

MUNYON PREACHES HOPE PHILOSOPHY

New Association Gaining Many Members.

FAITH'S CURATIVE POWER

NOTED HEALTH EXPERT GIVES REASON FOR BIG SUCCESS IN MEDICINE

Tremendous success has attended the organization of the new Munyon "Hope Cult." Professor Munyon claims that he has secured more converts than he even anticipated, and says that his "Hope Cult" is growing in leaps and bounds. It is said that the total membership of the association throughout the United States is now well over the half million mark.

In a statement for publication Prof. Munyon said: "I want to talk to every sick, ailing and dependent person in this city. I want to preach my new creed to them. I want to tell them about my new philosophy of health which is the fruit of a lifetime of study and experience in dealing with sick folk."

"I want to expound the Great Truth that I have learned—that there is more curative power in an ounce of Hope than in pounds of Drugs. That sick people should not take medicine except as a medium through which the great curative power of Hope may be made effective. Medicines are necessary in the present state of the world's progress because they give a patient physical support and strength and renewed vigor with which to brace up the will power. One knows, from the action of the proper medicine, that he or she is feeling better by this inspired hope and faith, which complete the cure."

"I think that probably a million persons at least in the United States have declared themselves cured by my medicines, and I know that these people have had the best medical science had to offer. I have always contended that if there is any virtue in medicine, my followers should have the best, but I verily believe that more than one-half of those who have been lifted to health from the bondage of chronic illness, through taking my medicines, have been really cured by the knowledge that they had the utmost in medical lore at their command, and the Hope this inspired."

"I am not in any sense a practicing physician. I employ at my laboratories in Philadelphia a large staff of expert physicians and chemists, and I have many other physicians in various cities of the United States detailed to give free advice to the sick and afflicted. My headquarters are at Munyon's Laboratories, 332 and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa., and I have there a staff of duly registered physicians and consulting experts, and to all who desire it I offer the best of medical advice absolutely free of charge."

Write today, addressing Prof. J. M. Munyon personally and your letter will have a special care.

Laughing Down a Whim.

"The bluff, cheery optimism of Senator Frye," said a Lewiston divine, "could not brook a whiner. Once at a dinner here in Lewiston a whiner seated opposite Senator Frye said dolefully:

"I have only one friend on earth—my dog."

"Why don't you get another dog?" said Senator Frye.

Not Crapa.

The head partner of a flourishing firm had recently died. A few days after the funeral an old friend called at the office and said:

"I'm grieved to hear you have sustained such a loss in Mr. —, and I can see you all feel it very much by hanging crapa on the wall."

"That's no crapa," replied the clerk; "that's the office boy's towel!"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Hopeless.

First Motorist—I have driven a car for two years and I've never yet run down anybody.

Second Motorist (disgustedly)—Why don't you quit trying and hire a chauffeur?—Puck.

Just for the Summer.

The old woman who lived in a shoe explained.

"Roomier than summer hotel rooms," she cried.

Why is it that so many people suffer with Lame Back? Hamline Wizard Oil will cure it and for Aches, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, etc., there is nothing better.

It is still about as easy to find a man who will sell his birthright for a mess of pottage as it was in the time of Esau.

Cole's Carbolol quickly relieves and cures burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Cures without scars. See and try it. Write for free sample to F. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Be sure your sorrow is not giving you its best, unless it makes you a more thoughtful person than you have ever been before.—Phillips Brooks.

BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FREE

Send in stamp for five samples of my very choice Gold Embossed Birthdays, Flowers and Motifs Post Cards; beautiful colors and lovely designs. Ask Post Card Club, 21 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas.

I should say sincerely, a deep, great genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.—Carlyle.

If the average man has occasion to generate a good, hearty laugh once a month, he is playing in great luck.

The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other so clear.

If you are unable to keep your troubles to yourself they will expend.

Wrapped in Pink Paper

By MARION GORDON

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Helena Brooke flew to the telephone. "Yes!" she asked expectantly. "Dear," said her lover's voice, "I'm sorry that I cannot come tonight. May I come tomorrow evening instead?" "Why not this evening?" pouted Helena.

"Oh, because!" he cried gayly. "I'll tell you another time. It's a secret just now."

"Jack! Very well—Come tomorrow evening if you have nothing better to do," and decidedly out of temper Helena hung up the receiver, cutting off Jack Henshaw's words with clicking abruptness.

Up in her own pretty room Helena locked the door and sank into a big chair beside the window. It was bad enough that Jack should have set aside her special invitation for that evening—it was her birthday and he did not know it. Her mother had asked Bridget to make a birthday cake, and it was to be brought in during the evening decorated with spun sugar and candles.

Helena's married sister, Dorcas Wade, and Frank Wade, her husband, were coming over and Frank had promised to bring his cello. Jack Henshaw's violin occupied a permanent place now on Helena's piano and she had planned an impromptu concert. This was all to be a surprise to Jack.

Now Jack had spoiled it all by begging off from the invitation. Helena felt positive that he was going off somewhere with that horrid Ned Speedie, who had a little place down on Long Island where he maintained kennels of which he might well be proud, for they bore a national reputation. Ned Speedie also owned a low, vicious-looking gray racing automobile in which he was wont to tear around the countryside.

Helena Brooke was positive that Jack was going off on some mad ride with Ned Speedie. Why he should do this she could not understand, because Speedie was not at all to Jack's taste; but he had spoken of the wild motorist several times lately and had expressed a desire to visit the kennels at Dogwood.

The birthday evening was not entirely a successful occasion, although Helena herself was bright and gay. Dorcas and Frank came and played and sang, but Helena sat mutely thoughtful while the music drifted through the rooms.

Bridget's entrance with the cake was a welcome intrusion, and after they had eaten of the cake, the Wades went home, and Helena was free to seek her chamber and weep into her pillow.

It was not so much his not being there, she told herself, it was the fact he had deliberately put another pleasure before the delight of being with her.

The next day she nourished a bitter resentment toward Jack Henshaw until she believed that his indifference had killed her love.

Late in the afternoon she rummaged through her writing desk and gathered all of Jack Henshaw's precious letters into a pocket. One letter she kept out—that, in spite of her jealous anger, she decided to keep; she could burn it after one more perusal. Its tender words would then reveal anew to her the perfidy of man—and emphasize the fortunate escape she had had from a man who preferred the dubious company of Ned Speedie to that of the girl he was engaged to!

So Helena tied the letters in a fresh sheet of pink tissue paper, tied the square package with a bit of pink ribbon, and tucked the letters away in a drawer in her desk ready to give to Jack Henshaw when he should come that night. She had already written a brief note to him telling him to bring her letters with him when he came.

Jack Henshaw obeyed her behest to come at eight o'clock, and his frank, handsome face was puzzled when his eyes met the coolness in hers.

"What is the matter, Nell?" he asked bluntly.

Helena tried to be calm, but her voice shook when she spoke. "I asked you to come last night—you preferred to enjoy the company of—" "How did you know that?" demanded Jack.

"I knew," returned Helena with more assurance. "I wanted you to come last night because it was my birthday and I wanted you—" she was obliged to stop or betray her weakness.

"Your birthday was yesterday?" he stammered. "Why—I thought it was today—and I—"

Helena was not listening to him. She was bracing herself to meet a tragic moment. "Jack—Mr. Henshaw—I am sure we have made a great mistake. I know I have, and I am sure that I shall never be happy with you—I—I—am sorry, but—" Helena's voice faltered and was still.

A great silence fell upon the room. Helena stared at the mass of glowing coals in the grate. Jack Henshaw stared blankly into space.

"Very well, Helena," Jack said quietly, almost curtly. "It is my pleasure to make you happy; if I can best do it by giving you back your freedom I will do it—at whatever cost to myself."

Without a word Helena drew his

ring from her finger and laid it in the palm he outstretched to receive it at her gesture. Then, her eyes still seeking the fire, she spoke again.

"I have some letters I wish to return to you." She rang the bell and when a servant appeared she said: "Nora, bring me a package wrapped in pink paper from my desk; you will find it in the second left hand drawer."

The maid departed and Jack drew from his coat pocket a small box of white ivory. From the box he took a small alabaster urn, delicately carved with flowers in relief, while on the lid there was poised a dove with outstretched wings.

"You asked me to bring your letters with me," he said, quietly placing the vase in her hand. "They are in that little vase."

"I do not understand," faltered Helena, all her anger and jealousy suddenly dissolved in a great terror of losing him forever. She lifted the lid of the vase and saw within a pile of grayish-black ashes. "I do not understand," she repeated.

Jack Henshaw turned his eyes away from the delicate beauty of her face. "Your letters to me since we have been engaged—in fact every word you have written to me—were too precious to leave carelessly around, but I wanted to keep them in some form and so I burned them. The ashes of your letters to me are in that little vase. They are as dead as the ashes of your love seem to be."

Before Helena could utter a word Nora returned with the package, somewhat breathless, but her honest face wearing a triumphant expression. In her hand she held a square package wrapped in pink tissue paper.

"Give the package to Mr. Henshaw," said Helena. And as Jack took it he weighed it in his hand with a smile.

"Rather light reading," he commented wryly. "I suppose you have no objection to my putting them on the fire now?"

Helena nodded assent and he tore off the pink paper, disclosing a white pasteboard box. In a trice the lid was off and there, rippling over his fingers was an alluring mass of auburn puffs and curls that exactly matched Helena's lovely hair.

For an instant they both started horrified at the frivolous curls that had adorned Helena's head the winter before.

"Nora has brought the wrong package—I forgot this one was wrapped in pink paper also," faltered Helena, and then her violet eyes met Jack's doubting brown ones and saw a gleam of mirth in them.

"It's the funniest thing that ever happened," laughed Helena.

"How about the original pink package—that is yet unharmed?" asked Jack practically.

"I shall keep that after all," said Helena, "because—oh, Jack, I am so wicked and jealous and everything; just to punish me you must never tell me about where you went and what you did last evening."

She was safe in the shelter of his arms now. "I'll have to tell you—can't get out of it. I thought today was your birthday, never mind how I figured it out—and so last night I went down to Dogwood kennels with Ned Speedie to bring home to you that prize-winning French bulldog who hasn't a curly hair on his body, but whose name is—" He paused for effect.

"Not Curly?" cried Helena, delightfully.

"That same—but he's not wrapped in pink paper," grinned Jack as he opened the door to admit Helena's delayed birthday present.

Modest Marie.

In November, 1875, writes Marie Baahkirtseff, "The great day of the opera, I was nervous all day. I wore a white muslin jupe unie (whatever that may be) with a wide frill at the bottom. Corage Marie Stuart and coiffure in harmony with the gown. A very beautiful affair. Every one admired me. About the middle of the performance the feeling swept over me that I was beautiful to distraction. At the close I made my way out between two lines of gentlemen who stared themselves blind, and their verdict is not an unfavorable one; one feels that. Coming home I looked at myself in the glass. I was like a queen, like a portrait that had stepped out of its frame. What a misfortune it is that instead of these pen scratches I cannot draw my portrait as I was then; my marvelous complexion, my golden hair, my eyes black like the night, my mouth, my figure."

Extraordinary Bird.

The capture of a specimen of the "takake," or flightless rail, of New Zealand, has ever been accounted an event in ornithology. So far as is known, only four specimens of this bird have been obtained.

The takake (Notornis hochstetteri) is about equal in size to a goose, but its wings are very small, and, unlike all of his relatives in other lands, it cannot fly. Its breast is of a rich blue color, and its powerful beak is described as a large equilateral triangle of hard pink horn, apparently an excellent weapon.

The first specimen of this bird was caught in 1849, the second in 1851, the third in 1879 and the fourth in 1900.

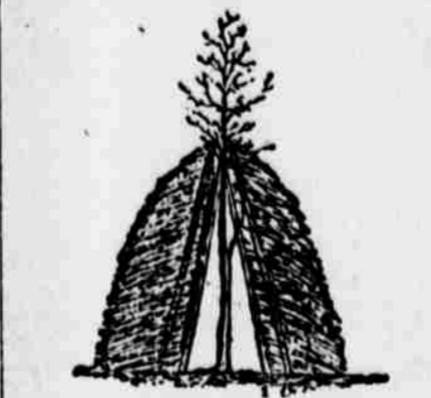
FARM and GARDEN



FOR STACKING CORN FODDER

Ventilation is Necessary to Prevent Heating and Spoiling—Two Methods Illustrated.

Corn fodder can be stacked, but it requires care, as ventilation of the stack is necessary to prevent heating and spoiling. A cool way is to make a chimney in the center of the stack, by placing some rails upright in a sort of oval round a tree chaining them to-



Stack Around a Tree.

gether at the top till the stack is completed. The rails are so placed that an opening is left on each side when the stack is built, for the wind to blow through freely, as shown in the illustration. Arranged in this way, it is nearly impossible for the sown fodder to become injured by heating, if the walls of the stack are not much thicker than the length of the bundles.

But it often happens that such trees of the right height are not at hand,



Using Forked Sticks.

and a much improved modification is obtained by inserting two forked sticks in the ground, about ten feet up to the forks, and at a convenient distance apart, and placing a horizontal pole on them. The length of this pole will determine their distance asunder. Then set a number of rails nearly upright or slightly leaning, with the upper ends against the horizontal pole. Against these vertical rails the oblong stack is built, open at the ends, which the wind freely blows. A series of forks will admit of the stack being made as long as may be desired for any amount of fodder.

REASONS FOR SAVING STRAW

Will Be Needed for Feed Owing to Shortness of Hay Crop—Keeps Live Stock in Comfort.

Owing to the shortness of the hay crop, straw will be valuable this winter for feed. It should be put into the barn after threshing. If ricked in the barnyard make one large, long, high rick. Keep the middle full and well trodden down, and make a good steep roof. After the rick settles, top out, rake off the loose straw from all sides, then wire down to prevent the top blowing off. The rick should be fenced in to prevent the stock eating into the sides. Oat straw, if it is not damaged by rain, makes a better fodder than wheat straw. Mules, young cattle and sheep can be carried through the winter on oat straw and a small daily allowance of grain. We always give our cows a good forkful of clean dry straw after they have eaten their mixed feed, have had an hour's exercise and been watered, says the Baltimore American.

A large portion of the straw will be eaten and what is left is used for bedding. A forkful of wheat straw is given to each cow in the morning and also in the evening. Cows, mules and young stock have all the straw they want to eat and have also a good, warm straw bed. The straw from 30 acres of wheat and 10 acres of oats is thus used every season; the stock is kept in comfort, and a large quantity of rich manure is made, which is hauled out and spread over the grass as fast as made. A thick coat of manure makes a rich sod, and sod makes the corn to feed the stock.

Sheep and Potato Vines.

"If you want to get rid of the weeds in your potato field," said a central Illinois farmer the other day, "turn a flock of sheep in, and they will make a clean job of it and not harm a single vine." This is only one of many advantages of keeping a flock of sheep on the farm.

Heating the Whey.

Heating the whey to 155 degrees will improve its feeding value and also eliminate many of the objectionable flavors found in cheese.

Mare With Colt.

It is fair to expect a mare to do a full day's work and suckle a vigorous and always hungry colt without extra allowances of feed?

PUT CONCRETE TOP ON TANK

Stout Platform Should Be Erected Just Level With Top to Hold Cover Until It Is Set.

In reply to a query as to the best way of putting a concrete top on a circular stone supply tank, about 3 feet in diameter, the Breeder's Gazette makes the following reply:

"Make a stout platform in the tank just level with the top to hold up the cover until it is set. As this platform should be quite tight, it had best be covered with building paper or other such material. As one will want a manhole to take out the lumber, he can cut out the boards where this is to be and replace them by having cleats nailed under them. The form for this manhole should be made tapering and out of 6-inch boards, say 18 inches at bottom and 22 inches at the top. On each side of the manhole lay an inch round rod and have some stout wire fencing cut ready for reinforcing.

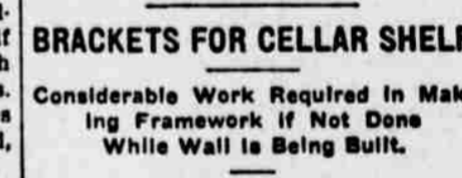
After placing an inch of concrete place the bars and the fencing which should be double and then fill in the concrete to 4 inches. If the cover is not to be for sustaining any weight but its own. If it is to be the floor of a building, then put in 6 inches of concrete. As soon as the concrete is set, or after one day, take out the manhole box, line the hole with paper, and fill this with concrete, not forgetting to put in some kind of ring by which to lift it. After a week or ten days lift out the cover of the manhole and remove the wooden platform.

"This cover can be made on a platform on the ground and then placed on the tank. To do this it will be best to use a reinforcing of half-inch steel rods placed 6 inches on center each way and tied with wire at inter sections and then make the thickness only 3 inches. Use a mixture of one, two and three. That is, one of cement, two of sand and three of crushed stone, none over half an inch in diameter.

BRACKETS FOR CELLAR SHELF

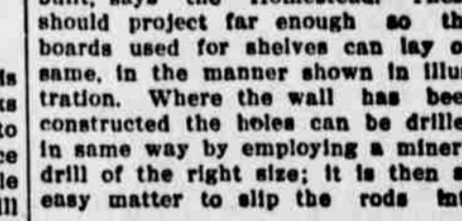
Considerable Work Required in Making Framework if Not Done While Wall is Being Built.

The erecting of shelves against a cement or stone wall usually requires considerable work in making the framework; this could be replaced by placing three-eighths-inch iron rods in the mortar of the wall when it is built, says the Homestead. These should project far enough so the boards used for shelves can lay on same, in the manner shown in illustration. Where the wall has been constructed the holes can be drilled in same way by employing a miner's drill of the right size; it is then an easy matter to slip the rods into



Handy Brackets for Cellar Shelves.

these holes. As the rods can be removed when desired the shelves can be erected and taken down at will, thus making them a very handy feature in the cellar. The holes should not project over six inches in the wall, which would be ample to hold the shelf and weight upon same, if the rods are spaced three feet apart.



Handy Brackets for Cellar Shelves.

A FINE NIGHT-CAP

The Best Thing in the World to Go to Bed and Sleep On.

"My wife and I find that 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and a cup of hot milk, or some cream, with it, makes the finest night-cap in the world," says an Allegheny, Pa., man.

"We go to sleep as soon as we strike the bed, and slumber like babies till rising time in the morning."

"It is about 2 years now since we began to use Grape-Nuts food, and we always have it for breakfast and before retiring and sometimes for lunch. I was so sick from what the doctors called acute indigestion and brain fog before I began to use Grape-Nuts that I could neither eat, sleep nor work with any comfort."

"I was afflicted at the same time with the most intense pains, accompanied by a racking headache and backache, every time I tried to eat anything. Notwithstanding an unusual pressure from my professional duties, I was compelled for a time to give up my work altogether."

"Then I put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts and cream alone, with an occasional cup of Postum as a runner-up, and sometimes a little dry toast. I assure you that in less than a week I felt like a new man; I had gained six pounds in weight, could sleep well and think well."

"The good work went on, and I was soon ready to return to business, and have been hard at it, and enjoying it ever since."

"Command me at any time any one inquires as to the merits of Grape-Nuts. You will find me always ready to testify." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letters? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will purify your blood, clear your complexion, restore your appetite, relieve your tired feeling, build you up. It leads all other medicines in merit.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

SEEMS EASIER TO REMEMBER

Remarks of Writer in Cleveland Plain Dealer Appear to Contain Much Sense.

There is a new science called mnemonics, which is trying to get itself introduced into our public schools. We have no knock on this science—only it seems to us to be a roundabout way of arriving at facts that you ought to remember right off the bat. It appears to work something in this manner:

"When was Lincoln born?" asks the teacher.

"I—I f-f-forget," whines the pupil.

"Naturally you do. Go at it right. How many Muses are there in mythology?"

"Nine."

"Right. Now double that number."

"Twice-nine's-eighteen."

"Right again. Multiply it by 100."

"1800."

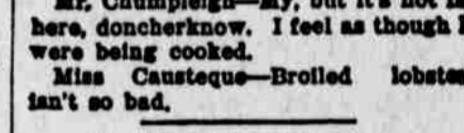
"Good. Add the number of Muses to that."

"1809."

"Aha! That's when Lincoln was born. Why don't you learn the scientific way of getting at these things?"

As we said in the first place, it's a noble science, but we'd rather remember dates.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOW NASTY.



Mr. Chumpleigh—My, but it's hot in here, doncherknow. I feel as though I were being cooked.

Miss Canatque—Broiled lobsters isn't so bad.

Not in Circulation There.

An error of a new clerk in the mailing department of an eastern publisher was responsible, the other day, for the mailing of a prospectus to a world-famous statesman, who had been dead for some years. The letter was returned a few days later with the following indorsement: "In Heaven, 1911. Gentlemen: As your publications are not permitted to circulate here, I believe it would be useless for me to subscribe for them. Yours respectfully," and here followed the name of the famous statesman.

As frost, raised to its utmost intensity, produces the sensation of fire, so a good quality, over-wrought and pushed to excess, turns into its own contrary.—Wm. Matthews.