

American Pauperism.

The special report on pauperism in the United States which the census bureau has issued affords some interesting information, the general impression gained being that the number of people living in almshouses is not increasing with the development of the population. Like most government reports the material is two years old, and yet it gives a basis for consideration and deduction. The report indicates that at the close of the year 1903 there were 31,764 paupers in the almshouses, that during the year 1904 there were admitted \$1,412, making a total of 163,176 persons who were in these homes during some part of that year. Of this total 51,359 were women, of whom it is said that, once admitted, they are more liable to remain permanently than the men, who leave during the summer and return when the cold weather comes on. This percentage of "regulars" is so great that the majority of those who were admitted during 1904 had been in the almshouse before. Of course, says the Chicago Tribune, it would be wrong to assume that this comparatively small number of people, less than 200,000 in a population of 85,000,000, represents all the abject poverty in the United States. For there has been a wonderful advance in this country in the methods for handling the improvident members of society. Institutions have been established for the special care of different classes of unfortunates who once made up much of the almshouse constituency. Great efforts have been put forth to make former dependents now partly self-supporting, and many a child has been saved to society and made an honest, industrious citizen through the instrumentality of home finding organizations. In fact, the figures which are given in the report tell in themselves the marked gain which society has made under the sympathetic and intelligent direction of earnest students of social problems.

"Bad" Air Not So Bad.

Foul air—which has for its accepted meaning, air heavy with the gases and odors of decay—is not, in itself, poisonous, or even unhealthy. Unless it contains such a large proportion of foreign gases that it is noticeably lacking in oxygen, its chief effect is psychic. Some persons, in brief, cannot abide a stench. It sets their nerves on edge and excites their imaginations, and the result is that they grow pallid and, at times, seasick. Thus, indirectly, it may weaken them and make them an easy prey to wandering microbes. But, of itself, it produces little direct harm. Medical students, breathing the unspeakable gases and odors of the dissecting room, manage to eat vast dinners and to grow fat. Tanners, garbage men, kokers in fertilizer factories and other persons who are habitually surrounded by hair-raising aromas, are ordinarily just as healthy as other folk. That foul air is usually laden with rather more germs and germ-bearing insects than air which seems (to the nose) to be pure, is beside the point. Experience shows, says the American Magazine, that pure air often contains as many of these enemies to health as the most foul exhalations from a sewer outlet. The Stegomyia fasciata, which carries the germs of yellow fever, would be just as deadly on a mountain top as along the shore of a Louisiana bayou. Hence, the absurdity of shotgun quarantines and of all the other medicinal manifestations of alarm that appear when yellow jack rages on the gulf coast.

One of the small glaciers in Montana is of especial interest on account of the fact that in the mass of ice there are imbedded two strata of grasshoppers, each about a foot thick. There are literally tons of grasshoppers in the ice, and the question naturally arises as to where they came from. The most obvious explanation, says Country Life in America, is that centuries ago two enormous swarms in course of migration were caught in a snowstorm, chilled and buried in the snow, where they have remained till now in a perfect state of preservation. In the accounts of the early western explorers a few instances are related of meeting large swarms of locusts on the mountain tops in the Rockies. It is a very fortunate circumstance that the great extension of agriculture in the west has broken up the breeding grounds of these insects.

Expert Carleton, who says this country can produce 1,500,000,000 bushels of wheat, admits that he has made only a rough estimate. It is possible, therefore, that he is a few bushels out of the way on one side or the other.

The exclusion of a sailor in the navy from a dancing pavilion at Narragansett bay is especially excusable when it is remembered that naval men are universally conceded to be the best dancers that society can boast.

Deer are reported to be unusually plentiful in the Maine woods this year. Unfortunately, however, a good many of the people who go to hunt in the Maine woods are unable to tell the difference between a deer and a guide at 20 paces.

It is said that the sultan of Turkey's illness was due to a shot fired by one of his jealous wives. The sultan should make his wives take a civil service examination on the subject of jealousy before marrying them.

From Nation's Capital

Washington News as Related by Our Correspondent—Canal Problems and Campaigns Keep President Busy—Navy's Gunnery Surprises Army Officers.



WASHINGTON.—Great activity prevails at the White House. The president is holding long conferences day and night with members of his cabinet. He is at work on his annual message to congress which he hopes to have completed, with the exception of the parts referring to Cuba and Panama, before he starts for the isthmus. Most of the conferences relate to Panama. The specifications for the work and the general construction scheme is receiving the closest scrutiny.

When the president reaches the canal zone early in November he will be an expert on canal matters, and as he crosses the isthmus, examining the work on the ditch, the sanitary arrangements, the quartermaster's depot, the housing of the workmen and all other essentials that enter into making the construction work a success, the president will be able at a glance to take in the situation and detect whatever weak points may exist.

While the hourly visits of cabinet officers at the White House are due to the president's desire to have his message to congress out of the way early in November, it is true that the political situation, especially in New York, is receiving consideration at the hands of the president and his cabinet officers.

The president is unquestionably deeply interested in the welfare of Candidate Hughes, and does not propose to show any apathy. He makes no attempt to disguise his interest in the contest and he proposes to do all he can to promote the success of the Republican ticket.

It would not surprise those who know the president's consuming interest in the campaign to read in the press some morning shortly before election day a characteristic letter over the signature of the president, commending Candidate Hughes to the voters of New York state.

ARMY OFFICERS SEE SOME GOOD TARGET WORK. Somebody in authority in the army department conceived the idea of sending representatives of the coast defense to sea with Rear Admiral Evan's battleship fleet, to study the sharp gunnery of the deep. The innovation was to be kept secret, but the particulars of the trip are related by a mariner.

The army officers selected for the mission were Maj. C. J. Bailey, of the Artillery Corps, and Maj. L. M. Fuller, of the Ordnance Corps. They went aboard the Maine, the flagship of the North Atlantic fleet.

When the vessels reached the Massachusetts bay target grounds several of them, including the Maine, began preliminary practice. The two army officers came on deck to witness the "warming-up" trials, and the wardroom brigade of the Maine noticed that each major had wads of cotton stowed away in his ears.

A midshipman walked up to a six-inch rifle, said something to the gun crew, and looked at the range finder. Then the "mid" walked to the breech-block and, with one hand resting on the huge piece of steel, raised his other hand in the air. There was a flash, a roar and a target 1,600 yards away went over on its side.

The whole thing was so quickly and quietly done as to take the army officers unawares. One of them called to the midshipman: "Can you do that every time?"

"Well, no, not every minute of the day," bawled the midshipman. "Now then we miss."

"But before you fire do you not shout 'Take cover' as a warning to those around to get behind something?"

"There is no danger so long as the gun holds together," replied the young officer.

"Do you usually stand so close to a gun when you fire it?" asked one of the majors.

"Certainly, sir. That is my station," answered the midshipman.

"This time the firing of the six-inch guns had become general. The deck about the weapons was literally covered with powder, loose and otherwise, and for yards around there was a litter of shells and ammunition. The men moved about the explosives in seeming disregard of the danger of a wayward spark dropping from one of the barking rifles.

One of the majors noticed that a midshipman of the gun nearest them had stooped for one last glance along the sight of a rifle. The major shouted: "Take cover. In an instant everything was buried in a cloud of white smoke.

"Fine work, boys," said the midshipman, with his body so close to the empty gun that the heat warmed his face. "That's the kind that counts," he cried to the majors.

At dinner that day the two majors were lavish in their praise of the crack work of the gun crews.

"It's just this way," said a member of the admiral's staff. "It's hit or miss. And you can't hit unless you poke your very nose into a gun and fire at the right time."

The officers of Admiral Evan's fleet will await the majors' report with much interest.

"BOOZE EXPERTS" SEEK GOVERNMENT JOBS.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist of the department of agriculture, is receiving letters from people all over the country who want to join his alcohol class. A communication from a man in Boston, who styles himself a "leading expert on booze" is a gem. He impatiently declares his fits to fill the position of testing "kill me quick" for the government and wants to know when he shall show up to begin the merry occupation. Dr. Wiley is receiving so many applications for places on the official board of Uncle Sam's spirit testers that his hair is growing gray.

Since the white light of publicity was shed upon the Wiley scheme to determine whether alcoholic drinks are deleterious to the human stomach, the learned doctor has been besieged with plaintive walls from lovers of mixed and un-mixed drinks. All are anxious to help.

Experiments with saltpeter to determine whether foods doctored with this chemical are harmful to the stomach will begin as soon as Dr. Wiley can get a dozen subjects to undergo the scientific course. So far he has been unable to find young men willing to fill their systems with saltpeter. If subjects cannot be obtained, science will be the loser, but Dr. Wiley will not be responsible.

There is a probability that at no distant day Dr. Wiley will institute a series of experiments with tobacco. If a tobacco class is added to the bureau of chemistry, everything will be tested from street stubs and "two fors" up to perfectos and Turkish atrocities.

HUSBAND OR WIFE TO LOSE POSITION.

President Roosevelt has decided to eject from the government service the husband or wife where both are employed. He has called upon the civil service commission for a list of names of such employees. When this list has been furnished, under direction of the president, the husband and wife who are both upon Uncle Sam's pay roll will be given an opportunity to decide which shall remain and which shall resign. If no agreement is reached, one or the other will be dismissed. The president will interpose his objection to the employment of women whose husbands are employed but are not in the government service, nor will he attempt to regulate the number of members of any family who shall be given government employment further than to make it impossible for both the husband and the wife to remain upon the pay rolls. It is estimated that in Washington alone there are at least 100 cases where both husband and wife are in the government service. In some instances the marital relations are secret and the wife appears upon the pay rolls under her maiden name.

JEFFERSON CHINA FOR THE WHITE HOUSE.

Through the patriotic generosity of T. J. Coolidge, of Boston, a valued addition has been made to the White House collection of presidential china, consisting of four pieces of Jefferson ware. These pieces belong to a blue and white dinner set which President Jefferson ordered in France. Owing to the tangled condition of Jefferson's financial affairs at the time of his death this set was sold and was purchased by a Mr. Jones, of Virginia, who, apart from the fact that it was owned by Jefferson, liked it especially because the letter "J" appeared in the crest.

Some 30 years ago Mr. Coolidge, Sr., learned of the whereabouts of the china and purchased it from the Jones estate, subsequently presenting it to his son, who has now loaned four pieces of the set to the White House collection. The loan consists of a soup tureen, the top of a vegetable dish, the dish itself having been broken, a large platter and a plate.

Each piece is decorated with deep-blue mottled borders outlined in gold. In the center of the platter and plate, and on the sides of the tureen and covers are the shield-shaped Jefferson crest. The shield is outlined in deep blue bearing 13 gold stars, and in the center is an elaborate scroll letter "J" in gold. These pieces have been placed in the White House cabinets.

THE RINGMASTER

By S. A. D. COX

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The ringmaster was a handsome man, after a cruel, tigerish fashion; and Mlle. Zongora, the animal trainer, was good looking, too. True, there were hard lines about her face, showing that the mademoiselle had lived and suffered; but what of that? She had a heart; she had feelings, just the same as do those whom fortune has never buffeted, and when the ringmaster coolly told her that he no longer cared for her, and that he was going to marry Mlle. Therese, the bareback rider, who can blame Mlle. Zongora for feeling hurt and angry?

They stood there beside Mlle. Zongora's cage of lions and tigers, he with a cold, sneering smile on his lips, she with pain and rage in her eyes—eyes which were capable, on occasion, of flashing with as much fierceness as those of the most courageous of her tigers.

"So! You are going to throw me over and marry that white-faced chit of a girl, are you?" fiercely.

"So I have told you," carelessly. The animal queen was not the woman to rave. She simply regarded the ringmaster for a few moments with flashing eyes. Then she pointed to Diavolo, the man-eating tiger, in the cage before them, and said in an intense, cutting voice:

"Look there! You see Diavolo? He is a tiger, a brute. He would tear anyone to bits, and that would end it; but you are worse. You tear your victim's heart, wring the life blood from it, and leave its owner to live and suffer! The tiger is the better animal of the two! 'You—'

With a harsh laugh, the ringmaster turned and strode away, leaving the woman to glare after him, pain, rage, despair gleaming from her eyes.

Mlle. Zongora, desiring to always be near her animals, lived in a little house on wheels, a house-wagon, consisting of two miniature rooms. There were two doors opening into the sitting-room, one at either side.

After the performance that evening, the ringmaster entered this room for what was tacitly understood to be the last time. Mlle. Zongora had invited him to enjoy a little luncheon, with wine. She bore him no ill will, she told him, and wished their parting to be as that between friends.

She greeted him with a smile. No one would have guessed that she was not happy.

The ringmaster was somewhat ill at ease, at first, but after they had eaten something, and drank some wine, he began to be himself again, and laughed and talked as was his wont. He little suspected that Mlle. Zongora was as good an actor as she was an animal trainer. He little suspected that she was playing a part for a purpose. He little dreamed that, standing close beside the little house-wagon, on the farther side from the one at which he had entered, was the wagon containing the cage in which Diavolo, the man-eating tiger. He did not for one moment suspect that the door of this cage was exactly even with the door of the house-wagon. Nor did he imagine that a certain circus roustabout was standing with hand on the sliding-door of the tiger's cage, ready to draw it quickly back when he should hear a whistle from Mlle. Zongora's lips. But all this was true, nevertheless.

And when the ringmaster, his head muddled by the wine he had drunk, rose to leave, he did not notice that he was shown to the door on the opposite side of the room from the one on which he had entered, but this was true.

With her hand on the door, Mlle. Zongora smilingly bade the ringmaster good night and good-by. Then she jerked the door open, at the same moment giving utterance to a shrill whistle. There was a grating sound, and then, as the ringmaster, surprised and a bit startled, hesitated, Mlle. Zongora gave him a fierce, strong shove, and he went headlong through the doorway of the house-wagon—and through the open door of Diavolo's cage, also! There was a grating sound, as the cage door was pushed shut. Mlle. Zongora's door closed with a slam; and then—

Mlle. Zongora stuffed cotton in her ears and calmly undressed and got in bed.

A Busy Voter. John Weaver, the reform mayor of Philadelphia, was recently congratulated by a delegation of clergymen on the clean administration that he has given the Quaker city.

In the course of his reply, Mayor Weaver said: "I am glad to tell you that things with us have improved. Take, for instance, the matter of elections. A Philadelphian, some years ago, was running for a small office, and on election day he went from poll to poll cheering his supporters on."

"As he left a certain poll a shabby individual approached and shook him by the hand.

"I trust, sir," said the candidate, "that you are one of my supporters."

"One?" chuckled the shabby individual. "Why, bless your heart, I'm seven of 'em."

Infant a Linguist. Bessie Doyle, the four-year-old child of an iron manufacturer in Basic City, Va., has a good working knowledge of six languages besides English. Her father is a French scholar and taught her the language; her mother, who is of German descent, instructed the child in the tongue of the fatherland and the Swedish nurse carries on her communication with the tiny charge in a Scandinavian dialect.

A Sleeping Bird. If you have a pet bird, look at it closely when it is asleep, and you will see that it does not, as is generally believed, tuck its head under its wing. You have heard all your life that a bird sleeps in that way, but it does not; it turns its head and lays it on the soft and yielding feathers of its back, which sometimes entirely hides it.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It has been observed that the average man is never so happy as when he is posing as a critic.

For flexibility, smooth finish, stiffness and durability, Defiance Starch has no equal—10c for 6 oz.

Many a married man goes to a near-by saloon for a "smile" because he gets nothing but frowns at home.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Japan Will Copy from America. Prof. Taichiro Honjo is concluding in New York a tour of inspection of the great school systems of this country. He was sent here by his government of Formosa. When he goes home he is to establish a gigantic educational institution modeled after the American high school.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at this improved appearance of your work.

Proposal to Honor Engineer. A proposition in honor of John A. Roebeling's memory by the erection of a monument in Trenton, N. J., is taking a new turn and the citizens may build a new school of industrial arts and dedicate it in his name. Mr. Roebeling was the builder of the Brooklyn and other suspension bridges, and one of the foremost engineers in the country in his day.

For Our Women Readers. As probably all of you know, the name QUAKER, on a package of rolled oats means exactly what sterling does on a piece of silver.

Both stand for PURITY. In another part of this paper you will find an advertisement of QUAKER OATS, now put up for the first time in large FAMILY PACKAGES at the same price as inferior oats. In addition you get in each package FREE a beautiful piece of imported china. Read the advertisement, and then ask your grocer for a FAMILY package of QUAKER OATS. You will be delighted with the oats, and more than delighted with the beautiful present in the package.

Important News Chronicled. An English paper gravely announces that "Sir Ker Singh, the maharao of Srohi, lost his last jaw tooth on July 2 and had a diamond one put in its place."

THEY CURE RHEUMATISM. A Particularly Painful Form of This Disease Yields to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Of the many forms which rheumatism takes, that which is popularly known as sciatic rheumatism probably tortures its victim more than any other. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured this stubborn as well as painful trouble is a fact proven by the following statement, and no sufferer who reads this can afford to let prejudice stand in the way of trying these blood-making pills.

Rheumatism is now generally recognized as a disease of the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make—actually make—pure blood. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism. Mrs. Thomas Bresnahan, of 54 Mill street, Watertown, N. Y., says:

"My trouble began with a severe cold which I took about a week before Christmas in 1904. I began to have rheumatic pains in my back and limbs and after a time I couldn't straighten up. I suffered the most awful pain for months and much of the time was unable to leave the house and I had to take hold of a chair in order to walk and sometimes I could not stand up at all.

"The disease was pronounced sciatic rheumatism and, although I had a good physician and took his medicine faithfully, I did not get any better. After some six weeks of this terrible pain and suffering I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and that is the medicine that cured me. After a few boxes the pain was less intense and I could see decided improvement. I continued to take the pills until I was entirely cured and I have never had any return of the trouble."

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or the remedy will be mailed post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

CURES CONSTIPATION. It is just about impossible to be sick when the bowels are right and not possible to be well when they are wrong. Through its action on the bowels,

Lane's Family Medicine cleans the body inside and leaves no lodging place for disease. If for once you wish to know how it feels to be thoroughly well, give this famous laxative tea a trial.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC LIBRARY. The Standard Athletic Library of the World. Each book complete in itself. Have you become proficient in any particular sport by studying the text of any one of these books. Prices, each, book, 10c.

No. 10—Indian Clubs and Dumb Bells. No. 11—Boxing. No. 12—Fencing. No. 13—Baseball. No. 14—How to Become a Star. No. 15—How to Become a Champion. No. 16—How to Become a Champion. No. 17—How to Become a Champion. No. 18—How to Become a Champion. No. 19—How to Become a Champion. No. 20—How to Become a Champion.

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FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—Interesting Experiences of Misses Borman and Mills.



Every mother possesses information which is of vital interest to her young daughter.

Too often this is never imparted or is withheld until serious harm has resulted to the growing girl through her ignorance of nature's mysterious and wonderful laws and penalties.

Girls' over-sensitiveness and modesty often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, as they so often withhold their confidence from their mothers and conceal the symptoms which ought to be told to their physician at this critical period.

When a girl's thoughts become sluggish, with headache, dizziness or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude; when she is a mystery to herself and friends, her mother should come to her aid, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change, and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Hundreds of letters from young girls and from mothers, expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them, have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mills has written the two following letters to Mrs. Pinkham, which will be read with interest:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (First Letter.) "I am but fifteen years of age, am depressed, have dizzy spells, chills, headache and back-

ache, and as I have heard that you can give helpful advice to girls in my condition, I am writing you. Myrtle Mills, Oklawaha, Ill. Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (Second Letter.) "It is with the feeling of utmost gratitude that I write to you to tell you what your valuable medicine has done for me. When I wrote you in regard to my condition I had consulted several doctors, but they failed to understand my case and I did not receive any benefit from their treatment. I followed your advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now healthy and well, and all the distressing symptoms which I had at that time have disappeared."

Miss Matilda Borman writes Mrs. Pinkham as follows: "Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my periods were irregular and painful, and I always had such dreadful headaches."

"But since taking the Compound my headaches have entirely left me, my periods are regular, and I am getting strong and well. I am telling all my girl friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Matilda Borman, Farmington, Iowa.

If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to address Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her every detail of her symptoms, and to keep nothing back. She will receive advice absolutely free, from a source that has no rival in the experience of woman's ills,