

## LABOR GIVES ITS APPROVAL

Powerful American Federation Cordially Joins in Fight Against Spread of Tuberculosis.

Direct approval of the campaign for the sale of Red Cross seals has been given by the American Federation of Labor, according to an announcement by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. At the last annual convention of the American Federation of Labor a resolution was adopted calling for all the members of the Federation to further the sale as much as possible. The resolution reads as follows:

"Whereas, The American Federation of Labor has in every possible way aided the movement for the study and prevention of tuberculosis throughout the United States and Canada; and

"Whereas, The American National Red Cross has been in the past and is now making an especial effort, through the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals to secure funds to carry on the war against tuberculosis, and by means of the funds raised in this manner has been able to do much effective work in this direction, therefore be it

"Resolved, That the American Federation of Labor give its endorsement to the movement of the American National Red Cross and encourage its members to further in every reasonable way the sale of these seals in their respective communities."

## MRS. SELBY AND PRIZE BABY

"I have always used Cuticura Soap and no other for my baby and he has never had a sore of any kind. He does not even chafe as most babies do. I feel sure that it is all owing to Cuticura Soap, for he is fine and healthy, and when five months old, won a prize in a baby contest. It makes my heart ache to go into so many homes and see a sweet-faced baby with the whole top of its head a solid mass of scurf, caused by poor soap. I always recommend Cuticura, and nine times out of ten the next time I see the mother she says: 'Oh! I am so glad you told me of Cuticura.'" (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redondo Beach, California, Jan. 15, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 20 L, Boston.

## Death Bed Jest.

Among what may be called death-bed jests, that of the Rev. James Guthrie of Stirling, one of the covenant martyrs, deserves a high place. Lord Guthrie recalls the story in "From a Northern Window." Mr. Guthrie was executed at the Cross in the High street, Edinburgh. The night before he asked for cheese for supper. His friends wondered, for the physicians had forbidden him to eat cheese. But he said, with a smile, "I am now beyond the hazard of all earthly diseases."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

## Special Talent.

"Can your boy read 'The Iliad' in the original?"  
"Not very well. But he can make ten yards around the left end almost every time."

## The Happier Age.

The Bronze Age man chuckled.  
"If I was steel, I suppose you would dissolve me," he cried.  
Herewith he rejoiced he didn't live too late.

Pain and Swelling seldom indicate internal organic trouble. They are usually the result of local cold or inflammation which can be quickly removed by Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

## The Humor of It.

Stella—Were you shopping today?  
Bella—Yes, I got some things to exchange.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Tonic granules.

Many a man who claims to be as honest as the day is long wouldn't want the searchlight turned on his night record.

Lewis' Single Binder, the famous straight 86 cigar—annual sale 11,500,000.

A practical joke is never what it's cracked up to be.

# TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

## Hobo Makes a Record Trip on Trucks



NEW YORK—The fastest tramp trip ever made on the trucks of the transcontinental limited trains was finished in New York city recently when Clarence Fields, of San Francisco, Cal., alighted from the trucks of a Lackawanna flyer. He said he had to get to New York in a hurry for medical treatment. He was covered with soot, cinders and coal dust and looked as if he had been in 40 political cyclones. His eyes gleamed triumphantly through his mask of dirt as he told how, in spite of the vigilance of trainmen, he had made the coast-to-coast trip in one week and three minutes flat.

"I was kicked off the Santa Fe limited at least 30 times," he said. "The first time was in the Mojave desert, when I landed in two feet of alkali

dust. But as soon as the train started I got aboard again in a dust storm. Next time it was in the mountains. I must have been kicked several miles ahead, for when I came to my senses we had made 50 miles, and the train was well on toward the Aztec country. The speed was fearful down those mountain grades, but I never lost my clutch until I was thrown off by a brakeman.

"I thought I was all in when we reached Kansas City. But there I left the Santa Fe and got between the engine and baggage car on what is called the new Wilmington line. That took me to Chicago.

"Once during the trip I went without food for two long days. That was a test of endurance. I won out. When we reached Newburg, on the Hudson, I had to leave the express. The brakeman's boots were 40 pounds heavier than my physique called for, so I stopped over night for the first time on the trip. I went to the police station and had a fine rest. Getting aboard a fast coal train next day, I pulled out. When I reached New York I beat my way across the ferry."

## Newsboy Banker Who Came to Grief

WALLACE, Ida.—Bernard F. O'Neill, who started life as a newsboy in New York and came to be a director of the Carnegie Trust company there, as well as president of the State Bank of Commerce at Wallace, with a fortune well beyond the \$1,000,000 mark, was arrested in Vancouver, B. C., recently on a warrant charging him with liability in the wreck of the Wallace bank. O'Neill was penniless when he was arrested and was planning to start life over again.

O'Neill is a hearty Irishman of 50, and a year ago was candidate for the nomination for governor of Washington. He was defeated in the convention. In the meantime O'Neill's troubles were piling up at Wallace. The bank there was compelled to suspend. In the crash O'Neill lost the rest of his fortune, and a short time ago he went to Vancouver, "looking for a job," as he told the officers who routed him from bed and put him under arrest. Indictments were found against several other wealthy men of eastern Washington when action was taken against O'Neill in connection with the Wallace bank failure.

O'Neill went west as a charge of the Children's Aid society when he was a lad in knickerbockers selling papers along Park Row. He worked for a time for a farmer in Iowa, next moved on a ranch in Nebraska, and at 19



was working in a bank. Then he went to California, and in 1901 went to Idaho with the foundations of his fortune already laid. As a banker O'Neill soon began to attract attention, and it was not long before he had been added to the list of out-of-town directors of the Carnegie Trust company. At about the same time he was made a member of the executive council of the American Bankers' association.

Just a year ago O'Neill went back to New York to attend a directors' meeting and spent a night at the newsboys' lodging house in Fourth street. He made a speech to the boys in which he gave them a lot of homey advice on how to succeed in the world and made a generous donation to the funds of the home. The check by which this subscription was made was drawn on the Carnegie Trust company. The failure of that institution seemed to mark the beginning of his troubles. His luck changed immediately, he wrote back to his friends.

## St. Louis Shop Porter Is a Croesus



ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Porter by day and Croesus by night tells the story of the daily life of C. W. Masee, a remarkable resident of this city. He is head porter in a millinery establishment. Each morning at 6:45 he mounts his large touring car and hurries to work, where he has the privilege of bossing twelve negroes. Late in the afternoon he hurries home in the same car, tired as any other laboring man, and spends his evening in quarters as lavish as those of the wealthiest millionaires in St. Louis and associates with the wealthiest people in the city. He declares he could live without work, but the life of the average millionaire would be a bore to him, so he prefers to work for \$12.37 a week, hire a chauffeur, live in luxury and scarcely earn his board at his labor.

has other property, much other property, in fact, located in St. Louis. He is able to maintain a nine-room house, four servants and a big touring car while working at a salary that is in the immediate neighborhood of \$50 a month. His fellow workers gasped with amazement when they learned of it. When he began coming down to his portering in a costly touring car, that runs 60 miles an hour, they began to view him with awe. He is the "Man of Mystery" among his fellow-workers.

Masee has been in St. Louis about four years. He married a widow with not a little property, and to this he has added steadily. It is said that he is anxious to get back to the prairies of Minnesota and be a farmer, in the bigger sense of the word. Special considerations have thus far tied him to St. Louis.

Masee is a college man. He worked his way through one of the colleges in St. Paul, Minn., and fared forth to see the world. In his wanderings he journeyed to St. Louis, met a charming widow and married her. With the exception of trips abroad, and here and there in the United States, he has been in St. Louis since.

## Road Settles Famous Sandwich Case

TOPEKA, Kan.—A western railroad would not permit the bunk of hard-tack and piece of hog hock, known as the railroad eating-house sandwich, to get into the Kansas courts, though it had to pay well to keep it out.

Last spring L. M. Couchman, a Topeka traveling salesman, was riding on a train toward home. The train stopped at McFarland, 30 miles west of Topeka, for dinner, but as it was to arrive in Topeka only an hour later Couchman betought himself to eat a sandwich and then have a good, home-cooked meal with his wife in Topeka. He walked into the lunchroom and called for the ham sandwich.

The pretty girl behind the counter passed him out a tissue wrapped and ribbon tied square of bread, butter and ham—supposedly, and the traveling man opened and bit. The girl grinned at Couchman as he vainly tried to force his teeth through the adamant crust and when he quit she asked sweetly, "Oh, isn't it good?" "Naw. Gimme a piece of pie instead," said Couchman.

The pie was a wonderful improvement over the sandwich. He paid for



it and walked out. Then a special officer of the railroad company called him on the platform and roughly forced him to disgorge 10 cents for the bunk of hard-tack and pork.

Couchman brought suit for \$2,000 damages to his peace of mind for the rough treatment he received and 10 cents additional for the sandwich he paid for and couldn't eat. The suit has been pending in the district court here for three months and much evidence from traveling men throughout the state regarding the frailties and shortcomings of the railroad eating-house sandwich has been taken. The railroad attorneys looked over this evidence and settled the case by paying a sum to Couchman for his suffering and returning the 10 cents. What the amount was is not known.

## Silent Insuendo.

"That woman always speaks kindly of others."  
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but she always does it in such a way as to imply that she is making some terrible mental reservations."

The public has an inconsiderate way of remembering the prophet when the prophecy falls, and of forgetting him when it comes true.

Some men have a well-earned prejudice against giving up their place to a woman in a crowded car.

## Since Teacher Did Not Know.

It was in the primary class of a graded school in a western city and the day was the 23d of February.

"Now, who can tell me whose birthday this is?" asked the teacher.

A little girl arose timidly.  
"Well, Margaret, you may tell us," said the teacher.  
"Mine," was the unexpected reply.  
—Everybody's Magazine.

It is much easier for us to forgive some one for being an enemy to our friend, than for being a friend to our enemy.

## Could Hardly Hear

Senses of Taste and Smell Were Also Greatly Impaired.

"I was afflicted with catarrh," writes Eugene Forbes, Lebanon, Kansas. "I took several different medicines, giving each a fair trial, but grew worse until I could hardly hear, taste or smell. I was about to give up in despair, but concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking three bottles of this medicine I was cured, and have not had any return of the disease."  
Hood's Sarsaparilla effects radical and permanent cures of catarrh.  
Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

# PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

## JUST BEFORE THE TROUBLE

How Could the Listener Know What His Friend Was Trying to Say?

If any man ever admired his wife, that man was Howler. And when the Fitnoodies asked Mrs. Howler to get up and sing, "There is a Garden in My Face," the husband glowed with pride.

No matter that she had a face like a hippopotamus and a voice like an elephant, he sat beaming as she sang, and could not refrain from bending over to his neighbor and whispering: "Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?"

"What?" said his neighbor, who was a little deaf.

"Don't you think my wife has got a fine voice?" repeated Howler.

"What?"

"Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?" roared Howler.

"Sorry!" returned the neighbor, shaking his head. "Can't catch a word you say. That awful woman over there is making such a frightful row singing."

## Rubbed Hard.

The Venus of Milo explained her missing arms.

"I tried to get the tan off," she said. Herewith she rejoiced she hadn't used the same method on her neck."—Harper's Bazar.

## Comparison.

After all, young women judge a man more by his accomplishments than by what he has accomplished.

## DANGEROUS VARIETY.



Caroline—She may be a gossip, but I believe she tells the truth.

Pauline—My dear, the truth is frequently the worst form of gossip imaginable.

## A Question of Art.

"Was that play you speak of highly artistic and poetical?" asked the girl who poses.

"I don't believe it could have been," replied the girl who is frank.

"I understood and enjoyed every word of it."

## Wasted Blessings.

Aunt (just arrived)—Bless your sweet heart!

Marie—You needn't waste any of your blessings on him, aunt.

Aunt—Him? Who?

Marie—My former sweetheart.

We're mad at each other now.—Judge.

## Squelched.

Gerald—What do you think of this recall idea?

Geraldine—One call will be enough, thank you.

## Pessimism is the undigested fruit of experience.

# We Get a Slap

The big coffee trust, made up of Brazilian growers and American importers, has been trying various tactics to boost the price of coffee and get more money from the people.

Always the man who is trying to dig extra money out of the public pocket, on a combination, hates the man who blocks the game.

Now comes a plaintive bleat from the "exasperated" ones.

The *Journal of Commerce* lately said: "A stirring circular has just been issued to the coffee trade." The article further says:

"The coffee world is discussing what is to be the future of coffee as a result of the campaign of miseducation carried on by the cereal coffee people. We have before us a letter from one of the largest roasters in the South asking what can be done to counteract the work of the enemies of coffee.

"The matter should have been taken up by the Brazilian Gov't when they were completing their beautiful valorization scheme."

Then the article proceeds to denounce Postum and works into a fine frenzy, because we have published facts regarding the effect of coffee on some people.

The harrowing tale goes on.

"Where a few years ago everybody drank coffee, several cups a day, now we find in every walk in life people who imagine they cannot drink it. (The underscoring is ours.) Burly blacksmiths, carpenters, laborers and athletes have discontinued or cut down the use of coffee; as there is not a person who reads this and will not be able to find the same conditions existing among his own circle of acquaintances, is it not well for the Brazilians to sit up and take notice?"

Isn't it curious these "burly" strong men should pick out coffee to "imagine" about? Why not "imagine" that regular doses of whiskey are harmful, or daily slugs of morphine?

If "imagination" makes the caffeine in coffee clog the liver, depress the heart, and steadily tear down the nervous system, bringing on one or more of the dozens of types of diseases which follow broken-down nervous systems, many people don't know it.

But it remained for the man who has coffee, morphine or whiskey to sell, to have the supreme nerve to say: "You only imagine your disorders. Keep on buying from me."

Let us continue to quote from his article.

"Notwithstanding the enormous increase in population during the past three years, coffee shows an appalling decrease in consumption."

Then follows a tiresome lot of statistics which wind up by showing a decrease of consumption in two years of, in round figures, two hundred million pounds.

Here we see the cause for the attacks on us and the Brazilian sneers at Americans who prefer to use a healthful, home-made breakfast drink and incidentally keep the money in America, rather than send the millions to Brazil and pay for an article that chemists class among the drugs and not among the foods.

Will the reader please remember, we never announce that coffee "hurts all people."

Some persons seem to have excess vitality enough to use coffee, tobacco and whiskey for years and apparently be none the worse, but the number is small, and when a sensible man or woman finds an article acts harmfully they exercise some degree of intelligence by dropping it.

We quote again from the article: "These figures are paralyzing but correct, being taken from Leech's statistics, recognized as the most reliable."



This is one of the highest compliments ever paid to the level-headed, common sense of Americans who cut off about two hundred million pounds of coffee when they found by actual experiment (in the majority of cases) that the subtle drug caffeine, in coffee, worked discomfort and varying forms of disease.

Some people haven't the character to stop a habit when they know it is killing them, but it is easy to shift from coffee to Postum, for, when made according to directions, it comes to table a cup of beverage, seal brown color, which turns to rich golden brown when cream is added, and the taste is very like the milder grades of Old Gov't Java. Postum is a veritable food-drink and highly nourishing, containing all the parts of wheat carefully prepared to which is added about ten per cent of New Orleans molasses, and that is absolutely all that Postum is made of.

Thousands of visitors to the pure food factories see the ingredients and how prepared. Every nook and corner is open for every visitor to carefully inspect. Crowds come daily and seem to enjoy it.

## "There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
Battle Creek, Michigan

Do You Feel Bilious?  
Your Liver Needs Assistance  
TRY  
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS  
It has a toning and invigorating effect on the liver, stomach and bowels.