homes?
 I will welcome any information leading to the apprehension of any person starting a prairie fire carelessly or purposely. Write to the State Fire Marshal's Department to help prosecute and convict such person.
 All persons and especially County Commissioners are requested to read the Law on prairie fires from 2791 to 2808 inclusive.
 Every body now stop and think, be extra careful, this means you, Mr. Tourist and Camper, you Mr. Smoker and Mr. Hunter, especially you people. Let's Go.

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Woman Relied Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Emporia, Kansas.—"I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine years ago when I was a girl. For several years I had severe pains at menstrual periods, making me very weak and interfering with my regular duties. I tried several remedies without obtaining relief. I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by a friend and it relieved me and it restored me to normal health. I often have occasion and do recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends who have troubles similar to my own. You may use these facts as a testimonial."
 EVA ALDRICH, 218 Union St., Emporia, Kansas.
 There are many women who first used your Vegetable Compound during their girlhood days. They found it a valuable help during trying periods. In later years they use it whenever they feel those annoying symptoms which women often have.
 Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's medicine. It is prepared carefully from the best quality of medicinal plants, whose properties are especially adapted to correct the troubles women have.