

A NURSE TAKES DOCTOR'S ADVICE

And is Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Euphemia, Ohio.—"Because of total ignorance of how to care for myself when verging into womanhood, and from taking cold when going to school, I suffered from a displacement, and each month I had severe pains and nausea which always meant a lay-off from work for two to four days from the time I was 16 years old.

"I went to Kansas to live with my sister and while there a doctor told me of the Pinkham remedies but I did not use them then as my faith in patent medicines was limited. After my sister died I came home to Ohio to live and that has been my home for the last 18 years.

"The Change of Life came when I was 47 years old and about this time I saw my physical condition plainly described in one of your advertisements. Then I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot tell you or any one the relief it gave me in the first three months. It put me right where I need not lay off every month and during the last 18 years I have not paid out two dollars to a doctor, and have been blessed with excellent health for a woman of my age and I can thank Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it.

"Since the Change of Life is over I have been a maternity nurse and being wholly self-supporting I cannot over estimate the value of good health. I have now earned a comfortable little home just by sewing and nursing. I have recommended the Compound to many with good results, as it is excellent to take before and after childbirth."—Miss EVELYN ADELIA STEWART, Euphemia, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Discharged an Obligation.

An old lady was greatly frightened when the train thundered into the tunnel.

"Do you think," she asked the ticket collector, "the tunnel is perfectly safe?"

"Don't be afraid, madam," replied the waggish collector. "Our company got you in this hole, and we're bound to see you through."

JUDGE CURED HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and backache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan.

Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy. Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

War Observer.

"What's the matter; scared o' that boy that's chasing you?"

"No."

"Then what are you running away from him for?"

"I'm not running away. I'm just retreating for strategical purposes."—Detroit Free Press.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

W. L. DOUGLAS

MEN'S & WOMEN'S SHOES

\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5.00

Over 150 Styles

All Sizes and Widths

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

For 31 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value by having his name and the price stamped on the sole before the shoes leave the factory. This protects the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes of other makes. W. L. Douglas shoes are always worth what you pay for them. If you could see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, and the high grade leathers used, you would understand why they look better, fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price. If you are in the U. S. W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale in your vicinity order direct from factory. Since mail orders are slow, please write to order by mail.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

VICTORY.

To run a race—to fall—and yet to win. Still striving on without a thought of rest, to know no word that "failure" has for kin, To always feel you've done your level best.

To guard the gate of bitter moods when Fate shall give command "You shall" or "You shall not."

To learn to labor wisely and to wait Till comes a day when "glows the iron hot."

To take in hand the task that looks "too hard," To use it in attaining greater heights, To play the game while lasts a single card, To feel that Fortune favors him that fights.

To have the force to be to thyself true, To know that thus you ne'er can play the knave, To feel how the world your act may view, To "compromise" you have not been a slave.

To look a humbling fact straight in the eye, Nor cast about for words to fix the blame, To bear the brunt and say that "it was I"— To know that all you do cannot bring fame.

To make your job a real part of your life, To feel that by its force you grow and rise, To know that victory comes through honest strife, That happy labor is itself a prize.

—H. M. Bourne.

The U. S. Navy's Ammunition Base.

From the Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Close by the west bank of the Hudson river in the lower passage to the Highlands, and lying between Stony Point and West Point, in a region made famous by the revolutionary war, is Iona Island, the ammunition base of the United States navy.

At this little known place, a reservation of slightly more than 100 acres, several hundred men are employed in the preparation of ammunition for the guns of our warships. Back of the hills which enclose most of the island from general view are magazines and storehouses holding approximately 3,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder, 1,000,000 pounds of black powder and tens of thousands of shells.

Skirting the island, joining its laboratories and storage places and connecting with the landing pier is a small railroad, the locomotive of which is operated with compressed air. This is used in the transportation of deadly cargoes from one building to another and in carrying ammunition to the dock, where it is received for the warships. The precaution of having a locomotive which will not throw sparks, radiate heat nor require connection with high voltage wires is necessary to avert the danger of an explosion.

Four separate fireproof walls surround each of the magazines, which are divided into compartments in order to safeguard against the complete destruction of the works in the event of a fire or small explosion. Careful inspection of all the cartridge stores and powder buildings is made at frequent intervals during both day and night. After sundown every visit at one of these places is recorded at the administration building by electric instruments.

Attention is paid to the temperatures wherever explosives are kept, the heat being regulated to remain between 55 degrees and 90 degrees at all times. The interior walls and floors of the magazines are so made that not a single particle of iron or steel is exposed. Upon entering one of the structures inspectors and workmen wear a special kind of clothing and soft shoes without nails, carrying absolutely nothing of iron or steel on anything which in any possible manner might produce a spark.

Similar precautions are taken in the filling rooms, where the charges are placed in the shells. Here everyone is dressed in white serge, and the tools, such as measuring cups, scales and funnels, are made of copper, which does not give off sparks, even when struck by stone. The supply of powder to be used during the day is brought to the filling rooms each morning, where it is emptied into a long wooden trough. More than half of the smokeless powder used here is manufactured at the navy proving ground at Indian Head, Md., while the rest is supplied by private firms at the rate of 70 cents a pound.

"Whose Misfortune?"

From the Kansas City Star.

An article on workmen's compensation in the September number of the Eagle Magazine concludes:

"The question asked is not, 'Whose fault is it?' but rather, 'Whose misfortune?'"

"That is an admirable epitome of the principle of a good workmen's compensation law. The right kind of a statute operates automatically, determines the simple fact of injury and awards the relative compensation out of a fund already contributed by the industry.

"The older doctrine that the fault, rather than the misfortune, should be determined by harsh, hair-splitting law suits results in most cases in justice. The older doctrine places the man below the machine. No one inquires whether a machine that is broken was at fault. The cost of a scrapped machine is charged to the cost of the industry. The same industry should no longer 'scrap' the worker, leaving him penniless upon a cold inquiry into his 'assumption of risk,' or 'contributory negligence,' or some other rule of the law suit game. Nor is it right to subject him to the delays on litigation. Nor is it right to leave the amount of his compensation to the accidental abilities of his lawyers and the accidental whims of the jury.

"All that glitters is not gold." All that is called 'workmen's compensation' is not so defective as to be bad like the one in Kansas for example. But the principle that industry should be charged with the financial risk of injury is right. Proper statutes, like those of Ohio and California, can and do give it effect.

The Ould Plaid Shawl.

The Mme. Schumann-Heink concert at the Sioux City Auditorium last evening was a brilliant success from every point of view.

The setting, the artists and the great audience were harmonious. The pieces were all rendered with spirit and received with acclaim, but Ed J. McNamara's dialect rendition of this simple Irish ditty was tumultuously applauded:

Nothing to Brag About.

From Pearson's Weekly.

Smoker (fiercely)—Your fowls have been over the wall and scratched my garden.

Chanks (coolly)—Well, there's nothing extraordinary in that. It's their nature to scratch. Now, if your garden were to come over the wall and scratch me, I should be a little extraordinary and something worth communicating.

The island on which is situated the Eddystone lighthouse is the smallest bit of all-the-year-round inhabited land in the world.

POLICE HAVE BARRELS GAIE IN ANY SHAPE OR MANNER IN PARIS

The Lid In On So Tight In Gay Capital One Has To Give His Family History Before Phoning, Wiring Or Eating.

By Herbert Corey.

Paris, Special.—"Let me know about the train service to Paris," said Sam Blythe the day I left London. "Drop me a wire."

So, of course, I promised. Anyone will promise to send a telegram to anyone, but the French know that persons who send and receive telegrams are regarded with a certain withholding of approval by the Paris police just now. Spies often use the wire.

"Present yourself to me tomorrow morning to have your certificate of domicile," said the hotel manager the night I reached Paris. "Then you shall go to the police."

He went to the Police.

That had an odd sound, when you come to think it over. But I got my certificate of domicile—after the hotel manager had read my passport and had seen that I wasn't French—and called on the commissaire of police. Here I got a document entitling me to stay in Paris for six days. At the end of six days I must get a new certificate, or my stay in France will be illegal, by putting some American official to a lot of trouble getting me out. Then I went to a telegraph office to send that telegram to Blythe.

"Where is your passport?" asked the clerk.

So I showed him my passport and the visas on it, and my certificate of domicile, and my permit de secur, and my watch with my wife's picture in it, and was just going to show him the broken blade when he knifed, when he asked to read the telegram.

"Who," asked he, "is Monsieur Blythe?"

Well, I didn't have time to tell him who Blythe is. There's too much of it. Anyhow, he was got a polite clerk, and yawned at me.

No Telegram for Mr. Blythe.

"You must have this telegram countersigned by the commissaire of police," said the clerk.

So I didn't do it. I felt like the telegraph clerk. A lot of my enthusiasm about Blythe had leaked out. I just tore that telegram up and threw the pieces away—but I did it somewhat by stealth. I wanted to arouse any unjust suspicions by telegraphing an unsent telegram on the public streets.

Because there is no doubt that this is something of a ticklish city for foreigners just now. All are warned to carry their papers with them at all times. Most of us have been stopped by the police—some have been stopped a number of times—but so long as the papers are all right there is no danger. If the papers were rusty, there is no need of telling what might happen. Paris with very good reason is worrying about German spies. The managers of two of the large hotels of the city have been arrested on the charge of espionage. There have been other arrests. However, the frequently repeated story that the French capital military punishment seems not to be true.

I have just one friend in the city who has a telephone. The hotel operator got the wire, and he called me the other day. Before getting him I gave a fairly complete story of my complete blameless life. Then I told the operator what

artillery in the field, and cavalry cannot charge on motor cycles.

It was German staff record and study of the Boer war that inspired the idea of the present Field Marshal French. He is the best talent of handling cavalry in the world. He is the best talent of handling cavalry in the world. He is the best talent of handling cavalry in the world.

No Place for Foreigners.

"Come," said one of the party, a man who lived in France for 14 years, as the French representative of the largest jewelry establishment west of our Atlantic seaboard. "Come. We have been here long enough."

"And why?" we asked. "Let us stay longer."

"No," said he. "The reasons? Why are three foreigners near the Eiffel tower, that's enough."

THE PERSON UNAFRAID TO SAY NO WILL PROSPER

From the Pictorial Review.

The young man or woman new in the world of business, faces an ever increasing number of problems. Most of these come in the form of what might be termed financial temptation.

In the average business concern salaries are not made public. One man can only guess shrewdly at what the other man is earning. False pride often makes the newcomer hide the smallness of the salary he is receiving. Certain of his fellow workers know this weakness and play upon it. They cleverly insinuate that he is drawing a pretty big salary for a young fellow, that he ought to buy cigars or take up the lunch check or treat. And he lacks the courage to say "No, he can't afford it."

They come around with a subscription paper. The head of the department is to be married. The foreman's wife has died. They are getting up a benefit for a fellow worker. The newcomer could spare 50 cents or 25 cents, but the man who passes around the subscription paper—generally a self-seeking individual—hints that the boss will see the paper, and no one wants the reputation of being a tightwad.

So the young worker, who could afford more than a quarter an easy and is immediately stamped an easy mark.

It is mighty hard to deny the insinuation—the flattery that you have money to spend, in an age when success is the most glittering of golden calves set up on the highest of pedestals.

Then to every young man of small income there is the girl question. There is the girl down town working at your elbow, who somehow or other makes it seem almost impossible not to pay her car fare. Or she leaves her lunch check where you can't very well ignore it, or she lets you buy her evening paper along with yours, or she tells you about the dancing club she is organizing. You really don't care anything about her, and she doesn't care anything about you, but you hate to let her spread the tale around the office that you are stingy. And so she gets more of your salary than you can really spare.

Then there's the other girl—the girl on whom you'd gladly spend all that you earn. If she's the right kind of a girl, she doesn't want you to do it. If she's the wrong kind of a girl, she soon has you in debt to your tailor and your landlady.

The best time to start saying "No" is the day that you start to work. You will find that you can tear up a salary envelope but you can't stretch it. Ten dollars will go no further next week than this, if you want a clear head, keep out of debt.

Using Up Horses in War.

From the Wall Street Journal.

It is one of the grim realities of war that men are far cheaper than horses. They can be more easily replaced. They are not so costly in their use. They do not eat involve the bulk of cavalry force necessary to sustain a large cavalry force. The horse is a commodity whose price may be expected to advance in this country most rapidly. No doubt the buying will be through private agencies, but the destination will be the field of battle, and the nation which commands the sea is likely to have first pick.

When an advance is checked, much is said about the exhaustion of the men. It is exhausted that horses are in a serious matter, because the men can soon rest or be recruited, but the lost horses can only be replaced by extraordinary expenditure of time. No doubt the man is responsible for much of the transportation in the present war; but it cannot handle

NOVEL IDEA IN WILL MAKING

French Farmer Had Little Money to Leave, but at Least He Could Show His Good Will.

Two New York business men were one day discussing the purchase by one of them of a certain mercantile concern with which, the buyer explained, had come the "good will."

"I hope this 'good will,'" said the friend, "is greater than that of the old French farmer."

"I never heard the story."

"Here it is: The farmer was dying and he sent for the notary to make out the will. Propped up in bed, he dictated:

"To Jean Marcel, our superb coiffeur, 10,000 francs.

"I bequeath 15,000 francs to the fearless Alphonse Bayard, that he may continue his valuable aeronautical experiments.

"To Pierre Deschamps, chemist, 10,000 francs as a mark of affection.

"To my physician, Monsieur Leclair, 15,000 francs.

"To our eloquent pastor, 25,000 francs, to continue the restoration of—"

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the notary, "I don't believe you have all that money to leave."

"I know very well I haven't," said the farmer, calmly, "but I want to show them my good will."—Youth's Companion.

HEAD IN WATERY PIMPLES

R. R. No. 1, Kyles, Ohio.—"My baby's head when about a year old began to break out with small watery pimples causing her head to itch. She would scratch her head till the blood came causing the top of her head to be in almost a solid eruption. The pimples at first were nearly as large as a pea and in patches which would inflame and fester and when they would come open would leave a kind of wet scales there for a few days. Then when it dried up it would leave scales on her head that caused her hair to fall out just in great bunches.

"One day I happened to see Cuticura Soap and also Cuticura Ointment advertised in a paper and I ordered a sample of each. They seemed to help her head so much that I purchased a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks' time her head was sound and well. Her hair had stopped falling out and was also free from dandruff." (Signed) Mrs. J. L. West, Feb. 20, '14. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

WAS VERY MUCH IN EARNEST

Woman's Desire for Liberation From Wrecked Train Accompanied by Terrible Threat.

A fast "limited" was bowling over the sands of Arizona. Just how it happened was frequently explained, and never understood, but as the train sped along the side of a parched river it suddenly left the rails, rolled down the bank and landed in three feet of muddy water at the bottom of the river bed.

Within the cars there was some natural confusion. Men, women and lunch boxes were thrown into a heap, and not an umbrella or a parcel was left in the racks.

One by one the occupants of the rear car extricated themselves from the mass and sought for means of escape, while stanching various wounds caused by broken glass. Every exit was jammed tight. Just then, in the midst of the doubt and confusion, rose a woman's voice in emphatic demand: "Let me out! Let me out! If you don't let me out, I'll break a window."

Buzzard Carries Off Dog.

Eagles are said to be game enough and strong enough to carry off almost anything from a man to a cat, but the first instance known when a buzzard carried off a dog was witnessed on a recent afternoon. The incident happened a few miles from Bessemer.

A very brave little fox terrier was endeavoring to chase off a large buzzard that had alighted on the ground. He only succeeded in making the buzzard fly close to the ground for a short distance. The buzzard stopped on a short stump and waited for the dog, which came barking around the root of the stump.

The buzzard, seeing his chance, jumped from the stump, seized the dog in his mouth and claws, and flew to a thicket near by.—Birmingham (Ala.) Dispatch to the Atlanta Journal.

Nervous Emotional Dizzy Depressed

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is the soothing, cordial and womanly tonic that brings about an invigorating calm to the nervous system. Overcomes the weakness and the dragging pains which resemble the pains of rheumatism. Thousands of women in the past few years can bear witness to its benefits.

Your dealer in medicines sells it in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form; or you can send 50-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription tablets. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets Regulate and Invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Sugar-Coated Tiny Granules.

Peruna Cured This Man Of Catarrh.

Mr. J. B. Reese, Habnab, Maryland, writes: "Two years ago I became a sufferer with catarrh, which continued to grow worse and made me miserable. I could scarcely smell at all, and my taste had almost left me. My head ached constantly, and at times had high fever and bleeding at the nose. I was a perfect wreck.

"I tried several doctors, but did not get any relief. I read in one of your little booklets, called 'Tills of Life,' of Peruna being a remedy for catarrh, and procured a bottle at once. After the use of one bottle I felt some better, so I tried the second and the third, and now I am a well man."

Evil in Nervous Excitement.

Professor von Pfungen of Vienna is conducting some interesting experiments which bear upon the relation of the state of the nervous system to the electric resistance of the skin, and he claims that nervous excitement of any kind lowers the protecting power of the skin to quite a marked extent.

Money for Christmas.

Selling guaranteed wear-proof hosiery to friends & neighbors. Big Kinn business. Wear-Proof Mills, 2300 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

Why He Objected.

A parson and a leading parishioner were not on good terms, and there was much speculation in the village as to the reason.

"It's all on account of parson refusing to christen master's youngest child," the housemaid confided to her friend of the dusting brush at the house across the way. "Master wanted her to be named Dora Ruby Inez North Kathleen, but the parson wouldn't do it."

"It was like parson's cheek," replied her friend, "even if he was asked to give the child a hundred names."

"Oh, it wasn't the number of names which bothered him," returned the servant. "He objected to the initials, that's all. You see, master's name is Beer, and the girl's initials are D. R. I. N. K., and parson declined to be a party to her having to sign herself when she grows up, 'Drink Beer.'"—London Answers.

The Cause Laid Bare

Tea and coffee drinkers often notice backache, headache, rheumatic pain, dizziness, drowsy, tired feelings, disturbed urination and other signs of kidney weakness. The constant use of narcotic or alcoholic drinks is very apt to irritate the kidneys, and weak kidneys need prompt help to avert all danger of dropsy, gravel or fatal Bright's disease. Avoid the use of stimulants, drink more water, get more rest, fresh air and exercise. To tone and strengthen the tired kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the most successful and highly recommended kidney remedy.

An Iowa Case

Mrs. A. Marvella Fisher, Market St., Windsor, Iowa, says: "For years kidney trouble clung to me and gave me much pain and annoyance. I had severe backaches and my joints felt sore and aching. My complexion got sallow and I knew my kidneys were disordered. After doctoring without relief I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me. My whole system was toned up and strengthened."

Get Doan's at Any Store. 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Asentwood

EYE ACHES **Pettit's Eye Salve**

SIoux CITY PTG. CO., NO. 43-1914.

WOMEN who are restless, with constant change of position, "fidgetiness," who are abnormally excitable or who experience fainting or dizzy spells, or nervous headache and wakefulness are usually sufferers from the weaknesses of their sex.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is the soothing, cordial and womanly tonic that brings about an invigorating calm to the nervous system. Overcomes the weakness and the dragging pains which resemble the pains of rheumatism. Thousands of women in the past few years can bear witness to its benefits.

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