

#### WE. THE PEOPLE.

We the People, not the Crown. Not the surplice nor the brand. Noble's crest nor schoolman's gown. Burse nor rostrum, grange nor town,-We the People rule our land.

We the People, not the Few, High nor low nor middle class, High and low and middle, too, Freemen, he and I and you. We, the multitude, the mass.

Dumb we Plodded feudal years. Goaded by the lash of scorn; Groaning, wept a sea of tears; Lo; at last our day appears. Dawn of the millenial mora!

Asia deemed our woe decreed, Brahm nor Buddha heard our cry, Europe heard with sullen heed, Prince and Pontiff mocked our need, Making Christ a bitter lie.

## NOTES.

Autographs of great musicians are more rain assets. Except, perhaps, in the case of Beethoven, one of whose letters at a recent sale of Berlin real-ized \$187, and another, which contained two lines of music, \$200, a mark's celeb-rity would not appear to guarantee a "fancy" value to his signature, as on the same occasion an autograph of John Sebastien Bach, much rarer than those of Beethoven, sold for only \$155. Some other prices which obtained at this sale, notwithstanding that, at pre-vious auctions of the kind, autographs of the same men had practically gone begging, are quoted by Harper's Week-iy as follows: A letter of Bellin, \$37; a small one of Bizet, \$40, three letters of Berlioz, \$88; a letter of Chopin, \$250. Gluck manuscripts are scarce one of music, dated from Vienna, Dec. 1, 1769, at bough a small affair, changed hands of the same at \$20, and a letter of the same at \$20, and a letter although a small affair, changed hands of \$1,000. A visiting-card of Hayda found a purchaser at \$20, and a lefter of the same at \$427. Two lefters of Schubert realized respectively \$400 and \$276; a scrap of writing of Mozart, \$276; four letters of Wagner, \$322. Such figures may be taken to be satisfactory or not according to the point of view. To many they will but suggest a grim comparison with prices paid to these musicians when alive for their actual work.

work. Anne Warner French, the author of the Susan Clegg stories, has dramatized of Aunt Mary," and the play will be produced in New York next fall. In a recent interview, she told a reporter that she wrote 1,000,000 words in the first year she composed for publication, and she claimed ability to write in leg-fible longhand 1,000 words an hour. Her claim on public recognition as a writer of humorous future stories, however, rests on "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," and her other "Susan Clegg" stories. Of these stories the New York Times says, "Her Susan Clegg stories, rich in puncent humor and chiremens the best humorous literature - which means the best humorous literature - which means the best humorous literature -which means the best humorous lit-brature in the world."

The Harpers, who are the publishers of the Sherlock Holmes books, have just received an interesting letter from a received an interesting letter from a man in Tennessee. He is deeply con-cerned over some unexplainable mark-ings on an important paper, and writes in naive confidence for the address of Hoimes, so that he may submit to him the mystery and ask for the solving of it! 8. 8. 8

Broken are his bands and bars; Faith's futurity foreknown Domes a sky of promise sown Thick with happy-omened stars.

Zealous, not iconoclast, We would spare the ancient true: Life in death is rooted fast: And the fruitage of the Past Is the Passing,—is the New.

Azure blood and haughty crest, Blazon of heraldic scroll, Coin in coffer, star on breast,— These are good, but better, best, Is the rank, the wealth, of soul.

Earth grows better growing old, Still by happier races trod; Plato's iron men are gold; Large humanities unfold; Evolution's law is—God.

We the People. We the State, Subject, Souvereign, both in one, Trust in Highest Potentate, Trust, O World, in Us and wait, God has willed our will be done. — William H. Venable.

The steady development of a great manly, though wayward soul needed just this sunshine of a true and steady perennial loving-kindness."

perennial loving-kindness." To do his literary work, Lew Wallace built a library in the middle of his gar-den; a large building, with every ar-rangement for comfortable writing, and with shelves for his thousands of books. Since the general's death, Mrs. Wal-lace has remained so devoted to the memory of her distinguished husband that she has kept everything in this building in precisely the same condition in which he left it. Even the book which he was last reading lies open at the page. the page.

The Harpers have just issued a new edition of The Story of Music and Mu-sicians. by Lucy C. Lillie. Although it was first published 20 years ago, they find a continuous demand for the book, it having been written with the object of interesting young students in the technique of music and in the associa-tions amid which great masters have worked. \* \* \*

"Wireless Telegraphy," by Prof. A. E. Kennedy of Harvard, is promised by Moffat, Yard & Company at the end of this month. This book sums up to date the whole accomplishment of the world's latest scientific wonder. It is written for the man in the street as well as for the student.

John W. Munson, whose "Reminis-cences of a Mosby Guerilia" shows him one of the most daring and energetic in one of the bloodiest warfares of mod-ern times, is today the calmest, mildest, wort entitle manened man one is like ern times, is today the calmest, mildest, most gentle mannered man one is like-ly to meet in a winter. The other day, on his way from town to his Long Island stock farm, he met a neighbor whom he has known falrly intimately for several years, who said to him: "Munson, they tell me you were a Confederate solder. I didn't believe it. Is it true?" "Yes," said Mr. Munson, "it is true." "Is that so?" realled his friend. "well

Is it true?" "Yes," said Mr. Munson, "it is true." "Is that so?" replied his friend. "well now let me advise you to get a book I've been reading lately. It is simply ripping. I'm starting it over again. Now if you were in the war, and on the rebel side, it would interest you doubly. Get it and get it quick." "What's the title of it?" asked Mr. Munson. Munson

"Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerril-" replied his friend. la,

DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2 1907

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS. 



# GEN. WM. H. KIMBALL, "MINUTE MAN," NEARLY 60 YEARS AGO.

This interesting old picture shows Gen. Kimball as he looked in the days of '48 and '49, when he was one of the 'Minute Men." appointed by Gov. Brigham Young. Gen. Kimball is now past 80 and is passing the closing years of his life in Coalville, Utah. Despite his age, he takes an active interest in everything pertaining to the military and militia, and seldom misses a chance

to meet such of his old comrades as survive in occasional reunions at Sait Lake.

Lake. Gen. Kimball writes interestingly to the "News" under date of Jan, 21. He speaks of seeing the picture of the old group of hand cart missionaries in the Christmas News, and how deeply inter-ested he was in seeing their faces once more. Speaking of the famous body of "Minute Men" he says: The men, selected as "Minute Men" by Gov. Brigham Young, were picked by Geo. D. Grant and myscif. The governor wanted us to organize a com-pany of cavalry, 64 rank and file, to be known as "Life Guards," from the younger members of the Mormon Bat-talion. All were hardy pioneers of 1847 younger members of the Mormon Bat-talion. All were hardy pioneers of 1847 and 1848; they were ordered to 'sleep with one eye open, and one leg out of bed,' until Utah was free from Indians, robbers and roving Mexicans, of whom there were many in Utah at that time. The territory then embraced what is now Utah, Nevada, Idaho and Colorado, and the band of life guards led by Capt. Geo. D. Grant, with Wm. H. Kimball, N. V. Jones and James Fer-

says Isabel Gordon Curtis. "A pretty house near us, which had been long unrented, was soon to have tenants, and we watched with interest for the unrented, was soon to have tenants, and we watched with interest for the newcomers, who were from out of town. They were a newly married cou-ple; the husband as a handsome young fellow, cashier th one of our leading banks; the wife was as pretty as the poverbial picture. They made the house into the most artistic little home possible, and the young wife appeared day after day in bewilderingly dainly gowns. After a few months, however, there came a interregnum in the lit-tle home. A volunihous colored wo-man, who had ruled the kitchen, de-parted one morning with her grip and an ungracious goodbye. Evidently the young mistress discovered, as we all do that the hired girl problem is a prob-lem, for she struggled along for weeks without help. One morning I can over for a neighborly call and found her at her desk. It was littered with bills, and a book lay open that looked as if some one were attempting to keep household accounts. She had heen crying—one could see that with half an eye. She needed help; I long-ed to offer it; still I feared to intrude. Then she broke down crying. There was a confession of housewifely trials

TE MAN," NEARLY 60 YEARS AGO. life. two long complete novelettes each twolve short stories and long instal-ments from three or four serial stories. ments from three or four serial stories. The opening novelette in the Febru-ary issue has the remarkable title, "The Man Who Was Buried." And the story is as remarkable. It is writ-ten by Crittenden Marriott, and relates the experiences of a man who was to all appearances dend and buried, but who reappeared with the most astonish-ing narrative ever conceived. It is a strong story, well told, and abounding in "thrills." George Bronson-Howard writes the other novelette. It is a in "thrills." George Bronson-Howard writes the other novelette. It is a Japanese story-the real, not the ideal Japanese. Mr. Bronson-Howard knows

# scholar, has brought a horned's nest about his cars by'telling the Eng-lish neople some plain truths about themselves. The occasion was the first public meeting of the recently formed English association, instituted to pro-mote the correct use of English and to secure for English subjects a foremost place in the curriculum of every school and college throughout the British em-pire. Mr. Lee said that the rank and file of the American people gooke and wrote better English than the aver-age Englishman. Furthermore English was better taught in both the low and high grade schools in America than in similar English than the the the stanced the fact that at Harvard uni-versity there were 20 professors of Eng-lish stated to the of the stand versity there were 20 professors of Eng-lish studies, while at Oxford, there was practically only one. In advanced English scholarships, America, he said, English scholarships, America, he said, was outstripping England. There is no man better qualified to make the comparison than Mr. Lee, He is a master of English literature. He is well acquainted with the educa-tional systems of both countries. He has filled lectureships at Lowell insti-tute, Johns Hopkins, and Princetown University in America. But that does not make what he says any the more palatable for English folk. Some of the attempts made here to re-fute his statements are ludicrous. A great London two-cent daily has re-course to an anonymous interview and an obviously faked interview at, that.

ONDON, Jan. 16 .- It is the truth that hurts most. Sidney Lee, the great English Shakespearean

scholar, has brought a hornet's

inecial Correspondence

Praise of American Speech

Bitterly Resented in 1

Our London Literary Lette ...

glan

great London two-cent daily has re-course to an anonymous interview and an obviously faked interview at that. It quotes "an American gentleman stay-ing at the Sarvoy hotel" as saying: "I guess we know considerable more about your language than you do yourself. Sidney Lee's got right there and I reck-on he's sized you up O. K. We have real live professors in our semina and what they don't know about the British language ain't worth knowing. Shucks, any guy who says contrary don't know enough to keep out the rain. And that's a fact." This is the sort of stuff which a dig-nified English journal sets before its readers as a fair specimen of "English as she is spoke" by American gentle-men." As well might one quote the language of a costermonger as typical of that of the swells of Mayfield and Belgravia.

anguage of a costenion of Mayfield and Belgravia. The neglects of English studies at the much valited English public schools--J Eton, Harrow, Rugby and similar fa-mous institutions--has frequently been denounced by Englishmen of weight and prominence, as scandalous. The classics-dead languages--take their place in the curriculum. At the close of the Boer war, with its numerous "re-grettable incidents," various learned commissions held inquiries into the mental status of the British officer, who, in nine cases out of ten, is a pro-duct of these same public schools. The result was a sweeping condemnation of their educational methods. And that denunciation has been going on ever since. Consider this for instance, Soon after Lord Kitchener went to India, a

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women.

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able to wake them up.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FICTION.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

3

Baldwin-Wonder Book of Horses Eddy-Friends and Their Helpers Eggieston-Big Brother. Fox-Indian Primer. Pler-Harding of St. Timothy's. Wade-Our Little Russian Cousin.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

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Mattri, Indiana Stall, D. D. What a Young Boy Ought to Know, What a Young Boy Ought to Know, What a Young Man Ought to Know, What a Young Hushand Ought to Know, What a Young Hushand Ought to Know, What a Man of 45 Ought to Know, What a man of ab olight to know.
 4 BOOKS TO WOMEN. By Mrs. Mary Wedd Aller, M. D. and Mrs. Emmi P. A. Drais, M.D.
 What a Young Girl Ought to Know.
 What a Young Woman Ought to Know.
 What a Young Wife Ought to Know.
 What a Woman of 48 Ought to Know.

search." Joyce-Old Celtic Romances. Lucas-Wänderer in London. Merriman-Strength of Materials. Natural Education Ass'n.-Proceedings 894, 1895, 1895, 1895; 4 vol. Purchas-His Pilgrims; vol. 19. Sherard-Life of Oscar Wilde. Speaker-Vol. 1. Trine-In the Fire of the Heart. Wood-Elementary Mechanics. Vir Publishing Co., oro Land Title Building,



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of it! Tolstoy's "Essay on Shakespeare" was begun by him as a preface to the Russian edition of Ernesi Crosby's Essay on "Shakespeare's Attitude to the Working Classes," but the preface provide the original Essay. An English visitor, who arrived at Yasuata Polana shortly after Tolstoy had re-cived a copy of Mr. Crosby's essay, re-ports that he found the great Russian nevelist much delighted with it. "The said Tolstoy to him, "and this pamphler of Mr. Crosby's has for the first times how mee why." Mr. Crosby's essay also called forth a long outburst of humorous criticism from Andrew Lang, in the Morning Post, and a more ap-preciative article from William Archer, The volume now published by the Funk Wagnalls company contains Mr. Crosby's essay and some comments by Mr. Bernard Shaw, as well as the es-say of Tolstoy. say of Tolstoy.

Gen. Oliver Olis Howard, the most distinguished survivor of the Civil war, of either the Northern or the Southern side, says, in reard to the recently published Autobiography of his com-mandon-in-arms, General Lew Wallace (Harpers):

(Harpers): "Nothing T have ever read, except perhaps Ben-Hur, hus so filled my heart and mind and thrilled me as this autobiography." And, in reference to the influence of Wallace's mother upon the development of the future author and general, he

BRANE:

is a perfect food as wholesome as it is delicious-highly Sourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health, and prolong life, Be sure that you get the genuine, bearing our trademark on every can.

47 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE and AMERICA

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd Established Dorchester, Mass.

[a." replied his friend.
"Who's the author?"
"Why, let me see, Munsey, I think it was. Or Munson, may be, It's a name mighty like yours. But it don't matter who wrote it; you read it."
It is characteristic of Mr. Munson

that he let it go at that.

Like Thackeray, Mrs. Margaret Da-land began her career as an artist, in-stead of as an author. After receiving her education at one of the best of girls' schools, shee-then Margaret Campbell-went to New York city and studied drawing and designing at the Cooper Institute. She graduated at the head of her class, and her ability was so marked that she was promptly asked to take the place of instructor in design at the Girls' Normal College in the same city. She accepted the offer, and it was while holding this position that she met her future husband, Lorin F. Deland. They were married in 1880, and shace then their home has been in Boston. Her real name is "Margaret Wado Deland." but she prefers to sign her work simply "Margaret Deland." Like Thackeray, Mrs. Margaret Da-

BOOKS.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. of Indianapo-ils have published in book form Mar-guerite Merrington's comedy "Cap-tain Letterblair," which had so long a run with E. H. Sothern in the title cast. While the play proved its suc-cess as such by its long popularity, yet to the reader it seems to suggest more of the mere literary than the play-wright's work. The dialogue at times seems too long drawn out for ef-ficiency in the necessary elements of comedy which should be sparkling, and the plot while satisfactory in out-line sawers too such of the old time melodrama, with the omnipresent heavy villain and his trite methods

line savirs too such of the old time melodrama with the omniptesent heavy villain and his trite methods than the lighter and more original modern work. In view of the play's pronounced success, criticism of this sort secres a sort of "looking back-ward" affair, yet not a few of the stage successes of the day are light waisted enough to awaken comment while the spectator thoroughly enjoys the production. In book form, howthe production. In book form, how-ever, the play must be judged on pure-by literary standards and from this view is a capubly handled tale.

view is a capably handled tate. "Sea Power in Its Relations to the War of 1812," the latest work by Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. (retired), was commenced by President Roosevelt in his message to Congress. Although the president refrained from mention-ing the title of the book, in speaking of the value of a bavy as a guarantor of peace, he urged the study of our country's failures, addins: "For this purpose, nothing could be more in-structive than a rational study of the war of 1812, as it is told for instance by Capt. Mahan." It will be remem-bered that President Roosevelt's own history of the war of 1812 appears in its rewritton and definitive form in volume VII of Sir William Laird Clowes' history of "The Royst Navy." Capt. Mahan has been urged to under-take the tasks of writing an authentic history of the American navy. "The germ of the story in "The

"The germ of the story in "The Making of a Housewife" (Frederick A. Stokes company) came from a neigh-borly experience I had years ago,"

helf an eye. She needed help; i long-ed to offer it; still I feared to intrude. Then she broke down crying. There was a confession of housewifely trials and housewifely ignorance and a gill-ish outburst for sympathy. I was in-vited to inspect the terrible account book, 'which was driving her wild and had given her a headache.' I fancy a heartache went with the head-ache, for she was actually spending on their living more than the annunt of her husband's income. They had been living on lobster at 30 cents a pound, the lordlest cuts of steak and reasts, on vegetables and fruits which were absurdly out of season on spring broilers, squabs and ventson, as well as other extravaginces in the shape of choice groceries. Even these deli-encies had been numanaged, and the food that had been purchased within a few weeks would have fed a large family. She had been cooking with a treatise on fancy cookery as a guide, and it was almost impossible to keep from smiling, as she told me that Harry was utterly theed of chicken wiggle for breakfast, although it was the only thing he could cook decently. Once she hod taken a course in chaf-ing-dish cookery, and she was an adept at making Weish rabbit, lobster a la Newburg or Socteh woodcock. But as to buying food for everyday living, how to cook it or re-serve it, or how to plan a wholesome meal, she was in

as to buying food for everyday living how to cook it or re-serve it, or how to plan a wholesome meal, she was in profound ignorance. She was cager however, to become helpful and eco-nomical, and before six months of neighborly acquaintance passed she had become a perfectly capable little houseverfe. She told me of scores of which become when head percents girls she knew, who had married and become mistresses of new homes, but were quite as ignorant of housewifery as she was. From this experience, I sow the possibility of a book half story, half practical advice, for the aid of such young housekeepers, who need, not a cook book, but a sort of A, B, C, to housewffery

# MAGAZINES.

The Popular Magazine for February, with its 224 pages of the most entertain-ing kind of fiction, is an uousually at-tractive number. With the increase in price to fifteen conts, and the en-largement of the magazine, it has been possible for the publishers to obtain and print just the kind of fiction that the healthy, full-blocded man and wo-main want. The advance in price per-mits the inclusion in the pages of the Popular of the highest-priced authors, and the enlargement of the magazine leaves room for the printing of at least



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HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is well deserving of a fair trial in cases of Poor Appetite, Heartburn, Sour Risings, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Head-ache, Colds, or Malarial Fever,

bras to be perils of the modern seaman, by T. Jenkins Hains: "The Wrong Wagon," a Western story, by C. T. Revere: "Brothers of the Blood,' a sto-Wagon," a Western story, by C. T. Revere: "Brothers of the Blood,' a sto-ry of San Francisco's Chinatown, by Charles Kroth Moser: "At Ten-mile," a story of the Denver road, by George Hyde; "The Reveler," a humorous sto-ry of cowboy life, by B. M. Bower, "The Way of the Wanderer," the story of an Irish adventurer, by Louis Jo-seph Vance, "How Geoff Fought for His Lady," a complete story in the se-ries dealing with "The Fortunes of Geoff," by K. and Hesketh Prichard; ries dealing with "The Fortunes of Geoff," by K. and Hesketh Prichard: "The Angle of Incidence," a detective story, by Scott Campbell, and "The Case of the Musical Jackal," one of the complete stories in the series of "Strange Cases of a Medical Free ance," by W. B. M. Ferguson, Ther-is also the concluding half of a capita capital

is also the concluding half of a capital two-part story by J. Kenilworth Eger-tan, called "Cleopatra's Necklace"--be-ing another remarkable adventure in the life of Tominy Williams, artist, hyphotist, and detective. The serials are: "A Son of the Plains." by Arthur Paterson: "The Man of Secrets." by William le Queux; "In the Cause of Freedom," by Arthur W. Marchmont.

Ainslee's for February has its usual quota of excellent fiction: indeed, if anything, this number exceeds the high standard with which the magazine be-gan the New-year. The feature is one which will probably be the most not-able event of the year in periodical pub-fication. It is the beginning of a serial story entitled "Her Son," by Horace Annesley Vachell. Competent critics who have read the story in manuscript both here and in England, have pro-nounced it to be one of the most re-markable books writen in the last twen-ity years. This first instalment gives promise of confirmation of this ophien. Auna A. Rogers is the author of the novelette. "Candace," which is a story mainly concerned with American aavy life. The scene is chiefy in Vente, but the characters are American; there is much dramatic action and a five love interest. Arthur A Knip has a spien-did dog uory in "The Biankshire Champion," a thately feature consider-by the proximity of the Dog Show. Jacques Futcelle, who has lately made much of a hit with his ingenious de-tective stories, has an intensely inter-esting tale in "The Irresistible Force." A slory of the mining regions of east-eth Oregon, the characters of which Ainslee's for February has its usual

Jacques Putcelle, who has lately made much of a hit with his ingenious de-tective stories, has an intensely inter-esting tale in "The Irresistible Force." A slow of the mining regions of easi-ern Oregon, the characters of which are said to be taken from real life, is "Fanders and the Dream Lady." by Roy Norton. Jeannic Pendleton Ewing has a Toscinating child-interest story called "The Tauning of Billy." It is of the sort to interest adult readers. A very charaning love-story is "The Book Lady." by Will Irwin. Forrest Cris-sey has a story which, while it cannot truly be said that it belongs to the de-tective type, ver has more of the Bearl Neckare." A indice readers will be slided in The Incident of the Pearl Neckare." A indice readers will be slided in "The ophilus, the Diplomat." Martha MyCulloch Williams has an exciting racing story in "McKesson's Farlay." Two excass by Margaret Suiton Briscoe and Mary Manners, a very interesting article on musical per-sonalities by the distinguished critic, W. A Henderson, the dramatic and book departments complete a very entertain-ing number.

Salt Lake has long felt the need of a permanent exhibit of the state's re-sources and products. The Utah Cham-ber of Commerce, 56-58 west Third South, has supplied the want. Visit it. Free admission.

### Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs Pinkham. Lynn, Mass for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Thus she is well qualified to guide sick health. Her advice is free and always helpful. women back to



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