

DOCTORS WANTED TO OPERATE

Mrs. Quillon Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her from an Operation

Muskegon, Michigan.—"After doctoring for eight or nine years with different physicians without any relief at all, they said at last that medicine would not reach my case and I should have an operation. I had heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and often saw it advertised in different papers where some women had suffered just as I did and got well and strong again by taking the Vegetable Compound. I decided to see what it would do for me, and before I had finished the fourth bottle I was much better, the weakness stopped and the severe pains in my sides left me. I am now much stronger and do my own work and work in the factory beside. I am still taking the Vegetable Compound and give it all the praise."—Mrs. NELLIE QUILLON, 17 Morris St., Muskegon, Mich.

Women should heed such warning symptoms as bearing-down pains and weakness, for they indicate some female trouble, and a persistent and faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will seldom fail to help.



Laxatives Replaced
By the Use of Nujol
Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot grip.
When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving.
Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Try Nujol.
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

MAN'S BEST AGE

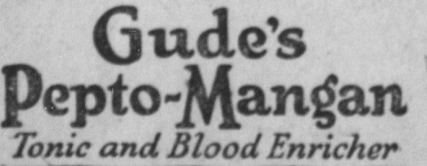
A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with



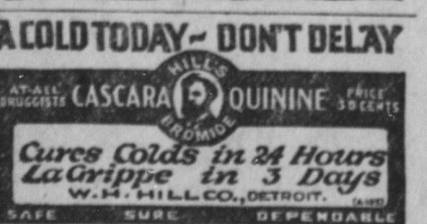
LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL CAPSULES
HAARLEM OIL
The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

HOW TO GET BACK THE "JOY OF LIFE"

LIFE isn't worth living if you're so weak and run down you can hardly drag yourself around. If the rich red blood, full of health and vigor, were pumping through your veins, the joy of life would come back soon enough! Gude's Pepto-Mangan has worked this magic for thousands. It will do the same for you. Take it for a short time and see how your health and strength improve. Your druggist has it—liquid or tablets, as you prefer.



Gude's Pepto-Mangan Tonic and Blood Enricher



A COLD TODAY—DON'T DELAY
CASCARA QUININE
Cures Colds in 24 Hours
Lacripine in 3 Days
W. H. HILL CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Ask some men how they feel and they will entertain themselves for an hour by reciting their woes.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin... When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

A woman's idea of a happy demise is to be crushed to death in a shopping crowd.



Refreshes Weary Eyes
When Your Eyes Feel Dull and Heavy, use Murine. It instantly Relieves Tired Feeling—Makes them Clear, Bright and Sparkling. Harmless. Sold and Recommended by All Druggists.
MURINE for your EYES

Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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VI—Continued.

Part of the room was clear to our view, though about half of it was shut off from us by the very king of all Christmas trees, glittering with dozens and dozens of candles, sumptuous in silver, sparkling in gold, and laden with Heaven alone knows how many and what delectable enticements. Opposite the Tree, his back against the wall, sat old Bob, clad in a dress of state, part of which consisted of a swallow-tail coat (with an overgrown chrysanthemum in the buttonhole), a red necktie, and a pink-and-silver liberty cap of tissue-paper. He was scraping a fiddle "like old times come again," and the tune he played was, "Oh, my Liza, po' gal!" My feet shuffled to it in the snow.

No one except old Bob was to be seen in the room, but we watched him and listened breathlessly. When he finished "Liza," he laid the fiddle across his knee, wiped his face with a new and brilliant blue silk handkerchief, and said: "Now come de big speech."

The Honorable David Beasley, carrying a small mahogany table, stepped out from beyond the Christmas tree, advanced to the center of the room; set the table down; disappeared for a moment and returned with a white water-pitcher and a glass. He placed these upon the table, bowed gracefully several times, then spoke: "Ladies and gentlemen—" There he paused.

"Well," said Mr. Simeon Peck, slowly, "don't this beat hell!" "Look out!" The Journal reporter twitched his sleeve. "Ladies present." "Where?" said I.

He leaned nearer me and spoke in a low tone. "Just behind us. She followed us over from your boarding house. She's been standing around near us all along. I supposed she was Dowden's daughter, probably."

"He hasn't any daughter," I said, and stepped back to the hooded figure I had been too absorbed in our quest to notice. It was Miss Apperthwaite. She had thrown a loose cloak over her head and shoulders; but enveloped in it as she was, and crested and epauletted with white, I knew her at once. There was no mistaking her, even in a blizzard.

She caught my hand with a strong, quick pressure, and, bending her head to mine, said in a soft whisper, close to my ear: "I heard everything that man said in our hallway. You left the library door open when you called Mr. Dowden out."

"So," I returned, maliciously, "you— you couldn't help following!" She released my hand—gently, to my surprise.

drew; while old Bob set his fiddle to his chin and started to scrape the preliminary measure of a quadrille. Beasley was back in an instant, shouting as he came: "Take your partners! Balance all!"

And then and there, and all by himself, he danced a quadrille, performing at one and the same time for four lively couples. Never in my life have I seen such gyrations and capers as were cut by that long-legged, loose-jointed, miraculously flying figure. He was in the wildest motion without cessation, never the fraction of an instant still; calling the figures at the top of his voice and dancing them simultaneously; his expression anxious but polite (as is the habit of other dancers); his hands extended as if to sway his partner or corner, or "opposite lady"; and his feet lifting high and flapping down in an old-fashioned step.

"First four, forward and back!" he shouted. "Forward and salute! Balance to corners! Swing partners! Gr-r-rand Right-and-Left!" I think the combination of abandon and decorum with which he performed that "Grand Right-and-Left" was the funniest thing I have ever seen. But I didn't laugh at it.

Neither did Miss Apperthwaite, at my side. "Now do you believe me?" Peck was arguing, fiercely, with Mr. Schumeyer. "Is he crazy, or ain't he?" "He is," Grist agreed, hoarsely. "He is a stark, starin', ravin', roarin' lunatic! And the nigger's humorin' him!" They were all staring, open-mouthed and aghast, into the lighted room.

"Do you see where it puts us?" Simeon Peck's rasping voice rose high. "I guess I do!" said Grist. "We come out to buy a barn, and got a house and lot for the same money. It's the greatest night's work you ever done, Sim Peck!" "I guess it is!" "Shake on it, Sim."

They shook hands, exalted with triumph. "This'll do the work," giggled Peck. "It's about two-thousand per cent better than the story we started to git. Why, Dave Beasley'll be in a padded cell in a month! It'll be all over town tomorrow, and he'll have as much chance for governor as that nigger in there!" In his ecstasy he smote Dowden deliciously in the ribs. "What do you think of your candidate now?" "Wait," said Dowden. "Who came in the cabs that Grist saw?" This staggered Mr. Peck. He rubbed his mitten over his woolen cap as if scratching his head. "Wah," he said, slowly—"who in Halifax did come in them cabs?"

"The Hunchbergs? Where—" "Listen," said Dowden. "First couple, face out!" shouted Beasley, facing out with an invisible lady on his akimboed arm, while old Bob sawed madly at "A New Coon in Town."

"Second couple, fall in!" Beasley wheeled about and enacted the second couple. "Third couple!" He fell in behind himself again. "Fourth couple, if you please! Balance—ALL—I beg your pardon, Miss

Opposite the Tree, His Back Against the Wall, Sat Old Bob. Molanna, I'm afraid I stepped on your train.—Sashay All!" After the "sashay"—the noblest and most dashing bit of gymnastics displayed in the whole quadrille—he bowed profoundly to his invisible partner and came to a pause, wiping his streaming face. Old Bob dexterously swung a "A New Coon" into the stately measures of a triumphal march. "And now," Beasley announced, in stentorian tones, "if the ladies will be so kind as to take the gentlemen's arms, we will proceed to the dining room and partake of a slight collation." Thereupon came a slender piping of joy from that part of the room which had been screened from us by screened from us by the Tree. "Oh, Cousin David Beasley, that was the beautifullest quadrille ever danced in the world! And now, please, won't you take Mrs. Hunchberg out to supper?"

Then into the vision of our paralyzed and dumfounded watchers came the little wagon, pulled by the old colored woman, Bob's wife, in her best, and there, propped upon pillows, lay Hamilton Swift, Junior, his soul shining rapture out of his great eyes, a bright spot of color on each of his thin cheeks.

He lifted himself on one elbow, and for an instant something seemed to be wrong with the brace which was under his chin. Beasley sprang to him and adjusted it tenderly. Then he bowed elaborately toward the mantel-piece. "Mrs. Hunchberg," he said, "may I have the honor?" And offered his arm. "And I must have Mister Hunchberg," chirped Hamilton. "He must walk with me."

"He tells me," said Beasley, "he'll be mighty glad to. And there's a plate of bones for Simpedoria." "You lead the way," cried the child; "you and Mrs. Hunchberg." "Are we all in line?" Beasley glanced back over his shoulder. "Hoo-ray! Now, let us on. Ho! Music there!" "Br-r-ra-vo!" applauded Mister Swift.

And Beasley, his head thrown back and his chest out, proudly led the way, stepping nobly and in time to the exhilarating measures. Hamilton Swift, Junior, towed by the beaming old mammy, followed in his wagon, his thin little arm uplifted and his fingers curled as if they held a trusted hand. When they reached the door, old Bob rose, turned in after them, and still fiddling, played the procession and himself down the hall.

And so they marched away, and we were left staring into the empty room. "My soul!" said the Journal reporter, gasping. "And he did all that—just to please a little sick kid!" "I can't figure it out," murmured Sim Peck, piteously. "I can," said the Journal reporter. "This story will be all over town tomorrow." He glanced at me, and I nodded. "It'll be all over town," he continued, "though not in any of the papers—and I don't believe it's going to hurt Dave Beasley's chances any."

Mr. Peck and his companions turned toward the street and went silently. The young man from the Journal overtook them. "Thank you for sending for me," he said, cordially. "You've given me a treat. I'm for Beasley!" Dowden put his hand on my shoulder. He had not observed the third figure still remaining. "Well, sir," he remarked, shaking the snow from his coat, "they were right about one thing; it certainly was mighty low down of Dave not to invite me—and you, too—to his Christmas party. Let him go to thunder with his old invitations, I'm going in, anyway! Come on. I'm plum froze."

There was a side door just beyond the bay window, and Dowden went to it and rang, loud and long. It was Beasley himself who opened it. "What in the name—" he began, as the ruddy light fell upon Dowden's face and upon me, standing a little way behind. "What are you two—snow-banks? What on earth are you fellows doing out here?" "We've come to your Christmas party, you old horse-thief!" Thus Mr. Dowden.

"Hoo-ray!" said Beasley. "Dowden turned to me. 'Aren't you coming?'" "What are you waiting for, old fellow?" said Beasley. I waited a moment longer, and then it happened. She came out of the shadow and went to the foot of the steps, her cloak falling from her shoulders as she passed me. I picked it up.

She lifted her arms pleadingly, though her head was bent with what seemed to me a beautiful sort of shame. She stood there with the snow driving against her and did not speak. Beasley drew his hand slowly across his eyes—to see if they were really there, I think. "David," she said, at last. "You've got so many lovely people in your house tonight, isn't there room for— for just one fool? It's Christmas time!"

Home Town Helps

FRIENDSHIP GROVE NEW IDEA

May Be Carried Out as Easily in Small City as This Man Does on Farm.

A farmer living only a few miles from here has a lot of pleasure and gives many of his friends an enjoyable afternoon or evening by planting a tree for a member of the party. He believes in recognizing the friend before he dies. The wife of this farmer enters into the spirit of tree planting and enjoys having the friends gather at their home and plant a tree for a friend. The occasion not only furnishes the opportunity for good friends to get together and have a good time, but also stimulates tree planting in the community.

The friendship grove makes it easy to honor one's friends. Dwellers on small city lots may say that this cannot be done. There is no reason why it is necessary to use trees. A peony plant named for a friend may not be as stately as a tree, but the glowing flower of the peony will always remind you of the high qualities of the friend. In America friendship groves and gardens will give much happiness and add value to property.—Chicago Evening Post.

CLING TO NATURAL BEAUTY

Too Many Cities Allow Picturesque Spots to Disappear as the Place Grows in Size.

Minneapolis is one city where natural scenery is interspersed through its residence sections. Fortunately, those lakes were too large and deep to drain and "lay out in town lots." Kansas City also found on her town-site such ravines. The real estate world gave them up, and they were turned into parkways. Penn Valley park being mostly a depression is now one of the most picturesque features to be found in any city in America.

Chicago has had nothing to utilize for beauty except her lake, and she is making the most of that, "taking over" practically the whole shore line and amplifying it so that there will be a lake shore park from the river almost to the southern city limits. St. Louis has preserved in Forest Park her finest hill, and the Mississippi river still has many possibilities as a scenic northern limits—near the water works.

Every city has to study its topography and develop its natural beauties and to keep them from disappearing. Beautify Waste Spots. Borders in the garden and yard are like frames that lend beauty to the picture. In many gardens and lawns there seems to be no space that can be spared for flowers, yet there are walks of cement, brick, or cinders, waste spaces along the alley, or around small buildings which if bordered with some flowers would change the entire appearance of the place.

China asters, old-fashioned pinks, English daisies, forget-me-nots, sweet alyssum, candy tuft and verbenas are good varieties for almost any soil or climate. In places where a taller border would bring out the picture, use sweet william, oriental poppies or the stately hollyhock. Then find a high place for a birdhouse, or plant some shrubs for nesting places. The true home picture is lacking without the birds and flowers.—Thrifty Magazine.

Small Town Holding Its Own.

"I have been in close touch with a sort of employment agency conducted by a western university for its alumni," remarked C. S. Barrett, in an address he delivered at New York. "The most remarkable feature, and one which I understand is general throughout the country, is the discovery that the man of education from the small town is willing to go back home after his schooling is completed and start his work there. Formerly all the young men went to the cities. The lack of employment which started over a year ago stimulated endeavor at home, and while the 'back to the farm' movement may not be in full swing, there is a decided 'back to the home town' trend."

For a City Beautiful. The proposal to make Indianapolis a city beautiful with flowers, as the Garden Flower society plans, is not an impossible thing, and is an undertaking whose gradual fulfillment should arouse enthusiasm among owners of property. For it is a movement in which any and every one may join, each with no further responsibility than to beautify his own premises.

Prevent Mountain Fire. A fire covering 1,000 feet of land on a timber-dry mountainside and spreading in the direction of a cabin and a fence banked with dead brush was discovered by Scouts Adrian Winkle and Gordon Porter, of Los Angeles, out from their camp in Bear canyon on a test hike. The boys went into action, dragging away all the brush and making a firebreak. After two hours' work the fire was extinguished. They then hiked to Camp Rincon, where they reported the fire to the ranger before



Good to the last drop
The fate of the luncheon may be predestined by the hostess who will only take the pains to see that Maxwell House is served.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE



111 cigarettes
TURKISH VIRGINIA BURLEY
15 for 10
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

A STARTLING OFFER!
For a limited time we will mail a full-size box of our egg tonic for a thirty-day test. If your hens are not in a healthy condition and lay more eggs simply return box; if satisfied with results, remit \$1.00. It's a guaranteed egg producer. Adds luster to the plumage. Makes the comb a bright red; prevents poultry diseases; keeps the flock in sink of condition. Let us prove what we say—we can't, cost nothing. Agents wanted. Attractive prices to dealers. Order direct. Thurmont Mail Order House, Thurmont, Md.

Pure Strain Brand SEED POTATOES
Guaranteed Northern Grown
Illustrated Catalog Mailed on Request
A. G. ALDRIDGE SONS
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DANCER—ANNERITA, the new remedy for skin cancer, eczema, boils, pimples, piles, sturns and running sores, relieves at once. Price, 50c and \$1. Circular on request. J. P. LANGAN, 611 W. 128th St., New York.

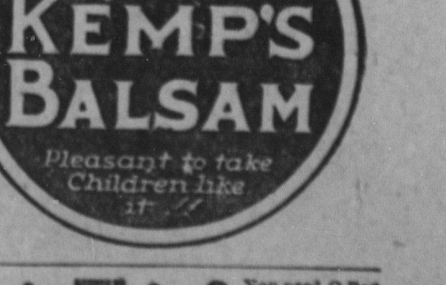
Massachusetts Long in Lead. For more than 150 years, from the earliest colonial days, Massachusetts held the lead in industrial chemistry in America.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected. Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and that a large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. 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.—Advertisement.

A successful man sees things as they are, not as others tell him they are.



for that COUGH!
KEMP'S BALSAM
Pleasant to take
Children like it

Hair Thin? You need Quinine. Quinine is the only tonic that stimulates the hair roots and stops their falling out. It is sold apothecaries readily. Try it! At all good druggists, etc. or direct from HESSIG-ELLI, Chicago, St. Louis, Mo.

(THE END)