

# AN OPEN LETTER TO WOMEN

Tells of Mrs. Vogel's Terrible Suffering and How She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Detroit, Michigan. — "My troubles were severe pains in my back and terrible bearing-down pains in my right side, also headaches and sleepless nights. I first began having these troubles when I was 16, and they have increased as I grew older. A little booklet was left at my door, and I read Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women and decided to try it. The first week I could go to sleep every night and I stopped having that nervous feeling and got a better appetite. The doctor had always said that an operation was the only thing that would help me, but I never had any faith in an operation. Since the Vegetable Compound has started helping me I do not suffer the severe pains, feel stronger, and am able to do my own work. I am more than glad to tell my friends that it helps where other medicines have failed." — Mrs. Gus Vogel, 6608 Palouza street, Detroit, Michigan.

A record of fifty years service must convince women of the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**Skin Troubles**  
Soothed  
With Cuticura  
Sap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Toilet 25c.

**BOSCHEE'S SYRUP**  
Alays irritation, soothes and heals throat and lung inflammation. The constant irritation of a cough keeps the delicate mucous membrane of the throat and lungs in congested condition, which keeps the throat sore and the lungs inflamed. Bosch's Syrup gently and quickly treats. For this reason it has been a favorite household remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and especially for lung troubles in millions of homes all over the world for the last fifty-seven years, enabling the patient to obtain a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning. You can buy Bosch's Syrup wherever medicines are sold.

**Holland Leads in Cocoa**  
For 200 years Holland has been a leading factor in the cocoa industry. Today Amsterdam alone has 13 factories engaged in the manufacture of cocoa and chocolate.

**Hall's Catarrh Medicine**  
Is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

**He Didn't Understand**  
"The latest is turkey insurance."  
"Gwan. How can a man talk insurance to a turkey?"

Only the Best Ingredients are used in Brandrich Pills. For constipation they have no equal. Take one or two at bed time—Adv.

**Sometimes**  
In any organization, if a member is reluctant about accepting its work, he is more likely to be allowed to do it the way he likes.

**Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION**  
BELLANS  
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief  
25c and 75c packages everywhere

**When they cough**  
KEMP'S BALSAM  
DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES  
MITCHELL EYE BALM  
Cures Colds — LA GRIPPE  
CASCARA & QUININE  
Standard cold remedy world over. Demand has borne Mr. Hill's portrait and signature. At All Druggists—30 Cents

W. N. U., DETROIT, Mo. 4-1924.

# The Brown Mouse

CHAPTER XIX

A School District Held Up.  
Colonel Woodruff, was on his feet as Jim made his way through the crowd about the door.

"Mr. Irwin is here, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "and I move that we meet the offer of our friends in Potawatomi county; but before I yield the floor, I want to say that this meeting has been worth-while. I have been the occasion of our all becoming better acquainted with our friend and neighbor, Mr. Simms. What- ever may have been the lack of understanding, on our part, of his qualities, they were all cleared up by that speech of his last night I have ever heard in this neighborhood."

More applause. In the midst of which Old Man Simms slipped away down in his seat to escape observation. "The man who opened the door if there was no objection they would hear from their well-known citizen, whose growing fame was more remarkable for the fact that it had been gained as a county schoolmaster—he need not add that he referred to Mr. James E. Irwin. (More and louder applause.)

"Friends and neighbors," said Jim, "you ask me to say I agree with you. I want to do nothing more or less. Last year I was glad to be tolerated here; and the only change in the situation lies in the fact that I have another place offered me—unless there has been a change in your feelings toward me and my work. I hope there has been; for I know my work is good now, whereas I only believed it then."

"Sure it is," shouted Old Peterson from a front seat, thus signifying that astute wrangler's definite choice of a place in the handgown. "Tell us what you want, Jim."

"What do I want?" asked Jim. "More than anything else, I want such meetings as this—often—and a place to hold them. If I stay in the Woodruff District, I want this meeting to effect a permanent organization to work with me. I can't teach this district anything. No one can teach any one anything. All any teacher can do is to direct people's activities in teaching themselves. You are gathered here to decide what you'll do about the small matter of keeping me at work as your hired man."

"If I'm to be your hired man, I want a boss in the shape of a civic organization which will take in every man and woman in the district. Here's the place and now's the time to make that organization—an organization the object of which shall be to put the whole district at school, and to boss me in my work for the whole district."

"Dat sounds good," cried Haakon Peterson. "You do dat!"

"Then I want you to work out a building scheme for the school," Jim went on. "We want a place where girls can learn to cook, keep house, take care of their own money, and learn to be wives and mothers. There's somebody right in this neighborhood able to teach anything the young people want to learn."

"And I want a physician here once in a while to examine the children as to their health, and a dentist to look after their teeth and teach them how to care for them. Also an oculist to examine their eyes. And when Bettina Hansen comes home from the hospital I want her to stay here to have a job as visiting nurse right here in the Woodruff District."

"I want a counting-room for the keeping of the farm accounts and the record of our observation in farming. I want cooperation in letting us have these accounts."

"I want some manual training equipment for wood-working and metal working, and a blacksmith and wagon shop, in which the boys may learn to shoe horses, repair tools, design buildings, and practice the best agricultural engineering. I want to do work in poultry according to the most modern breeding discoveries, and I want cooperation in that, and a poultry plant somewhere in the district."

"I want a laboratory in which we can work on seeds, pests, soils, feeds and the like. For the education of your children must come out of these things."

"I want these things because they are necessary if we are to get the culture out of life we should get—and nobody gets culture out of any sort of education that is not out of life, or they don't get it at all."

"So I want you to build as freely for your school as for your cattle and horses and hogs."

"The school will make for you—this new kind of rural school—a social life which will be the social center, because it will be the educational center, and the business center of the countryside."

"I want all these things, and more. But I don't expect them all at once. I know that this district is too small to do all of them, and therefore, I want a bigger district—one that will give us the financial strength to carry out the program I have sketched. This may be a presumptuous thing for me to propose. If you think so, let me go. But if you don't, please keep this meeting together in a permanent organization of general neighbors of the Woodruff school, and by pulling together, you can do these things—all of them—and many more—and you'll make the Woodruff District a good place to live in and die in and I shall go round to live and die in it at your service, as the neighborhood's hired man!"

By HERBERT QUICK  
(Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

service, as the neighborhood's hired man!"

As Jim, down there was a hush in the crowd, and as if the people were dazzled at his assurance. There was no applause, until Jim Woodruff, now seen by Jim for the first time over the blackboard, clapped his gloved hands together and waved it then it swept out through the windows in a storm. The dust rose from stamping feet until the kerosene lamps were dimmed by it. And as the noise subsided, Jim saw standing out in front the steepled form of B. B. Hamm, one of the most prosperous men in the district.

"Mr. Chairman—Extra! Bronson," he roared, "this fellow's crazy, an' if the people were dazzled at his assurance, there was no applause, until Jim Woodruff, now seen by Jim for the first time over the blackboard, clapped his gloved hands together and waved it then it swept out through the windows in a storm. The dust rose from stamping feet until the kerosene lamps were dimmed by it. And as the noise subsided, Jim saw standing out in front the steepled form of B. B. Hamm, one of the most prosperous men in the district."

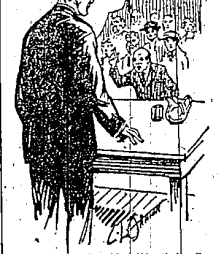
"Just a minute, B. B.," interrupted Colonel Woodruff. "This isn't as dangerous as you think. You don't want us to do all this in fifteen minutes, do you, Jim?"

"Oh, as to that," replied Jim, "I just wanted you to have in your minds what I have in my mind—and unless we can agree to work toward these things there's no use to my staying. But time—that's another matter. Believe with me, and I'll work with you."

"Get out of here!" said the colonel to Jim in an undertone, "and leave the rest to your friends."

Jim walked out of the room and took the way toward his home. A horse tied to the hitching-post had his blanket under foot, and Jim replaced it on his back, patting him kindly and talking horse language to him. Then he went up and down the line of teams, requisitioning blankets, tying loosened knots, and assuring himself that his neighbors' horses were securely tied and comfortable. He knew horses better than he knew people, he thought, if he could manage people as he could manage horses—but that would be wrong. Horse management was despotic; man-government must be like the government of a society of wild horses, the result of the common work of the members of the herd.

Two figures emerged from the schoolhouse door, and as he turned toward his home after his pastoral calls



"Tell Us What You Want, Jim."

on the horses, they overtook him. They were the figures of Newton Bronson and the county superintendent of schools.

"Did you want you back there again," said Newton.

"What for?" inquired Jim.

"You silly boy," said Jennie, "you talked about the good of the schools all of the time, and never said a word about your own salary! What do you want? They want to know!"

"You're right," said Jim in the manner of one who suddenly remembers that he has forgotten his umbrella or his pocket-knife. "I forgot all about it. I haven't thought about that at all."

"Jim," said she, "you need a guardian."

"I know it, Jennie," said he, "and I know who I want. I want—"

"Please come back," said Jennie, "and tell me how much you're going to hold the district up for."

"You run back," said Jim to Newton, "and tell your father that whatever is right in the way of salary will be satisfactory to me. I leave that to the people."

Newton darted off, leaving the schoolmaster, standing in the road with the county superintendent.

"I can't go back there," said Jim. "I'm tied up by you, Jim," said he. "This community has found its master. They can't do all you ask now, nor very soon; but finally they'll do just as you want them to do. And Jim, I want to say that I've been the biggest little fool in the county!"

"Fair woman," said Wilbur, as he creased his Prince Albert in a parting bow, "should adorn the home!"

"Bosh!" sneered Jennie, rather pleased, all the same, "suppose she isn't fair, and hasn't any home!"

This question of adorning a home was no nearer settlement with Jennie than it had ever been, though increasingly a matter of speculation. There were two or three men—rather good catches, too—who, if they were encouraged—but what was there to say of them? This is what Jennie asked her paper-weight as she placed it on a pile of unfinished examination papers, and the paper-weight echoed, "not a thing out of the ordinary!" And then, said Jennie, "Well, you little simpleton, who and what are you so out of the ordinary that you should stand at Wilbur Smythe and Beckman Field and such men?" And she answered, "What?"—and then the mail-carrier came in.

Down near the bottom of the pile she found this letter, signed by a southern state superintendent of schools, but dated at Kirkville, Missouri:

"I am a member of a party of southern educators—state superintendents of the main-line ten of the states to see what we can find of an instructive nature in rural school work. Professor Withers of Ames suggests that we visit your schools, and especially the rural school taught by a pedagogue named Irwin, and I wonder if you will be free on next Monday morning. If we come to your office, to direct us to the place? If you could accompany us on the trip, and perhaps assist us some of your other excellent schools, we should be honored and pleased."

And then came the shock—a party of state officials were coming into the county to study Jim Irwin's school! They would never come to study Wilbur Smythe's law practice—better in the world—or her work as county superintendent—never!—and Jim was getting seventy-five dollars a month, and had a mother to support. But there could be no doubt that there was something to Jim—the man was put of the ordinary. And wasn't that just what she had been looking for in her mind?

Jennie wired to her southerner for the number of his party, and secured automobiles for the trip. She sent a note to Jim Irwin telling of the prospective visitation. She would show all concerned that she could do some things, anyhow, and she would send these people on with a good impression of her county.

She was glad of the automobiles the next Monday morning, when at nine-thirty the train discharged upon her a dozen very alert, very up-to-date, very inquisitive southerners, male and female, most of whom seemed to have left their "r's" in the Gulf region. It was eleven when the party parked their machines before the schoolhouse door.

"There are visitors here before us," said Jennie.

"Seems rather like an educational shakedown," said Doctor Brashers of Mississippi. "How does he accommodate so many visitors in that small edifice?"

"I am not aware," said Jennie, "that he has been in the habit of receiving so very many from outside the district. Well, shall we go in?"

Once inside, Jennie felt a queer roar of her old aversion to Jim's methods—the aversion which had caused her to criticize him so sharply on the occasion of her first visit. The reason for the return of the feeling lay in the fact that the work going on was the same sort, but of a more intense character. It was utterly unlike a school as Jennie understood the word, that she glanced back at the group of educators with a little blush. The school was in a sort of uproar. Not that uproar of boredom and mischief of which she had heard family memories, but a sort of eager uproar, in which every child was intensely interested in the same thing; and did little rustling things because of this interest, something like the buzz at a football game or a dog fight.

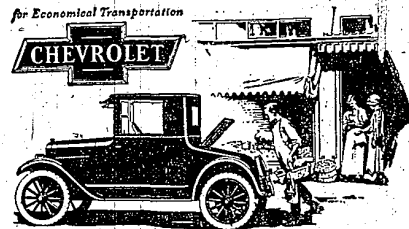
On one side of the desk stood Jim Irwin, and facing him was a smooth stranger of the old-fashioned lightning-rod type, who was the shoveller and larrikin sort of salesman of the kind whose sole business is to get signatures on the dotted line, and let some one else do the rest. In short, he was a "doser."

Standing back of him in evident distress was Mr. Cornelius Bonner, and grouped about were Columbus Brown, B. B. Hamm, Ezra Bronson, A. B. Talcott and two or three others from outside the Woodruff district, all envelopes in their hands and the light of battle in their eyes stood Newton Bronson, Raymond Simms, Bettina Hansen, Mary Smith and Angie Talcott, the boys filled with delight, the girls rather frightened at being engaged in something like a debate with the salesmen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

For Policemen's Comfort.  
Hot plates, warmed by electricity, are set into the ground at certain street corners in Amsterdam. They are intended for the comfort of policemen on crowding duty.

Benefit Through Suffering.  
And this is the course of Nature: highlight the eddy brain, widen the narrow mind, improve the trivial heart.—Charles Baud



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