

## Patience Is No Virtue!

Be impatient With Backache! Too patiently do many women endure backache, languor, dizziness and urinary ills, thinking them part of woman's lot. Often it is only weak kidneys and Doan's Kidney Pills would cure the case.

**A California Case**  
Mrs. E. Walsh, 169 Tenth Ave., San Francisco, Cal., says: "I had such sharp, shooting pains through my kidneys that it seemed as if a knife were being thrust into me. My back was so lame and sore I could hardly stoop. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after doctors failed, and I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box  
**Doan's Kidney Pills**

Many a girl strives to make a loaf for herself rather than attempt to make a loaf of bread.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

Let's Be Thankful for That.  
At any rate a woman's shoes haven't yet reached the point where they button up the back.

Bait.  
First Suffragette—If we want to get the young girls interested in our meetings we must have something to attract them.

Second Suffragette—Which would it better be—refreshments or men?—Life.

Her Affections Dampened.  
A little girl was playing at the table with her cup of water. Her father took the cup from her and in so doing accidentally spilled some of the water on her.

"There," she cried, as she left the table indignantly, "you wet me clear to my feelings."—Everybody's Magazine.

Worth While.  
"See here!" cried the boy's father, "if you don't behave I'll whip you." "I wish you would," replied the bad boy.

"You do, eh?"  
"Yes, 'cause when it's all over ma will gimme some candy."

Too Eager.  
Fred Poyner, a Chicago dentist, was recently at a banquet given by the Dental association.

He said: "On one side is the right of things and on the other is wrong; sometimes the difference between the two is slight. As the following story shows: A gypsy upon release from jail met a friend. 'What were you in for?' asked the friend.

"I found a horse," the gypsy replied.  
"Found a horse? Nonsense! They would never put you in jail for finding a horse."  
"Well, but you see I found him before the owner lost him."

The Middle-Aged Woman.  
Of the many ways in which the middle-aged woman may vary the effect of her afternoon gowns none is simpler than the use of a collar and cuffs of white voile edged with scalloping and embroidery in a floral design. Another change may be the frock set of white chiffon with border of black malines, and still another is the one of black net hemstitched with silver thread. Some of these collars are so long in front that they terminate only at the waist line, where they cross in surplice effect and are tucked away under the girdle. An excellent model of this sort is of light blue lawn embroidered with black dots, and a second is of white agarie trimmed with tiny folds of broadcloth, alternating with eponge.

A WINNING START  
A Perfectly Digested Breakfast Makes Nerve Force for the Day.

Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can't digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says: "Two years ago I contracted a very annoying form of indigestion. My stomach was in such condition that a simple breakfast of fruit, toast and eggs gave me great distress.

"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet, but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of hot Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream, for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when injudiciously varying my diet.

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous force for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts.

"Grape-Nuts holds first rank at our table."  
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## THE LIBERTY BELL

From the Philadelphia Ledger.  
It is evident that the promoters of the Panama exposition at San Francisco do not share the skepticism of the modern "higher critics" concerning the title of the liberty bell to the sanctity with which history and tradition have surrounded it. And they know that the great mass of the people of the country do not. They realize that to them the ancient relic, with its singularly prophetic inscription, is next to the actual instrument of the Declaration of Independence, the most inspiring physical link which connects the present generation with the fathers of the nation, with the men of '76. And, what is more important to their present purposes, they are quite aware that the presence of the bell at the coming exposition would be perhaps the greatest single attraction they could install. The occasion of the visit of the Pennsylvania commission to select the site for the Pennsylvania exhibition was utilized on Saturday by the exposition authorities to make a brief appeal for the loan of the liberty bell. Governor Tener properly replied that the city of Philadelphia, not the state, was the custodian of the bell, and that application would have to be made to the mayor and council.

What that application shall be received, as it doubtless will in the course of a few weeks, it should be met with a courteous declination. Philadelphia is the trustee of the nation for the safe preservation of the emblem of the nation's liberty. There is no reason, because in the past it has yielded to impertunity and permitted the bell to be taken around the country to expositions, big and little, that the precedent thus unwisely set should be perpetuated. The place for the bell is within the shrine of the nation's independence. There it is safe, surrounded by the associations and traditions that hallow it. Apart from those associations, in other settings, it loses much of its significance, is deprived of much of its exalted and inspiring power.

No possible precautions can insure the safety of the bell on long journeyings to and fro throughout the country. Its destruction would be an irreparable loss, and the only way to avert such a possibility is to take a firm stand now and turn a deaf ear to every appeal for the further exploitation of the relic apart from its setting in independence hall. In taking this stand Philadelphia will not be selfish, but will be taking a stricter view of the trust which it has practiced in the past. It owes it to the nation, to itself and to the visitors to the city, that the peregrinations of the Liberty Bell should now be to the time to make the final decision. San Francisco will be disappointed, perhaps, but that cannot be helped. We but cherish the Liberty Bell to lend it to every would-be borrower. Its place is at home, at the birthplace of the nation, and there it should stay.

## WHAT ONE MAN DID

From the Philadelphia North American.  
The text for this sermon is the life of Frank H. Starr, superintendent of the Home of Industry for Discharged Prisoners, who died last Monday, early in the morning.

That life was lived in two chapters. The first chapter, of more than 40 years, was one of wrong living and crime. It led to a cell in Sing Sing, where it was brought to a close by a few kind words from a noble woman, Frances Willard.

Frank Starr never sought to hide or excuse a single word of that chapter. When he said "I understand how you feel" to a discharged prisoner brought under his care, he spoke literally.

He was on the road that is wide when the light of the everlasting love of Jesus Christ cleft the darkness of his ways and showed him the path to right living.

Then, "with the wreck of his life all around him," he began the second chapter of his book of living. Born anew, and in that higher birth finding a courage beside which deeds of daring on the field of battle pale into mere commonplace, he started to live for the benefit of those who, having paid their debt to society, are still treated by society as faithless debtors.

Started to fight the ironical injustice which refuses a fallen man another chance.

Twenty-three years ago he led in the founding of the home where discharged prisoners would be helped back to usefulness and the respect of their fellows. It was not an easy work, as one may well imagine. It was not an easy task for one who had himself paid the price. It would

have been far easier to slip back into the old ways or to seek honest work under a new name in some distant state or country.

Frank Starr was not looking for an easy job. His whole heart was aflame with a desire to help those who had suffered as he had suffered; to lead men out of the furrows of wrongdoing into the light of right living.

He made no noise as he went along. He shouted no message from high places, nor over long and noisy radio waves. Quietly, so quietly that to tens of thousands in his home city the news of his death was the first news they ever had of a man who had worked with the human wrecks cast up on the friendly shores of the little harbor of hope, supervised by him, and financed by a few men who felt it a privilege to invest some share of their earnings in bettered lives.

In the years of his service 2,000 such wrecks came into that harbor, and of this number more than 50 per cent. were reformed for the journey and today are living honest lives of useful service.

Nothing that can be said will add to the fitness of his life. The noblest and largest of monuments would seem small beside a record of so many lives turned back into channels of good citizenship and righteous living.

But it is well for many a man and woman to ponder the life of Frank Starr. It is well for those who feel that their lives have been failures to gain from this life encouragement and fortitude.

Such a life is a blessing to any community, a shining light for all who will ever come to know it.

There is no such thing as luck. This is equally true whether the thesis be the graduating paper of a high school girl or the expression of the conviction of the mature philosopher.

Perhaps they are right. If they are the combination of circumstances producing results that the thoughtless are wont to ascribe to "luck" presents a peculiar study. The combination is so prolonged and intricate compared with the climax that is reached.

To illustrate: A young man was standing at a street corner. He was wearing a new straw hat, although he was the type who would have termed it a lid. It must have cost at least a dollar, even though obtained at a bargain sale.

Along came a gust of wind, plucking the hat playfully and bearing it toward the opposite sidewalk in a straight line that crossed at angles the path of an incoming car that was so near that it had to keep right on coming, and the car arrived just in time to crush, smash, pulverize and otherwise maltreat and deprive of symmetry the hat in question.

Picking up a forlorn shape that had been his hat, the young man returned. All that he said may not be recorded here. But it included mention of luck, and some disparaging reference as to the quality and deserved fate of the same.

For a hat destroyed in some way one may demand recompense. It is impossible to do so, but the question just where it started: Is there any such thing as luck?

Unfair.  
From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
Good old Desire for Information gets blamed for a lot of the sins of Morbid Curiosity.

Until the last generation, tattooing was almost universal in Persia. Today it is rare among the upper classes, but is still affected by the lower classes. Women are tattooed not so much with a view to decoration as to save the "evil eye," or to hide a blemish, or to cure a malady.

"If wars perfect the races, then the most belligerent nations should be the handsomest. But such is not the case. In fact, the contrary is true. The English are most certainly one of the handsomest people on earth. They are also the least warlike, since they alone, of all the European nations, have abolished military service."

The amount spent on secret service by European governments last year was as follows: Austria-Hungary £63,500; France, \$40,000; Germany, \$55,500; Great Britain, \$50,000; Italy, \$120,000; Russia spent \$380,000 in 1910 "under direct order of the emperor," and for the present year appropriated \$235,000 for miscellaneous police expenditure "not subject to publication."

Five years in prison and a fine of 15,000 marks was the punishment inflicted in Munich on a man convicted of usury. He rented houses and exacted up to 350 per cent a year of his victims.

NEVER AGAIN.  
Mosquito—Help me, I wish I were a "toxicated man against!"

Misinterpreted.  
William Shaw, the secretary of the famous Christian Endeavor society, said in a witty after-dinner address in Boston:

"There is a little Back Bay girl who is much interested in her auntie's Christian Endeavor work. The little girl was writing a letter to her brother at Yale one day, and in the midst of the epistle she looked up and said: 'Auntie, how do you spell devil?'"  
"Devil!" cried her aunt, with a shocked smile. 'Why, child, don't you know you mustn't use such a word as devil?'"

Her Error.  
Mrs. Stranger—Can you tell me who that stout man is over there? He is the worst softsooper I ever met.  
Dowager—Yes. He is my husband.—Judge.

ECZEMA CAME ON SCALP  
Lebanon, O.—"My eczema started on my thigh with a small pimple. It also came on my scalp. It began to itch and I began to scratch. For eighteen or twenty years I could not tell what I passed through with that awful itching. I would scratch until the blood would soak through my underwear, and I couldn't talk to my friends on the street but I would be digging and punching that spot, until I was very much ashamed. The itching was so intense I could not sleep after once in bed and warm. I certainly suffered torment with that eczema for many years.

"I chased after everything I ever heard of, but all to no avail. I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. Imagine my delight when I applied the first dose to that awful itching fire on my leg and scalp, in less than a minute the itching on both places ceased. I got some more Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After the second day I never had another itching spell, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured me. I was troubled with awful dandruff all over my scalp. The Cuticura Soap has cured that trouble." (Signed) L. R. Fink, Jan. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Laying a Foundation.  
Little Bobby (the guest)—Mrs. Skimper, when I heard we were going to have dinner at your house I started right in trainin' fer it.

Mrs. Skimper (the hostess)—By saving up your appetite, Bobby?  
Little Bobby—No'm. By eatin' a square meal first.

People who are thrifty are apt to get a reputation for being stingy.

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxtine Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

People who live in clean houses shouldn't throw mud.

NOT ALWAYS SO.



Gladys—So you've broken with him.  
Virginia—Yes. He was entirely too hard to please.  
Gladys—Gracious, how he must have changed since he proposed to you!

Meeting Emergencies.  
Senator Dixon was condemning a piece of political deception.

"The thing was as flagrant," he said, "as the railway case."  
"Two men, one of them very short, were passing through a station toward the train gates when the bigger one was heard to say: 'I've took a half ticket fur ye, George. Yer so little, ye'll pass, all right.'"

"But," protested George, "how about my beard?" And he twiddled his chin beard nervously.  
"Oh," rejoined the other, "tell 'em it's a mole."

The Giveaway.  
"Jane," said her father, "how does it happen that I find four good cigars on the mantelpiece this morning? Did Henry leave them for me?"

"No," he took them out of his vest pocket to avoid breaking them last night, and I guess he forgot all about them afterwards."

The laugh that followed made her wish that she had been as careful with his speech as Henry had been with his cigars.—Detroit Free Press.

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## SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill., Escaped The Surgeon's Knife.

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For two years I suffered. The doctor said I had a tumor and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a well and healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.



Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided Operation.  
Jessup, Pa.—"After the birth of my fourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that an operation was needed.

"Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months I was a well woman."—Mrs. JOSEPH A. LYNCH, Jessup, Pa.

Women who suffer from female ills should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of the most successful remedies the world has ever known, before submitting to a surgical operation.

Every home should make root-ber in springtime for its deliciousness and its fine tonic properties.



One package makes 5 gallons. If your grocer isn't supplied, we will mail you a package on receipt of 25c. Please give his name. Write for premium puzzle.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., 255 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest. SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 30-1912.

## Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

## Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."  
Dr. Frederick D. Rogers, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have found Fletcher's Castoria very useful in the treatment of children's complaints."  
Dr. William C. Bloomer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "In my practice I am glad to recommend your Castoria, knowing it is perfectly harmless and always satisfactory."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."  
Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."  
Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."  
Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of



The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.