

Visiting Day.
Mrs. A. was more shocked that amused when, in reply to her question, "Who was at Sunday school this morning," her 4-year-old daughter said, "Everybody but Jesus."
"Why, my dear," said Mrs. A., "whoever did you get such an idea?"
"He was out visiting this morning," the little lady confidently said.
"Daughter," said Mrs. A., "who told you such a story?"
"Nobody didn't tell me, mother, but they just kept singing it over and over again. 'Jesus is calling. He's calling to-day.'"—Success Magazine.



A Useful Remedy.
Little Jamie, aged 3, was playing with his little friend, Jack. At the time Jamie chanced to have a rather heavy cold and was sneezing quite often. Jack's mother heard him several times and sympathetically asked, "Why, Jamie, what a cold you have! Doesn't your mother give you anything for it?" "Yes, ma'am," Jamie very respectfully answered, "she gives me a clean handkerchief," whereupon he produced the prescribed "remedy."
—The Delineator.

Epidemic of Itch in Welsh Village.
In Downals, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken wholesale by a disease known as the itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, and as itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

"The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came to him from all parts of the country for treatment, but his medicine made matters still worse; as a last resort they were advised by a friend to use the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to tell you that after a few days' treatment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, the effect was wonderful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases.

"I may add that my three brothers, three sisters, myself and all our families have been users of the Cuticura Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1550 West Huron St., Chicago, Ill., June 25, 1909."

Merely Postponed.
Mrs. Hewigus (having freed her mind)—Why don't you answer me, if you can?
Mr. Hewigus (helping himself to more meat)—It's unwholesome to quarrel while eating dinner, madam. I'll have good and plenty to say to you after a while.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.
Will Break Up a Cold in Twenty-four Hours and Cure Any Cough That is Curable.
The following mixture is often prescribed and is highly recommended for coughs, colds and other throat and bronchial trouble. Mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, and eight ounces of pure Whisky. These can be bought in any good drug store and easily mixed together in a large bottle. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, and put up for dispensing in half-ounce vials.

Snakes have no external ears, but "hear" by feeling vibration of sound on their delicate scaly covering.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; unless cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by the Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY, CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

In Ashantee is a tree which furnishes butter.

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

New York's Chinatown has a population of 5,000.

Four of the World.
A series of 50 post cards in colors will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 15 cents in coin or stamps. Address The Evening Wisconsin Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

The earth's atmosphere varies from 120 to 260 miles in depth.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVES' signature is on each box. 25c.

The Kaiser's army is served regularly with bread and porridge made largely from the peanut.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

\$1,000,000 TO KILL A LITTLE WORM



Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$1,000,000, to be used in eradicating the hookworm disease, fixes public attention on the dread scourge of the South. When this parasite was found the discoverer stated, quite correctly, that it was responsible for most of the lassitude and unwillingness to work of the so-called "poor white trash"—whereupon he was laughed out of court as the discoverer of "the germ of laziness." The hookworm, which is not a germ, is certainly no laughing matter. It is not peculiar to the Southern States, having been found in animals as early as 1782. It was first recognized as the cause of a parasitic disease in 1843 in Italy, and in 1879 its action in exhausting the blood from the system was realized. In succeeding years its wide prevalence was noted in Europe and in some cases was traced to the United States; but it was not until 1902 that the existence of a purely American variety was demonstrated and announced by Dr. Stiles, a zoologist connected with the United States government service. The appearance and habits of the parasite are now well known. It is a sucking-worm less than an inch long and looking much like "a bit of soiled coarse thread." One victim may entertain several thousand of these tiny "rampanters," and these cause loss of blood not only by sucking it, but by leakage through the minute holes that they make in the intestinal walls.

Retardation of development due to hookworms has caused a great deal of unmerited criticism to be heaped on the Southern cotton mills. Lads of 17 or 18 appear no older than normal boys of 10 or 11; boys of 10 or 11 sometimes look like little children. Strangers not knowing their real ages and seeing them at work go away with lurid stories of the horrors of child labor. Their impression is still further heightened if they try to talk with the supposed children. The disease makes them dull and backward—they are generally the stupidest pupils in the schools—and they seem unable to answer the simplest questions intelligently. Perhaps they feel too miserable even to try. In school they are unable to concentrate their minds on anything, and the teachers in the hookworm districts say that if their pupils remain seated for any length of time they "swell up."

Hookworm disease is caused by the presence of small worms belonging to a group of round worms known technically as nematodes. Two different kinds of hookworm occur in man. One of these is popularly known as the "Old World hookworm," the other as the "New World hookworm." Both of these parasites are known to occur in Africa, the home of the negro, and both have been found in the negro. The Old World hookworm is relatively rare in the United States, where the great majority of cases must be attributed to the New World parasite. The New World hookworm is known as the "American murderer," this name having been given it on account of the great number of deaths it causes, directly or indirectly.

The American hookworm is about one-fourth to one-half an inch long and about as thick as a small hairpin. It has hard cutting plates or jaws guarding the entrance to its mouth, with the aid of which it fastens itself to the intestinal wall. In its adult stage the hookworm is found fastened to the lining membrane of the small intestine. Formerly it was thought that the parasite secured its hold by means of hooks, but now it is established that it fastens itself by biting the membrane. It makes a wound, sucks the blood and produces a poisonous substance which injures the person affected. A person may harbor a few hookworms, or several thousands, according to the amount of infection to which he has been subjected. The disease is more common in children than in adults. The parasites do not multiply in the intestine, as their eggs require fresh air in order to develop, and so for every hookworm found in the intestine a separate germ must enter the body.

The young worm may enter the body in two different ways. It may be swallowed in contaminated water or it may bore its way through the skin. Boring through the skin is the more common method of infection. After entering the skin, the young worms make their way to the blood and pass with the blood through the heart to the lungs. Gradually they find their way to the small intestine, where they shed their skin, become mature and then begin their work of injuring the walls of the intestines of sucking the blood, and of poisoning their victims.

Investigations by Dr. Stiles have convinced him that the hookworm disease has a serious effect upon the mind and prevents children from fully and properly assimilating the education which is offered them. He says that, as nearly as can be estimated, the physical condition of the Southern school children in the rural districts is such that they cannot assimilate more than 70 per cent of the education they receive.

Dr. Stiles is quoted as saying that it will take twenty years, at a cost of \$100,000,000—that is, \$2,000,000,000—to stamp out the malady in the Southern States. Much, however, can be done in a short time.

The Rockefeller commission has not yet adopted a program for its campaign against the disease, but it will probably take up the measures suggested some time ago by Dr. Stiles, which include an annual "public health week" in the schools, when children will be taught the dangers of infection; house-to-house canvasses in the back country districts by medical students on vacation to enlighten the natives; lectures by physicians and trained nurses in town halls, churches and schoolhouses; the distribution of pamphlets and other printed matter telling about the disease; an institution for free diagnosis and treatment; and the passing of laws in the several Southern States to permit the above measures and to promote the anti-hookworm campaign.

A late dispatch from San Francisco says that hundreds of cases of hookworm have been imported into California in the last few years from Hawaii, the Philippines and the Orient. Almost half of a colony of West Indian laborers who had been working in the Hawaiian sugar plantations and came to the Pacific coast were infected.

THRILLING SPECTACLE.

Modern Auto Racing Compared to the Chariot Races of Old.

All that wild excitement the ancient Romans found in a chariot race is being supplied to the modern world through the thrilling contests of the automobile speed kings. Whether held on the open roads or on a track, the mad dash of the automobiles, with their dare devil drivers at the wheels, more closely approximates the chariot races in the amphitheaters of the ancient world than anything that could be imagined.

It is thought by the world that the chariot race belongs to a bygone age, yet here it is contemporary. The jockey or the driver of the trotting horse never occupied a parallel place. They were heroes, but they went through no such terrifying experiences as the old chariot racer.

The death at a running or trotting race of any driver or jockey is the rare thing. In the chariot races of ancient Rome, death was a never-abating entry, and in some of the terrific mix-ups, where horses, drivers and chariots came together in an inextricable jam, it was nothing uncommon for men, horses and spectators to go to their death.

The speed that the modern automobile can make was never even dreamed of in the period of ancient Rome, when men of wealth counted it nothing to spend a fortune on the team of horses that was expected to bring a victory in the racing contest of the amphitheater.

Sometimes the battles of the modern charioteers are held over the open roads of the rural districts. But wherever it may be there is ever the certainty that a huge crowd will be present for the automobile race appeals now as much to the modern public as the ancient chariot race did to the populace of the ancient countries.

The element of danger is one of the biggest attractions, as it was in days of old. In all of the big road events it is a significant fact that the most frequented points are those where the danger is greatest.

At top speed, a mile a minute, a machine bears down on the danger spot in the road. It is a bad turn to start with. Hours of being plowed up by powerful machines have chipped it into a mass of small stones, and deep

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER V.
Everybody but Johnny Johnson followed Betty. Johnson went back to the house where now remained none but Pierre Destiel and several of the older and more courageous bachelors who had lived in the house for years.

Betty and her cohort numbered seven. Besides Larry Morris, long and lumbry, there was the gentle-eyed young Philip Hartley, Hank Smith, tall and tremendously framed; Sothem, fat, blonde and phlegmatic; Frankel, a little Jew, who was automobile editor of the "Times"; and Tim Murphy, cartoonist, a great hulk of an Irishman.

The Directory Hotel, one of the most exclusive in the town, was only two blocks from Letoy's.

"Now E24 is my room," whispered Betty. "You let me go up first. Don't let the clerk in on this even, till we find out what's what."

Five minutes later the sextette were pulled into the door of room E24 by such an excited Betty Delaney as the "Empire" office had never seen.

"Look! she instructed. 'Be careful, but look right across!'

The span of the court did not exceed eighteen feet. Betty's side of the great building was all black and quiet. Not a light glimmered in any room. The room directly across the court whose windows complimented hers had the shades thrown high, the windows opened wide and was ablaze with light.

There were two occupants in the room, a man and a woman, seated side by side at a table covered with writing paraphernalia. The man was powdered, built, regular of feature and very dark, with peculiarly white and nervous hands. The woman wore a tailored suit of dark cloth and even at that distance her remarkable resemblance to the woman they had last seen lying in the morgue was unmistakable. There was the same soft contour of chin, the same wavy, rust-brown hair, and clear ivory pallor of the skin. The slight yet perfect modeling of her figure, the slender pink-palmed hand, the curve of the forehead, were as like as is stamped from the same die.

As they watched, breathless, stupefied from surprise, the man drew a wallet from his pocket and pulled from it several papers. He ran rapidly through them and withdrawing two from the packet handed them to his companion. She reached across to receive them when a sudden gust of wind belled the curtains into sails and sent them fluttering into the room and out again. The force of the breeze caught the papers and they were carried out into the court where they swirled, eddied and ducked, finally settling on the fire escape that jutted out five feet from the window.

The man who had run to the window, watched with eager eyes to see where the papers fell. Then he clutched his hat from the sofa and rushed from the room. The woman shrugged her shoulders and sat down again at the table. The man's hat fell into the room from her copper hair and let it fall in glory over her shoulders. Then she walked into the adjoining room as if the recovery of the lost documents was a matter of perfect indifference.

"Hank," nudged Sothem, "you're the longest. Climb out and get those papers."

"Larry isn't as long and he's less awkward," commented Frankel. "And you're worth less than the rest of us; try it yourself, Frankel," flashed Hank.

"Betty Lancey," asked Larry, "why aren't you fragile and willowy instead of June? Then we'd make a rope of the bed-clothes here for a guide and send you over."

Philip Hartley was already out of the window. While the others held caucus he had pulled the blanket from the bed, torn it in half and tied a slip knot firmly around his left leg.

"That'll make a fair safety," suggested Sothem.

Clambering out on the ledge he steadied himself by the top of the sauh and worked slowly round to the farther end of the sill. From there he inched his way along a ridge in the wall till he could just touch the fire escape. They were white against the iron and just the fraction of an inch out of reach. Betty Lancey saw the difficulty.

"Pass him this hat-pin," she said. "He can fish them over with that."

Slowly, very slowly, Hartley moved the precious papers over the narrow iron shelf, impaling them on the hat-pin. Then with cramped fingers he put them into his inner pocket and began the return crawl. He was barely within Betty's room again when they heard a loud rapping at the next door.

"Consider the ashes and cigarette stubs that we found on the floor," suggested the first Associated Press Man, "the only way to invoke the ghost of Cerise Wayne would be through smoke."

"What do we want of her ghost," sneered Johnny. "This is no seance. What we want is the fellow who made the ghost."

The bivouac was nerve-racking. The old house apparently had a bounteous rodent population and the little beasts scampered back and forth in the walls with spooky gambols. Every window in the house rattled, and the pall of impudence that always hangs heavily in a deserted human habitation rested—a dead weight—in the air.

Two blocks distant the elevated trains rumbled dully by, and the morning parade of the milk wagons had not yet begun—to touch the visions of the night with the realities of the day.

"This is too much for me," cried one of the detectives. "Let get out and take a breath."

"The little group, all except Johnny, arose with alacrity. He stopped alone in the house rattled, and tried to keep his eyes open and, falling, wondered why he didn't advertise the newspaper business as a cure for insomnia and accurate cash thereby, when—

"What's that?" asked Johnny of himself. He heard with joyous ears a scraping and sliding in the closet opposite, where he had picked up the gold and amethyst garter. It sounded as if the baseboard were being forcibly removed, or rather, as if someone were endeavoring to slide it back, and

as if the board were sticking in an unaccustomed and stubborn fashion.

Johnny looked for a convenient corner to which to duck. He couldn't fit into the drawers of the chiffonier of the bureau, and the bed, stripped of all its coverings, even of the mattress and pillows, was flat against the wall. On a chance Johnny crawled beneath it, with one eye fixed steadily upon the closet door.

He was not long to wait. Stealthily the door opened, and through the crack came a gleam of a pocket electric flashlight. The man who was holding the light whirled it hastily around the room, scanning it closely as if to make sure he was unobserved.

"Oh," groaned Johnny, and slunk closer into the corner, rolling himself still more tightly into a ball, and pulling his coat up over his fiery head. The intruder walked over to the bureau drawers and began to search hurriedly. They were empty, and at this discovery in each successive drawer the man flung them shut with a gesture of disappointment.

The voices of Johnny's returning companions echoed through the corridors and their footsteps sounded on the stairway. The intruder put out his light and started for the closet. The dawn was now so far advanced that as he passed the window Johnny distinguished his features clearly. He must have been at least fifty years of age, a rather stockily built man, of good appearance, with a tired face and dark hair, thickly streaked with gray. He hurried into the closet and shut the door behind him, and Johnny heard again the struggle to slide the panel into place.

"Who called, son?" asked the fat detective, jocularly, as he entered the room. "Did they leave cards for the hull of us? Say, where is that brick-top, anyway?"

Johnny, with considerable wriggling and squirming, came out from beneath the bed.

"Funny how thundering much easier it is to get under a bed than out from underneath it," he commented, rubbing the dust from his knees.

"You didn't get chased there, did you, now?" came the question. "Were you seeing things, or what?"

"I saw enough," retorted Johnny. "Guess I saw more than you did, and it didn't cost anything for the vision, either. Here, Farley, let's have a light; where's that pocket contraption of yours?"

Farley brought it out, and Johnny, glowing in the importance of knowing something that the others did not, and reveling in the curiosity and impatience of his fellows, strode majestically into the closet. When Johnny had anything tucked away in his cranium that he was crazy to tell as other people were to hear, he puffed out to the dimensions of the fabled frog. That was the time when Johnny was really funny, and more provocative of risibility than any of his ever-ridiculous yarns.

Entering the closet he scanned its calcimined sides closely, running his slender, long-fingered fingers carefully down the wall. Then he hit the baseboard. The group around watched in tense silence.

"Oh, John, cut it out and open up," snarled Gorin. Gorin was one of Johnny's best friends.

(To be continued.)

MALAPROP HUMOR.

An Admirer's Bungled Flattery—The Wrong Psalm to Welcome a Judge.

Most of us are acquainted with Punch's joke concerning the son of the house who, as he gallantly escorted the beauty of the evening to her carriage, gushingly remarked "I have been waiting all the evening for this moment."

It is an example of bungled flattery which compares very favorably with the remark of an unlucky admirer of the great French actress, Mme. St. Denis. Her performance of Zara had just been greeted with enthusiastic applause, and as she stepped from the stage she said, "To act that well a woman should be young and handsome." "Ah, no, madam!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, in his anxiety to pay the highest compliment possible. "You are convincing proof to the contrary."

Twice in one evening the great novelist, Charles Dickens, was guilty of an embarrassing malapropism. "I have distinguished myself in two respects lately," he wrote to a friend, explaining the matter. "I took a young lady unknown down to dinner and talked to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And I expatiated to the member for Marylebone, Lord Fermoy—generally conceiving him to be an Irish member—on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representatives."

Even these situations, however, are not quite so embarrassing as that of a member of Parliament who at a certain political reception remarked to a neighbor, "I wonder who that homely old woman is over there?" pointing out a rather stout old lady at the other end of the room.

"That, sir," was the reply, "is my wife!"

"Oh, no, no!" stammered the confused parliamentarian. "I mean the person standing on her right."

"Indeed? That is my daughter!"

The first Baron Kenyon was rather fond of telling the story of how, while on circuit with Justice Rook, they entered a village just in time to accompany the population to the little village church. The parish clerk, anxious to have the congregation show due appreciation of the honor, conferred by the presence of the distinguished jurists, gave out two verses of one of the metrical psalms. "Speak, O ye Judges of the earth, if just your sentence be; or must not innocence appeal to Heaven from your decree? Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice swayed; your gripping hands by mighty bribes to violence betrayed."

By this time most of the adults had woken up to the application of the psalm and remained silent, allowing the children and a few women to continue the second verse.—Tit-Bits.

Walking leisurely around the Egyptian sphinx, the traveler from America inspected it from all points of view.

"It's a shame," he exclaimed, "to leave the thing in that shape. If I had it out in Chicago I could clap a good cement nose on that face so quick it would make its head swim!"—Chicago Tribune.

Practical.

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HER WEIGHT INCREASED FROM 100 TO 140 POUNDS.

Wonderful Praise Accorded Peruna the Household Remedy

Mrs. Maria Goetz, Orienta, Oklahoma, writes:

"My husband, children and myself have used your medicines, and we always keep them in the house in case of necessity. I was restored to health by this medicine, and Dr. Hartman's invaluable advice and books. People ask about me from different places, and are surprised that I can do all of my household work alone, and that I was cured by the doctor of chronic constipation. My husband was cured of asthma, my daughter of earache and catarrh of the stomach, and my son of catarrh of the throat. When I was sick I weighed 100 pounds; now weigh 140.

"I have regained my health again, and I cannot thank you enough for your advice. May God give you a long life and bless your work."

One of the charms of music is that the musically uneducated person does not have to "understand" it. With "imitative" music, however, the case is quite different, and every passage has either an obvious or a thinly concealed meaning. Occasionally it is hard to decipher certain unusual notes, as the following story from Fliegende Blaetter indicates:

The composer had just played his last piece to his friend, the critic.

"Very fine, indeed," said the critic. "But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back?"

"Oh," returned the composer, "that is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him."

We are not to blame because you suffer from Rheumatism or Neuralgia, but you are if you do not try Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It quickly soothes and always allays pain, soreness and inflammation.

Uncle Eben on Brains.

"I dunno," said Uncle Eben, "whether it's better to have mo' money dan brains or mo' brains dan money, but heaven help de man dat ain't got any of either."

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 5c.

FASHION HINTS



Muffs of fur and lace are pretty for very dressy wear.

One of sable has three bands of the fur, spaced with a rich ecreu lace over satin, that has a hint of the sable shade. With it was worn a small hat, having an entire sable crown.

A sweeping paradise plume added a final touch of richness.

Stagnant.

"Loopy yuh, Brudder Tump!" said Parson Bagster while the congregation was assembling in Ebenezer chapel. "I un'erstood yo' to nomenate dat yo' would bring our urrin' Brudder Borax Smith to de revival yuh to-night."

"I done did muh best to 'complich muh prognostication, pahson," replied Brother Tump, holding forth an object which markedly resembled a dark-complexioned oyster, "but dat 'ar gambin' man, our urrin' Brudder Borax Smith, was sawtuh reluctant an' handly wid his razzah. I deess natchly couldn't bring de genleman pussenly, out dis yuh am one uv his ears!"—Puck.

INSOMNIA

Leads to Madness, if Not Remedied in Time.

"Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Topeka woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as the extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia which made life a most painful thing for me."

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself. I therefore gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum for my hot drink at meals."

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep, restfully and peacefully."

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.