FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

by WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—$500 down, balance "same as rent"—on Staten Island. Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. The Reynolds seem comfortable in their home, but with a hint of loneliness. Dick arranges with Brand, Bob's old schoolmate, now a member of "the system," who is expected to call. Brand, Hudson Cement company president, offers Bob $40,000 to use his position as chemist with the United Construction company to cheat the specifications for cement work on the Pecos River dam. Jane overhearing, asks Bob to accept. His refusal, in the face of their poverty, chills her. Brand wins Jane from Bob in conspiracy to make Bob "earn" the $40,000. He takes her for an auto ride and they are seen by Dick. She receives $100 "conspirator's money" by mail from Brand, and in the sudden change from skimping economies and unpaid bills to real ready money loses all sense of true moral values. The clandestine auto rides continue. Jane tries in vain to influence Bob to accept Brand's offer. Dick goes to see Brand with some vague idea of making him cease his rides with Jane. Brand insults Dick, who knocks him down. Mrs. Collins, becoming suspicious of Jane's new "fine feathers," objects to further chaperoning of Brand and Jane. Dick arrives unusually early on his regular Wednesday visit. On the heels of Bob who arrives unexpectedly, come Mrs. Collins, arrayed for a ride, and Brand, with his auto. The four actors are together on a stage set for tragedy. Jane explains the conspiracy.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Quite sadly and quietly he turned to her as he had before, but it was a graver question now. He realized that and he knew that his answer would be a momentous one.

"Jane," he said, "if I have failed—failed to give you what you hoped for; failed as a husband and a man, I am sorry. I am sorry, but that is all I can say. If you want more; more than money can buy and want to buy it with the kind of money that Brand offers, you must look elsewhere. It cannot come from me. What you have said of yourself is largely true. But it was all part of the agreement. I told you you would have to go through it. All of it. We both knew that."

"Yes," she answered, "until the chance came for you to help yourself. You know that you believed and that I believed that some day the chance would come, and when it came, you discarded it."

"But not that kind of a chance," he said softly. "That was not what I was expecting or looking for. I never wanted to be a thief, Jane, and I have told you I won't be one now. I know the temptation and though it grieves me to see you plunged to it, it is not merely my opinion against yours that makes me firm. I am thinking of you, too. I know if I take this money all the love will be driven out of our hearts, and this home, such as it is, that we have struggled for, will be gone."

"But we can find a better one."

"No, Jane," he persisted firmly, but hopelessly. "It won't be a better one. It won't be home at all. That word doesn't signify four walls and a roof, no matter how much money you have to be within them. Home is here where we have made it. Home is in our hearts and if we destroy the purity of it and our respect for each other, home is nowhere. That doesn't mean, though, that we are doomed forever to this particular spot. I will work and if a man is capable and honest and knows his duty and does it, nothing can stop him. It is only a little wait."

Wait! That was the word she would not brook. The lure of ready money, the luxury of it, had trapped Jane firmly in its meshes. The little taste she had had was just enough to make her crave it, as a little water drives a thirst-famished man to a maddening quest for more.

"Only a little wait. Only a little wait!" She drawled the words out in a wearisome monotone, and then exclaimed: "Why, soon I'll be like Mrs. Collins with paint on my face and my hands in gloves to hide the seams in them, and wanting some liquid balm to drown the sordidness of it all. Now if it were necessary, Bob, I'd be willing to live like Mrs. Collins, dowdy and dirty, but it isn't. You can't take this chance of escape from me. You can't and you won't. That's final."

She turned and crossed quickly to her room. Reynolds stood as if dumbstricken, watching the door through which she had gone. In a moment she came out, dressed in coat and hat.

"You're going out?" her husband inquired in a surprised tone. "Why, Jane, if you want anything at the store let me go for you."

"I don't want anything at the store, Bob, and I'm going farther than that. I'm going to New York. But not to Brand," she added. "There was no more between Brand and me than between you and your employer and I guess my job's about ended there, as the partnership is here."

"You mean you're leaving your husband and your home? Why, you must be mad, Jane. I won't let you."

"By what right can you stop me?" she inquired coolly.

"Just by the right of our love," he answered, stepping quickly to her side and putting an arm around her. "I can't let you go that way, Jane. That's my end of the partnership."

She drew away from his embrace, not angrily, but with determination.

"Bob," she said gently, "I love you. You know I do. But I'm not going to be weak enough to let you dominate me and make this fatal mistake. When partners can't agree there is but one solution and now our partnership is dissolved." She looked up at the cuckoo clock that had told off so many happy hours and, of late, so many dreary and wearisome hours in the little bungalow. As she looked it began to strike, a dismal, lonesome note, as if the cuckoo had lost its mate and was calling in a hopeless way from its little prison.

"Your o'clock," she said. "I'll be—let me see—where will I be? I don't know New York very well. Yes, I'll be at the Astor library at six. If you come for me, then I'll know that I am really a partner and everything will be all right. If you don't, I'm going into business for myself; not a partnership, Bob, for I love you. But you'll see, if you let me go alone, which partner was right."

She stood looking at him beseechingly, stifling back the tears that clamored for release. But he made no answer and she swept them back.

Pride; foolish pride and will against will.

There was another witness to this tragedy, but it was not Dick. He had slipped away. There was present that silent, cynical figure who laughs unheard and scoffs unseen when man and woman stand stubbornly at the parting of the ways.

"Jane," said her husband sadly, "if you feel you have to go, good-by; but you are casting love and happiness out of your life, and tempting fate. Please don't."

That was not what she wanted. She wanted the pressure of a strong man's arm and lips; the compelling force and mastery, not of reason, but of love. A step or two, the right word, and the flood of tears would have swept Brand and his satanic shadow from the Reynolds' hearthstone forever. But this step was left untaken; the word unspoken.

Jane passed out alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

Playing the Game.

Young Mrs. Reynolds lounges before a log fire in the Reynolds' new home. A cheery fire that casts bright rays about a scene of comfort and ease. Something of the joy of living seems to have come into the life of the Reynolds. Why not? For Bob has taken a hand and is playing in the game. Their house is in the fashionable north shore suburb, not far from the Brands. Less pretentious than their benefactor's, for Bob is a pupil and Brand a past master of the system's ways. But a year has passed and, judging from appearances, young Reynolds is doing very well. By the light from a handsome electrolier he is perusing the market page of an evening paper.

"Bob, dear," his wife reminded him, "you must dress. The Brands will be here any minute in their car."

He had laid down the paper and looked at her.

"Always their car," he answered, petulantly. "What's the matter with ours?"

"Nothing, dear, but you know the limousine is better. The nights are getting cold. Besides, if we sit in their box, why shouldn't we go over with them?"

"Sure, why not? Brand's box, Brand's car, Brand's money. Why not?"

Mrs. Reynolds lifted some folds of silk and lace and got up. She put a bare soft arm around her husband's neck and caressed his cheek.

"Why, honey, you're almost cross tonight. What's the matter, did you have a bad day?"

"Oh, not particularly, but why can't we leave the Brands out of it once in a while? It's Brand this and Brand that till it gets on my nerves."

"Well, dear," she replied, "we'll have a little party all our own tomorrow night, but when we go to the opera

"You're Well Worth Looking At."

we can't ignore their box. You wouldn't have me sit anywhere else with this on, would you?"

She courtesied and paraded before him to show the bird in all its glory.

"No," he agreed, "you are well worth looking at and I'm sure I don't want to hide you. But I wish I had a box of my own. What are they singing tonight?"

"Manon Lescaut."

"Another of those gruesome tragedies. Don't they ever have anything pleasant in opera? Somebody's always dying or stealing another man's wife, or trying to and it gets tiresome; makes me feel like a drink to get cheered up on, and I think I'll have one now."

He pressed a button.

"Frieda," he ordered, "bring some brandy and ice."

It was the same but a transformed Frieda. Flaxen braids are curled and crimped and the gingham apron is no more. Dress, black and tight fitting with a low cut "V." Short enough to show silk stockings and a pair of pretty pumps. And no more the slovenly shuffle, or the "yessum" and "yessir." She moves softly like a human automaton and brings Bob's liquor without a word.

"I don't like to see you drink like that before going out," said Jane. "I'm not lecturing, but it seems to me that you're getting pretty liberal with your brandies. Wouldn't afterwards do?"

"Nonsense," he answered. "Any man who sits through an opera is entitled

"How Beautiful You Look Tonight."

to a stimulant, both afterwards and before."

"You don't mean that, Bob. You like opera as much as I, but you won't admit it."

"Do I?" he said. "Well, maybe, I do. Sometimes I have a hard time telling just what I do like these days."

He poured out his liquor and stood up, holding the glass aloft.

"Jane," he said impulsively, "I'll give you a toast. Here's to Dick!"

She started at the name and her look conveyed all the surprise she did not express.

"Yes, Dick," he repeated. "Don't you ever think of him?"

"Why, yes—I don't know, Bob. What made you think of him? We haven't seen him for a year."

"I know it, Jane. Not since that night on the island. That's one of the things we didn't keep—Dick's friendship. I haven't seen him in person, but I've seen him in my dreams; day dreams and night."

"Well, I'm sure he could find us if he wanted to. He can't blame us if he's broken off the friendship."

"No, he can't blame us," Reynolds answered, "and I don't believe we can blame him."

He sat down and poured another brandy. Just before he had taken it they heard Brand's car approaching. Jane pulled at his sleeve.

"Now, you see," she said; "they're here and you're not dressed. Hurry, won't you, dear?"

Jane hurried to the door herself. Formalities were not necessary with the Brands. In fact the millionaire, for his part, seemed rather inclined to discourage them.

"Hello," he said cordially, as he followed his wife into the big reception hall, "where's Bob?"

"He's here," Jane answered. "I couldn't get him started dressing, but he'll be right down."

Brand looked toward the table and the bottle in its silver casing.

"Oh, I see," he said. "A little bracer before the show, eh? Bob's going too strong to that stuff, Jane. You'd better check him a bit."

"I think so, too," she agreed, "but I don't want to dictate. He seems so nervous of late and sometimes almost queer."

"I know, but that isn't any good for the nerves, or the nerve, either. Check him up a bit. I tell you he's hurting himself, and injuring his chances. I hear he lost quite a lot in the street today. Oh, nothing serious," he added quickly, as Jane looked up in alarm. "But I don't like to see a man carrying a handicap. The race is hard enough as it is. I like a drop of wine with my dinner or after the show, but I let it go at that. Bob's a hard worker and a hard player and if he's going to drink he'll be a hard drinker. He can't do anything by halves."

"Why don't you speak to him about it?" Jane asked.

"I did, but he cut me off as I knew he would. Bob wants my tips on the market, but that's about all the advice he requires from me nowadays."

Mrs. Brand stood patiently by wondering if anyone was going to take any notice of her. She wished Bob would hurry for she had never found that his propensity for brandy affected his gallantry. To her way of thinking young Reynolds was an ideal husband. Not quite so imposing or important as her own, perhaps, but so attentive and thoughtful. Bob usually made himself very agreeable to Mrs. Brand. Sometimes he seemed extremely so. But, of course, that was only as it should be. It was his way with women and if he seemed especially gracious to the wife of the man who had done so much for him, it was only natural.

Mrs. Brand, surveying Jane's new opera gown, spoke in tones of apparent sincerity.

"How beautiful you look tonight, my dear."

"Do you like it?" Jane inquired. "I'm so glad, because I had it made over four times, and I'm almost satisfied myself now."

Jane put her arm around her neighbor's waist. She looked sagely at Brand.

"Your wife never lets me forget that she is five years my junior," she said. "But it's sweet of her just the same."

And with that strictly feminine paradox the exchange of suavities ceased. They heard Bob's step on the stairs. He shook hands with both.

"Awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," he said, "but with two such charming ladies I guess we won't mind entering a side show, eh, Brand?"

"They look good to me," the millionaire agreed. "Let's go."

Mrs. Brand was, as Jane had said, five years her junior. Just how this fact ever came to be openly established is one of those mysteries that must go unsolved. Of course the one never referred to it and the other never forgot it. But it existed and it served as a sort of balance wheel to their respective attractions. For Jane was of a type to which a few years one way or the other neither add nor detract from beauty. If the discrepancy had been the other way it might have been noticeable. Mrs. Brand was a blonde and a beautiful one. She was nearly as tall as Jane and slightly more robust. Blue eyed and fair complexioned, with cheeks that drew their color from a perfect constitution, not from the embellishing touch of rouge. No lady's maid in all New York had an easier task than Mrs. Brand's and no modiste's art was better rewarded than hers. In the clubs where it was common with the Brand party knowing hand had raised Reynolds out of obscurity, this striking beauty of the millionaire's wife served as a sort of antidote to gossip. At least, men urged, it was a toss-up, and if Reynolds lost he was a fool. From point of eye they were a wonderful pair and in that respect their husbands were not far behind them. At the opera or among the first nighters there wasn't a quartette in the city that attracted more attention. Brand was fairly popular at the clubs, although he spent but little time in them. Reynolds, the new comer, was more so. He was a natural mixer and, whether he felt it or not, he maintained a cordial attitude toward new friends that made him welcome. They did not press on Bob, either. He had declined Brand's offer to go into the millionaire's firm and he drew his living from the street. Brand had made good as a prognosticator. Money did make money. From the time Bob buried his conscience and hurried over to New York after his wife and went from her to Brand, he had had no cause to complain. Forty thousand dollars was a good grub stake and with Brand's assistance he had doubled it.

Only one thing worried Reynolds. His wife's mania for money was insatiable.

"Jane," he had told her a few weeks ago, "we've got a fortune. Do you realize it? Eighty thousand dollars. Eighty thousand dollars and a fifteen thousand dollar home. Let's quit and go away. With the rent from this place we'd have an income of seven or eight thousand and we could run all over the world on that. You know how we used to hope and plan for the day when we could see something of other places. Not London and Paris and Berlin, but something really different. I'd like to go down into Africa and India after some of that big game. Why, I never shot anything in my life larger than a rabbit and I'd rather kill a lion than get all the money in the subtreasury. Come on, what do you say? You love the outdoor life and we'll have the time of our lives."

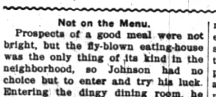
But Jane demurred.

"Let's wait a little while, Bob. We've only just begun. Look what Brand's got and he isn't hunting lions."

"No," he said resignedly, "he isn't hunting them and he couldn't hit one if he did. You got me into Brand's class to some extent, but you'll never make him my model of a man. I can cross his bridges but I've got some of my own that make him stop and look. He found that out at school."

He wasn't boasting. There was more of coldness than arrogance in his tone, but Jane noticed it; she held her peace. It was from that day that the bottle with the silver casing needed much refilling in the Reynolds' home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Not on the Menu.

Prospects of a good meal were not bright, but the fly-blown eating-house was the only thing of its kind in the neighborhood, so Johnson had no choice but to enter and try his luck. Entering the dingy dining room, he seated himself at a table covered by a stained cloth. A depressed waiter sauntered in eventually, and nearly fainted on beholding a customer. "Have you any cold pie?" queried Johnson. "Er-no, sir!" "Any chicken?" "Er-no, sir!" "Well, I suppose I can have some beef, can't I?" "Er-no, sir!" "What on earth have you got in the house, then?" "Er—the sheriff, sir!"

Latest Engine of Warfare.

A terrible weapon of warfare has been invented. In the British Naval Annual for 1914, just published, there is a description of a contrivance that might almost be described as devilish.

It is of the Leon torpedo mine, which has now been acquired and is being manufactured by a British firm. This engine is so constructed that it can be set to hover between any depths below the surface that may be desired. When placed in the water it has a slight negative buoyancy, and sinks until automatically a propeller is brought into action which drives it upwards again. It can be used in the open sea by any type of ship, or, in the case of tidal harbors, it could be released by a vessel outside so as to make its way with the tide into the anchorage, and perhaps destroy shipping there. A touch on the deadly mine "whiskers" which project from its upper surface, and the enemy would be sent to the bottom.

Land Measures.

One acre contains 160 square rods, 4,840 square yards, 43,560 square feet. The side of a square must measure as follows to contain: Ten acres, 660 feet; one acre, 208.71; half acre, 147.58; third acre, 120.50; fourth acre, 104.38; eighth acre, 73.79.

Electric Brush for Polishing Floors.

An improved electric brush for polishing wood floors uses an electric motor at the top and a round floor brush underneath the motor, says the Scientific American. To keep the motor from turning about along with the brush, there is used a steadying device in the shape of a pair of square-shaped flat brushes at the sides of the central one. Each square brush is mounted on the end of a shaft projecting from the middle casing and is geared up so that the shaft works in and out as a plunger, so as to produce a to-and-fro movement of the side brushes. This steadies the whole set and at the same time allows of moving the whole very readily over the floor by means of the long handle.

King Albert's Kindness.

A little anecdote of King Albert of Belgium is told in an Englishwoman's letter from Ghent. She says King Albert is not only a brave man, he is kind and thoughtful for others. He dresses like a simple soldier and goes about among his troops. Some days ago he noticed one of his men sealing a letter, and asked, as a friend might ask another: "To whom do you write?" "To my mother," was the soldier's reply. 'Ah! Give the letter to me," said the king, "I will see it posted.' And so he did. Indeed, it is not the first time that he has done so, for he calls his troops "comrades," and he means what he says.—Dundee Advertiser.

Literary Note.

"I must confess that I don't understand Henry James. His style is so involved."

"I'll tell you how to go about reading him. First run over a life insurance policy. After that Henry James will seem lucid and clear."—Kansas City Star.

Unsuitable Garments.

Parson Johnson—Why don't yo' come to church, Sam?

Sam Shinn—Nothin' suitable to wear, parson.

Parson—The Lord won't notice yo' clothes, Sam.

Sam—No; but Deacon Butts might recognize his shirt and Bre'r Simpson his umbrella!—Puck.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D.

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RIGG'S DISEASE AND VITALITY.

Next in frequency to the most prevalent human disease, caries, or tooth decay, comes one very closely associated with it, known in dental literature as periodontitis, better known as pyorrhoea alveolaris, or Rigg's disease. This disease, characterized by a more or less general infection of the membranes within the tooth socket, is indicated by a slight tenderness during mastication, looseness of the teeth and pulp sensitiveness, or even pain on the ingestion of hot or cold drinks because of the exposure of the cementum, the external shell of the root. The gum is swollen and soft, the tooth may be raised in its socket, and pressure brings relief. There is a discharge of pus from between the tooth and gum on pressure, the teeth become loose, and, in course of time as the disease progresses and the alveolar process (the tooth socket) is destroyed, they fall out.

Efficient mastication is, of course, impossible; hence not only is food bolted partly chewed and more or less mixed with pus, but the tissues in and around the teeth are deprived of adequate blood supply and they are thereby rendered less resistant to attack. Tooth after tooth is involved and there is established another of those numerous vicious cycles that continually operate to drag us down.

Pyorrhoea is not a new disease; it was recognized by the early investigators, but it has become more prevalent during the last 50 years and it is the rule rather than the exception to find patients with more or less periodontitis. The disease is not confined to man, but is also extremely prevalent among domestic animals.

A class of serious disorders has long been known in which failure of nutrition could be named as the immediate antecedent in the case and in which it has vaguely been assumed that the diet must be at fault. Probably the most generally familiar of these diseases is scurvy. Scurvy has always been associated with a diet containing an excess of salted, dried or canned foodstuff, a monotonous diet devoid of fresh vegetables such as cabbage, onions, carrots, potatoes and the like. As the result of experience, these fresh vegetables have been credited with some power to ward off or at last to mitigate the disease, and limes and lemons are universally recognized as anti-scorbutics (scurvy preventives).

Victims of scurvy suffer from severe physical exhaustion, soreness of the gums and looseness of the teeth, and, of course, this opens the way to bacterial invasion and periodontitis. When we note that, as all observers agree, improvement or intensification of the mouth diseases synchronizes with the rise and fall of general health in the individual, it is reasonable to suspect that the disease is not a strictly local infection resulting from local irritation or injury. It does not come from injuries received in chewing grit and sand or from soft food accumulating about the teeth; it comes as the result of lowered vitality from the lack of those organic compounds other than the proteins which Casimir Funk and other investigators prove to be present in fresh vegetables and in lime and other juices, small quantities of which are absolutely essential to normal growth and continued health. The name given these compounds by Funk is well chosen in view of its root meaning: Vitamines. An "amine" is a nitrogenous compound of a certain type, and a vitamine is obviously such a nitrogenous compound absolutely necessary to vitality.

The principles of evolution are universal and constantly at work, even in the minds of men, and we are slowly evolving out of the old idea of "cause" and "cure." The investigations of Soddy in the chemistry of the radio-elements, of Twort, Penfold, Mme. Henri and others in the mutations of bacteria, make it quite clear that if medicine ever takes a place among the sciences it can come only as the result of a general habit of mind such as is found in the advanced sciences. In astronomy and in physics in general scientists have banished the term "cause" and have ceased to look for specific causes, because there are no such things. What scientific men do is to state the functional relations between certain events at certain times and certain other events at other times.

We know, for example, that sunbeams are the ultimate cause of the revolving of a windmill, but no man can state the origin of the particular puff of air that causes a wheel to revolve at a certain speed at a certain time. Neither is it possible to put one's finger on the exact point at which we enter or leave the vital current of life. The life a man takes no chances and simply sticks close to nature. This means eating simple, properly prepared, unprocessed foods.

CHANGES IN BACTERIA AND DISEASE.

The universal property of irritability, which is simply the power to respond to stimuli, makes all organisms the result of the interaction of two sets of factors—the factors of inheritance and the factors of environment.

The factors of inheritance cover all the complex association of properties or capacities transmitted from the parents which make up the specific inheritance characteristic of each individual; the factor of environment on the other hand covers all those conditions which are capable of influencing the differentiation, growth and behavior, or, in other words, the general metabolism, of the organism. The inheritance may be compared to everything that leads up to the production of a blank phonograph disk; the environment and stimuli may be compared to everything acting through the needle which cuts the dots and dashes into the surface of the disk. Obviously the final result, or the individual, must be the product of these two sets of factors and in exact accordance with the quality and capacity of the disk, the hardness or softness of the needle and the amount of power behind it.

Since the germs of disease are living organisms they also must be subject to the laws of evolution, and in this fact we have proof of the assertion that every man makes his own disease; because no two can be exactly alike, they must vary widely in space and time, and not only does each individual human being vary, but each species of bacteria varies from time to time, so that the well-known diseases cannot be the same in different localities or in different generations. Proof of this has recently been furnished in the work of Twort and Penfold, who have "educated" the typhoid fever bacillus to ferment sugar, which ordinarily it does not do. Revis has obtained varieties of the bacillus coli structurally and physiologically different from the parent by prolonged culture in various media. Very recently Madam Victor Henri has produced marked mutations in a particularly well defined and stable bacterial species, the bacillus anthracis.

The micro-organism, bacterium anthracis, gives rise to an infectious and usually fatal bacterial disease in animals, especially cattle and sheep, characterized by ulcerations of the skin, enlargement of the spleen and general collapse, a disease generally known as splenic fever. Man occasionally contracts the disease by inoculation from the animal. Carbuncle, malignant pustule and wool sorters' disease are caused by the anthrax bacteria. The normal bacterium is a long rod shaped micro-organism having marked and characteristic reactions. Mme. Henri has modified the organism with the ultra-violet light. The method employed was to expose an aqueous (water) suspension of anthrax spores in a quartz tube to ultra violet radiations for times varying from one to forty minutes and afterward growing cultures from these mixtures.

The majority of the organisms were killed by this treatment because the ultra-violet rays were markedly bactericidal, but a few survived and according to the conditions and the length of the exposure the bacilus underwent modifications and showed characteristics decidedly different from the typical anthrax bacillus. The principal of these were a coccoid form and a thin filamentous form. These two forms constitute two new types which Mme. Henri has isolated, and they remain stable for about three months. They produce anthrax which are characterized distinct from those of the anthrax produced by the normal bacillus.

The normal anthrax microbe liquefies gelatin, curdles milk and takes definite stains. The filamentous form does not liquefy gelatin, curdle milk or take the same stains, and it produces an infection different from the anthrax on inoculation. This form remained absolutely fixed and stable after a daily subculture for more than eighty days; but though stable in the incubator after passage through an animal, coccoid forms taking a stain similar to normal anthrax bacteria appeared and, after subculture in broth, a certain number of bacillary forms approximating the typical anthrax were obtained.

Inasmuch as all the above points clearly to the fact that diseases are only relative conditions, we should carefully refrain from dogmatism.

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The women whose photos follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write us and learn about it.

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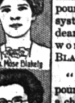
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers."—Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.

"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me."—Mrs. E. M. DOERR, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.



"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world."—Mrs. MOSS BLAKELEY, Imperial, Pa.

"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born."—Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it."—Mrs. WINNIE TILLIS, Winter Haven, Florida.

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"Mr. Scadson delivered himself of the most trivial opinion with a grand flourish."

"Yes. He's the sort of man who thinks a sweeping gesture makes up for a lack of gray matter and goes in more for sound than sense.

Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

Some men are like umbrellas; they have so many ups and downs.

Sprains, Bruises Stiff Muscles

Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing. No need to rub it in—it acts quickly, instantly relieving the pain, however severe it may be.

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