

THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENSCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Publs.
LOUP CITY, - - - NEB.

J. Pierpont Morgan did not have quite everything bought in this country before he crossed the sea, but he left a man in charge on this side to pick up what few trifles he had happened to overlook.

The recent reference in Youth's Companion to San Bernardino county, California, as the largest in the United States, has brought out the fact that there is one even larger—Custer county, in Montana. The one contains 19,947 square miles, the other 20,490. In the interest of accuracy, therefore, the palm must be transferred from California to Montana.

The Geneva correspondent of the McKinley has informed President Kruger of the Transvaal that he cannot receive him, either officially or unofficially. No doubt that story will give comfort in London, and it can do no harm anywhere else. We may be very sure that if President Kruger visits Washington he will be received with all the honors befitting his rank.

Liquor dealers in Abingdon, Mass., by way of a joke nominated Rev. W. H. Wyman for constable, but they have about come to the conclusion that the joke is on them instead of on the reverend gentleman. They thought the proffer of such an honor would anger Mr. Wyman, but he enlisted the aid of local church people, was triumphantly elected and now declares that the Sunday and midnight closing ordinances must be rigidly observed.

A film of kerosene on the surface of standing water is fatal both to the larvae and to the adult female mosquitoes which alight there to lay their eggs. A small quantity is sufficient, one ounce being enough for a space of fifteen square feet. Temporary pools which result from heavy rains, and even the water in hollow stumps and discarded tin cans may furnish a generation of mosquitoes.

You may talk of the selfish men who succeed, but when we talk of success we don't mean tumblebugs who roll their treasure home, pigs who succeed in finding acorns, bankers who pile up dollars, trust organizers who rob, or gamblers who successfully swindle. When we mention successful men, we mean men really successful—those whose lives have added something to the dignity and decency of the human race.

The dinner given by the survivors of the defenders of Belfort in the Franco-German war, on the anniversary of the siege, was especially memorable because of the one woman present, who provided one of the most popular toasts. This was Mme. Belfort, a lieutenant of the Freres-Tireurs, who then—but a girl just out of her teens, was enrolled as a trooper in that corps, as she was a capital rider and shot. In this campaign she won both her commission and the military cross.

When digging in the gravel beds of South Kensington for the foundations of the Victoria and Albert museum in London great quantities of the bones of extinct animals were found, creatures which lived in the London basin at the time that the river's drift and brick earth were being deposited. These were the bones of the great stags then common, of the elephant and of the primeval horse, creatures which lived there before the channel was cut between England and France, though not perhaps before man had appeared in what is now the Thames valley. A scientist, to whom some of the remains were taken said that they reminded him of the great discovery of similar remains in the brick earth at Ilford, in Essex, England, thirty-seven years ago, when he personally saw dug from the brick fields of that parish the head and tusks of one of the largest mammoth elephants in the world.

Within the next two months the government will close out its business of educating Indians by contract, and thenceforth will retain practically the whole control and conduct of the matter. The change from the old system to the new began in 1895, when Congress passed a law providing for sectarian schools, the decrease being twenty per cent each year. Meantime, as the cutting off of this aid deprived Indian boys and girls of the privileges which they had enjoyed for them in government schools, the attendance in which has increased from fourteen to twenty-two thousand, and is still growing at the rate of a thousand a year. The next step contemplated by the government is a measure of compulsory education for young Indians. It is a pleasure to note that Hampton Institute, being entirely non-sectarian and performing a service which would be hard to duplicate will still receive a certain measure of government assistance.

An interesting and unusual ceremony will take place in Quebec next month, when a suitably inscribed bronze tablet will be placed by the Sons of the American Revolution upon the spot where the brave Gen. Montgomery fell, on December 31, 1775, in his ill-fated attempt to capture the citadel. The ceremony of unveiling the tablet to the American general will be followed by an international exchange of courtesies and a banquet; and it is safe to predict that, although the city held out successfully against the fathers, it will capitulate to the sons.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AMUSEMENTS THE SUBJECT ON LAST SUNDAY.

"Let the Young Men Now Arise and Play Before Us"—Second Samuel, Chapter II, Verse 14—Sports as a Means to an End—The Home Life.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)
Washington, May 19.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is in accord with all innocent hilarities, while it reprehends amusements that belittle or deprave; text, II Samuel ii, 14, "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against 12 men, the sport open. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip or in some way had his fire aroused and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair and with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the 24 sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then and is true now—that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more victims? I have no sympathy with a straightjacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others. I never could keep step to a dead march. A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements. For instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work and, feeling the need of recreation, puts on his slippers and goes into his garret and walks lively round the floor several times there can be no harm in it. I believe the church of God made a great mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing this demand of our nature the church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that every thing is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But Paul the apostle commends those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figure we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never yet shed a tear, and that winds sigh, but they never did have trouble, and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose and the universe a garland.

Find Out for Yourself.
I project certain principles by which you may judge in regard to any amusement or recreation, finding out for yourself whether it is right or wrong. I remark, in the first place, that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result or by its baleful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post mortem examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a psalm of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments you are healed.

Now, it is these exhilarating and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman, in proportion as a horse is gay it wants a stout driver, and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous, so that you cannot sleep, and you rise up in the morning not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work with his eyes bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusement. They are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing

for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair-breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are in the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up and if they pull us down as to our moral as well as to our physical strength you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Live Within Your Means.
Still further, those amusements are wrong which lead you into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you hundreds of thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements.

The first time I ever saw the city—it was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the eventide one of these men pined me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald, but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk—I made up my mind he was a basilisk. I remember how he wheeled his chair round in front of me and, with a concentrated and diabolical effort attempted to destroy my soul, but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware, beware, O young man! There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death.

The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The arousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The tablecloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping," large bets on horses, have their counterparts in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart.

Look Out for the Leasee.
Merchant, is there a disarrangement in your accounts? Is there a leakage in your money drawer? Did the cash account come out right last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off into bad amusements. The salary you give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by theft that which you do not give him in lawful salary.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens! The young man says: "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip, and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses. Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hardworking men hear the clatter of the hoofs and look up and say: "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from. We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and excitement. They stare at other people and in turn are stared at. The watch chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush. The eyes flash. The midnight bears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee, and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out, "Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?"

Passing along the street some night you hear a shriek in a grogshop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grogshop fight. Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death. They forgive him all he ever did, although he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last. Mother will go to her little garden and get the sweetest flowers and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the wayward boy and push back from the bloated brow the long locks that were once her pride. And the air will be rent with the agony. The great dramatist says, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

Sports a Means to an End.
Your sports are merely means to an end. They are alleviations and helps. The arm of toil is the only arm strong enough to bring up the bucket out of the deep well of pleasure. Amusement is only the bower where business and philanthropy rest while on their way to stirring achievements. Amusements are merely the vines that grow about the anvil of toil and the blossoming of the hammers. Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing, his days in hunting up loughing places and loungers, his nights in seeking out some gaslight foolery! The man who always has on his sporting jacket, ready to hunt for game in the mountain or fish in the brook, with no time to pray or work or read, is not so well off as the greyhound that runs by his side or the fly bait with which he whips the stream. A man who does not work does not know how to play. If God had intended us to do nothing

but laugh he would not have given us shoulders with which to lift and hands with which to work and brains with which to think. The amusements of life are merely the orchestra playing while the great tragedy of life plunges through its five acts—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age and death. Then exit the last earthly opportunity. Enter the overwhelming realities of an eternal world!

I go further and say that all those amusements are wrong which lead into bad company. If you go to any place where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial.

The Final Scene.
I was summoned to his deathbed. I hastened. I entered the room. I found him, to my surprise, lying in full everyday dress on the top of the couch. I put out my hand. He grasped it excitedly and said, "Sit down, Mr. Talmage, right there." I sat down. He said: "Last night I saw my mother, who has been dead twenty years, and she sat just where you sit now. It was no dream. I was wide awake. There was no delusion in the matter. I saw her just as plainly as I see you. Wife, I wish you would take these strings off me. There are strings spun all around my body. I wish you would take them off me." I saw it was delirium. "Oh," replied his wife, "my dear, there is nothing there." He went on and said: "Just where you sit, Mr. Talmage, my mother sat. She said to me, 'Henry, I do wish you would do better.' I got out of bed and put my arms around her and said: 'Mother, I want to do better. I have been trying to do better. Won't you help me to do better? You used to help me.' No mistake about it, no delusion. I saw her—the cap and the apron and the spectacles, just as she used to look twenty years ago. But I do wish you would take these strings away. They annoy me so! I can hardly talk. Won't you take them away?" I knelt down and prayed, conscious of the fact that he did not realize what I was saying. I got up. I said: "Goodby. I hope you will be better soon. He said, 'Goodby, goodby.'"

That night his soul went up to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. Some said: "Don't bring him in the church; he is too dissolute." "Oh," I said, "bring him in. He was a good friend of mine while he was alive, and I shall stand by him now that he is dead. Bring him to the church."

Delight in the Home Life.
Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements! The father went off. The mother went off. The child went off. There are today the fragments before me of blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out in the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and alas if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect!

Ah, my friends there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass before us in review. It will be our last hour. If from our death pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginus slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth.

SLAVES' PASSPORT COIN.

Copper Pocket Pieces Used in Escaping from Bondage.

Mr. Charles L. Feller, 1646 East Pratt street, has in his possession a copper coin of the kind used by slaves as passports in their travels when running away from their owners during the anti-slavery agitation preceding the Civil War. The coin bears the date 1838, with "Liberty" in a laurel wreath on its face and on the reverse the kneeling figure of a slave woman and the inscription "Am I not a woman and a sister?" The condition of the coin is perfect and came into possession of Mr. Feller several years ago, who obtained it from an oyster dredger. The dredger found it with a lot of other coins in the ruins made by the great flood at Johnstown. Mr. Feller has a large collection of coins, and attached no particular value to this piece until a few days ago, when he read an account of a lot of these anti-slavery coins being dug up in the Middle West. Considerable interest was attached to the finding of them. According to the Boston Transcript, Mr. H. B. Thatcher of Bangor, Me., who is a noted coin collector, has one of the pieces of the same year as Mr. Feller's. Mr. Thatcher says he remembers that in his youth slaves went to his father's house at night and were taken in. His father would take them out of Bangor in his wagon and would carry them well on their way toward the Canada line. The coins were used by the slaves along their avenues of escape as signals by which they could show they were entitled to assistance without being compelled to speak and tell about themselves.—Baltimore Sun.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, JUNE 2—HEBREWS IX: 11-14, 24-28.

Golden Text: He Ever Liveth to Make Intercession—Hebrews 7: 25—Jesus Ever High Priest in Heaven—Among the Jews.

11. But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building.

12. Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.

13. For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh.

14. How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.

15. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.

16. Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others.

17. For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world; but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.

18. And as he appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.

19. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

I presume that the reason the International Committee put this lesson in this place was to show us that Jesus, who has ascended to heaven, and has sent his Holy Spirit upon us, is an ever-living Saviour, still working and caring for us. His mission is not ended. Jesus is not so in the heavens. We still have a Saviour who is a present Redeemer and mediator between our souls and God, the bridge as it were, or the realization of the stairway of Jacob's dream, between earth and heaven.

The subject therefore is that Jesus is our high priest, our mediator, an eternal, living Saviour, representing us before God, and God to us, and removing those things which separate the soul from God our Heavenly Father. The letter to the Hebrews "is intended for those who felt as though under the new dispensation they had lost all that was most dear to them. Judaism, with its splendid ritual and elaborate priesthood, was stricken root and branch in this place passing away. The writer of this letter teaches the fact that it is only the external elements of Judaism that are going, and that something infinitely better is taking its place—something that contains all that was essential and eternal in the old system."—G. Campbell Morgan.

If we understand the mission and duties of the high priest in the Jewish economy, we will be better able to realize what God does for us as a high priest. The basis of all his duties as mediator between God and man, "The whole characteristics and the functions of the priesthood centered in the person of the high priest."—Edersheim. 1. He was appointed by God. 2. He was the mediator, the connection between God and man. 3. He was the representative of the people before God, presenting their prayers and offerings. "The crown and glory of the Levitical dispensation was in its priesthood. Its most sacred and solemn service was that of the high priest on the day of atonement.

Illustration. We can know God only through material manifestations, as we know men through our bodily powers, and their bodily manifestations. So we know the sun only through the material objects through which or by which it is manifested. One minute of full direct vision of the sun would blind us. The light itself as reflected from objects; the colors, the chemical and life rays, the power that takes pictures, the heat rays, all only through some physical objects.

Illustration. "You remember how Diogenes the philosopher who dwelt in a tub, received Alexander the Conqueror. When Alexander came to him, and stood in the entrance to that hovel in which he lived, and asked, 'Diogenes, is there anything which Alexander, the king, and I do not need a mediator? We have the sun!'" The philosopher replied, "Yes, there is one thing you can do for me—stand out of my sunlight." That is my attitude towards any man who seeks to play the part of priest between me and God. "Get out of my sunlight! Don't come between me and God!" I come to God through Jesus Christ, and through no other person. I do not question the right of any person to intervene between me and God because I do not need a mediator. But because I have a great high priest who ever liveth to make intercession for me.—G. Campbell Morgan.

Increasing a Golf Outfit.

She was a Boston girl, not given to sudden crazes and ill-considered pleasures, but last summer and in the early fall she fell a victim to the golf habit and from that time her thoughts, sleeping or waking, ran on broccios and mashes and cleeks and other implements of the peace-destroying sport. So, as Christmas approached, and she had every reason to believe that her aunt would remember her as usual, she went to her and diplomatically suggested that the present this time should be in a direct way associated with golf. A day or two before Christmas the expected bundle arrived from the aunt, accompanied by a note in which the elderly lady apologized for her ignorance concerning golf, asserting that all golf terms were alike to her, and she didn't know a brassie from a stymie. "But, my dear," she went on, "I have done the best I could, and I hope this little present, which is certainly associated with golf, will be acceptable and useful." The expectant athlete, somewhat dashed by the smallness of the parcel, untied the string, unrolled the paper, opened the box, and took out—a golf pin!

Phil Man Outwits Authorities.

Postal authorities in Washington are worrying over the case of a man who advertises to cure deafness without fall for a certain sum. To those who send the required amount the advertiser sends 2,000 pills, with directions to take not more than one a day, guaranteeing a cure when all the pills have been used. As the truth or otherwise of this claim cannot be determined for about five and a half years, the authorities do not know what course to take.

The Spartan Japs.

The Japanese are a Spartan race. Many things besides their resistance to cold prove it. The most of them live in simplicity. They can go a long time without food. The coolies perform marvelous feats of strength and endurance; they draw a "jirikisha" all day or carry travelers over the steepest mountains. Every summer a colony of foreigners go to Mount Helizan, near Kioto. Their camp is several miles up the steep mountain side, but early each morning the Japanese bring up the mail, fresh vegetables and milk, and women often carry trunks to the summit on their heads.

A Schubert Manuscript Found.

An interesting original manuscript work by Franz Schubert was discovered recently in Vienna among the property of a rich and eccentric man named Wyssiak, an official of the court of justice, who died recently. It is the long-sought-for composition in D flat for two violins, viola and violoncello. This work is dated in March, 1844, and was recognized as genuine some years ago by Schubert's step-brother. Today the same verdict is given by several specialists well acquainted with Schubert's music. The discovery has caused a great sensation in Viennese musical circles.

An "M. D.'s" Open Letter.

Benton, Ill., May 20—R. H. Dunaway, M. D., of this place, in an open letter, makes the following startling statement:

"I had Diabetes with all its worst symptoms. I applied every remedy known to the profession, as well as every prescription suggested in our books. In spite of all, I was dying, and I knew it.

"As a last resort, and with scarcely any faith whatever, I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. In one week I saw a great improvement. After I had taken five boxes, I was sound and well. This is ten months ago, and I have not taken any medicine of any kind since, and am convinced that my cure is a permanent one.

"As a practicing physician with years of experience, I most positively assert that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine in the world today, for Diabetes or any other Kidney Disease. Since using them myself, I have used them in many cases in my practice, and they have never failed.

"I am making this statement as a professional man, after having made a most thorough test of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and because I feel it my duty to the public and to my professional brethren. The truth can never hurt anyone, and what I have said is the absolute truth."

R. H. DUNAWAY, M. D.

It is no wonder that the public are enthusiastic over this new medicine, when our leading physicians themselves, are being won over to its use.

City Funds Kept in a Chimney.

The city of South Norwalk, Conn., keeps a part of its record in a chimney. This unique "safe" is found at the municipal electric lighting plant. The space usually utilized as a soot pit in the base of the 500 foot brick smokestack has been utilized for keeping the records and books of the plants.

A FAMOUS OLD HOUSE.

The house of Walter Baker & Co., whose manufactures of cocoa and chocolate have become familiar in the mouth as household words, was established one hundred and twenty-one years ago (1780) on the Neponset river in the old town of Dorchester, a suburb of Boston. From the little wooden mill, "by the rude bridge that arched the flood," where the enterprise was first started, there has grown up the largest industrial establishment of the kind in the world. It might be said that, while other manufacturers come and go, Walter Baker & Co., go on forever.

What is the secret of their great success? It is a very simple one. They have won and held the confidence of the great and constantly increasing body of consumers by always maintaining the highest standard in the quality of their cocoa and chocolate preparations, and selling them at the lowest price for which unadulterated articles of good quality can be put upon the market. They welcome honest competition; but they feel justified in denouncing in the strongest terms the fraudulent methods by which inferior preparations are palmed off on customers who ask for and suppose they are getting the genuine articles. The best grocers refuse to handle such goods, not alone for the reason that, in the long run, it doesn't pay to do it, but because their sense of fair dealing will not permit them to aid in the sale of goods that defraud their customers and injure honest manufacturers.

Every package of the goods made by the Walter Baker Company bears the well-known trade mark "La Belle Chocolatiere," and their place of manufacture "Dorchester, Mass." Housekeepers are advised to examine their purchases, and make sure that other goods have not been substituted.

An attractive little book of "Choice Recipes" will be mailed free to any housekeeper who sends her name and address to Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., 168 State Street, Boston, Mass.

When a soldier becomes insane there is something wrong at headquarters.

It isn't at all pleasant to pay the laundryman stiff prices for slimsy work.

What Do the Children Drink?
Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 5c.

Many a man has married a piece of real estate, with a woman in the title deed.