IS A HEALTHIER STRONGER GIRL

Because She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



The fertile valleys of Oregon help to supply the tables of America. This is possible through the magic of the humble tin can.

In one of the canning establishments, Julia Schmidt was employed. It was complicated work because she did sealing and other parts of the work. It was strenuous work and she was not a strong girl. Often she forced herself to work when she was hardly able to sit at her machine. At times she would have to stay at home for she was so weak she could hardly walk. For five years she was in this weakened condition.

She tried various medicines. At last a friend of hers spoke of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she gave it a trial.

"Everyone says I am a healthier and stronger girl," she writes. "I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to all my friends who tell me how they suffer and I am willing to answer letters from women asking about it.' Julia Schmidt's address is 113 Willow St., Silverton, Oregon.

Girls who work in factories know just how Miss Schmidt felt. Perhaps they, too, will find better health by taking the Vegetable Compound.

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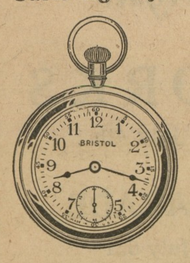
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Chestertown, Maryland

S. Scott Beck, Attorney.

ORDER NISI

S. Scott Beck, Attorney, Assignee
versus
Harry Hogans, et al

In the Circuit County for Kent County, in Equity, No. 2462.

Ordered, this 1st day of July, 1927, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by S. Scott Beck, Attorney, Assignee, under and by virtue of the Powers of Sale contained in mortgage from Harry Hogans et al to The Chestertown Bank of Maryland, dated February 10th, 1926, and duly assigned to S. Scott Beck, Attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2nd day of September next; provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 1st day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $5,000.00.

ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

jy2-4t ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

Harrison W. Vickers, Attorney

ORDER NISI

Harrison W. Vickers, Attorney and Assignee
versus
J. Harry Clark et al

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, In Equity, No. 2456

Ordered, this 29th day of June, 1927, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged personal property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Harrison W. Vickers, Attorney and Assignee, under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in four Chattel Mortgages from J. Harry Clark and wife to Davis Company, Harry A. Bolton and The Third National Bank of Chestertown, Md., and all duly assigned to Harrison W. Vickers, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3rd day of August next; provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each two successive weeks before the 18th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,916.45.

ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

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Conspiracy and Compromise

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)

"MRS. RANDOLPH TORRYMAN and Miss Torryman sailed on the Gigantic yesterday for a three months' tour of rural England." That was what the papers said. As a matter of fact, neither Mrs. Torryman nor her daughter, Marcia, had sailed anywhere. Mrs. Torryman had had her social secretary give out that item of "society news" so that she might get a little well-earned rest. She was not as young as she used to be and the last social season had been a little too much for her. She wanted to get somewhere where she could dine at six and read herself to sleep at nine.

In order to do this she absolutely had to do the vanishing act. For she was a very great lady in the social world; one of those who, if they speak to you three times at a dinner party, establish your social future beyond all doubt. More than all Mrs. Torryman was anxious to remove Marcia from the sphere of influence of Capt. Griswold Ives, an army officer, well enough in his way but without money. She had other plans. So she took a small house in the rather remote small town of Glendale and whisked Marcia away there.

Glendale had its own society which never thought of connecting the rather dowdily dressed widow who had taken the "Stevenson place" with the great society leader they had read about in the papers.

For the first three weeks nobody called. Then Mrs. Ralph Sillinger, whose husband ran the town's "department store," was seized with a fit of curiosity and dropped in on the newcomers. She was very condescending and patronizing and decided to ask the newcomers to tea.

She did, and then the trouble began. Mrs. Torryman declined the invitation on account of "ill health," but Marcia accepted. All the women who attended Mrs. Sillinger's tea were delighted to get a new arrival "in their midst" to patronize and took full advantage of the opportunity.

All very well. But Mrs. Sillinger had a son, a young man of twenty-six or seven, heir apparent of the department store and the greatest "catch" in Glendale. And Robert, the son, dropped in on his mother's tea party and saw Marcia. Robert was an overseas man; Marcia saw his Legion button and took to him at once. They managed to get into a corner together and had a brief but earnest conversation. He asked permission to call and it was granted.

The news of the "infatuation" of Robert Sillinger for the stranger-girl went straight as an arrow to the ears of Cora Sanford; and the young man found an indignant and angry girl waiting for him when he called on her the following night. When Cora had finished what she had to say, Robert said, "Now just let me talk a minute." His talk went back to the fighting fields of France; to a front line trench and two comrades in arms waiting for the zero hour to go over the top; and confiding messages to each other to be delivered in case one of them "went west" and the other survived.

When he had finished Cora said, "Oh Bobbie—how foolish I was to doubt you. Can I help?"

"Perhaps," replied Robert, "but for a while you and I had better pretend to be rather on the outs."

Robert went to call on Marcia—and he kept on calling. Mrs. Torryman was indifferent at first; then puzzled, and then indignant. That her daughter should seriously consider marrying Robert Sillinger was unthinkable. What did it mean?

At last Mrs. Torryman said tearfully, "I almost wish I had let you marry Griswold Ives."

"Well, you wouldn't," said Marcia, "and now you see!"

Mrs. Torryman was really crying now.

"Oh, please don't, mother," said Marcia soothingly. I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll compromise. I will dismiss Robert Sillinger this very night if you will cease to oppose my marriage with Captain Ives.

"I suppose I must submit—you ungrateful child!" returned Mrs. Torryman.

You see Griswold Ives and Robert Sillinger had been "buddies" over in France, and after the war Ives had gone into the regular service and become a captain. Robert had been told all about Marcia—been told in dugouts and trenches; had seen her picture, which Griswold always carried with him. And Griswold had written to Marcia all about his "buddy," Robert. So, when they met at Mrs. Sillinger's tea, and Marcia told Robert how matters stood, they just naturally hatched up their little conspiracy.

Mrs. Torryman returned with her daughter to town hurriedly; and Robert and Cora were married soon after. Marcia disposed of, Mrs. Torryman cheerfully resigned the sceptre of society to younger hands; and, Captain Ives' uncle dying and leaving him a fortune, not only became reconciled to her daughter's marriage but became persuaded that she had brought it about herself.

The colors that an individual likes and dislikes are usually determined by chance associations in his early childhood.

Tower Fortification

A martello tower is a circular fort of masonry, generally erected on the seacoast, which has guns mounted on the top in such a way as to be able to fire in any direction. The word is probably derived from the Italian "martello," hammer, and from "mortella," taken from Cape Mortella in Corsica, where such a tower resisted the English fleet in 1794.

Well Supplied With Eyes

The drone bee has 13,800 eyes, the worker 6,500, and the queen 4,900.

It Was a Certain Match

By QUEENA POLLACK

(Copyright.)

SHIRLEY VAN DORN shifted gears, and settled back in her driver's seat to survey the surrounding country with zest.

"Don't take it too fast, dear," advised Aunt Victoria, who had been her guardian since her own mother had died ten years before.

"But I can't crawl," protested Shirley.

"You'll be tired by the time we reach Gardener's, dear, and week-end parties usually have strenuous athletic programs," began Aunt Victoria.

"Do you suppose I shall like anyone there?" interrupted Shirley. "If tiresome Tom Manley attaches himself to me. I warn you, auntie, I'll fly home."

"You know," Victoria Brownslee started, ingratiatingly, "Mrs. Gardner whispered at dinner the other night that she expected Ted Farson, the shipbuilder's son, if he returned in time. You've never met him, Shirley, and you know he's quite the catch of the season."

Helplessly, Shirley laughed. Wasn't it bad enough to have to listen to dull conversation of the usual sort, she thought, without having to be bored by another youth returned from Europe and his tourist impressions?

"Dear, I'm thirsty," put in Aunt Victoria, "can't we stop at the next spring?"

"Yes, of course, and let's trust that it will cool my indignation about hasty and plotted marriages," Shirley answered firmly.

Shirley drew up by the side of the road and told her aunt to wait in the car while she brought a cooling drink for her. Crossing the road to the spring, she narrowly escaped being run down by a dusty blue car that flew with powerful speed from out a side road. Her aunt visioned a thousand accidents and cried shrilly, "Shirley, be careful!"

A mild-looking youth in drab hiking costume pulled Shirley to the other side of the road, end encircled her shoulder with a stalwart right arm to steady her.

"Oh, thank you," Shirley said dutifully. "You know America might have lost one of her rashest daughters if you hadn't jerked me aside in time."

"And one of her prettiest, too, I venture," the youth added, with a wide winning smile.

"Tosh," replied Shirley in her old contemptuous manner for flattery. "But I started across this road to get my aunt a drink. Now I see no cups."

"If I may oblige you," said her companion, proffering a cup from a camping outfit, "I'll risk crossing the road this time for your aunt."

"No," she countered hastily, noting the disapproval on her relative's face at this prolonged conversation.

She bent over to fill the cup with glistening cool water, and thought her rudeness to the man who had saved her life was unworthy of her real feelings.

"Here," he said, masterfully, "let me at least fill the cup for you, Miss . . ."

"My name is Shirley Sumner. And yours?" she said evading the truth.

"Timothy Torrence," he replied, suppressing a smile. She did not know whether he was smiling over her name or his own. His was funny, to tell the truth, she thought.

"Well, good-by and thank you for my life, which I do not value very much these days," she said, attempting to disarm further talk.

"Good-by," he said, equally unperturbed, "I hope to have the good fortune to rescue you some other time."

Shirley ran back to the car without a backward glance. Strangely, her aunt was smiling, and not at all impatient. As she jumped into the driver's sea, she thought guiltily that she might offer to drive her rescuer as far along the main road as she was to travel.

Her aunt voiced the same thought, which surprised Shirley. When she called the invitation, he accepted with alacrity.

"This is my aunt, Mrs. Brownslee, and this is Mr. Timothy Torrence," introduced Shirley. "Climb in and keep each other company. I'm driving as fast as I can to the Gardner estate at Langhorn road. If you want to stop before then, please signal me." Without another word she was off.

Once again she shifted gears, but this time sat forward in her driver's seat, tense. Faster and faster, she found herself flying toward Langhorn road. She could not hear conversation in the rear of the car, but did hear low laughter. What a sudden and strange cameraderie for staid Aunt Victoria! As there was no call for her to stop, Shirley thought her passenger was going past Gardners'. She stopped the car, almost wilted with the rush.

"We're late already, Shirley," said Aunt Victoria as she emerged from the car on the Torrence boy's arm. "Perhaps it will save embarrassment later if I introduce you to Ted Farson right here. Shirley Van Dorn is her right name."

Bewildered, Shirley stared from one to the other, and then surveyed their smiles with one of her own.

"Oh, I recognized her," countered the smiling, brown-eyed traveler of intelligence. And once again, a stalwart arm encircled her shoulder and she knew she would be saved from the danger of misalliance.

Pennant Scarecrows

Tiny flags that may be seen fluttering in the gardens in Japan are used to frighten birds away, thus protecting the garden. A lath upright is placed about every 20 feet, and a cord carried from post to post. On the cord strips of paper and cloth are tied. The fluttering pennants are, therefore, a graceful adaptation of the scarecrow idea.

Greeley's Peculiar Power

Horace Greeley as a boy could visualize a page and read it from any angle, even upside down.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

WOMEN AS SHOPPERS

IT WOULD be almost possible to prove the superiority of the feminine intelligence over the masculine by the fact that all women and very few men know how to shop.

The average male person is a pathetic creature in a department store.

He is lost and bewildered. He does not know his own mind, and so does not know what he wants.

As a consequence he usually takes what is offered to him. His main object is to get the ordeal over and done with so that he may find himself once more out on the sidewalk in the security of the street.

This masculine helplessness as compared with feminine resourcefulness in the matter of buying explains one of the greatest tragedies of bachelorhood.

In the last century the political economists invented an imaginary creature called "the economic man."

He was absurd because he never existed, except in the minds of those who created him.

He was supposed to "buy in the cheapest market," for example.

If a man wants a few shirts or a few pairs of gloves, he is as likely as not to go to a shop and pay a lot more for them than the same articles would cost him in another establishment in the same street.

But his wife or mother or sister does not do anything foolish like that. She seems to know with unerring instinct where she can do business to the best advantage to herself.

If a man is charged twenty cents, or thirty cents, for a glass of orange juice at his breakfast in a restaurant, he may grumble because he notices that the price has been raised.

He does not think of the price of the orange that went into the squeezer, as a woman would do, and make up his mind to go somewhere else in the future.

So man, the lord of creation, is the natural prey in most cases of the modern offender, known to the law as the "profiteer," while woman is always feared by that creature.

It is a simple matter but significant.

The supposedly wise philosopher who imagined the "economic man" made a great mistake to start with.

They would have been on safer ground if they had talked about the "economic woman." For she is "economic" in the other sense. She knows how to shop.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Cats as "Retrievers"

The ancient Egyptians are said to have killed wild ducks with throwing sticks, to have made use of decoys, and to have trained cats as retrievers. They also hunted with trained lions, which belong to the cat species. There have been also hunting leopards used as long ago as the reign of Kubla Kahn in China.

Essence of Life

Cheerfulness is to life what perfume is to the flower.—Forbes Magazine.

War and Peace

Peace is the happy, natural state of man; war his corruption, his disgrace —Thomson.

No Choice

Whatever the future has in store for us we have to take; we can't go to some other store.

Their Own Risk

Sinners walk in slippery places and they cannot sue anybody for damages when they fall.—Boston Transcript.

Bigger Pork Checks Lower Feed Costs! when you feed Larro HOG FEED



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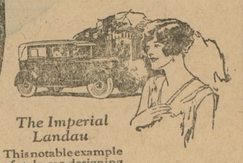


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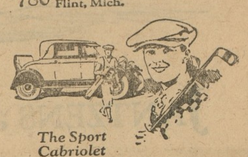
—all find in Chevrolet exactly the car that meets their needs, at a price whose lowness reflects the economies of gigantic production!



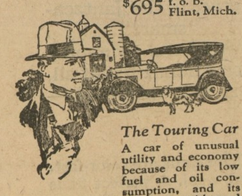
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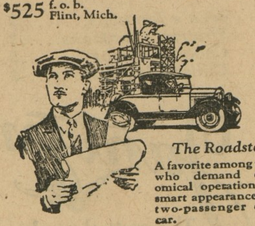
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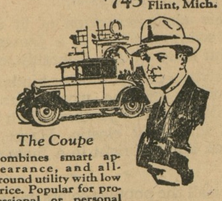
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