

# HOW TWO WOMEN AVOIDED OPERATIONS

### The Following Letters of Mrs. Thurston and Mrs. Beard Carry an Encouraging Message to Other Sick Women



MRS. ETHEL THURSTON  
224 N. PINE STREET, LIMA, OHIO

"Vegetable Compound that I told my husband I would try it before I gave up. I soon began to feel that it was doing me good. The awful misery began to leave me, also the backache. I have a good appetite and am gaining in weight. Taking the medicine was the best thing I ever did. I feel like it has saved my life and I do not hesitate to say so to my friends. At least it saved me from a dreaded operation and I am still taking it. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about the medicine."  
—Mrs. ETHEL THURSTON, 324 North Pine Street, Lima, Ohio.

**Mrs. Beard's Letter**  
Eddy, Texas.—"I will write you a few words, thinking it will do some one else good. Two doctors said I would have to be operated on because for nearly twelve months I suffered from a weakness from which I could get no relief. I was restless and nervous and was not able to walk across the house. They said it was the Change of Life. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers, and as I could not get any help from doctors I thought I would give that a trial. I began with the liquid and it helped me some, then you advised me to take the tablet form and began to improve rapidly. I have gained in weight from 105 to 170 pounds. I recommend it to all women with this trouble."  
—Mrs. M. E. BEARD, R. No. 1, Box 143, Eddy, Texas.

## THE BEST RECOMMENDATION

**BARE-TO-HAIR**  
Is the number who are trying to imitate it. If Bare-to-Hair was not growing hair on bald heads there would be no imitators. If there is baldness or signs of it you can't afford to neglect to use "Forst's Original Bare-to-Hair."  
Correspondence Given Personal Attention  
**W. H. FORST, MGR.**  
SCOTDALE, PENN'A.

**MOTHS Bee Brand INSECT POWDER**  
It kills them!  
Bee Brand Insect Powder won't stain or harm anything except insects. Household sizes, 10c and 25c—other sizes, 50c and \$1.00, at your druggist or grocer.  
Write for Free Booklet, "It Kills Them!"  
McCORMICK & CO., Baltimore, Md.

**Lowering Herself**  
"Since Ethel married she has stopped wearing French heels; her husband disapproves of them."  
"I always said she'd lower herself by marrying that man."—Tit-Bits.

# MOTHER!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"

### One Secret of Beauty Is Foot Comfort

Frequently you hear people say, "My feet perspire winter and summer when I put on rubbers or heavier foot-wear—then, when I remove my shoes my feet chill quickly, and often my nose seem wet through"—in every community thousands now use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath daily, and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder. Full directions on box at all Drug Stores. Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent FREE, address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.



Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoon full today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.  
Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

**Worst Joke I Ever Heard**  
"Has that dove-eyed girl met her affinity yet?"  
"Yes; he's pigeon-toed."—Emmy Ann.

For Colds

# ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

|       |           |           |            |
|-------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| Colds | Headache  | Neuralgia | Lumbago    |
| Pain  | Toothache | Neuritis  | Rheumatism |

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monastereim, Germany.

# SO BIG

[BY EDNA FERBER]

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK AGNEW.

**ROELF POOL**

SYNOPSIS.—Introducing "So Big" (Dirk DeJong) in his infancy. And his mother, Selina DeJong, daughter of Simeon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Her life, to young womanhood in Chicago in 1888, has been unconventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable. At school her chum is Julie Hempel, daughter of August Hempel, butcher. Simeon is killed in a quarrel that is not his own. Selina is nineteen years old and practically destitute. Selina secures a position as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Klaas Pool.

### CHAPTER II—Continued

Selina's quick glance encompassed the room. In the window were a few hardy plants in pots on a green-painted wooden rack. There was a sofa with a wrinkled calico cover; three rocking chairs; some stark crayons of incredibly hard-featured Dutch ancients on the wall. It was all neat, stiff, unlovely. But Selina had known too many years of boarding-house ugliness to be offended at this.

Maartje had lighted a small glass-bowled lamp. A steep, uncarpeted stairway, inclosed, led off the sitting room. Up this Maartje Pool, talking, led the way to Selina's bedroom. Selina was to learn that the farm woman, often inarticulate through lack of companionship, becomes a torrent of talk when opportunity presents itself.

A narrow, dim, close-smelling hallway, uncarpeted. At the end of it a door opening into the room that was to be Selina's. As its chill struck her to the marrow three objects caught her eyes. The bed, a huge and not unhandsome walnut mausoleum, reared its somber height almost to the room's top. The mattress of straw and cornhusks was unworthy of the edifice, but over it Mrs. Pool had mercifully placed a feather bed, stitched and quilted, so that Selina lay soft and warm through the winter. Along one wall stood a low chest so richly brown as to appear black. The front panel of this was curiously carved. Selina stooped before it and for the second time that day said: "How beautiful!" then looked quickly round at Maartje Pool as though fearful of finding her laughing as Klaas Pool had laughed. But Mrs. Pool's face reflected the glow in her own. She came over to Selina and stooped with her over the chest, holding the lamp so that its yellow flame lighted up the scrolls and tendrils of the carved surface. With one discolored forefinger she traced the bold flourishes on the panel. "See? How it makes out letters?"

Selina peered closer. "Why, sure enough! This first one's an S!" Maartje was kneeling before the chest now. "Sure an S. For Sophia. It is a Holland bride's chest. And here is K. And here is big D. It makes Sophia Kroon deVries. It is anyway two hundred years. My mother she gave it to me when I was married, and her mother she gave it to her when she was married, and her mother gave it to her when she was married, and her—"

"I should think so!" exclaimed Selina, rather meaninglessly; but stemming the torrent. "What's in it? Anything? There ought to be any-thing in it, yellow with age." "It is!" cried Maartje Pool and gave a little bounce that imperiled the lamp. "No!" The two on their knees sat smiling at each other, wide-eyed, like schoolgirls.

"Here—wait." Maartje Pool thrust the lamp into Selina's hand, raised the lid of the chest, and expertly into its depths amidst a great rustling of old newspapers and emerged red-faced with a Dutch basque and voluminous skirt of silk; an age-yellow cap whose wings, stiff with embroidery, stood out grandly on either side; a pair of wooden shoes, stained terra-cotta like the sails of the Vollandam fishing boats, and carved from toe to heel in a delicate and intricate pattern. A bridal gown, a bridal cap, bridal shoes.

his steeve and coat-front mechanically, still looking at Selina. Klaas Pool, already at table, thumped with his knife. "Sit down, teacher." Selina hesitated, looked at Maartje. Maartje was holding a frying-pan aloft in one hand while with the other she thrust and poked a fresh stick of wood into the open-lidded stove. The two pigtails seated themselves at the table, set with its red-checked cloth and bone-handled cutlery. Roelf flung his cap on a wall-hook and sat down. Only Selina and Maartje remained standing. "Sit down! Sit down!" Klaas Pool said again, jovially. "Well, how is cabbage?" He chuckled and winked. A duet of tit-ters from the pigtails. Maartje at the stove smiled; but a trifle grimly, one might have thought, watching her. Evidently Klaas had not hugged his joke in secret. Only the boy Roelf remained unsmiling. Even Selina, feeling the red mounting to her cheeks, smiled a little, nervously, and sat down with some suddenness.

Maartje Pool now thumped down on the table a great bowl of potatoes fried in grease; a platter of ham. There was bread cut in chunks. The coffee was rye, toasted in the oven, ground, and taken without sugar or cream. Of this food there was plenty. It made Mrs. Tebbitt's Monday night meal seem ambrosial. Selina's visions of chickens, oyl-coeks, wild ducks, crusty crullers, and pumpkin pies vanished, never to return. She had been very hungry, but now, as she talked, nodded, smiled, she cut her food into infinitesimal bites, did not chew them so well, and despaired herself for being dainty.

"Well," she thought, "it's going to be different enough, that's certain. . . . This is a vegetable farm, and they don't eat vegetables. I wonder why. . . . What a pity that she lets herself look like that, just because she's a farm woman. Her hair screwed into that knob, her skin rough and neglected. That hideous dress. Shapeless. She's not bad looking, either. A red spot on either cheek, now; and her eyes so blue. A little like those women in the Dutch pictures father took me to see in—where?—where?—New York, years ago?—yes. But that woman's face was placid. This one's strained. Why need she look like that, frowny, horrid, old! . . . The boy is, somehow, foreign-looking.—Italian. Queer. . . . They talk a good deal like some German neighbors we had in Milwaukee. They twist sentences. Literal translations from the Dutch, I suppose."

Jakob Hoogendunk, Pool's hired hand, was talking. Supper over, the men sat relaxed, pipe in mouth.



"Fields of Cabbages—What You Said —They Are Beautiful," He Stammered.

Maartje was clearing the supper things, with Geertje and Jozina making a great pretense at helping. If they giggled like that in school, Selina thought, she would, in time, go mad, and knock their pigtailed heads together.

Roelf, at the table, sat poring over a book, one slim hand, chapped and gritty with rough work, outspread on the cloth. Selina noticed, without knowing she noticed, that the fingers were long, slim, and the broken nails thin and fine.

Selina waned, suddenly, to be alone in her room—in the room that but an hour before had been a strange and terrifying chamber with its towering bed, its chill drum, its ghostly bride's chest. Now it had become a refuge, snug, safe, infinitely desirable. She turned to Mrs. Pool. "I—I think I'll go up to my room. I'm very tired. The ride, I suppose, I'm not used to. . . . Her voice trailed off.

### Help That Achy Back!

Are you dragging around, day after day, with a dull, unceasing backache? Are you lame in the morning; bothered with headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders? Feel tired, irritable and discouraged? Then there's surely something wrong, and likely it's kidney weakness. Don't neglect it! Get back your health while you can. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have helped thousands of ailing folks. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

**A North Carolina Case**  
Mrs. W. F. Bell, Greenwood St., Greensboro, N. C., says: "At times sharp pains cut in to my back and it was hard to straighten. My kidneys acted too often. Dizziness and weak spells came on and my head seemed to whirl. Specks appeared in front of my eyes and blurred my sight. After using one box of Doan's Pills I was relieved."

**DOAN'S PILLS**  
66c  
STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS  
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

### CHENEY'S EXPECTORANT

Instant Relief  
Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough  
USED SINCE 1872



### Where There's Health There's a Way!

**ABILITY** and will cannot win through to victory in life unless there is also energy—health. And lack of energy in eight cases out of ten is caused by Anemia—blood starvation.

The test above is a guide to blood condition. Press the flesh between hand and thumb firmly; unless the blood comes rushing back, Anemia is indicated.

For thirty-two years thousands of physicians have seen their patients regain health and energy by the use of Gude's Pepto-Mangan. It rebuilds the latent power in run down bodies by supplying the blood with the iron and manganese it lacks.

Your druggist has Gude's Pepto-Mangan in liquid or tablet form.

### Gude's Pepto-Mangan

Tonic and Blood Enricher

*Always*

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

### Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY  
Crescent Mfg. Co., New York  
St. Louis

### Mother of Nine Convinced After One Dose

"Your pills certainly have done 'Wenden' for me. I am thirty-eight years of age, been married thirteen years and am the mother of nine children.

I was suffering from headaches and constipation for nearly fifteen years. One day I bought a box of Doan's Pills. One dose was a 'life saver' to me. Since then I have had no more headaches, and my health is good. I recommend them to whomever I meet."

Mrs. H. La Vigne, Jersey City, N. J.

Free SAMPLE—write to R. F. Allen Co., 417 Canal Street, New York. Buy from your druggist in 25¢ and 50¢ boxes for constipation, biliousness, and headaches and other headache causes.

**Beecham's Pills**

### ITCH!

Never back without question if HUNT'S SALVE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, SCALD HEAD, BURN, BRUISE, CHILBLAIN, SORE THROAT, and other skin diseases. Price 25¢ at all druggists, or direct from J. L. Hunt, Buffalo, N. Y.