NANTS TO HELP OTHER WOMEN

Grateful for Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, III.—"I am willing to write o any girl or woman who is suffering from the troubles I had before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back always ached, so I ways ached, so I not go abo

was this way for years, then my sister-in-law took the Veg-etable Compound and recommended it to me. In the time I have been taking it and it has done wonders for me. I keep house and am able to do lots of work besides."—Mrs. HELEN SEVOIK, 2711 Thomas St., Chicago, Ill.

Women suffering from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, pains, bearing-down feelings and weakness should take Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Not only is the worth of this splendid medicine shown by such cases as this, but for nearly fifty years this same sort of experience has been reported by thousands of women.

Mrs. Sevcik is willing to write to any

Mrs. Seveik is willing to write to any girl or woman suffering from such troubles, and answer any questions they may like to ask.



Try just once P. D. Q.—
Peaky Devils Quietus—as a
preventive or to rid Bed
Bugs. Roaches. Fleas and
Ants. Every family should
use P. D. Q. house cleaning
time to guard against the
Peaky Devils and to prevent
moths. P. D. Q. is not an
insect powder, but is a new
chemical that kills insects
and their eggs. Each package contains, free, a patent
spout to enable you to get
to the hard-to-get-st places
and saves the juice.

A S cent package makes
one quart, enough to kill a
million insects and their eggs.
Your druggist has it or can
get it for you. Mailed prepaid
upon receipt of price by the
Owi Chemical Works, Terre
Haute, Ind.

Luticura Soap Clear the Skin Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Hobson's Choice With Him. He does not drink.

He does not gamble. He does not smoke,

He never takes girls joy riding-

But he is no saint, not by a long ways, for he is always cussing his luck because he can't make enough money to afford to do the naughty things the rich fellows do.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Says Teethina Saved Her Baby From the Grave

"I actually believe Teethina saved my baby from the grave, for she was the sickest little thing you ever saw for six weeks," writes Mrs. B. W. Wamble, Route 4, Elba, Ala. had the best treatment we could give her, but seemed to get worse instead of better. When we stopped every thing else and gave her Teethina she got better right away, and now she is a laughing, playful little darling and eats anything." If Mrs. Wamble had given her little

one Teethina at the first sign of trouble she would have been saved many anxious hours.

Teethina is sold by leading druggists or send 30c to the Moffett Laboratories, Columbus, Ga., and receive a full size package and a free copy Moffett's Illustrated Baby Book .-(Advertisement.)

Self-Conscious.

-What are you thinking of? He-Nothing. "Oh, do take your mind off your-

The Custard Cup Florence Bingham Livingston COPYRIGHT BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY sum approaching dazzling proportions. CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

-18-

Every little while there would be a spanking of steps through the yard, a flash of black curls through the door, a furious beating on the temper gong.

"Take that, will you?" Lettle would cry, addressing a spirit within herself, often addressed before. "Lordy, Pil beat you. You make me—tired—all time trying to-get me! Now how do you feel?"

The temper gong had long since ceased to be a thing of wood. Lettie's imagination had endowed it with a fraction of her own nature, the undesirable fraction, and she scolded and threatened and pounded it with a fury that was sharper because of the per-

Mrs. Penfield traced the frequency of these demonstrations to undue exertion, "Lettle, dear, don't work so hard," she remonstrated.

"Penzie, darling, I gotta," replied Lettie firmly. "There ain't much time, and the old thing balks on me."

But in the middle of the second fore-noon Lettle came into the house with impressive triumph. Her steps were measured, her head high.

"She works," announced the child. with a brief nod toward the contriv ance she was carrying. It was a long, slender stick with wires at one end. but Lettle gave no explanation of its purpose. Instead, she took it into the bedroom and hid it jealously behind her own sleeping box.

She scrubbed her face and hands to the full capacity of soap and water, brushed her black curls with conscientious vigor, and put on her better gingham dress. For a moment she stared in dismay at her shabby shoes. Mrs. Penfield had bought them when Lettle first arrived, but they had necessarily been cheap ones, and the inevitable had happened.

"I don't care!" decided Lettle, with a toss of her head. "The upper part of me's as good as anybody, and I'll keep folks busy looking at that. Some day I'll have lots of shoes-lots of 'em."

Upheld by the redundant luxury of the future, Lettle set forth. Her objective had been in mind from the first. Part of the information which she had picked up in her open-air life was the system by which advertising material is distributed. She had known more than one boy who was employed by The Wideawake Advertising agency, and her present visit was to

The office was an informal affair, a narrow room on the ground floor. The company consisted of one man and an office boy. It was the latter who stepped forward when Lettle entered. She hugged tight to the counter by way of concealing her shoes from the view of the critical, but her head was very high.

"Is the manager in?" The manager was undenlably in. Lettle herself could see him, a stout man with heavy eyebrows, sitting at a desk behind the counter. But the young man was a person of evasion. "What can I do for you?" he said,

with a lazy smile. "You can let me see the manager," informed Lettie, coolly. "I got business with him."

"Have you?" drawled the young man. "Who'll I tell him?"

Lettle considered swiftly. This was business errand. It was a time for dignity. One could not be too careful. "Tell him Miss Penfield," she replied,

The young man laughed aloud, but Lettle stared at him with unfilnching composure. The room was so small that every word uttered in it was distinctly audible to all its occupants. Therefore the stout man at the desk was accurately posted on the interview to date Nevertheless, his assistant turned toward him, seemingly by a pivota! movement of his elbow on the counter, and inquired:

'Mr. Abbott, feel like seeing Miss

Mr. Abbott faced about, appraised Lettle without any indication of joy and shrugged a bored shoulder.
"Let her come in," he said indiffer-

Lettle went, Mr. Abbott smiled lazily at the small creature who had settled into the chair at the side of his desk. He was evidently inclined to underrate the seriousness of the impending interview.

"What's eating you, kid?" he in-quired good-naturedly. Lettle shot him a glance of scornful reproof. "I come to talk business," the announced coldly.

"Well, talk it then. What's the

Thus encouraged. Lettle jumped straight from the shore into the mid-dle of the pond. "I gotta scheme—a grand scheme that'll save you heaps of money. Hesps and heaps!" she added.

What's the "You don't say!

"Well-" Lettie squirmed to the edge of her chair in expansive excitement. "Well, I been watching your boys, how they all time walk, walkhike up steps-hike down- And-and 'tain't necessary. I gotta scheme that cuts out the steps. It-"

"Oh! Sort of wrecking machine?" Lettle stamped her feet, first one and then the other, in a staccato performance highly compelling in its own way. "Quit laughing! I got it all doped out, and it works. This-this machine of mine holds the card or the handbill, and the boy holds the machine, and-" A gust of laughter shook Mr. Ab-

bott's ample shoulders. "'Branch on the tree, tree in the ground, green grass-" With a spring, Lettle came to her

feet. "Shut up!" she shricked. "Don't ; u dare to make fun of me. You'll get me- Oh, excuse-" Limply she dropped back into her

chair. It had occurred to her vaguely that business must be conducted not according to natural changes of feeling, but by heroic methods calculated to coax results. And because Mr. Abbott happened to be amused by daylight fireworks, he languidly gave her another chance.

"Excuse me," repeated Lettle, by way of emphasizing her contrition. "I get excited thinking bout this here machine." A bright smile danced across her small mouth and lighted up her black eyes. "You see, it's -a wonderful scheme. All the boy has to do is to stand at the bottom of the steps and shoot the card under the door-I got it all doped out howand then while he's hiking to the next house, he puts another card into

The swivel chair creaked suddenly, as Mr. Abbott jerked himself to an



Mr. Abbott, Feel Like Seeing Miss Penfield?"

erect position. The mocking laziness disappeared from his face, like the lifting of morning fog. "Where's your machine?" he demanded.

"It's at home, I-I-" "'Fraid I'd steal it, eh? Well, I can tell you-"

"Oh, no-o," interrupted Lettle breathlessly. Her black eyes sprang wide as she glimpsed the hideousness of failure. "I—I thought I'd see if you were int'rusted, 'cause if you are, -I'd make machines for you-for a dollar aplece. And, honest, they-In her engerness to forestall refusal. she rushed madly through all the points of her scheme, instead of marshaling there diplomatically, as she had planned.

Mr. Abbott took up his pencil and found his place in the account book from which he had been taking notes. It was painfully evident that his easy tolerance was exhausted. His good nature was in lumps, like pocket free old, and after a few minutes one confronted the barrenness of country rock. Sensing this reversal of attitude, Lettle grew cold with prickles of ghastly fear. Before her mental

mas tree, gifts, jollity, cheer; it liggled dizzlly, receded farther—and farther. She gasped.

"Oh, please be int'rusted," she hegged, pounding a small brown fist into her open palm. "Honest, it'll

Save nothing! S'posing your pipe

dream worked, it'd take a bo, as long

to load up the contraption-"But even if it did," broke in Lettle eagerly, "it'd pay 'cause he'd be more excited and-"

"I ain't aiming to get my boys excited. My line ain't revivals; it's advertising. Now you run 'long outa here while I'm still holding on to my temper. Do you hear?"

Lettie rose swiftly, her face white with fear, her eyes blazing with intensity. "You gotta listen. Honest, you'd get more work out of your boys. I'll bring it; I'll show you; I'll-"

"Get outs here! I sin't going to

bother-' "Holy Jiminetty!" cried the child, with a flare of anger. "Can't you talk

sense? I'm telling you straight-"

"Jack," called Mr. Abbott, "put this kid out."

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Lettle. "Don't you dare-" - In a blinding gust of rage at the threatened indignity, she clenched her fists and pounded the frail old desk till the papers rustled and the inkwell rocked against its metal holder. A wrathful red had surged into her cheeks; her narrow chest jumped up and down in agony.

"Don't you dare! Just have a heart. Listen till I- Oh, let me alone. Don't you dare; don't you-"

Shrieking, protesting, lashing out with her lean, angry arms, Miss Penfield was being forcibly ejected from the office of the Wideawake Advertising agency. The boy Jack, with unconcealed relish, had grasped the child by a thin elbow and was guiding her to the door. Not without difficulty, however! He was able to control the general direction, but not without picturesque zigzaggings. Lettie, alternating shouts of entreaty and defiance, was executing a series of contortions about the fulcrum of her own elbow which would have given suggestions to a vaudeville dancer in search of innovations.

"You don't know boys," screamed Lettie. "Leggo, dern you! You don't know boys. They'd rather work a trick than eat. They-"

"Shut up, you wild Indian," advised the boy called Jack.

"Shut up, yourself," retorted Lettle. "You don't know boys! You don't know-" She stopped, abruptly conscious that she was addressing a closed door and a sidewalk empty of life except for a pattering Airedale, obviously not interested in advertis-

Stiffing with anger, panic-stricken by failure, Lettle dashed down the street, into a vacant lot where there was a sprawling live-oak tree. With small brown fists she began beating the rough trunk. Wild sobs shook her thin frame. Tears rolled down her face; anger dried them on her hot cheeks, only to replace them by a new

flood. With savage delight in her own suffering, she beat the gnarled bark till the blood came and her muscles ached. Then her arms dropped; she slumped into a heap on the groundno longer a will-driven human being full of fight and flerceness, but a forlorn little girl, hopeless and heartbroken. With all the gathered longing of a hard, dreary childhood, she had set her mind on these holidays as upon some idealized heights of bliss. And now it was to be as it had always been: no tree, no presents, no party, no games, no anything!

Next week she would prowl through various streets in the early dusk, dow to watch somebody else's Christmas tree, spreading its branches between parted curtains, dotted with lighted candles that gleamed on tinsel and gay red bells-just as she had done last year-and year before-and year before! Perhaps, as had happened once, she would find a church party. She would climb up on a fence and look in at the window-at groups and groups of children waiting for Santa Claus to give them presents from the big tree with its deep, soft boughs and chains of tinsel and glitter. Inside-outside! What a difference! And she, Lettie, would be outside, clinging to a fence, looking in upon good times that had never been Outside-always, always outhers. side!

Her body shook with sobs. Her thin fingers twisted in the dry grass and the sharp oak leaves. . . . Something cold touched her burning cheek. She squirmed away. The cold touch followed. She reached to push it from her, and her fingers fell on the soft ears of a dog. With a wild cry Lettle sat up and threw her arms around the shaggy creature. He licked her face. He was a wise dog, a dog of family, and he had seen small people suffer before, so he knew exactly what to do. He continued to lick-and Lettle continued to hug. He had offered his sympathy and she took it with greed, and felt vastly better. Her tears were checked

"You see," she said aloud, her voice breaking over a dry sob, "it wo-orks, That makes it hard to stand. It works." Her Ilp quivered, but she was not going to cry before this new friend, who was giving her the stiffest kind of advice with a wagging tall, tempered by a heartening look out of soft big eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Divided Duty. An engineer and a fireman, both in-volved in the derallment of a train,

eglect of duty. "He'll never believe our story," said the pessimistic fireman.

were summoned to appear before the superintendent to answer to charges

"Aw, we'll stick out our chests and tell him to go to the devil and got away with it all right," replied the vet-

"All right," retorted the fireman, "I'll stick out my chest and you can tell him where to go."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Lesson

(By REV, P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moods Bible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1828, Western Newspeper Unica,

LESSON FOR AUGUST 12

MARTHA AND MARY

LESSON TEXT—Luke 10:38-42; John 11:1-46; John 12:1-9.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."—Luke 10:42.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Proverbs

PRIMART TOPIC-Two Loyal Friends

of Jesus.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Martha and Mary.
NTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—True Friendship Shown by Martha YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC

-Home Problems Illustrated by Martha and Mary.

In order to properly understand these two characters, it will be necessary to look at the several narratives in which they are brought to our view.

These are three in number. I. The Behavior of Martha and Mary in the Days of Sunshine. (Luke 10:38-42,)

In this picture we see Martha engaged in preparing a meal for Jesus. In her effort to make the best preparation for her honored guest, she became distracted. She not only was cumbered with much serving but she found fault with Mary for not helping her. She even censured the Lord for permitting such neglect. Martha has had her followers in all ages. Every church knows them. The busy, troubled and fussy women who are engaged in service for the Lord with little patience for those who sit at the feet of Jesus. Mary sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word. She had taken her turn in the service as the word "also" would imply. She did not neglect service, but had the keenness of perception to discern that communion with the Lord was more prized by Him than the serving of a meal. Both of these women loved the Lord and it is impossible to say which loved Him more. In the days of sunshine in this home, Mary made the good choice of communion with her Lord.

II. Mary and Martha in the Day of Great Sorrow. (John 11:1-46.)

The next scene which occupies our attention is the occasion of the resurrection of Lazarus. In the time of the sickness of Lazarus, these sisters had sent for Jesus. Jesus loved the members of this household, and yet, strange to say, He delayed His going unto them. Marths met Him with rebuke, saying that if He had been there her brother had not died. This carried with it the censure for His delay under such trying circumstances. This act of Martha called forth some marvelous teachings on the resurrection. After this interview with Martha, she came to Mary with the message of a call from Jesus. Mary was composed and remained in the house until called for. She immediately responded to this call and used the identical words of Martha, but instead of rebuking her, He mingled His tears of sympathy had such composure in this dark hour was that she had patiently sat at His feet and listened to His word so that she understood the meaning of the tragedy. The difference then in the behavior of these two women in this dark hour was doubtless due to the fact that in the days of sunshine Mary

the Lord and that Martha had lost this grace through her fretfulness. III. Jesus Entertained at Bethany.

had entered fully into fellowship with

(John 1:1-9.) At this supper appeared Mary, Martha and Lazarus, who was raised from the dead. Doubtless this supper was in grateful appreciation of His help and sympathy in the days of their trial. At this meal Martha was back at her old business of serving, but it would seem with an unruffled disposition. Mary took a pound of spikenard, very costly, and annointed the feet of Jesus and wiped them with her hair. This was a token of her great love and devotion. She was back in her accustomed place at the feet of Jesus. With the keen intuition of true love, she brought her costliest gift as an evidence of her love. She thus anticipated His death and burial, knowing that she could not minister unto Him then. The Lord received this act of love at its full value. Against the foul criticism of Judas, Jesus defended Mary. He declared that it was no a waste than the ointment placed on the bodies of the dead in embalmment. In fact it was the doing of this very act beforehand unto Him. Only Mary of all His disciples had really understood Jesus when He said He must be crucified and raised again the third day. The announce ment of His crucifixion brought unto the others dismay. They refused to believe in the resurrection, but Mary came to annoint His body for burying.

Manners should bespeak the man independent of fige clothing. The general does not need a fine cost.-Emer

Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ, the condescension of divinity, and the exaltation of human ity.-Phillips Brooks.

Action of the Mind. The mind unlearns with difficulty what has long been impressed on it.



is what you want for your skin trouble

—Resinol to stop the itching and burning — Resinol to heal the eruption.

Scratching makes it worse, besides being embarrassing and dangerous, but the smooth, gentle ingredients of RESINOL OINTMENT often overcome the trouble promptly, even if it is severe and long-established. Bathing the affected part first with RESINOL SOAP hastens the beneficial results. Resinol products at all druggists.



WINTERSMITH W CHILL TONIC Malaria

Chills

Fever

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of

It is a Reliable General Invig-orating Tonic. Dengue

World Calls for U. S. Autos. All parts of the world are opening up as markets for American motor vehicles. Though some European countries are heavy purchasers of the United States product, the best customers for motor cars from the United States in 1922 were Australia, Canada and Mexico, which purchased 11,236, 10,214 and 7,270, respectively.

Exonegated.

Flint-Your neighbors seem to be "stuck up." Nisher-They speak to me.

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right By giving baby the harmiess, pure rs winslow's syrup

Stops Lamenes horse going sound, It mildly but quickly and W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 510 Lymn St., Springfield, Ma

Them With Othine-Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful com-plexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freekles under a veit; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freekles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for gouble-strength Othine; it is this that sold on the money-back guarantee. AGENTS: We have the perfect vulcanizer. Repairs tubes or cast where. Gunnanteed. Every autoist write quick for leritory. Johnson vulcanizer Co.. Bux 317, St. Joseph



