

## THIS WEEK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. W. Worrall, 2348 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength, the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worrall."

**Inevitable Persistence.**  
"You don't seem to pay any attention to these germs."  
"I don't talk about 'em any more than is necessary," answered Doc Brancy. "I take all possible precautions and then try to ignore 'em. The meanest thing about a germ is that if he can't attack you anywhere else, he tries to get on your mind."

## LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhea, flatulence, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, indigestible food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without grunting, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

### Patriotic.

Patience—I saw Harry at the patriotic meeting last night. He was in khaki.

Patience—Oh, you saw him, did you? Patience—Yes, and he was so patriotic that he stood up during the entire meeting.

Patience—Oh, that wasn't altogether patriotic. He's joined the cavalry, you know, and yesterday was the first day he'd tried to ride a horse.—Camp Lee Bayonet.

**Cuticura Meets Externa**  
And rashes that itch and burn. If there is a tendency to pimples, etc., prevent their return by making Cuticura your daily toilet preparation. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

### Scarcely Knew Him.

First Girl—Yes, I married the sergeant just two days after I met him and three before he sailed.

Second Girl—And was he good looking?

First Girl—Well, yes; as near as I can recollect him, he was.

Keep your liver active, your bowels clean by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and you'll keep healthy, wealthy and wise. Adv.

It's going to be mighty difficult even after peace is made to treat a German as a friend.

If a man is afraid to think for himself, he should marry.

No man's ignorance ever prevented him from giving advice.

## Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Soothing Lotion—Marine for Redness, Swelling, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids. "Dr. Duggan's Eye Lotion" is sold by all druggists. For further information, write to Dr. Duggan, 123 North Dearborn St., Chicago.

# GUNNER DEPEW

Albert N. Depew

EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER U. S. NAVY  
MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE  
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD  
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

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## DEPEW IS CAUGHT IN ZEPPELIN RAID AND HAS EXCITING EXPERIENCE

**Synopsis.**—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, tells of his service in the United States navy, during which he attained the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. The world war starts soon after he receives his honorable discharge from the navy, and he leaves for France with a determination to enlist. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard, where his marksmanship wins him high honors. Later he is transferred to the land forces and sent to the Flanders front. He gets his first experience in a front line trench at Dixmude. He goes "over the top" and gets his first German in a bayonet fight.

### CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

I surely wished I was the gunner officer. I would have enjoyed it more if I could have got back at Fritz somehow. But I was not the gunner officer and I told him so. I had to about at him quite a while before he would believe me. Then he wanted me to find the gunner officer, but I did not know where to find him. If I could have got to our guns I guess I would have had another medal for working overtime, but I missed the chance there.

About this time another bomb came over and clouted out the best friend I had in my company. Before the war he had been one of the finest singers in the Paris opera houses. When he was with us he used to say that the only difference between him and Caruso was \$2,500 a night.

A polli and I dragged him into a dugout, but it was too late. One side of his face was blown off; the whole right side of him was stripped off and four fingers of the right hand were gone.

I stuck my head out of the dugout and there was the captain discussing the matter with himself, cursing the Germans from here to Heligoland and putting in a word for the bombs every once in a while. All up and down the trenches you could hear our men cursing the Germans in all kinds of languages. Believe me, I did my bit and I could hear somebody else using good old United States cuss words, too. It certainly did not make me feel any better, but it gave me something to do. I think that was why all of us cursed so much then, though we were pretty handy with language at any time. But when you are under heavy fire like that and cannot give it back as good as you get, you go crazy unless you have something to do. Cussing is the best thing we could think of.

Up the trench the third bay was simply smashed in and the Germans were placing bomb after bomb right in it and in ours. The captain yelled out that he was going up to the next bay to examine it, but no more had he got there than he had his head taken clean off his shoulders.

At daybreak our trenches were all pounded in and most of our dugouts were filled up. Then Fritz opened up with his artillery fire right on us. We thought they were going to charge and we figured their barrage would lift and we would see them come over.

We received orders to stand to with fixed bayonets. Then the man at the periscope shouted, "They come!" A battery directly behind us went into action first and then they all joined in and inside of five minutes about eight hundred guns were raising Cain with Fritz. The Boches were caught square in No Man's Land and our rifles and machine guns simply mowed them down. Many of them came half way across, then dropped their guns and ran for our trenches to give themselves up. They could not have got back to their own trenches. It was a shame to waste a shell on these poor fish. If they had been civies the law would prevent you from hitting them—you know the kind. They could hardly drag themselves along.

That is the way they look when you have got them. But when they have got you—kicks, cuffs, bayonet jabs—there is nothing they will not do to add to your misery. They seem to think that it boosts their own courage.

An artillery fire like ours was great fun for the gunners, but it was not much fun for Fritz or for us in the trenches. We got under cover almost as much as Fritz and held thumbs for the gunners to get through in a hurry. Then the fire died down and it was so quiet it made you jump.

We thought our parapet was busted up a good deal, but when we looked through the periscope we saw what had happened to Fritz' trenches and, believe me, they were practically ruined.

Out in No Man's Land it looked like Woolworth's five-and-ten; everywhere were gray uniforms, with tin cups and accoutrements that belonged to the Germans before our artillery and machine guns got to them.

Our stretcher bearers were busy, carrying the wounded back to first-aid dressing station, for, of course, we had suffered too. From there the blesses were shipped to the clearing station.

The dead lay in the trenches all day and at night they were carried out by working parties to "stiff park," as I called it.

A man with anything on his mind ought not to go to the front-line trenches. He will be crazy inside of a month. The best way is not to

care whether it rains or snows; there are plenty of important things to worry about.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### On Runner Service.

One night a man named Bartel and I were detailed for runner service and were instructed to go to Dixmude and deliver certain dispatches to a man whom I will call the burgomaster and report to the branch staff headquarters that had been secretly located in another part of town. We were to travel in an automobile and keep a sharp watch as we went, for Dixmude was being contested hotly at that time and German patrols were in the neighborhood. No one knew exactly where they would break out next.

So we started out from the third-line trenches, but very shortly one of our outposts stopped us. Bartel carried the dispatches and drove the car too, so it was up to me to explain things to the sentries. They were convinced after a bit of arguing. Just as we were leaving a message came over the phone from our commander, telling them to hold us when we came. It was lucky they stopped us, for otherwise we would have been out of reach by the time his message came. The commander told me, over the telephone, that if a French flag flew over the town the coast would be clear; if a Belgian, that our forces were either in control or were about to take over the place but that German patrols were near. After this we started again.

When we had passed the last post we kept a sharp lookout for the flag on the pole of the old fish market, for by this we would get our bearings—and perhaps, if it should be a German flag, a timely warning. But after we were down the road a bit and had got clear we saw a Belgian flag whipping around in a good, strong breeze. But while that showed that our troops or the British were about to take over the place it also indicated that the Germans were somewhere near by. Which was not so cheerful.

As we went through the suburbs along the canal which runs on the edge of the town we found that all the houses were battered up. We tried to hail several heads that stuck themselves out of the spaces between buildings and stuck themselves back just as quickly, but we could not get an answer. Finally we got hold of a man who came out from a little cafe.

He told us that the Germans had been through the town and had shot it up considerably, killing and wounding a few inhabitants, but that shortly afterward a small force of Belgian cavalry had arrived and driven the Boches out. The Germans were expected either to return or begin a bombardment at any moment and all the inhabitants who sported cellars were hiding in them. The rest were trying to get out of town with their belongings as best they could.

On reaching our objective we made straight for the Hotel de Ville, where we were admitted and after a short wait taken to the burgomaster. We questioned him as to news, for we had been instructed to pick up any information he might have as to conditions. But we did not get much, for he could not get about because of the Germans, who had made it a policy to terrorize the people of the town.

We had just got into the car and were about to start when the burgomaster himself came running out. He ordered us to leave the car there and said he would direct us, where to go. He insisted that we go on foot, but I could not understand when he tried to explain why.

We soon saw the probable reason for the burgomaster's refusal to ride in the car. All around for about a mile the roads were heavily mined and small red flags on iron stakes were stuck between the cobblestones, as warnings not to put in much time around those places. Also, there were notices stuck up all around warning people of the mines and forbidding heavy carts to pass. When we got off the road I breathed again!

After a great deal of questioning we finally reached our destination and made our report to the local commandant. We told him all we could and in turn received various information from him. We were then taken over to the hotel. Here we read a few Paris newspapers, that were several weeks old, until about eight, when we had dinner, and a fine dinner it was, too.

After we had eaten all we could, and wished for more room in the hotel, we went out into the garden and yanked a while with some gardenias, and then went to bed. We had a big room

on the third floor front. We had just turned in, and were all set for a good night's rest, when there was an explosion of a different kind from any I had heard before, and we and the bed rocked about, like a canoe in the wake of a stern-wheeler.

There were seven more explosions, and then they stopped, though we could hear the rattle of a machine gun at some distance away. Bartel said it must be the forts, and after some argument I agreed with him. He said that the Germans must have tried an advance under cover of a bombardment, and that as soon as the forts got into action the Germans breezed. We were not worried much, so we did not get out of bed.

A few minutes later we heard foot-steps on the roof, and then a woman in a window across the street, asking a gendarme whether it was safe to go back to bed. Then I got up and took a look into the street. There were a lot of people standing around talking, but it was not interesting enough to keep a tired man up, so back into the hay.

It seemed about the middle of the night when Bartel called me, but he said it was time to get out and get to work. We found he had made a poor guess, for when we were half dressed he looked at his watch and it was only a quarter past seven, but we decided to stay up, since we were that far along, and then go down and cruise for a breakfast.

When we got downstairs and found some of the hotel people it took them a long time to get it through our heads that there had been some real excitement during the night. The explosions were those of bombs dropped by a Zeppelin, which had sailed over the city.

The first bomb had fallen less than two hundred yards from where we slept. No wonder the bed rocked! It had struck a narrow three-story house around the corner from the hotel, and had blown it to bits. Ten people had been killed outright, and a number died later. The bomb tore a fine hole and hurled pieces of itself several hundred yards. The street itself was filled with rocks, and a number of houses were down, and others wrecked. When we got out into the street and talked with some army men we found that even they were surprised by the force of the explosion.

We learned that the Zepp had sailed not more than five hundred feet above the town. Its motor had been stopped just before the first bomb was let go, and it had slid along perfectly silent and with all lights out. The purr that we had thought was machine guns, after the eighth explosion, was the starting of the motor, as the Zepp got out of range of the guns that were being set for the attack.

The last bomb had struck in a large square. It tore a hole in the cobblestone pavement about thirty feet square and five feet deep. Every window on the square was smashed. The fronts of the houses were riddled with various sized holes. All the crockery and china and mirrors in the house were in fragments.

Not much more than an hour before the Zepp came, we had been sitting in a room at the house of the local military commandant, right under a big glass-dome skylight. This house was



We Were Constantly Finding the Mutilated Bodies of Our Troops.

now a very pretty ruin, and it was just as well that we left when we did. You could not even find a splinter of the big round table. The next time I sat under a glass skylight in Dixmude, I want a lad with a live eye for Zeppelins on guard outside.

Something about the branch headquarters ruins made us think of breakfast, which we had forgotten, so back to the hotel. Then we started back to our lines. We were ordered to keep to the main road all the way back, and we would be shot on sight, and to report to headquarters immediately on our return. I thought if the sight of me was so distasteful to anybody, I would not take the chance of offending, being anxious to be polite in such cases. So we stuck to the main road.

Fritz did not give us any trouble and we were back by five with all hands out to greet us when we were in sight, and a regular prodigal son welcome on tap, for we were later than they had expected us, and they had made up their minds that some accident had happened.

While I was a round Dixmude, I saw many living men, and women and children who had been mutilated by the Germans, but most of them were women and children. Almost every one of the mutilated men was too old for military service. The others had been killed, I guess.

But the Belgians were not the only ones who had suffered from German Kultur. Many French wounded were tortured by the Huns, and we were constantly finding the mutilated bodies of our troops. It was thought that the Germans often mutilated a dead body as an example to the living.

When the Germans came to Dixmude they got all the men and women and children and made them march before them with their hands in the air. Those who did not were knocked down. After a while some of them saw what they were going to get, and being as game sports as I ever heard of, tried to fight. They were finished off at once, of course.

The former burgomaster had been shot and finished off with an ax though he had not resisted, because he wanted to save the lives of his citizens. They told me of one case, in Dixmude, where a man came out of his house, trying to carry his father, a man of eighty, to the square, where they were ordered to report. The old man could not raise his hands, so they dragged his son away from him, knocked the old man in the head with an ax, and left him there to die. Those who were spared were made to dig the graves for the others.

There was a doctor there in Dixmude, who certainly deserves a military cross if any man ever did. He was called from his house by the Germans at 5:30 one morning. He left his wife, who had a baby two days before, in the house. He was taken to the square, lined up against a wall with three other big men of the town.

Then he saw his wife and baby being carried to the square on a mattress by four Germans. He begged to be allowed to kiss his wife good-by, and they granted him permission. As he stepped away, there was a rattle and the other men went West. They shot him, too, but though he was riddled with bullets he lived, somehow, and begged the German officer to let him accompany his wife to the prison where they were taking her. This was granted too, but on the way, they heard the sound of firing. The soldiers yelled, "Die Franzosen!" and dropped the mattress and ran. But it was only some of their own butchers at work.

Doctor Laurent carried his wife and baby to an old aqueduct that was being rebuilt by the creek. There they lived for three days and three nights, on the few herbs and the water that Doctor Laurent sneaked out and got at night. Doctor Laurent says that when the Germans killed and crucified the civilians at Dixmude, they first robbed them of their watches, pocketbooks, rings and other things. There was a Madame Tilman there, who had had three thousand francs stolen from her and was misused besides.

These were just a very few of the things that happened at just one place where the Germans got to work with their "kultur." So you can picture the Belgians agreeing on a German peace, while there is a Belgian alive to argue about it. They will remember the Germans a long time, I think. But they need not worry; there are a lot of us who will not forget, either.

Depew is wounded in a brush with Germans. See next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CARRY FOOD TO TRENCHES

French Employ Canine Couriers to Take Supplies to the Men in Most Exposed Positions.

Trench warfare certainly interferes with the fighter's meals. After capturing the enemy's position in particular, is the fighter at a loss to know how he will get his regular rations: for no sooner does the enemy find himself dispossessed of his original trenches than he opens up with an intense barrage fire designed to prevent ammunition and food from reaching the new occupants.

The French army believes it has solved the problem of carrying food to men in isolated trenches. In its lunch dogs, says the Scientific American, even cartridges for the men in the first line trenches when the combat is hot and protracted these splendid trained dogs are more certain to get through barbed wire than men. Each dog is equipped with a sort of double bag strapped tight over its body, and provided with numerous pockets for food, coffee cans, ammunition and other supplies.

It is at the military dog-training grounds at Paris that dogs are prepared for this service. Not only are these four-legged couriers taught to avoid the enemy and beware of tricks but also to crawl on their stomachs in order to escape flying bullets. Special masks are provided for these dogs when they must pass through a poison gas area.

**Spy System Originated by Italian.**  
Secret service organizations and spy systems, as well as detective bureaus as part of municipal police forces, were originated by the Marquis D'Argenson, a native of Venice who went to France in 1687 and became head of the police-department.

D'Argenson first achieved fame as a state secret agent in Venice. In Paris he organized a municipal secret agency that would now be called a detective bureau. After he had transformed the Paris police force from a disorderly band into a highly efficient body of gendarmes, he turned his attention to international affairs and inaugurated a system of espionage in foreign nations likely to be at war with France.

Carl Stieher organized the Prussian spy system on the model furnished by D'Argenson's force and sent thousands of men into Austria and France before the wars against those countries.

**Saws for Cutting Metal.**  
Not so very long ago the discovery was made in Germany that metals could be sawed easier and quicker with rapidly revolving smooth disks of steel than with toothed circular saws. It was found that the cutting was done by the heat generated by the friction of the edge of the disk against the metal. The metal is melted at the point of contact, while the steel does not reach the melting point. The disks need no sharpening and do not wear out so quickly as the toothed saws heretofore used for cutting metal. The faster the disk revolves, the greater the amount of heat generated, and the quicker the job.—Popular Science Monthly.

## DUTCH TO HOLD HOHENZOLLERN

Former Ruler of Germany, Ex-Crown Prince and Staff Reach Eysden.

## TRIED TO SURRENDER, REPORT

Rumor at Amsterdam Says Ex-Kaiser Attempted to Enter British Lines But Was Prevented by the British Heavy Troops.

Amsterdam, Nov. 13.—It is stated by good authority here that the former German emperor will be interned in Holland.

Officials of the Dutch government and the German minister at The Hague have gone to Eysden, on the Dutch frontier, to meet the ex-kaiser, who is closely guarded by Dutch troops.

Hohenzollern's eldest son and Field Marshal von Hindenburg, it is learned from a reliable source, are in a railway train near the station of Eysden, awaiting the decision of the Dutch government. The blinds on the train are down.

It is reported here that the ex-kaiser attempted to enter the British lines to surrender, but was prevented by the revolutionary troops. It was only after this unsuccessful attempt to hand himself over to the enemy that he went to Holland, the report says.

The report persists that Field Marshal von Hindenburg and 12 German staff officers fled to Holland.

The German garrison at the Belgian fortress of Liege is reported to be in full revolt.

Former Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, commander of Germany's northern armies in the west, has fled. During revolutionary disorders at Cologne a crowd tried to demolish with machine gun fire a statue of William II, but finally contented itself by mauling up the statue and placing on it a card inscribed "A good journey."

It is reported Prince Henry of Prussia has fled to Denmark, taking with him his personal fortune.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg has placed himself and the German army at the disposition of the new people's government at Berlin, says a dispatch from the German capital.

The grand duke of Oldenburg has been dethroned and the grand duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has abdicated, according to dispatches from Hamburg.

The Hamburg Nachrichten, which reports the abdication of the grand duke, says a government for Mecklenburg has been formed by a workers' and soldiers' council.

News has been received in Berlin and forwarded here that the garrisons at Doberitz and Potsdam are in the hands of the soldiers' and workers' council.

Armed workers and soldiers stormed the prison in the Alt-Moabit street in Berlin, but at the request of Deputy Baecher released only those incarcerated as "war victims," including former Captain von Baezel, who was concerned in the distribution of the memorandum of Prince Lichnowsky, which accused Germany of starting the war.

Basle, Nov. 13.—The king of Saxony has been deposed, according to a Berlin dispatch late today.

The king of Saxony is Friedrich August III. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, October 16, 1904.

Washington, Nov. 13.—A German radio message picked up by the American station, confirming the report William Hohenzollern is in Holland, awaiting a decision by the Netherlands government as to his status, says Field Marshal von Hindenburg is not with the former emperor, but remained at the headquarters of the German general staff.

London, Nov. 13.—A supplementary declaration to the armistice terms was signed to the effect that in the event of the six German battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers and fifty destroyers not being handed over owing to a mutinous state, the allies reserve the right to occupy Heligoland as an advanced base to enable them to enforce the terms.

## YANKS TAKE LAST BIG SHOOT

Thousands of Heavy Guns Fire Volley as the Peace Hour Strikes.

With the American Army on the Sedan, Nov. 13.—Thousands of American heavy guns fired the parting shot to the Germans at exactly eleven o'clock Monday morning.

The line reached by the American forces at eleven o'clock was staked out.

The Germans hurled a few shells into Verdun just before eleven o'clock.

**Masaryk Czech President.**  
Washington, Nov. 13.—Prof. Thomas G. Masaryk, president of the Czech-Slovak national council, has been elected president of the Czech-Slovak republic. News of his election was conveyed in a message.

**Hun Iron Cross Banished.**  
Copenhagen, Nov. 13.—The Danish frontier is being strictly guarded by the German soldiers' council. This is being done, it is stated, in order to prevent the escape of rich people, generals and other high officials.

**All Draft Calls Cancelled.**  
Washington, Nov. 13.—By order of President Wilson, Provost Marshal General Crowder directed the cancellation of all outstanding draft calls, stopping the movement of 225,000 men within the next five days.

**Saxon King Deposed.**  
Basle, Nov. 13.—The king of Saxony has been deposed, according to a Berlin dispatch. The king of Saxony is Friedrich August III. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, October 16, 1904.

## Feel Lame and Achy?

Cold and grip leave thousands with weak kidneys and aching limbs. The kidneys have to do with the regulation of every germ disease. They make the blood, and you feel all its stings, or nervousness, headaches, backaches, sore limbs and irregular liver action. And the kidneys never prompt help. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands praise Doan's for quick, satisfactory results.

## An Iowa Case

Charles D. Hayes, 12 North Second St., Albia, Iowa, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of lameness in my back and other symptoms of kidney trouble. Whenever I have the opportunity, I have recommended this medicine to my friends, and it can be relied upon to bring relief." Hayes writes: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for the last few years for their permanent cure."

Get Doan's of Any Drug Store. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## ALL MAY READ SCRIPTURES

British and Foreign Bible Society Has Put Out Versions in Some Seventy-Two Languages.

Dr. J. H. Kilson of the British and Foreign Bible society, in the East and West Magazine, states that the actual combatants and labor battalions on the field of war speak at least 72 languages. The British and Foreign Bible society was ready with versions of the Scriptures in all these tongues. It is a remarkable fact that no government, friendly or hostile, has deliberately put hindrances in the way of replenishing and maintaining stocks of Scriptures for the sailors, soldiers or civilians in the battleworn areas. This one society alone has distributed more than 7,000,000 Scriptures among those involved in the great struggle and the Bible house still remains open at Berlin, Vienna, Budapest and even in Constantinople.

Men face to face with death are searching the Scriptures for realities as never before. Between 800,000 and 900,000 Jews are among the fighting forces—two-thirds of these being with the allies; and thousands of these men, free from the restricting influences of the synagogue and ghetto, are reading the New Testament for the first time.

## Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and maybe dependent; it makes anyone so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

A good kidney medicine, possessing real healing and curative value, should be a blessing to thousands of nervous, over-worked women. Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder medicine, will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., may