

A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.

Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and sediment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.

Mrs. A. E. Fulton, 311 Skidmore St., Portland, Ore., says: My limbs swelled terribly and I was bloated over the stomach and had puffy spots beneath the eyes. My kidneys were very unhealthy and the secretions much disordered. The dropsical swellings began to abate after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was cured.

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE REASON.



Spick—The doctor has given him up. What's the matter with him?
Span—Impecuniosity I guess.

Foxy Hiram.

"Well, now, if that ain't surprising!" ejaculated Mrs. Ryeotop, as she shaded her eyes with her hand. "There goes old Hiram Skinfint, and rather than step on a poor black ant he picked it up, and I bet he is going to drop it somewhere out of the reach of danger."

Her husband laughed knowingly. "Not Hiram Skinfint, Mandy. He'll go down to Jed Weatherby's general store and order a pound of granulated sugar. Then while Jed is looking another way he'll drop the ant among the grains and tell Jed as long as his sugar has ants in it he ought to sell it at half price. Like as not he'll try to get Jed to throw in two or three ratsins and a yeast cake. You don't know Hiram Skinfint."

An Answer in Kind.

"How did the trouble in the family start?"
"The wife, it seems, got tired of her husband's heavy wit."
"Why didn't she simply make a light retort?"
"She did. She threw the lamp at him."

Artistic Temperament.

"Hamlet seemed to speak with authority in his advice to the players."
"Yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes, "although he was rather quiet and patient. But in his other scenes he was as nervous and frascible as a regular stage manager."

Caring for the Baby.

Old Lady—What a nice boy, to watch your little brother so carefully!
Nice Boy—Yes, 'um. He just swallowed a dime and I'm afraid of kidnapers.

The Inevitable.

Briggs—I don't think much of Underblossom. He's a scoundrel. He lies in his teeth.
Griggs—Why shouldn't he? His teeth are false.—Life.

Compound Interest

comes to life when the body feels the delicious glow of health, vigor and energy.

That Certain Sense

of vigor in the brain and easy poise of the nerves comes when the improper foods are cut out and predigested

Grape-Nuts

take their place.

If it has taken you years to run down don't expect one mouthful of this great food to bring you back (for it is not a stimulant but a **rebuilder.**)

Ten days trial shows such big results that one sticks to it.

"There's a Reason"

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.

City Items in Terse Form

Metropolitan News of Interest to All Readers

Some Woes of Diet Treatment Victim



NEW YORK.—Three weeks on a limited diet in an endeavor to repair the internal damage done by a runaway appetite couldn't obliterate the memory of three-inch steaks and nukked clams and all the while that James McGowan sat in front of a mirror in the Memorial hospital at Orange watching his waistline assuming Polaire proportions his mind kept reverting to menu cards he had met. He talked constantly in his sleep, the burden of his oratory being "with mushroom 20 cents extra," and "dishes marked X are ready."

Try as he would he could not erase recollections of times when he had compelled the cook to beg for mercy. He read whole reams of antifit fiction and did everything possible to discourage his appetite, but it wasn't any use. For breakfast, luncheon and dinner he has been allowed a walnut, a sprig of lettuce and ten drops of diluted water. He tried hard to convince himself that he was overeating and begged the hospital authorities to cut the menu to one course.

But his dreams were haunted with sides of beef, acres of French fried potatoes and showers of gravy. He stood it as long as he could, but yesterday morning at precisely a quarter of four o'clock, after the last of a regiment of savory squabs had marched directly under his nose, each squab carrying a julienne potato for a musket, he sat up in bed and in clarion tones demanded that the nurse bring him two yards of porterhouse steak, half a peck of French fried potatoes and such vegetable brick-a-brack as might be necessary to accompany the steak on its journey.

Lawyer's Odd Plea Sets Negro Free



NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

Trials of Girl at the Music Counter



ST. LOUIS.—"Young woman," said a motherly individual, holding two small children in her weary arms, "will you play 'When the Roses Bloom Again' for me, please?"

The music counter young woman, perched on her stool, selected the piece mentioned among a heap of others and prepared to "reel" it off.

The shabby woman listened attentively until the last notes died out. She ogled the children in the meantime.

"Thank you very much," she said, and strolled slowly off.

"There," grumbled the girl behind the music counter, "that is only one of the things that we've got to put up with. There are a hundred others, and as soon as I can get in the ribbons I'm going to get out of the music, once and for all. The work is worth twice as

Cubs' Mascot Tamed After Wild Chase



CHICAGO.—Bruno, a black cub bear late of Montana, mascot of the Cubs baseball team, was tamed a few days ago.

Bruno escaped from his cage home in the basement of the Monroe club, West Monroe and Green streets, and ran amuck on the West side, creating a panic among pedestrians and children, snapping at cats, growling at chickens, and attacking stray dogs.

Two baseball "fans" were in the midst of a heated argument over the merits of the Sox and Cubs when Bruno, running at full speed and pursued by a score of club members, pedestrians, policemen and children, rudely upset the Sox fan.

today morning at precisely a quarter of four o'clock, after the last of a regiment of savory squabs had marched directly under his nose, each squab carrying a julienne potato for a musket, he sat up in bed and in clarion tones demanded that the nurse bring him two yards of porterhouse steak, half a peck of French fried potatoes and such vegetable brick-a-brack as might be necessary to accompany the steak on its journey.

"Nothing doing in the steak line," said the sleepy nurse. "Go back to bed and I'll give you another walnut."

"I'm done with walnuts," said Mr. McGowan. "I've eaten so many I'm beginning to feel like a squirrel. It's James for a little broiled cow and fixings."

The nurse assured him that it was against the rules to allow diet patients to break training. She left the room just then and her patient embraced the opportunity to take himself by the hand and make a dash for freedom and regular food.

Policemen McManus and Almond saw the white-robed figure and sneaked up behind it with drawn clubs. Believing it to be the ghost of some misguided commuter, they were getting ready to soak it on the head when Mr. McGowan saw them.

"Gentlemen," he pleaded, "have pity on me and get me something to eat."

"What you need is something to wear," said McManus. "What do you mean by frightening two honest policemen out of a night's rest with your night-shirt drill?"

Lawyer's Odd Plea Sets Negro Free

Mr. Cockran began his address to the jury by reminding the jurors that with one exception they had said they were not prejudiced against a negro.

"We accepted this one man with an avowed prejudice," said Mr. Cockran, "because we believed he was honest in his avowals that he would be fair in any case."

"But I am sure that you all feel a prejudice against a negro. I feel the same prejudice myself. I once stopped in a hotel, where there were private baths. I started to take a bath and found that a negro was using the tub. Do you think that I bathed in that tub afterward? I could not. It was prejudice that I could not rid myself of, and I do not feel that such prejudices can be avoided."

The killing, according to Mr. Cockran, was the outgrowth of the social and economic conditions in this country. He said that his client, while a high school graduate, had tried to secure decent work in this country, but had finally found himself driven to accept work as a scullion, in the house where Humphreys was introduced to him.

Trials of Girl at the Music Counter

much as any other job in the store. People think that you are there to entertain the public instead of to sell goods. I feel safe in saying that fully 65 per cent. of the people who ask for a concert do not buy a single ten-cent song."

Whereat the music counter girl whirled on her stool, dashed off a few chords on the piano and looked around just in time to catch the eye of an old gentleman who was studying a list attentively. Hesitatingly, he asked:

"I want to get a list of songs—here they are," he began. Then there ensued a long search for them. The songs were old ones and they weren't on hand, so the old gentleman asked if the lady would play over a dozen or so in order that he might "match 'em" as near as possible.

Large store managers realize that the people at the average music counter are busy, hard-worked individuals. There are so many things to contend with aside from the knowledge required of music lists, and the ability to play the piano. That is why the salesman and saleswoman in this department average higher wages than almost any others in the whole store.

Cubs' Mascot Tamed After Wild Chase

"Pretty good team we have, eh?" asked the Cub fan of the Sox supporter, who was brushing the dust from his clothes.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, that was our mascot. And the team is traveling about as fast as Bruno," added the Cub rooster.

"Then the team is going some," admitted the Sox fan as he turned and watched the bear mascot disappear in a cloud of dust.

Bruno, closely followed by the small army of pursuers, continued to fight everything that came his way, until, bleeding from a dozen flesh wounds, the animal fell exhausted at West Adams and Morgan streets.

The cub was penitent, and showed no desire to romp and play until one of the club officials had tied a red ribbon about its neck. Then Bruno brightened up, but did not try to escape again. The cub was to make its first public appearance at the West side ball grounds as mascot of the Cubs in the afternoon.

SULTAN TO VISIT AMERICA

Chief of Jungle Tribe Coming to United States to Sell \$250,000 Pearls.

Washington.—It has been announced from the hiparooted palace on stilts above the mud of Maliban that his "polygamous highness," Harji Mohammed Jamabul Kiram, "Keeper of the Key of Heaven," "America's Great and Good Friend," and, incidentally, sultan of Sulu, will visit America. There's a chance that New York may be interested if the comic opera ruler does lend his chorus retinue up out of the weeds and sail over to see America's city of wonders. Kiram never sees an American but he asks about New York and announces that he intends to go there some day. Kiram has preserved a unique personal-



The Sultan of Sulu.

ity in his rookling island jungles. He has a tendency to do unexpected things, as when he wanted to make Alice Roosevelt sultana of Sulu.

The reason given for Kiram's threatened visit out into the world is his desire to superintend personally the sale of his several casks of pearls which his divers have brought up from the blue depths of the Celebes sea. They are valued at \$250,000.

The sultan of Sulu is a young man, but he gives the impression of knowing what he is about and just what he wants. His head is rather large and well-shaped. His skin is the color of old copper that has been polished. His eyes are well apart, but he has a trick of drooping the lids that makes him look sleepy and indifferent. He has a good, firm jaw and chin, with a medium-sized straight nose.

To keep him out of mischief, Kiram has been permitted to continue believing himself immensely powerful. When America took over the Philippines, there was an agreement with the ruler of the Sulus. It was modeled on the old Spanish treaty and guaranteed the Moros all the usual rites and religious freedom. It provided that the American flag be flown over the islands; that America might occupy any place it chose for military purposes; that America would continue the Sultan's pay for ruling his people.

SMITHY WOULD BE SENATOR

Breckenridge of Missouri Willing to Desert the Anvil For a Toga.

St. Louis, Mo.—John F. Breckenridge, blacksmith, who is a candidate for United States senator from Missouri, whose petition, with the required number of signatures, has been filed with the secretary of state at Jefferson City, followed in his early



John F. Breckenridge.

life the trail of a cowboy. He runs a horseshoeing establishment at the stock yards in South St. Joseph.

Mr. Breckenridge visited Europe and every part of the United States while with wild west shows as a rope and cattle thrower. As a farrier in Jerseyville, Ill., six years ago, Mr. Breckenridge made a strong run for representative as a Socialist and labor candidate.

A Gentle Hint.

Young Man—Your twin daughters seem absolutely inseparable.

The Mother—Oh, I don't know. A young man with half a million, like yourself, ought to make good as a separator.

PETER'S CONFESSION

Sunday School Lesson for July 17, 1910

LESSON TEXT.—Matthew 16:13-28. Memory Verse.—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." Matthew 16:16. TIME.—Autumn of A. D. 33.

PLACE.—The picturesque region around Casarcara Philipp, at the base of Mount Hermon. About 25 miles northeast of the Sea of Galilee.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

The Disciples Have a New Vision of Jesus as the Messiah.—Vs. 13-17. "He asked his disciples," after he had been praying alone (Luke). As usual, the great epoch, the new work, began in prayer—showing its importance. His object seems to have been to draw out the faith of his disciples, and to reveal to them more fully his nature and his redeeming work. "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?"

14. "Some say . . . John the Baptist" returned to life. Among these was Herod (Matt. 14:1, 2). "Some, Elias" (Greek form of Elijah), who was the expected forerunner of the Messiah (Mal. 4:5; Matt. 17:11). Or "Jeremias," Greek of Jeremiah, a representative of the prophets, being the first named in the Jewish canon. "Or one of the prophets," i. e., "that one of the old prophets is risen again" (Luke 9:19).

15. "But whom say ye that I am?" Observe "ye," plural, and by position in the Greek, exceedingly emphatic.

16. "And Simon Peter." The somewhat impulsive nature of Peter made possible to him quick insight, new visions of truth.

"Thou art the Christ." The Messiah for whom the Jews were looking, for whom the ages had been preparing. "The Son of the Living God," such a one as alone can be the Savior of the world. No more man however great can be our Supreme Leader and Savior.

17. "Blessed are thou." Because thou hast opened thy heart to the truth. Faith, knowledge of Christ as the Son of God, almighty to save and infinite in love; a heart in which truth finds a natural soil; a character in harmony with Jesus; broader outlooks into truth—are all exquisite blessings. "Simon Bar-Jona," Simon, son of John. "For flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee."

The New Trust Committed to the Disciples.—Vs. 18-20. Although the understanding of the Messiah and his kingdom was very imperfect, yet Jesus showed them how great was the trust committed to them, and how heavy the responsibilities laid upon them. This was a part of their training. It would give them a deep interest in the subject, and lead to a more earnest search after the truth.

19. "I will give unto thee," as the representative of all. The others were included, as Peter had nothing in kind that the rest did not have (Matt. 18:18; John 20:23). In Rev. 21:14 the 12 apostles are 12 foundation stones of the heavenly city. (See also Eph. 2, 29).

20. "Tell no man." Only those who knew Jesus as they did, could understand. To present Jesus as the Messiah would lead some to try to make him a worldly king according to their ideas of the Messiah; and repel those who saw that it was impossible for Jesus to do what they wanted their Messiah to do.

The New Revelation as to How the Christ, the Messiah, Must Accomplish His Work.—Vs. 21-23. Jesus now began to tell his disciples what he must do in order to be the Messiah. He must suffer and die for the sins of the world. There is no other way.

23. Jesus "said unto Peter." Publicly before them all. "Get thee behind me, Satan." "Satan" means "adversary," the great "enemy" of all good, used in the Savior's time as a proper name. "He did not call his apostle Satan, a devil, but he looked for the moment through Peter, and saw behind him his old enemy," who had presented the same temptation in the wilderness.

The Cross the Way to the Crown, for the Disciples as for the Christ.—Vs. 24-26. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." Renounce self as master and accept Christ as master. When the heart accepts Jesus and chooses God, then the whole lower nature, all passions, aims, desires, are to be subjected not only to conscience, but to Jesus. "Take up his cross." Daily, not merely on special occasions. "And follow me," do what I am doing, live according to my plan and aim.

The Supreme Example and Proof of the Above Teaching.—Vs. 27-28. The life of Jesus had presented to his followers seemed hard and discouraging. They may well have felt as Pliabed did when, on his way to the Celestial City, persuaded by Christian's pictures of its glories to undertake the journey, he suddenly found himself plunged into the Slough of Despond, and exclaimed, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of?"

So Christ seemed in effect to say, Are you discouraged? Do you hesitate to follow me under such circumstances? Let me open the windows of the Future, that you may see how my teaching is fulfilled in your leader, now on his way to suffering and death, but you shall see him raised from the dead. "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels," and "There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man, coming in his kingdom." If we read aright they did see it, and he rendered "every man according to his works."

Statistics Go Lame.

"Pears' t' me that's somethin' wrong with statisticks," remarked the oldest inhabitant as he dropped into his usual place on the loafers' bench.

"What's wrong with 'em?" queried the village grocer.

"Well, ercordin' tew 'em," continued the o. l., "we orter hev had a death in town ev'ry six weeks for th' past tew years."

"Is that so?" said the grocer.

"Yaas," answered the other, "an' by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"

Kind words are often wasted where a swift kick would have been more effective.

Controlled Newspapers.

The Atchison Globe says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays, that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the Globe is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more's the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the businessmen who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic office-seekers, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "subsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—Emporia Gazette.

It Is a Mistake

Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Casarcara Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the mouth-to-mouth recommendation given Casarcara by its friends and users.

Like all great successes, trade pirates prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Casarcara. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Casarcara. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

Looked Like a Pattern.

"My dear," asks the thoughtful husband, "did you notice a large sheet of paper with a lot of diagrams on it about my desk?"

"You mean that big piece with dots and curves and diagonals and things all over it?"

"Yes. It was my map of the path of Halley's comet. I wanted to—"

"My goodness! I thought it was that pattern I asked you to get, and the dressmaker is cutting out my new shirtwaist by it!"—Chicago Evening Post.

He Had Been Coaxing.

"Why don't you call your invention the 'Bachelor's Button'?" I asked my friend, who was about to put on the market a button that a man could attach without needle or thread.

"I fear that the appellation would imply too much restrictiveness," he answered. "You see," he went on, giving me one of his knowing smiles, "I expect to do just as much business with the married men as with the bachelors."

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes the bowels.

Rich relatives have a mania for living to a ripe old age.