JUST AS

Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound

is the best for women's ills, so is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

BLOOD MEDICINE

The Best Blood Medicine

for everybody - man, woman or child.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD MEDICINE

is as good for men as for women; it is also good for the whole family — parents and children — and is a reliable preparation for all who need such a medicine.

HUMORS AND ERUPTIONS are among the most common indications and results of poor blood. They are very unpleasant and disfiguring, they give the face an unhealthy appearance, but usually they are not serious or dangerous enough to warrant consulting a physician. More serious results may come, however, at any time from the impoverished state of the blood which they indicate. Good home treatment is necessary. Eat plain, nutritious and easily digested food and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine one-half hour before meals.
Bedtime
STORIES
-for-
CHILDREN

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SHE WALKED RIGHT IN
NCE upon a time there were three bears who lived together in a little house in the woods. There was papa bear and mamma bear and baby bear, and they were very nice bears.

One morning the three bears went out for a walk in the woods before breakfast — for bears always get up early so that they will be hungry by breakfast-time.

While they were out walking, a little girl — who lived in a village nearby — saw the house that belonged to the bears, and as the door was open and as it was a pretty little house she walked right in. And there what do you suppose she saw? On the table stood three bowls of oatmeal. She tasted the oatmeal in the biggest bowl, but it was not sweet enough. She tasted the oatmeal in the middle-sized bowl, but it was too sweet. She tasted the oatmeal in the little baby bowl, and it was so good that she ate it all right up.

Then the little girl saw three chairs behind her. She sat down in the big one, but it was so hard that it hurt her, and she said, “Ow!” She sat down in the middle-sized one, but it was too soft. Finally she sat down in the little baby chair, and the bottom fell right out of it.

By this time she was feeling rather tired, so she went into the bed-room. There standing in a row in front of her were three of the prettiest beds that she had ever seen. She tried them all until she found one that suited her.

Meanwhile the bears had returned home to eat their breakfast. “Some one has been eating my oatmeal,” said papa bear in a big gruff voice. “Some one has been eating my oatmeal,” said mamma bear in a little soft voice. “And some one has eaten my oatmeal all up!” cried the baby. Then papa bear saw his chair, “Some one has been sitting in my chair,” said papa bear in a big gruff voice. “Some one has been sitting in my chair,” said mamma bear in a little soft voice. “And some one has fallen right through my chair!” cried the baby bear.
The three bears did not know who had been in their house, because they could not see any one. They peeped into the bed-room to see if that was empty also. "Some one has been in my bed," said papa bear in a big gruff voice. "Some one has been in my bed," said mamma bear in a little soft voice. "Some one has been in my bed, and she is here still!" cried the baby bear.

With this the little girl awoke, and she was so frightened that she ran right out of the house and went home to her mother. The bears tried to catch her, but they could not.

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**YOUNG GIRLS ARE OFTEN RECKLESS**

respecting the care of their health. This recklessness is dangerous during the period when the menstrual function is being established. Mothers should ensure their daughters' health by giving them **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** during

**THE CRITICAL AGE**

"At the age of fifteen I began to get run-down, was tired all the time and very nervous, finally getting so bad that I had to leave school. For over two years I was treated by several physicians, and one of them said I might need an operation. I read an advertisement of how your medicine had helped some girl who had nearly the same symptoms as myself, and my mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. Before I had taken half of it there was a radical change, and I kept on taking it until I was all right. Later on, I took it while bringing up my family of seven children and still continue its use and recommend it. My mother took it during the Change of Life and my daughter takes it. I would be glad to have this letter used as a testimonial to help some one else in sickness."

*MRS. MAY MEADE,*

510 Rochester St., Fulton, N. Y.
THE STRAW, THE COAL,
AND THE BEAN

THERE once was an old woman who lived alone in a little hut way off in the country. One day she went out into the garden to gather some beans for dinner. When she was putting them into the pot to boil one of them fell through her fingers to the floor. “Hello, old bean,” said a piece of straw which was lying near. “Hello,” said the bean. Then suddenly a burning coal flew out of the fire and landed near them. “Look out!” shouted the bean and the straw together. “You are hot. Do not come near us for you will burn us up.”

“We have all had a narrow escape,” said the coal. “I saw the straw slip through the woman’s fingers when she was throwing a bundle of his comrades on to the fire, and I saw the bean escape in a similar fashion. I myself had to jump out of the fire in order not to be burned to ashes.”

“We cannot stay here,” said the straw. “She would catch us again if we did,” said the bean. “Let us go out into the world,” said the coal. So they went out into the world so that the woman couldn’t catch them, and they had not gone far before they came to a river which did not have a bridge. They were puzzled at first to know how to get across, but finally the straw laid himself across the stream and told his two companions that they could walk over him to the other shore.

“I will go first,” said the coal rather impolitely. He started out, but when he reached the middle of the stream he was so frightened that he stood still, and his knees trembled. Now the coal was still hot, and it
was not long before he had burned a hole right through the straw. The both of them fell into the river and were not seen again.

The bean, who was still on the shore, thought that this was very funny, and he laughed so hard that he burst right open. Had not a tailor been passing at that time the bean would have met a worse fate than that of his comrades, but the good tailor sewed him up with a needle and thread that he took from his pocket, and the bean was once more as good as new. He thanked him very much for being so kind.

It is too bad that the tailor used black thread with which to sew up the bean for ever since that day all beans have had a black mark down them.

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**NO WOMAN WANTS**

a childless home. Without the sound of children’s voices and children’s laughter, without the echo of little footsteps pattering across the nursery floor, a home is a lonely place. But there is no reason why a home should be lonely and childless. When women have learned that they may become strong and healthy and that they may have strong and healthy children by taking *Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound*, there will be fewer

**CHILDLESS HOMES**

"I was in a weak run-down condition, and I had six babies who did not live. Before my seventh baby was born I found a little book in my mail-box, and I saw where *Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound* had helped other women. My husband bought it for me, and it helped me so much that I have now a nice baby girl sixteen months old. I tell every woman what the *Vegetable Compound* has done for me. It is a good medicine and can't be beat. If you want to use this as a testimonial, I will gladly answer all letters written to me."

*MRS. BENNIE WRIGHT,*

73 E. Muskegon Ave., Muskegon, Mich.
HERE was once a miller who had three sons, and when he died he divided his wealth among them. To the eldest he gave his mill, to the second his ass, and to the youngest his cat. “A cat is of little use to me,” thought the youngest son. “My brothers can work together and get a living with the mill and the ass, but what can my cat do?”

“I can do more than you think,” said the cat who was sitting nearby. “If you will get me a hat with a feather on it, a bag, and a pair of boots, we shall not fare so badly.” The boy did not dream that his little cat could be of any use, but as she had shown such skill in catching mice, the boy agreed to get her the things for which she asked.

The next morning the cat put on her hat and her boots, threw the bag over her shoulder and ran off to the woods. Now the cat was a very clever hunter, and it was not long before she had caught a nice, big rabbit, which she dropped into the bag. She went directly to the king’s palace and presented the rabbit to the king. “I bring you a present, sire,” said the cat bowing low, “from my master, the Marquis of Carabar.”

The following day the cat went off into the woods a second time, and it was not long before she had caught two partridges. These she also took to the palace, and laying them at the feet of the king she said, “I bring you presents, sire, from my master, the Marquis of Carabar.” The king was natur-
ally very much pleased with these gifts, and he told the cat to thank her master for his kindnesses.

A few days later the cat learned that the king was going riding with his beautiful daughter. She hurried home as fast as she could to get her master. “Master! Master!” she cried, “come with me, and I will make you rich.” Now the boy did not believe that his cat could do any such thing, but he thought there could be no harm in giving her a chance. The cat led him directly to a pond and said, “Master, take off your clothes and jump into the water.” Of course the boy was puzzled at such a request, nevertheless he did as he was told.

It was not long before the king passed by, and the cat—who had been waiting on the shore of the pond—called out, “Help! Help! My master, the Marquis of Carabar is drowning!” Now the king had never seen the Marquis of Carabar, but he remembered the presents that had been brought to his palace by the cat. He immediately ordered his men to rescue the marquis, and while they were doing so the cat said to him, “My master has been robbed of his clothes, O King, and he has nothing to wear.” “He shall be clothed in the finest silks that I have at my court,” the king replied, and he sent a man to fetch them.

While the Marquis was waiting for his clothes and the king was waiting for the marquis that
he might take him home, the cat ran on up the road. She soon came to a meadow where some men were cutting hay. “Good people,” she cried, “if you do not tell the king when he passes that this field belongs to the Marquis of Carabar, you will be chopped into mincemeat.” The men were very much frightened, so that when the king drove by and asked them who owned such large meadows they quickly answered, “The Marquis of Carabar.” “What beautiful meadows!” said the king to the Marquis. “You must be very rich!” said the princess. “I am!” said the boy.

The cat ran on until he came to a huge castle that was owned by a wicked Ogre, who was wealthier even than the king himself. “I dropped in to inquire for your health,” said the cat when the Ogre appeared.

THE FOUNDATION OF WOMANHOOD

is laid early in life. If a girl is in poor health during the period of life when the menstrual function is being established, the foundation of her later life will not be firm. A mother should watch her child carefully at this time. She should see that the child has plenty of exercise in the open air, good food and plenty of sleep. **Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound** will help to strengthen the child and protect her future. A mother who wants her daughter to develop into a healthy woman must

**PROTECT THE CHILD**

“The Vegetable Compound has done my daughter a great deal of good. She used to suffer with cramps and backache so that she had to go to bed for about two days every month. One day I thought I would give her Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound as I was taking it for the Change of Life, and after she had taken two bottles she felt better. She has taken it now for about a year. It has done wonders for her, and she does not suffer any more. We recommend the Vegetable Compound to mothers.”

**MRS. R. SKUSA,**

2446 Fullerton Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
“And is it true that you can change your shape — into that of a mouse, for instance?” The Ogre was very proud of his ability, and he quickly changed himself into a mouse, but no sooner had he done so than the cat gobbled him up.

When the king drove up to the castle the cat was standing in the doorway; she cried out to him, “Welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabar.” She had ordered a splendid banquet made ready for them, and both the king and the princess were delighted to meet with such hospitality.

“This is a nice banquet,” said the king. “This is a very nice banquet,” said the princess. By the time the meal was finished the boy and the princess had fallen deeply in love with each other. “I wish I could live with you always in this castle,” said the princess. “You always can,” said the boy. And she always did.

**WHEN A WOMAN APPROACHES**

middle age, she often looks forward to the Change of Life with apprehension and foreboding. This is indeed a critical period. Unless a woman is in perfect health and good physical condition, she usually suffers. However, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound she may safely, healthily and happily pass

**MIDDLE AGE**

“During the Change of Life I was always tired and weak, could hardly do my work, and did not care to go anywhere or talk to people. After I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound, I noticed a change and, before I had taken four bottles of it, I felt like a new person. I can and always will recommend it in cases like mine.”

_MRS. JOS. WANISH, 1119 S. 18th St., Manitowoc, Wis._
HERE lived in a village many years ago, a pretty little girl. Her mother and her grandmother both loved her a very great deal because she was so pretty, but more especially because she always minded them and gladly did whatever she was told to do. As she always wore a little red hood, which her mother had made for her, the townspeople called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother called to her and said, “Go to your grandmother’s house, my dear, and take her some of these nice new muffins I have made and some strawberry jam, for she is not feeling well.” Little Red Riding Hood put the muffins and the strawberry jam in a basket and started for her grandmother’s house which was several miles away. She had no sooner got out of sight of her own house than she met a big wolf which would have eaten her up had it not been that some men were working in the fields nearby.

“Where are you going, Little Red Riding Hood?” said the wolf.

“To my grandmother’s house with some muffins and jam,” said little Red Riding Hood.

“Well, give her my love when you see her,” said the wolf, and he ran off into the woods.

The bad wolf ran as fast as he could until he came to the house where the little girl’s grandmother lived, and — as the door was open — he walked right in. There was no one in the kitchen so he looked into the bedroom — and there was grandmother. When she saw the wolf she was so
frightened that she jumped right out of bed and ran out of the room. And she kept running until she was safe in the woods. A few minutes later Little Red Riding Hood reached her grandmother’s house and knocked on the door.

“Who is there?” cried the wolf in a high shrill voice which did not sound unlike that of grandmother’s. “It is Little Red Riding Hood with some muffins and jam that mamma sent to you.” The wolf climbed into grandmother’s bed and pulled the bedclothes up about him, and put on her nightcap, then he said, “Come in, my dear.”

Little Red Riding Hood set the basket down on the kitchen table and went in to see her grandmother. “Why, what big arms you have, grandmamma,” she cried seeing

PHYSICAL CULTURE

receives little attention from the women of today. Perhaps this is because muscularity seems to be in some way connected with coarseness, and women do not usually consider that good physique is a stepping-stone to female beauty. But good physical condition is necessary to every woman. It is necessary to her health. It is necessary to her happiness. Women who are run-down should take Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound to build them up to

STURDY WOMANHOOD

“For about a year I was not able to do anything, not even my housework, because of the pains in my sides and the bearing-down pains. I could only lie around the house. The doctor said nothing would do any good but an operation. I tried different medicine which did no good until my sister insisted on my trying Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound as she said there was nothing like it. I know that she was right for I began to improve with the first bottle, and it has done me more good than anything else. I am able now to do anything on the farm or in my home, and I recommend it to my friends.”

Miss Lillie Edwards,
R.F.D. No. 3, Box 44, Wilson, N. C.
the wolf. "So much the better to hug you with, my dear," said the wolf. "And what big ears you have." "The better to hear you with," replied the wolf. "And what big eyes you have." "The better to see you with, my dear," the wolf answered. "And what an awfully big mouth you have!" "The better to eat you with," cried the wolf as he jumped out of bed.

But he did not eat Little Red Riding Hood, because her grandmother had got the men who had been working in the fields to go to her house. When the wicked wolf jumped out of bed, the men came in the doorway and caught him. Little Red Riding Hood gave the men some muffins and jam, and there was enough for everybody.

**WOMEN OFTEN DREAD**

the approach of middle age for at this time many of them suffer from "female troubles." If they would be more careful of their health, they would find that the Change of Life would be easier to bear. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has strengthened many women and has relieved their suffering during the Change of Life.

"I was left in a very serious condition after childbirth, and no one thought I could ever be any better. Then came the 'Change of Life' and I was not prepared for what I had to suffer. I did not suffer any pain, but I was decidedly nervous and could not sleep. For nearly two years I was this way, and the doctor was frank enough to tell me that he could do no more for me. Shortly after this I happened to see in a newspaper an advertisement of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**. In a few days the medicine was in the house and I had begun its use. I can't say like some that I had no confidence in it for I did, but I did not notice much change until I had begun on the third bottle. I took it regularly until I was well. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to others, and I shall always do so when I have the opportunity."

*MRS. MAY LINDQUIST,*

2814 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.
98 Out of Every 100 Women Benefited

An Absolutely Reliable Statement Important to Every Woman

Remarkable Results Shown by a Nation Wide Canvass of Women Purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. 50,000 Women Answer.

For some time a circular has been enclosed with each bottle of our medicine bearing this question: “Have you received benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound?”

 Replies, to date, have been received from over 50,000 women answering that question. 98 per cent of which say YES. That means that 98 out of every 100 women who take the medicine for the ailments for which it is recommended are benefited by it.

This is a most remarkable record of efficiency. We doubt if any other medicine in the world equals it.

Think of it — only two women out of 100 received no benefit — 98 successes out of a possible 100. Did you ever hear of anything like it? We must admit that we, ourselves, are astonished.

Of course we know that our medicine does benefit the large majority of women who take it. But that only two out of 100 received no benefit is most astonishing.

It only goes to prove, however, that a medicine specialized for certain definite ailments — not a cure all — one that is made by the most scientific process; not from drugs, but from a combination of nature’s roots and herbs, can and does do more good than hastily prepared prescriptions.

You see, we have been making, improving and refining this medicine for over 50 years until it is so perfect and so well adapted to women's needs that it actually has the virtue to benefit 98 out of every 100 women who take it.

It’s reliability and recognized efficiency has gained for it a sale in almost every country in the world — leading all others.

Such evidence should induce every woman suffering from any ailment peculiar to her sex to try Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound and see if she can’t be one of the 98.

THE LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass.
WHEN Dick Whittington was a very small boy his mother and father both died and left him alone in the world. As he was a poor boy and did not even have a penny with which to buy food, he was forced to earn his own living by washing pots and pans in the kitchen of a wealthy London merchant. He did not mind working, but the cook was always scolding him and beating him. Poor Dick was very unhappy.

But not every one was unkind to him. The footman used to read him stories, and as time went on he taught him how to spell and how to read so that the boy could amuse himself. Even the London merchant and his wife and his daughter — whose name was Alice; all of whom lived in the front of the big house where Dick worked, treated him kindly whenever they saw him; but this was not often.

One day Dick climbed to the top of a high oak tree and caught Alice's parrot which had flown up there. The girl was so pleased that she gave Dick a penny. Now Dick knew just what he wanted to spend that penny for. Every
night the rats and the mice kept him awake, and Dick did not like this as you may well imagine; so when he could sneak out of the house without being seen by the cook, he went directly to the cat-store and bought himself a cat. After that he was able to sleep nights for the cat ate up all the rats and mice in no time at all.

Dick was washing some pans one morning when the merchant called all of his servants to him. "I am sending a ship across the water," he said. "You may all send something on it to a foreign land, and there it will be sold or exchanged for things of greater value." The servants all had something to send, except Dick. "Have you nothing to send?" asked the merchant. "I have a cat," Dick replied. "Well, send that then," said the merchant; and with tears in his eyes Dick brought his cat and sent it away on the ship.

Without his cat to play with, the poor boy became very lonesome; and as the cook grew more and more disagreeable than ever, he decided to run away. He reached the outskirts of London and sat down on a rock to rest himself for he had walked a long way. As he sat there the chimes in the old Bow Church sounded in his ears. They seemed to say, "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." "Well, well," he said to himself, "I don't believe that could ever happen, but I will turn back anyway." He managed to get into the house without being seen, and he began to work again. No one had missed him.
Lydia E. Pinkham’s Bedtime Stories

A few months later the merchant’s ship returned, and all the servants were sent for and given the money and the goods that belonged to them. Poor Dick did not expect to receive anything for his cat, but the merchant said to him, "I have a surprise for you, Mr. Whittington." Dick had never been called Mr. Whittington before. He thought the merchant was teasing him. "Your cat was sold to the King of Barbary," said the merchant. "They have thousands of rats and mice in Barbary, and as your cat killed every one of them and saved all the people from being eaten

BEFORE AND AFTER CHILDBIRTH

women have been strengthened by taking Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound.

"I must say that I took Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound before childbirth on the recommendation of my mother, for nervousness and weakness. I was irritable, cranky and easily worried. Housework seemed so hard and at times I was really unfit to do it. I lost my nervousness, had a better appetite and felt like a different person entirely. I hope this letter will help other women."

MRS. L. BOCKOVEN,
188 Kirkbride Ave., Trenton, N. J.

"When my baby was born I got up too soon. It made me so sick that I was tired of living, and the weakness ran me down something awful. I couldn’t get up out of bed mornings on account of my back; I thought I would break in two, and if I started to do any work I would have to lie down. I do believe no woman ever suffered worse than I did. I spent lots of money, but nothing helped me until I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. I felt a whole lot better after the first bottle, and I am still taking it for I am sure it is what has put me on my feet."

MRS. POSLUSZNY,
106 High St., Bay City, Michigan.
up, the good King has sent you a shipload of gold." Dick was surprised which pleased the merchant very much, because he liked to see people surprised.

And then Dick bought some beautiful clothes and a big castle with his shipload of gold. And he found that he was even richer than the merchant himself. Of course he married Alice because she had been so nice to him and had once given him a penny and had never scolded him — and there might have been other reasons too.

IN THE FACTORIES

there are many girls who are suffering from "female troubles." Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped factory girls.

"I used Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound for weakness and a displacement. This troubled me a lot when I walked and when I was sitting down, and I had to stay away from work a great deal. It made me weak and nervous too. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound from one of your booklets and read about how it had helped so many. I have taken it now and recommend it to others. I am able to work in the factory now and can walk back and forth to work and enjoy it. I am very glad to have you use these facts as a testimonial."

MRS. C. M. MARUKO,
33 Cummings St., Rochester, N. Y.

"I write with pleasure to praise your medicine Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. About a year ago I was very much worried about myself, and the doctor did not seem to help me. My mother went to my aunt’s house and told her about me and she recommended the Vegetable Compound. I thought as long as it helped others it would help me, and I have had very good results. I work in a shipping department and have worked right along. I recommend the medicine to all my friends."

MISS ANNA STUHLINGER,
253 Chauncey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Three Little Pigs

There once was a mother pig who had three children, and she called them Spotty, Whitey, and Curley. She called them to her one day and said, "Children, I want you to go out into the world and earn your living." Her children were well-behaved little pigs and always did as they were told. The next morning they all set out in different directions.

Spotty soon found a pile of pretty, yellow straw, and he quickly built him a house out of it, but no sooner was it built than a big wolf came along and said to Spotty, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in." "No, no, by the hair on your chinny-chin-chin," said Spotty. The wolf was very angry. He wanted to go in and eat up the little pig, because he was a bad wolf, and he also was hungry. "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," he answered. After he had huffed and puffed for a few minutes the house fell in and he gobbled up the little pig.

Whitey had not gone far from home before he found a pile of shingles. With these he built himself a house. It was not long before the wolf came along and said to him, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in." "No, no, by the hair on your chinny-chin-chin," replied Whitey. "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," cried the wolf. And after he had done so, he gobbled up the second little pig.

Curley was a wise little pig. He did not build a house until he had found a pile of bricks, and then he built a brick house. When the bad wolf came along and threatened to blow in his house, Curley laughed at him, because he knew that the wolf could not do it. This made the wolf real angry, but he said in his gentlest voice, "I know where there is a nice field of turnips, little pig." "Where?" asked Curley. "Over in Farmer Brown's field," answered the wolf.
will call for you at six o'clock tomorrow morning, and we shall go together.” But at six o'clock the next morning when the wolf called at Curley's house, Curley had already gone to the field, got the turnips, and was back home again safe and sound.

“That was a good joke on me,” said the wolf—although he was really very angry. “Tomorrow morning I will call at five o'clock, and we shall go together to Farmer Jones' field to get some apples.”

At four o'clock the little pig started for the field in hopes that he would get home again before the wolf arrived, but the wolf also started early and when he reached the field he found that Curley was still up in the apple tree picking apples. The little pig was terribly frightened, but he said to the wolf as bravely as he could, “I will throw you down a nice, big red apple.” While the wolf was picking up the apple that had been thrown to him, Curley climbed down out of the tree and ran home, and by the time the horrid wolf reached the door, the little pig had locked it.

“Let me in,” shouted the wolf. “I won’t,” said Curley. “Then I’ll climb down the chimney,” and the wolf climbed up onto the roof. But the little pig was ready for him for he had set a kettle of boiling water in the fireplace.

When the wolf climbed down the chimney he landed in the
kettle of boiling water. Of course Curley put the cover right on so that the wolf couldn’t get out, and that night he had a bowl of nice, hot wolf soup for his supper.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

go hand in hand. When a woman is suffering from some female weakness, it is difficult for her to be happy. And it is likewise difficult for her husband and children to be happy when they know that she is suffering. There are few women who can suffer and smile at the same time. A woman should always smile for it is the woman’s smile that makes the world go around. A woman should never suffer. Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound will bring relief to a woman who is suffering from a female weakness. It will bring back a smile to her lips. It will bring happiness to her family. Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound has been responsible for making many

A HAPPY FAMILY

“When my second child was born I got up too soon as my mother wasn’t able to do for me. I could not stand on my feet without being dizzy, and my back would ache so badly that I would have to lie down at times through the day. My mother had taken Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound and had a bottle of it at the time so she begged me to take it. I always did hate to take medicine and I wouldn’t take any if I could get out of it, but I felt so much better after I began this that I took it. Then a year later my husband got back from overseas, and we went to keeping house by ourselves, and I got all run down again. I couldn’t work long at a time but would have to sit down and rest. My husband kept begging me to take the Vegetable Compound again so I have done so. I recommend it when I can as I know it is good for women’s troubles, and I thought you might like to know what it has done for me.”

MRS. PEARL M. STEELE,
203 Main St., Warrensburg, Mo.

TWENTY-ONE
Housewives Recommend The Vegetable Compound For Female Troubles

"I thought at first that the distressing pain in my back was from kidney trouble, but I tried kidney medicine and the pain was as bad as ever and I nearly gave up. My mother induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it. I obtained results almost at once so that now I can do all my own housework. I gladly recommend this wonderful medicine to anyone for backache."

MRS. EDWARD B. WICKLAND, Selby, So. Dakota.

"I was nervous and weak, short of breath and with awful pains in my side all the time and backache. I was this way for eight months then I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Now I am able to do my work and enjoy doing it. I cook three meals a day, clean my rooms and do the washing and ironing for three of us. I am a well woman today and I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to a dozen or more women already. I am truly willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial, and I do hope that other women who suffer as I did will get the medicine at once. I used to have a lot of trouble with constipation but I take Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and don't have any more trouble. They are wonderful pills. I would not be without them."

MRS. MATTIE WALKER,
2809 Decoursey Ave., Latonia, Covington, Ky.

"About six months after my baby was born I was so weak that I could not stay on my feet and could not work. I had tried other medicines, when a lady friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She told me to try it and it would help me, so I did. I can say that it has helped me wonderfully. I can do my work now, and I am feeling fine. I have told other women who were as sick as I was, and it has helped them also."

MRS. ANNA STANILLA,
1501 1/2 Penna. Ave., New Castle, Pa.
THE UGLY DUCKLING

There was once a Duck that lived in the midst of a big barnyard. One summer's day the eggs that she had been setting on hatched out — all but one egg; that did not hatch. It was a big egg, so big that the Mother Duck thought that it would surely bring forth a beautiful Duckling, or perhaps even a Turkey Chick. At last the egg broke. But neither a beautiful Duckling nor a Turkey Chick appeared. It was an ugly Duckling — the ugliest Duckling that the barnyard had ever seen.

"Perhaps it is a Turkey Chick after all," said the Mother Duck to herself for she did not believe that so ugly a creature could be her son. But when she had led all her children down to the water, the ugly Duckling swam as well as any of them.

Now when the other Ducks that lived in the barnyard, and also the Hens and the Turkeys that lived there too, saw this ugly creature they were angry. "We will not allow such a homely thing to live in our barnyard," they cried, and immediately they began to beat the poor Duckling and to scold him and to bite him. After a few days of such treatment he was so sore and so lame that he knew he could not stay in the barnyard another minute. Sobbing and with tears in his eyes he flew over the barnyard wall and ran out into the meadows.

He soon came to a swamp where he found a flock of Wild Ducks. "You are ugly. Go away!" they shouted as soon as they had seen him. He flew off in search of some one who would treat him kindly. Toward evening he had become so tired that he had to seek shelter under a rose-bush which stood outside the door of a little hut.
He was so frightened that it was morning before he dared move. Then he crawled out into the sunlight and stretched himself. No sooner had he done so than an old woman ran out of the hut and waving a broom above her head she chased him down the road.

The poor, ugly, little Duckling didn’t know what to do. It was getting cold for winter was coming on, and he had no place to go to keep warm. Day after day went by, and it grew colder and colder. The snow fell, and the ponds froze over. The ugly Duckling was very miserable.

But then spring came. One day while he was swimming about in a little pond, he saw a flock of strange birds flying overhead. “What beautiful creatures!” he cried. “I will follow them, for if they will only let me look at them, I will be perfectly happy.” He flew after them and soon came to a wonderfully blue lake. At first he did not dare to go too close to the beautiful birds, but at last he took courage and swam into their midst, although he would surely be driven away — perhaps killed.

“What a gorgeous creature!” one of them exclaimed. “Welcome, Lord and Master,” cried another. “You are the most beautiful bird of us all!” The ugly Duckling was about to ask them not to make fun of him when he looked at his own reflection in the water. Lo and behold, he was a big, beautiful, white swan!

EVERY DAY

The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. receives letters from women which state that they have been strengthened by Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound.

“I took Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound before my two children were born, and it strengthened me. I always recommend it to expectant mothers.”

MRS. JAMES DOWNLEY,
188 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
CINDERELLA

CINDERELLA was a beautiful little girl. She had a cross and ill-tempered stepmother and two stepsisters who were also cross and ill-tempered. They made her very unhappy. They would not allow her to dress in fine clothes such as they wore; instead they made her clothe herself in rags and live in the garret. They made her scrub pots and pans in the kitchen and make their beds and do a lot of other things that were unpleasant. However, Cinderella managed to smile in spite of such treatment, and she was always kind to her stepsisters.

One day the King gave a grand ball. Every one that he had ever seen he invited to it. He had never seen Cinderella, but her two stepsisters had strutted past the palace so often that the King could not help but see them. They both received invitations, and for weeks ahead of time they made Cinderella work hard making pretty dresses for them to wear. When at last the day arrived, the two sisters stepped into their coach and — without even thanking Cinderella for making their dresses — they drove proudly off to the ball.
ella watched them until they were out of sight, and then she sat down by the fire and started to cry.

“What are you crying for, my dear?” asked a kind voice beside her. Cinderella looked up, and there stood her fairy godmother.

“I w-wish I c-could go to the b-ball,” sobbed Cinderella.

“You shall,” her fairy godmother replied, “if you are a good girl and if you do as I tell you. Go out into the garden and get me a pumpkin.”

Cinderella soon had brought to her godmother the biggest pumpkin in the garden; the fairy touched it with her wand, and immediately it turned into a beautiful gold coach. Then she picked up the mouse trap. It had six mice in it. One by one she let them out and as she did so she touched them with her wand; they became pure white horses.

“We need a coachman,” said the fairy godmother. “Is there a rat in the trap?” Cinderella looked, and there were three of the biggest rats she had ever seen. The godmother took the one with the most whiskers and turned him into a coachman. Next she found six lizards in the garden, and these she quickly changed into footmen. Then she touched Cinderella herself with the wand, and she became clothed in garments which were so costly that even a princess could not afford to wear them. Finally she gave the little girl a pair of glass slippers. “Go to the ball, my dear,” she said, “and have a good time, but do not stay later than midnight for when the clock strikes twelve your
beautiful clothes will disappear; you will find yourself dressed in rags once more." Cinderella thanked her and drove away.

When she came in sight of the palace the King's son rushed to meet her. Proudly he led her into the ball-room. He had a right to be proud for she was the most beautiful girl that had ever appeared in court. The dancing stopped. The music ceased. Everyone gazed at Cinderella.

How happy she was! She feasted and danced; and she had a delightful time talking to her stepsisters who never dreamed who she really was. Then suddenly the clock began to strike twelve, and she remembered for the first time her fairy godmother's warning.

Quickly she ran out of the ball-room and had scarcely reached the street when her clothes had turned to rags. But one of her glass slippers remained on her foot. The other she had dropped in the ball-room in her hurry.

Now it so happened that the Prince had fallen deeply in love with Cinderella and wanted to marry her, but —

WHEN A GIRL WORKS
day after day in an office bending over a desk or a typewriter, it is sometimes difficult for her to keep healthy. If such a girl would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, she would soon find that she could more easily carry on her

OFFICE WORK

"I had troubles every month such as girls often have, and they interfered with my work as I could never be sure of my time. My mother often suggested that I take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I never could go it until here lately. I have had very good results and am now a private secretary and do my work without missing a day. I recommend your medicine to every girl who speaks of having troubles like I have had."

CAROLYNE MANGELS, 407 14th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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one knew who she was—he was not able to find her. However, he had discovered her glass slipper in the ball-room, and he proclaimed that he would marry the girl whose foot it fitted. Throughout the kingdom his heralds were sent to try to fit the slipper to some dainty foot, but always the slipper was too small. Finally Cinderella was asked to try it on, although no one thought that it would fit her. Her foot slipped right in! Then she put on the other slipper that she had kept hidden in her garret. Her fairy godmother appeared and with a touch of her wand clothed her once more in costly raiment.

When her sisters saw that she was the girl who had been at the ball and with whom the Prince had fallen in love, they dropped to their knees before her and asked her forgiveness for the way they had treated her. She was so good-natured that she forgave them.

Then the Prince took her away and built a beautiful palace for her, and he gave her some beautiful clothes, and they had three beautiful children.

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**THERE'S NO REASON**

why young women should be tired and nervous. A woman who is tired out, weak and nervous most of the time is often suffering from some female weakness. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has restored to health thousands of young women.

"I was run down and did not feel good, was tired, weak, nervous and had a soreness across me. I felt this way for years and could just get around. One of my friends took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me about it. I have taken four bottles of it, and it has done wonders for me. I have four sisters, and they are all taking it and mother too. I am only too glad to tell what it has done for me."

Mrs. Mary A. Clark,
307 Broadway, Bangor, Maine.
There was once a widow who had two daughters. The elder was, like her mother, very cross, very proud, and very disagreeable. The younger, however, was as sweet and good-natured as her sister was ugly and ill-tempered. As the widow and her elder daughter were of the same disposition, they naturally liked each other and hated the pretty little sister. They made her do all the housework. They beat her when she did not work fast enough, and never did they say a kind word to her. Every day they made her go to the well and bring home with her a big pitcher of water, and, as the well was over a mile from the house, the little girl often grew very tired indeed from carrying the heavy pitcher so far.

One day while she was resting herself at the well before returning home a poor old woman appeared beside her and asked her for a drink of water. Quickly the girl washed out the pitcher and filled it with water from the clearest part of the well. "Here, my good woman," she said, "is some nice, fresh water." And she held the pitcher to the woman's lips that she might drink more easily.

"Little girl," said the old woman when she had finished drinking, "you have been so kind to me that I am going to bestow on you a gift. Whenever you speak there shall fall from your lips roses and diamonds." The little girl was very much pleased when she heard this for she knew then that the old woman was really a fairy who had asked her for a drink merely to test her disposition.

When the little girl came in sight of her house her mother scolded her for being so slow, but she replied, "I'm sorry, mother dear, I'll do better next time." As she spoke there fell from
Women Shouldn't Suffer Unnecessarily at Childbirth
Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound Strengthens Women At This Time

Nearly fifty years ago Lydia E. Pinkham gave to women her Vegetable Compound. It is a woman’s medicine for women’s ailments, prepared from medicinal plants. Today thousands of women are taking Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound to strengthen them, that they may no longer be forced to undergo such terrible suffering at childbirth.

MOTHERHOOD

“If any woman has trouble having her children, I would tell her to take Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. I suffered for five months then I began taking it, and I must say it helped me wonderfully. I did all my housework the day my baby was born, so you can see that I was pretty well. The doctor could hardly believe it. I have a fine big baby boy.”

MRS. OTTIE A. WEISS,
823 N. Church St., Hazleton, Pa.

“I used your medicine two years ago and I am using it again now. My friends advised me to take it for my nervous, weak, run-down condition in pregnancy and because I always had such hard times at childbirth. After taking it I had the easiest birth I ever saw. I am now taking it again as my side had given me much trouble. But that is all stopped and I am doing my work and feel good. I can’t praise Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound enough. You may use my name and letter as a testimonial.”

MRS. J. C. MAY,
Route No. 2, Moultrie, Georgia.

“When I was carrying my first child I had backache all the time. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound, and I took it until the backache left me. It made me good and strong, and I did not have to suffer very much pain at confinement. You can surely use my words as a testimonial.”

MRS. LEROY L. SCOTT,
136 S. Main St., Nazareth, Pa.
her lips two roses and two diamonds. “What is this?” cried the greedy mother snatching up the diamonds. “How does this happen, my dear?” (Never before had she called her younger daughter “my dear.”) When she had heard about the old woman at the well, she called her favorite to her. “Go to the well, my pretty creature,” she said, “and when an old woman asks you for a drink, give it to her. She will bestow on you a gift as she has done for your sister.”

“What! I go to the well? No, mother, the old woman must come to me!” But her mother insisted, and so the elder sister dressed herself in her finest silks, took a silver tankard from the shelf, and went to the well.

“My dear, will you be so kind as to give me a drink from your tankard?” asked a beautifully dressed lady who was sitting by the well. The elder sister did not answer her but sat down to wait for a poor old woman to appear.

“You are very rude,” said the beautiful lady (who was no other than the fairy). “I shall bestow on you a gift. Whenever you speak toads and reptiles shall drop from your lips.” “I don’t believe you,” cried the girl, but as she said this two toads and two lizards fell from her lips. Very angry, she returned home. “Speak, my daughter, speak,” cried
her mother when she had reached the house, “and we shall have diamonds.” “No, we won’t!” said the girl. “My sister lied to me, and if I find her, I shall beat her.” As she spoke, six big toads jumped from her mouth and landed at her mother’s feet. “You horrible creature, what have you done?” cried the mother, and she grabbed up a broom and drove the girl from the house.

The younger sister had seen her mother’s anger, and she became so frightened that she slipped out of the back door and ran away into the woods. She kept running until she became so tired and so frightened that she sat down and began to cry.

“Why are you crying?” asked a voice beside her. She looked up, and there was a handsome young prince. “I’m frightened, and I lost my way, and I don’t know how to get home,” said the girl, and roses and diamonds fell about her as she spoke. “Then I shall take you to my father’s palace,” he said, “Surely, you must be a fairy princess.”

He picked her up in his arms and carried her through the wood to his father’s palace, and by the time they had reached there they had decided to have a palace of their own.

WHEN A WOMAN

has to do housework she can’t afford to be sick. It takes a strong, healthy woman to cook and sew and sweep day in and day out. *Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound* has helped to make thousands of housewives strong and healthy.

“I strained myself doing heavy lifting while cleaning house and had constant bearing-down pains and aches for six or eight weeks. I saw your advertisement and tried *Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound*. It has helped me so far, and I hope for permanent relief. I recommend your medicine.”

Sadie Souders,
Sharpsburg, Maryland.

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USE THE
FOUR PINKHAM MEDICINES
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