

FORCED TO FIGHT FOR HER BREATH

Nashville Artist Tells of Terrible Suffering Experienced by His Wife.

HUSBAND GOES DOWN HILL

Finally Both Decide to Put Tanlac to Test and as a Result Have Enjoyed Best of Health for Past Three Years.

"Both my wife and myself have put Tanlac to the test and we call it the greatest medicine in the world," said J. T. Montamat, 1123 Third Ave., North, Nashville, Tenn., artistic sign painter for the Cusack Company. Mr. Montamat has lived in Nashville for nearly thirty years and is highly respected by all who know him.

"Before my wife took Tanlac she suffered so badly from gas on her stomach and heartburn that she often said she felt like she was smothering to death. She actually had to sit up in bed to get her breath.

"Well, in a short time after she began taking Tanlac her trouble disappeared and she was like a different person. Seeing the good results in her case, I began taking the medicine myself and it soon had me feeling like a brand new man.

"Up to that time I had been troubled with indigestion. I had no appetite and the little I did eat seemed to do me about as much harm as good. I felt so tired and languid I hated to move around, and was getting in such a run-down condition that it worried me.

"Tanlac acted with me just like it did with my wife, and although that was three years ago we have enjoyed the best of health all along. However, I keep a bottle of Tanlac in the house all the time, and when I feel myself getting run down the medicine soon has me feeling all right again. I am convinced that Tanlac is without an equal. Our friends all know how it helped us and I don't hesitate to tell anyone about it."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Profiteering? Well—

Officials of a department store in Sacramento recently advertised in local papers that on a certain day they would devote the entire space in one of their display windows to an exhibit of the goods in which the store was profiteering. The day arrived. Crowds of women found the window empty.

ANOTHER WOMAN ESCAPES

Mrs. McCumber Avoided a Serious Operation by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Time

Georgetown, Ill.—"After my first baby was born I suffered so with my left side that I could not walk across the floor unless I was all humped over, holding to my side. I doctored with several doctors but found no relief and they said I would have to have an operation. My mother insisted on my taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I soon found relief. Now I can do all my own work and it is the Vegetable Compound that has saved me from an operation. I cannot praise your medicine too highly and I tell all of my friends and neighbors what the Compound did for me."

Mrs. MARGARET McCUMBER, 27 S. Frazier St., Georgetown, Illinois. Mrs. McCumber is one of the unnumbered thousands of housewives who struggle to keep about their daily tasks, while suffering from ailments peculiar to women with backache, sideaches, headaches, bearing-down pains and nervousness, and if every such woman should profit by her experience and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial they would get well.

"I was holding down this job in that Queen Anne cottage, with no great white way nearer than the milky 'haldrie of the skies,' and the only stars I could flit with were those twinkling at me across millions of miles of space. But I was not astronomically inclined—astronomy has always been my long suit.

"Well, this particular incident I have in mind happened on one of those days when nature seems to be resting and getting ready for a grand-stand demonstration.

"I seemed to sense something was going to happen, and felt as fussy as a magnetized kitten. There was a south-bound train due at my villa at 7:30 p. m. I had orders to hold it on the siding until the north-bound passenger, due at 7:45, had passed.

"I set my signals and busied myself doing nothing until the south bound should arrive. I felt mighty glad of the chance for human companionship which the side-tracked freight would supply.

"The sky had assumed a dirty-gray color. I felt certain that there was a cyclone sashaying around somewhere in my vicinity.

"I was wondering if my villa was in the path of the whirling dervish, when the stillness was suddenly fractured by the shrieking of the south bound's whistle.

"I got ready to do the reception act, and wondered why Jim Bludsoe kept his whistle blowing.

"In a few seconds the big engine loomed in sight. Along she came, like a race-horse on the home-stretch, and suddenly I realized that the big galoot at the throttle was going to give us the go-by.

"I grabbed my red flag and got busy with the wigwag performance, but old iron horse swished past with his long, brown tail of empty freights strung out behind like the appendage of a comet.

The Vanished Freight

By E. FLORENCE

(Copyright.)

The loose-jointed individual and the watery-eyed one met on common ground. They had both been fired from the same freight, and were drawn to each other—or, more correctly speaking, fired at each other, for they came near colliding in the process of ejection.

"Must take us for blooming cannon-balls," grunted the loose-jointed one.

"Yes; those fellows are certainly on the firing-line, all right," replied the watery-eyed one. "Reminds me of the way I've often floated through space in Kansas, riding bareback on a cyclone."

"So you've been in Kansas, too?" queried the loose-jointed one. "Now, there's a state that can boast some about nearly everything. And, talking of cyclones, did you ever hear how they are formed."

"Houses, trees and cattle are gathered in its loving embrace, and the whole blooming outfit forms a sort of relief expedition to the afflicted place. The world moves, but Kansas is a whole moving picture show.

"It may have a path of devastation behind it, but think of what would be because of that airless void if the C. Q. D. was ignored.

"That's so," replied the watery-eyed one. "Nature has got railroads skinned alive when it comes to delivering the goods. Then, again, a cyclone is a great factor in promoting social intercourse. There are lots of people out there who would never see each other were it not for the fact that they are thrown together by the thoughtful cyclone. I know of a couple of fellows who had not seen each other for years, who met in the air, both joyriding aboard the same cyclone.

"Hallo, Bill!" shouted one; "I haven't seen you for a good while." "No," yelled the other fellow; "I don't often get up this way."

"Speaking of railroading," said the loose-jointed individual, "I'd like to relate to you some of my experiences in the railroad business. Back in the seventies I did key-pounding down in Kansas, on the P. D. Q. road. I held down a shanty up along the line, forty miles from the nearest refinery.

"Did nothing much but give the trains clear track or hold them up to side-track so's to let another train pass. The old P. D. Q. was a single-track road, with shanties and sidings at regular intervals, at which a number of other jays like myself did the brainwork for the system.

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"What the Sam Hill's the matter with that giddy choffer?" thinks I. Then it struck me all of a sudden that in about seven and a half minutes there was going to be trouble, likewise a lot of scrap-iron scattered over the scenery of the Sunflower state.

"The north-bound train had already entered the same block, and the two trains would meet about half-way between my bungalow and the next one south, on the curve around a grove thereabouts. In my mind I pictured the horror of the scene.

"My mind was full of the possibilities of the situation, and I was standing there, paralyzed, as it were, when suddenly there was a roar, and the topography of Kansas began doing the Wilbur Wright act.

"I was picked up bodily and hurled against that shanty of mine with sufficient force to knock the sense out of me. When I came to I saw a train standing on the siding. The crew were

emptying the contents of a water-pail on me and searching my anatomy for injuries.

"As my gray matter resumed operations, I realized that it was the north-bound passenger train that stood upon the siding. 'How the Sam Hill did you get here?' I asked the engineer.

"'Why, came in my engine,' he replied. 'Where's No. 23—ain't she in yet? I had orders to run through to X, and expected to see No. 23 side-tracked here. Not seeing anything on the siding, I pulled up to investigate. What's up?'

"'Didn't you smash into 23?' I gasped.

"'Sure not,' he replied. 'What's the matter? Did you strike your head?'

"'My head's all right,' I replied. 'Twenty-three passed her in a blaze of glory some time ago, and if you didn't see her, where is she?'

"'Come, man,' coaxed the engineer, 'get word along the line and find out when she is due. I don't want to stay here all day.'

"'But I tell you she passed here,' I insisted, and in desperation I rushed to the key and pounded off an inquiry to the fellow south of me as to whether 23 had passed.

"'The reply staggered me. He answered in the negative.

"'Where's that train?' I shrieked. 'It passed here at 7:30,' I persisted.

"'Just then the rear brakeman came running up the track with a cap in his hand. 'Found this down the track,' he said. 'That's old Jim Bludsoe's cap; and if his cap is here, he must have passed here himself.'

"'That's so,' rejoined the engineer. 'But what am I going to do? I can't hang around here any longer.'

"'Well, I wired to the northern end for instructions, and got word to send the passenger along. Then the word went over the line to the next station south to send out a searching party for the missing train. The track between my shanty and the next one south was closed to traffic pending the arrival of the searching crew. In due time they pulled in on a hand-car, and reported that they had seen nothing of the missing train. I wired the information to headquarters, and asked for instructions.

"'Open up the road for traffic and send men on foot to make a thorough search for that train; we need it,' came the answer.

"I did as directed, and sent the searching party down the track. Told them to spread out on either side of the track and work along until they found the wreck, for I felt sure it must have run off the track somewhere.

"After they had been gone about fifteen or twenty minutes, and I had raked my brain for a solution of the matter, I heard a whistle away off in the distance. It sounded low, appearing to come from the south. There was nothing due at my place for an hour or so; so I thought at first it was a relief party coming up to help solve the mystery, but as the sound continued, and did not get any louder, I concluded that, whatever it was, it was stationary.

"The sound kept up for about ten minutes and then stopped. I waited for about half an hour, and then I saw one of the searching party returning on the run. In the meantime headquarters had been hammering me for news of the engine.

"When the special courier arrived, he was winded; so I saw it was no use trying to pump anything out of him until he got through with his breathing exercises.

"When he got his bellows working again, I learned that they had found Jim Bludsoe and his train about three miles down the road, about a mile and a half away from the track. Several of the cars were standing on end, but the engine and the balance of the train were right side up, scattered over the face of the virgin prairie.

"The searchers had heard the whistle, and proceeded to investigate. They had found the wreck as reported, with old Jim standing in the cab, scared, wild-eyed and battered."

"How the heck did it get there?" asked the watery-eyed one.

"Well, they couldn't get anything out of Jim. He seemed plumb loosed. When I sent in my report over the wire they sent down a lot of experts to try and salvage the train. Jim Bludsoe was the only living critter left of the crew.

"They figured that the cyclone had caught up to the train on its wild whirl down the track, picked it up bodily, like a blooming airship, and carried it across the country to where it was discovered. This was verified by the crew, who came straying in like lost sheep from the prairie whither they had blown.

"It was learned from them that the engineer had developed a crazy streak some time before passing my station and chased the fireman out of the cab. That explained why they gave my signal the go-by. However, Jim Bludsoe never had to answer for his crazy act, for the last I heard of him he was in a dippy domicile, quartered in an up-hoistered bounder."

"And what became of the locomotive and cars?" inquired the watery-eyed one.

"Oh, they built a mile and a half of track out to the scene, and the wreckers salvaged the whole outfit. The strange part of it is that a prosperous settlement, known as The Lost Freight, sprung up at the terminus.

"That's so," replied the watery-eyed one. "You don't happen to be related to Anner Nias, do you?" "No," replied the loose-jointed individual. "My familiars call me Monk Hausen. So long, pard. Thanks for a very entertaining afternoon."

POPULAR GRAINS FOR FARM FLOCK

Corn Heads Long List Because of Abundance and Is Most Relished by Fowls.

WHEAT REGARDED AS SAFEST

Most Satisfactory Results Obtained When Meat, Bone, Bran and Other Nitrogenous Feeds Are Also Supplied.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Of all grain feeds usually supplied to farm poultry, corn has been, and still is, the most popular. This probably is due to its abundance and relative cheapness, and because it is the most relished of all the grains. Corn is heating and fattening, and when fed to fowls as the only feed, fat rather than eggs is the usual result. It should be balanced with meat, bone, bran, and such feeds as are rich in nitrogenous matter, in which corn is deficient. When corn is fed to laying hens that have opportunity to take plenty of exercise and to obtain insects and green feed, more satisfactory results are likely to be obtained. It may be fed more freely during the winter than during the summer, say poultry specialists of United States Department of Agriculture.

Wheat is Safest. Wheat is generally regarded as the safest grain to be fed alone. It is not quite so fattening as corn, but is too fattening when fed alone. Wheat should be supplemented by the same feeds as advised to use with corn to increase the proportion of protein. Wheat contains a little more protein than corn, about the same amount of carbohydrates, but less fat, and on the whole is considered not so valuable for fattening, but slightly better for growth. Good grades of wheat are relatively too high in price to be used freely in feeds at the present time. Wheat screenings of a good grade can frequently be purchased and fed to advantage. Of course, there is always the danger of introducing weed seeds on the farm. "Burnt wheat" seldom can be fed advantageously, the difference in price between this and good wheat being usually too slight to warrant its use.

Oats Needed for Variety. Oats, while not as good as corn or wheat, are necessary for variety. They contain more indigestible fiber than the other grains. Hulled oats are relished by poultry and are excel-

lent for producing eggs, but are usually too expensive. When they can be obtained at a reasonable price in comparison with other grains they may be fed quite freely.

Barley does not seem to be relished by hens, but may be used to give variety to the grain ration. It has a little more protein than corn and a little less than oats.

Buckwheat is quite liked by fowls, but is not widely fed. It may be used to vary the ration, but is usually too high in price to be economical. Buckwheat middlings are rich in protein and make a good mixture with cornmeal.

Rye is not fed largely, and does not seem to be much relished by poultry. It is supposed to cause bowel trouble when fed freely.

ARRANGE PLAN OF ROTATION As Many Fields Should Be Established as There Are Years for Fairly Constant Supply.

In adopting a plan of rotation as many fields should be established as there are years in the rotation, for this gives a fairly constant supply of each crop. When a crop fails a similar crop should be substituted, as for example, oats for wheat, soy beans or cowpeas for clover. There is no other way to maintain a systematic rotation.

RIGHT DEPTH FOR PLANTING No General Rule Can Be Recommended as Vegetables and Soils Differ Greatly.

There is no general rule regarding the depth of planting, as different kinds of vegetables and different soils necessitate different practices. The smaller the seeds the shallower the covering should be as a rule. In heavy soils the covering should be lighter than in light soils.

MUCH TIME IS LOST IN FIGHTING WEEDS

Survey Has Recently Been Conducted by Experts.

Special Attention Given to Best Methods of Conquering Some of Worst Plants—Publications on Eradication or Control.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Fighting weeds occupies about 30 per cent of all the time a farmer spends in cultivation of crops, according to experts in the United States Department of Agriculture, who recently have been conducting a weed survey. Special attention has been given to the best methods of conquering some of the worst weeds, and the following publications on their eradication or control may be obtained by writing to the department. Farmers' bulletins: 610, Wild Onion; 630, Weeds in General; 833, Wild Oats in Hard Spring-Wheat Area; 945

Killing Roadside Weeds With Spray. Bermuda Grass; 1161, Dodder; 1163, Poison Ivy and Poison Sumac; 1092, Canada Thistle.

Department circulars: 108, Chicory, 130 (5 cents a copy), Hawkweeds or Paint Brushes.

Department bulletins: 511 (10 cents), Farm Practice in the Cultivation of Cotton.

In addition to these the following multigraphed leaflets on special weeds may be obtained by writing direct to forage crop investigations, bureau of plant industry, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.: Chemical Weed Killers; Eradication of Nut Grass; Wild Carrot; Crabgrass; Killing Dandelions in Lawns; Sheep Sorrel; Chickweed in Lawns; Eradication of Quack Grass; Wild Morning Glory, or Bind-Weed; Honey-suckle as a weed; Perennial Sow Thistle.

No News to Him. A regimental band was about to be organized at one of the war-time cantonments and, after the first rehearsal, the officer in charge was signing up the candidates.

"Your name?" he asked the trombonist.

"Sam Jones," returned the embryo trombonist.

"Your station?" "Camp Devens."

"Your rank?" "I know it," sighed Sam.—The American Legion Weekly.

CULTIVATE POTATOES OFTEN Hoeing Should Be Done Once a Week for Six Weeks After Plants Appear—Kill Bugs.

Potatoes must be hoed or cultivated at least once a week for about six weeks after the plants appear. While cultivating, the soil should be drawn about the plants, forming hills to protect the potatoes from the sun.

Potato bugs, old-fashioned "hard shells" and their children, the soft shells or slugs, are sure to eat the foliage of potatoes unless prevented from doing so. The "hard shell" bugs that are first to appear can often be picked off by hand and killed, but about the only way to control the young soft bugs or slugs is to poison them. This can be done by spraying or sprinkling the potato leaves with a mixture consisting of one ounce of arsenate of lead in one gallon of water or the plants may be dusted with powdered lime to which paris green has been added at the rate of one ounce to four quarts of lime, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The dust should be sifted over the plants during the early morning while the dew is upon the leaves. It will not be necessary to dust or spray all the plants, but only those where the bugs have started, then go over the potatoes every few days to see that the bugs have not gotten a fresh start.

SWEET CLOVER BUILDS SOIL By Vigorous Growth and Decay of Large Roots It Restores Humus in Large Quantities.

As a soil builder sweet clover is in a class by itself. By its vigorous growth and the decay of its large roots it restores humus to the soil in large quantities. If it is allowed to remain and decay where it has grown, large quantities of plant food are made available. Moreover, it is a legume and can, therefore, take its nitrogen from the air, thus adding an element to the soil that is very beneficial. Its long fleshy roots penetrate the subsoil and bring food to the surface for other plants to use, and, at the same time, improve the soil texture.

PROFITABLE SIZE OF FLOCK Best to Keep Number Under 500 Unless Breeder Is Man of Considerable Experience.

Until one has had considerable experience it is best not to brood over 500 chickens in one flock, and a smaller number would probably do better, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

Fatal to Flies.

Fly-swatters and screens will be relegated to the junk pile if the Department of Agriculture finds merit in the fly-killing properties claimed for a sapling grown from the seed of a Kentucky coffee tree by the late Prof. George F. Holmes of the University of Virginia. Professor Holmes asserted that the tree gave off a peculiar poison fatal to flies and therefore was a boon to humanity. He planted it in his garden and requested that it be dedicated as his only memorial.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble. Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions. Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

ASPIRIN Name "Bayer" on Genuine

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

Fraternity the Great Need. It was Victor Hugo who conceived this thought: "The true resistance of man against catastrophes is an augmentation of humanity. Love one another, aid one another. Solidarity of men is the retort to complexity of mysterious facts. It is thus that is established on earth the third term of the grand human formula, fraternity. Governments put obstacles in the way of liberty and equality, they will come in their time, in spite of the monarchy; equality in spite of the aristocracy. But fraternity is the opening door, the emptying purse, the helping hand."

Love never recognizes hardships in its way.

In a new size package

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

Ten for 10 cents. Handy size. Dealers carry both. 10 for 10c; 20 for 20c. It's toasted.

Cuticura Soap The Healthy Shaving Soap

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