

Backache Is a Warning

Thousands suffer kidney ills unawares—not knowing that the backache, headaches and dull, nervous, dizzy, all tired conditions are often due to kidney weakness. Anybody who suffers constantly from backache should suspect the kidneys. Some irregularity of the secretions may give just the needed proof. Doan's Kidney Pills have been curing backache and sick kidneys for over fifty years.

A Kansas Case

Mrs. G. W. Thrasher, 184 Appleton Ave., Parsons, Kan., says: "My back pained me terribly. When I sat down a sharp pain seized me and I could hardly straighten. I was tired and drowsy. My feet swelled badly and the kidney secretions were retarded. Doan's Kidney Pills corrected all these ailments."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

As Seeing the Invisible.
No great purpose has ever been achieved by any individual until his spirit has first gone out into some wilderness solitude and there discovered its native strength, its absolute invincibility when it relies upon no help but that of God. This is the experience of all the greatest among men. They go apart from their fellows for awhile, like Moses, into the land of Midian, or like our Lord himself into the wilderness, or like St. Paul into the Arabian desert, and there, in solitary communion with God, from that highest of all companionships, they drink in strength to fit them for the work of our lives. Alone with God, they see visions which fill their souls, visions which never fade afterward even in the light of common day, but which serve as beacon lights to guide them, through storm and darkness, till the purpose of their lives is fulfilled.—Edwin H. Eland.

His Question.
"Seven men out of every ten are confounded bora!" emphatically declared Alexander Akinside, the dyspeptic dissertationist.
"Why except the other three?" snarled J. Fuller Gloom, the widely known and cordially detested misanthrope.—Judge.

Baseball.
"The team is playing pretty good ball these days."
"Yes, they've practically got over the effects of their spring training trip now."

True Friends.
Hazel—Say, Mary!
Mary—Well, dear?
Hazel—Is my complexion on straight?

It often turns out in after years that the faint heart which failed to win the fair lady was something of a blessing in disguise.

OLDEST PIECE OF WRITING

Sumerian Tablet in University of Pennsylvania Records Deeds of Babylonians.

A number of ancient Sumerian tablets, recording the deeds of the Babylonians thousands of years ago, have been deciphered by George A. Barton at the University of Pennsylvania museum. One of these tablets, which tells how a farmer rid his field of locusts and caterpillars, is dated 4,000 B. C. and is the oldest piece of writing extant, according to an announcement made by officials of the museum. The farmer, Doctor Barton's translation says, called in a necromancer, who "broke a jar, cut open a sacrifice, a word of cursing he repeated, and the locusts and caterpillars fled." For this service he received a tall palm tree.

That a canal was constructed in Babylonia nearly 5,000 years ago is shown by another tablet dated "The year the Divine Naram-Sin opened the mouth of the canal Erin at Nippur." Naram-Sin was a king in Babylonia and is supposed to have financed the construction of the waterway which gave Nippur transportation facilities with the rest of the world. A third tablet, dated 3200 B. C., records the transfer of land and a quantity of grain for bronze money. Gold and silver were known at that time, but were not used as currency.

New Kind of Sport.

He had taken a day off to go fishing, but, alas! his luck had been very bad, and when, on his way home, a fishmonger's shop came into view he was tempted and fell.

"I want half a dozen large trout," he told the man.

"Yes, certainly, sir," said the other, masking a number one size grin with a correspondingly large hand. "Will you take them with you?"

"Yes, please. And I want you to stand over there and throw them at me."

"Thank you, sir!" echoed the bewildered shopkeeper.

"Exactly! My wife is sure to ask me if I caught them, and I cannot tell a lie."

The Battles of Peace.

There are difficulties and dangers before our nation today just as great as any our forefathers faced. To meet and conquer them requires all the moral brawn and muscle this nation can muster. There are the problems of corruption in business and politics; the terrible scourges of intemperance and the drug habit, and the social evil, deadly to soul and body alike; there are the problems of moral education, of marriage and divorce, of the treatment of dependents—prisoners, defectives, paupers, etc. Any one of these left unconquered would devastate our country as no war could.—Rev. N. T. Houser.

A contented, willing laborer is worth 50 per cent more than a dissatisfied, compulsory worker.

A full dress suit enables a \$600 clerk to pass himself off for a \$1,200 waiter.

POPULARITY OF BASE BALL

Base ball has grown to gigantic proportions within the last decade and the scientific work of the teams has been the delight of millions of spectators. There are so many things to admire in the game that it is impossible to describe them. Outdoor exercise is one of Nature's best aids in promoting health and strength and keeping the blood rich and pure; but, perhaps you are one of the many who are denied that privilege. You lead a sedentary life which always has a tendency to make the liver lazy, the bowels clogged and digestion poor. Oftentimes you are nervous, sleepless, have no appetite and feel run down.

Under these conditions you will greatly appreciate the assistance to be derived from a trial of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It helps Nature by toning and strengthening the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, and with these organs in a normal condition your system is well fortified against an attack of Sick Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Cramps, Constipation, Biliousness or Malaria, Fever or Ague.

Always take good care of your health and you will be well repaid, while carelessness only brings suffering and distress. Let Hostetter's Stomach Bitters help you to maintain your health.

WAS NOT A FLORAL TRIBUTE

Mistake Made by Actress a Natural One, Though Certainly Somewhat Embarrassing.

The curtain was rung up for the third time, and Margaret Blake stepped forward and responded to the prolonged acclamation of her admiring audience. She spoke with a graceful modesty that charmed, then gathered her floral tributes. Was it the intense excitement or the blinding array of footlights that dazzled and confused her?

Quietly reposing on a lower box rail by the proscenium she saw a magnificent bunch of violets—her favorite flower—ostensibly placed there for her by a sweet-faced, dark-haired lady behind them.

With applause still ringing in her ears, Miss Blake leaned forward and took the lovely bouquet, acknowledging the gift by a pretty bow.

The sweet-faced, dark-haired lady reached after her with a strange and sudden haste.

"Give me back my hat," she cried, hysterically.

Unreasonable.

"Your board bill is two months in arrears, Mr. Hallroom. Can you give me something on account?"

"Good heavens, woman! Do you suppose I'd stay here if I had money enough to pay for my board?"

Novelty.

"Were you in the Easter parade?"
"No," replied Mr. Meekton. "I stood off and looked on. I kind of enjoyed seeing Henrietta engaged in a hike that didn't look like some kind of a political procession."

After the honeymoon marriage begins to resolve itself into a guessing contest.

It's a good brand of fertilizer that will raise a mortgage.

FROM MINER TO RAILROAD CHIEF

Fred Underwood Began Business Life as Driver of An Ore Cart.

FIDDED FOR COMPANIONS

Admirer of His Music Got Him Job As Freight Handler and Now He is President of Big Rail Line, but Still Unpretentious.

By OSBORN MARSHALL.

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Some forty-five years ago a young boy, fresh of face and bright of eye, applied for work at the copper mines situated at Fort Howard on Green Bay, Wisconsin.

"Ever had a job before?" demanded the mine foreman as he scrutinized the boy's face.

"No," admitted the boy frankly. "I have never worked for wages anywhere before. I have just come from school at Wayland academy."

"Schoolboys aren't fit to work in mines," said the foreman bluntly. "Why don't your folks support you and give you a chance to stay at school and amount to something some time? This is no place for a greenhorn, anyway."

"Well, you see," the boy explained, "my father can't afford to keep me in school any longer. He is a minister in the country near Milwaukee. His salary isn't much, and it isn't always paid at that. There are a good many of us children, and so I thought I'd go to work. I guess I am not so green as I look."

The boy stretched out his muscular young arms to show how much work they were capable of doing. "I know a lot about work, even if I have been to school. I can saw wood and drive a nail. My grandfather taught me that."

"You do look pretty husky," agreed the foreman, and then he looked over the list of vacancies in the mine. "Did you say, boy, that you can drive a horse?" he asked.

"What I said was that I could drive a nail," admitted the boy. He hesitated a moment before giving the answer that might cost him the chance of employment. "Well, I honestly haven't had much experience at driving horses, but I don't mind trying. You see, we never could afford to keep horses at home. Will you give me a try at it?"

Promoted by a Runaway. The foreman consented and the next day Fred Underwood—for that was the young fellow's name—arrived early at the entrance of the mine and, after the proper credentials had been presented, he was assigned his cart and horse and told the simple duties of a mine cart driver.

Fred took his seat on the cart with elation and confidence. "Anyone could drive a horse like that," he thought as he looked at the mute companion of his toil. "Don't believe that a cannon ball could start him running."

It was easy enough, the work, and, aside from the dirt and the grime, it was not unpleasant. Then, some time the second day—tradition does not say exactly what hour it was—an inspiration came to the horse—an intuitive knowledge that the man at the end of the reins was a greenhorn; that he didn't really know anything about a horse and therefore had no right to be driving one. The horse accordingly pricked up his ears and—with a speed that belied his worn appearance—dashed away, with poor Fred Underwood helplessly tugging at the reins.

When Fred gathered himself together after the runaway and went to the foreman to report the mishap he was convinced that his services would no longer be needed at the mine.

An unexpected greeting was in store for him.

"You had bad luck with that horse," said the foreman, "but don't give up yet. There is room for a gang freeman in the mine. Can you boss a gang of miners better than you bossed that horse?"

Fred went to work at his second job with enthusiasm. He used to work hard all day and at night at the cheap boarding house he would get out his fiddle, which he had learned to play in his father's home near Milwaukee, and he would play for his companions till they forgot their troubles and the dirt and the grime and the toll of the mines.

What His Fiddle Did For Him. Among Fred's best friends in the mine was a man who carried the mail from the railroad to the mines. This man, older than himself by many years, was one of the most eager admirers of the newcomer's simple, melodious playing, and so a strong friendship had grown up between them.

One day when he was at the railroad station getting the mail bags the freight master offered him a position as freight handler. He was eager to accept the position, for it carried with it the munificent wage of a dollar a day, but when it came to the real issue the mail carrier had to admit that his sole knowledge of the art of writing was limited to the shaping of the letters of his own name.

"But I know a man that will suit you," said the mail carrier to the



"Why, Hello, Jim!" He Said, Stretching Out His Hand to the Brakeman.

freight master. "The fellow that plays the violin at the boarding house. He's been to school and his father is a parson, so I guess he can do more reading and writing than he'll ever need to do in handling freight. Just give him a chance for the job and I know you will want him."

The freight master did give Fred the chance, and after his first day in the freight office there was no question as to his fitness, as freight handlers went, and for a dollar a day he was a good bargain.

In the next thirty years circumstances changed much with the gang foreman of Fort Howard who got his first job with the railroad as freight handler. After several years of apprenticeship in railroad matters, during which he rose from his first position as freight handler in Fort Howard to a position as brakeman and clerk, he was promoted to the position of superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. From that position he was appointed general superintendent of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie railroad, then vice-president of the Baltimore & Ohio and now, for a dozen years, he has been president of the Erie railroad.

In the offices of the Erie railroad Frederick D. Underwood is known as the most democratic and unpretentious of men. It is said—though he does not boast of it himself—that he never forgets the face of anyone whom he has ever known.

In the passenger station of the Erie railroad station in Jersey City, one morning a few years ago, a grizzled man in overalls stood waiting on the platform. He was a brakeman in the employ of the company and he watched nervously, anxiously, the men and women who thronged the station from the incoming trains.

"Are you waiting for friends?" asked the gateman, who had noticed his eagerness.

"No, it isn't that," said the other. "I happened to have a little time between runs and I heard that Mr. Underwood was passing through the station. I worked out at Fort Howard alongside of him in the days before he got a dollar a day. I don't suppose he would speak to me, even if he did remember me, but I would like to say I'd seen him."

"Well, I don't know," said the gateman. "Mr. Underwood doesn't put on any lugs. He might speak to you if he remembers you."

Then the two men stopped talking,

for far down the platform, with firm quick steps, came the man of whose they were speaking. The eyes of many of the employees who recognized him as their chief were turned to him, and he nodded to them as he passed. The brakeman, recognizing him, shrank back as he approached. But Mr. Underwood's keen eyes—as keen as they were when he asked for his first job out at Fort Howard—had been observant.

"Why, hello, Jim!" he said, stretching out his hand to the brakeman. "Where did you come from?"

"Glad to see you remember me, Mr. Underwood," said the man, embarrassed, but beaming with pleasure.

"Don't you 'Mr. Underwood' me," was the railroad president's reply. "I'd like to know how I could forget you after all those years we worked together out at Fort Howard." And Mr. Underwood broke into a laugh that made his companion in overalls feel that, after all, there wasn't such a wide gulf between a railroad brakeman and the president of the road.

Song of the Frog.

The song of the frogs is as wonderful as their clothing. The raucous below of the bloated male of the species may not be a Beethoven symphony, but it was enough to inspire Aristophanes to make a failure of human verbal imitation when he wrote "bek-ek-kek-ko-ax-koax." The gentle trill of the little tree toad is not quite the note of the nightingale, but it is more soothing than that of the whippoorwill or the cuckoo, and the chorus of the little froggies which will in a short time be one of the orchestras of spring, has a charm in the rural silences which hardly has a parallel in any of the songs without words.

Her Full Duty.

Miss Brightman kept a very attractive little tea room, and when away on a business trip recently she left it in charge of a young woman clerk. The morning she returned she did not think things looked quite as neat and attractive as usual.

"You know, Miss Bristol," remarked the proprietress, as she glanced around, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive."

"Yes, Miss Brightman, I know it," was the reply. "I have done everything I could while you were away. I have dusted those sandwiches every morning for the last ten days."—Harper's Magazine.



At Night He Would Get Out His Fiddle.



Are You Doing the Thinking?

In office, store or factory, the man who has the clear brain for quick, accurate thinking generally draws the big salary.

Nowadays, with competition keen, any man or woman headed for success must avoid the handicap of heavy, indigestible food, and select the nourishing, easily digestible kind which makes for body vigor and clear thinking.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

contains all the nutriment of Nature's rich food grains, wheat and barley, retaining the vital mineral salts—phosphates, iron, lime, etc., which are absolutely necessary for building healthy, well-balanced body, nerves and brain.

Grape-Nuts food is scientifically prepared for easy, quick digestion—has delicious taste—and is a splendid food for those who appreciate the advantages of sound health and a clear thinker.

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.