

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Relieved of Nervousness and Other Distressing Ailments by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four years ago, and am taking it now for the Change of Life and other troubles and I receive great benefit from it. I am willing to let you use my letter as a testimonial because it is the truth. I found your booklet in my letter-box and read it carefully, and that is how I came to take the Vegetable Compound myself. It has given me quiet nerves so that I sleep all night, and a better appetite. I have recommended it already to all my friends and relatives."—Mrs. ENGLEMANN, 2032 Palmetto St., Ridgewood, Brooklyn, N. Y.

No one had any comments to make. But a serious-faced man at the other end of the table seemed to be very grave indeed; he bent a concentrated regard upon his plate, as though the contents might yield some secret which he hunted.

"Remember, the Vegetable Compound has a record of nearly fifty years of service and thousands of women praise its merit, as does Mrs. Englemann. You should give it a fair trial now."

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Horses and Mules can be kept on their feet and working if owners give "SPOHN'S" for Distemper, Influenza, Shipping Fever, Coughs and Colds. Cheapest and surest means of escaping these diseases. Occasional doses work wonders. Give "SPOHN'S" for Dog Distemper. Used for thirty years. 60 cents and \$1.20 at drug stores.

CURES COLDS - LA GRIPPE

in 24 Hours - LA GRIPPE in 3 Days

CASCARA QUININE

Standard cold remedy world over. Demand box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature. At All Drugists—30 Cents.

AGENTS WANTED—SELL KNITTED TIES. Assorted designs. 50% profit. Ideal Christmas proposition. \$12.50 dozen, postpaid. M. J. TOMMERY, 815 W. 130th St., New York.

TYPISTS—EARN \$20-850 WEEKLY spare time, copying authors' manuscripts. Write R. J. CARNES, Authors' Agent, Drawer F, Tallapoosa, Ga., for particulars.

Genuine Photographs of the Nation's Capital. Send 25c for Assorted No. 1—15 different pictures. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ludwig & Mullin, 4 Channing St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

KEEP EYES WELL!

Dr. Thompson's Eye Water will strengthen them. At drug stores or 137 River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet.

Agents, Distributors Wanted for Mother's Friend hair and hair cleaner, remedy for head ailments; 25c bottle. Attractive proposition. Mother's Friend Co., 256 E. 34th, New York.

Only One Dollar for 8 Popular Hits, including new waltz sensation, "Weeping Willow Waltz." Federal Music Co., Music Publishers, 1222 W. North Ave., Baltimore, Md.

OH, BOY!

How your girl will love you! Give her a Cupid Vanity Case. Highest quality cosmetics. Price \$1.50. Send name, pay on delivery. W. Seidel, 569 Fifth Ave., New York.

His Alibi.

The tickets for a certain Sunday school annual tea had been distributed to the scholars and the superintendent was surprised when a small boy inquired how it was he had not got one.

The superintendent looked at the boy and said: "You don't attend the school!"

"Oh, but I do," replied the boy.

"When was the last time you came?" asked the superintendent.

"Last treat day, sir," replied the boy.

"Where have you been since?"

"Please, sir, I—I—I've had a bad cold."

Curriculum.

"What place does football occupy in the college curriculum?"

"I believe it's an optional study."

If a man is unable to achieve success it's up to him to succeed without it.

Help That Achy Back!

Are you dragging around, day after day, with a dull, unceasing backache? Are you lame in the morning, bothered with headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders? Feel tired, irritable and discouraged? Then there's surely something wrong, and likely it's kidney weakness. Don't neglect it! Get back your health while you can. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands of ailing folks. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Virginia Case

Mrs. Mary E. Bailey, Bradley St., Abingdon, Va., says: "When I bent over my back was stiff and I was often taken with aches in the small of it and my kidneys didn't act right. I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and my back became stronger, the pain disappeared, my kidneys acted regularly and I felt better in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

W. N. U. BALTIMORE, NO. 48-1923

Why the Sober Man Did Smile

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

Boarding House Christmas Party Had a Very Happy Ending for Two

What He Asked and Her Answer Should Be an Easy Guess

denied it. Of the seven places at the table one was vacant, that belonging to Vesta Blaine.

"Miss Blaine," continued Miss Cummings a little wistfully, "always has such a delightful time at holidays. She has so many pleasant acquaintances. And of course," she hesitated to give emphasis to what was coming, "she is getting a good deal of attention from that young man."

At last the seven stockings were bulging with gifts; they swayed gently back and forth in all the energy of their recent filling.

"Select your own stockings!" shouted Vesta Blaine like a general ordering his troops into battle, "and open your presents!"

It just happened by the merest chance that Vesta and the sober man were seated on the sofa together. They shook out their stockings into a mutual heap and began to untie the strings and rip off the seals.

"Look here," said the sober man sternly, "how did anyone know I wanted that book?" and he held out a thin, leather-bound volume toward Vesta.

"You said you did, once last summer," answered Vesta a little shyly.

"Caesar's ghost!" he whistled, "and you remembered?"

"Yes," nodded Vesta.

This affirmation seemed to concern the sober man very much.

"Why?" he asked after a moment's consideration.

"Oh," replied the girl, "I just wanted you to have what . . . you wanted to have!"

This afforded the sober man more food for thought.

"I didn't even know you were aware of my existence. I used to bet with myself that if it came to a pinch and you had to introduce me, you could not tell my name. You're so popular, and that sort of thing, that I thought—" he was unable to finish.

Vesta made a gesture as if she threw caution to the winds. "Listen to me," she said. "You're the most interesting person here; I hated not ever having a word with you about books. That's one reason I had this party. I hoped you'd talk to me a little. You always looked so bored when I came in, and I was sorry. I'm not so frivolous as I seem. My father—the man playing Santa Claus—is owner of the London Book Shop here; I'm working there just to learn something of the business. It's Dad who's really back of the party. I just did the suggesting. He's a perfect old dear. I wanted to try being a regular shop girl, so I came here to board, and it's been the greatest fun. I did not mean to deceive people too much, but really—here she permitted herself a tiny gurgle of mirth—"Miss Billings got so frightfully interested in a man who was paying me such attention, and of course it was no one but Dad, who came now and then to give me some pleasure at the theater or a concert . . ."

She stopped from lack of breath.

The sober man beamed. You would never believe that an expression could change the way his did. It was like a dawning, a new light spread upon his face.

What happened after this is almost too confusing for description.

Santa unmasked and was introduced to everybody. Such a thanking and explaining! Such a happy, laughing group! Miss Billings discovered she could play the piano and Mr. Blaine, swung out first with Mrs. Cummings, who fluttered like a girl at her first party. The rest whirled in with great fervor.

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What a hubbub there was then! Everybody asked five questions at once and none found out the answer. Miss Billings quivered with excitement. Mrs. Cummings waved the carving knife and nearly took off a slice from the sober man's nose. Finally, Vesta stood up, commanded silence, tapped importantly on the table with a silver spoon, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are earnestly requested, cordially invited and definitely ordered to clothe yourself in radiant raiment after dinner, and then wait for me in the hall. No one shall be allowed to say 'no.' Penalty for disobedience is so horrible I can't even mention it!"

And ready they were as soon as they could jump into their best and assemble in the hall. The sober man was the last to appear. He looked as though he did not dare stay away. That's the best that could be said about him. But the rest were laughing and talking in happy expectation.

Vesta Blaine went to the front door, opened it, made strange signs with her hands, and in there tramped a big, blustering giant of a fellow dressed like Santa Claus. He had a nobby pack on his back, and appeared to have every intention of unloading it at Mrs. Cummings' boarding house.

"This way," said Vesta and led him into the parlor. The rest followed.

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"Gracious me!" breathed Mrs. Cummings. She did not know her own parlor—and no wonder. There was a big Christmas tree standing in the middle. It reached to the ceiling and blazed with small electric bulbs. More than that, there were seven single stockings suspended in a row from the mantle. Everybody squealed when they discovered their own.

Santa heaved down his pack and out tumbled a bushel of gifts, each wrapped up in paper and marked with a name.

"Each person pick up seven parcels and put them in the stockings. You'll find the names to correspond!" called out Vesta Blaine. "No lagging! A fine for being the last one!"

"That parlor full of boarders resembled a small army of squirrels scrambling about in a heap of nuts. Everybody got in everybody's way; everybody laughed—even the sober man was guilty of a happy look around his eyes.

At last the seven stockings were bulging with gifts; they swayed gently back and forth in all the energy of their recent filling.

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This affirmation seemed to concern the sober man very much.

"Why?" he asked after a moment's consideration.

"Oh," replied the girl, "I just wanted you to have what . . . you wanted to have!"

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Vesta made a gesture as if she threw caution to the winds. "Listen to me," she said. "You're the most interesting person here; I hated not ever having a word with you about books. That's one reason I had this party. I hoped you'd talk to me a little. You always looked so bored when I came in, and I was sorry. I'm not so frivolous as I seem. My father—the man playing Santa Claus—is owner of the London Book Shop here; I'm working there just to learn something of the business. It's Dad who's really back of the party. I just did the suggesting. He's a perfect old dear. I wanted to try being a regular shop girl, so I came here to board, and it's been the greatest fun. I did not mean to deceive people too much, but really—here she permitted herself a tiny gurgle of mirth—"Miss Billings got so frightfully interested in a man who was paying me such attention, and of course it was no one but Dad, who came now and then to give me some pleasure at the theater or a concert . . ."

She stopped from lack of breath.

The sober man beamed. You would never believe that an expression could change the way his did. It was like a dawning, a new light spread upon his face.

What happened after this is almost too confusing for description.

Santa unmasked and was introduced to everybody. Such a thanking and explaining! Such a happy, laughing group! Miss Billings discovered she could play the piano and Mr. Blaine, swung out first with Mrs. Cummings, who fluttered like a girl at her first party. The rest whirled in with great fervor.

If anyone had been looking sharply for the happiest couple, I think Vesta and the sober man would have been selected. What he said to her is nobody's business, nor what she answered—and yet they seemed to have settled something very happily.

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"How Did Anyone Know I Wanted That Book?"

were seated on the sofa together. They shook out their stockings into a mutual heap and began to untie the strings and rip off the seals.

"Look here," said the sober man sternly, "how did anyone know I wanted that book?" and he held out a thin, leather-bound volume toward Vesta.

"You said you did, once last summer," answered Vesta a little shyly.

"Caesar's ghost!" he whistled, "and you remembered?"

"Yes," nodded Vesta.

This affirmation seemed to concern the sober man very much.

"Why?" he asked after a moment's consideration.

"Oh," replied the girl, "I just wanted you to have what . . . you wanted to have!"

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