MENACE IN SPITTING EVIL

Allegation Is Made That the Habit Is Responsible for 95 Per Cent of Consumption Cases.

"Ninety-five per cent of our consumption," says the North Carolina state board of health, "comes from careless spitting, coughing and sneezing," particularly on the part of the consumptive, but also from people who are apparently healthy. "Spit is frequently laden with deadly disease germs, particularly that of consumptives.

"When one coughs, spits or sneezes, a great multitude of tiny drops of spittle are violently expelled from the mouth and nose. The largest of these drops can be readily seen. A large number of smaller droplets can be found if a mirror or piece of glass is held before the face when coughing or sneezing. A tremendous quantity of still smaller droplets are discharged in the form of an invisible spray or mist, which floats about in the air for some time. Scientists have found that when a man coughs, spits or sneezes in a large hall or room where the air is quiet, these tiny, invisible germ-laden droplets will float in the air for a distance of 25 to 100 feet. These tiny droplets, in the form of mist or spray, may be breathed in by other people, or they may settle on objects with which they come into intimate contact, such as food and clothing. Viewed in this light, such conduct is at least impolite. Furthermore, it is dangerous to the public at large to have careless people actually coughing, sneezing and spitting germ-laden matter into their faces, even if it is invisible and in the form of fine mist."

ALMOST FRANTIC WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

"Eight years ago I got eczema all over my hands. My fingers fairly bled and it itched until it almost drove me frantic. The eruption began with itching under the skin. It spread fast from between the fingers around the nails and all over the whole hands. I got a pair of rubber gloves in order to wash dishes. Then it spread all over the left side of my chest. A fine doctor treated the trouble two weeks, but did me no good. I cried night and day. Then I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment but without much hope as I had gone so long. There was a marked change the second day, and so on until I was entirely cured. The Cuticura Soap we have always kept in our home, and we decided after that lesson that it is a cheap soap in price and the very best in quality. My husband will use no other soap in his shaving mug." (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redonda Beach, Cal., Jan. 15, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Chamois Rag Enough for Two.

An upper grade teacher in one of the Kansas City schools was cleaning the blackboard with a large piece of chamois.

"My, but you use a large chamois!" laughingly remarked another teacher.

"Yes, and it's large enough for two. Use it whenever you need it."

"Oh, you don't think I have that much cheek?"

One Way to Make Country Level.

The Newly Weds were driving along a very hilly road in northern Missouri.

"Such horrid hills!" she exclaimed. "I think there are entirely too many of them."

"Either that," replied the man, "or there are only half enough."

Astonishing Experience.

The whale, after parting with Jonah, was gazing after his retreating form.

"If any one had told me," murmured the great mammal, bitterly, "that I would find a man ready to jump down my throat, I never would have swallowed it whole."

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

A jealous woman enables his Satanic majesty to take a vacation now and then.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Every time a girl sees a handsome young man she wonders whose sweetheart he is.

Quality—quantity—is something to consider in purchasing a remedy for constipation or as a laxative. How about Garfield Tea?

The man who paddles his own canoe today may own a steam yacht tomorrow.

Garfield Tea, a laxative of superior quality! For those suffering with constipation.

A loafer is an animal that feeds on a worker's time.

Failure is always spoiled by success.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers or 5 sent prepaid for 61. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

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SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balsam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrigrinton takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

In the tavern the three men were drinking—Murrell with the idea that the more Yancy came under the influence of Slosson's corn whisky the easier his speculation would be managed. Mr. Yancy on his part believed that if Murrell went to bed reasonably drunk he would sleep late and give him the opportunity he coveted, to quit the tavern unobserved at break of day.

"When yo' get to feelin' like sleep, young boss, Mas'r Slosson he says I show yo' to yo' chamber." It was Slosson's boy Eph.

"Yes, you can show me my chamber," Hannibal said.

Eph secured a tin candle-stick with a half-burnt candle in it and led the way into the passage back of the bar.

They mounted a flight of stairs and passed down a narrow hall. This brought them to the back of the building, and Eph pushed open the door on his right.

"This heah's yo' chamber," he said, and preceding his companion into the room, placed the candle on a chair.

The moon was rising and Hannibal went to the open window and glanced out. For a moment he considered the night, not unaffected by its beauty, then, turning from the window, he moved his bundle and rifle to the foot of the bed, where they would be out of his way, kicked off his trousers, blew out the candle and lay down.

Yancy had become more and more convinced as the evening passed that Murrell was bent on getting him drunk, and suspicion mounted darkly to his brain.

"Have a drink with me!" cried Slosson, giving way to drunken laughter.

"The captain's dropped out, and I 'low it's about time fo' these here festivities to come to an end. I'm thinking some of going to bed myself," said Yancy. He kept his eyes fixed on Murrell. He realized that if the latter could prevent it he was not to leave the bar. He never shifted his glance from Murrell's face. Scowling now, the captain's eyes blazed back their challenge as he thrust his right hand under his coat. "Fair play—I don't know who you are, but I know what you want!" said Yancy, the light in his frank gray eyes deepening. Murrell laughed and took a forward step. At the same moment Slosson snatched up a heavy club from the back of the bar and dealt Yancy a murderous blow. A single startled cry escaped the Scratch Hiller; he struck out wildly as he lurched toward Murrell, who drew his knife and drove it into his shoulder. Yancy dropped heavily to the floor.

How long the boy slept he never knew, but he awoke with a start and a confused sense of things. It was evidently very late, probably long after midnight—but where was his Uncle Bob?

He sank back on his pillow intent and listening. A chilling terror that gripped him fast and would not let him go, mounted to his brain.

Where was his Uncle Bob? Why didn't he come to bed? Memories of idle tales of men foully dealt with in these lonely taverns flashed through his mind.

He slid from the bed, and for a long moment stood cold and shaking, his every sense on the alert. With infinite caution he got into his trousers and again paused to listen, since he feared his least movement might betray him. Next he secured his pack, and was ready for flight.

Encumbered by his belongings, but with no mind to sacrifice them, he stepped out upon the shed and made his way down the slant of the roof to the eaves. He tossed his bundle to the ground and going down on his knees lowered his rifle, letting the muzzle fall lightly against the side of the shed as it left his hand, then he lay flat on his stomach and, feet first, wriggled out into space. When he could no longer preserve his balance, he gave himself a shove away from the eaves and dropped clear of the building.

As he recovered himself he was sure he heard a door open and close, and threw himself prone on the ground, where the black shadow cast by the tavern hid him. At the same moment two dark figures came from about a corner of the building. He could just distinguish that they carried some heavy burden between them and that they staggered as they moved.

They passed out of sight, and breathless and palsied, Hannibal crept about a corner of the tavern. He must be sure!

Presently he heard a distant sound—a splash—surely it was a splash—

A little later the men came up the lane, to disappear in the direction of the tavern. Hannibal peered after them. His very terrors, while they wrenched and tortured him, gave him a desperate kind of courage. As the gloom hid the two men, he started forward again. He reached the end of the cornfield, climbed a fence, and entered a deadening of timber. In the long wet grass he found where the men had dragged their burden. He reached down and swept his hand to and fro—once—twice—the third time his little palm came away red and discolored.

There was the first pale premonition of dawn in the sky, and as he hurried on the light grew, and the black trunks of trees detached themselves from the white mist that filled the woods and which the dawn made visible. There was light enough for him to see that he was following the trail left by the men. He emerged upon the bank of the Elk river, white like the woods with its ghostly night sweat.

The dull beat of the child's heart quickened as he gazed out on the swift current that was hurrying on with its dreadful secret. Then the full comprehension of his loss seemed to overwhelm him and he was utterly desolate. Sobs shook him, and he dropped on his knees, holding fast to the stock of his rifle.

"Uncle Bob—Uncle Bob, come back! Can't you come back!" he wailed miserably. Presently he staggered to his feet. As he glanced about, he saw almost at his feet a dug-out, made from a single poplar log. It was secured to an overhanging branch by a length of a wild grape-vine. With one last fearful look off across the deadening in the direction of the tavern, he crept down to the water's edge and entered the canoe. In a moment, he had it free from its lashing and the rude craft was bumping along the bank in spite of his best efforts with the paddle. Then a favoring current caught it and swept it out toward the center of the stream.

CHAPTER VII.

On the River.

Betty stood under a dripping umbrella in the midst of a downpour.

Just arrived by the four-horse coach that plied regularly between Washington and Georgetown, she had found the long board platform beside the canal crowded with her fellow passengers. Suddenly she became aware of a tall, familiar figure moving through the crowd. It was Bruce Carrington. At the same moment he saw her, and with a casual air that quite deceived her, approached.

"You're leaving tonight?" he asked.

"Yes—isn't it miserable the way it rains? And why are they so slow—why don't they hurry with that boat?"

"It's in the last lock now," explained Carrington, and gathering up Betty's hand luggage, he helped her aboard.

By the time they had reached Wheeling, Betty had quite parted with whatever superficial prejudice she might have had concerning river-men. This particular one was evidently a very nice river-man, an exception to his kind. He made choice of the steamer on which she should continue her journey, and thoughtfully chose The Naiad—a slow boat.

"I haven't a thing to offer her—this is plain madness of mine!" he kept telling himself, and then the expression of his face would become grim and determined. No more of the river for him—he'd get hold of some land and go to raising cotton; that was the way money was made.

Slow as The Naiad was, the days passed much too swiftly for him. When Memphis was reached their friendly intercourse would come to an end. There would be her brother, of whom she had occasionally spoken—he would be pretty certain to have the ideas of his class.

The days, like any other days, dwindled. The end of it all was close at hand. Another twenty-four hours and Carrington reflected there would only be good-by to say.

"We will reach New Madrid tonight," he told her. They were watching the river, under a flood of yellow moonlight.

Carrington, with his back against a stanchion, watched her discontentedly.

"You'll be mighty glad to have this over with, Miss Malroy—" he said at length, with a comprehensive sweep toward the river.

"Yes—shan't you?" and she opened her eyes questioningly.

"No," said Carrington with a short laugh, drawing a chair near hers and sitting down.

Betty, in surprise, gave him a quick look, and then as quickly glanced away from what she encountered in his eyes. As she looked, suddenly pale points of light appeared on a distant headland.

"Is that New Madrid—Oh, is it, Mr. Carrington?" she cried eagerly.

"I reckon so," but he did not alter his position.

"But you're not looking!"

"Yes, I am—I'm looking at you. I reckon you'll think me crazy, Miss Malroy—presumptuous and all that—but I wish Memphis could be wiped off the map, and that we could go on like this for ever!"

"You mustn't talk so—I am nothing to you—"

"Yes, you are. You're everything to me," said Carrington doggedly. "You shall love me—" She was powerless in his embrace. She felt his breath on her cheek, then he kissed her. Suddenly his arms fell at his side; his face was white. "I was a brute to do that—Betty, forgive me! I am sorry—no, I can't be sorry!"

They were alongside the New Madrid wharf now, and a certain young man who had been impatiently watching The Naiad's lights ever since they became visible crossed the gang-plank with a bound.

"Betty—why in the name of goodness did you ever choose this tub?" said the new-comer.

"Charley!"

Carrington stepped back. This must be the brother who had come up the river from Memphis to meet her—but her brother's name was Tom! He looked this stranger—this Charley—over with a hostile eye.

* * * * * * * *

All that day Hannibal was haunted by the memory of what he had heard and seen at Slosson's tavern. More than this, there was his terrible sense of loss, and the grief he could not master. Marking the course of the road westward, he clung to the woods, where his movements were as stealthy as the very shadows themselves.

Presently, as he stumbled forward, he came to a small clearing in the center of which stood a log dwelling. The place seemed deserted.

Tilted back in a chair by the door of this house a man was sleeping. The hoot of an owl from a near-by oak roused him. He yawned and stretched himself, thrusting out his fat legs and extending his great arms. Then becoming aware of that path as he slept and now stood before him in the uncertain light, he fell to rubbing his eyes with the small figure which had stolen up the knuckles of his plump hands.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm Hannibal Wayne Hazard," said the boy. The man quitted his chair.

"Well—I am glad to know you, Hannibal Wayne Hazard. I am Slocum Price—Judge Slocum Price, sometime major-general of militia and ex-member of congress, to mention a few of those honors my fellow countrymen have thrust upon me." He made a sweeping gesture with his two hands outspread and bowed ponderously.

The boy saw a man of sixty, whose gross and battered visage told its own story. There was a sparse white frost about his ears; and his eyes, pale blue and prominent, looked out from under beetling brows. He wore a shabby plum-colored coat and tight, drab breeches. About his fat neck was a black stock.

"You don't belong in these parts, do you?" asked the judge, when he had completed his scrutiny.

"No, sir," answered the boy. He glanced off down the road, where lights were visible among the trees. "What town is that?"

"Pleasantville—which is a lie—but I am neither sufficiently drunk nor sufficiently sober to cope with the possibilities your question offers. Have you so much as fifty cents about you?" and the judge's eyes narrowed to a slit above their folds of puffy flesh. Hannibal, keeping his glance fixed on the man's face, fell back a step. "I can't let you go if you are penniless—I can't do that!" cried the judge, with sudden vehemence. "You shall be my guest for the night. They're a pack of thieves at the tavern," he lowered his voice. "I know 'em, for they've plucked me!" He rested a fat hand on the boy's shoulder and drew him gently but firmly into the shanty. With flint and steel he made a light, and presently a candle was sputtering in his hands. He fitted it into the neck of a tall bottle, and as the light flared up the boy glanced about him.

The interior was mean enough, with its rough walls, dirt floor and black, cavernous fireplace. A shake-down bed in one corner of the room was tastefully screened from the public gaze by a tattered quilt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Presently He Heard a Distant Sound—a Splash.

Of Course Not.

Jimmy said: "My pa is a church member."

"So is mine," boasted Henry.

"He ain't neither. My pa says your pa don't come to church, and even when he does he doesn't put nothing in the collection box."

"Huh! My pa is an honorary member, and honorary members don't hafter chip in!"

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

No Wife's Cooking for Them.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—This paper says that rarely indeed is a wealthy Turk seen at his wife's dinner table.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes, I understand the Turks live a long time.

A splendid and highly recommended remedy for tired, weak, inflamed eyes, and granulated eyelids, is Paxtine Antiseptic, at druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Pertaining to War.

Have you ever noticed how easy it is to confuse the two words martial and marital, when one sees them in print?

If some people have any good in them they evidently keep it bottled up pretty tight.

Health All Important.

It is more sensible to pay serious attention to the health of the nation than to sing patriotic songs.

You Owe it to Your Stomach to Keep it Right With

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It wards off age by aiding and strengthening the stomach, correcting liver, kidney and bowel disorders, restores appetite, puts new life in run-down, worn-out bodies.

Use it Now for Better Health

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral

NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed - Alx Senna - Rochelle Salts - Anise Seed - Peppermint - Bi Carbonate Soda - Worm Seed - Clarified Sugar - Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac Simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Melody Sometimes Becomes Malady.

That persons have very diverse ideas and tastes in music was exemplified in an incident at a pupil's vocal recital lately. A young woman was having quite a struggle with a song and one woman in the audience said to her companion:

"Isn't that a beautiful melody?"

The other looked bored and said:

"It sounds more like a malady to me."

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

A man is judged by the company he keeps, and by the cigars he gives away.

It always makes good! What? Garfield Tea, the Natural Laxative, composed entirely of pure, wholesome and healthgiving herbs.

If a man isn't sufficiently original to manufacture his own lies he should stick to the truth.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow.

Many a man hides his wife's coffin with roses, who never gave her a five-dollar bill to do as she pleased with.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for LEWIS' Single Binder cigar, 5c.

Men may be born modest, but women have to acquire all they get.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood and clears the complexion. Drink before retiring.

The gossip of today may be the superstition of tomorrow.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is ransacked by the scientific for the comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made giant strides in the past century, and among the—by no means least important—discoveries in medicine is that of Therapion, which has been used with great success in French Hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weaknesses, ulcers, skin eruptions, piles, &c., there is no doubt. In fact it seems evident from the big stir created amongst specialists, that THERAPION is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell sufferers all we should like to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that has effected so many—we might almost say, miraculous cures, should send addressed envelope for FREE book to Dr. LeClerc Med. Co., Haverstock Road, Hampstead, London, Eng. and decide for themselves whether the New French Remedy "THERAPION" No. 1, No. 2 or No. 3 is what they require and have been seeking in vain during a life of misery, suffering, ill health and unhappiness. Therapion is sold by druggists or mail $1.00. Fougera Co., 90 Beekman St., New York.

OKLAHOMA FARMS—Payne and adjoining counties, $20 to $50 per acre; business properties for sale or exchange. R. G. BOATRIGHT, CUSHING, OKLA.

IRRIGABLE LAND 300 a. adjoining Hershey, Neb. on South and East, no waste land, all level, available for lots. $31,000 if sold in 30 days. D. C. PATTERSON, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

LADIES—We have the greatest bargains in LACES to be had anywhere; samples FREE. Caspers-DeMoon Co., Jackson Pk., Chicago, Ill.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 27–1912.

Nebraska Directory

THE PAXTON HOTEL Omaha, Nebraska EUROPEAN PLAN Rooms from $1.00 up single, 75 cents up double. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE

AFTER THE RAIN DRAG THE ROADS Full line all steel Road Drags. Special prices to road men. Discount in quantities. Write today. LININGER IMPLEMENT CO., OMAHA, NEBR.

His Stay Only Temporary

Old Joke Had No Intention of Making a Very Long Sojourn in Discard Land.

A joke, whose career had been long and whose hoary whiskers well-nigh dragged on the ground, was at length driven out of circulation and in due course arrived at the border of Discard Land. The inhabitants of the locality met him and gave the old joke their heartfelt sympathy. Among those present were broken New Year's resolutions, musty I. O. U's, forgotten fads and fashions, moss-grown political crises, wornout enthusiasms, silenced slogans, vows of eternal constancy with their backs broken, endorsements on notes of boyhood friends, popular songs of yesteryear, faded love letters, shrunken reputations, moth-eaten mottoes, hushed clarion calls, and many others of their ilk.

"Who enters here leaves hope behind," they informed him. "Like the sailor-boy Jack, you will never go back."

"That may fit your cases, but it doesn't fit mine," cheerily replied the old joke, who was still to some extent surcharged with ginger. "This place, which is a limbo for you fellows, will prove a health resort for me, and provide me with the rest and recuperation I need. After I secure the same, I am going back for a long and brilliant career in comic opera, following which, when my point has become hopelessly blunted, I shall go abroad and enter high society in the columns of Tit-Bits." It is impossible to keep a good joke down."—Satire.

Death Robbed Forger of Harvest.

Without doubt the most remarkable estate in a collection of dead men's "chests" is that of Hermann Schneider. He died some years ago on board a steamship while on his way to Europe. His "chest," outside some few personal effects, consisted of a number of bills of exchange drawn by American bankers on their European correspondents, together with a number of blank forms of such bills.

"When we received the property," said Mr. Butler, "we sent the signed bills of exchange to the banks which had issued them, asking payment to be made to us. In reply we were informed by all of them that the bills were forgeries! Evidently Hermann Schneider was planning to reap a harvest in Europe with his forged bills when death, himself a reaper, cut him down."

Wisdom.

The Foolish Virgins regarded one another in blank dismay. "We are out of oil!" they exclaimed.

But the Wise Virgins had bought for the rise, and now that the bulge had come they were watching the ticker excitedly.

"Ten points up—on the report that the government will not prosecute!" they cried gleefully.

Showing that where virgins mingle in affairs, they will find wisdom quite helpful.—Puck.

Black and White vs. White and Black.

For many years a large department store has spent thousands of dollars on placards with which almost every article of merchandise is ticketed throughout the store, and only within a short time did they realize the amount of money that was being wasted in using the white cardboard with black lettering.

These white cards soon became soiled and shop worn if allowed to remain in place any length of time. The cards which are handled by customers in bins, trays, etc., are even more so. By substituting the black cardboard with white lettering this store has overcome this difficulty to a very great extent. The show cards are always clean, fresh and bright-looking and they last many times as long, saving the firm several hundred dollars in the course of a year.—Business.

The Reason.

"Why do you call Miss Hauteur, Miss Zero?"

"Because she has such a freezing manner."

Here's The Road to Comfort

A vanished thirst—a cool body and a refreshed one; the sure way—the *only* way is via a glass or bottle of

Coca-Cola

Ideally delicious—pure as purity—crisp and sparkling as frost.

Free Our new booklet, telling of Coca-Cola vindication at Chattanooga, for the asking.

Demand the Genuine as made by THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

S1-J