#### EMBER OF PASTOR'S FLOCK

rolent Clergyman Was Right in uming That He Knew Youngster He Addressed.

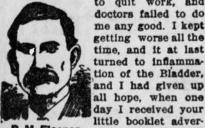
Dr. Mile Hudson Gates, vicar of the apel of the Intercession, is a benevlent and fatherly man. He has no hildren of his own, but is godfather to nearly 80. A few belong to his Criends, but the greater number are children who have been presented for baptism with no one to stand sponsor for them. A dozen or more bear Dr.

Not long ago he was walking down Broadway near One Hundred and Fifto-fifth street, and saw a small Italo-American industriously digging in the dirt. Thinking there was something familiar about the youngster's appearance he patted him on the head and "What's your name, young

The boy looked up from his excavating and replied: "Meelo Hud-so-a Gatus!"-New York Evening Post.

#### SUFFERED FOR 25 YEARS.

Mr. R. M. Fleenor, R. F. D. 39, Otterbein, Ind., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Kidney Trouble for about 25 years. I finally got so bad that I had to quit work, and



R. M. Fleenor. tising your pills, and resolved to try them. I did, and took only two boxes, and I am now sound and well. I regard my cure as remarkable. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any one who is suffering from Kidney Trouble as I was." Write to Mr. Fleenor about this wonderful remedy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at our dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Suffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recies for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.

One Dry Spot.

Henry Ward Beecher did not be lieve that the most juicy things in the world necessarily were sermons. He was visiting Dr. Alexander at Princeton university, and the vener able Presbyterian president showed him a polished cabinet in which were all the sermons of his long New York ministry. There they were, standing in stately array. "This is a beautiful present made me by some of my people," said the doctor. "Yes," said Beecher, "I am glad to see this place." inquired Dr. Alexander. "Well, I am glad," replied the witty preacher, "to know that this place in existence, Dr. Alexander, besause, if ever there is another flood, will start for this spot-there will be one dry place."

## Pearls as Medicine.

Scotland still produces pearls, found mainly in the fresh water mussel. Cleopatra was not the only person til comparatively recent times they were used medicinally in Europe and still appear in the materia medica of China. According to one Chinese authority, a pearl after being treated with pumice stone and honeycomb. mixed with the gall of a serpent, might be drawn out to the length of three or four feet. Make it into pills and swallow them-henceforth food will be unnecessary." The suggestion s not that the patient would be finand off, but that he would live, foodas forever.

#### SCHOOL TEACHERS. Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I had used college ad refused to be convinced of its bad gest upon the human system," writes veteran school teacher.

Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much-loved work in the blic schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning.

The troubles were constipation. **Gutterings** of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head, and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head and, at times after exertion, a general "gone" feeling, with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years.

"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years back I had drunk a cup of ak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friends made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Soon I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"The odor of boiling coffee no longr tempts me. I am so greatly bene ated by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts which I am

glad to make known." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of "The Boad to Wellville."

Postum now comes in two forms Regular Postum-must be well

Instant Postum-is a soluble pov der. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a oup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

## THE TRAVELING MAN.

From the Richmond, Ind., Palladium.
The Indianapolis Sun reports that the average age of the members of the more than 500 members of the Indiana Commercial Travelers' association which convened in that city last week, has fallen from 45 to 39 during the single year 1913. Why has that estimable sheet burdened us with this superflous information; does not everybody know that the traveling man grows younger and better looking all the time? Any newsgirl in a hotel lobby could tell us that. Necessarily he grows younger: he carries eternal summer in his soul, a possession better designed to hold old age at bay than Ponce de Leon's spring, if Dr. Holmes is to be trusted.

Among the many new human varieties the modern traveling man is the newest. Even the younger generation, innocent yet of baldness or grandchildren, can recall when the typical "drummer" was a flashy sport, ornamented with a nose redder than Omar Khayyam's "rose incarnadine," and a fancy vest that looked like the map of Europe. He told smutty stories and

## A WOMAN WHO RESOLVED

Anne W. Taylor, in the American Magazine.

It was long before dawn last New Year's morning. I lay awake in bed, waiting for the early cry of my babies. I was thinking of other New Year's mornings in which I had made soul stirring resolutions to be good to be gentle, kind, unselfish. I recalled the agreeable elation, the smack of self righteousness, with which I had said: "I will be good."

Instead of firm and self-respecting. I had made a martyr of myself for my husband, my children, my servants—and I had spoiled them all.

"I will not be meek, I will not be self-sacrificing, I will not be over-worked, I will not be put upon!" So ran my litany.

"The clock struck half-past 5. My younger baby woke and cried in her adjoining room. Her older but not better sister called out peremptorily, 'Ma-mai'. My spirit flew to them. I set my teeth and held myself in bed. Soon they were both crying violently. of self righteousness, with which I had said: "I will be good."

of self righteousness, who said: "I will be good."

That morning as I lay there in the dark, I made another resolution: "I will not be good!" I knew it would mean a long, hard fight, but I set my teeth and vowed it. I had been too good. I had been kind and unselfish, instead of firm and self respecting. I had made a martyr of myself for my husband, my children, my servants—and I had spolled them all.

"I will not be meek, I will not be self sacrificing, I will not be overely worked, I will not be overley."

"Yoor babies,' said I. "They aren't going to have their milk this time of morning any more. Perhaps they will get used to it.' I was aching with the desire to rush to them.

"Presently my bewildered husband looked at his watch and spoke: 'Have you looked at the furnace yet?'

"No, dear,' said I. lying there calmly. It had been my self-appointed task to the fire in the early mornings.

"Ma-ma!" My spirit flew to them. I set my teeth and held myself in bed. Soon they were both crying violently. Their father awoke and regarded me in surprise. "Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Oh perfectly." I said

my husband anxiously. He seldom heard his children cry.

"Poor bables," said I. "They aren't going to have their milk this time of morning any more. Perhaps they will get used to it." I was aching with the desire to rush to them.

Presently my bewildered husband looked at his watch and spoke: "Have you looked at the furnace yet?"

"No. dear," said I, lying there calmly. It had been my self appointed task to attend to the fire in the early mornings. I knew at last that my wicked "goodness" had been making my really admirable husband inconsiderate and lazy. But, oh! how it hurt me to see him get up in the cold.

When he returned he said. "Guess I'll have to buy a thermostat!"

"Good idea," said I.

From that morning I put my resolution into ruthless practice. I let my-self he spoiled. I asserted my present

was won last summer by the inclusion in schedule N of the new tariff bill of what has been quite properly called the "Hornaday bill." which now prohibits the importation into this country of all foreign wild birds' plumage expent for schedules. cept for scientific or educational purposes, or, in other words, excludes such plumage for use in millinery. As far as I am aware, the first serious proposal ever made in this country to protect the birds of the world from the feather trade was put forth by Dr. feather trade was put forth by Dr. Hornaday in November, 1911, in his printed "Program," and in the follow-ing words: "Stop all killing of insectivorous birds for food, and of all birds for millinery purposes."

The section of the tariff bill which

has this purpose was written by Dr. Hornaday, acting for the New York Zoological society, but in the very aggressive campaign in support of it, particularly during June, July and Au-gust, 1913, Dr. Hornaday and T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, worked in close co-operation. The plumage importers and milliners opposed this measure in the Senate with the utmost stubbornness, and also with alarming success, right up to the very 11th hour of their opportunity. Dr. Hornaday's measure was passed by the House without change and without opposition, but in the Senate, as the re-sult of pressure brought to bear upon the subcommittee on schedule N of the Senate finance committee, it was al-

most completely emasculated. Meanwhile Dr. Hornaday and Mr. Pearson had flooded the country with detailed information and appeals for support; and in consequence of this all senators were deluged by letters from constituents who demanded passage of the measure. Probably the most effective appeals in support of the measure were those which came from the women of the country, whom Dr. Hornaday and Mr. Pearson reached the women of the country, whom Dr. Hornaday and Mr. Pearson reached directly through their various clubs and societies. The upshot of it all was that on September 2, after a three-hours' fight, the Senate democratic caucus reversed the action of the finance committee, and restored to the bill the clause which the zoological so-

## ciety had submitted

One Woman's Resolution. The American Magazine has been offering prizes for the best letters entitled "My Most Successful New Year's Resolution." The prize winning letters are published in the January number. The following letter, by Anne U. Taylor, won the third prize:
"It was long before dawn last New

"That morning, as I lay there in the dark, I made another resolution: "I will not be good!" I knew it would mean a long, hard fight, but I set my women a decade or so from now.

NOT TO BE TOO GOOD teeth and vowed it. I had been too good. I had been kind and unselfish, instead of firm and self-respecting. I

It had been my self-appointed task to attend to the fire in the early mornings. I knew at last that my wicked 'good-Soon they were both crying violently.

Their father awoke and regarded me in surprise. "Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Oh, perfectly," I said.

"Well, aren't you going to fix their milk? They seem to be hungry," said my husband anxiously. He seidom heard his children are."

"Good idea,' said I.

"Erom that morning I out my research."

"'Good idea,' said I.

"From that morning I put my resolution two ruthless practice. I let myself be spoiled; I asserted my preferences; I stopped taking dark meat. My husband responded with wonderful amiability. My children, who had been most difficult to manage, soon stopped their freeful crying and learned to play by themselves.

by themselves. 'Very rarely now do I have to repea my litany; T will not be meek, I will not be self-sacrificing, I will not be overworked, I will not be put upon."

### A House Built in a Day.

From the Strand. to The remarkable feat of building a When he returned he said. "Guess I'll have to buy a thermostat!"

"Good idea." said I.

From that morning I put my resolution into ruthless practice. I let myself be spoiled; I asserted my preferences; I stopped taking dark meat. My husband responded with wonderful amiability. My children, who had been most difficult to manage, soon stopped their fretful crying and learned to play by themselves.

Very rarely now do I have to repeat my litany: "I will not be meek, I will not be self sacrificing. I will not be overworked, I will not be put upon."

Protecting Birds from Millinery Trade

The remarkable feat of building a house in a day was recently accomplished at Hamilton, Ontario. The first sod was turned at 5 p. m. and the building when seen five hours later was already up to within a few feet of the second story, and the brickwork call of the second story, and the brickwork of the second story of the second story, and the brickwork of the second story of was already up to within a few forts of the second story of the second story of the second story of the second story, and the brickwork of th Protecting Birds from Millinery Trade
George Gladden, in the American Review
of Reviews.

A remarkable victory for the cause
of wild life conservation is that which
was won last summer by the inclusion bricklaying. The foundations are of concrete blocks, and the brickwork is exceptionally heavy. The interior walls are covered in the regular way with laths and plaster, the heating is by hot water and the finishings, in-cluding the floors, are of hard woed. The dining room is paneled in oak, with oak beams in the ceiling. One of the most difficult problems was to get a plaster, which would harden get a plaster which would harden quickly enough, but this was success-fully overcome. The house was given away to the person guessing the num-ber of beans in a bottle on the grounds

Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," once wrote a little book, giving some excellent advice about letter writing:
1. Before beginning a letter, read

over again the letter to which you are about to reply.

2. Next address and stamp the envelope so that you may not miss the

3. Give dates and address in full.
4. Write legibly. Bad writing is often due to haste, but what right have you to save time at your friend's expense? Isn't his time as valuable as

vours? Do not fill more than a page and 5. Do not fill more than a page and a half with apologies for not having

written sooner. Letters controversial or that may lead to irritation should be kept till the next day, and then read over again with a view to pacific modificat (That means not to write angry

complaining letters.)
7. Do not try to have the last word.
8. Cross writing makes cross read-

Refer to your correspondent's las letter, and make your winding up, at least, as friendly as his; in fact, even a shade more friendly it will do no harm. When you would mail letters, carry them in your hand.

#### Know Your Children! From the Century.

Our trouble is not that we do not care, but that racially we are more inclined to act than to think. There is only one comprehensive rule for bring-ing up children, and that is that we must honestly rack our reluctant minds until they give us back something of our forgotten emotions; that we must give in measure as we expect to re ceive; that we must acknowledge th child's mind and emotions to resembl our own in scarcely limited counterpart. Subjective teaching is the only teaching worth while, and sympathy the only kind of love which will buy us the best. Children learn most by example, and they throw open the doors of their hearts to those who have beauty them that their hearts have "It was long before dawn last New Year's morning. I lay awake in bed, waiting for the early cry of my babies. I was thinking of other New Year's mornings in which I had made soulstirring resolutions to be good—to be gentle, kind, unselfish. I recalled the agreeable elation, the smack of self-righteousness, with which I had said: "That morning, as I lay there in the

## Business Failures in Canada.

According to a statement compiled by Bradstreet's, the following figures show the comparison between failures in the different provinces of Canada in 1912 and 1913:

	-No		As sets.		Liabilities.	
Ontario Quebec New Brunswick Nova Scotia P. E. Island Manitoba Alberta Saskatchewan Brit'h Columbia Yukon Territory	65 4 204 128 186 284	1912. 363 488 50 45 7 96 76 37	1913. \$1,369,962 8,092,978 145,519 121,615 4,750 689,626 562,378 761,263 1,484,891	1912. \$1,197,847 2,096,349 195,044 669,208 19,400 481,748 285,325 221,878 526,320	1913. \$2,914,330 6,221,329 226,627 250,675 7,950 1,520,819 994,362 1,544,708 2,948,354	1912. \$2,410,625 5,206,901 337,345 1,670,831 30,409 781,410 471,704 338,699 1,048,408
I akon Territory		***	*******	*******	*******	*******
Totals	1,826	1,306	\$8,261,882	\$5,583,614	\$16,629,054	\$12,296,282

# **AS EDITOR MARK TWAIN**

It Was His First Venture and

of 13—an unusally smart child I thought at the time. It was then that I did my first newspaper scribbling, and most unexpectedly to me it stirred up a fine sensation in the community. It did, indeed, and I was very pround It did, indeed, and I was very proud It did, indeed, and I was very proud and a progressive and aspiring one. My uncle had me on his paper (the Weekly Hannibal Journal, \$2 a year in advance—500 subscribers—and they paid for it in cordwood, cabbages and unsalable turnips), and on a lucky summer's day he left town to be gone a week, and asked me if I thought I could edit one issue of the paper judiciously. Ah! didn't I want to try! Higgins was the editor of the rival paper. He had lately been jilted, and one night a friend found a not on the

paper. He had lately been filted, and one night a friend found a not on the poor fellow's bed, in which he stated that he could no longer endure life and had drowned himself in Bear creek. The friend ran down there and discovered Higgins wading ashore. He had concluded he wouldn't do it. The village was full of it for several days, but Higgins did not suspect it. I thought this was a fine opportunity. I wrote an elaborately wretched account of the whole affair and then illustrated it with villanious cuts engraved on the bettern of weeder the other of the other of the other of weeder the other of t

bottom of wooden type with a jacknife—one of them a picture of Higgins wadding out into the creek in his shirt with a lantern sounding the dept of the water with a walking stick. I thought it was desperately funny and was densely unconscious that there was any moral obliquity about such a publication. Being satisfied with this effort I looked around for other worlds to conquer, and it struck me that it would make good interesting matter to charge make good interesting matter to charge the editor of a neighboring country paper with a piece of gratutious rascal-ity and "see him squirm." I did it, ity and "see him squirm." I did it, putting it into the form of a parody on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and a pretty crude parody it was, too. Then I lampooned two prominent citizens outrageously, not because they had done anything to deserve it, but merely

to make the paper lively.

Next I gently touched up the newest stranger—the lion of the day, the gorgeous journeyman tailor from Quincy. He was a simpering coxcomb of the first water and the loudest dressed. first water, and the loudest dressed man in the state—and an inveterate woman killed. Every week he wrote "lushy" poetry for the Journal about his newest conquest. His rhymes for my week were headed "To Mary in H-l," meaning to Mary in Hannibal, of course. But while setting up the plece I was suddenly riven from head to heel by what I regarded as a perfect thunderboldt of humor, and I compressed it into a snappy footnote at the bottom—thus: "We will let this thing pass just this once; but we wish Mr. J. Gordon Runnels to understand that we have a character to sustain, and from this time forth when he wants to commune with his friends in h-l he must use some other medium that the columns of this journal."

The paper came out, and I never knew anything to attract so much attention as those playful trifles of mine. For once the Hannibal Journal was in demand—a novelty it had not ex-perienced before. The whole town was in demandstirred. Higgins dropped in with a double barreled shotgun early in the forenoon. When found out that it was forenoon. When found out that it was an infant (as he called me) that had done him the damage, he simply pulled my ears and went away; but he threw up his situation that night and left up his situation that night and left town for good. The tailor came with his goose and a pair of shears; but he despised me too, and departed for the south that night. The two lampooned citizens came with threats of libel and went away incensed at my insignificance. The country editor pranced in with a warwhoop next day, suffering for blood to drink; but he ended by forgiving me cordially and inviting me down to the drug store to wash away all animosity in a friendly bumper of "Fahnestock's Vermifuge." wash away all animosity in a friendly bumper of "Fahnestock's Vermifuge." It was his little joke. My uncle was very angry when he got back—un-reasonably so, I thought, considering what an impetus I had given the paper, and considering also that gratitude for his preservation ought to be upper-most in his mind, in as much as by his most in his mind, in as much as by his delay he had so wonderfully escaped dissection, tomahawking, libel and getting his head shot off. But he softened when he looked at the accounts and saw that I had actually booked the unparalleled number of 33 new subscribers, and had the vegetables te show for it—cordwood, cabbages, beans and unsalable turning enough to run the famsalable turnips enough to run the fam-<del>+++++++++++++++++++++++++</del>

## TRUE CONTENTMENT.

By John Ruskin.

The things to be desired for man in a healthy state are that he should not see dreams, but realities, that he should not destroy life, but save it: and that he should be not rich, but content.

Towards which last state of contentment I do not see that the world is at present approximating. There are, indeed, two forms of discontent; one laborious, the other indolent and complaining. We respect the man of laborious desire, but let us not suppose that his restlessness is peace, or his ambitton meekness. It is because of the special connection of meekness with contentment that it is promised \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

ness with contentment that it is promised

ness with contentment that it is promised that the meek shall "inherit the earth." Neither covetous men nor the Grave can inherit anything; they can but consume. Only contentment can possess.

The most helpful and sacred work, therefore, which can at present be done for humanity is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how "to better themselves." but how to "satisfy themselves." It is the curse of every evil nation and evil creature to eat, and not be satisfied. The words of blessing are, that they shall eat and be satisfied. And as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger, the bread of justice or righteousness; which hungering after,

men shall always be filled, that being the bread of Heaven, but hungering after the bread, or wages of unrighteousness, shall not be filled that being the bread of Sadom

STIRRED UP HANNIBAL

The was a very smart child at the age in a unusally smart child in ought at the time. It was then that did my first newspaper scribbling, and most unexpectedly; to me it stirred a fine sensation in the community. It was a very pround a progressive and aspiring one, by uncle had me on his paper (the ladd and I was very pround and a progressive and aspiring one, by uncle had me on his paper (the ladd and I was very pround and a progressive and aspiring one, by uncle had me on his paper (the ladd and I was very pround a day are solved when the ladd for it in cordwood, cabbages and mealable turnibal. And on a lucky converting the Werld.

Stand or wages of unrighteousness, shall not be filled that being the bread of Sedom.

And, in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life—this, at present, of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life—that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days; so, also, not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days; so, also, not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days; so, also, not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for comling days; so, also, not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for comling days; so, also, not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for comling days; so, also, not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for comling days; so, also, not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore sorrow, and taking no troublous thought only a sweet continuance; not excluding the

#### Converting the World.

Converting the World.

From the Los Angeles Tribune.

To "convert the world" is an ambition frequently expressed. To promotion of it much appealing oratory is being expended, and millions of dollars are being gathered. Sometimes, the thought occurs that a wider difference morally ought to divide the Christianized portion of the globe from the rest so that the reason for bridging the chasm might be more apparent. In every city of the land there is ignorance, poverty, squalor, crime and despair. This is the richest nation of the world, yet in parts of it children are worked in the mills, and elsewhere reeking sweatshops destroy all the beauty of life for the toilers. Fields yield abundantly, and speculators grow grossly rich on the products, yet the people starve. Mines create millionaire coal barons, the profits going to pay dividends on fictitious capital, in the form of stock these barons have issued themselves, while the miner has to fight for a living wage, and many a hearth is cold for lack of the money wherewith to purchase one poor hod of fuel. The Christian nations of the world maintain great armies to prevent their possessions from being overrun by the army of some other Christian nation. Occasionally one makes a foray on the un-Christianized, returning with spoils. England forced the oplum trade upon reluctant, heathen China. A glance at conditions as they exist gives rise to inquiry as to what are the new conditions after the Christianizing has been perfected. Not long ago a fervent worker stated that with a certain sum—exact figures forgotten—India could be "converted" in a century. That missionaries have accomplished distinct good is not to be denied. Vast sums have been poured out to enable them to make the essay. Not so vast, however, but that the donors could well afford to give. Nobody would discourage their work. Only it seems that the field nearer home is ripe and neglected, and that before bringing the distant and benighted up to the standard of civilization the standard of civilization ought

A Millionaire's Wife.

From the Woman's World for February. I was the oldest daughter and it seemed as if my mother's greatest ambition was to see me married to a rich

bition was to see me married to a rich man. She never missed an opportunity to impress upon me the wisdom of choosing a husband amply endowed with the world's goods.

"Delia, me lass," she would say to me, "You'll never make a man happy by working your fingers off for him. No husband likes a tired, worn out woman. You know what happens, me girl, when poverty comes round at the door, stamping his feet to get in. Well, the only way to keep him out is to have gold bars at the doors—and the windows as well—and mind you that the bars are 24 carat. Pick out a rich husband. Della girl, for your mother doesn't want to see you pinching and scraping through life."

Dear, well meaning mother, striving to insure a life of happiness for her daughter, made a fearful blunder. Her experience, in a marriage in which the bitterness came from poverty led her to believe that money is the sole requirement for marital success. And I, with blind faith in her knowledge of life, straightway did as I was told.

## The Kaiser's Youth.

The Kaiser's Youth.

From the New York World.

A ruler of Kaiser Wilhelm's energy and vigor has the faculty of never appearing to grow older. At the respectable age of 55 he still wears his years lightly and serves as an example of the advantages to be gained by leading a busy life. With good care a constitution that was none too sound has been strengthened and made equal to bearing throughout a long reign the burden of a daily round of duties that would have exhausted the ordinary man.

Yet among the sovereigns of Europe in point of age Kaiser Wilhelm stands near the top. The venerable emperor of Austria, who is past \$3, and King Charles, of Roumania, and King Nicholas, of Montenegro, are really his only seniors, for the king of Sweden outclasses him by barely six months. The thrones of Europe are held by young men, for the most part, well under 50, who can well afford to borrow the kaiser's secret of youth.

A man who enjoys his life's work as much as he does can defy the calendar to do its worst.

## To Save Ohio Floods.

From the New York Evening Post.
To deal with the flood problem was the first task of the Ohlo legislature this week.
The measure prepared after general agreefirst task of the Ohio legislature this week. The measure prepared after general agreement between enginers, lawyers and the legislative reference bureau is interesting from several points of view. Partial application of the local option principle is permitted. The "conservancy act" rests primarily on the organization of districts, each under its board of directors; and no district may be established except on petition of a specified number of freeholders. But as only 10 months ago Ohio was suffering from a flood that cost scores of lives and \$200,000 in property, unanimity in action is almost certain. Once established, the governing body has large powers; it may condemn lands, issue bonds, and exercise police powers, subject, of course, to court review. It is to regulate, widen and deepen stream channels, reclaim wet and overflowed land wherever possible, and improve drainage. The work, by state direction, will be pushed first where the peril is greatest, and "extended to all sections where potential flood dangers exist." The reclamation of waste lands and conservation of water power are expected to be incidental but substantial benefits.

The first crematory in the Netherlands recently was completed near Am

## HIS PROMISE TO DO BETTER

Hard to See How Hodoarries Could Live Up to it, Considering the Circumstances.

The late George A. Hearn, he millionaire business man and art collector of New York, was noted for his kind and reasonable treatment of his employes. Mr. Hearn used to smile at the new scientific management craze, of which he once said at a diamer:

"These scientific mangement people, with their impossible ciaims of doubling and trebling a man's labor, remind me of the humble hoccarrier's impossible promise. "A facetious boss said to a new

hodcarrier: "'Leok-a-here, friend, didn't I hire you to carry bricks up that ladder by

the day? "'Yes, sir,' said the hodcarrier, touching his cap.

"'Well, I've got my eye or you, and you've only done half a day today. You spent the other half coming down the ladder.'

"The hodcarier touched his can again. "'I'll try to do better tomorrow, sir,

he said humbly."

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Cart Hillathing In Use For Over 36 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoris Information Wanted Bill—This paper says the Univers sity of Wisconsin, Madison, now gives a theoretical course in football.

Jill-What I want to know is, can a fellow lose an ear or a nose the oretically?

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXA-TIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Never Before Midnight He Does your husband stay out late at night?

She-No; he generally comes in late at night.

Constipation causes and seriously aggra-vates many diseases. It is the roughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules. Adv.

Used to Talk. "I can surprise you with a speaking picture of your wife." "That wouldn't surprise me."

# WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sickand Suffering: At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa. - "When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable



state of health, had internal : ubles, and was so e. tremely nervous and prostrated that if had given in to m feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my

feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." - Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkbam's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coest. If you are troubled with any ailr ent peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Army of Constinution Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief — they perma-nently cure Con-stipation. Mil-

them for Indigestion, Sick He

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

RUPTURE CURED in a few days without pain or a surgical operation. No pay until cured. Write DR. WRAY, 306 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

