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That's all it will cost to get one of our 120-egg incubators complete, laid down at your railroad station, all freight charges prepaid east of Rocky Mountains. All ready to operate.

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**TOURIST CARS POPULAR**

The idea that an inferior class of people patronize the tourist sleepers is an error. On many trips only the best class of travelers are found. They are merely men and women of good sense who would rather travel

**To California**

in this manner and save a snug sum of money to be used elsewhere. It is beginning to be understood that it is by no means necessary for the traveler to spend a large sum of money in order to enjoy a trip to the Pacific Coast.

If you cross the continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the

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You will enjoy your trip and save considerable money....

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**Then and Now**

They say of General Washington "He could not tell a lie." Which fact is put in history and oft embalmed in rhyme. And if 'tis so—of course it is—as days go fleeting by We see how sadly things have changed since George's day and time. For Washington achieved success in finance and in war, Despite the fact he struck to truth through thick and thin with vim. But just suppose a little case—the thought gives one a jar— If George lived now and tried it on, pray what would happen him? If he should go to Wall street To deal with bulls and bears; Or trade in puts and calls neat, Or buy and sell some shares In deep blue sky or bricks of gold Pray tell me if you please, How soon would George, if truth he told, Be brought down on his knees?

We have heard the hatchet story some three thousand times or more; We've had the picture held before our weak and sinful eyes. In dreams we've seen his papa come with angry mien and roar And heard George fess, "I chopped it, pa; I cannot tell a lie!" Iconoclasts are telling us the story is untrue But true or false 'twas good enough to point a moral clear. But what, I ask, could Washington in "frenzied finance" do If he should try the truthful dodge In this particular year? He couldn't run a beef trust Or corner coal and wheat; 'Twould make his heart with grief bust To tackle sugar sweet. He'd last a round with Mr. Baer. About as long with Schwab; They'd quickly do him up for fair And jolt him from his job.

'Tis well for General Washington and for his wondrous fame He lived a century ago, for were he with us now And tried to beat the "system" at its own peculiar game Instead of saying "I can't lie," he'd go to learning how. For "gentlemen's agreements" and all such financial tricks, The "rebates" and the "mileage"—well, I rather think you know The man who tried the truthful game with such a mess to mix Would quickly get it in the neck and stand no earthly show. He couldn't form a brass trust Or dabble long in steel. He couldn't run a glass trust Or corner flour and meal. Truth is not on Wall street's roll, And falsehood's above par; So George, I think upon the whole You're better where you are.

**Reconsideration**

"I am opposed to this so-called bill for the relief of the people," exclaimed the pompous congressman. "The people are too ignorant to know what is best for their interests. I shall exercise my superior judgment in their behalf and save them from the consequences of their own folly by opposing this vicious bill."

"But your constituents have petitioned you to support it," we ventured, modestly and tremblingly.

"That, sir, as I said before, is because my constituents do not know

what they want."

"But 3,000 farmers in the south end of your district met yesterday and burned you in effigy, while 4,000 farmers and merchants met day before yesterday and unanimously voted to oppose your re-election. The chairman of your congressional committee has resigned, and seven of the nine members of that committee are out actively fighting your re-nomination."

"What's that?" gasped the congressman. "Framing it up to beat me because I oppose their wishes. What's this country coming to? By the way, on second thoughts I believe there are some merits to this proposed law, and I rather think I should give it my support."

**Speaking of Babies**

"Are babies worth what they cost?" asks an exchange. The man or woman who would ask that question is to be pitied. "Are babies worth what they cost?" Bless their little hearts, the dividends they pay each day exceed their cost by as many thousand per cent as there are dimples in their faces and smiles on their lips. The slightest touch of a baby's hand is ample compensation for all the pain and tears and heartaches and financial investment it brings. The men or women who would stop to consider what the baby cost while looking into its eyes or listening to its cooing, would talk through their noses to save wear and tear on their teeth, or tip-toe down the street to save the wear on shoe-heels.

"Are babies worth what they cost?" The sight of a baby's smiling face at the window can make bright and glorious the finish of a day begun in mental anguish and loaded to the Plimsoll line with financial difficulties and dread. The prattling welcome at the door could no more be measured in dollars and cents than the love of God could be measured by finite minds. "Are babies worth what they cost?" Ask the mother and father who are weeping by the side of the little coffin that holds the mortal remains of the little one that brightened their home for a brief span, and catch the answer in their broken sobs and moans. All that they have, and all that they expect ever to have in this world, would they give just to call back to life for one brief day the little one too soon to be assigned to the bosom of Mother Earth.

Worth what they cost? As an investment they cost a few dollars in money and a few hours of pain and tears, but they return dividends of hope and love and light every day through the span of eternity. "Are babies worth what they cost?" We'd pity the babe given into the keeping of a husband and wife who could quit looking into its eyes and fondling its chubby little form long enough to ask themselves that question. As a matter of fact, we can not believe that any real father or mother ever asked such a fool question.

**Not Wholly Bad**

John Lawrence Sullivan, erstwhile champion of the fistic world, who is now on the lecture platform and delivering temperance addresses, points with pride to the fact that he never smoked a cigarette. This calls to mind the story of the serene and benevolent old lady who was noted for her gracious habit of always having a kind word for everybody. One day while a

group of girls near her was discussing some absent acquaintance and indulging in a lot of gossip, the good old lady spoke up and let drop a few words of praise in the absent one's behalf. "Well, I do believe grandma, you would have a good work for Satan himself!" exclaimed one of the group. "Well," observed grandma with a benevolent smile. "I have always believed that Satan paid strict attention to his own business." And John L. Sullivan never smoked a cigarette.

**Brain Leaks**

Self-help does not mean selfishness. Sacrifice does not mean giving up something you do not want. Some men never learn the difference between license and liberty. The man who minds his own business usually has a successful one. You can not stand up for your own rights by trampling on the rights of others.

Life is vastly more than mere living. For every tongue of gossip there are sure to be at least two ears. The man who owns nothing but money may never be in danger of the almshouse, but he is usually the inmate of a poor house. Great reforms are not wrought in a minute, but many would-be reformers become discouraged if they do not see results in thirty seconds. The man who looks up may stumble occasionally, but he sees more that is beautiful and wholesome and good than the man whose eyes are always turned towards the muck and mire of the street.

**THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL**

**Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty**

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system. Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic. It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh. All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey. The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."