

**Y. W. C. A. in Constantinople.**

In the presence of a large number of distinguished guests both in political and educational circles, a new service center was opened recently in Stamboul, the old city of Constantinople, by the Y. W. C. A. Speeches were made in both English and Turkish. The house and garden obtained for the center are both attractive and well adapted to their new use, as well as conveniently situated. Another meeting and recreation place which the Y. W. C. A. has provided for Constantinople girls is a spacious garden or the beautiful sea of Marmora. It has been rented for a wealthy pasha to serve as a summer camp.

**Figures It Out.**

Young Lady—Do you know where John Smith lives?

Policeman—Yes; the third house on the left-hand side of the street in the next block.

Young Lady—But which is the left-hand side of the street in the next block? I'm a stranger in the city.

Whenever a girl begins to straighten a young man's necktie—well, that settles it.

**Don't Go From Bad to Worse!**

Are you always weak, miserable and half-sick? Then it's time you found out what is wrong. Kidney weakness causes much suffering from backache, lameness, stiffness and rheumatic pains, and if neglected brings danger of serious troubles—dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

**A South Dakota Case**

Mrs. W. T. Bagley, Salem, S. D., says: "I felt drowsy and miserable and was terribly nervous. I often had to sit down. There were dull pains in my back and my head felt heavy. I was dizzy every time I stood up. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of the kidney complaint."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



**THE ENCHANTED BARN**

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"Now we're almost home, Mrs. Hollister," he said pleasantly. "Just put your arms around my neck once more, and we'll soon have you beside your own fire." He lifted her and bore her in to the wide couch before the crackling fire that Elizabeth had started just before she went to look out the door the last time.

Then into the blazing light of the transformed barn they all stepped, and every one stood back and stared, blinking. What was this? What wondrous perfume met their senses? What luxury! What flowers! What hangings!

They stood and stared, and could not understand; and between them they forgot to wonder what their mother was thinking, or to do a thing but stupidly stare and say, "Why!" and "Oh!" and "Ah!" half under their breath.

"Just phone me if you need anything, Miss Hollister, please. I shall be glad to serve you," said Graham, stepping quickly over to the door. "Mrs. Hollister, I hope you'll be none the worse for your ride"; and he slipped out the door, and was gone.

The sound of the car softly purring its way back down the slope brought Shirley out of her daze; but, when she turned and understood that he was gone, the car was just backing into the road, turning with a quick whirl, and was away before she could make him hear.

"Oh, He is gone!" she cried out, turning in dismay to the children. "He is gone, and we never thanked him!"

George was out down the road like a shot; and the rest, forgetful for the moment of the invalid who had been the great anxiety all day, crowded at the door to watch him. They could hear the throbbing of the machine; they heard it stop down the road and start again almost immediately, growing fainter with every whirl as it went farther from them. In a moment more George came running back.

"He's gone. He meant to, I guess, so we could have it all to ourselves right at first. Elizabeth and the man were down the road waiting for him. They've been dolling the place up to surprise us."

"Oh!" said Shirley, turning to look around, her cheeks growing rosy. "Oh! Isn't it beautiful?" Then, turning swiftly to the couch and kneeling, she said, "Oh mother!"

"What does it all mean, daughter?" asked the bewildered mother, looking about on the great room that seemed a palace to her sad eyes.

But they all began to clamor at once, and she could make nothing of it.

"Oh Shirley, look at the curtains! Aren't they perfectly dear?" cried Carol ecstatically.

"Perf'ly dear!" echoed Doris, dancing up and down gleefully.

"And here's a card, 'With love from Elizabeth! Isn't it sweet of her? Isn't she a perfect darling?"

"Who is Elizabeth?" asked Mrs. Hollister, rising to her elbow and looking around.

"Geel! Look at the flowers!" broke in George. "It's like our store at Easter! I say! Those lilies are pretty keen, aren't they, Shirly?"

"Wait'll you see the dining room!" called Harley, who was investigating with the help of his nose. "Some supper table! Come on quick; I'm starved. Hello! Hurtle here quick. Here's another sign-board!"

They followed to the dining room. Harley, still following his nose, pursued his investigations to the kitchen, discovered the source of the savory odors that were pervading the place, and raised another cry so appreciative that the entire family, with the exception of the invalid, followed him and found the supper steaming hot and crying to be eaten.

After the excitement was somewhat quieted Shirley took command.

"Now, children, you're getting mother all excited, and this won't do. And, besides, we must eat this supper right away before it spoils. Quiet down, and bring the hot things to the table while I get mother's things off. Then we will tell her all about it. There's plenty of time, you know. We're going to stay right

here all summer."

"Aw, gee! Can't we bring mother out to the table?" pleaded George. "Harley and I could lift that couch just as easy."

"Why, I don't know," said Shirley, hesitating. "You know she isn't strong, and she will worry about your lifting her."

"Oh Shirley, let her come," pleaded Carol. "We could all take hold and wheel the couch out here; you know the floor is real smooth since those new boards were put in, and there are good castors on the couch."

"Mother! Mother! You're coming out to supper!" they chorused, rushing back to the living room; and before the invalid realized what was happening her couch was being wheeled carefully, gleefully into the brilliantly lighted dining room, with Doris like a fairy sprite dancing attendance, and shouting joyously:

"Mudder's tumin' to suppy! Mudder's tumin' to suppy adin!" The mother gazed in amazement at the royally spread table, so smothered in flowers that she failed to recognize the cracked old blue dishes.

"Children, I insist," she raised her voice above the happy din. "I insist on knowing immediately what all this means. Where are we, and what is this? A hotel? And who was the person who brought us here? I cannot eat anything nor stay here another minute until I know. People can't rent houses like this for \$10 a month anywhere, and I didn't suppose we had come to charity, even if I am laid up for a few days."

Shirley could see the hurt in her mother's eyes and the quick alarm in her voice, and came around to her couch, smiling.

"Now, mother dear, we'll tell you the whole thing. It isn't a hotel we're in, and it isn't a house at all. It's only an old barn!"

"A barn!" Mrs. Hollister sat up on her couch alertly, and looked at the big bowl of roses in the middle of the table, at the soft, flowing curtains at the window and the great pot of Easter lilies on the little stand in front, and exclaimed, "Impossible!"

"But it is, really, mother, just a grand old stone barn! Look at the walls. See, those two over there are just rough stones, and this one back of you is a partition made of common boards. That's only an old brown denim curtain over there to hide the kitchen, and we've got the old red chenille curtains up to partition off the bedrooms. The boys are going to sleep up in the hay-loft, and it's going to be just great!"

Mrs. Hollister looked wildly at the stone walls, back at the new partition, recognized one by one the ancient chairs, the old bookcase now converted into a china closet, the brown denim curtain that had once been a cover for the dining room floor in the little brick house. Now it was washed and mended, and was doing its faded part to look like a wall and fit into the scheme of things. She darted questioning glances at the wealth of flowers, and the abundantly set table, then settled back on her pillow but half satisfied.

"They don't have curtains in a barn!" she remarked dryly.

"Those are a present from Elizabeth, the little sister of the landlord. She was out here with him when he came to see about things, and she got acquainted with Carol. She has put up those curtains, and brought the flowers, and fixed the table, for a surprise. See, mother!" and Shirley brought the card on which Elizabeth had printed her crude welcome.

Mrs. Hollister took the card as if it were some sort of a life-preserver, and smiled with relief.

"But this is a great deal to do for strangers," she said tremblingly, and tears began to glitter in her eyes. "They must be wealthy people."

"Yes, mother, I think they are," said Shirley, "and they have been most kind."

"But, daughter, wealthy people do not usually take the trouble to do things like that for nothing. And \$10 a month for a barn could be nothing to them."

"I know, mother, but he seems very well satisfied with the price," said Shirley with a troubled brow. "I—"

"Something's burning!" yelled Harley at the top of his lungs from the kitchen, and immediately they all rushed out to rescue the supper, which took that moment to assert itself.

"Now, mother," said Shirley, coming in with a big tureen of soup, "we've got to eat this supper or it will spoil. You're not to ask another question till we are through."

They all settled expectantly down at the table, Doris climbing joyously into her high chair, calling:

"Suppy! Suppy! Oh goody!" Such a clatter and a clamor, such shouting over the sandwiches and such jumpings up and down to carry something to mother! Such lingering over the delicious ice-cream and fresh strawberries that were found in the freezer! Think of it! Real strawberries for them that time of year!

Then, when they had eaten all they could, and began to realize that it was time to get mother to bed, they pushed the chairs back, and all fell to clearing off the table and putting things away. It was Carol who discovered the big roasted fowl and the bowl of salad set away in the tiny ice box ready for tomorrow. How had Elizabeth, who never kept house in her life, known just what would be nice for a family that were all tired out with moving, and needed to lie back and rest before starting on with living!

The dishes were almost washed when the cart arrived with the last load of things, and the drayman helped George to put up mother's bed.

They wheeled the couch into the living room after the big doors were closed and safely fastened for the night. Before the glowing fire Shirley helped mother to undress, then rolled her couch into the bedroom and got her to bed.

"Do you mind very much that it is only a barn, mother dear?" questioned Shirley, bending anxiously over her mother after she was settled.

"I can't make it seem like a barn, dear; it seems a palace!" said the mother with a tremble in her voice. "I'm glad it's a barn, because we could never afford a house with space like this, and air!" She threw out her hands as if to express her delight in the wide rooms, and drew in a breath of the delicious country air, so different from air of the dusty little brick house in the city.

"Daughter!" she drew Shirley down where she could whisper to her. "You're sure he is not looking on us as objects of charity, and you're sure he understands that you are a self-respecting girl earning her honorable living and paying her way? You know this is a wicked, deceitful world we live in, and there are all sorts of people in it."

"Mother dear! I'm sure. Sure as anybody could be. He has been a perfect gentleman. You didn't think he looked like one of those—those people—that go around misunderstanding girls, did you mother?"

The mother remembered the gentle, manly way in which the young man had lifted her and carried her to and from the car, and her heart warmed to him. Yet her fears lingered as she watched her sweet-eyed girl.

"No-o-o," she answered slowly; "but then, you can't always judge. He certainly was a gentleman, and he was very nice looking." Then she looked sharply at Shirley.

"You won't go to getting any notions in your head, dear child!" Her eyes were wistful and sad as she searched the sweet, weary face of the girl. "You know rich young men follow whims sometimes for a few days. They don't mean anything. I wouldn't want your heart broken. I wish he was an old man with white hair."

"Oh mother dear!" laughed Shirley with heart-free ring to her voice, "did you think you had a young fool for a daughter? He is only being nice because he is a perfect gentleman; but I know he is not in the same universe as I am, so far as anything more than pleasant kindness is concerned. We shall probably never see him again now that we are settled. But don't you think I ought to go and telephone thanks to his little sister? They will be home by this time, and it seems as if we ought to make some acknowledgment of her great kindness."

"By all means, dear; but how can you? Is there a pay-station near here? I thought you said this was out in the country."

"Why, we have a telephone of

our own, mummy dear! Just think of the luxury of it! Us with a telephone! Mr. Graham had it put into the barn when he was making some repairs, so he could communicate with his workmen; and he said if we would like it we might keep it. It is one of those 'pay-as-you-go' phones, with a place to drop nickels and dimes in; so we are perfectly independent. Mr. Graham thought it would be a comfort to you when George or I had to stay late in town."

"How thoughtful of him! He must be a wonderful rich man! By all means telephone at once, and tell the little girl to say to her brother from me that I shall esteem it a privilege to thank him personally for all that he has done for my children, sometime when he is out this way. Think. A real rose by my bed!" She reached out a frail hand, and touched the exquisite petals lovingly. "It is wonderful!"

So Shirley went into the living room to telephone, while all the children stood about to watch and comment and tell her what to say. Doris sat on a little cushion at her feet in awe, and listened, asking Carol with large eyes: "Is Shirley tautin to Dod? Vy doesn't see out her yeyes?" For Shirley's conversation over the telephone sounded to the little sister much like a prayer of thanksgiving; only she was not accustomed to hearing the joyous laughter in the voice when people prayed.

Then Doris was put to bed in her own little crib, and the light in mother's room was switched off amid Doris's flood of questions.

"Vat makes it light? Vy did it do away? Will it tum adin?"

At last she was asleep, and the other children tiptoed excitedly about preparing for bed, going up and downstairs softly, whispering back and forth for this or that they could not find, till quiet settled down upon the tired, happy household, and the bullfrogs in the distant creek droned out the nightly chorus.

**CHAPTER XIII.**

It was beautiful to wake the next morning with the birds singing a matin in the trees, and a wonderful Sabbath quiet over everything. Tired out as she was and worn with excitement and care, Shirley was the first to awaken, and she lay there quiet beside Carol for a little while with her eyes closed, listening, and saying a prayer of thanksgiving for the peace of the place, and the wonder that it had come into her life. Then suddenly a strange luminousness about her simply forced her to open her eyes.

The eastern window was across the room from her bed, and the sky was rosy, with the dawn, and flooding the room. It was the first time in years she had watched the sun rise. She had almost forgotten, in the little dark city house, that there was a sun to rise and make things glorious. The sun had seemed an enemy to burn and wilt and stifle.

But now here was a friend, a radiant new friend, to be waited for and enjoyed, to give glory to all their lives. She raised herself on one elbow and watched until the red ball had risen and burst into the brightness of day. Then she lay down softly again and listened to the birds. They seemed to be mad with joy over the new day. Presently the chorus grew less and less. The birds had gone about their morning tasks, and only a single bright song now and then from some soloist in the big tree overhead marked the sweet scented silence of the morning.

In the quiet Shirley lay and went over events since she had first seen this spot and taken the idea of living in the barn. Her heart gave thanks anew that her mother had not disliked it as she had feared. There was no sense that it was a stable, no odor of living creatures having occupied it before, only sweet dusty clover like a lingering of past things put away carefully. It was like a great camping expedition. And then all those flowers! The scent of the lilies was on the air. How lovely of the young girl out of her luxury to think to pass on some of the sweet things of life! And the gracious, chivalrous man, her brother! She must not let him think she would presume upon his kindness. She must not let even her thoughts cross the line and dwell on the ground of social equality. She knew where he belonged, and there he should stay for all her. She was heart-free and happy, and only too glad to have such a kind landlord.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

**WOMEN OF MIDDLE LIFE**

**A Dangerous Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass**

**Practical Suggestions Given by the Women Whose Letters Follow**



Afton, Tenn.—"I want other suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. During the Change of Life I was in bed for eight months and had two good doctors treating me but they did me no good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and in a short time I felt better. I had all kinds of bad spells, but they all left me. Now when I feel weak and nervous I take the Vegetable Compound and it always does me good. I wish all women would try it during the Change of Life for I know it will do them good. If you think it will induce some one to try the Vegetable Compound you may publish this letter."—Mrs. A. KELLER, Afton, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary Lister of Adrian, Mich., adds her testimony to the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

to carry women safely through the Change of Life. She says: "It is with pleasure that I write to you thanking you for what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I was passing through the Change of Life and had a displacement and weakness so that I could not stand on my feet and other annoying symptoms. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the first bottle helped me, so I got more. It cured me and I am now doing my housework. Your medicine is certainly woman's friend and you may use this testimonial as you choose."—Mrs. MARY LISTER, 608 Frank Street, Adrian, Mich.

It is said that middle age is the most trying period in a woman's life, and owing to modern methods of living not one woman in a thousand passes through this perfectly natural change without experiencing very annoying symptoms. Those smothering spells, the dreadful hot flashes that send the blood rushing to the head until it seems as though it would burst, and the faint feeling that follows, as if the heart were going to stop, those sinking or dizzy spells are all symptoms of a nervous condition, and indicate the need for a special medicine. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a root and herb medicine especially adapted to act upon the feminine system. It acts in such a manner as to build up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass this trying period with the least possible annoying symptoms.

Women everywhere should remember that most of the commoner ailments of women are not the surgical ones—they are not caused by serious displacements or growths, although the symptoms may be the same, and that is why so many apparently serious ailments readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it acts as a natural restorative and often prevents serious troubles.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women"** will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

Crossed Ocean on raft. Jeremiah Mullane, last member of the trio that won fame in the summer of 1867 when they arrived in Southampton, England, after a 43-day trip from New York on a life raft equipped with a sail, died recently in Passaic, N. J., at the age of seventy-eight.

Capt. John Miles and George Miller, both of New York, who made the trip with Mullane, died several years ago. Their raft, the Nonpareil, was only 22 feet long and 12 feet wide, and their successful trip across the Atlantic was hailed throughout the world as a great feat and won favor for the men with Queen Victoria.

Contentment would never have discovered America.



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of

**GENUINE BULL DURHAM TOBACCO**

**Cuticura Soap AND OINTMENT Clear the Skin**

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Tablets 25c.

**Steady Young Feller.**

"They tell me that your boy, Josh, has grown to be a middlin' wild young feller since he come back from traveling around with them marines," said Farmer Brown to his neighbor.

"Wa-l-l," drawled the father, "he ain't exactly what I'd call wild. He's been goin' to the movies a couple times a week, smoked cigarettes, drinks a right smart lot of lemon sody, and has started to collect pictures of them show actresses. But I reckon the boy ain't had—he's just sovin' his wild oats."—The Leather neck.

**Much Newspaper Imported.**

Of the newspaper paper used by American newspapers only one-third is made in the United States from wood grown in this country. The rest is either imported or made from imported wood or pulp. The United States has enormous forest resources in her northwest and in Alaska. If pulp mills were properly located to handle the raw material.

**Stockmen and Farmers Read This**

Save weight and freight in marketing your stock and grain, by buying my farms 53 miles south of Chicago. 329 acres at \$150.00, 248 acres at \$200.00 and 299 acres at \$300.00 per acre. Good buildings. Terms. OWNER, 1936 North Park Avenue, Chicago

Remove the Cause—Use Golden X Nature's Remedy. Rheumatism, Lumbago, Bronchitis, Asthma, Kidney, Bladder trouble. 41 bottle. Standard Selling Co., Box 497, Louisville, K.

**FRECKLES** POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Perry's Freckle Ointment—Keeps skin soft and clear. 25c. 375 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago