

IS A HEALTHIER STRONGER GIRL

Because She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The fertile valleys of Oregon help to supply the tables of America. This is possible through the magic of the humble tin can.

In one of the canning establishments, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was employed. It was a strenuous work because she did sealing and other parts of the work. It was a strenuous work and she was not a strong girl. Often she forced herself to work when she was hardly able to sit at her machine. At times she would have to stay at home for she was so weak she could hardly walk. For five years she was in this weakened condition.

She tried various medicines. At last, a friend of hers spoke of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she gave it a trial.

"Everyone says I am a healthier and stronger girl," she writes. "I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to all my friends who tell me how they suffer and I am willing to answer letters from women asking about it." Lydia E. Pinkham's address is 113 Willow St., Silverton, Oregon.

Girls who work in factories know just how Miss Schmidt felt. Perhaps they, too, will find better health by taking the Vegetable Compound.

CORNS



Ends pain at once!

In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!



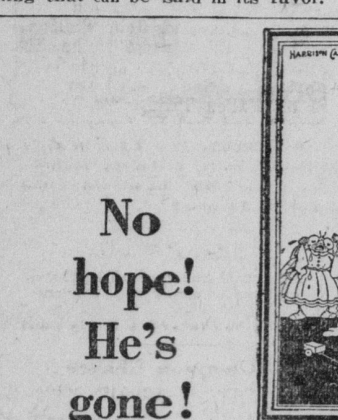
W. N. U., PITTSBURGH, NO. 28-1927.

Jungle Youth Restless

Youth also flames in darkest Africa. The Presbyterian board of foreign missions reports that evangelistic work in West Africa is becoming increasingly difficult. In the old days the boys and girls stayed at home and obeyed the tribal laws. Now they go chasing off to other tribes while still in their teens, and the dusky elders do not know how to handle them. Apparently this "revolt of youth" is going on in the jungle as well as in the United States.—Capper's Weekly.

Has Few Advantages

He—I'm poor, but poverty is no disgrace. She—No; but that's about the only thing that can be said in his favor.



"Flyosan ALWAYS kills," says Doc Fly

Don't kill flies and mosquitoes one at a time.

Flyosan—the first and only effective fly and mosquito spray (non-poisonous)—kills all the flies and mosquitoes in your house in only a few minutes.

But use Flyosan itself. Don't take chances with inferior imitations. Rid your home quickly, thoroughly, not only of flying pests but also of the filthy, deadly germs which each one carries.

"Swatting" only scatters these

millions of disease-bearing germs.

Here is the right insecticide for each insect:

Flyosan, Liquid Spray—kills flies and mosquitoes.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants.

PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid—exterminates bedbugs.

PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates that cockroach army.

PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD—protects against moths.

You must have a specific insecticide for each insect. No single insecticide will exterminate them all. We have had nearly 50 years' experience. We know that is true.

Peterman's has the right insecticide for each insect. On sale wherever drugs are sold.

Peterman's 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Kissing Custom That Flourished Long Ago

In the Middle Ages the "kiss of peace" became an ordinary church ceremony, and was practiced promiscuously by the congregations, especially after special services such as baptisms, weddings and confirmations, each worshiper giving a kiss to those around him. It became the custom for a girl's sweetheart to accompany her to church and count the number of people she kissed, that he might afterward take all the unpleasant kisses from her. The kiss of peace is said to have received a death blow when a pagan noble objected to having his Christian wife kissed by all the men in church, and raised such a rumpus that the church stopped the practice.

After that, whoever kissed a girl against her will was severely chastised by law. In Naples, a man who kissed a girl who did not want to be kissed was punished by not being allowed to come within 30 miles of the spot where the kiss had been stolen. French law made it a sin for a married woman to kiss even her masculine cousins.

Clean by Electricity

The uses of electric cleaners are many, especially those which can be reversed to blow as well as inhale. One was rushed into a coal mine at Bicknell, Ind., in 1923 to pump air to miners imprisoned by rock falls after an explosion. A householder used one last winter to blow warm air down between his house walls to thaw out a frozen water pipe. Another effectively defeated beetles whose larvae, previously uncatchable, damaged the rafters of an English castle. An American farmer uses one regularly each summer to separate leaves from berries that have been picked and spread out on a sheet.

For bloated feeling and distressed breathing due to indigestion you need a medicine as well as a purgative. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are both. Adv.

The Impossible

The late Albert J. Beveridge, statesman and author, hated divorce or, rather, he hated the offenders who make divorce necessary.

Once, at a dinner in Indianapolis, the guests discussed with pity the case of a very admirable woman, the mother of seven young children, who found herself obliged to divorce her husband. There were obstacles, financial and other, in the way, and Mr. Beveridge said:

"A divorce like this is too bad, too impossible. It's like an omelet to remove one bad egg."

Spoilt Her Drive

Suzanne Lenglen said at a luncheon in New York:

"I am very fond of golf but when I took it up in Nice everybody laughed at me. Everybody said I'd be a failure."

"The first day I played at the Nice Country club I was getting ready to tee off when Baron De Malpugo ran out of the clubhouse and shouted excitedly:

"Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle Suzanne! Be sure to save me all the worms you turn up—I'm going fishing."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Duke Dodges Taxes

The duke of Devonshire has turned his family estates in England into a company under the title of Chatsworth Estates, Ltd. He is the seventh English duke who has been forced to take this step because of the staggering taxation rate on large personally owned estates, and the comparatively small taxation on corporate land companies. Also, by this incorporating himself the duke will avoid death duties when he dies.

If you wish to reach the higher, begin at the lowest.—Syrus.



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Peterman's 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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STORY FROM THE START

From the comfortable financial situation to which he had been born, Peter Milman, is practically reduced to penury through the misfortune of a friend unwisely trusted. Learning of Brewster's suicide, which means the destruction of his last hope, Milman sends letters to Prof. Fleming Bradley, Floyd Malet and Neeland Barnes, men once of high position. In response, the three call on him at his home. Each relates the circumstances that wrecked their careers. Milman convinces them that their misfortunes were all due to one man, Paul Raxon. Himself impoverished through Raxon's financial prodding, Milman proposes an association of the four men—an association outside the law—which shall pull down Raxon and force him to disgorge his ill-gotten financial gains. Raxon's political ambition is the national senatorship from his state. McKimber is the admitted party nominee, and must be eliminated.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Raxon smiled. "I want intelligent loyalty, and you're not overburdened with intelligence any more than Calf-ray was. I'm not underestimating you. You've been useful to me in a number of ways."

"Thank you," said Loddon, almost bitterly. He thought of certain unprofessional things he had done at his patron's bidding which had, in effect, delivered him bound hand and foot to Raxon.

That Raxon aspired to a United States senatorship seemed a laudable enough ambition. But that he had a chance seemed, on reflection, almost absurd. And yet Raxon was not the kind of man to doubt himself. Loddon voiced his doubts.

"McKimber is the party's nominee," he observed. "Of course, he'll carry New York city, and they say he'll get more votes upstate than any possible candidate."

"The party will get the votes, not the man," said Raxon.

"But McKimber's the party's choice," Loddon persisted.

"It looks that way, doesn't it?" Raxon smiled. "McKimber's very popular."

"You're keeping something back," said Loddon.

"I always do. That's why I get on. That's why I'm going to the senate."

His hands clasped behind him, Paul Raxon stood at a window and looked over the sound. Loddon talked, but he did not listen. Raxon saw himself in a few years as the greatest money power in America. All his future was carefully planned. He was now engaged in mapping out a present. He appreciated the power of women politically and knew he must appear as a home-loving man, a man who was notoriously good to his wife and children. Fortunately, all of them were attractive physically.

He was interrupted by Mrs. Raxon. She was a handsome, dark woman who had only just discovered that while she had been living abroad her husband had become enormously wealthy. She had the sense of a personal grievance against him highly developed. He could see she was prepared for battle.

"I want a suitable allowance for myself and the children," she began. "I want a banking account and my own limousine and chauffeur." She had thrown down the gage and waited, a little frightened, for what was coming. Paul had always seemed incomprehensible. She did not understand him now. When he smiled it might be, she supposed, the prelude to some biting sarcasm.

"Certainly," he said. "A very good idea. Fortunately, Loddon is here. Talk it over with him. I am very willing that you should take your place in society. I only ask that you be careful with what people you fill my house. I'm after big game, and if I rise you'll go up with me. Talk it over with Herman." He smiled and walked slowly from the room.

And while Marie Raxon was passing an enthralling hour discovering new needs, and her husband was wondering how best to start to beautify Bellington's enormous building, some men in Lower Fifth Avenue were discussing his ruin.

Malet had returned from Philadelphia, where he had thrown up his position. Already another laboratory assistant had taken Bradley's place. The two had yielded to Peter Milman's importunities and agreed to remain as his guests. Neeland Barnes had not yet come back from Peekskill. He had gone with the avowed intention of paying Lippsky something off his account and hurrying back with some clothes.

So that he might escape the ridicule attending a man who reaches his suburban home in full evening dress at midday, Barnes arranged to come to his distasteful abode when it was dusk. He wanted to remove his entire wardrobe from the Lippsky shack and pay as little of the deferred rent as possible.

In Lippsky's front yard, which commanded a view of his tenant's entrances and exits, the aggrieved landlord was trying to bring to maturity depressed looking vegetables. His eyes glistened when he saw who approached. He dropped his spade and hurried to meet Neeland Barnes.

"Was you expecting a lady?" he demanded.

"Good God, no!" Barnes stopped instantly. Had old ghosts arisen to torment him?



"She Called My House a Pigsty."

though 'we was dirt. She wouldn't believe you lived here. I tell her right quick you wouldn't even be living here if you didn't come over with rent."

Neeland Barnes removed his silk hat and mopped his brow.

"My good ass," he began, "what the devil are you ranting about?"

"I tell her," Lippsky went on, unapologetically, "you could go out with your fine gentleman's clothes on, and a silk hat even, and treat me like dirt. I'm a citizen here same as you, and this is an end of you walking over me with your silk hat and your fifteen dollar shoes. I know the price of them shoes. I tell her to scream all she likes, nobody hears away here."

"You mean to say you've locked a strange woman up in my house?" "It's my house. If you pay the rent, you can go in and get your clothes. If you don't, you stay out." Feverishly Lippsky destroyed whatever chance of life a row of kohlbrat might have had. Then, when he saw his tenant march toward the shack, he followed.

"One of them yellow hairs," he scolded as he trotted by the tall man's side. "A swell lady who said she didn't know how you could live in such a pigsty. She called my house a pigsty. Well, she's been locked up in a pigsty since it was my dinner time."

Suddenly Barnes' powerful hand seized Lippsky.

"If you don't give me the key," he said, "I'll twist your arm out of its socket." Barnes turned the other's wrist a little.

"You shall sleep in the jail for this," Lippsky cried when the key was forced from him.

"It will be less venal than this place," Barnes answered. He put his key in the door and threw it open. He was wholly at a loss to know whom the invader could be.

The noise of the opening awoke her. She was a tall, slim girl with golden hair, in a white knitted sports suit. When she saw him she held out her arms.

"Darling daddy!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Nita," he said, stroking her hair,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gracious Lady's Tact in Trying Situation

It took a society leader from Boston to teach me just how gracious a gracious lady may sometimes be. For some incredible reason (in our hotel) there was a door leading from her bathroom into the hall, and, equally incredible, when a husky sweeper mistook his broom closet and pulled at the bathroom door it came open to admit him to the immediate presence of a society leader enjoying her bath.

The sweeper's consternation, pulsating through the service channels, was registered at the desk in about three minutes.

By and by the blue-blooded Bostonian, marvelously gowned for dinner, as she always was, entered the lobby, and the young men at the desk prayed that she would pass on into the dining room. When she headed in their direction they stood their ground heroically, but the blood froze in their veins.

She glanced from room clerk to front clerk and back again, smiled sweetly and said: "My mother, thank

"how I have longed for you! But, my dear, how is it you are here?"

"I ran away," she confessed. "They said such utterly beastly things about you I couldn't stand it. How well you look, daddy. I shall call you my big brother. Nobody will believe you're my father. What makes you stay in such a funny place as this?" Suddenly she caught sight of Lippsky. "Who is that dreadful little creature?"

Lippsky spoke up distinctly.

"I own this house, and I've come for the rent. If he don't pay, he goes to sleep in the village jail. I guess he don't mind. I guess it ain't for the first time. He ain't got no money. You say he's your father." Lippsky grinned. "Well, you got the chance to save your daddy from jail."

"Dad," she whispered, "I hadn't any idea it was as bad as this. I've only three dollars left. The boat trip took all my savings."

"My dear girl," he said easily, "the man is known widely as the village idiot. Nobody believes him. It does happen that my rent is due. By the way, how much is it?"

"It came to eighty cents."

"I rather thought it was more," said Barnes. He took out a roll of bills and paid. He was left with seven dollars. His reward came in the relief the girl showed.

"It's a bad mine staying up here," he admitted. "The air is good and I've been in training. I shall leave now. I think we'll go to New York as soon as possible. How lovely you look. You have those unforgettable violet eyes of your mother, but you are taller." The thought that he had nowhere to take her made him miserable, but he would not let her see it. It was incomprehensible to him that the countess of Horsham, his late wife's eldest sister, had allowed her niece to come. The countess had always been his enemy.

"It came to a point," the girl said when they were in a New York-bound train, "when I was asked to drop my own name and take my mother's. Not that I minded being Nita Fessenden, except that it seemed as though I were publicly ashamed of you. I simply refused. There were awful rows. So I ran away. I was twenty-one and my own mistress. I sent all the jewels and presents back and started to earn my living."

"Nita," he cried, with admiration in his look, "how could you possibly do what I've always failed in?"

"It wasn't easy at first," she admitted, "but I stuck it out and made enough money in secretarial work to come out to my own country second cabin. I tried to find you six months ago, but the silly clucks returned all your letters."

Neeland Barnes colored. "Must have mislaid the address," he said; "d-d careless of them. I shall report it." He wondered how she had run him to earth.

"When I got to New York I phoned the Knickerbocker. I knew it used to be your favorite club. I told the secretary, or whoever it was, that I was your daughter and simply had to find you, and they told me to call up later. When I did they said you lived in Peekskill. I spent three hours looking and then that village idiot locked me in."

She did not tell him that naturally she had started her search expecting to find him in one of the better sections of the charming Hudson-side city. The Lippsky cottage on the outskirts had been a dreadful shock. But the search was over and she was happy. She was very proud of him. Her aunt had drawn the picture of a decrepit, vice-ridden physical wreck. Instead he was vigorous, clear-skinned, and agile.

"Where are we going, daddy?" she demanded, after she had passed Sing Sing's embattled walls.

"I'm staying with Peter Milman," he answered. "Lady Horsham may have mentioned him."

"I remember. His wife ran away and he shut himself up in his house and went mad."

"That is just what your aunt would say," he returned. "He did not go mad. He happens to be the best friend I have, and I shall ask him to let you stay the night there. Much better than a stuffy, noisy hotel."

"And tomorrow we'll get a cozy little flat. I've often wanted to look over the treelops into Central park."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Egyptians Forbidden Wheat

An authority says that the reason the Egyptians did not use wheat, and therefore no traces could be found in their mummified stomachs, etc., was because their religion prohibited its use as a food. Although they knew of the grain, instead they used maize, which they kneaded with their feet into a bread known as spelt.

Thickness of Skin

The skin of the human varies greatly. That of the palm is seventy-six times greater than that of the eyelid.

It is no use to have ideals unless we work for their perfection.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

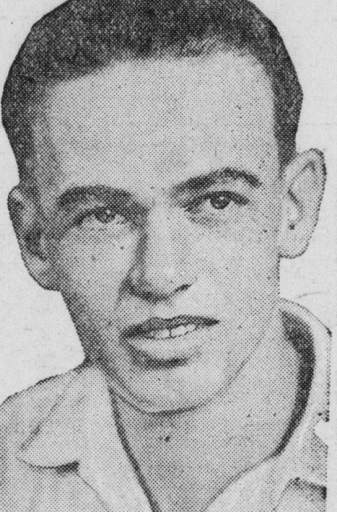
ANOTHER YOUNGEST IN LEGION'S RANKS

Occasionally a wave of claims and counter-claims sweeps through American Legion posts throughout the country regarding who was the youngest man in the fighting forces of the United States in the World War. Colorado recently started the argument all over again, and was answered by a post in Omaha, which brought forth the following letter from Joe Frank, editor of "The Cracker Legionnaire" of Florida and vice president of the American Legion Press association:

"I have been sitting back listening to all these other posts yell about the youngest Legionnaire." The letter reads, "and now it seems as if they have all reported in. I think that I am able to show them all up by reporting Comrade George E. MacKenzie of 1434 N. E. First Street, Miami, Fla., who is a member of the Harvey Seeds post."

"He enlisted December 28, 1917, in Savannah, Ga., at the age of thirteen. He was born in Savannah June 16, 1904. He enlisted on December 28, 1917, went overseas March, 1918, in Company E of the Thirty-eighth Infantry, Third division, as a private."

"Soon after he arrived overseas, his age was discovered, and he was sent back of the lines and detailed to hos-



George E. MacKenzie.

pital duty. He was discharged January 5, 1919, at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., and he will be twenty-three years of age June 16, 1927."

The most recent claims are shown in the following table:

Colorado, Bybee B. Baird; Born March 20, 1902; Enlisted August, 1917.

Nebraska, Max Tennebaum; Born May 2, 1903; Enlisted May 28, 1917.

Oregon, George L. Bunce; Born April 10, 1903; Enlisted March 27, 1917.

Florida, George E. MacKenzie; Born June 16, 1904; Enlisted December 28, 1917.

Bunce had a hard time getting into the service.

"I borrowed my big brother's long pants and went down to the armory and told them I was eighteen," he said recently. Bunce went overseas with the First division of regulars, served on the front in four major offensives, was wounded and gassed.

Tennebaum served overseas with the Eighty-third Field artillery. He is president of Omaha Local No. 41, International Alliance of Billers and Bill Posters, and is believed to be the youngest known president of such a union in the world.

Baird is a member of the Pueblo (Colo.) post of the Legion. He enlisted to join his brother, who was in the first supply train of the First division.

Florida Post Aids in Cleaning Up Beaches

In one Saturday afternoon the Melbourne (Fla.) post of The American Legion transformed the appearance of the city's waterfront. The entire membership of the post turned out in bathing suits, row boats and hip boots and went to work clearing up the beaches.

Several useless piers were destroyed, the piling being pulled up with the aid of a tractor loaned by a local contractor. An old fishing house which had once stood at the end of a pier but half submerged, was torn down and the lumber floated ashore. The house will be reconstructed near the American Legion hall and used as headquarters for Boy Scouts.

Mystery Solved

A certain dusky promoter was hailed into court charged with trying to sell life insurance without a license?

"Now, Sam," said the judge severely, "don't you know you can't sell life insurance without a license?"

Sam's eyes widened as a great light dawned upon him.

"Well, dawgone me! Ah been wonderin' why Ah couldn't sell no insurance!"—American Legion Monthly.

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep without opiates.

The genuine bears signature of

W. L. Fletcher.

Will Raise \$850,000

An expedition that kindles the imagination is one that will put to rest the San Diego this summer in an effort to raise a ship sunk off the California coast in 1865, when the Brother Jonathan, laden with a government pay roll of \$850,000 for Civil war soldiers, foundered. . . . The vessel has been definitely located, and it is thought that by means of recent improvements in methods of deep sea diving, the wreck can be reached and her strong boxes opened. It is said that war records, which were aboard the craft would be of great benefit to the pension department should they prove to be decipherable.—New York Evening Post.

Bell-Ans Universally Used

Friend Tells Friend of This Wonderful SURE RELIEF for Indigestion Samples on Request

For correcting over-acidity, normalizing digestion and quickly relieving belching, gas, sourness, heartburn, nausea and other digestive disorders. The great value of BELL-ANS has been proved by over 30 years' use. Doctors, Nurses and Dentists recommend this tested Safe, Pleasant, Sure Relief for Indigestion. Not a laxative. Send for free samples to: Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.—Adv.

Explaining Wars

The cause of the war was due to gaseous trails left in the earth's atmosphere by Halley's comet in 1910, declared a speaker at a meeting in Washington. The gas made humanity nervous, suspicious and irritable, he said, and if another war occurs in 1929, the Pons-Winnecke comet of last June must be blamed.

Along Classic Lines

The Washington memorial, near Alexandria, Va., is modeled after the ancient towers which were used as beacons to guide mariners into harbor, as exemplified in those of Rhodes. The building will consist of four colonnaded stories of diminishing perimeters, tapering from the base through successive stages to the observation tower provided at the top.

More Money for Labor

Persons who labor with their hands are being paid, collectively, 27 per cent more than they were twenty-five years ago.



For Dancing, Tennis, Golf, etc., let this be your first thought for foot comfort. The Antiseptic Healing powder to shake into your shoes. Sold everywhere.