

SAVE YOUR EYES

Simple Home Treatment Will Enable You to Throw Away Your Glasses.

"HOW TO SAVE THE EYES" IS THE TITLE OF A FREE BOOK

At last the good news can be published. It is predicted that within a few years eyeglasses and spectacles will be so scarce that they will be regarded as curiosities.

Throughout the civilized world there has, for several years, been a recognized movement by educated medical men, particularly eye experts, toward treating sore, weak or strained eyes rationally. The old way was to fit a pair of glasses as soon as the eyes were found to be strained. These glasses were nothing better than crutches. They never overcame the trouble, but merely gave a little relief while being worn, and they made the eyes gradually weaker. Every wearer of eyeglasses knows that he might as well expect to cure rheumatism by leaning upon a walking stick.

The great masses of sufferers from eye-strain and other curable optic disorders have been misled by those who were making fortunes out of eyeglasses and spectacles.

GET RID OF YOUR GLASSES

Dr. John L. Corish, an able New York physician of long experience, has come forward with the edict that eyeglasses must go. Intelligent people everywhere are endorsing him. The Doctor says the ancients never disfigured their facial beauty with goggles. They employed certain methods which have recently been brought to the light of modern science. Dr. Corish has written a marvelous book entitled "How to Save the Eyes," which tells how they may be benefited, in many cases instantly. There is an easy home treatment which is just as simple as it is effective, and it is fully explained in this wonderful book, which will be sent free to any one. A postal card will bring it to your very door. This book tells you why eyeglasses are needless and how they may be put aside forever. When you have taken advantage of the information obtained in this book you may be able to throw your glasses away and should possess healthy, beautiful, soulfully expressive, magnetic eyes that indicate the true character and win confidence.

BAD EYES BRING BAD HEALTH

Dr. Corish goes further. He asserts that eye-strain is the main cause of headaches, nervousness, inability, neurasthenia, brain fog, sleeplessness, stomach disorders, despondency and many other disorders. Leading oculists of the world confirm this and say that a vast amount of physical and mental misery is due to the influence of eye-strain upon the nerves and brain cells. When eye-strain is overcome these ailments usually disappear as if by magic.

FREE TO YOU

The Ocala method, which is fully explained in Dr. Corish's marvelous book, is the method which is directed at making your eyes normal and saving them from the disfigurement of these needless, unpleasant glass windows. If you wear glasses or feel that you should be wearing them, or if you are troubled with headache in the forehead or nervousness when your eyes are tired, write today to Okola Laboratory, Dept. 365C, Rochester, N. Y., and ask them to send you, postage prepaid, free of all charge, the book entitled "How to Save the Eyes," and you will never regret the step taken.

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Whether Common or Not
By WILL M. MAUPIN.

A Little Tribute

A few months ago a big man died in an eastern city, and the daily newspapers contained long columns of stuff about his success in life, about his public services and about his death and funeral. This man had amassed millions of money, and he had given vast sums to hospitals and schools and churches. All these facts were given in detail, but a lot of other facts were carefully suppressed. Nothing was said of the fact that this man had amassed millions by exploiting the labor of convicts. Nothing was said about his amassing other millions by exploiting the labor of underpaid and overworked women and children. Nothing was said about the fact that he had accumulated wealth in vast amounts by reason of special laws and special favors. He was accounted a success merely because he had amassed millions.

A few weeks ago I stood by the side of the grave of a man who had never accumulated money. He died practically penniless. The little local newspaper contained a short story of his life, but the daily newspapers paid no attention to his demise. And yet, I credit this poor man with having made a greater success of life than the man who had accumulated millions.

George W. Armstead passed the last thirty years of his life under a serious handicap, for he was practically blind for that length of time. He never knew what it was to have more than enough to take care of today's present necessities. When he died he left nothing but a fragrant memory. Yet I hold that the memory of Mr. Armstead will be worth more to the world than the millions left by the exploiter of labor. George W. Armstead never harmed a human being; he never caused a human heart to ache. He sowed smiles and good cheer wherever he went. Aside from his family his old violin was his chief treasure, and with it he gave joy and gladness to thousands. Little children ran to meet him on the street, and he had a smile for all of them. Young folks loved to sit in his presence, and the middle-aged listened to the old tunes that he brought from his beloved violin and lived again the days of long ago. When he could not say a good word for a man he remained silent. The touch of his hand and the sound of his cheery voice was worth more than the contribution of any charitable organization. He founded no libraries, he endowed no colleges; but he did give pleasure and hope to those about him. He lived his humble life, exerting always an influence for good, and when he died a community mourned a good man gone.

They have builded a towering monument of bronze and marble to the man of millions. Some of these days a few of us will erect a humble little stone over the grave of Father Armstead. But the monument that Father Armstead erected in the hearts of the men and women and children of his little community will endure ages upon ages after the towering monument to the dead millionaire has crumbled into dust.

As the world measures success, Father Armstead was a failure. As success will be measured when all men stand equal before the judgment seat, I believe that the humble, white-haired old gentleman in that

little Nebraska village will be given a place at the front, while millionaires are relegated to the rear.

Taking an Advantage

Taking advantage of Mr. Bryan's absence from The Commoner office I'm going to tell one of his favorite stories and apply it to his present state of mind. Mr. Bryan's remarks to his neighbors and friends in Lincoln election night, after the good news was confirmed, led us all to believe that he was about the happiest man in the country. Whereupon the Architect was reminded of the story.

A young man in Arkansas was much smitten by the charms of a girl in the neighborhood, and he kept company with her for several years. He wanted to propose, but he couldn't muster up the courage necessary. Just as he would get started on the momentous question his courage would vanish and he would falter and change the subject. One evening, however, he gritted his teeth, took a long breath and blurted out:

"Mary, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed and looking him squarely in the eye, said:

"Of course I'll marry you, Jim. I've known for a long time that you loved me and wanted me for your wife, and I've loved you all the time and been waiting to hear you ask me to marry you."

Jim grabbed Mary, kissed her, then seized his hat and started for the door, exclaiming:

"I'll be back in a few minutes, Mary."

While Mary sat awaiting her lover's return, Jim was walking down the path to the front gate. Taking off his slouch hat and looking reverently up towards the shining stars, he exclaimed:

"O, God; I ain't got nothin' ag'in nobody!"

And that's the way Mr. Bryan seemed to feel. At any rate we took it that he felt that way.

Brain Leaks

To date we have never seen a man grow fat on a diet of political pie. The worst thing about a "soft snap" is the difficulty of getting it and keeping it.

Don't it beat all what a blue uniform and a few brass buttons will do to the disposition of the average man?

Let's see, wasn't it King Charles of Sweden who, upon being congratulated on a great victory, replied: "Yes, but another one like it and I am ruined forever." Which reply is commended to the rejoiceful democrats of the nation.

About the most unfortunate man we know is the one who is trying to make a sirloin steak show on a liver reputation.

After due cogitation I have decided that Armageddon was confused with Waterloo.

A lot of people are figuring on getting into heaven because they have patiently borne crosses of their own manufacture.

Blessed be the reformer who lives to see the establishment of the reforms he has advocated.

Speaking about embarrassing situations. Did you ever invite the pastor to dinner, ask him to invoke the divine blessing, then have one of the children make a remark that evidenced the fact of your failure to do that sort of thing regularly?

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