THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Godden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.



Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared." — Mrs. M. GODDEN, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

Such annoying symptons as heat flashes, nervousnsss, backache, headache, irritability and "the blues," may be speedily overcome and the system restored to normal conditions by this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.

General Pershing's Boys Need
Something to Fight Cooties with.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap
rids the skin of "cooties," rash, itches, and all skin affections. Supply your boys in the service with this wonderfully purifying soap—heals and soothes.
Contains 33⅓ per cent Pure Sulphur
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black & Brown, 50c

RIFLE SHOT THAT COUNTED

American Soldier, Within the German Lines, Wiped Out Party of Boches Who Were Laying Mine.

Private Joseph Moore of the Pershing forces is in a base hospital suffering from shell shock, but 40 Huns were blown to pieces by this Yank before he was downed.

"I've had a hummer of a time," said Moore. "Got a bad case of shell shock and went deaf and dumb for a while.

"I had been working pretty hard and was pretty near all in when we advanced and drove the enemy back some miles. I got ahead of my battalion and was about a mile and a half inside the enemy's lines. It was a miracle that I did not get caught. Disorder all around is what saved me, I guess.

"I came to the end of some woods and got behind a big tree. I saw a bunch of Germans with explosives, and of course I took a chance and shot at the stuff they were putting into the ground. I hit it, and it went off with a terrific roar, wiping about 40 Boches off the map. The concussion from the explosion was so great that I was rendered unconscious.

"Well, I woke up in the hospital; the nurses tell me I wandered about the fields like a crazy man for two days." Exchange.

New French Rail Lines.

A vast light railway system has been created in France, according to the British war cabinet report for 1917, involving the supply during last year of approximately 1,700 miles of track and the whole of the equipment. Exclusive of these light railway systems the total mileage of permanent railway track supplied complete to all theaters of war was about 3,600 miles

Creditors Must Eat, Too.

Mr. Thursday—Our friend, Dodge, tells me that he is doing settlement work lately.

Mr. Friday—Yes, his creditors finally cornered him.—People's Home Journal.

The Fortune Hunter.

Madge—"Did the count ask you if you would love him?" Marjorie—"No; he asked me if I would marry him."

Nervous People
who drink coffee find substantial relief when they change to
POSTUM
This pure, wholesome table drink does not contain "caffeine" or any other harmful, nerve disturbing ingredient.
"There's a Reason"

FOE CUTS FLYER'S PARACHUTE ROPE

Paris.—An act of refined German cruelty 4,000 feet above a certain battlefield was related to me at the great hospital at Neuilly, near Paris, by an American balloonist, whose name cannot be mentioned because he is not yet listed as a casualty. This American was descending in a parachute when a German aviator deliberately cut the parachute ropes. Here is his story:

"Another lieutenant observer and myself were up in a 'sausage.' We were not worried, because the German aviators had been very quiet lately.

"Suddenly a German pursuit plane dropped out of the clouds overhead in a straight nose dive toward our balloon, firing explosive bullets. We immediately took to our parachutes. The blazing balloon collapsed and plunged 20 feet away from us, the fire scorching us as it fell.

"I did not see the German aviator until about a minute after my parachute had opened. Then he drove past me, firing not at me but at the parachute ropes. I saw tracer bullets overhead had cut two ropes. The parachute began to wobble and threatened to collapse.

"I tried to use my revolver, hoping I could land one bullet before plunging, but I was hampered by the harness. The coward deliberately grinned at my first shot. Then he fired again at the ropes.

"Imagine my sensation, swinging helplessly in the air, watching the rope the parting of which would plunge me! Well, the parachute collapsed about thirty feet above a forest. Here I am, and my only hope is to get back and get a chance at that German aviator. I remember his plane number—yes, I got his number!"

DOWN PLANE WITH RIFLE

Remarkable Feat of Marksmanship Described by American Newspaper Man.

Atlanta, Ga.—How a German airplane was brought down by a squad of American infantrymen armed only with rifles is graphically described in a letter from Harl H. Coffee, well-known to newspaper men of the South through his former connection with the Western Newspaper Union, and who is now serving in France with the Eighty-ninth division.

A small squad of American soldiers, among them Mr. Coffee, was resting by the side of a road, when a German plane, flying very low, passed over and began dropping hand grenades. The Americans opened fire with their rifles and a chance shot struck the pilot in the head, killing him instantly and bringing the machine to the ground with a crash. This is the first instance reported where an airplane has been brought down with rifles, and it is not likely to be duplicated again unless some exceptionally good marksman gets a chance shot home.

FOOLS LOAN SALESMEN; JANITOR TAKES $900

Kansas City, Mo.—"What's the smallest amount I can give?" asked John Boylan, a janitor at the Commerce building, of a team of Liberty loan workers.

"Fifty dollars," replied the team captain, "but we hope you will—"

"See you after dinner when I talk to my wife," Boylan replied.

Three hours later, when the team returned, Boylan handed them a sack saying:

"That's all we can invest now."

In it was $900.

REPRESENTS AUSTRALIA



Photo by Western Newspaper Union

Henry Yule Braddon, the prominent and well-known Sydney business man who has just been appointed commissioner for Australia to the United States. Mr. Braddon is a member of the New South Wales parliament and his position, which is the first of its kind, represents the growing intercourse between Australia and the United States.

BIG U. S. NAVY BASE

American Naval Base, France.—Here on this rugged Breton coast there is an American naval establishment which is a sort of composite of the busy activity of the navy department at Washington and one of the big navy yards on the American seaboard.

Vice Admiral Wilson, commanding the American naval forces in French waters, has his headquarters here, with an executive staff quartered in one of the largest buildings of the city, fronting the Place President Wilson. American bluejackets are on guard at all the entrances, and steady files of American naval officers and sailors crowd the corridors on their various duties.

Besides the rush of the port itself, this is the naval administration center for 300 miles of the French coast, divided into three districts, with a number of the chief ports into which

Aside from the American transport the masses of American men and material are pouring.

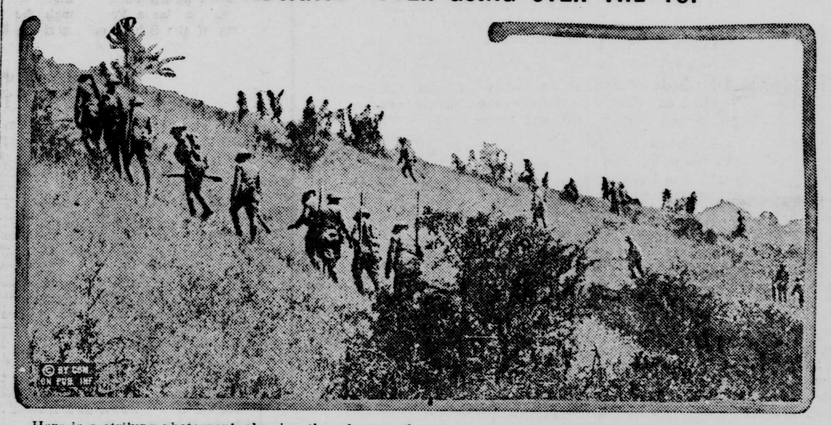
fleet which comes and goes, there is a standing personnel of officers and men in these districts, with some eighty ships—destroyers, repair ships, converted yachts, mine-sweepers and naval tugs.

Naval headquarters is in constant wireless touch with the whole range of this naval activity, along the 300 miles of front and far out to sea, where the convoys are steadily moving in and out.

It is a huge work this big establishment is carrying on. On the strictly naval side are the defensive and offensive operations—defense of American and other allied shipping across the Atlantic, and offensive in the war of extermination being made against enemy submarines.

Outside of the naval operations there is the steady march of a vast naval construction at all the ports along this 300 miles of sea front, repair plants, fuel stations, oil tanks, water works and all the requirements of a great naval establishment which is constantly expanding.

YANKS IN ADVANCE AFTER GOING OVER THE TOP



Here is a striking photograph showing the advance of an American detachment that has just gone over the top and is rushing on the enemy.

YANKS NOT LENIENT

London.—If anyone believes the Yanks are inclined to be lenient toward the Huns he needs only to take a journey among the hospitals and get the spirit of the boys who have been through the mill. They tell some pretty characteristic stories in the hospitals.

One of the officers, when asked what was the general feeling of the boys, said:

"All you have to do is to ask one or two of them to find out."

This story is told by one of the officers and vouched for:

"We were going over. The first blast of the machine guns got us pretty well. Then 'Jerry' started over. We met. In the move forward one of our boys was shot by a German rifleman. The boy's chum, standing close to me, saw the German who shot the first boy. We then rushed. The Germans began dropping to their knees and calling 'Kamerad.' This boy, with his chum lying on the ground, dashed up to the German who had shot him. The Hun cried for mercy. He was on his knees.

"'Kamerad!' repeated the Yank. 'You get no mercy from me. I'm going to run this bayonet through you, turn you on your back, and then put your helmet on the gun-stock. That's the only monument you'll get, you dirty —— Hun.'

"The German pleaded for mercy again, while the boy held the bayonet against him.

"Then there was a second's suspense. Then came the grunt as the bayonet went home and the Hun was bowled over on his back. Then the boy said to me:

"'Lieutenant, if I lose this gun will it be charged up against me?'

"'Not a ——— bit, go ahead,' told him.

"Then he shoved the gun until the muzzle went through the German's chest, the bayonet deep into the ground. Then he calmly took the Hun's helmet, placed it on top of the gun and said:

"'That's your monument, you —— Hun!'"

NO UPPISHNESS ABOUT SIMS

American Admiral Acts as Guide to Naval Wireless Operator in London.

London.—There's nothing uppish about Admiral Sims. Anybody who has joined the navy for the purpose of helping lick the child killers looks good to Sims.

Bill Swinger, former telegraph operator, now a first-class wireless operator, was plodding wearily about the Grosvenor Garden district trying to find some one who could talk United States and direct him to navy headquarters, when a big man with a reddish beard stopped him.

He talked United States and soon found that Bill was hopelessly lost. It isn't everybody who is directed about London by an admiral, commander in chief of Uncle Sam's warring navy, and Bill is rather pleased to have the honor.

Sims got Swinger's naval history in a few questions, then directed him to his "home port," which happened to be 28 Grosvenor Gardens.

CLOSE HOLES IN MACARONI

Uncle Sam Must Save Cargo Space and That's Reason for Innovation.

New York.—They've gone and abolished the hole in macaroni in order to save cargo space. They've gone and done it! This startling report has just leaked back from France, and it explains the recent strained ways of the great city's macaroni, vermicelli and spaghetti makers.

However, Uncle Sam must save cubic miles of room on his stupendous transportation undertaking. Spaghetti, without the vent, the hole, is just as good, tastes even more solid and saves, the diameters of its former air spacing reckoned in great bulk, many cubic blocks of room. In the A. E. F. it goes under the name of "wiggles."

What will New York's hard-pressed, unconventional and temperamental element do if veteran doughboys import a vogue on their triumphant return of "wiggles," without holes, into all the city's places of red ink and this slippery savory?

INDIAN PRINCESS GOES TO SING FOR SOLDIERS

Denver, Colo.—Princess Tsianina, daughter of a Muskogee Indian chief and widely known throughout the West as a talented mezzo-soprano, is en route to Europe to sing for American soldiers. Thomas Evans, half-brother of the princess, recently was killed in the battle of St. Mihiel.

Flagpole 346 Feet High.

Camp Lewis, Wash.—The tallest flagpole in the world, measuring 346 feet, has been erected here and from its peak flies the Stars and Stripes. The flag is 60 by 90 feet. The pole is set in 12 feet of concrete.

His Prayers Heard.

Macon, Ga.—Sandy Patton, an aged negro inmate of the Macon county infirmary for many years, will not be buried "on the county." For years the aged negro has lived in horror of this and says he has prayed to be spared the disgrace. He knew of no one who would pay the funeral expenses. When the will of Mrs. John H. Griffin was filed for probate a few days ago, it was found she had provided a sum of money for his burial. Sandy, a former slave, wept with joy at the news. He has no fear of death now.

Captain Knew His Men.

Chicago.—Questioned as to his ability to take a hill which threatened troops to the right, an Illinois captain in the Chateau-Thierry region replied: "My men will follow me to hell—if so ordered." The order was given—not to hell, but to victory—and the boys went. Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois vouched for the story.

The United States' annual production of sulphur in a dozen years has increased from a few more than 300 tons to more than 230,000 tons.

Prescribing for Paul

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Aside from any considerations of patriotism—and he really was as true a patriot as any in the county—Paul Dedham longed to join the colors and lamented the youthful bookishness that had made him too astigmatic as to eyesight to be of military use to his country. This secondary feeling of discontent in mufti was frankly due to the fact that he felt completely snubbed in the once-doting circle of his own family, snubbed by the young women of the community by whom his mother had once assured him he was regarded as quite a catch. For the little community of Marden was within short range of an encampment and Marden was doing its best to create a "desirable home atmosphere" for the boys in khaki. Meantime men who still wore gray cheviot, or blue serge, or pepper-and-salt business suits were negligible.

You don't mind not having any sugar on your baked apple," Paul was assured sweetly by his mother at breakfast. "We are making apple pies for the canteen this morning, and those apples were so tart that we had to use all the sugar we had on hand." And when Paul, his mouth in a pucker, put his hand out for the sugar bowl for his coffee his mother passed him a nice little jug of sirup, assuring him that he was going to enjoy using that in place of sugar because they had used practically their entire quota of cut sugar and they would henceforth have it only when they had soldier boys for dinner.

"The boys just love cake," his sister assured him, "and it does seem a pity to use any substitute in it." Then with moisture in her eyes—"They'll be in France so soon the least we can do is to let them have our wheat," and Paul gulped down a soggy bullet of a corn muffin and sipped cautiously the insipid mixture of his coffee.

Occasionally, however, Paul was assured that he was a "perfect dear." That was after he had signed a check for his mother for the Red Cross, or when he had paid the bill for a hundred pounds of candy for a soldier spread at the canteen. He was a "nice boy," too, sometimes, and was assured that he was one by some of the girls who had once rather vied with each other to meet him on the tennis court or golf links. But to earn that title he had to sit for an hour or more on someone's front porch holding hanks of yarn or winding them from the backs of chairs, while he was actually deserted for a man in khaki.

"If you should happen to get anything the matter with you," his sister told him one morning when he was feeling especially dejected over the cook's most recent attempt at war muffins, "I do wish you'd let Doctor Pratt have a try at you—not, of course, that I want you to have anything—but if you should."

And on inquiry as to who Doctor Pratt was he was informed that Doctor Pratt was Kate Pratt—that Doctor Peters, being a skilled surgeon, had volunteered for the war and that Kate Pratt, his niece, just from medical college, was going to handle his practice.

"And she has quite a lot of money, so she is going to give all her fees to the Red Cross or to the canteen or something. That is confidential, of course, but I have it on good authority. So it would be awfully nice if you did get something the matter with you to go to her. She's been quite successful. She set Priscilla's chow's leg the other day and the blessed dog didn't even whimper, and she fixed one of the soldiers' ankles at the service club dance. He was dancing with that fat Baldwin girl and she tripped him and he strained his ankle and Doctor Pratt fixed him—but of course she didn't charge for that."

To Paul there was something odious in the idea of letting a woman doctor prescribe for him, but he kept his opinion to himself and merely made some comment on Priscilla's chow, and hoped that he was much better. Meantime he had a new worry. He was wondering how he could get his socks darned, for his mother and sister knit soldier socks now to the disregard of the darning bag. At first he had bought new socks as he needed them, but he had now accumulated three or four dozen pairs and it didn't seem the best solution. He was wondering whether he could arrange with some seamstress to mend them without letting his mother know—he didn't want her to feel offended, of course.

So Paul's spirits and his appetite waned, and before long his mother and sister noticed a lagging note in his step and a stoop to his shoulders that had not been there before. He neglected the unsweetened apples and the coffee with corn sirup and they decided he had no appetite. "Well, any way, it will be a case for Doctor Kate," his sister told him, and because Paul was actually becoming alarmed over his own dejected condition and because there was no other doctor in the place, Paul made a special appointment for consultation and went to see her in old Doctor Peters' office.

Paul had realized before that there would be difficulties in consulting a woman physician, but the difficulties were different from those he had expected. For Doctor Kate proved to be a most radiant and bewitching young woman, who somehow sent strange thrills coursing through one's veins when she felt one's pulse, and for lack of a stethoscope she had to lay her golden-crowned little head against his heart for full three minutes at a time to find out the state of that organ. But, anyway, there were advantages in this new embarrassment. At least she was taking him seriously—even though she received a fee for doing so—and that was more than any woman had done since the encampment was established near Marden. She told him that he surely did need treatment, but that she would have to think the matter over before she could prescribe.

Meantime Paul went home encouraged and Doctor Kate cultivated the acquaintance of Paul's sister and mother. She had suspected something and she found it to be true. Then she laid out a plan for a cure and proceeded to apply it. But the cure did not come in any pill boxes or medicine bottles. The first dose was an invitation to dinner at her house, on the pretext of meeting her mother. And Doctor Kate watched with satisfaction that was not all professional as he accepted his fifth muffin—they were made with as much wheat as the Hoover regulation allowed—and watched him eat the dessert to make which she and her mother had foregone sugar for two days. Doctor Kate had a wonderful way of finding things out, for Paul himself never told her about his socks. But before many weeks had passed he was actually bringing his socks stealthily to Doctor Kate's mother, who assured him she had a perfect passion for darning, and since her own boy had gone to the front she had had none to do.

Then Kate prescribed some sort of electrical treatment for her patient that had to be administered every morning in her office before breakfast, and she also assured him that the good effects of the treatment would be offset if he went out afterward without eating. Having breakfast with Doctor Kate and her mother therefore became part of the treatment.

And Paul recovered rapidly. He regained the lost pounds, and presently his case was spoken of as a feather in the cap of Doctor Kate Pratt. Gossip had it that he was in an actual decline when she took him in hand. No one knew just what the treatment had been, but it had required many, many visits, and the fee that was handed over to the Red Cross as a result was enough to buy all the yarn that Marden women could knit up in a year.

And the funny thing was that when Paul sued for Doctor Kate's heart and hand and gained them both Marden women folk were a little peeved, even to Paul's own mother and sister. "It's always that way with eligible men," was the comment. "The girls in the home town can pet them and pamper them for years, but the first nice girl from out of town is the one they marry."

For Marden failed to see how pitifully susceptible Paul Dedham had become as a result of the neglect he had suffered.

ALL HAVE DREADED GHOSTS

Spirits Play a Most Important Part in the Lives of Primitive Peoples of the World.

Ghosts are extremely ancient. The people of old who dwelt in caves were well acquainted with them.

In the lives of primitive peoples of today a very important part is played by ghosts. Their world is thickly populated with them. When a man sleeps his phantasm, which cannot sleep, goes a-traveling.

With this phantasm he is quite familiar, because it visibly attends him in the daytime. It is his shadow. Savages are usually more or less afraid of shadows.

To the savage, not only animate but even inanimate things have their ghosts. Concealed within every object is a mystery—a noumenon lurking behind the phenomenon, as a psychologist would express the idea. In any rock there is fire hidden. One has only to strike it with another piece of rock and sparks fly.

Among the most appalling spooks that haunt the Iroquois is a carnivorous ghost that feeds on men. Echo, in their belief, is a phantom that repeats their words mockingly among the hills. Particularly malevolent are certain huge heads, without bodies, that go flying about.

Where Americans Lead.

The American is fascinated by novel problems, by ungauged and ungaugeable difficulties. He glories in building a Panama canal after Europe's most famous engineer had failed. Because Europe had never ventured to build skyscrapers that is no reason why a Woolworth should not rear a structure more than 50 stories in the air. For centuries man had dreamed of flying, but without success; yet two obscure American lads, nothing daunted, experimented until they conquered the air. The original McCormick was a farmer, not a mechanic, but that did not deter him from making up his mind to produce a machine which would cut grain, and he did not give up until he had made both a reaper and a fortune.

Telephoning in Japan.

The editor of the Japan Times says the telephone service in Japan is utterly bad. He wonders "what Job would have done had he lived in Tokyo and wanted to telephone to the specialist on boils." He concludes with the following incident: "A lady in Karuizawa called up her house in Tokyo, left by the next train, got the call and talked to herself in Karuizawa six hours after she arrived in Tokyo. That's not a joke. It's the solemn truth."—From the East and West News.

Army Supplies.

Since April 1, 1917, the army of the United States has been supplied with 5,377,000 overcoats, 8,069,000 woolen coats, 10,507,000 pairs of woolen breeches, and 55,958,000 pairs of woolen socks. Motortrucks to the number of 17,988 have been sent overseas and 9,860 motor ambulances have been provided.

Doing Right.

Everything on earth has its price, and sooner or later we pay for all that we have. When we complain that doing right takes so much toll of effort, sacrifice, and the loss of what we call "success," we have only to look about us to see that evil-doing is more costly still. Its demands may come in on the installment plan, but they will be all the more exorbitant because of that.

Had to Give Up Work

Mr. McMurray Was In a Bad Way Until He Used Doan's—They Brought a Quick Cure.



Mr. McMurray

P. K. McMurray, 48 W. Hickory St., Chicago Heights, Ill., says: "I was always a strong man until I was taken with kidney trouble. I worked many years as a blacksmith and this work brought the trouble on. When I stooped over there was a grinding pain in my back and I couldn't straighten up for four or five minutes. Sometimes it took me half an hour to put on my shoes. I got so bad, I had to lay off work for days at a time. Often I would have to get up a dozen times at night to pass the kidney secretions, and they burned like fire. My feet swelled, and at times they burned so that it seemed I was standing on a hot stove. I had spells of gasping for breath and dizzy spells, too, and my health failed rapidly. I was told that my working days were over, but *Doan's Kidney Pills* were brought to by attention and before I had used one box, I began to feel relieved. I kept on and by the time I had used ten boxes, I was absolutely cured. All pains left my back and other symptoms of kidney trouble disappeared and I felt as well and strong as ever."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July 1917."
DAVID H. SHAPIRO,
Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Priests as Aviators.

Catholic priests, who like all Frenchmen of military age, had to join the army, have distinguished themselves in the aviation service. Father Miraball became an observer with the "Hawk" escadrille and was always the first to volunteer for any perilous mission. The day of the great raid on Karlsruhe, after which the enemy admitted to 257 victims and $500,000 damages, the machine which carried Miraball and his pilot, Sergeant Seitz, did not return. Father Bourjade, second lieutenant of aviation, is a specialist in destroying observation balloons. He has won the legion of honor.

UPSET STOMACH

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Don't stay upset! When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel lumps of indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache you can get instant relief.



No waiting! Pape's Diapepsin will put you on your feet. As soon as you eat one of these pleasant, harmless tablets all the indigestion, gases, acidity and stomach distress ends. Your druggist sells them. Adv.

Naturally.

"Is the living he makes on a sound basis?" "You bet it is. He beats the bass drum in a band."

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. Price 60c.

Every Woman.

Maud—"Every woman wants to enlarge her sphere." Beatrice—"True; but not her circumference."

Granulated Eyelids, Sties, Inflamed Eyes relieved over night by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial proves its merit. Adv.

Don't expect to meet with success. You must get a hustle on yourself and overtake it.

HOW TO FIGHT SPANISH INFLUENZA

By DR. L. W. BOWERS.

Avoid crowds, coughs and cowards, but fear neither germs nor Germans! Keep the system in good order, take plenty of exercise in the fresh air and practice cleanliness. Remember a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean bowels are a protecting armour against disease. To keep the liver and bowels regular and to carry away the poisons within, it is best to take a vegetable pill every other day, made up of May-apple, aloes, jalap, and sugar-coated, to be had at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. If there is a sudden onset of what appears like a hard cold, one should go to bed, wrap warm, take a hot mustard foot-bath and drink copiously of hot lemonade. If pain develops in head or back, ask the druggist for Anuric (anti-uric) tablets. These will flush the bladder and kidneys and carry off poisonous germs. To control the pains and aches take one Anuric tablet every two hours, with frequent drinks of lemonade. The pneumonia appears in a most treacherous way, when the influenza victim is apparently recovering and anxious to leave his bed. In recovering from a bad attack of influenza or pneumonia the system should be built up with a good herbal tonic, such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made without alcohol from the roots and barks of American forest trees, or his Irontic (iron tonic) tablets, which can be obtained at most drug stores, or send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.



Immediate Shipments New South Corn Mill
Write us for full description and price of this standard, durable corn mill—produces fine, wholesome meal. Orders filled promptly. Write today.
AMERICAN CORN MILL CO., Box 37, Winston-Salem, N. C.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3541-0034.jpg