

WEIRD TALES OF HOBO WOE

Artistic Ghost Stories Reeled Off by Wary Willies on the Wing.

JOSHIA FLYNT GIVES SOME EXAMPLES

How a Woman Who Yever Fed Beggers Was Persuaded to Break Her Rule—First Day of the Week with the Wayfarers.

Copyrighted, 1900, by Josiah Flynt. Besides studying the persons of whom he begs and to whom he adapts his "ghost stories" as their different natures require, the tramp also has to keep in mind the time of the day, the state of the weather and the character of the community in which he is begging. It refers, of course, to the expert tramp. The amateur blunders on regardless of these important details, and asks for things which have no relation with the time of the day, the season or the locality.

It is bad form, for instance, to ask early in the morning for money to buy a glass of whiskey and it is quite impertinent to request a contribution toward the purchase of a railway ticket late at night. The "tenderfoot" is apt to make both of these mistakes; the expert, never. The steady patrons of beggars and all old hands at the business seldom realize how completely adjusted to local conditions "ghost stories" are. They probably think that they have heard the story told them time and again and in the same way, but if they observe carefully they will generally find that either the modulation of the voice or the tone of expression is different on rainy days, for instance, from what it is when the sun shines. It takes a trained ear to discriminate and expert beggars realize that much of their finesse is lost even on persons who give them, but they are artists in their way and believe in "art for art's sake." Then, too, it is always possible that they will encounter somebody who will appreciate their talent, and this is also a gratification.

Seasonable Begging.

Speaking generally, there is more begging done in winter than in summer, and more in the east and north than in the south and west, but some of the cleverest begging takes place in the warm months. It is comparatively easy to get something to eat and a bed in a lodging house when the thermometer stands 10 degrees below zero. A man feels mean in refusing an appeal to his generosity at this time of the year. "I may be cold and hungry some day myself," he thinks and he gives the beggar a dime or two.

In summer, on the other hand, the tramp has no freezing weather to help him out, and has to invent excuses. Even the story of "no work" is of little use in the summer. This is the season, as a rule, when work is most plentiful and when wages are highest, and the tramp knows it and is aware that the public also understands this much of political economy. Nevertheless, he must live in summer as well as in winter, and he has to plan differently for both seasons.

The main difference between his summer and winter campaigns is that he generally travels in summer, taking in the small towns where people are less "on to him," and where there are all kinds of "dozens" (places to sleep) in the shape of barns and empty homes. In November he returns to the cities again to get the benefit of the cold weather "dozens" or goes south to Florida, Louisiana and Texas.

Probably 15,000 eastern and northern tramps winter in the south every year. Their luck there seems to be entirely individual; some do well and others barely live. They are glad, however, to return north in April and go over their old routes again.

An amusing experience that I had not long ago illustrates the different kind of tactics necessary in the tramp's summer campaign. So far as I know he has never made use of the story that he was a soldier in a block, and that was told in all truthfulness, but it has since occurred to me that he might find it useful and I relate it here so that the reader may not be taken unawares if some tramp should attempt to get the benefit of it.

A Clever Tramp's Scheme.

In the spring of 1881 I had to make an inspection for a railroad company of the tramp situation on some railroads in the middle west. During the first month of the investigation I lived like a veritable tramp, so far as traveling was concerned, but I paid for my meals out of funds sent to me in small installments by a friend in the east. Once the remittance from the east was delayed a little and I found myself one day at dinner time down to my last nickel.

I was traveling in quite a company of rascals and on the day in question we were "beating" our way on a freight train toward a town where there was a poorhouse night shelter. Noon time found us all hungry and we got off the train at a small village to look for lunch. It was such a diminutive place that it was decided that each man should pick out his particular "beat" and confine his search to the few houses so contained. If some failed to get anything, those who were more successful were to bring them back "hand-outs."

My "beat" was so sparsely settled that I hardly expected to get so much as a piece of bread, because the entire village was known to hate tramps, but an inspiration came to me as I was crossing the fields, and I got a "set down" and a hand-out at the first house I visited.

The interview at the back door ran thus: "Madam, she was a rather severe looking woman. I have exactly 5 cents in my pocket and I am awfully hungry. I know that you don't keep a boarding house, but I have come to you thinking that you will give me more for my nickel than the storekeeper will over in the village. I shall be obliged to you if you will help me." "Cheated again!" was a look of surprise came into the woman's face. I was a new species to her, and I knew it, and she knew it.

"Don't know whether we've got anything you want," she said, as if I were a guest rather than a wayfarer. "Anything will do, madam, anything," I replied, throwing into my words all the sincerity of a hungry man is capable. She invited me into the dining room and gave me a most satisfying meal. There were no conversational interruptions. I ate my meal in silence and the woman watched me. The new species interested her.

Just as I was finishing she put some

sandwiches, cake and pie into a newspaper. I had made a good impression. "There," she said, as I was about to go. "You may need it."

I held out my nickel and thanked her. She blushed and put her hands behind her back. "I don't keep a hotel," she said rather indignantly. "But, madam, I want to pay you. I'm no beggar."

"You wouldn't have got it if you had been. Good-bye."

"Each Has His System." The tramp's methods of begging, as has been said, are largely regulated by circumstances and experience, but even the amateurs among them have theories about the profession, and they are never more interesting than when sitting around some "phantom" campfire discussing the conditions of the kind of "ghost stories" that go best with different sorts of people. Indeed, the bulk of their time is passed in conferences of this character. Each man, like the passionate gambler, has a "system," and he enjoys "showing the rag" about its intricacies. The majority of the systems are founded on the tramp's knowledge of women. Taking the country by and large he sees more of women on his begging tours than of men, and it is only natural that his theoretical calculations should be based mainly with women. Some tramps believe that they can tell to a nicety what a blonde woman will give in excess of a brunette, or vice versa, and the same of a large woman and a small one. Much of their theorizing in these matters is as futile as is the gambler's estimate of his chances of luck, but certain it is that after a long apprenticeship they become phenomenally accurate in "sizing up" people; and it is he who can correctly "size up" the greatest number of people at first glance and adapt himself to their peculiarities that comes out winner in the struggle.

Next in importance to the ability to appreciate correctly the generous tendencies of his patrons, and to modulate his voice to connect stories according to their taste, come the tramp's clothes and the way he wears them. It probably seems to most people that the tramp never changes his clothes and that he always looks as tattered and torn as when they happen to see him, but the expert has almost as many "changes" as the actor. Some days he dresses very poorly; this is generally the case in winter, and on other days he looks as neat and clean as the ordinary business man. It all depends on the weather and the "beat" he has chosen for the day's work. Every morning he starts out on his "beat" with a look at the weather and decides upon his "beat." The "beat" selected, he puts on the "logs" which he thinks suits the weather and away he goes for better or for worse.

In New York City there are probably 100 scientific beggars of this character, and they live as well as does the man with a yearly income of \$2,000.

Sunday on the Road.

Sunday is the most dismal day in the week to the average tramp—the beggar who is content with his three meals a day and a place to lie down in at night. But few men who go on tramp for the first time expect that Sunday is going to be any different from any other day in the week. They usually reach "the road" on a weekday after a debauch, and they find that their soiled clothes and general unkempt condition differentiate them in public thoroughfares very little from hundreds of workmen. No policeman worries them and they start out on their "beat" in the morning, but they pass unchallenged even in the dead of night. Indeed, they receive so little notice from any one that they wonder how they had ever imagined that outcasts were such marked human beings.

Then comes their first Sunday. They get up out of their hayrack or wherever it may be that they lay down the night before, prepared to look for their breakfast just as they did on the day before, and, after brushing off their clothes and washing themselves at some pump or public faucet, they start out. In a small town they feel that something is wrong, but they start out on a "beat" at 9 o'clock in large towns they decide to go without their breakfast, if they have not yet got it. A change has come over the earth; they seem out of place even to themselves and they return through back streets to their lodging houses or retreats on the outskirts of the town, sincerely regretting that they are travelers of "the road."

A number of men in the world have to thank this Sunday nausea that they are today workers and not tramps. The latter feel the effects of it to the end of their days; it is as unescapable as death, but like certain sea-faring men who never get entirely free of sea-sickness and yet continue as sailors, so old vagabonds learn to expect and endure the miserable sensations which they experience on the first day of the week. These sensations are due to the remnant of manhood which is to be found in nearly all the bulk of them, and for all practical purposes outcasts, but at breakfast time on Sunday morning they have emotions which on week days no one would give them credit for.

It was my fate some years ago to be one of a collection of wanderers who had to while away a Sunday in a "dug-out" on a bleak prairie in western Kansas. We had nothing to eat or drink, and practically nothing to talk about except our dismal lot. Toward midnight we got to discussing the miseries of the miserable state of our existence, and I have always remembered the remarks of a fellow sufferer whom we called "West Virginia Brown." He was supposed to be the degenerate scion of a noble English family, and was one of the best educated men I have ever met in Hobland. He took little part in the general grumbling, but at last there was a lull in the conversation and he spoke up.

"I wonder," he said, "whether the great people who rest on Sunday, go church and hear their best sermon in the week realize how life is turned upside down for us on that day. There have always been men like us in the world, and it is for us as much as for any one, so far as I know, that religion exists, and yet the day in the week set apart for religion is the hardest of all for us to werry through. Was it, or wasn't it, the intention that outcasts were to have religion? The way things are now we are made to look upon Sunday and all that it means with hatred, and yet I don't believe that there's any one in the world who tries to be any squarer to his pals than we do, and that's what I call being good."

The last "the road" knew of Brown he was serving a five years' sentence in a Canadian limbo. His lot could not be pleasant, but methinks that on Sundays at least he is glad that he is not outside.

JOSHIA FLYNT.

Why He Was Afraid to Bid. At an auction sale of miscellaneous goods at a country store the auctioneer put up a buggy road of fairly good quality, reports an Ohio exchange. An old farmer inspected the vehicle and thought there was a bargain in it and yet he hesitated to bid. "Think it cheap," asked the auctioneer, crying a 10-cent bid. "Yes, kinder," was the reply. "Then why don't you bid and get it?" "Well, I've bought heaps of things in dry goods and so on," slowly rejoined the old man, "and I never yet took home anything that the old woman thought was worth the price. If I got that 'ere robe for even 15 cents she'd grab 'em up at one end, chaw on a corner and call 'em out. 'Cheated again—more'n half cotten!' That's th' reason I don't bid."

The modern and most effective cure for constipation and all liver troubles—the famous Little Pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

DISTRICT MESSENGER BOYS

Indispensable and Unique Adjuncts to the Well-Being of Metropolitan Life.

OMAHA HAS ITS SHARE OF BRIGHT LADS

Superiors to Richard Harding Davis' London "Big Jaggars Are Easily Found in This and Other Western Cities.

One of the most indispensable and unique characters of a metropolitan city is the district messenger boy. He must be a hustler; must know the streets thoroughly; must be able to reach any street and number by the shortest route, must have no dread of dogs, must have boldness—"gall" the boys call it—enough to carry him through any kind of an emergency, but withal he must be polite, for the messenger who encounters all sorts of life, his versatility must be so well developed that he can properly acquire himself in a pastor's study, although a few minutes before he may have had business that carried him into the lowest slums. Omaha has perhaps a larger retinue of messenger boys than any other city of like size in the west. The only reason apparent for this is the fact that Omaha is populated by prosperous citizens able to afford the fee exacted by a messenger. Many men who town hire a messenger to carry a note, even though they could make the same communication over a telephone.

Boys of Tender Age.

A study of the district messenger offices in Omaha reveals a surprising lot of boys of tender age engaged in the service. Some of them are not more than 12 years old, although the average age is about 15. The man who can excel these lads at repartee is worthy of distinction in the ring, and he will fit every question and no joke is too complex for their comprehension, provided a joke is really involved.

The messenger offices have two "shifts" of boys—one for day work, the other for night. It is glory enough for many of these lads to become sufficiently skilled in their trade to be transferred to night duty. He feels as he did when he was changed from knits to trousers. The work is supposed to be more difficult at night, but what cares young America? He is looking for adventure, and he feels that there is more of it to be found after sunset. When he has no call to answer at night he sits on a hard board bench in the office and swaps stories with other members of the night force. Each one vies with the other to see who can tell the most vivid tale of adventure, and as a matter of fact, these youngsters meet all classes of people, and if they are of an observant disposition—and they usually are—they soon accumulate a fund of stories that are interesting.

The average messenger boy may be trusted with almost any kind of a secret. He is not a tattler, for his duty is to deliver the note which sends home a message to the effect that he is detained down town by his account book is telling an untruth, yet the boy doesn't volunteer the information when he hands the endearing note to the patient wife. In such cases, and if they are of an observant disposition—and they usually are—they soon accumulate a fund of stories that are interesting.

In some of the larger cities messenger boys have been employed by suspicious wives to shadow their husbands in large cities, but if this custom has ever reached Omaha the fact has been carefully concealed. But there is no doubt that the messenger service is an excellent training school for detective work.

Messengers Are Trained.

Messenger boys are frequently trained implicitly as is the bank cashier, and they are frequently entrusted with the delivery of large sums of money, and they often carry diamonds and jewelry. They may not know the precise contents of their package, but it would make no difference if they did, for as a rule they are rigidly honest.

A boy who looked as though he had just turned into his fifteenth year came into the Bee editorial rooms the other day clad in regulation uniform. On being asked if this he wore duck leggins, such as were worn by Uncle Sam's soldiers in the Spanish war.

"Don't you know the war is over, and that you should take off your leg 'wrappers'?" said one of the reporters to the boy.

"Shure ting, I know de war is over an' stuff's off, but dis gary a rough-ridin' in de standard' army. See?"

That was the lad's reply. The full-fledged messenger boy is supreme authority on slang. He hears the newest phrases as rapidly as they are coined, and he probably coins many of them. But it must not be inferred that he can talk nothing but slang, for he can rise to any emergency.

Telegraph messenger boys are also interesting characters in a way, but the district politician's experience is so vastly more cosmopolitan that he overshadows the lad who carries nothing but telegrams.

Richard Harding Davis thought he was doing something wonderful when he found a London messenger by the name of Jaggars who carried a note from London to Chicago a few months ago. The note was sent by boys who can outclass Jaggars if given transportation.

QUANT FEATURES OF LIFE.

When Mrs. Pauline Mullaney of Jersey City applied for letters of administration of the estate of her husband, Michael Mullaney, deceased, question as to whether she had really been Mullaney's wife was raised and to prove her marriage she introduced a photograph of a tombstone which had been erected over the grave of her son. Part of the inscription on the stone was as follows: "Our little boy, MICHAEL MULLANEY, died March 23, 1873."

While Deacon Mervin Miller of the Baptist church of Montrose, Conn., was in attendance at a meeting of the church trustees some one painted on the back of his shirt in which he had driven into town, a large whiskey bottle. There is scandal in town, especially because Deacon Miller accepted responsibility for the painting and because, he declares, the picture shall stay on the shirt as long as it lasts.

A new "religion" has been invented in Rockmart, Ga., by a Mrs. Roberts, one of the tenets of which consists in offering animal sacrifices. Mrs. Roberts is a high priestess and she now has eighteen followers. She was formerly a member of the Baptist church for thirty years. Converts to the new faith are made "by force and fear" and the community is being terrorized: "One of the beliefs of the faithful is that all who ride bicycles will be damned."

James Egolf of Buena Vista, Va., who is short of stature, broke through the ice while skating near the shore on the North river. The water was over his head and he had gone down for the second time when a man over six feet tall stalked boldly into the hole and, standing on the river's bottom, held Egolf up until help came. The rescuer's name could not be learned. He was submerged by his neck while aiding Egolf.

The name Tommy Atkins applies to the British soldier just as the name Jack Tar applies to the British sailor. Years ago the War department issued to each soldier a pocket manual in which he was to inscribe his name, home address and other information about himself. In the form

given, instead of a blank was Tommy Atkins instead of the legal John Doe. The book is therefore called by the soldiers Tommy Atkins and is long before the name was transferred to the troops themselves.

The latest contribution to the history of how changes in public taste affect business and employment is contained in the story told by Charles Wallace to the New York police authorities. Wallace is a blind man who made a good living by playing an accordion on the street corners in the "Ten-boroughs." He paid no attention, however, to the rule laid down in one of the current popular songs, "You've Got to Play Rag Time," and never mastered that peculiar measure. As a consequence he says his business has fallen off until starvation stares him in the face and he has been obliged to appeal to charity. It is generally felt that if he has really never played rag time he is a worthy object.

Paris has a hotel for working girls, founded by a wealthy woman at the cost of 1,000,000 francs, and it is the home of the Amelitia club, with thirty rooms for shop girls and a good cheap restaurant, to which any working woman may have access. The members pay a small sum toward a fund used in the common interest of the association, which keeps up lectures and educational classes and otherwise provides for the entertainment and instruction of the members. The club house is a restored mansion 200 years old, near what was once the hotel of Mme. de Sevigne, now the Museo Carnalet, in the Rue de Paris.

P. B. Thirkfield, health inspector of Chicago, says: "Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cannot be recommended too highly. It cured me of severe dyspepsia." It digests what you eat and cures indigestion, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia.

IN THE WHEELING WORLD.

The bicycle trade is up against the old, shelf-worn blue mare. That position is one of the features of midwinter show time. At this season any old disturbance is welcome to fracture monotony and stimulate talk. Besides, the manufacturers deem it a part of the business to impress their latest improvements upon the public mind, and incidentally, remind them that rules and prices must be stuck to at any cost. Herebefore the annual edict of the manufacturers provoked the dealers to smiles. If their ribbles are agitated similarly this season it may be their last.

Incidentally, remind them that rules and prices must be stuck to at any cost. Herebefore the annual edict of the manufacturers provoked the dealers to smiles. If their ribbles are agitated similarly this season it may be their last. They are putting on some new wheels, but their back hair bristles and their collective spine has taken on a perpendicular rigidity that foreshadows a warm row. The pose of the American Bicycle company at this disinformation is that of the wolf which accused the lamb of various crimes and misdeeds prior to the mutton feast.

R. Lindsey Coleman of the board of directors of the American Bicycle company, makes the following significant statement the other day: "Prices will be lower than they ever have been, and the bicycles will be considerably lighter. Although last season was one of the best in the history of cycling, the agent's point of view, hardly a gleam of light to discover on his own account that a strong competitor in the form of a lighter wheel prevailed. Accordingly, the 1900 roster is in some cases as much as five pounds lighter than last season. In the chainlike model the maximum cut in weight has been made. It is possible to add the latest attributes of a strong frame to some of the models and not increase the weight over that of the 1899 wheel. In the matter of price I may say that wheels will never be cheaper than they are this year, unless there is a most radical improvement in the method of construction, involving a saving in cost. For a similar reason, there is really some question whether wheels will not be dearer by another season."

The executive committee of the League of American Wheelmen has formally decided upon Philadelphia as the meeting place for the annual national assembly, which begins on the second Wednesday in February. Philadelphia and Boston also extended pressing invitations to their big wheeling organization to hold its annual meeting in those cities, but the committee, after weighing all considerations carefully, decided that Philadelphia was the most conveniently located for the majority of the delegates.

President Keenan, ex-Presidents Potter and Elliott, presidential possibilities Sams and Cooke of the League of American Wheelmen say that the racing light is lost and that it is hopeless to continue the League to continue the racing light. The racing element nevertheless claims enough votes to defeat any measure looking to the annulment of the racing interests, but ground for this fact is being lost daily now.

Senator Peacock of Pennsylvania has introduced the League of American Wheelmen road roads bill appropriation \$5,000,000 to the construction of permanent roads, the appropriation to be divided among the states in proportion to the mileage of roads in each. Such a scheme might prove an object lesson which would lead the people to the belief that a greater interest in the construction of permanent roads, use of so small an amount as would go to a state would not be sufficient to construct roads in several localities, so that the distribution of the money, even if the roads were built, would be an even more wasteful expenditure of money. The League of American Wheelmen, if it is to be of any use, should be organized on the basis of agriculture, would cause local jealousies. Furthermore, if the precedent of building roads in the states should be established, an appropriation of \$5,000,000 would lead to appropriations of five or ten times as much in the course of a few years.

The League of American Wheelmen has now to lament the accession from its ranks of the Century Wheelmen of New York. At the last meeting of the Century Wheelmen, which numbers 249 members, withdrew from the league by a large majority vote and thereby made a big hole in the League of American Wheelmen membership list. This club left the League of American Wheelmen because the standard that was looked by it on the racing question. The Century Wheelmen have paid several hundred dollars a year into the league treasury every since it joined the league and few benefits have been derived by it. Last year a cycle race was taken away from the League of American Wheelmen so completely that nothing at all was received by the Century Wheelmen in return for its dues. The club proposed that the league abandon racing and save the money that was being wasted on the fight. The answer that it got was not a pleasant one and the natural result followed.

A new tire valve is being used by most of the manufacturers this year that promises to do away with the trouble of leakage at the valve. The trouble has been with the rubber washer set inside the dust cap that creeps on the face of the valve. This year a new rubber, designed to suit the valve, gets set and is pressed back at the edge all around by the rim of the valve so that in the center

there is a little protruberance, which sticks into the valve opening and presses the plunger down. This is particularly apt to be the case in the spring, after a wheel has been left standing all winter and the rubber has become old. In such cases new washers should be fitted. In the new valve, however, this protruberance is done away with by the cap being deeply cupped and the rubber which is attached to the cap is so curved that the edges of the valve come in contact with the rubber, while there is an open space above the aperture even when the cap is screwed all the way down. This permits of another peculiarity being introduced, which is that the end of the plunger projects outside the valve, so that it can be pressed back by the finger when it is desired to deflate the tire. With the valves of earlier date it has been necessary to use the little point on the outside of the dust cap to press back the plunger. Besides the features mentioned there is another that will save riders making a trip to the repair shop whenever a valve refuses to work. The top of the dust cap is made with a double slot that fits the neck of the plunger and by simply reversing the cap and screwing to the left the whole internal mechanism of the valve can be removed in one piece, leaving only the cartridge-like shell. This enables riders to take apart their valves and remove any grit or foreign matter so completely that a boy of 12 years could do it without danger of doing any damage.

The evil of starting a boy to doing hard racing at middle distance before he has attained his growth and become settled physically was illustrated in New York City by a 15-year-old youth who became very prominent last year by reason of his remarkable riding. He walked into a cycling academy where there was a trainer of wide experience. As the boy went across the hall and left the trainer called attention to the fact that he was loping along on his toes in a very peculiar way. "That means," said the handler of athletes, "that the boy's tendons are all strained and he is probably injured for life. Every time that he has an easterly wind and storm he will suffer from rheumatism. He has been pushed too hard before his tendons became firm. I know of other instances of the same kind. No boys should be allowed to do hard racing throughout a season before their bones and cartilages and tendons have become set. The tendons should be hard and firm and the muscles soft. That is the rule, no matter what any doctor says."

A new style of tire pump has been made necessary by the use of the large sized pneumatic tires on motor cycles and automobiles. At first these tires were inflated by means of stored jars of compressed air that were filled by the use of machinery, but devices are now appearing that enable a man to pump up his tires by hand without unreasonable work. The maker has constructed a pump which gives a pressure of 600 pounds to the square inch and will fill an automobile tire with a few strokes of the lever.

A step that is by all odds the most pretentious and important in the cause of good roads that was ever taken by the League of American Wheelmen has been arranged for and announced by President Keenan. It is a bill to be introduced into congress for the appropriation of \$5,000,000 to be expended in highway improvement. Representative Graham of the Twenty-third district of Pennsylvania will present the bill and the active support of every officer and member of the league will be called for in every effort to secure its passage. The detailed provisions have not been made known yet, but it is understood that it will call for the construction of national turnpikes between principal cities that will carry not only bicycles, automobiles and general traffic, but will be practicable military roads as well.

For nearly a year there has been a struggle in progress between bicycle makers and the Georgia authorities because of a tax of \$100 that the state imposes upon manufacturers who sell bicycles there. One western maker fought the matter in the courts and lost. This maker is now one of the fiercest in the American Bicycle company and the "crisis," as it is known, has taken up the fight. The idea of the combination was that it could sell all of its forty different makes of bicycles by paying \$100 as one concern and a check was sent on January 10 to Comptroller Wright of Georgia. Reply has been received by Secretary Dickerson of the American Bicycle company that \$100 will have to be paid for every different make of wheel. The officers of the "trust" are moved to wrath thereat and there is talk of further appeal to the courts and other talk of not selling in Georgia. Thus far, however, the state has proven its ability to enforce its law in the matter.

THEORIES ABOUT FOOD.

Also a Few Facts on the Same Subject.

We hear much nowadays about health foods and hygienic living, about vegetarianism and many other fads along the same line. Restaurants may be found in the larger cities where no meat, poultry or coffee is served and the food rank is in his glory, and arguments and theories galore advanced to prove that meat was never intended for human stomachs, and almost make us believe that our ancestors who lived four or five score years in robust health on roast beef, pork and mutton must have been grossly ignorant of the laws of health.

Our forefathers had other things to do than formulate theories about the food they ate. A wiser welcome was extended to any kind from bacon to acorns. A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet of grains, fruits and meats is undoubtedly the best.

As compared with grains and vegetables, meat furnishes the most nutriment in a highly concentrated form and is digested and assimilated more quickly than vegetables and grains. Dr. Julius Thomson on this subject says: "Nervous persons, people run down in health and of low vitality should eat meat and plenty of it. If the digestion is too feeble at first it may be easily corrected by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets taken after dinner until several thousand grains of meat, eggs or other animal food in three hours, and no matter how weak the stomach may be, no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets because they supply the pepsin and diastase necessary to perfect digestion, and every form of indigestion will be overcome by their use."

That class of people who come under the head of nervous dyspepsia should eat plenty of meat and insure its proper digestion by the daily use of a safe, harmless digestive medicine like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets composed of the natural digestive principles of the stomach. Fruit acids and salts, which actually erode the work of digestion. Cheap esthetic medicines, macquerading under the name of dyspepsia cures are useless for indigestion as they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its many forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the dyspepsia is to make daily use at meal time of a preparation like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which is indorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50c for full directions. This is not a pocket manual on cause and cure of stomach trouble mailed free by addressing P. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

Nicoll's Popular Pants Picnic ...

Commences Monday, January 22.



A season's active trade has left us with something like a thousand choice remnants --trousers lengths, coat and vest lengths, suit lengths, odds and ends, etc.

We don't want them! We won't invoice them, or carry them over for next season.

Just to see how quickly we can clean them up, and at the same time win for ourselves the praise of those who appreciate a good thing--we have bunched them in four piles at four prices.

\$4, \$5, \$6, \$7

No need telling you what they originally sold for.

You must see the fabrics.

After you have examined them, and noted the quality, you will quickly take your place in line with those waiting to be measured.

Good things don't usually last long.

If you're wise, you'll make your selection and have your order on our books early Monday morning. Store open at 7:30 a. m.

Some choice remnants for pants and vest, coat and vest or full suit at about cost of making and trimming.

Observe the fabrics and prices in our windows. They tell the story quickly.

Nicoll the Tailor

209-211 So. 15th Str., Karbach Bldg.

Blood Poison W. R. NEWMAN, Staunton, Va. says: 'I was afflicted with Contagious Blood Poison, and the best doctors did me no good. In fact, I seemed to get worse all the while. I took almost every so-called blood remedy, but they did not reach the disease. At the advice of a friend, I then took S. S. S., and began to improve. I continued the medicine and it cured me completely, and for ten years I have never had a sign of the disease to return.'