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"I couldn't eat a thing but what hurt me, I got to having from one to three fainting spells a day, and wasn't expected to live much longer. But now I eat anything, never have a fainting spell and can do as big a day's work as the best of them. I give Tanlac all the credit."

Tanlac helps the stomach digest the food properly and eliminate waste. Soon the whole system is built up, the blood is purified and the entire body takes on new tone, vitality and energy. Get a bottle today and start on the road to health. For sale by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

It takes the bald man to congratulate himself that he is not gray.

## A FRIEND IN NEED A FRIEND INDEED

Writes Mrs. Hardee Regarding Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Los Angeles, Calif.—"I must tell you that I am a true friend to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken it off and on for twenty years and it has helped me change from a delicate girl to a stout, healthy woman. When I was married I was sick all the time until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in bed much of my time with pains and had to have the doctor every month. One day I found a little book in my yard in Guthrie, Oklahoma, and I read it through and got the medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and took eight bottles and used the Sanative Wash. I at once began to get stronger. I have got many women to take it just by telling them what it has done for me. I have a young sister whom it has helped in the same way it helped me. I want you to know that I am a "friend indeed," for you were a "friend in need."

—Mrs. GEORGE HARDEE, 1043 Byram St., Los Angeles, California.

Let Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound be a "friend indeed" to you.

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in New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking

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The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's National Remedy since 1696. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

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# The KURDS



Kurd Coolies in Irak.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

The so-called Kurdish Republic, one of the latest governmental units reported to have been set up in the protean Middle East, is supposed to have been created by a Kurd bandit from the Persian part of the region that has been indefinitely termed "Kurdistan" for generations.

Kurdistan has sprawled across international lines with a fine disregard for those hypothetical, man-made limits; and its people, too, have disregarded national boundaries. Seminomadic, many of them spend their winters in the warm plains of Irak, and their summers in the cool uplands of Persia or Eastern Turkey.

The Kurds are, par excellence, the mountaineers of the Middle East. The highlands have ever bred not only a love of liberty and independence, but often an aggressive and marauding spirit as well, and all these traits the Kurds have in abundance. Big and muscular, with piercing dark eyes and long mustaches that contribute a look of fierceness, every one armed to the teeth, the men might be described as the world's nightmare conception of brigands.

Three thousand years ago the proud kings of Assyria led their trained armies northwestward into the mountainous region of the upper Euphrates and Tigris rivers. The turbulent mountaineers against whom they advanced fled before the civilized soldiers of the Mesopotamian plain and took refuge in inaccessible heights, leaving their rude villages of mud and stones to be destroyed.

**Not Easy to Conquer.** Invariably the kings claimed to have defeated the wild upland tribes, as boastful inscriptions carved in the living rock still prove; but the defeat was never permanent. As soon as the soldiers retired the mountaineers reoccupied their villages, and soon began to plunder the lowlands as lawlessly as ever.

Centuries later, when Xenophon led his ten thousand Greeks from the lower Euphrates northward across the Armenian plateau to Trebizond, the mountaineers were still untamed. All night they rolled stones down the mountain-side upon Xenophon's army, and were vanquished only by a stratagem.

Today the great empires of Mesopotamia have fallen; the power of Greece has passed away; but, still, as of old, the mountains breed lawlessness, and the mountaineers are the unsubdued scourge of the people of the plains.

The lineal descendants of the Carduchi who opposed the march of Xenophon are the Kurds—a sturdy, strong-featured race of Mohammedan Aryans, allied to the Persians on the one hand and to the Armenians on the other. Their home is in the southern part of the Armenian plateau, among the headwaters of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, and in the Zagros mountains, which rise southeastward from Lake Van to the Persian gulf and form the boundary between Turkey and Persia. There they tend their flocks; for the majority are primarily shepherds, although they cultivate the soil as far as possible.

Although most of the Kurds possess villages, composed of clusters of low, flat-roofed houses of stone or mud, all the tribes are more or less nomadic. The majority live in dark-brown, many-peaked tents of goats' hair during the summer, not wandering far from home, but merely going up into the high mountains, where it is too cold and snowy to live in winter.

A considerable number, however, live a purely nomadic life, wandering hundreds of miles along regular routes. Among the pure nomads society is organized upon a half-tribal, half-patriarchal system, while the half-patriarchal Kurds are either divided into tribes or clans, like those of medieval Scotland, or are ruled by feudal lords, whose power is often absolute.

Poverty is the rule among the Kurds; their mountain fastnesses are difficult of access, and they themselves are strong and hardy by reason of their life of exertion. The people of the neighboring fertile lowlands, on the other hand, are relatively well-to-

do, and are also comparatively unprotected and averse to war. All these factors combine to make the Kurds a race of plunderers. "No race," says the famous geographer Reclus, "neither Baluch, Bedouin, nor Apache, has developed the marauding instinct to a higher degree than have the warlike Kurd tribes."

**Hate Their Neighbors.** In the northern portion of Kurdistan, Kurds, Armenians and Turks are jumbled together in the same region. These three peoples have little love for one another.

The Kurd hates the Turks because they have often worsted him in battle, because they tax him heavily whenever they are able, and because they curtail his opportunities for fighting and plundering. He despises the Armenians because they are Christians, and because they can be robbed and ill-treated almost with impunity when the Turks give permission. Yet in spite of this he has a sort of sympathy for them, because they, too, are oppressed.

The Armenian hates and fears both the Kurds, who plunder him, and the Turks, who oppress and persecute him. He also despises both races because they are not so clever as he. It is only by exerting his superior wits in business or in flattery of his rulers that he can manage to maintain his position. It is not strange that his character reflects the conditions under which he lives.

The Turk, in turn, despises the Kurds because many of them are only half-hearted or heretical Mohammedans, and because they are simple, unsophisticated folk. He fears them, also, because they are wild, lawless people, who make the life of the taxgatherer a burden and who rob a Turkish official with great glee if they find the opportunity. The Turk despises the Armenians, because as he would somewhat unfairly put it, "they are cowardly Christian dogs." He hates them because he knows that they are far quicker and keener than he, far better business men, and far better educated.

In the edge of Persia, again, the Kurds are racially distinct from their neighbors, and have rarely been submissive to the central government. The chief caravan route from Irak through central Persia lies through their region, and often they have completely dominated this highway, taking toll as they chose from the caravans.

**Picturesque Costumes.** They are in reality semi-barbaric, nomadic tribes that live on their flocks and by hunting in these wild mountain valleys. They have their own national costume, which is perhaps the most picturesque in all Persia.

Almost always armed to the teeth, these tribesmen look particularly romantic when dashing down a boulder-strewn hillside on their sure-footed ponies; the gleam of a rifle slung over a shoulder; flowing purple turban loosely bound around a huge black felt hat; broad, colorful scarf about the waist, half hiding two or even three bandoliers and above which projects hilts of a knife and a locally-made revolver or perhaps a German automatic Mauser; baggy trousers, gaily tasseled and embroidered saddle-cloths, and a certain air of bravado withal that vividly recalls an Oriental, a more brilliant Velasquez, or those gallantly-attired heroes so naively shown in old Persian miniatures.

The Kurdish women are generally somber in dress, but do not hide the beauty of their faces under veils as strictly as the Persian women.

Credulous, fierce, and intractable as the Kurds are, they are nevertheless a people of true strength of character. They have been a menace to the development of constitutional government in the countries in which they live. They themselves are ruled partly by the patriarchal system, partly by the clan system, and partly by the

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ANTED—To buy kitchen range. Box 231, Eagle River. 18-1t\*

## ANTIQUES

By JULIA A. ROBINSON

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mr. Gage and his wife were getting feeble. "They're growing old," folks said of them. Mr. Gage could no longer work all day on his farm.

Mrs. Gage gazed about the rooms of the house where they had always lived. "We've got more things than we need, father," she observed.

"We needed 'em once, mother," he returned.

"But they ain't good for much now," she protested, "they're kinder in the way."

"Mebby they be, mother, but they've done good service in their day."

"Look at them chairs. We had 'em when we first set up housekeeping—do you remember? But they're old now."

"Yes, I remember; nigh onto 50 years, ain't it?"

"Fifty-five, father," she corrected.

"That so? We're gettin' old, but we ain't outgrown each other, if things have wore out a bit," he chuckled, a twinkle in his eye.

"Them chairs cost a heap o' money," she went on. "If we'd a put it in the bank we'd have something to live on now."

"An' there's the sideboard," she continued. "We paid \$10 for that, an' 'tain't a mite o' good to us now."

"But it has been o' use, mother," he protested.

"An' all the parlor things," she continued. "We don't use 'em. We don't have no occasion to go into the parlor now."

They settled down to their quiet evening by the kitchen stove. It was not often that "mother" worried about money matters, and she soon forgot.

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Gage were sitting at their late breakfast. The table was set with the blue china they used for the past 55 years, the pewter castor, the sugar bowl of curious design, the two-tined forks.

There came a knock at the back door. A man walked in, of keen, businesslike appearance.

"Thought 'twas most likely I'd find you in the kitchen," he announced. "It's the best room in the house, now ain't it? I always love a kitchen!"

He looked about the room.

"I do love old things! You've got a lot o' 'em. That old blue china, now. I'm interested in that. Must be quite old? Yes, I thought so. And this pewter! These chairs—you must have had 'em—"

"Fifty-five years!" Mrs. Gage boasted.

"Ah! That's a long time—and this sideboard—ever think of selling 'em?" Mrs. Gage flushed. "They ain't worth much. Where could we sell 'em?"

"Tell you what," the man considered. "I do a little in that line myself, just collecting, you see, a few old things like yours. I might find something here. Now, if you wanted a little money, 'twould come in handy. We might make some kind of a bargain. You can't use all this stuff."

"No, it's in the way," Mrs. Gage answered, but her husband said nothing. "I'll give you two dollars apiece for those chairs," he offered.

"Oh, will you?" she gasped. "You can have 'em—all of 'em. We don't need 'em."

"And the sideboard—I'll give you \$50 for that."

Mrs. Gage could hardly believe her ears. Her things were worth something. They would be rich!

The sale continued. The man went from attic to cellar, picking out the things he wanted. "You needn't fear coming to want," he said. "You'll have enough for the rest of your lives. My man's outside. He'll take this truck out of your way."

They had come to the big four-poster in the attic. Then Mr. Gage spoke for the first time. "Mother," he whispered, "you an' me slept on that when we was first married. All our babies has slept on it."

"So they have, father." Somehow, money didn't look so important to her now. "We won't let that go."

"And the crib, mother—he's taking that! Our first baby that died slept in that—"

Tears were in the woman's eyes. "He can't have that!" she cried.

Mrs. Gage's feelings were beginning to change. Things were very precious to her now. It would be like parting with the children over again to let these go. One by one they went over the things the man had set aside. Each one had dear associations. Even the kitchen chairs had priceless memories—of Thanksgivings and festivals; the sideboard, where the little ones had been measured, each year coming up a little nearer to the top, where the tempting fruit was displayed. "We can't spare one!" mother decided.

How could she have thought to let them go? The old china, her mother's. No one would prize it as she did.

"We won't let him have 'em," whispered her husband, taking her hand.

The stranger spoke. "Here's your money, madam. I'm in a hurry."

She faced him. "I don't want your money. The things are ours. You can't have one of 'em!"

Mr. and Mrs. Gage sat down by the kitchen stove. He stroked his wife's hand softly. "We've got each other, mother, and we've got our good old things." He chuckled. "Guess we can go on a little longer, and we'll be together."

School Supplies and Periodicals

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### Too Late in the Day.

A woman and her small son were passing a candy store one afternoon, when the boy noticed a window in which a heap of all-day suckers were on display.

"Oh, mamma!" cried the boy, "I want an all-day sucker!"

Catching him firmly by the hand, she dragged him away from the window, saying: "Robert, you must not tease mother like that. What do you want of an all-day sucker at four o'clock in the afternoon?"—Judge.

### 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 despondent; it makes any one 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.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by parcel post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

### Summer Activities.

"How's things at the beach?" "Many pretty girls are being rescued in ten inches of water."

One can be just as lonesome at the bottom of the ladder of fame as at the top.

### Possibly Taking No Chances.

Two tired men—the sort of men who are always tired—were talking about the forthcoming election in their town, and discussing the rival candidates.

"Now, that Mr. Pusher is a good sort!" said one.

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the other. "But what makes you think that?"

"Why, did you notice how hearty he shook hands with me?"

"Yes, I did," replied his friend. "He wasn't content with one hand, he grabbed both. He's a good fellow, he is."

The other looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Then he said: "Yes, and he's very proud of his gold watch!"

### DYED HER SKIRT, DRESS, SWEATER AND DRAPERIES WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything even if she has never dyed before. "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—the perfect home dyeing is sure because "Diamond Dyes" are guaranteed not to fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.—Advertisement.

### Together for Once.

"For goodness sake," scolded the irate wife after having asked her husband for the fifth Sunday to accompany her to church, "as the weather will soon be talking about us as they did about poor Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The only time they went out together was when the gas stove exploded!"—Judge.

From the Chestnut Tree. "I bet I know where you got that shirt." "Where?" "On your back."—New York World.

# Re-decorate NOW!

colors on your walls to harmonize best with your rugs and draperies—artistic effects always come out of the package with the cross and circle printed in red.

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Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper