

# THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 550,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

**Cuticura Heals Itching Burning Skin Troubles**

Small size 25c. Full size 50c. Sold by Druggists.

**PARKER'S HAIR BASAM**

A toilet preparation of merit. For Restoring Color and Beautifying Hair. Sold by Druggists.

**HAD EXAMPLE BEFORE HIM**

Lop-Eared Youth Could Not Doubt That Some People Could Speak Fast Without Stuttering.

A venerable citizen of the Straddle Ridge neighborhood entered a lunch-room in Folktville, dragging out a huncher-gander-necked, lop-eared youth.

"What kind o' p'le have ye got yer?" he asked of the brisk waitress.

"Fench, apple, mince, raisin, punk, spicet, mince, raisin and cokermustard!" she answered with considerable rapidity.

"Ftu—-which?" returned the old fellow.

The young lady repeated the list with still greater speed.

"Please say that over ag'in, if you'd just as liv'," requested the ancient man.

"Say, looker here!" demanded the waitress. "Can't you understand anything?"

"Oh, yes'm; I understand all right!" He turned to the lop-eared youth.

"There now, Emmett!" he triumphantly said. "You see, it's just as I told you; a person kin talk as fast as he pleases without stutterin', if he'll only take keer!"—Judge.

**Not Frederick!**

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband. Has there?"

"M'n!" she ejaculated, turning to look at the little meek man sitting behind her. "Frederick? I'd like to see him compulse me!"

**A Good Match.**

"When I get a car, I want one which will suit me." "Then, my dear, you had better get a runabout."

**Food Nourishment**

The real food elements of wheat and barley so made as to be rich in sugar, and ready to eat from package with milk or cream. That is Grape-Nuts

A Substantial Food and Economical



**Christmas Tree**

by George L. Louis

Oh locket here! My, wasn't Santa good! He gave me all the presents that he could. That's 'cause I always kept so neat and clean—On Sundays drest just like a fairy Queen.

I minded darling Muzzer ev'ry day; Was careful of my dresses when at play, And held my Gran'ma's yarn when she did knit. For that's the way I did my little bit.

And when my Dad came home from work each night I tried to please him with my tiny might; Always brought his pipe and paper, too, So he could smoke and read it thru and thru.

Dear Santa Claus, in Toyland, heard 'bout me, 'Cause my Muzzer said he said, said he, "I'll just give that sweet and 'bedient chile The very things she's wanted all the while."

So see this pretty, sparkling Christmas Tree And the toys and things he gave to me; When you're good like me and try to please Santa Claus will give you toys like these.

**HOLIDAY SEASON IN ITALY**

Dr. Grenfell of Labrador Fame Explains Christmas Observances in the Sunny Land.

Travelers visiting Rome while it was still the center of a land of peace, found Christmas there a day of joyousness; and the merry bells of many churches, ushering in the day, spoke the familiar language of home.

Just before the war, Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador fame, indulged in the unusual luxury of a brief holiday in Europe, after years of tireless service among the fishermen. His journey brought him and Mrs. Grenfell to Rome just as the many religious and civil observances of the Christmas season were about to take place. A great contrast these scenes were to the Christmases of Icebound Labrador.

The decorations, the greetings, and the crowds flocking in and out of churches, emphasized the spirit of the season. "All the places of worship into which we peeped," he says, "were ablaze with lights, while processions of priests in glittering robes, with sonorous choruses and ascending incense, appealed to the various senses."

At one church they viewed the five boards believed to have formed a part of the cradle of our Lord. The American Episcopal Church of St. Paul, where they worshipped on Christmas morning, was crowded with the Protestant population of the Holy City. A feature of the service was the dedicating of a beautiful new mosaic, covering one entire wall of the church and representing the nativity of Christ.

Of the Coliseum, says Dr. Grenfell, "we could think of no place better to suggest to our minds the communion of the saints; and as we walked round the tiers of seats we could see again the men of like passions with ourselves," giving their lives for the same Master we claim to serve."

When darkness had fallen the travelers were attracted by numbers of bright lights over by the Porta San Giovanni. These proved to announce "all the fun of a fair"—there in Italy just as one finds them in this country at a "conny fair."



**A Merry Christmas**

Lillian HAH Crowley

"OUR Mrs. Midgely sat in her disordered living room in an utterly hopeless attitude.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I haven't the heart to tidy the house or even myself. To think of Christmas only three weeks away, and not one gift for the children and no hope of getting any, I am glad they are at school; I can at least have a good cry!"

Just as she was getting out her half-kiln preparatory to enjoying this annual luxury she heard the postman's step on the porch. Habit forced her to gulp back the tears and go to the door. He handed her several letters, all of which she recognized as bills, with the exception of one which bore the handwriting of her sister Judith.

"Anne, dear," she wrote, "at last I can visit you, and shall be with you in a few days."

"Oh, dear!" she said. "To think of Judith visiting us at a time like this, when we can hardly manage, with the high cost of living, to set the table, let alone having a holiday time!"

Mrs. Midgely indulged in the desired cry, realizing there was much to be done, she dried her eyes, and with the relief that the shedding of tears



Became a Great Help to Judith.

gave her, she started in to put the house in order.

"At least we'll be clean," she said to herself, as she made broom and duster by about.

Some months before this time Henry Midgely had lost his position as bookkeeper in account of the failure of the firm for which he worked. They had had no idea of impending conditions and were almost staggered by the blow. The Midgelys had four growing children and every month had lived up to the standard of a well-to-do family.

Nothing for the children! They had had such jolly times before, with presents for everyone. Now she had more work than ever to do and less time for the children to be interested in children's Christmas! That was the hard part.

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"I shall have to tell Judith," she said to her husband that night, when they were seated by the lamp and the children were in bed. "How sorry we are that we cannot make her visit a pleasant one."

"It is too bad," said he. "Judith is after his very whim and never thinking of herself. I wish she had a home of her own, always planned, and a gay bag of candy on top, while the other gifts were grouped about the tree.

After the successful dinner was eaten they spent the evening in singing carols. John sang the first voice and Judith accompanied him on the piano. Then he sang military songs he had learned in the trenches.

The guests took their departure, vowing it would be the last Christmas of all Mrs. Midgely turned to her sister.

"Anne, dear, we must take an inventory of stock and see what we can make for the kiddies for Christmas."

"There is nothing," said Anne. "We'll find something!" determinedly answered Judith.

"You can make things out of comparatively nothing," laughed Anne. "But you can't make them out of absolutely nothing!"

"Yes, we can! I'll send for my yarn and knit a cap and mittens for each child. They are using bright colors and combinations of colors. In that way we can use your left-over yarns, too. We'll have plenty without buying any more, and I knit rapidly. I've done lots of this work for the Red Cross."

She made looms with empty spools and pins, from which each child helped to make a round string which they worked on at odd moments. They were to be sewed on the mittens. No more hunting for the "other mitten". The children were entertained with the idea of being useful and of helping Aunt Judith.

The sisters looked up discarded dolls and sewed up legs and arms, painted the faces and reserved the hair. Exotic outfits of clothes that could be taken off and put on were made from bits of cloth found in the scrap bag, and they crocheted lace enough for the trimming. These were for the two little girls, Martha and Peggy, aged seven and nine.

How to make eleven-year-old Ralph happy with left-overs was the problem. Then Judith remembered that years ago she had sewed the recipient of a stamp book which she had not used. She wrote her father for it, and then invested in some mixed stamps for Ralph to make a beginning with. A few new puzzles and toys from the ten-cent store made a goodly array of bright things for Tommy, who was the youngest child.

"Now for the dinner," said Judith. "Let's not try to have an usual Christmas dinner, but think up something different."

"I did so want to ask Mr. and Mrs. Lambert," sighed Anne. "They came from England several years ago, and are so alone at Christmas time. I had hoped to have them, but of course I cannot do it this year."

"That gives me the very idea, Anne. We'll invite them and surprise them with a regular English dinner—roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and gravy, and have roly-poly pudding for dessert."

The days flew by with the sisters as busy as bees. Anne was never happier in all her life. She had not time for repining, and she was content by simply making the best of everything she had no real troubles at all. Henry, too, caught the spirit of hope, and remarked to his wife:

"It won't be long until we have made up for lost time, and I like my new position better than the old one, because it has more of a future to it."

The Lamberts were delighted with the invitation, as they were expecting a lonely day, far away from Merric England.

One day, when Judith came in from shopping, Anne met her with the news: "A nephew, John Leigh, has surprised the Lamberts. He has been service in France, and is sent here by the British government on a mission to Washington. He has a week's vacation and has come to spend it with them. I insisted that he come, to our Christmas dinner, and they are all going to call on us here."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Judith. "Perhaps he can advise me about my Red Cross work."

Everyone was delighted to meet the handsome young soldier and eager to hear stories of "lovely hero" from one who knew John became a great help to Judith with her plans for the children's Christmas and her Red Cross work. In fact, he thought of so many things that he came to the Midgelys' at least once a day and every evening. He trimmed the tree while Judith made the simple things to adorn it.

One evening Mrs. Midgely remarked to her husband: "I never saw a young man so interested in children."

He looked up from his paper in amused surprise. "My dear, do you really think he is interested only in the children?"

"Oh, you don't mean Judith?" "Certainly. It has been evident from the first."



Your Labor Counts—every ounce of was fought as truly in the household and work you do helps some soldier! This was in the workshop as it was in the trenches.

Some of our American women are borne down physically and mentally, by the weaknesses of their sex. They suffer from backache, dragging sensation, bearing-down pains, very nervous and pain in top of head. If they ask their neighbors they will be told to take a Pierce's Prescription of Dr. Pierce's which has been so well and favorably known for the past half century.

Weak women should try to begin. Don't wait! Today is the day to now. This temperance tonic and astringent will bring vim, vigor and vitality. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for trial package tablets.

Frank Harvey, Ohio.—I have taken Dr. Pierce's Food Prescription and have also given it to my daughter and have always been very well satisfied with the results obtained by its use. I have the best of health, my digestion is perfect, I sleep in a strong, healthy condition, which it did, and it helped me in every way.

"When my daughter began showing little weakness I gave it to her and it proved most beneficial. I can highly recommend 'Favorite Prescription' to the expectant mother and to young girls."—Mrs. Lucina Ryan, P. O. Box 158.

# Acid-Stomach Ruins Health of Millions

Besides those painful attacks of indigestion; that awful bloated, lumpy feeling after eating and downright stomach misery that you who have experienced it know so well; besides disgusting belching, food-repeating, sour stomach and distressing heartburn—besides all these things, ACID-STOMACH undermines the health and saps the strength of millions.

If you don't get rid of those stomach troubles, they will end, for it is a well known scientific fact that many serious ailments have their start in an acid-stomach.

Start now—this very day to get rid of your stomach miseries—take EATONIC—the wonderful remedy that absorbs the excess acid from the stomach and brings INSTANT relief. You simply have no idea how much better, stronger and brighter you feel once. It drives out all the gas and bloater, puts an immediate stop to belching and heartburn, ends stomach suffering and makes it cool, sweet, comfortable and strong.

There can be no further excuse for you to allow acid-stomach to wreck your health—pile up misery upon misery until you get to the point where you feel down and out and that life has lost all its joys. Remember, just as acid-month ruins teeth, so acid-stomach ruins health.

Take EATONIC. It's good, just like a bit of candy and makes the stomach feel fine. You can eat the things you like and, what is more, every mouthful you eat will count in creating power and energy. You'll feel so much better—have your strength and power and will to do things and get results, and your stomach misery will be gone.

Take our advice. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It costs so little. If it fails to remove your stomach distress, he will refund your money. That is guaranteed, you are to be satisfied or money returned.

# EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKES

# SAVE COAL

BY USING

# Phoenix Mineral

The Coal Saver

THOUSANDS of people are using this wonderful PHOENIX MINERAL, and find it a great coal and money saver. Simple to use, treats coal in a minute; coal then has no soot, no gas, no smoke, no bad gases, no cinders, and few ashes. Therefore, 1/4 to 1/2 more heat. It makes no difference what kind of coal or coke you use.

Phoenix Mineral is guaranteed not to injure your stove, range or flue. It is safe for your pipes, and does not heat better. Remember, it produces 1/4 to 1/2 more heat with less coal or coke. Other hard or soft coal or coke.

Doyle Jack Frost with less coal and more heat. Write for our package. It demonstrates how these things are done. SEND FOR DOLLAR TODAY or this package to Continental Chemical Co., Denver, Colo.

Write for our proposition.

# BEAR, NOT BARE



Ma says she's not a thing to wear. I cannot see it, I declare. There's something she looks pretty fair in. You must admit and that's her bearskin.

# The Boys Are All Away

How shall we wreath the holy? How hang the mistletoe? How shall we keep the Christmas feast With some boughs of yew? When on the happy Christmas Day The boys are all away?

The holly brought their fingers And prick'd we drops of red, When caught beneath the mistletoe The laughing lassies fled. No romping games this year we'll play—The boys are all away.

But we will never shame the lads With hearts so bold and true, We'll never miss our Christmas greens With some boughs of yew; With courage high we'll learn to say: "The boys are all away."

We'll keep the heart and make the home As bright as bright can be And sing the carols old and sweet Of Christ's nativity. Like Mary smile, the while we pray For all the boys away.—Elizabeth D. Warfield.

A Common Human Failing. It is undoubtedly more blessed to give than to receive; but it is a human failing to compare the value of Christmas gifts.