

## FORCED TO FIGHT FOR HER BREATH

Nashville Artist Tells of Terrible Suffering Experienced by His Wife.

## HUSBAND GOES DOWN HILL

Finally Both Decide to Put Tanlac to Test and as a Result Have Enjoyed Best of Health for Past Three Years.

"Both my wife and myself have put Tanlac to the test and we call it the greatest medicine in the world," said J. T. Montamat, 1123 Third Ave., North, Nashville, Tenn., artistic sign painter for the Cusack Company. Mr. Montamat has lived in Nashville for nearly thirty years and is highly respected by all who know him.

"Before my wife took Tanlac she suffered so badly from gas on her stomach and heartburn that she often said she felt like she was smothering to death. She actually had to sit up in bed to get her breath.

"Well, in a short time after she began taking Tanlac her trouble disappeared and she was like a different person. Seeing the good results in her case, I began taking the medicine myself and it soon had me feeling like a brand new man.

"Up to that time I had been troubled with indigestion. I had no appetite and the little I did eat seemed to do me about as much harm as good. I felt so tired and languid I hated to move around, and was getting in such a run-down condition that it worried me.

"Tanlac acted with me just like it did with my wife, and although that was three years ago we have enjoyed the best of health all along. However, I keep a bottle of Tanlac in the house all the time, and when I feel myself getting run down the medicine soon has me feeling all right again. I am convinced that Tanlac is without an equal. Our friends all know how it helped us and I don't hesitate to tell anyone about it."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

### Only Thing He Could Do.

Binks—What are you doing for your cold?

Jinks—Coughing.

**Cuticura Soap for the Complexion**  
Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scaly clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Toiletum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

**The Beau Brummel of the Plains.**  
Big Bear, the head of the Sioux tribe, is said to be the best dressed Indian in America. He recently paid a visit in full regalia to some of the larger cities in the Middle West.

## ANOTHER WOMAN ESCAPES

**Mrs. McCumber Avoided a Serious Operation by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Time**

Georgetown, Ill.—"After my first baby was born I suffered so with my left side that I could not walk across the floor unless I was all humped over, holding to my side. I doctored with several doctors but found no relief and they said I would have to have an operation. My mother insisted on my taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I soon found relief. Now I can do all my own work and it is the Vegetable Compound that has saved me from an operation. I cannot praise your medicine too highly and I tell all of my friends and neighbors what the Compound did for me."—Mrs. MARGARET McCUMBER, 27 S. Frazier St., Georgetown, Illinois.

Mrs. McCumber is one of the unnumbered thousands of housewives who struggle to keep about their daily tasks, while suffering from ailments peculiar to women with backache, sideaches, headaches, bearing-down pains and nervousness, and if every such woman should profit by her experience and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial they would get well.

## Bad Stomach Sends Her to Bed for 10 Months

**Eatonio Gets Her Up!**

"Over a year ago," says Mrs. Doris Williams, "I took to bed and for 10 months did not think I would live. Eatonio helped me so much I am now up and able to work. I recommend it highly for stomach trouble."

Eatonio helps people to get well by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases that put the stomach out of order. If you have indigestion, sourness, heartburn, belching, food repelling, or other stomach distress, take an Eatonio after each meal. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

# The Prodigal Village

By Irving Bacheller

Copyright, 1920, Irving Bacheller

### CHAPTER EIGHT—Continued.

"You men should know that every strike increases the burdens of the people. Every day your idleness lifts the price of their necessities. Idleness is just another form of destruction. Why could you not have listened to the counsel of Reason in June instead of in September, and thus have saved these long months of hardship and bitter violence? It was because the spirit of Tyranny had entered your heart and put your judgment in chains. It had blinded you to honor also, for you men were working under contract. If the union is to command the support of honest men, it must be honest. It was Tyranny that turned the treaty with Belgium into a scrap of paper. That kind of a thing will not do here. Let me assure you that Tyranny has no right to be in this land of ours. You remind me of the Prodigal Son who had to know the taste of husks and the companionship of swine before he came to himself. Do you not know that Tyranny is swine and the fodder of swine? It is simply human hog-ghishness.

"I have one thing more to say and I am finished. Mr. Bing, some time ago you threw up your religion without realizing the effect that such an act would be likely to produce on this community. You are, no doubt, aware that many followed your example. I've got no preaching to do. I'm just going to quote you a few words from an authority no less responsible than George Washington himself. Our history has made one fact very clear, namely, that he was a wise and far-seeing man."

Judge Crooker took from a shelf, John Marshall's "Life of Washington," and read:

"It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government and let us, with caution, indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion.

"Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if a sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice?"

"Let me add, on my own account, that the treatment you received from your men will vary according to their respect for morality and religion.

"They could manage very well with an irreligious master, for you are only one. But an irreligious mob is a different and highly serious matter, believe me. Away back in the seventeenth century, John Dryden wrote a wise sentence. It was this:

"I have heard, indeed, of some very virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately but never of a virtuous nation; Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes general.

"If virtue is the price of a nation's life, let us try to keep our own nation virtuous."

Mr. Bing and his men left the judge's office in a thoughtful mood. The next day, Judge Crooker met the mill owner on the street.

"Judge, I accept your verdict," said the latter. "I fear that I have been rather careless. It didn't occur to me that my example would be taken so seriously. I have been a prodigal and have resolved to return to my father's house."

"Ho, servants!" said the judge, with a smile. "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him and put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it and let us eat and be merry."

"We shall have to postpone the celebration," said Mr. Bing. "I have to go to New York to-night, and I shall return before Christmas."

A little farther on Mr. Bing met Hiram Blenkinsop. The latter had a plank on his shoulder.

"I'd like to have a word with you," said the mill owner as he took hold of the plank and helped Hiram to ease it down. "I hear many good things about you, Mr. Blenkinsop. I fear that we have all misjudged you. If I have ever said or done anything to hurt your feelings, I am sorry for it."

Hiram Blenkinsop looked with astonishment into the eyes of the millionaire.

"I—I guess I ain't got you placed right—not eggzac'ly," said he. "Some folks ain't as good as they look an' some ain't as bad as they look. I wouldn't wonder if we was mostly purty much alike, come to shake us down."

"Let's be friends, anyhow," said Mr. Bing. "If there's anything I can do for you, let me know."

That evening, as he sat by the stove in his little room over the garage of Mr. Singleton with his dog Christmas lying beside him, Mr. Blenkinsop fell asleep and awoke suddenly with a wild yell of alarm.

"What's the matter?" a voice inquired.

Mr. Blenkinsop turned and saw his Old Self standing in the doorway.

"Nothin' but a dream," said Blenkinsop as he wiped his eyes. "Dreamed I had a dog with a terrible thirst on him. Used to lead him

around with a rope an' when we come to a brook he'd drink it dry. Suddenly I felt an awful jerk of the rope that sent me up in the air an' I looked an' see that the dog had turned into an elephant an' that he was goin' like Sam Hill, an' that I was hitched to him and couldn't let go. Once in a while he'd stop an' drink a river dry an' then he'd lay down an' rest. Everybody was scared o' the elephant an' so was I. An' I'd try to cut the rope with my jack knife but it wouldn't cut—it was so dull. Then all of a sudden he'd start on the run an' twitch me over the hills an' mountings, an' me takin' steps a mile long an' scared to death."

"The fact is you're hitched to an elephant," his Old Self remarked. "The first thing to do is to sharpen your jack knife."

"It's Night an' Silence that sets him goin'," said Blenkinsop. "When they come he's apt to start for the highest river. The old elephant is beginnin' to move."

Blenkinsop put on his hat and hurried out of the door.

### CHAPTER NINE.

**Which Tells of a Merry Christmas Day in the Little Cottage of the Widow Moran.**

Night and Silence are a stern test of wisdom. For years, the long loving, chattersome Blenkinsop had been their enemy and was not yet at peace with them. But Night and Silence had other enemies in the village—ancient and inconsolable enemies. It must be said, they were the cocks of Blingville. Every morning they fell



"If Virtue is the Price of a Nation's Life, Let Us Try to Keep Our Own Nation Virtuous."

to and drove Night and Silence out of the place and who shall say that they did not save it from being hopelessly overwhelmed? Day was their victory and they knew how to achieve it. Noise was the thing most needed. So they roused the people and called up the lights and set the griddles rattling. The great, white cock that roosted near the window in the Widow Moran's hen-house watched for the first sign of weakness in the enemy. When it came, he sent forth a bolt of sound that tumbled Silence from his throne and shook the foundations of the great dome of Night. It rang over the housetops and through every street and alley in the village. That started the battle. Silence tried in vain to recover his seat. In a moment, every cock in Blingville was hurling bombs at him. Immediately, Darkness began to grow pale with fright. Seeing the fate of his ally, he broke camp and fled westward. Soon the field was clear and every proud cock surveyed the victory with a solemn sense of large accomplishment.

The loud victorious trumpets sounding in the garden near the window of the Shepherd awoke him that Christmas morning. The dawn light was on the windows.

"Merry Christmas!" said the little round nickel clock in a cheerful tone. "It's time to get up!"

"Is it morning?" the Shepherd asked drowsily, as he rubbed his eyes. "Sure it's morning!" the little clock answered. "That lazy old sun is late again. He ought to be up and at work. He's like a dishonest hired man."

"He's apt to be slow on Christmas mornin'," said the Shepherd. "Then people blame me and say I'm too fast," the little clock went on. "They don't know what an old shirk the sun can be. I've been watching him for years and have never gone to sleep at my post."

After a moment of silence the little clock went on: "Hello! The old night is getting a move on it. The

cocks are scaring it away. Santa Claus has been here. He brought ever so many things. The midnight train stopped."

"I wonder who came," said the Shepherd.

"I guess it was the Bings," the clock answered.

Just then it struck seven.

"There, I guess that's about the end of it," said the little clock.

"Of what?" the Shepherd asked.

"Of the nineteen hundred and eighteen years. You know seven is the favored number in sacred history. I'm sure the baby would have been born at seven. My goodness! There's a lot of ticking in all that time. I've been going only twelve years and I'm nearly worn out. Some young clock will have to take my job before long."

These reflections of the little clock were suddenly interrupted. The Shepherd's mother entered with a merry greeting and turned on the lights. There were many bundles lying about. She came and kissed her son and began to build a fire in the little stove.

"This'll be the merriest Christmas in yer life, liddle boy," she said, as she lit the kindlings. "A great doctor has come up with the Bings to see ye. He says he'll have ye out o' doors in a little while."

"Ho, ho! That looks like the war was nearly over," said Mr. Bloggs.

Mrs. Moran did not hear the remark of the little tin soldier, so she rattled on:

"I went over to the station to meet 'em last night. Mr. Blenkinsop has brought us a fine turkey. We'll have a grand dinner—sure we will—an' I axes Mr. Blenkinsop to come an' eat with us."

Mrs. Moran opened the gifts and spread them on the bed. There were books and paints and brushes and clothing and silver articles and needle-work and a phonograph and a check from Mr. Bing.

The little cottage had never seen a day so full of happiness. It rang with the talk and merry laughter and music of the phonograph. Mr. Blenkinsop had come in his best mood and apparel with the dog Christmas. He helped Mrs. Moran to set the table in the Shepherd's room and brought up the platter with the big brown turkey on it, surrounded by sweet potatoes, all just out of the oven. Mrs. Moran followed with the jelly and the creamed onions and the steaming coffee pot and the new celery. The dog Christmas growled and ran under the bed when he saw his master coming with that unfamiliar burden.

"He's never seen a Christmas dinner before. I don't wonder he's kind o' scared! I ain't seen one in so long, I'm scared myself," said Hiram Blenkinsop as they sat down at the table.

"What's scarin' ye, man?" said the widow.

"Fraid I'll wake up an' find myself dreamin'," Mr. Blenkinsop answered.

"Nobody ever found himself dreamin' at my table," said Mrs. Moran. "Grab the carvin' knife an' go to wurruk, man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### COVERED HEADS IN CHURCH

**Before the Year 1661 Men Did Not Remove Their Hats During Religious Services.**

About 1661 an agitation commenced to have men remove their hats in church—Pepys makes gentle fun of it. The custom was first to remove the hat to cover the eyes in prayer, and later it was taken off altogether.

The introduction of the wig helped the custom—for it proved difficult to keep one's hat on over a tousled mass of false curls. This also led to large hats with plumes going out of style.

Then, instead of wearing hats indoors, men went to the other extreme, and often carried them in their hands when out of doors. The Puritans in England continued to wear their broad-brimmed hats, however, indoors and out.

Men's hats and clothing were changed with the French Revolution; wigs went out, and then with the rise of Napoleon, dress became military in style. In 1815, during the Restoration period, arose the "stovepipe hat," and breeches, at the same time began to be worn to the ankle.

**Shoe-Throwing Old Custom.**

Throwing old shoes was not always confined to weddings, though the custom nowadays has come to be associated entirely with the going away of bridal couples. Authorities differ as to the origin of the practice and its exact significance; it seems, however, as if it had to do with the transfer of property—women being regarded as such among the nations in which the custom began.

It was in the sense of confirming a sale or exchange that the Jews understood the removal and giving of a shoe or sandal. When the kinsman of Boaz consented to waive his claim upon the parcel of land which Naomi would sell, he "drew off his shoe," for "this is the custom of Israel."

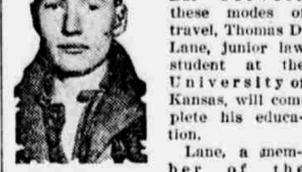
## The American Legion

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

### LEGION MAN DISPLAYS NERVE

**Airplane Fighter Takes to Coal Cars to Reach Vocational Training School.**

There's no striking similarity between piloting a highflying airplane of the Marine Corps to riding in the coal cars of a freight train. But between these modes of travel, Thomas D. Lane, Junior law student at the University of Kansas, will complete his education.



Lane, a member of the Argonne post of the American Legion at St. Paul, Minn., was attending school in the Kansas university when his money ran out. A letter forwarded to him from his native state told of the work of the Federal Board for Vocational Education in Minneapolis. Through disability incident to his service as a flyer, he was entitled to the Federal educational aid. Without sufficient funds to make the long trip, nevertheless he set out to appear before the board.

Three days in a box car, a coal gondola and the tenders of three passenger trains conveyed him to his destination. Several fast changes of cars, unusual maneuvers and debates with trainmen were necessary, but the aviator came through smiling. One mail clerk proved friendly, but that train was bound for Chicago. After two more trials he found a bunk on some coal and woke up the next morning in the St. Paul yards.

Placing his case before the board, he was classed "Section One," entitling him to tuition, supplies and training pay until he completes his course.

### MAKES DRIVE FOR AUXILIARY

**President of Texas Organization Shows That She Comes From Fighting Stock.**

A record for service to America that dates from Revolutionary days and includes the deeds of Nathaniel Green and Daniel Boone, is perpetuated in Mrs. E. Clinton Murray, of Houston, Tex., president of the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion of that state. The first unit of the Auxiliary of the Legion was founded there.

When her husband, who was past the age limit, was accepted by the Medical Corps during the World war, Mrs. Murray likewise volunteered. She made a record of thirty addresses in one week during a Red Cross drive. She sold Liberty bonds, organized Red Cross units and did active canteen work.

The Women's Auxiliary was organized nationally in Austin, Tex., July 20, 1919. Mrs. Murray was one of the first women to organize a unit in Houston in March 1920. When she became state president, there were twenty-three units in the department. Under her direction, thirty additional units have been formed and fifty others are now organizing. Mrs. Murray plans to obtain a unit for each of the 291 posts of the Legion in Texas.

Mrs. Murray was born in Concordia Parish, La. Both her father and mother came of old Revolutionary stock. Her mother's paternal ancestor was a near kinsman of Daniel Boone; her father's paternal ancestor was a descendant of Nathaniel Greene. During the Civil War her father served as a captain of cavalry in Forrest's Brigade.

### PAY TRIBUTE TO THEIR DEAD

**Minnesota Legionnaires Pay Homage to Deceased Buddies Who Fought for Their Country.**

In a little cemetery among the pines where sleep the members of his family at Cloquet, Minn., the body of John De Foe, the first Minnesota Indian soldier to die fighting for his country, was laid to rest. Carl Anderson post of the American Legion paid homage at his funeral.

Elsewhere through Minnesota, Legionnaires have been paying tribute to the funerals of their dead buddies, whose bodies are being returned from overseas.

"He was a clean-cut American, one of our very best, and his memory will be dear and sacred," said the commander of Winnebago post, at the funeral service of Private Vernon Bailey, in which fifty uniformed Legionnaires took part.

The body of Ralph Gracie, after whom Benkiji post is named, was buried at his home town with honors.

## Help That Aching Back!

Is your back giving out? Are you tired, miserable, all run down; tortured with nagging backache, lameness and sudden, stabbing pains? If so, look to your kidneys. Overwork, hurry and worry tend to weaken the kidneys. Backache and an all worn out feeling is often the first warning. Get back your health while you can. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy thousands recommend. Ask your neighbor!

**A Nebraska Case**  
Geo. Snyder, 419 E. 3rd St., Grand Island, Neb., says: "I had a severe case of lumbago and for several days I was unable to get on my feet. Every muscle in my back was contracted and hurt every move I made. I was in bad shape when I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. Two boxes of Doan's absolutely cured me and the cure has been a lasting one."

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
50c a Box at All Store  
Foster-McLure Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Not This Side of the Pond.**  
Bill—"There will be a lot of international sport this year." Tim—"Yes, and most of it will be in Europe."

The housewife smiles with satisfaction as she looks at the basket of clear, white clothes and thanks Red Cross Ball Blue. At grocers, 5c.

**Good News for Sons of Rest.**  
The fellow who knows where the fish are biting can always borrow a quarter.—Albany Herald.

### KILL RATS TODAY



By Using the Genuine  
**STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE**  
The guaranteed "killer" for Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, Ants and Waterbugs—the greatest known carrier of disease. They destroy both dead and living. Stearns' Electric Paste forces these pests to run from the building for water and fresh air.  
**READY FOR USE—BETTER THAN TRAPS**  
Directions in 15 languages in every box. Two sizes, 5c and 15c. Enough to kill 10 to 40 rats. U. S. Government buys it.

### BE A NURSE

Exceptional opportunity at the present time for young women over nineteen years of age who have had at least two years in high school to take Nurses' Training in general hospital. Our graduates are in great demand. Address  
**Supt. of Nurses, Lincoln Sanitarium**  
Lincoln, Nebraska

*In a new size package*



Ten for 10 cents. Handy size. Dealers carry both. 10 for 10c; 20 for 20c. It's toasted.

*The American Wholesaler*

**Similar Experiences.**  
Mabel—"The doctor says he has saved her life nine times." Eva—"I always did think she was a cat."

### WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

"Brown has a watch that strikes."  
"That's nothing! Mine refuses to work, too."—Boston Transcript.

**Sure Relief**  
**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
25 CENTS  
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief  
**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
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