

WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lockawanna, N. Y. "After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet. My sister-in-law told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, step elastic, and I lost ten pounds in three weeks. That was six years ago and I feel as well as ever. My healthy children say, 'For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm.' I do all my own work."—MRS. A. F. KREMER, 1674 Electric Avenue, Lockawanna, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made of roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, irregularities, nervousness, headache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials in the newspapers. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham, Medford, Mass. (Resident) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Impudence "See here, Jan, this mirror is so dusty I can't see my face. Well, I should think you would thank me."

ONLY A FEW PIMPLES

But Many More May Come if You Neglect Them. Try Cuticura Free.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most effective in clearing the skin on pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, itching and irritation as well as treating the scalp of dandruff, itching and itching, besetting every part of the toilet and nursery. Sample each free by mail with book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston. Send everything—Advt.

An ugly blemish is something no mother or lover possesses.

Feel All Used Up?

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Do you feel all used up, as if you could just go no further? Kidney weakness brings great discomfort. Wash with backache, headache, dizziness and urinary disturbances it is no wonder one feels all used up. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of just such cases. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Michigan Case

Mrs. N. M. Chapman, Flint, Mich. "I was extremely weak and had very dizzy, nervous and irritable head. I was unable to help me in any way. After a few months I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they restored me to perfect health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-McBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

In Thousands of Homes

early and certain relief is found for the ailments to which all are subject—ailments due to defective or irregular action of the stomach, liver, kidney or bowels. The most famous family remedy, the world has ever known.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are justly famous because they have proved to be so reliable as correctives or preventives of the various, dull feelings and dangerous indigestion or biliousness. If you will try them to cleanse your system, purify your blood, tone your stomach, stimulate your liver and regulate your bowels, you will know why many rely on Beecham's Pills to

Insure Health and Happiness

Learn the Value of Any Medicine in the World. Send for Absorbine.

ABSORBINE

will relieve rheumatism, swollen joints, neuralgia, headache, toothache, sore throat, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, itching, insect bites, and all other ailments. It is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use. Does not soil clothes or furniture. Price 25c per bottle. Sold everywhere.

W. N. U. DETROIT, NO. 40-1315.

Hats for Every Face



The Point of View

By FRANK FILSON

Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.

That devil of a German aviator—how I admired him! The little wretch! I could not have found it in my heart to kill him, even if I had been able to do so. Once, indeed, when his Taube lost its balance in the vortex caused by a bursting shell, I could have winged him, but before I had my automatic to my eye he had executed the most graceful maneuver (imaginable) dipping clear for five hundred yards, so that I could not believe but that he had sustained a mortal wound, and then soaring in spirals back to the hostile lines.

We had exchanged salutations, dipping the little French and German flags at our bows. We knew each other intimately—in the air. I had long since resolved to take him prisoner if it were possible not to slay him.

But this girl, this Belgian girl who stood before me—what was I to do? The little devil of a foches had been making love to her. His exploits terrified her. She wanted him safe, a prisoner in the French camp, if necessary, but when he could return to her after the war.

At first I smiled at her with pity. "Mademoiselle," I said, "do you not know that they are all plunderers, those Germans? Undoubtedly the little lieutenant has a wife awaiting him at home, perhaps a child—two children."

"I was continuing in that strain when she flew out at me like a wild cat. 'It is not so, and I can prove it,' she stormed off, to find an incriminated mass beneath."

He had a wonderful head, that German, in spite of the hell of flames that were his fate, and he had a heart, he did live like a bird, alighting with only the forepart of the machine, as gently as a bird alights, and turning gracefully to the ground. There he awaited me with his fists clenched.

You see, he was armed only with a machine gun, and he could not remove his gun from the burning wreckage at his side.

But he put up his hands, reluctant when I covered him with my pistol.

"Monsieur, there is no man in my army to whom I would surrender sooner than you."

I marched him toward our distant trenches. We had alighted in a barren region between the lines, but near our own front line.

"Courage, comrade," I said to him. "I have sought to make you a prisoner for the sake of one who awaits you."

"Eh?" he inquired, looking at me with sharp scrutiny.

"For the sake of your love, monsieur."

"Would you believe it? The girl had watched the entire combat from the half-ruined farmhouse in which she lived. And at this precise moment she was coming toward us across the flats. It was impossible to mistake the gait of youth, the lightness and joy that seemed to animate her."

She saw us and broke into a run. In a few moments she was at our side.

"Embrace each other, then, my children," she whispered to her tenderly. "I trust you implicitly. I will all aware that you will not betray me. But it was more easily said than done."

Three days passed before I saw my prisoner. Then one fine morning I perceived him, when I was aloft. He was coming straight at an arrow toward me, and there was no mistaking that unwavering light. I dashed to the ground.

During our months of enmity we had established a sort of code. Thus, when he sighted me, the German would rise, verbally, dip, and rise again. For my part, I would rise when he was of a circle. It was much the fourth that duplicate make before they thrust. So, seeing the signal, I turned and began to man my way glide from south through west to north, calculating that this would bring me face to face with him.

How quickly I was undeceived. The German had risen above me, and, from that height, let fall a bomb. I heard it hitting past my wings, and saw the little cloud of white smoke rise underneath where it struck. "Enraged by this breach of convention, I covered him with my automatic, and fired."

Naturally, I did not hit him. That one hardly expects to do. However, I struck me as strange, even then, that he did not make his customary reply. What seemed more singular was that the German, instead of answering to rise above me, wheeled as if to retreat, then, returning, came at me as if he meant to collide with me.

An instant later—bang, bang, bang, bang! He had opened on me with a quick-fire. It was, in fact, a Maxim which he had mounted on his machine. My blood boiled at this unfair, dishonorable contrivance. He had given me a lesson in shooting. I saw a drop of blood splash from my sleeve. The arm of the coat was wet. The wings of my monoplane were riddled with bullet holes. My escape had been a miraculous one.

The impetus of his attack had carried him past me. I mounted at once. He had mounted also. I had slightly the advantage of speed. I was immediately above him and dropped a bomb. He eluded it, almost by a miracle. We passed each other, he was ahead by a few feet, and I was following him, bringing my automatic and endeavoring to escape me.

It was his purpose to pour another

bullet into the Maxim, mounted on a point forward on the chassis. I say that, and I realized that his greater speed would enable him to have me at a disadvantage. I rose. He had risen, and now it was clear that my only chance of overcomer him was to get above him. The monoplane would climb faster. Would it climb higher? That had never been tested.

I rose until the earth curved underneath like the round of a ball. As I ascended the Taube seemed to fly away from me. Soon it was like a little speck far below. I began to circle, waiting the chance to drop a bomb. I meant to make sure of my aim this time. My purpose was forgotten. My antagonist had ceased to have personality for me, he was simply an enemy aircraft. It was my duty, to kill. I watched him through my binoculars as he grew larger. He was almost immediately beneath me. I would let the bomb fall when there was no longer danger of missing him.

Suddenly, to my dismay, the deadly traffic of my machine gun began again. I had not suspected that it was capable of being fired vertically upward. The bullets hissed around me like angry bees. One lashed my face. On my next turn, a moment, and I was swooping downward. I had him at the disadvantage. But not on the direct line. He must traverse. I lived like a hawk. I shot past him with terrific velocity, and at the same time opened fire with my automatic. I succeeded in scoring one of my ellipses, leading as I flew. But a sport of fire from the Taube showed me that I had pierced his tank.

The fire leaped upward in 3 dozen tongues. In a moment the biplane was fiercely burning. Against the flare of the flames the head and protruding body of the German were silhouetted, like a fender. I saw him touch his rudder, and the biplane swooped toward earth. As it fell it burst into many fragments. The entire binder part was now a glowing cinder. Each moment I expected to see the Taube buckle and go swooping into the ground to fall an incriminated mass beneath.

He had a wonderful head, that German, in spite of the hell of flames that were his fate, and he had a heart, he did live like a bird, alighting with only the forepart of the machine, as gently as a bird alights, and turning gracefully to the ground. There he awaited me with his fists clenched.

You see, he was armed only with a machine gun, and he could not remove his gun from the burning wreckage at his side.

But he put up his hands, reluctant when I covered him with my pistol.

"Monsieur, there is no man in my army to whom I would surrender sooner than you."

I marched him toward our distant trenches. We had alighted in a barren region between the lines, but near our own front line.

"Courage, comrade," I said to him. "I have sought to make you a prisoner for the sake of one who awaits you."

"Eh?" he inquired, looking at me with sharp scrutiny.

"For the sake of your love, monsieur."

"Would you believe it? The girl had watched the entire combat from the half-ruined farmhouse in which she lived. And at this precise moment she was coming toward us across the flats. It was impossible to mistake the gait of youth, the lightness and joy that seemed to animate her."

She saw us and broke into a run. In a few moments she was at our side.

"Embrace each other, then, my children," she whispered to her tenderly. "I trust you implicitly. I will all aware that you will not betray me. But it was more easily said than done."

Three days passed before I saw my prisoner. Then one fine morning I perceived him, when I was aloft. He was coming straight at an arrow toward me, and there was no mistaking that unwavering light. I dashed to the ground.

During our months of enmity we had established a sort of code. Thus, when he sighted me, the German would rise, verbally, dip, and rise again. For my part, I would rise when he was of a circle. It was much the fourth that duplicate make before they thrust. So, seeing the signal, I turned and began to man my way glide from south through west to north, calculating that this would bring me face to face with him.

How quickly I was undeceived. The German had risen above me, and, from that height, let fall a bomb. I heard it hitting past my wings, and saw the little cloud of white smoke rise underneath where it struck. "Enraged by this breach of convention, I covered him with my automatic, and fired."

Naturally, I did not hit him. That one hardly expects to do. However, I struck me as strange, even then, that he did not make his customary reply. What seemed more singular was that the German, instead of answering to rise above me, wheeled as if to retreat, then, returning, came at me as if he meant to collide with me.

An instant later—bang, bang, bang, bang! He had opened on me with a quick-fire. It was, in fact, a Maxim which he had mounted on his machine. My blood boiled at this unfair, dishonorable contrivance. He had given me a lesson in shooting. I saw a drop of blood splash from my sleeve. The arm of the coat was wet. The wings of my monoplane were riddled with bullet holes. My escape had been a miraculous one.

The impetus of his attack had carried him past me. I mounted at once. He had mounted also. I had slightly the advantage of speed. I was immediately above him and dropped a bomb. He eluded it, almost by a miracle. We passed each other, he was ahead by a few feet, and I was following him, bringing my automatic and endeavoring to escape me.

It was his purpose to pour another

10c Worth of DU PONT Will Clear \$1.00 Worth of Land

Get rid of the stumps and grow a big crop on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Pressure Du Pont Explorers. They work in cold weather.

Write for Free Handbook of Explosives No. 697, and name of nearest dealer.

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Service First

You do not buy shoes just for the sake of possessing them, but for the sake of wearing them. It is service, not ownership you seek. It is service we deliver when we workman buy our

Rouge Rex Shoes

How do you like the finest application of every facility? The finest application of every facility that will stand the test of time? The finest application of every facility that will stand the test of time? The finest application of every facility that will stand the test of time?

Every shoe has a solid leather base, a rubber sole, and they are made over well.

roomy lasts that insure the utmost comfort to the wearer. No. 415 is our best low Jersey Grain shoe with welted, bellows tongue, double toe cap.

Ask your dealer, or write us for literature. We will give you the name of the nearest dealer in your town.

BIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY
Hats to Shoe Tanners and Shoe Manufacturers
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Somehow the market always seems to be open for the other fellow's ideas.

For better comfort and lasting pleasure Red Cross Ball Blue on wash day. All good goods.

A Fast Goer.
"How's the new vibrant getting along?"
"Happily. Next Tuesday they'll have been gone a week."—Detroit Free Press.

Important to Mothers
Eating carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Watson** in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

What Bothered Him.
"How far ahead can you go, with your family, Jones?" his inquisitive friend asked.
"Oh, I never worry about my family; what bothers me is how far back I can go with my tailor."

Something to Hold Him To.
"Always be the same as you are," she whispered to her tenderly. "and it is all I ask, my dearest one." "And if I am, you always love me," she said quietly.

Sure of Congregation.
A Scottish prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection and then addressed the prisoner who occupied it.
"No, my dinn, care? do you know who I am?"
"Well, no I dinn care!" was the nonchalant reply.
"Well, I'm your new chaplain!"
"Oh, ye are? Then I ha heard o' ye before!"

What did you hear?
"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.
"Well, I heard that the last two kirkis ye were in ye preached them with empty; but I can say ye, we'll find it quite as easy to do the same with this one."

Would it be Worth While?
"Two minutes were walking into Dublin from one of the outgoing buses and fell discussing the way and the discontented increase in the cost of living."
"I don't know," says Tim.
"No, says Pat. 'What is it?'"
"Heard," said Pat. "I hope it's of the peppy one."

Strength for Thinkers and Doers

Good appetite, a well-balanced stomach, reserve energy, and a keen zest for work and sport are among the results of the regular use of

Grape-Nuts

This nutritious ration contains the full food value of the whole wheat and malted barley, of which it is made—including the mineral salts of the grains—potash, iron, lime, etc., so lacking in white bread and many common foods, but which are essential to thorough nourishment of body, brain and nerves.

Grape-Nuts is partly pre-digested—a food for weak and strong, old and young. It is not only a strength builder but a delicious, satisfying dish which appeals to appetite.

Regular users know
"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts
Sold by Grocers everywhere.