

# FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

Couldn't See the Resemblance. They have been joking Assistant Treasurer James A. Mathews of the Guardian bank, on his resemblance to President Taft, and Mr. Mathews has steadily refused to be annoyed thereby. So the jokers subsided and the joke died a natural death.

Until the other night, when Mr. and Mrs. Mathews dined together with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harmon and their little daughter, when the Taft resemblance was revived. Turning to young Miss Harmon, Mr. Mathews asked whether she, too, thought he looked like the president.

Dorothy studied long and earnestly. Then she answered: "Not in the face, Uncle Jim!"—Cleveland Leader.

When Fate Mocks. "To bad about Joe." "What's the matter?" "He sprained his arm and they are afraid he can never pitch again, so his folks are going to make a doctor or something of that sort out of him."

The Herb Laxative, Garfield Tea, overcomes constipation, giving freedom from sick-headache and bilious attacks.

You complain of ingratitude; were you not repaid by your pleasure in doing good?—Levis.

## Libby's

### Vienna Style Sausage


A good dish for a Luncheon or Supper.

Brown the contents of a tin of Libby's Vienna Sausages in the frying pan and serve with baked potatoes.

Easy to serve  
—fine to eat

Look for the Libby's label which means quality.

Libby, McNeill & Libby



### The Castle.

Builded me a castle of cloud,  
Buttress and bastion flung with gold,  
Rampart and turret proud,  
And donjon hold!  
No marble Favian  
Was whiter than the span  
Of the vast keep,  
No fair dream quarried from the mines of sleep.  
High on the sapphire hill crests of the noon  
I shaped and set  
Each airy parapet  
While Orphic zephyrs murmured a low tune,  
The gateway was of shimmering opa  
Wrought,  
While every tower  
Was like a lily flower  
That had its purity unscathed caught  
From the eternal thought,  
Like wind tossed snow  
I bade the stainless banners float and flow.  
With rippling grace  
Against cerulean space,  
There was no flaw in all the stately wall,  
Or bastion or capital,  
Or when my heart  
Questioned this lavish art  
With wherefore and with why,  
Unto that doubting one I made reply:  
"What spot may be too fair for love to dwell  
Builded too bright or shaped too pure  
Or radiant hold or shining citadel  
For love to dwell!"  
—Clinton Scotland.

### BITS OF HISTORY.

By A. W. Mayo.

Napoleon's Feeble Son.

One would suppose that the son of a man like Napoleon Bonaparte would inherit at least some of the strong qualities of his father, yet such was not the case with the Duke of Reichstadt, the only child of Napoleon and Marie Louise. He was born at Paris, March 20, 1811, and was given the proud title, "King of Rome." That Napoleon expected great things of him is evidenced by his exultant exclamation, "Now begins the proudest epoch of my reign!" Four years later the emperor left France forever. Marie Louise took the boy and returned to Austria, and the father never saw him again. He grew up into a feeble manhood physically, and gave no evidence of possessing the genius of his illustrious parent. He was made Duke of Reichstadt, and entered the Austrian army in early youth. He reached the rank of lieutenant colonel, but this was probably by reason of birth rather than of merit. In 1832 he was seized with "quick consumption" and died July 22 of that year. Thus the boy in whose birth such great hopes were centered, failed utterly to fulfill them. His credit he it said, however, that so far as known he was a youth of good character, studious and amiable. It is said that the deprivation of the society of his boy was the heaviest cross the emperor had to bear in his exile.

### How the Doctor Cured Col. Prescott.

Colonel Prescott, the hero of Bunker Hill, was a man of strong character. He had a compelling way about him that made him a natural leader of men. He also had a temper that could make itself felt upon occasion. At one time he was prostrated by a desperate fever while in camp, and was attended by an army surgeon who grossly neglected him. He grew worse instead of better each day, and chafed sorely under the doctor's neglect. Finally, on one of the latter's infrequent visits, Prescott upbraided him for his negligence, and told him plainly what he thought of such conduct. The doctor acknowledged his negligence, but frankly and brutally told the sick man that he thought it proper and best to give most of his time and attention to those patients there was some hope of saving. This made Prescott so mad that he leaped from his bed, seized his sword and made for the doctor. The latter did not stay to argue the case, but fled precipitately, and by accident saved his life. Incidentally, also, he saved the life of his patient, for the violent passion and sudden exertion seemed to break the fever, and from that hour Colonel Prescott continued to improve.

### An Undignified Chief Justice.

The Geneva tribunal of arbitration, which settled the controversy between the United States and England concerning the Alabama claims, awarded damages to the former in the sum of \$15,000,000. But the verdict was not unanimous. One of the five arbitrators, Sir Alexander Cockburn, of England, submitted a dissenting opinion. For a dozen years Sir Alexander had been lord chief justice of England, and one would expect him to be dignified in hearing and judicial temperament. But all through the trial he acted more like a petty lawyer in a justice court than an arbitrator in a great international dispute. He differed from his colleagues on almost every point, great and little, and made himself generally disagreeable. In speaking of the closing session of the tribunal Caleb Cushing, one of the attorneys for the United States, said: "The instant the president finished reading the award, and before the sound of his last words had died on the ear, Sir Alexander Cockburn snatched up his hat and, without participating in the leavetaking around him, without a word or sign of courteous recognition for any of his colleagues, rushed to the door and disappeared in the manner of a criminal escaping from the dock, rather than of a judge separating, and that forever, from his colleagues on the bench."

### Penny Wise; Pound Foolish.

That, according to Arthur Wallace Dunn, in the World's Work, is what our government is, or rather what it is trying to be. The Senate and President Taft about two years ago became impressed with the necessity of economy, and there is still going on an investigation in the departments to see where a clerk can be spared here and there and a few sheets of paper saved, and how petty economies can be accomplished in various ways. The old adage "saving at the spit and wasting at the bung," applies to this. President Taft would have saved more in millions by a few veto messages than he will save in thousands by economy commissions.

### In the Carpenter's Shop.

"Life's a hard grind," said the emery wheel.  
"It's a perfect bore," returned the sander.  
"It means nothing but hard knocks for me," signed the nail.  
"You haven't so much to go through as I have," put in the saw.  
"I can barely scrape along," complained the plane.  
"I am constantly being set upon," added the bench.  
"Let's strike," said the hammer.  
"Cut it out!" cried the chisel, "here comes the boss."  
And all was silence.

### Getting On.

From the Kansas City Journal.  
"Well, little boy, did you go to the circus the other day?"  
"Yes'm, Pa. I wanted to go, so I had to go with him."

## BUILDINGS THAT ARE DEATH PROOF OUR GREAT NEED

### Frightful Conditions Are Revealed in Factories in This Country.

In an article entitled "Deathproof versus Fireproof" in Habington's, based on the fatal Triangle shirtwaist factory fire in New York some time ago, Rheta Childs Dorris points out certain grave lessons to be learned from that disaster. In part she says:  
"In all, 145 working people, mostly girls, died in the Triangle fire. 'Some one should pay for this,' said firemen and policemen over and over again as they worked, and thousands of New York people, reading next morning in their papers, the awful story of the fire, echoed with, 'Some one shall pay for this.'"  
"Who shall pay when 145 industrious workmen and women buy with their lives the poor privilege of toiling long hours in a power-driven factory? We know who pays for the damaged factory building, the broken plate glass, the lost merchandise. The insurance companies pay for them, their full value. Who shall pay for the loss in human life?"  
"Up to the present day we have treated the fire problem much as the old-fashioned doctors treated disease. The doctor's entire concern was with the individual patient. He blew the man, poured drugs down his throat, and left the result to Providence. The doctor did nothing at all to prevent the spread of the recurrence of the disease, and until very recently the theory that disease ought to and could be eliminated altogether was held by no practical man."

"Thus with the fire problem. Our entire concern has been with the individual catastrophe. We have had no fire fighting a science, yet we continue to have fires. The time has come when we must make a business of fire prevention, and, in case of unpreventable fires, of minimizing the human loss."  
"After all, it is a simple proposition that we have before us. First we shall have to arrange things so that there will be very few fires. Then we must arrange things so that the people in a burning building can get out. And then we must teach the people, through fire drills, that they can get out."  
"Within the last two years we have heard a great deal about industrial efficiency. To most people industrial efficiency has meant only a plan for getting more and better work out of labor, but that is only part of its meaning. It aims to make industry efficient by protecting and conserving the laborer. Already it has gone far toward protecting him from death and injury by fire."  
"We might build an entire city of fireproof buildings and have almost as many fires and quite as many deaths by fire as we have now. The efficiency engineers are beginning to impress the public with the necessity for deathproof buildings."  
"A joint board of sanitary control consisting of representatives of employers and workers in the garment trades recently made an investigation of 1,463 garment factories in New York city. The conditions they discovered were amazing. Here is a summary of their report:  
"Of 1,463 factories, 1,173 had hall floors opening inward instead of outward. Thus, at the outset, 80.5 per cent of garment factories in New York are violating one important law guarding against loss of life in case of fire.  
"Of 491 factories, 40 per cent had no fire exits except one fire escape.  
"One hundred and one had no fire escape drop ladders, or they were out of reach.  
"Sixty-five had straight ladders, very difficult to use.  
"Sixty had halls less than three feet wide.  
"Twenty-eight had all doors leading to halls and stairways locked during the day.  
"Fourteen had no fire escapes.  
"Seventy-three factories so flagrantly violated the fire laws that the committee thought whether they could be prosecuted. But the mayor, the superintendent of buildings and the fire and police commissioners.  
"Clearly, if we are to cease killing and maiming the workers, we have got to make over the city. We cannot tear down and rebuild all in a minute, but one thing we can do. We can build a fire wall in the middle of every large building used for manufacturing."

### Rather Badly Mixed.

From the Ram's Horn.  
"Who was the most remarkable woman mentioned in the bible?" was a question propounded to a young colored man, who was a candidate for the ministry.  
"Jehabel," was the reply.  
"Why so?"  
"Kase when de king was comin' into de city, she was lookin' out ob de upstans 'boud' in de palace. An' de king he say, 'Throw her down!' An' they throwed her down. An' de king say, 'Throw her down agin seven times!' an' dey throwed her down agin seven times, and moreober de dogs licked her sores an' de gathetets full an' Lo! in de resurrection whos wife will she be?"

### No Wear Out to a Cat.

From the Ram's Horn.  
A little girl from the country, visiting in a city with her parents, was very anxious to take an Angola cat home with her. To this her mother objected, on the ground that the care and inconvenience of the cat would make it traveling, and offered her little girl a dollar to spend in any way she wished.  
She looked longingly at the dollar, but after thinking it over for a minute or two she said:  
"But mamma, just think of how much longer the cat will last than a dollar!"

### Easy When You Know How.

From the Ram's Horn.  
A little girl went home from school one day and told her mother she had learned how to "punksate."  
"And how do you do it?" asked the mother.  
"Well, it's this way, mamma: When you say 'Hark!' you put a hatpin after it, but when you ask a question you put a button hook."

### Wanted to Borrow His Hat.

From the Ram's Horn.  
A man who had traded horses with a quaker, went to him a few days later, and said:  
"You beat me in that trade."  
"Well, what does thee want me to do? Does thee want me to trade back?" inquired Broadbrim.  
"Oh, no; not at all. I just want you to lend me your hat a few days, till I trade with somebody else."

## UNDER CONDITIONS, THE MATTER SEEMED COMPARATIVELY EASY OF ARRANGEMENT.

### SOLVING NEGRO PROBLEM

Under Conditions, the Matter Seemed Comparatively Easy of Arrangement.

The central police station was overcrowded one day last week. Officers were wondering what they would do should another arrest be made, when the door opened and a sleepy-looking, blue eyed foreigner drifted in with a most dejected "Goot ening, mens."

The officers nodded their greetings to the stranger, who then asked: "Can I did some sleepings here? I just came from Chicago and am start to work tomorrow."

"Well, the only space we have left is a bunk which is already occupied by a colored man. You can share that if you want to," replied the officer.

The man thought for a few minutes, scratched his head and said:  
"Well, I guess I no can see him in dark, and besides I am tired and want sleep."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### "The Bard of Oden."

The Rev. George F. Culmer, "the bard of Oden," celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday recently. The Rev. Mr. Culmer was born May 22, 1825, in Kent, England, during the reign of George Frederick (George IV.), for whom he was named. At the time of his birth John Quincy Adams was president of the United States.

Dr. Culmer has been a minister for many years in the Methodist Episcopal church until his advanced age made it necessary for him to retire. He is a scholar and poet. Many of his poems have been published in magazines and newspapers. —Washington Correspondence Indianapolis News.

### Willing to Support Proxy.

Albert Tiedemann, a freshman of the University of Pennsylvania, was called upon to vote for officers in a recent gathering. Not being well acquainted with the nominees, he thoughtfully hesitated before filling out his ballot.

One of the company left the room with the explanation that he would "vote by proxy."

"So will I," said Albert, and with his pencil poised above his paper, leaned over to a companion on his right and asked:  
"Say, what's Proxy's first name?"

### Dress.

If a man prefers the kind of clothes he can jump into and wears another only under compulsion;  
While a woman prefers such clothes as she cannot put on without toil and trouble and the expenditure of time, and will, unless under compulsion, wear nothing else;  
Then what of permanent equality is it going to avail for the law to call the sexes back to the tape and start them all over again?—Puck.

### Pretty Quick.

He—But couldn't you learn to love me, Anna?  
She—I don't think I could, Harry.  
He (reaching for his hat)—It is as if feared—you are too old to learn.—Harper's Bazar.

### Method.

Mrs. Knicker—Will your furniture go in the new flat?  
Mrs. Bocker—It will after it's smashed.  
Friendship is one soul in two bodies.—Digenes.

## Some Day Ask Your Physician

To tell you the curious story of how the mind affects the digestion of food.

I refer to the condition the mind is in, just before, at the time, or just following the taking of food.

If he has been properly educated (the majority have) he will help you understand the curious machinery of digestion.

To start you thinking on this interesting subject, I will try to lay out the plan in a general way and you can then follow into more minute details.

Pawlow (pronounce Pavloff) a famous Russian Physician and Chemist, experimenting on some dogs, cut into the tube leading from the throat to the stomach.

They were first put under chloroform or some other anaesthetic and the operation was painless. They were kept for months in very good condition.

When quite hungry some unappetizing food was placed before them and, although hunger forced them to eat, it was shown by analysis of the contents of the stomach that little if any of the digestive juices were found.

Then, in contrast, some raw meat was put where they couldn't reach it at once, and a little time allowed for the minds of the dogs to "anticipate" and create an appetite. When the food was finally given them, they devoured it ravenously and with every evidence of satisfaction. The food was passed out into a dish through the opening before it reached the stomach. It was found to be mixed with "Ptyalin" the alkaline juice of the mouth, which is important for the first step in digestion. Then an analysis was made of the contents of

## Facts for Weak Women

Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to some derangement or dis-ease of the organs distinctly feminine. Such sickness can be cured—is cured every day by

### Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorrent to every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only; or, in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Good maxims are germs of all good; firmly impressed on the memory, they nourish the will.—Joubert.

### Garfield Tea will set the liver right, correct constipation, cleanse the system, purify the blood and clear the complexion.

### Is life worth living? I should say that it depends on the liver.—Thomas Gold Appleton.

### Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

### Outdone. Willis—I'm raising 500 chickens on a five-foot lot. Gillis—That's nothing. You ought to see the relatives my wife is taking care of in our flat.—Puck.

### Use of Ants in Nature. Prof. J. C. Branner, in the Bulletin of the Geological Society of America, describes the immense importance of ants as geologic agents, especially in tropical regions. Ant burrows have been found at a depth of 3.5 meters, and they ramify over vast areas.

### Intricate Letter. When Bilkins was away from home on a long business trip, he got a letter from his wife that still puzzles him, it ended thus:—"Baby is well and lots brighter than she used to be. Hoping you are the same, I remain, your loving wife.—Everybody's."

### The Worth of the Voice. How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only; as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice, and in the voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man.—Longfellow: Hyperion.

### He Got the Pass. "I want a pass." "Pass? You're not entitled to a pass. You are not an employe. Sorry."

### No; but here the anti-pass law says free transportation can be granted to 'necessary caretakers of live stock, poultry and fruit.' Well, I'm going on this trip with an aunt that's a hen—there's your poultry; a girl that's a peach—there's your fruit; and a nephew that's a mule—there's your live stock. Gimme a pass.—The Way-Bill.

### No one is satisfied with his fortune, or dissatisfied with his intellect.—Deshoulieres.

### First Aid. George Ade, at a luncheon in Chicago, paid a gallant compliment to a well-known actress. The actress wore a harem skirt of the new flame color and Mr. Ade said to her: "It is pretty. And what an odd color it is! Tell me the name of the color." "Flamme de Vesuve—flame of Vesuvius," the actress answered. "Be jabers," said Mr. Ade, "ye make a vurry purty crater."

(A short human-interest story written by G. W. Post for the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.)

the stomach, into which no food had entered. It was shown that the digestive fluids of stomach were flowing freely, exactly as if the desirable food had entered.

This proved that it was not the presence of food which caused the digestive juices to flow, but the flow was caused entirely and alone as a result of the action of the mind, from "anticipation."

One dog continued to eat the food he liked for over an hour believing he was getting it into his stomach, whereas, not an ounce went there; every particle went out through the opening and yet all this time the digestive juices flowed to the stomach, prepared to quickly digest food, in response to the curious orders of the mind.

Do you pick up the lesson?

Unappetizing food, that which fails to create mental anticipation, does not cause the necessary digestive juices to flow, whereas, food that is pleasing to the sight, and hence to the mind, will cause the complicated machinery of the body to prepare in a wonderful way for its digestion.

How natural, then, to reason that one should sit down to a meal in a peaceful, happy state of mind and start off the breakfast, say with some ripe delicious fruit, then follow with a bowl of crisp, lightly browned, thin bits of corn like Post Toasties, add a sprinkle of sugar and some good yellow cream and the attractive, appetizing picture cannot escape your eye and will produce the condition of mind which causes the digestive juices nature has hidden in mouth and stomach, to come forth and do their work.

These digestive juices can be driven back by a mind oppressed with worry, hate, anger or dislike of the disagreeable appearance of food placed before one.

Solid facts that are worthy the attention of anyone who esteems prime health and human happiness as a valuable asset in the game of life.



### IN ART CIRCLES.

First Artist—How is he as a sculptor?  
Second Artist—Oh! he cuts quite a figure.

A Heartless Father. "I need some help with my household duties," announced a woman when her husband came home the other night. "What's the matter with our daughter?" the husband wanted to know. "Our daughter? The idea! Why, Jim, you know she's awfully delicate, and she would die if she had to do any household work. She has her school, and—"  
"And what? Her teacher's report shows that she isn't doing a bit of school work."  
"But she is the star member of her basketball team, and you know she is eager to take the prize at the gymnasium contest. But that's just like a man—wanting a delicate girl to engage in rough, hard labor. Be ashamed of yourself, Jim Jenkins! You have no feeling!"

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### "There's a Reason" for saying "The Memory Lingers" when breakfast is started with POST TOASTIES.