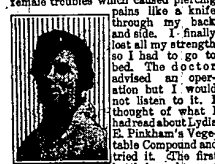


PAINS SHARP AND STABBING

Woman Thought She Would Die. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ogdensburg, Wis.—"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor told me that I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and at once wrote for a bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female troubles of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write for FREE BOOK, 'The Female Companion' to Mrs. E. T. DORR, Ogdensburg, Wis. Physicians undoubtedly find the best, but often the most delicate treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old-fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice."



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine made of the good old-fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and 50 cents. Write for FREE BOOK, 'The Asthma Companion' to Dr. J. D. KELLOGG, Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY.

University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
Offers Complete Course in Agriculture
Full courses also in Letters, Journalism, Library Science, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Medicine, Architecture, Commerce and Law.

SMALL BOY HAD NOTICED

That He Knew Man in Khaki as Marine Did Credit to His Powers of Observation.

A group of youngsters was playing on Riverside drive, says the New York Times. A military man, dressed in khaki and accompanied by a young lady, approached the group. The boys stopped their playing and with anxious eyes tried to identify the man in khaki. As the young lady and her escort drew nearer, one youngster with an air of superior knowledge informed his companions: "He's a United States marine."

Overhearing the remark, the young lady questioned the small boy: "How do you know he is a marine?" "Why, lady," exclaimed the youngster, "he wears an ornament on his hat showing an eagle, globe and anchor, but doesn't wear any hat cord."

The colored hat cords, yellow, blue and red, help many civilians to recognize at once a cavalryman, an infantryman or an artilleryman. However, the United States marine dressed in khaki is still an enigma to many persons who lack the powers of observation displayed by the small boy on Riverside drive.

A New Excuse.
"James, you are a dollar short in your pay this week."

"Yes, my dear. I had to meet the installment on my Liberty bond."

Some women are so busy trying to preserve their claims that they haven't time for anything else.

Coffee Drinkers

who are

RUN DOWN

usually

PICK UP

after they

change to the

delicious, pure food-

drink—

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

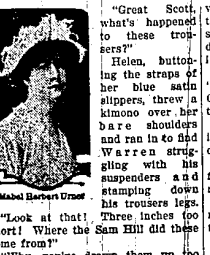
The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT UERNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Married Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

HELEN INVADES THEIR NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT IN SEARCH OF WARREN'S DRESS SUIT

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Model Helen Uerner.

"Look at that! What a mess!" Helen said, looking at the state of her apartment.

"Why, you've drawn them up too high."

"Too high? Let out to the last notch. When'd you have this suit pressed?" Helen asked, looking at the dress suit.

"Today."

"Well, it's somebody else's! That fool tailor got 'em mixed. Now we're in a devil of a fix!"

"Oh, Warren, he couldn't! It must be your suit."

"Is it, eh? How about this—Helen, looking at the name on the tailor's label inside the vest pocket.

"Mrs. Gordon!" Helen exclaimed. "Oh, that stupid delivery boy! I don't have to take it in and get it changed."

With anxious directions, Helen folded the suit over Dorra's arm and sent her across the hall to the Gordons' apartment to explain the tailor's error.

But the girl returned with the disconcerting message that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Gordon was in and that she could not make their Norwegian maid understand.

"Dear, wear your dinner coat," pleaded Helen. "The Leonards aren't very formal."

"The dinner coat's all right—but what about trousers? They happen to be in style this year."

"Oh," despairingly, remembering Warren had but one pair of trousers for both his dress and dinner coat.

"I'll see if I can suit 'em," Helen said, looking at the state of her apartment.

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"No, dear, you can't go like that! Wait. I'm almost dressed. Only Mrs. Gordon's so peculiar—I hate to go when she's in."

"Great Scott, what's happened to these trousers?" Helen said, looking at the state of her apartment.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," faltered Helen, "but the tailor's boy delivered Mr. Gordon's suit to us, and I—I can't get Mr. Curtis'."

"You came into my bedroom! This is most astonishing! I never heard of such—"

"Mrs. Gordon, your maid couldn't find the suit," in a crimson embarrassment, Helen suggested that she had taken it in and get it changed.

"And you took advantage of an ignorant girl to go prying through my things?"

"Prying?" flamed Helen. "You couldn't have waited until I got home!"

"We're dining out—Mr. Curtis is waiting to dress."

The coat and vest Helen had taken from the hanger, and now while Mrs. Gordon looked on in "contumacious silence, with burning cheeks and bungling fingers she was trying to free the trousers from the obstinate patent holder."

As Mrs. Gordon stood haughtily, and to let her pass, there was a heavy step in the hall, and Mr. Gordon blocked the doorway.

In unaffected masculine amazement, he gazed at Helen, an inconspicuous figure in her gray evening gown, awkwardly holding a man's dress suit.

"Mrs. Curtis was exploring our closets when I came in," began Mrs. Gordon maliciously. "It seems the tailor left her husband's suit here and she invaded mine to let her in while we were out."

"Oh, I say, Helen, I'm sure Mrs. Curtis didn't mean—"

"The 'tailor' of 'apologues,' quivered Helen, "but Mrs. Gordon persists in misunderstanding. The maid couldn't find the suit—she suggested that I come in and look for it. I suppose I should be in style this year."

"Why, that was quite all right," Mr. Gordon was following her down the hall. "I'm sorry you've been so inconvenienced. Wait, allow me to be opened the door."

"Oh, thank you, I'm in a confusion. But I—I shouldn't have gone to your room to look for it. I wouldn't if I'd supposed to think."

"Please don't let me distress you, I'll explain to Mrs. Gordon. I'm sure she didn't understand."

In her own apartment Helen flew into the bedroom, where Warren was waiting in fuming impatience.

"The fellow who presses the clothes left this suit with us, so you must have Mr. Curtis'," explained Helen laboriously to the Gordons' maid.

"This Mr. Gordon's?" smiled the girl. "In the hall, yes, but not in the room."

"But I want the other suit! You don't understand. The tailor got the suits mixed—she began again with distinct, painstaking slowliness."

"Oh, Helen, you're mad, ma'am, I understand. I got you the suit!"

Helen waited hopefully at the door, but it was a blue check suit that the girl brought out. "Black with a satin faced collar, and the maid came smiling back with a morning coat."

"Know what time it is?" called Warren, appearing in the hall.

"Oh, I can't wait any longer," Helen said, looking at the state of her apartment.

"Then go in and get it yourself!" "Oh, but while they're out!"

"Well, if we're going to that dinner we can't stand on ceremony."

"Yes, ma'am, you come look—that'll be all right," the maid assured them. Reluctantly Helen followed through the long dim hall. Though they had lived on the same floor with the Gordons for over two years, it was the first time she had been in their apartment.

Fast the dining room, with the table set for dinner, a dimples of a table with elaborate, but unpainted fixtures; and Helen found herself in an overhauled bedroom cluttered with creosote-covered boxes and a hand-made knickknack that suggested a church bazaar.

"Maybe you find it here," the girl threw open the closet door.

It was a crowded, dimly lit closet. The shelves were jammed with hat-boxes and the floor littered with shoes and shoe trees. From a cross-rail hung Mr. Gordon's suits. Helen went through them briefly. A frock coat, a suit, four dark suits, an overcoat—Warren's dress suit was not there.

"Maybe in hurry she left it here," suggested Helen, leading the way into the smaller bedroom that in their apartment Helen used as a dressing room.

Here Mrs. Gordon's clothes overflowed the bookcase crowded the door. On the cross-rail hung her better frocks on ribbon-covered hangers and among them gleamed the satiny black of Warren's dress suit. The sound of a closing door, and the maid came out with an anxious, "Oh, Mrs. Gordon—I talphered."

Helen stood paralyzed. Mumbled

voices from the hall. The girl was trying to explain. But the next instant Mrs. Gordon, looming in the doorway, stared at her intruding visitor in speechless amazement.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," faltered Helen, "but the tailor's boy delivered Mr. Gordon's suit to us, and I—I can't get Mr. Curtis'."

"You came into my bedroom! This is most astonishing! I never heard of such—"

"Mrs. Gordon, your maid couldn't find the suit," in a crimson embarrassment, Helen suggested that she had taken it in and get it changed.

"And you took advantage of an ignorant girl to go prying through my things?"

"Prying?" flamed Helen. "You couldn't have waited until I got home!"

"We're dining out—Mr. Curtis is waiting to dress."

The coat and vest Helen had taken from the hanger, and now while Mrs. Gordon looked on in "contumacious silence, with burning cheeks and bungling fingers she was trying to free the trousers from the obstinate patent holder."

As Mrs. Gordon stood haughtily, and to let her pass, there was a heavy step in the hall, and Mr. Gordon blocked the doorway.

KEEPING BOOKS FOR COWS PAYS PROFITS

Record of Michigan Testing Associations Show Value of Work.

MOVEMENT GROWS IN STATE

408 Members, Owning 5,642 Cows, Are Enrolled—Weed Out the Acre Which Proves Unprofitable.

By J. A. WALDRON, Extension Agent in Dairying, Michigan Agricultural College.

East Lansing, Mich.—A year ago there were just 250 farmers, owning 3,528 cows, enrolled as members of co-operative cow-testing associations in Michigan. Today there are 498 dairymen, owning 5,642 cows, who are members of such associations. This represents a growth in these bodies of almost 100 per cent within the past 12 months. The figures are a fair indication of the progress of these organizations made to the college on July 1.

To observing dairymen, this record of progress in co-operative cow-testing work speaks eloquently. It is a testimonial to the fact that these producers of dairy products have found it worth while to know exactly just how such of their herds are performing—but more than this, the progress made is a lesson in the value of co-operation. While willing primarily only to improve their herds and to employ tests to separate the best from the least, these dairymen, these men have also taken up other matters of importance to the dairy business and of interest to their communities.

The successes achieved by Cow Testing Association No. 1, Berrien County, are an illustration, and should furnish inspiration to these districts where this work of organization has not yet been taken up. The association was formed by C. J. Burleigh of the dairy district in December, 1915, and it began work on April 9, 1916, with 20 members, owning 320 cows, in charge. Seventeen of the 24 herds enrolled were grade, or purebred Guernseys, for this section is probably the foremost Guernsey district in the state. An immediate result of the cow testing was the elimination of the least productive herds among the Guernsey men was the formation of a Guernsey Breeders' association, which has proved to be a big factor in promoting the development of the cattle business in the local community.

But how about the results obtained by testing, since it will be assumed that this is the primary interest with a cow testing association? In this regard the report of the association shows 56 cows were sold during the year, their records under test showed they would not finish the year with a profit for their owners. In all, 408 cows, however, finished the year with a full 12 months' record to their credit.

The average production per cow for the entire association was 5,760 pounds of fat. The highest profit on any of the herds was \$108.00, while the most profitable cow was kept at a loss of \$31.90. The highest net profit per cow in any one herd was \$45.53. Another herd was kept at a loss of \$4.16 per cow.

The records showed further that one cow, a purebred Holstein, which previously had made a record of almost 25 pounds of butterfat in seven months, made only 12 pounds of butterfat during the year, and was kept at a loss of \$31.90.

In still another herd, the difference between returns yielded by the best cow and the poorest was \$112.00. The highest butterfat production was made by a grade Guernsey producing 558 pounds of butterfat, while the highest herd average was 434.5 pounds of fat. These figures show a few of the possibilities and pitfalls of the dairy business thought out by the cow-testing records. They have been given wide publicity in the community where they were made.

These association records have also been used to good advantage in the district in the selling of purebred and grade Guernseys. A grade Guernsey which led the association in butterfat production, sold at a public sale for \$100, when in all probability she could not have brought more than \$125 at the same sale without her production record.

The association has been as effective in stimulating dairy work in other localities. Branch county's association owes its start to Berrien No. 1. Three men in Branch county, purchased purebred Guernsey cows, testing records in Berrien and were so impressed with the association's activities that when they went home they immediately petitioned their county agent to organize a similar association.

Now new impetus in this region. This association in Branch county is continuing its organization.

It might be well to state here that dairymen interested in securing something of the sort taken up in their localities might so well take up the matter with their county agent and the department of dairy husbandry of the college.

HOGGING CORN SAVES LABOR

Many Michigan Farmers Find It Profitable Way to Harvest the Crop.

By PROF. GEORGE A. BROWN, Department of Animal Husbandry, Michigan Agricultural College.

East Lansing, Mich.—The call to arms, and the equally insistent call of city industry now so rapidly combining to drain the country districts of their farm hands, may put many a Michigan farmer hard up against the labor problem this fall. This situation, for farmers whose men have been taken, will largely resolve itself into a finding a way to get in the corn crop with as little outside help as possible.

"Hogging down" is one means by which this can be accomplished—though it is applicable to all crops, only to those farms where there are enough hogs, or sheep, to do the work.

Letting the hogs harvest the corn has these advantages:

1. The cost of building and storing will run from eight to ten cents per bushel. When we add to this the time required to feed the hogs, it will be seen that an immense saving in labor is effected by letting the hogs do the work themselves.

2. The manure produced by the hogs is more thoroughly distributed over the fields and a much larger proportion of it saved than the case where the animals are confined in a small enclosure.

3. Sanitary conditions are usually better in the field than they would be in a small lot.

4. Necessity for providing space for the crop is eliminated and less caused by rats and mice is done away with.

But there are also some disadvantages. These are:

1. Roughage is not utilized to any appreciable extent.

2. There is some expense and labor involved in fencing off small areas of the field at a time.

3. The necessity of hauling water to the field where hogs cannot reach the regular feeding place is sometimes bothersome.

4. The puddling of heavy soils if the season is wet.

The advisability of following the practice of hogging of crops will depend quite largely on the value attached to the roughage, the cost of providing necessary fencing, and the possibility of providing water in the field without too great an expense.

Shows weighing from 100 to 125 pounds are well suited to hogging of corn. For best results, also, the hogs should have some supplementary protein feed. A clover or alfalfa meal or molasses added to the corn is ideal for this purpose.

Another method of providing a supplementary feed is by sowing rye or rape in the corn field at the last cultivation. If none of these are available a commercial product, such as digested tankage or "shorts" should be provided in a self-feeder, or fed in the form of soap.

CLEAN BEANS BEST FOR SEED

Selection in Field Now Will Give Supply for Next Season's Crop.

By J. H. MUNGIE, Bean Specialist, Michigan Agricultural College.

Lansing, Mich.—Bean fields inspected in many parts of the state this season by the writer show the presence of much blight. It is not, however, as commented upon as anything either new or astounding, for scarcely any other result could have been expected when it is remembered that many of the beans are diseased.

Samples submitted to the college early in the year showed the presence of blight in a high percentage of seed, even where it had been hand-picked.

But these inspections which fall have also furnished evidence of the value of carefully selecting clean seed in the field. The crops which have been grown this year from this sort of seed are larger, the pick per bushel is less, and the beans are more plump and healthy than is the case with crops grown from elevator seed.

Appreciating this fact, there seems to be no valid reason why every grower in Michigan should not increase his bean yield in 1918 by using disease-free seed, selected in the field. This method of securing seed is one which progressive growers have found highly profitable in the past.

These men, when their beans mature, simply go through the field and pull those plants showing vigorous growth, and a large number of clean seed. When a sufficient number of these have been gathered, they are threshed by falling. After this threshing the beans are carefully picked, and the small ones and those showing disease, discoloration are removed.

In selecting, it should be remembered that all seed selected from pods affected with blight will, if planted, produce a diseased crop. All possible care should be taken in selecting, therefore, to secure plants as free from blight as possible. A high-yielding plant, with pods badly marked, should not be pulled.

Many growers buy seed from neighbors who have good results with their beans, but before buying be sure you have seen the crop from which the seed is threshed. If the field is badly blighted, secure your seed elsewhere.

High yields of beans are often greatly reduced after the beans are hand-picked. Seed from a field with a low yield of beans, but with a low pick, will often be a safe investment.

BIG CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA

Good Yields of Wheat, Splendid Production of Pork, Beef, Mutton and Wool.

The latest reports give an assurance of good grain crops throughout most of Western Canada, where the wheat, oats and barley are now being harvested, about ten days earlier than last year. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are all "doing their bit" in a noble way towards furnishing food for the allies.

While the total yield of wheat will not be as heavy as in 1915, there are indications that it will be an average crop in most of the districts. A letter received at the St. Paul office of the Canadian Government, from a farmer near Delta, Alberta, says that in that district is one month earlier than last year. His wheat crop is estimated at 35 bushels per acre, while some of his neighbors will have more. The average in the district will be about 30 bushels per acre. Now, with the price of wheat in the neighborhood of \$2 per bushel, it is safe to say that there will be very few farmers but will be able to bank from forty to fifty dollars per acre after paying all expenses of seedling, harvesting and threshing, as well as taxes. The price of land in this district is from \$25 to \$30 per acre. What may be said of this district will apply to almost any other in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Many farmers have gone to Western Canada from the United States in the past three or four years, who, having purchased the land, have been completing the payments before they were due. They have made the money out of their crops during the past couple of years, and if they are as successful in the future as in the past they will have paid themselves and their families beyond all possibility of lack of money for the rest of their lives. It is not only in wheat that the farmers of Western Canada are making money. Their hogs have brought them wealth, and hogs are easy to raise there—barley is plentiful and grass abundant, and the climate just the kind that hogs enjoy. The price is good and likely to remain so for a long time.

A few days since a farmer from Dayland, Alberta, shipped a carload of hogs to the St. Paul market, and got a higher price than was ever before paid on that market. Two million three hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty dollars was received at Winnipeg for Western hogs during the first six months of this year. 151,575 hogs were sold at an average price of \$13 per cwt, and had an average weight of 200 pounds each. The raising of hogs is a profitable industry of Western Canada, and this class of stock is raised as economically here as anywhere on the North American continent. There is practically no hog disease, and in immense quantities of food can be produced cheaply.

It has been told for years that the grasses of Western Canada, supply to both beef and milk producers, nutritive properties that go to the development of both branches. The stories that are now being published by dairymen and beef cattle men verify all the predictions that have ever been made regarding the country's importance in the raising of both beef and dairy cattle. The sheep industry is developing rapidly. At a sale at Calgary 131,433 pounds of wool were disposed of at sixty cents a pound. At a sale at Edmonton 60,000 pounds were sold at even better prices than those paid at Calgary. The total clip this season will probably approximate two million tons.

Men are now shipping their hogs to the Toronto market alone. Advertisement.

SOLD TWO FOR FIVE CENTS

Salesman Quick to Turn Action of Irrascible to His Advantage, and Won Out.

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a known proprietor was shown by the one day. He sent his card to the office boy in the morning, and a large concern, whose junior office was separated from the waiting-room by a round glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager, the manager, in a moment of impulse, sent him in half and throw it in the waste basket; the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back out his card, and the boy brought out 5 cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying, "Tell your boss I sold two cards for 5 cents."

He got his interview and sold large