

KIDNEYS CLOG UP FROM EATING TOO MUCH MEAT

Take Tablespoonful of Salts if Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.—Adv.

DISEASE ON THE DECREASE

Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis Has Good Reason to Be Proud.

While the latest report of the bureau of census shows that in 1914 tuberculosis caused over 10.5 per cent of all deaths in the registration area of the United States, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis points out in a statement that the death-rate from this disease is steadily decreasing, having declined from 200.7 per 100,000 population in 1904 to 146.8 in 1914. This would indicate, the association claims, that the antituberculosis movement organized in the last ten years is having a marked effect on the mortality of tuberculosis, especially since the death rate from this disease seems to be declining more rapidly than the general death rate from all causes.

Commenting on this decrease in the rate from tuberculosis, the bureau of the census says: "As a result of a more general understanding of the laws of health, the importance of fresh air, etc., due in part, no doubt, to the efforts of the various societies for the prevention of tuberculosis, there has been a most marked and gratifying decrease during recent years in the mortality from this scourge of civilization. In only a decade—from 1904 to 1914—the death-rate from tuberculosis in all its forms fell from 200.7 to 146.8 per 100,000, the decline being continuous from year to year. This is a drop of more than 25 per cent."

Easy Victim.

"You seem to be in a melancholy mood this morning."

"Yes, I've been thinking about the thousands of poor fellows being killed in Europe."

"Still, that isn't your fault."

"I know it, but you see, I don't own any war stocks and there is nothing to prevent my yielding to acute depression."

Don't blame a girl for assuming a striking attitude when she's trying to make a hit.

However, many of us are for any brand of reform that's fashionable.

MORE THAN EVER Increased Capacity for Work Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drunk coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left; had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit which followed the change from coffee to Postum was the improved action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steadier.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled; 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers

BAD RAILROAD WRECK IN FRANCE



Wreckage of the Calais-Boulogne express after the recent disaster in which 17 persons were killed and 40 injured. It was one of the worst wrecks that ever occurred in France.

LINEMEN BRAVE WINTER PERILS IN MOUNTAINS

Face Cold, Snow and Avalanche to Fix Breaks in Wire Communication.

HAVE MANY NARROW ESCAPES

One Lineman Is Trained for Hours by a Mountain Lion—Another Is Rescued From Avalanche After Harrowing Experience.

Seattle, Wash.—Sometimes after a big storm in the mountains readers of the newspapers learn that "telegraph and telephone lines are down." Usually the next day after reading such a dispatch, sometimes but a few hours later, the patron of a telephone or telegraph line will learn that the line is again open.

It is a terrific storm that can cripple the wires of a big telegraph or telephone corporation more than 24 hours. The public has become accustomed to this thing. It expects as a matter of course that the lines will be open after only a few hours. In fact, actual interruption of traffic over message lines is very rare, for business may be routed perhaps half way round the American continent to avoid the trouble zone, but it will reach its destination some way. That's what the superintendents of telegraph and telephone operating departments are paid for.

But who fixes these lines in the snow fields? How is it that they are seldom closed more than a few hours? Men do that work, for it is a man's job—a job to try the quality of the bravest man.

When some winter morning the rain clouds part and show for a moment the Cascades shining white in new-fallen snow be reasonably sure that up along those wind-harassed summits, following the lonely trails, defying the menace of the gale and the avalanches, are the figures of men on snowshoes, patrolling the wires that chatter incessantly with the gossip of the world these workers serve but seldom see.

At Seattle and Spokane the wire chiefs stand at the switchboards watching the working conditions of every wire. Fifty miles away a storm swoops down on Snoqua "the pass. In the pass the world is suddenly blotted out by the white hand of the gale. The stinging snow flies and the wind screeches. And now and again the shrill key of the wind is blotted out by a roar that blocks the mountains as an avalanche sweeps over the cliffs. Trees fall and wires and poles go down.

Trained by a Lion. At his switchboard the wire chief suddenly loses Spokane. He connects up his Wheatstone bridge, a device which measures wire by the electric resistance. The bridge tells him how many miles away that break is.

Strung along the line through the mountains are the trouble hunters. They are quartered at ranches and emergency cabins, about six miles apart. The wire chief takes the key and summons the linemen just west of the break. A muffled figure on snowshoes, weighted down with 30 pounds of climbing irons and tools, pushes out into the storm.

An hour later, perhaps a day later, this same lineman climbs some pole that leans into the abyss. The wind lashes him with a thousand stinging whips. It pounces upon him like a beast of prey and seeks to shake him to destruction. The lineman "cuts in" his little pocket telegraph and, bent low against the shrieking wind, calls his chief.

"Chief? This is Smith from Helderberg. Wire O. K. here. Anything more?"

"Huh? Yea, pretty nasty here. Been a mountain lion following me through the brush all morning. It's so close now I can smell its pesky wet hide. Guess he's waiting down at the foot of the pole for his breakfast.

"Shoot it? So I would if the cuss would come out into the open and fight."

Then the lineman splices his wire, descends the pole and plops on to some fresh break the "bridge" has located, or, if he is very lucky, back

home to dry out and warm up, ready for the next call.

To the linemen it has ceased to be a miracle that a man in the perils of the wilderness may cling buffeted to a pole and chat with men sitting warm and safe a hundred miles or more away, taking his instructions as the problems arise, getting word to cheer his lonely trail.

Perhaps the most unusual incident of this sort is told by the Post-Intelligencer as occurring a few years ago to a telephone lineman in the Cascades. Connecting a break in the line he was working just beneath a trembling avalanche. Without warning the snow slid upon it. It might have been his own voice or the shrillness of his whistle that disturbed the mountain's equilibrium, or perhaps nothing greater than the snapping of a twig. Whatever it was caused the slide; in a second's time the lineman was buried. When he dug his way out of the drift he saw at a glance that his trail to safety had been swept away.

So delicately was the snow poised above an abyss that he dared not cross it. But by some miracle the line remained unbroken and a few feet of the pole yet protruded from the drifts.

Rescued From Avalanche.

The lineman did the only thing possible—climber the pole and cut his portable telephone. He reported his plight and settled down to wait for help. Throughout the long day, while the storm raged about him, he talked to the operators in the towns. It needed all a man's courage and endurance to cling to that pole and wait, wait, wait. Few men could have done it, and fewer still could have done it without the stimulus of the friendly voices that came to him across the wires.

Rescue did arrive at last. The rescue party paused at the edge of the avalanche. They saw they could not cross on foot, there was a consultation. Finally they rigged up a bos'n's chair, the little portable seat which linemen often hook across the wires and slide along as they work between poles. In this rig hung to the wires a volunteer ventured out across the avalanche. He brought back his companion, half dead from exposure.

Nor is it always the men who suffer. Sometimes mountain linemen are married. There is the story of Mrs. N. B. Mayo of Laconia, a good example of what the women have to endure. The Postal Telegraph company has line patrolmen all along its right

"BALL OF THE GODS"



Mr. David Wagstaff of Tuxedo, N. Y., as "Siva," one of the high gods of India, as he appeared in the Hindu division of the grand pageant at the "Ball of the Gods."

No more elaborate function has ever been arranged in New York than this one by the "Society of Beaux Arts Architects."

Two thousand persons representing the very elite of society, and hailing from practically every state in the Union, joined in making this affair, one which will be remembered for years to come. In all the assemblage, whether the individual played the part of god or goddess, priest or priestess or whether they were there simply as the lowly vassals of the great, each wore a fancy costume. No one at the ball wore any other costume than that prescribed. Hindu, Greek or Egyptian of a bygone period,

of way through the Cascades. One of the stations is a Laconia, at the summit of Snoqualmie pass.

The winter of 1912 will long be remembered by mountain railroad men and mountain linemen. It brought snows that tied up traffic of all sorts rains were stalled everywhere by big drifts. Rotaries got lost and buried by the slides. One freight train was lifted bodily off its shelf on the mountainside and thrown into the bed of the Snoqualmie river at the foot of the cliff by a snowslide.

Lineman Mayo went out into one of the worst storms of that January. Vires to the east of his station had gone down and it was his job to get them up. When he left the storm was at its height, but it was his job to keep the line open. A railway man and a line patrolman are alike in one thing. In times of stress they have an obsession stronger even than religion—come what may, the line must be kept open.

So Mayo, who is a husky young mountaineer, kissed his wife and three babies good-by and, strapping on his snowshoes, stepped outside the door of his little cabin at Laconia. When he had shuffled ten feet from the door he was lost to the sight of those anxious watchers in the tiny home.

The wife turned back to her home-keeping and the care of her babies. And the snow fell. The day passed and the night passed and the snow fell, but the hours brought no word from Mayo. The drifts rose above the windows of the little house at Laconia. No longer could the doors be opened.

Imprisoned by Snow.

Another night and another day and the snow falling steadily. The railway was tied up and the rotary crew worked all hours. There was no idle man or woman to dig paths for Mrs. Mayo or even to see how she fared.

Now the snow was above the eaves of the little house. It was quite dark inside and the wood was running out. The wood pile was ten feet from the back door, but it might as well have been ten miles. Worse still, the snow had pushed open both doors and the woman could not close them.

A week after Mayo left J. L. Coyle, district foreman for the Postal, got to Laconia. He knew the general direction in which the little company house was located. Looking across a plain of white he saw a tiny black speck, the gable end of a roof. A little curl of blue smoke marked the spot. It was there the lineman's wife was waiting word of her husband.

When Superintendent Coyle arrived at the home and dug his way in he found the last of the fuel had been put into the stove. He brought the first word that Mayo was safe but storm-bound at the next station east of Laconia. He had been there a week, called to safety by orders of the wire chief. That was one time that the line stayed down a while and at least one woman won't forget it for a long time.

Four years ago Lineman W. Luke was stationed at Wolf's cabin on Lake Keechelus, somewhere to the east the wires went down. The snow was deep and still falling. Hull got instructions to locate the break. He got Wolf to accompany him. The two started east on snowshoes.

The wire chief, watching his board at Seattle, noted a second break in the line not long after the men left Keechelus. The bridge showed the new break to be behind the men. They were cut off from communication east or west, somewhere out in the storm.

Ben Hunegeard was the lineman at Easton. He as sent west with a helper. At noon the helper turned back.

"You may be a fool, but I'm not going to have my friends standing around and saying, 'Don't he look natural,' after they find my body," he declared.

"All right, Bill; good-by," said Hunegeard briefly. He set his face to the storm and shuffled on.

Refuge in Deserted Cabin.

Night came and the storm closed in about him. He stumbled forward. It was past midnight when Hunegeard made out a dark shape in the snow. It proved to be a portion of the roof of the snow had crushed in one end of the building. The gable of the standing end, which also held the fireplace chimney, stuck bravely above the drift.

Hunegeard burrowed into the drift and, crawling under the wreckage, reached the unharmed portion of the cabin. He started a fire in the fireplace and stripped his socks to dry them. Sitting in the warmth he grew drowsy. Fight as he would he could not keep his eyes open. When he awoke with a start he found that morning had dawned.

The fire had burned to ashes on the hearth and his socks had burned with it. Sockless, Hunegeard thrust his feet into his heavy mountain shoes, strapped on the snowshoes and set out again, his face to the west.

At about eleven o'clock that morning he found Hull and Wolf in a deserted cabin, where they had taken shelter. They had broken a pair of snowshoes and were helpless prisoners of the storm. They weren't alarmed. They knew help would come.

These are but a couple from the thousand and one tales of winter nights. Linemen tell them before the fires in cabins half buried in the snow. They are part of their "shop talk." To live these adventures and to return to tell them over constitute the "fun" of a lineman's job. Whether they return to tell the tale or whether they perish in the doing they have but one ambition—to keep the line open.



CHICAGO-MIAMI MOTOR ROAD

Details of Work in Various Localities—Progress Made in Construction Is Remarkable.

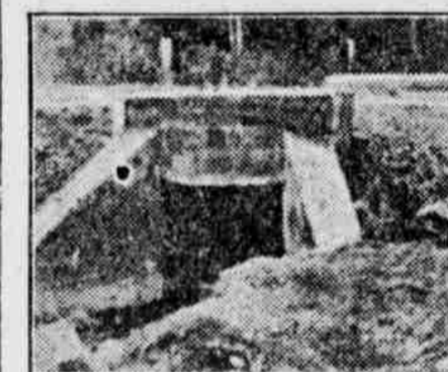
That the Dixie highway is a road that has appealed to the people both North and South of the Mason and Dixon line is evidenced by a report from the offices of the Dixie highway association, located at Chattanooga, to the effect that fifty counties alone have spent more than \$1,765,200 on the Chicago-Miami motor thoroughfare in the last six months and are preparing to spend \$6,931,000 during the coming year, writes J. C. Burton in Chicago Daily News.

As the fifty counties reporting to the association represent less than a third of the total counties that are crossed by the road that links North and South, it would not be unreasonable to estimate that approximately \$5,300,000 has been expended on the Dixie highway to date and that \$20,793,000 will be used to put the thoroughfare in shape in 1916.

When it is considered that the Dixie highway was routed only eight months ago, the progress made in its construction is remarkable. The large mileage of permanent roads built or under contract is an indication of the wonderful advancement made in such a short time. The fifty counties referred to report that nearly one-tenth of the distance either is paved or will be paved before another year rolls around. Using only a multiple of two to represent the other 112 counties, it can be seen that a good part of the road is or will be of a permanent type of construction.

The preparations being made for even greater progress along this line are highly gratifying to the officials of the Dixie highway association. Several divisions of the thoroughfare are planning paved roads for their entire stretch, the most notable of these being the links from Chicago to Danville, Ill., from Toledo to Cincinnati, O.; from Jacksonville to Miami, Fla., and from Tallahassee to Bartow, Fla.

The reports by states show that in seven out of the eighteen counties of Kentucky there has been expended \$135,000. In Ohio, eight counties out of twelve and exclusive of Hamilton county, of which Cincinnati is the county seat, have spent \$338,000. Five counties out of twenty-two in Florida spent \$601,000 on the Dixie highway



Typical Concrete Bridge on Dixie Highway in Tennessee.

in the past six months. Four counties out of five in Illinois, not including Cook county, report a total of \$252,000 for road improvement. Ten counties out of twenty-four in Georgia spent \$95,000.

In the fifty counties reporting to the association provisions have been made for spending \$6,931,000 on the Dixie highway in 1916. This amount is divided by states as follows:

Florida	\$2,505,000
Illinois	1,250,000
Ohio	1,204,000
Tennessee	924,000
Kentucky	765,000
Georgia	151,000
Indiana	126,000

CARE FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

Compelling Helpless Child to Force Its Way Along Mud-Fouled Highway is a Crime.

All good roads lead to a schoolhouse. In good roads there is a consideration of the school child. Compel a helpless child to force its way along a mud-fouled thoroughfare and a crime is committed. Its health is endangered and its mind is dwarfed. He who would not strive to overcome a calamity it not civilized though garbed in the broadcloth of an honored citizen. A community should, above all, consider the school children's welfare. The destiny of a nation rests in this careful study and the thoroughfare along which their little feet must travel cannot be constructed with too much precision to gain the happy result. Texas can never become great until she becomes civilized.—Delta (Tex.) Courier.

Raise More Turkeys.

If turkeys are let roam over the fields they will get three-fourths of their growth on weeds and insects that would otherwise damage the growing crops. They will need very little attention until after cold weather destroys the insects. Then feed some corn to fatten them for market.

Arouses Farmer's Interest.

One result of nearly every farmer owning an automobile is that he pricks up his ears when good roads are mentioned.

HIGH PRICES—GOOD CROPS

And Good Demand for All Farm Products.

It is no new experience for settlers located in a fertile country such as Western Canada, where lands may be bought at very reasonable prices, to harvest a crop that in one season pays the entire cost of their farm. Undoubtedly this was the experience of many farmers during 1915, but one instance may be quoted. A settler who came to Canada from the United States some years ago decided to add to his holdings by buying an adjoining quarter section near his home at Warner, at \$20.00 an acre, with terms spread over a period of years. He got the land into a good state of cultivation and last spring put the whole quarter section in wheat. When the crop was threshed he found that it only took half the wheat on the farm to pay the whole purchase price of it; in short a single year's crop paid the cost of the land, paid all the expenses of operation and left him a handsome surplus as profit. This settler had some adjoining land, and his whole wheat crop for the season amounted to over 18,000 bushels. He is now planning to obtain some sheep and invest his profits in live stock which will assure him a good living irrespective of what the season may happen to be.

Canada's financial position is excellent. All speculation has been eliminated, and trading is done on a cash basis, with restricted credit.

Detailed figures of Canada's trade for twelve months ending October 31 show how the war is forcing Canadian trade into new channels. One of the most extraordinary changes is in commerce with the United States. A couple of years ago Canada imported from the United States two or three hundred million dollars' worth of goods more than she exported. The balance of trade was all with the United States. The balance is rapidly disappearing, and the present outlook is that by the end of this year Canada will have exported to the United States more than she has imported.

The figures for the past four years are illuminating. They are as follows:

	Exports.	Imports.
1912	\$145,721,650	\$412,657,022
1913	179,050,796	442,341,840
1914	213,493,406	421,074,528
1915	314,118,774	346,569,924

Four years ago, in 1912, the balance of trade in favor of the United States was no less than two hundred and sixty-seven millions, and this year, the balance is reduced to only thirty-two millions. The figures are extraordinary and reflect the changed and new conditions in Canada. It looks as if for the first time in nearly half a century this year Canada will sell more to the United States than she will buy from the Americans.—Advertisement.

Synthetic Eggs.

An Austrian scientist of Graz is said to have been making synthetic eggs. He has been able to extract the albumen contained in the blood of bullocks, sheep, pigs, and other animals slaughtered for human consumption, and to present it in such a form that it has no trace of its origin, either in taste or smell. As prepared by his system, it is a coarse, yellow powder to which he has given the name of haematab. His process has already been applied in a number of German and Austrian abattoirs, and haematab is in use in many hospitals of the Central empire as a substitute for eggs. It dissolves in water, and can also be used in the preparation of pastry and other dishes.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress. If you will take a Cascaret now and then, all stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

Accounted For.

"What was it your client failed to put a good face on the matter?" "He changed countenance."