

AN OPERATION RECOMMENDED

Avoided by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I cannot give too much praise to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me. My mother gave it to me when I was a girl 14 years old, and since then I have taken it when I feel run down or tired. I took it for three months before my two babies were born for my back and had spells as if my heart was affected, and it helped me a lot. The doctors told me at one time that I would have to have an operation. I thought I would try 'Pinkham's,' as I call it, first. In two months I was all right and had no operation. I firmly believe 'Pinkham's' cured me. Everyone who saw me after that remarked that I looked so well. I only have to take medicine occasionally, not but I always keep a couple of bottles by me. I recommend it to women who speak to me about their health. I have also used your Sanative Wash and like it very much."—Mrs. E. GOULD, 4000 East Side Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.

Many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised.

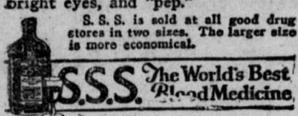
Making Up for It
"So Kate and Agnes are not speaking to each other."
"Not to, but about."

S.S.S. keeps away Pimples

THERE are thousands of women who wonder why their complexion does not improve in spite of all the face treatments they use. They should not continue to wonder. Eruptions come from blood impurities and a lack of rich blood-cells. S.S.S. is acknowledged to be one of the most powerful, rapid and effective blood cleansers known. S.S.S. builds new blood-cells. This is why S.S.S. routs out of your system the impurities which cause boils, pimples, blackheads, acne, blotches, eczema, tetter, rash. S.S.S. is a remarkable flesh-builder. That's why underweight people can quickly build up their lost flesh, get back their normal weight, pink, plump cheeks, bright eyes, and "pep."



S.S.S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.



S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

Always
A safe and soothing remedy for cuts, burns, or skin troubles. Protects, relieves and heals. Take internally for coughs and sore throats.

Vaseline
PETROLEUM JELLY
Cheesebrough Mfg. Co., Con'd. State St. New York



IT BEATS ALL
How Those Old, Creaky, Stiff Joints Limber Right Up With

Joint-Ease

Just rub on the new application called Joint-Ease if you want to know what real joint comfort is.

It's for stiff, swollen, or pain-tortured joints whether caused by rheumatism or not.

A few seconds' rubbing and it soaks right in through skin and flesh right down to ligament and bone.

It lifts up and limbers up the joints, subdues the inflammation and reduces the swelling. Joint-Ease is the one great remedy for all joint troubles and live druggists have it or can get it for you—a tube for 60 cents.

Always remember, when Joint-Ease gets in joint agony gets out—quick.

Cuticura Talcum
Is Soothing For Baby's Skin
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

Little Reviews by Our Readers

Can you sum up a book in 100 words? Try it on the book you have just finished reading and send in your review to The Little Review Department of The Sioux City Tribune. The Book and Gift Shop, Sioux City, Ia., will give a prize, the winner's choice of any \$2 book in their shop to the one writing the cleverest review. This is a weekly feature of our Saturday Book Column, so watch for your review next week if it doesn't get in in time for this week.

The prize winner for this week is Nina R. Crow, of Seaborn, Ia. We haven't read Mr. Burt's story but this is surely a splendid summary of the so-called "society" novel. Write to the Book and Gift Shop, Miss Crow, and claim your prize. And after you get it, review it for us. We want to see you often in print.

The Interpreter's House

By Struthers Burt

The hero of this rather worthy story, Guilan Eyre, returns to his New York home after a number of years in foreign parts, only to find himself a misfit in the business and social life of his earlier years. Something of a cynic, a would-be philosopher, almost human at times—usually when there are ladies at dinner—he worries his verbose way through an affair of the heart with the alluring, unscrupulous Vida, already married, to eventually find his long-delayed happiness with a young thing who calls him names—and I don't blame her!

A Near Winner
Miss Agnes Rawleigh of Sioux City sends in the following interesting review of one of Thomas Dixon's books. Again we confess ignorance, we've never read this book either, but judging from her review it is one peculiarly apropos right now.

The Black Hood
By Thomas Dixon
Some of our present day political intriguing, romantically and historically set in Carolina, following the Reconstruction period, is vividly portrayed in a local organization, intended to meet an immediate need, its original membership and high ideals that were soon lost in a pretense of righteousness, bigotry and hatred, entirely ignoring, even burning the Constitution, but ending in disorder, lawlessness and riot. The author's conclusion is summed up in the two outstanding expressions: "One NEVER needs disguise to do good." "There is only room for ONE uniform in this country."

Rev. Mr. Snyder, even in the short life of this book page, we value as a friend and ally. Among many good ones, it is hard to choose the best, but I personally enjoyed this charmingly written summary of a rather light weight book. W. J. Locke has written a rattling good adventure tale and love story in "The Coming of Amos." Amos is a freak, but a lovable one. The Princess—well, we can't blame the middle aged artist who tells the story, for loving her. And the villain is a real one. You are glad that the window is open when he and Amos finally get together. And you are glad that Amos, as he moves through his tortuous course of religious evolution, finally abandons celibacy for the Little Princess.

Another Lie Nailed.

From the Los Angeles Times.
Now one of the professors at Beloit tells us that most of this talk about caveman methods is poppycock. The old idea was that in prehistoric times the hardy native did his courting with a club. When he wanted a woman he knocked her on the bean with a massive mallet and carried her off like a sack of cats. But this Wisconsin educator says that this is fiction. He has been reading the tablets and otherwise delving in the past and he says that the earliest lovers were not harsh. They strung beads for their sweethearts. They made holes in quills, pieces of wood and threaded them on thongs. Likewise they made strange sounds that served as music. They did not play the ukulele or carry chocolate creams, but their methods were not vastly different from those of our twentieth-century Lotharios. The pioneer lover did not attempt to impress his sweetie with a granite adze. Instead he brought her violets from the wildwood and he sat in front of her cave strumming funny things on a strand of gut. He even raised his voice in song. The love which makes the world go round has been much the same for all ages and with all peoples.

Banks Like Individuals.

From the Nebraska Democrat.
We are told that the bank failures now growing so common in Iowa, Illinois and some other parts of the land, east of us, is due to the War Finance Corporation deflating quite rapidly— withdrawing \$499,000,000 of the \$500,000,000 they have been having at their command. This demonstrates that even the banks are much like people. When the imperative call for cash comes, and they have not got it, they don't pay it. When a similar deflation struck Nebraska when the Federal Reserve deflation was holding the place in the limelight, the Nebraska state guarantee law was the salvation of many a bank and business in this state. Iowa is not so blessed.

Quicker the Better.

From the University of Iowa Frivol.
A clergyman received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place:
"This is to give you notice that I and Miss Jeannine Brealy is com' to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the taxi is hired by the hour."

The Persian parliament has sanctioned the bill exempting from customs duties for a decade agricultural and technical machinery and accessories. An exception is made in the bill with regard to machines for sewing, embroidering, printing and engraving.

BREEME HOUSE

By Katherine Newlin Burt

He looked blankly enough at the "Lady Jane". The picture hung on the eastern wall facing the sunset. To the color of the painting, time or skill had given a strange silvery brightness. The figure was of a young girl leaning against an urn, her ringlets classically bound, a scarf floating about her shoulders, her slim, round body simply draped. The light, dappling through the trees above her, changed to silver on her skirt, her curls were of an ashen brown, her grey-brown eyes were sidelong in their glance, her smile seemed tremulous. It was a cool, soft, shining figure, beautiful as showers and shadows.

"Who is it?" demanded Claire, with ringing impatience of his silence.
"It's a great-great-or-so-grand mother of mine, I be—"
"Nonsense! I know that, of course. But don't you see the likeness? Look hard. Use your eyes. See it for the first time. Make a frame for her face with your two hands, so!"
Alec obeyed. No sooner had his long hands shut out the ringlets and the scarf, then he gave a little jump of surprise.

"Jane!" said he. "That's queer enough."
"Did you ever see anything so striking? It's just Jane's face, line by line, and Jane's figure, too; only Jane's thinner. The coloring is exactly hers. The costume disguises it, and the pose and the way the hair is done. To me this is the most thrilling thing imaginable."
"Why?" he asked, looking wonderingly at her.

"To see a face handed down, feature by feature, like that, through eight, ten—how many generations? To think that Jane is an embodiment—a reincarnation of that lady dead so long ago? To know that your great-great-or-so-grand-mother is actually living her life again in her own flesh and blood, goes laughing about her old home, running up and down those stairs, looking down over the gallery at her own pictured self—"
"Oh, I say, you know!" grinned Alec, "don't make a ghost of poor little Jane. That's hardly fair!"

"A ghost! A ghost, indeed! Nothing so banal as that! Can you stand there, you, and not see the enchantment of all this?"—she swung round her arm to indicate the hall. "To you it's just home, I suppose. What opportunities are wasted in this world! If I were Jane! If I were you!"

"That's rather rot, isn't it?" said he. He had found out that she demanded frankness rather than deference. "It's because you aren't used to it. You see it all from the outside. It looks jolly romantic—portraits, and the old house, and all that. When you've been here a few weeks you'll get over it. Jane's face is all very well, and happens to be like a lady's that lived in sixteen hundred and something; but it doesn't follow that she's a reincarnation. Hope she isn't, at any rate! That would be rather a shame, you see."

"Why would it be a shame?" asked Claire thoughtfully. She stood now a little distance off, half turned from him, looking up at the ancestress.

"Because the lady wasn't especially enviable. She had rather a thin time of it, and died young."

"How do you mean—a thin time of it?" demanded Claire over her shoulder. "Do tell me the story, and tell it nicely. Not a lot of slang, and trying to make nothing of it all. I do hate cynicism! I can't see why so many boys nowadays try to sneer the beauty out of everything."

Tremont smiled a little. At twenty-six, rather an experienced twenty-six, he did not consider himself "a boy". He wondered how old Miss Wilton might be. Not more than twenty-three surely. She was a high-handed creature, to be sure, needed a tight rein, and had probably never had it. She had told him that her mother had died when she was born, her father a year or so ago, and that her guardians were just "abstractions". What

a life she must have had of it—money to burn, no doubt, and the whole world at her feet! And she was silly enough to envy Jane and him! His voice sounded dull and lifeless after Claire's She looked at him curiously, struck for the first time by something in him that was neither flippancy nor sullenness.

"I suppose you won't tell me," she sighed. "It must have been something I said. I shall go up to dress. Thank you for the story. You told it very well, though without much feeling. Poor little Lady Jane! I wish Rusus had come back to carry her away."

Tremont followed her to the foot of the staircase and watched her mount it. From the gallery she looked down at him.

"If you don't tell me why you were blushing," said she, "I shall begin to guess; and I'm a wonder at guessing."

The flush came back fourfold as he stammered:
"You couldn't possibly. Besides, I wasn't!"

Her laugh rang out through the dimness of the hall. Then the red-gold head disappeared. The Lady Jane was left in silvery possession. Tremont turned and looked moodily up into her face.

CHAPTER VII

BRITOMART TO THE RESCUE

The Miss Meriden with the curly bang came promptly to pay her respects to the American guest at Breeme House. They were sitting out on the terrace. Below, under the trees, Aline Parkes was playing with the children.

"Aline is a dear, don't you think?" questioned Miss Meriden.

"I think she is a most interesting girl, though I've hardly talked to her yet. She doesn't like me."

"Not really? Are you sure you're right, Miss Wilton? She has said nice things about you—really."

"Has she? I wish I could see more of her. But she's very busy with the children."

"Oh, yes, she is. She's rather old for her age, don't you think? She has had so much trouble and responsibility; she has been so very poor. When dear Mr. Parkes died, the five children were actually destitute. The oldest boy, younger than Aline, was given a position in some London house. They are all separated. Two little girls have gone to a cousin; and another, of about sixteen, is teaching, in poor little thing. We all hoped Aline would marry Sir Geoffrey Brooke. You know in the red house over beyond Five Pastures. You've probably met him! No? You will soon; he's over here often. He is in love with Aline, we all believe. But it doesn't seem to come to anything. He is such a splendid fellow; not so handsome as Lord Tremont, perhaps, and much older, but—"

"Is Lord Tremont in love with her?" asked Claire.

Miss Meriden opened her round blue eyes, while a deep crimson dyed her face.
"Oh, mercy no! What an idea! I hope I didn't give you that impression. Oh, no, of course not! Rather not!"

Claire was a little taken aback by this very emphatic denial.

Presently other visitors gathered on the terrace. Amongst them was Sir Geoffrey Brooke, himself. There was such kindly humor in his eyes, and such quiet confidence in his friendly manner that Claire liked him at once.

He suggested tennis. "You Americans are real scientists at the game, Miss Wilton. Take me on as your partner, do I'm a bad loser, you see. You and I against Tremont and Miss Meriden, what?"

Claire was a poor player, but her partner's good humor never flagged. He took her balls for her and perseveringly apologized for taking them. He won every point that was won on their side all through the set, and tried to make out that every miss of hers was entirely owing to his own clumsiness. When it was over, he gravely congratulated her on her play; he, of course, had lost the set!

She shook her head at him.
"You're very sarcastic. I am going to provide you with a better partner for the next set."

"Oh you Americans," he protested, "is there no enjoyment for you unless you win. Don't you ever play, just for the pleasure of the game?"

His complaint was in vain.
"Don't start the next set for a few minutes, will you. Your next partner will be here almost directly."

As she ran off across the lawn to the house, his steady eyes followed her with warm admiration.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "there's a woman for you!"
He joined Tremont and Miss

Meriden, who filled up the pause with her questioning chatter. Presently Brooke called out:
"Why, here comes Aline; with her racket too! Well isn't that ripping of Miss Wilton? I'll bet she went and routed her out of the nursery to make her play. Now we shall have some tennis, what?"

"Miss Wilton," said Aline, as she came up to them with her faintly ironical smile, "has turned me out of my job. She's insisted on being governess for a change. It's tennis, isn't it? Who's playing? Who wants me?"

"I want you. You're playing with me," said Brooke promptly. "Miss Wilton has ordered it; curs but to do or die. Come along."

She glanced for an instant at Alec as she moved to the designated court, but Tremont's eyes studiously avoided her. He was handing the balls to Miss Meriden for her service.

Aline played a magnificent game. She was as swift as an arrow, and her face brightened with the exercise.

After a couple of lively sets, Miss Meriden took her leave, Alec escorting her to Lady Breeme.

Aline and Brooke were left together. A sort of comfortable silence fell upon them. Aline moved to the shadow of a tree and sat down on the grass. He stood above her, fastening his cuffs.

"How goes it?" he asked her pleasantly.

Aline gave him one of her most twisted smiles.

"Oh, it goes as nursery-governess usually goes. I praise and punish and play the part of a supposedly infallible Providence to Vi and Humphrey. They don't seem to have found me out yet, though lately—here she turned sideways, propped her chin in her hand, and bent her face down—"like everyone else, they've begun to transfer their allegiance to Miss Wilton."

He sat down beside her, and made a deliberate selection from the long grasses.

"Like everyone else?" he questioned.

"Remember, I'm joking. You must learn not to take me seriously, Sir Geoffrey."

Sir Geoffrey looked gravely at her. He knew Aline very well, better than anyone else knew her.

"Take off your motley for a bit, Aline," said he, drawing a knife from his pocket, "and have a game of mumply-peg."

Aline sat up with a laugh.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

FRANCE PLANS SEA STRENGTH

Rebirth As First Class Naval Power Will Soon Be Accomplished Fact

Paris.—The rebirth of France as a first-class naval power will soon be an accomplished fact.

Greater activity now prevails in the dockyards and arsenals of the republic than at any time in the last 20 years.

Native troops from north and west Africa have come to represent a heavy proportion of the French army strength. The whole scheme of mobilization is based on the assumption that these colored levies will be available for service at the front, whenever an emergency threatens. But being stationed in Africa they must, of necessity, be brought to France by sea, and unless the water routes remained open the transports could not sail.

A further attesting fact is that the shipbuilding program adopted under the Poincare regime has been not only endorsed, but amplified by the Herriot government. For the first time in many years a systematic and progressive plan of naval construction is being adhered to.

Britons Hope to Call India on Phone Soon

London.—A few months ago it was considered an ambitious undertaking when plans were announced for a telephone service between London and Berlin. A distance of 600 miles. Now, however, British post office engineers are giving serious consideration to the practicability of constructing new lines and linking up existing facilities with a view to enabling conversations to be held between London and cities in India.

In some quarters it is stated optimistically that London and Rangoon might be connected by phone. This distance is no greater than that covered by the circuit involved in the Havana-Los Angeles wire. It is from the perfecting of the instrument known as the "repeater" that long-distance telephony for Europe is hoped to be developed into a commercial success.