

Too Many Operations

The Right Medicine in Many Cases Does Better than the Surgeon's Knife. Tribute to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Doctor Said Operation or Death—But Medicine Cured.



Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and had me try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Another Operation Avoided.

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak from female troubles that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, do all kinds of garden work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letters, and many others like them, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

REDUCE YOUR FAT NOW!



These Pictures show Gradual Reduction of Excess Fat.

We haven't space to tell of all the good ADIPO is doing, but as an instance, Laura A. Fouch, McGonville, Ohio, says: "ADIPO took off 84 pounds 3 years ago and the reduction has been permanent. Effie Clark, Keokuk, Iowa, says: "ADIPO made a new woman of me. It took off 70 pounds 2 years ago and I have not regained a single pound." Mr. John McGowan, Memphrecock, N.B., Canada, says: "I believe I would be in my grave to-day but for ADIPO. It reduced me 105 pounds and now feel fine." What ADIPO has done for these and hundreds of other men and women all over the country it should also do for you. We are particularly anxious to reach those who have tried other methods and failed. Just send your address by letter or postal and receive the Free 50c box and illustrated book by return mail, post-paid. We send thousands of these Free trial packages all over the world. Address: The Adipo Co., 4077 Beard Bldg., New York City.

We extend this FREE offer to you, reader, because we want you to learn from your own actual experience what ADIPO, the new health-giving Fat Reducer, will accomplish in safely and easily taking off excess fat, without starving, sweating, ridiculous exercising or other inconveniences to the user. As one of our friends put it, "You can cut and grow thin." for you have merely to take ADIPO and live naturally—that's all. Some report losing a pound a day, and a Constant Improvement in Health.

50c. Box FREE

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Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

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Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and aware that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

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away from danger. An American guide who lives in Sonora, in Mexico, can imitate that note, and says that he can stampede a gang of the brutes at will with it.

The baboons of Africa probably have the best military regulations of any of the animals. While they are feeding in a dangerous place, they set sentries on every side—big, wise, veteran baboons that sit perfectly quiet and keep a vigilant watch. At a sharp bark of warning from one of these outposts, every ape ceases his occupation; even the babies hush their cries on the instant. At another bark, all may resume work or play; or, again, the second note may carry a different message; then the leader gives an order, and all retreat rapidly to the denser parts of the forest.

When traveling, these creatures have both a front and a rear guard. A half dozen powerful apes scout well in front of the main body, now inspecting the woods from the ground, now climbing to the tops of the tallest trees. If the traveler comes on a tribe of baboons, he usually sees only one of the scouts, which bares his teeth savagely, barks once, and is gone. Farther away, the hunter may observe the whipping of branches, as the rest of the tribe retreat so rapidly that no man can overtake them. Should the observer happen upon the rear guard, he will observe that they behave differently from the scouts. Not silent or cautious, they constantly give quick, sharp commands, now angrily chiding some lagging youngster, or giving another a slap and a bite.



Preparedness

As far as we know, the baboons are the only apes or other animals that post a sentry at nights. Commonly, they sleep in caves among the cliffs, and when all have retired to rest, you may be sure that one of their number will be wide awake, sitting on some exposed rock or other point of vantage from which he can see in every direction. Not even the leopard, the most determined foe of the baboon, dares to attack them at night unless he can surprise and kill the sentry. When attacked, they will fight in defense of their families until the last "man" is dead.

To Welcome An Ally

In the early days of the war, when English troops were first landing in France, they were often greeted by their allies in the French fashion—with eager kisses and embraces. An American who witnessed the debarkation of a troop of tall English cavalrymen laughed to tears—so he reported afterward—at the spectacle of small and excited Frenchmen excitedly waving little English flags and reaching up, or actually jumping up, to peck the abashed Britons first on one cheek and then on the other. The victims of the affectionate onslaught endured it patiently, although unhappily; occasionally a resolute sufferer would even rise to the point of reciprocally patting a French back. But no kisses were returned, even when bestowed with laughing audacity by pretty girls, dashing out of the crowd for the purpose and hastily running back. The only difference was that the man-kissed dragons looked dazed and miserable; the girl-kissed ones, dazed but complacent.

"The funniest sight I ever saw!" the American pronounced it. "And one that could only have happened in France."

That is not so sure, however. Other Latin races would be likely to do as much for needed and loyal allies. Besides, once at least, a French ally was welcomed to our shores with a kiss. To be sure, he asked for it.

When, in 1777, Baron von Steuben, the sturdy German soldier who had been a friend-of-princes and an officer of Frederick the Great, came to America to help organize and drill our untrained armies of the Revolution, he was accompanied by a French secretary, Peter Duponceau.

Young Duponceau was an accomplished linguist, a brave soldier, and a gay and winning young man. He was also a handsome one. On the way over he had borne a creditable part in putting down a mutiny on board ship, when officers and passengers had to fight, fourteen against eighty-four, to secure the ringleaders and quell the crew. The vessel, the *Flamand*, had also been three times on fire; and she carried seventeen hundred-weight of gunpowder. But at last, after a tempestuous and perilous passage of sixty-six days, she arrived in Portsmouth harbor on a fine, clear day in December, and Baron von Steuben ordered his secretary to don his dress uniform of scarlet regimentals turned up with blue and to go ashore in the first boat with a message to Governor Weare announcing their arrival. Duponceau was none the less eager to obey because, on the way over, he had accepted a wager with his fellow passengers that he would kiss the first girl he met on shore. They laughed at him, but he meant to win.

As he stepped to the wharf, very trim and smart in his brilliant costume, his eye fell upon a young girl, exceedingly pretty and bright-eyed, who was surveying the landing party, with innocent curiosity. He approached her, swept off his gold-laced chapeau with an air of the greatest deference and courtesy, and explained that he and his employer, the distinguished general, Baron von Steuben, were foreigners, come over the sea to fight for American liberty, and that, like a cavalier of old, he had made a vow to ask a kiss from the lady he first met on American soil, as a blessing for their undertaking. The girl hesitated, laughed, blushed and then frankly accorded the kiss.

Later in the day, when the fortress guns crashed a welcome, and Steuben and his secretary made their formal landing, and were welcomed at the wharf by cheering crowds and carried off by the governor to dine, she may have viewed the scene and shared the popular enthusiasm. Perhaps it enabled her to forgive, if she ever learned, the stratagem by which an ingratiating ally had won a warmer welcome than he was entitled to.

Yet Once More

This hour that wakes thee with its morning chime
To common tasks that change not,
year by year;
How knowest thou but for the latest time
Its measured strokes have rung upon
thine ear?

This hand outstretched to thee for help
to-day,
From the fierce current where the world
sweeps past—
Stop! ere thou shut thine heart and turn
away;
This one appeal to thee may be the last.

This cry of flesh and soul in agony,
This silence of forsaking, chill and dim—
Wait on His will, and suffer. This may be
The last of suffering thou shalt bear for
Him.

This love thou mightest pour upon His
feet,
This strength to help, to bear, to strive,
to be—
O let them not be lost in vain defeat!
What if this day were all of earth for
thee?

—Mabel Earle.

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.—He whose life is made miserable by the suffering that comes from indigestion and has not tried Parkelee's Vegetable Pills does not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These pills will relieve where others fail. They are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure corrector of disorders of the digestive organs from which so many suffer.