

The American Girl a Bore.

The editor of the North American Review seems to be suffering from an attack of dyspepsia. In the last issue he says he finds little that is interesting in the American girl of today between the ages of 15 and 22. She has failed to keep pace with the American boy, whose advance the editor recently remarked upon with satisfaction. We quote Mr. Harvey: "Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant, and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations. To the Englishman her pertness, which he imagines to be chic, is fascinating and indicative of mental brightness, but this effect is attributable largely to his own dullness. It is the clever management of a limited number of phrases, supplemented by copious use of what he considers delightful slang, not substance or even measurable information that appeals to his jaded mentality. In point of intelligence she is we believe the equal if not the superior of her English cousin, but in the choice of language she is sadly inferior. The use of slang by boys finds some excuse in unavoidable association with unrefined men; its use by girls is simply odious and a direct reflection upon the attention and taste of their mothers. The mother of the present day, for whose comradely relationship with her boys we have profound admiration, is likely to be so apprehensive that her daughter may seem old-fashioned and lack some of the immediately modern competitive fascinations that she unwisely tolerates practices disagreeable to herself. Apparently, she has yet to learn that, to the intelligent American of marriageable age, pertness soon comes to be as distasteful as even priggishness."

How to Keep Young.

Not a few persons have written 1906 at the head of their letters with a sigh at the reminder of increasing age. Women, more than men are possessed with a dread of growing old, not realizing that maturity has its charms and compensations. We wish young people often had it impressed upon them that they may provide for a happy old age by laying up a reserve of sound health and a store of happy memories, as well as by cultivating tastes and resources which will outlast youth. As for those who are already approaching middle age, there is no surer way to grow old prematurely than to dread the future. It is essential, if we wish to keep young, says the Western Review, to cultivate that hopeful habit of mind so characteristic of youth—the hope which makes one able to say with Browning, "The best is yet to come," and with Lucy Larcom, "Every year life is larger and deeper and more beautiful in its possibilities." Allied with this attitude of expectancy must be the ability to see the amusing side of life. Worry and vexation over what would better be laughed at result in disgusting wrinkles. Above all, if the years bring us, as they should, a better understanding of ourselves, a broadening of active human sympathies, a firmer faith in Providence, we shall find life abundantly worth the living, no matter what may be the number of our birthdays.

Many Chicago lawyers who were found by the United States investigators to have looted the files of the Cook county courts to conceal divorce cases are threatened with contempt proceedings. John Bell, in charge of the chancery record writers of the circuit court, has ordered 125 Chicago lawyers to return to the vaults of the official records of divorce cases for which they gave receipts, but which they never returned. Many of the court records were taken from the files as long as 16 years ago, and scores of them, some of the most noted divorce cases are said to have been lost. The action taken is the first to cure an evil with which the courts have been burdened for several years.

Sir Thomas Lipton is still talking about the America's cup as though he expected to get it. "Don't you think it would be a good thing for it to go back to its old home once more?" he asks. Well, the cup left its old home when it was so very young, and has never been back since, so we question if any very tender memories of home still haunt the cup. But there is no harm in Sir Thomas trying to get it.

Not Taking Desperate Chances. "No; I'm too poor a swimmer to venture in." "But your friends there will look after you." "Maybe. They're all below me in line of promotion at the office."

No Cause For Complaint. "Were you successful with your first case?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, yes," replied the physician. "He had his life insured for \$5,000 and his widow paid the bill without a murmur."

The gunners of our Maine made 29 hits out of 39 shots when firing with six-inch guns at a floating target, two miles away, and steaming at a 12-knot pace. News of this circumstance ought to be worth years of peace to us.

The Teuton who has married the richest woman in the world will lose the comfort of being asked now and then for a check to pay the milliner's bill, and of saying, "What blanked extravagance."

FIGHTS FOR LARGE ESTATE

John Armstrong Chanler Seeks to Regain Control of Fortune Amounting to More Than One Million Dollars.

PLAINTIFF'S SANITY IS IN QUESTION

Extraordinary Life Story of the Former Husband of the Princess Troubetskoi, Who Is Legally Sane in Virginia, Legally Insane in New York, and Who Writes a Startling Narrative of His Struggles for Liberty and an Inheritance.

New York.—Can a man be sane in one state and insane in another? So it would seem. But John Armstrong Chanler, cousin of the Astors, chum of the late Stanford White, college graduate, student of psychics and ex-husband of that brilliant, erratic woman, Amelie Rives, now the Princess Troubetskoi, is not going to take such a decision as final.

Next month his case comes up in the federal courts here in New York. Mr. Chanler, who has a fortune of \$1,000,000, wants to get control of it. But the courts of New York say he is insane and not competent. His legal residence is in the state of Virginia. And there the courts have decided that he is perfectly sane and able to manage his estate.

There are forty-five states in the Union. Mr. Chanler can visit forty-four of them without the slightest danger to his personal liberty. But should he set foot in the sovereign state of New York he will promptly be clapped into a lunatic asylum, because he is still held to be mentally incompetent.

It will be a desperate legal battle. Mr. Chanler has retained the best of counsel. So has the custodian of his \$1,000,000, T. T. Sherman, who says he is insane. It is very much like Charles Reader's "Very Hard Cash" all over again.

Writing of Fiction Outdone. One might search fiction high and



Hopeless to Protest.

low for a case like this one in real life.

It is one of the most remarkable stories of modern times. Here is a man of independent means, a man of affairs, a brilliant writer, an ardent sportsman, a clever raconteur, sent to Bloomingdale, adjudged hopelessly insane—"progressive" the physicians called his case.

His estate is handed over to a trustee. It is charged \$100 a week for the poor fellow's keep in the madhouse. Every legal detail has been properly arranged. The alienists give their expert opinions—his mind is gone, they say, circumstantially, never to return.

There he stays for nearly four years. He knows it is hopeless to protest. Where he is, behind the bars, gone from the world forever. He dreams of freedom by night; by day he ponders over the problem of getting it.

He waits his time. He gets the trust of everyone about him. He does meekly everything that he is bidden—everything except admit to the doctors, who want him to admit it, that he is insane. He gets permission to take walks without a keeper. He is allowed to leave the asylum grounds. He makes his daily jaunts farther and farther away, deliberately practicing the art of covering great distances in a short time. He finds a post office where he may receive letters under an assumed name because nothing

CAKLE NOT ALWAYS RELIABLE.

Fresh Eggs Declared Sometimes to Contain Disease Germs.

New Yorkers can no longer eat fresh eggs under the delusion that they are a pure article of food, says the New York World. Even before the proud hen cackles it is liable to contain bad germs, according to intelligence communicated to produce men in this city by the scientific experts of the department of agriculture at Washington.

Secretary Wilson has sent out word, officially, that even the freshest eggs may under certain conditions, cause illness by communicating some bacterial disease or some parasite.

"It is possible," he says, "for an egg to become infected with micro-organisms, either before it is laid or after. The shell is porous and offers no great resistance to micro-organisms which cause disease than it does to those which cause the egg to spoil. When the infected egg is eaten raw the micro-organisms, if present, are

may reach him at the asylum until it has been scrutinized. In this way he manages to borrow \$10—this man with an income of \$40,000 a year.

One day he does not return from his daily walk. No, he has walked well and far—he has taken a train to New York from an obscure railway station miles distant from White Plains, where Bloomingdale now is. By nightfall he is safe in Philadelphia.

And now what does he do? Does he go into paroxysms of impotent rage at those who incarcerated him, as do many of the insane when they escape? Does he try to kill those whom he might imagine responsible for his sufferings? Does he break out in incoherent ravings against fancied evils?

Under Scientific Observation.

No. He goes straightway to a sanitarium in Philadelphia. He states his case calmly to the physician in charge and asks to be put under scientific observation. After six months' voluntary confinement there the physicians there tell him that he is perfectly sane and has always been so. He is not even now content. He goes to another institution and goes through the same voluntary process all over again. Once more the physicians tell Mr. Chanler he is well balanced. Then suddenly he appears at his old home, Muddy Mills, Cobham, Va., where he has stayed to this day, master of his ancestral estates.

Once safely home, this so-called lunatic retained counsel. The matter of his sanity was brought up in the Virginia courts and then and then John Armstrong Chanler was pronounced sane and competent. But the greater part of his fortune was here in New York state, and here it is on record that John Armstrong Chanler is a hopeless lunatic. Should he come here he would be deprived of his liberty. And that is why he is suing in the United States court in the hope of winning back his inheritance and his standing as a man of sound mind.

And why was John Armstrong Chanler, Columbia '83, called insane? Because, as the physicians said, he had delusions—at least some of them said so.

Those who committed him to a living grave declared that he had Shakespeare's power, and could make himself Napoleon by going into a trance. That he was possessed of the power of "graphic automatism" and had developed his X-faculty—type of subconsciousness—was taken as another evidence of insanity.

Yet some of the most prominent psychological writers discuss this X-faculty in all seriousness and admit that there is such a thing as "graphic automatism." And all of this is told in a remarkable book which Mr. Chanler has just published.

He calls it "Four Years Behind the Bars of Bloomingdale; or, The Bankruptcy Law in New York." In it he is extremely bitter toward his two brothers, William Astor Chanler and Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler.

Married to Amelie Rives. John Armstrong Chanler first came into the public eye when he married Amelie Rives, who wrote that brilliant erotic "The Quick or the Dead," in which is told the old love of a beautiful widow for her dead husband and her newer love for another man in the flesh. Jock Dering, the hero, was Chanler.

Miss Rives was denounced by some persons as a rather imprudent writer, but that didn't keep her book, which appeared in 1886, from having a tremendous sale. Her marriage to young Mr. Chanler only added to its popularity. She was beautiful, erratic, impetuous. Soon their friends came to realize that there was nothing in common between the grave, polished, rather mystic New Yorker and the wilful, gifted Virginia girl.

There was a divorce, which the husband did not contest, upon the grounds of incompatibility and the Mrs. Chanler, who she had met abroad.

"The more I know me the more I admire dogs," is the way Mr. Chanler

communicated to man, and may cause disease.

The typhoid fever germs, the agricultural department says, may attach themselves to the hen's feet or feathers and may then penetrate the egg before it is hatched. The eggs of worms, as well as grains and seeds, are found in eggs having made their way there while the white and the shell were being added to the yolk in the egg gland of the fowl.

Pasteurizing the hens and then subjecting them to X-rays is the next step toward the germless egg.

The Crown of Success. Gobsa Golde looked narrowly at the aspirant for his daughter's hand.

"After all," he said, "I have no real proof that you are the successful man you claim."

"But," cried the other, eagerly, "you forget that I have been muckraked thrice in the Trash Magazine."

Gobsa Golde's manner suddenly changed.

"My boy," he said, "forgive me. She is yours."

opens his book, quoting from Voltaire. And here is the way he begins: "Stop thief! I hereby raise the hue and cry—stop thief."

"The above extraordinary announcement is called forth by the cold, hard facts about to be collected."

And his excuse for the book is this: "Now the sole and only object on earth in bringing out this book at this time is a desperate, forlorn hope upon the part of plaintiff to bring the crime that is being attempted against plaintiff's property to the ear of the court that appointed said referee, in order that said court may prevent said crime by setting aside the iniquitous decision, as above foreshadowed, of said referee."

Complains of Injustice. The book recites with bitterness what the writer calls the injustice of the proceedings leading up to the judgment of the New York courts and to his incarceration in Bloomingdale.

How Stanford White got him to Bloomingdale is told in this wise: "I received a telegram from my friend, Mr. Stanford White, proposing to visit me in company with a mutual friend. As I was on rather unfriendly terms with Mr. White at the time, owing to an abusive letter he had recently written me, I did not look forward to a visit from him with pleasure. I therefore sent him a telegram to say that I was not well enough to see him. A few days later Mr. White walked in on me in company with a physician. I shall not attempt to picture my surprise. Let it suffice to say that I was struck dumb."

"Mr. White hastily excused his intrusion and implored me to accompany him to New York for a 'plunge in the metropolitan whirl.' As I had some business which needed my attention in New York I consented."

Of New York Mr. Chanler says: "In other words, a citizen of the state of New York can be condemned and imprisoned without a hearing. All that is required to deprive a citizen of the Empire state of his liberty is one or two false witnesses, two dishonest doctors and a judge who can swallow sworn conflicting statements without a quorn. No defense is allowed to the accused."

"This is truly the Empire state. I sometimes wonder, as I look through the bars of my cell, how such things can be outside the Russian empire."

Calls on Virginia for Rescue.

"Fortunately for myself, however, I am no longer a citizen of the Empire state, but am and have been since 1895 a citizen of the sovereign state of Virginia; which title to sovereignty I propose to see Virginia make good by rescuing me."

"Graphic automatism" he defines thus: "In a word, the writing is, as the name implies, automatic. So far—but so far only—as conscious thought, i. e., conscious mental action is concerned, the hand does the writing without the help of the head. In other words, it is as though one had a magic pen—or pencil, since a pencil is smoother and easier to operate than a

pen—that started out to write so soon as the operator took it into his or her hand.

"The operator has no more inkling of what the next word will be before the said magic pen has written same than the onlooker."

"All the operator has to do is to

sents his case. He will know his verdict soon.

Modern Proverb.

Whom the gods would destroy they sometimes, in periods of unexampled prosperity, find it more convenient to make rich.—Life.

HOW GIRLS WON A STRIKE.

Arbitration Court of New Zealand Decided Against a Factory.

An ex-judge of the arbitration court in New Zealand told me this story, says the Craftsman: The girls in a match factory came before the court asking for an increase of wages. The proprietor said he could not pay what they wanted, that his enterprise was in its infancy and to increase the wages would ruin it. The court heard the evidence on both sides, studied the financial condition of the business and cost of living in the city, and then the judge said to the proprietor: "It is impossible for these girls to live decently and healthfully on the wages that you are now paying. It is of the utmost importance, not only to them but to the state, that they should have decent, wholesome, healthful conditions of life. The souls and bodies of the young women of New Zealand are of more importance than your profits, and if you can't pay living wages it will be better for the community to

you to close your factory. It would be better to send the whole match industry to the bottom of the ocean and go back to flints and firesticks than to drive young girls into the gutter. My award is that you pay what they ask." The man protested and grumbled, but he obeyed the order. He did not close his factory, and his business continued to prosper. The judge's little speech embodies both the underlying principle of all New Zealand's progressive legislation and the welfare of the worker is of more importance than the profits of the employer. And therein is a complete overturn of all our world-wide and time-old convictions, methods and ideals. Any civilization which holds to that conviction and enforces it with all the ingenuity of its government is a new thing under the sun. For it is a civilization that is based not on commercial success and greatness but on humanity.

Long Jump of Kangaroo. A Kangaroo has been recorded to jump a height of 11 feet; while the longest jump known to be performed by a deer is 9 1/2 feet.

Perhaps he was romantic—the first condition of all unhealthy persons.

hold the pen firmly in the fingers, dip same into the ink, and see that said graphic automatism. After writing said letter, said graphic automatism will write ad libitum for plaintiff; plaintiff must see to it that the pen is not allowed to wander off the line."

This Napoleonic trance is vouched for by a physician. Mr. Chanler thus describes it:

"In communicating with my X-faculty by means of vocal automatism, which is also one of my trance-like states, I was informed by my X-faculty that it would like me to go into a Napoleonic trance. It gave me to understand that I would represent the death of Napoleon Bonaparte by so doing, and that my features, when my eyes were closed, and face, would resemble strongly those of the dead Napoleon Bonaparte. This was in February, 1897, upon or shortly after my arrival at the Hotel K., New York city."

"My X-faculty did not tell me what to do in order to produce the so-called Napoleonic trance; it merely informed me that when the time came it would instruct me what to do to produce the said trance. The distinguished sculptor, Mr. S. G., called at the Hotel K., shortly after my arrival, while I was in bed and in the evening my X-faculty gave me to understand, without Mr. S. G. knowing it, that it would be the proper time for me to enter the Napoleonic trance; I was interested myself from a scientific point of view to know just what I would do in a trance."

Entrance Into Trance. "Mr. S. G. expressed keen interest in seeing me in a trance. I then took, under the direction of my X-faculty, a small hand mirror, which I used for shaving, in both my hands, and holding it rigidly above my head stared at my eyes for several moments without any result. I did not know but what the experiment was about to prove abortive and ridiculous; it was one of the most daring experiments I ever entered, for that reason. After a minute or two of complete passivity and rigidity, for the first time in my life I experienced the entrance to a trance."

And of Bloomingdale thus: "Bloomingdale, is, as may well be admitted first as last, is run purely for money, purely on business principles, and not on charitable ones. A candidate for a certificate of lunacy is requested by his masters therein—the said examining doctors—to stand up and then deliberately to throw himself off his balance by putting his feet so close together, toes and heels touching, that one's equilibrium is menaced. He is then commanded to extend his arms to their fullest extent, hands outstretched palms upward and close together. He is then ordered to open his mouth, put out his tongue and shut his eyes."

"If he does not fall down on the spot he is lucky. It is while in the above described preposterous position that the physical observation of the examiners is taken."

Thus John Armstrong Chanler pre-

UNDER ANOTHER NAME

By GRACE BRUTON

"Buck up, old man! No use falling down before trouble. Anyway, nothing's ever so bad as it seems at first. Tell me the story and perhaps we can find a way out."

The two men had not met for some time. Jackson, passing through the city on a business trip, had entered Drew's office to surprise him with face buried in his hands, crushed by black depression. Old friends and comrades, he longed to help.

"The only way out of this trouble," answered Drew, glad of the relief of confession, "is a way that—that the other party won't consent to. Yes, it's a woman, of course, and such a woman, Jackson! There isn't such another in the world, I know."

"She's on the stage, has a small part in one of the plays that have run here all summer. I saw the show and fell in love with her in a moment. Then I pulled wires until I worked a formal introduction. She allowed me to call upon her, we talked books and music. The company's going out of town shortly, so I rushed a proposal. And then—"

"And then?" prompted Jackson, as the other's head again sought the shelter of his arms.

"And then," repeated Drew, with an accent like a sob, "she told me of her marriage. She passes for an unmarried woman on the stage, and I, like an idiot, never thought that in private life things might be different. I don't know her married name, she wouldn't tell me, because she says she loved her husband when she married him; he's a good man and still loves her, and she wouldn't dream of getting a divorce from him, though she admits that she loves me better. We're made for each other, Jackson, and it was a cursed trick of fate to give her to the other man first, or to make her so good that she won't let him go."

Jackson's strong hand was pressed comfortingly on his friend's shoulder.

"Well," he said, his sensible, matter of fact manner calming the other like a sedative. "I'm sorry for the husband, poor beggar, but if he's a man of any spirit he won't want to hold a woman who doesn't love him any longer, though—God! but it's tough on him, isn't it, if he really is a decent fellow? But still, if he knew he'd let her go at once, just because he's so unselfish and loves her so dearly," interrupted Jackson, "but for that reason, and because he's always been so good to her, she can't bear to tell him. So everybody's got to suffer, so far as I see, since there must be a difference in her manner toward him. Seems to me, in his place I'd want to know."

"Yes, I think I would, too," said Jackson, rising, "though the cards seem to have been dealt him unfairly, too. Just in town and haven't even seen my wife yet, though she's here in Chicago, too, for the moment. You've never seen her, either have you; no, this is the first time I've been west since I married, and you haven't been east in ages. Come and see us at the hotel this evening, no, to-morrow some time. I'll telephone you when, so you won't lose a moment waiting. And brace up about this other business, old boy. Things will come out right somehow. It's my philosophy that they always do."

Drew stood up to shake hands and something fell from the desk before him, to the floor. Jackson, picking up the card, turned white and scarlet.

"This picture?" he murmured, his tone strange.

"Oh!" said Drew, flushing, "that's the woman. It's a poor portrait of her, but she wouldn't give me one, and I got this off the company press agent. I—I was looking at it just before you came in. Why! do you know her?" for Jackson's face looked stricken.

"Yes," was the choking answer. "She's my wife."—Chicago Tribune.

POWDER HABIT AMONG MEN.

Old-timer Not in Love with Finicky Habits of Today.

"In my young days," said an old gentleman, "it was considered effeminate for a man to use face powder. The only kind of powder we used was what we put in our pistols; but nowadays it's nothing to see a young fellow emerging from a barber shop as pink and white as a rose. In fact, some young men, who haven't wives from whom to steal it, keep a box of it on their dressing cases, soft, white, flowery, sweet-smelling stuff, to use after shaving."

"When I was young a scrape in soap and cold water, with a stinging application of bay rum afterward, was considered luxurious and dandified enough, but now an average barber insists on giving you a massage with your shave and makes you as velvety and lovely as a 16-year-old schoolgirl. And that isn't all; I see in the stores that they are selling huge French powder puffs the size of a plate with which to fluff your body all over with Jaiety talcum after a bath. I would have thought they were for the ladies and would have turned my face discreetly the other way if I hadn't seen two husky chaps investing in them."

"By gad, sir, the first thing we know the gentlemen will be carrying fancy work around with them as they did in the days of Louis, and they'll all be so dainty and sweet and pretty that no girl will be able to resist them. Gimme a whisky and soda. I need it."

Man-of-War. Man-of-war is a phrase applied to a line-of-battle ship, contrary to the usual rule in the English language, by which all ships are feminine. It arose in the following manner: "Men of war" were heavy armed soldiers. A ship full of them was called a "man-of-war ship." In process of time the word "ship" was discarded as unnecessary and there remained the phrase "a man-of-war."

Long Jump of Kangaroo. A Kangaroo has been recorded to jump a height of 11 feet; while the longest jump known to be performed by a deer is 9 1/2 feet.

Perhaps he was romantic—the first condition of all unhealthy persons.

RHEUMATISM STAYS CURED

Mrs. Cota, Confined to Bed and in Constant Pain, Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism can be inherited and that fact proves it to be a disease of the blood. It is necessary, therefore, to treat it through the blood if a permanent cure is expected. External applications may give temporary relief from pain but as long as the poisonous acid is in the blood the pain will return, perhaps in a new place, but it will surely return. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they go directly to the seat of the disorder, purifying and enriching the blood.

Mrs. Henry Cota, of West Cheshire, Conn., is the wife of the village machinist. "Several years ago," she says, "I was laid up with rheumatism in my feet, ankles and knees. I was in constant pain and sometimes the affected parts would swell so badly that I could not get about at all to attend to my household duties. There was one period of three weeks during which I was confined to the bed. My sufferings were awful and the doctor's medicine did not help me."

"One day a neighbor told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. After I had taken them a short time I was decidedly better and a few more boxes cured me. What is better, the cure was permanent."

Remember Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act on the bowels. They make new blood and restore shattered nerves. They tone up the stomach and restore impaired digestion, bring healthful, refreshing sleep, give strength to the weak and make miserable, complaining, peevish, strong, hungry and energetic. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

In buying a cough medicine, remember the best cough cure, Kemp's Balsam

costs no more than any other kind. Remember, too, the kind that cures is the only kind worth anything.

Every year thousands are saved from a consumptive's grave by taking Kemp's Balsam in time. Is it worth while to experiment with anything else? Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

WANTED: GOOD SALARY, paid weekly. Address: GATEWAY NURSERY CO., Le Mars, Iowa.

Records of Wagers. Betting is neither so general nor so promiscuous as it was 150 years ago, when books for recording wagers were always kept on the tables in the much frequented coffee houses of London. Some of these books are still to be found among collections of antiques, and they make interesting reading. All manner of bets are entered there, on marriages, births and deaths, on the duration of a ministry, on the length of the lives of prominent personages, on the possibility of earthquakes, and even on hangings.

The Scotsman's Diet. For centuries the chief diet of the Scotch people has been oats in some form or other. As a result they are to-day the strongest, both mentally and physically, of any nation in the world. The best rolled oats made is Quaker Oats, and our readers can now get a large family package for 25c, and with each package, free, a beautiful piece of imported china. Ask your grocer to-day for a family package of Quaker Oats.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—Hazlitt.

Few men will admit they are wrong as long as there is a chance to make others believe they are right.

CRISIS OF GIRLHOOD

A TIME OF PAIN AND PERIL

Miss Emma Cole Says that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has Saved Her Life and Made Her Well.

How many lives of beautiful young girls have been sacrificed just as they were ripening into womanhood! How many irregularities or displacements have been developed at this important period, resulting in years of suffering!

Another should come to her child's aid at this critical time and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will prepare the system for the coming change and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Miss Emma Cole of Tullahoma, Tenn., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham: "I want to tell you that I am enjoying better health than I have for years, and I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"When fourteen years of age I suffered almost constant pain, and for two or three years I had soreness and pain in my side, headache and was dizzy and nervous, and doctors all failed to help me."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking it my health began to improve rapidly, and I think it saved my life. I sincerely hope my experience will be a help to other girls who are passing from girlhood to womanhood, for I know your Compound would do as much for them."

"If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will receive free advice which will put her on the right road to a strong, healthy and happy womanhood. Mrs. Pinkham is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been curing sick women free of charge."

Miss Emma Cole

Miss Emma Cole

Miss Emma Cole

Miss Emma Cole

Miss Emma Cole

Miss Emma Cole

Miss Emma Cole

Miss Emma Cole

Miss Emma Cole