

Widow Jones
of Boston

Boys' Clothes

Widow Jones
of Boston



Designed by
Widow Jones of Boston

"Widow Jones"
SUITS me."

A new suit for all who are
not satisfied with these
goods.

GREISEN BROS



MODEL 16

Commercial Club Banquet.

Over two hundred Columbus men, and the invited guests, were of the unanimous opinion that the third annual banquet of the Columbus Commercial Club was by far the best ever held. Owing to late trains the speakers did not arrive here until after seven o'clock, and then the reception at the Y. M. C. A. building proceeded the banquet. The ladies of the Congregational church served the banquet, and their part was taken care of in a very creditable manner.

Mayor Phillips, the toastmaster, introduced J. B. Gray, president of the Central City Commercial club, as the first speaker of the evening, and he responded to the toast, "The President of Our Republic." Mr. Gray's talk was a fitting tribute to the nation's chief executive, and was well received.

H. M. Bushnell responded to "The State Association," and told what it had done and was endeavoring to accomplish. One point he made was the conservation of the national resources of Nebraska, and also the conservation of our rainfall. Mr. Bushnell is president of the state association and has held that position for three years, and he is an enthusiast in the work. He is editor of the Lincoln Trade Journal, which is the organ of the state commercial club.

The general solicitor of the Burlington, J. M. Kelly, was the next speaker, the toast being "Noblest Oblige." After giving a definition of the subject of the toast, Mr. Kelly made a very interesting talk on the relation of the railroad and the people, as viewed by a railroad employee. Mr. Kelly's position in the railroad work made his talk all the more interesting, and the facts and figures he presented, were quite interesting. He made it clear that all the railroads wanted was a fair deal.

Victor Rosewater of the Omaha Bee, had for his subject "The Press," and he told of improved methods of keeping the world informed as to what was going on each day. His "wireless" of over five hundred years ago was amusing as well as interesting.

Governor Shallenberger spoke on "Our State," and told of the advancement of the commonwealth since he first knew it. In speaking of the resources, he mentioned that besides raising cattle and hogs, Nebraska is a manufacturing state, and quoted some statistics to prove his statements that were a surprise to his hearers, as many had the erroneous impression that Nebraska's manufacturing was small and insignificant. In his opening remarks the governor touched on an incident of the last campaign which caused considerable mirth.

United States Senator E. J. Burkett responded to the toast, "Our Flag." His talk was not along the line of the flag in war, but the flag in peace. Incidentally the senator referred to one of his trips in the east and said the people were inclined to regard Nebraska as away out west, and those who lived here were enduring the hardships of the frontier.

It was almost one o'clock before the last speech was concluded and in closing Mayor Phillips reminded those present that instead of the annual banquet Columbus would entertain the state organization, with representatives from many towns throughout the state.

Route No. 3.

Born on March 31, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bisson, a son.

Miss Lydia Luschen has been at the C. J. Bisson home for a couple of weeks. The children of John Brunken, jr., who have been very sick, are reported better.

Miss Ida Hake of Route 1 was visiting with Mr. and Mrs. William Wurdeman Sunday.

Peter Schmitt, the Shell Creek miller, loaded a car of hogs for South Omaha Monday.

Fred Sietken was a caller at the C. J. Bisson home Sunday. We suppose he went there to see the new boy.

Monday nearly all the farmers were sowing oats, and before they could die them in they were covered with snow. Mrs. Ed Eisenmann of Columbus visited with Mrs. W. J. Eisenmann from Tuesday until Thursday of last week.

There has been considerable talk about the condition of the winter wheat, but farmers on this route report it in fine condition.

Little Bronson of this route, was one of a class of twelve confirmed by Rev. Dainger at the Losoke Creek church last Sunday.

Two children of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ruprecht have been very sick with catarrhal fever, but at present are improving. One of the little girls had just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.

MANY YEARS AGO.

Files of The Journal April 7, 1875.

It is stated that they have in Polk county a teacher who sleeps and smokes during school hours.

Grass all over the prairies is putting in a modest appearance. The first of May will probably find more pasture on hand than is usual at that time of year.

Advice comes from every direction to the farmers of Nebraska to diversify their crops. Sow wheat barley and flax, plant plenty of corn and potatoes.

Tuesday afternoon of last week the depot building in this city was struck by lightning, damaging the roof and one of the large door posts. Mr. Mahoney was felled to the floor, but escaped without receiving serious injury.

Stearns' Prairie has been settled four years this spring, and until recently no burying place for their dead has been established in the vicinity. Now a beautiful location on the high lands has been selected and a home cemetery established.

Mr. J. W. Witchey, who a short time since gave us a short account of the young grasshoppers hatching out of the carth up in his seed plant box when heated up by the stove, called at the Journal last Friday and imparted additional information on the subject, concluding with, in our opinion, a very important suggestion. On further investigation Mr. Witchey has come to the conclusion that all the grasshopper eggs deposited in cultivated and exposed lands have been killed by the winter frosts, but in his opinion the tall grass on the prairie has protected the eggs from the frosts of winter and it is there that innumerable eggs with warm weather brings forth the grasshoppers.

Mr. Witchey suggests that the farmers club together, and so soon as the hatching process is over burn the surrounding prairie and kill the pests outright.

Walker Township.

Victor Salestrom has purchased a rig. So now girls you better be on the lookout.

Farmers are now very busy sowing oats and doing other spring work, and the ground is in excellent shape to be worked.

Oliver Swanson is home from the State university for the Easter vacation, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Swanson.

Mrs. J. C. Nelson died last Wednesday at the age of 73 years. She leaves three sons and two daughters, Mrs. John Swanson and Mrs. Martin Olson to mourn the loss of a loving mother.

The one-third rent of a quarter section of land worked by the Swanson boys, and owned by widow Johnson at Genoa will bring her the snug sum of eight hundred dollars. How is that for Walker township land?

Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of unclaimed mail matters remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending April 7, 1909:

Letters—E W Brown, G W C. Mrs. Grasse Hornland, Mrs C V Johnson, Miss Grace Marshall.

Cards—Jack Withworth, B Wilson.

Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.

CARL KRAMER, P. M.

FOR SALE.

5 room house, in first-class condition, located 8 blocks from business, corner lot, cement walks, electric lights. This property offered at a bargain. Elliott, Speck & Co.

COAL.

We have all the leading grades of soft coal. Also Penna. hard coal and Semianthracite furnace coal. NEWMAN & WELCH.

Daily Tell the Common Lot.

In all the civilized countries of the world 60 per cent. of the persons over ten years old have to work for a living.

Good Maxim.

Never talk of your designs until they have been accomplished, and even then the less said the better.

A Pound of Cork to a Man.

One pound of cork is sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

TOO AFFECTIONATE FOR MAYOR.

Dignified Official Dislikes Being Hugged in the Dark by Bruin.

When closing time came in the city hall the other afternoon Mayor Charles H. French coughed impressively, indicating a proper degree of satisfaction with the dignified progress of his administration, closed his roll-top desk with a bang, permitted the messenger to adjust his overcoat and present his hat, and then trod forth to meet his fellow townsmen, says a Concord (N. J.) dispatch to the New York Herald. Instead of going out the front door of the city hall, however, Mayor French took a short cut that led through a dark hallway past the back entrance of a theater.

While the mayor in the city hall was throwing off the shackles of official care a wrestling bear in the theater was busy throwing off the shackles of a more material nature, and as the mayor put on his overcoat the bear shed its leather collar. So it came about that as the mayor entered the dark hallway at one end, the bear entered it at another. The mayor has a great respect for bears, but this bear had no respect at all for mayors.

In the darkness the mayor felt a powerful detaining force laid upon his arm.

"Sir," he said, in chilly tones, "if you have business with me, you may call at my office in the morning."

"Ur-gr-r," was the unpleasantly harsh response.

"My man!" began the mayor, but he stopped right there, for a furry arm was thrown about his neck, and a rough tongue made a demonstration, which, if it was intended for a kindly salute, failed utterly of its purpose with the mayor.

"Le' go!" commanded the mayor, but his companion showed no disposition to yield to harsh commands. The mayor had other resources. He struck out so savagely with his free hand, and with such painful precision, that the bear, smitten on the nose, loosed its hold and fell back a step.

Content with this temporary victory, the mayor sped agilely back over the route he had just traversed, shouting: "Bear! Bear!" at every jump. In corroboration of his alarm, the bear galloped along behind, bound not to be deserted by his new friend. The mayor was the first to reach an open door, through which he sped just in time to be able to close it in the face of his pursuer.

The bear was led back into captivity by the theater employes.

Woman, Lovely Woman.

Short Description of a Stylish Woman—Her waist begins just below her neck. Her hips have been planned off even with the rest of her body. She is usually buttoned up the back, and around her neck she wears a section of barbed wire, covered with lace. She wears on her head a blonde haystack of hair, and on top of this a central dome with rings about the same size as those of Saturn. She is swathed in her gown like an Indian papoose, and on the end of her feet are dabs of patent leather. She walks on stilt-like heels with the expertness of a tight-rope dancer. The pores of her skin are full of fine white powder. This is a woman.—Harper's Weekly.

Freaks of Electricity.

Electricity is a freakish manifestation of energy, not a bit accustomed to our curb and rein. A queer incident just reported at Rockport, Mass., shows this. A big iron freight steamer, loading granite at a pier, has been found to be completely electrified. The charging current apparently came via the water pipe which was mixed up with a grounded lightning wire. The vessel is a sort of floating Leyden jar, and no one knows just how to restore the equilibrium. Meanwhile the electricity is playing all sorts of freaks with her machinery and instruments. Watches are frequently magnetized, but for a big vessel to be thus affected is a disagreeable, if interesting novelty.

Orderly Wine Drinkers.

"They let us play cards in our wine room," said the New York wine merchant. "It is not against the law. It would be if we sold whiskies, but not wine. The reason? Why, one man out of ten gets ugly and quarrelsome when he drinks whisky, but no man who drinks wine shows his true nature in the same way. If those men over there at that table were drinking whisky instead of fine Rhine wine, there would be a fight every ten minutes with the cops called in."

Why Worry?

It does not pay to fume over things we cannot change. As the poet says "expense of spirit is a waste of shame." Flout fortune and be merry.

As Most of Us Do.

The tailor and milliners have begun to tell people what they are going to wear just as if they were not to continue to wear what they got.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF BABY.

Advice That May or May Not Be of Interest to Fathers.

My friend Miss Jones, whose "Mothers' Column" forms so popular a feature in that widely-read magazine, Home, Hearth and Heayard, said to me: "My dearest Victoria, why do you not write a fathers' page for the periodical which you yourself represent? Now that the suffragette parades so hamper mother in her domestic duties, father must be prepared to assume many of those household cares which pertained formerly to her own province."

Above all else, father should remember that baby is not a machine, but a bald, vocalized, nocturnal, rubicund, omnivorous mammal indigenous to flats, but found elsewhere in considerable quantities.

A Binghampton father writes: "I have a sweet little toddler who cries himself red in the face whenever we endeavor to correct him. I am afraid that he will work himself into a fit. What shall I do?"

Paint baby's face with stripes of delicate green. This will relieve the glare which is often injurious to father's eyes. If signs of a fit appear, rip baby up the back lightly with a pair of scissors.—Harper's Weekly.

MAKES CAPITAL OF KNOWLEDGE.

Advice for the Worker Just Getting a Start in His Career.

When you get a job, just think of yourself as actually starting out in business yourself, as really working for yourself. Get as much salary as you can, writes Orison Swift Marden in the Success Magazine, but remember that that is a very small part of the consideration. You have actually gotten an opportunity to get right into the very heart of the great activities of a large concern, to get close to men who do things; an opportunity to absorb knowledge and valuable secrets on every hand; an opportunity to drink in, through your eyes and your ears, knowledge wherever you go in the establishment, knowledge that will be invaluable to you in the future.

Every hint and every suggestion which you can pick up, every bit of knowledge you can absorb, you should regard as a part of your future capital which will be worth more than money capital when you start out for yourself.

Just make up your mind that you are going to be a sponge in that institution and absorb every particle of information and knowledge, every suggestion possible.

Training of Children.

Treat the child more as an equal—not as a hopeless inferior. There isn't much need of coming down to his level as of giving him an opportunity to come up to yours—which will not require such a frightful effort on his part as you sometimes imagine. If you can get a child to recognize and treat you as his equal you will have gained the highest possible position of influence over him and earned the best and sincerest compliment ever paid you. We dwell greatly upon what parents teach their children, but we forget to record in equal detail on the opposite side of the ledger what our children teach us. It would be difficult to say on which side the balance would be found to fall. The child is not merely the ideal pupil but also the greatest teacher in the world. The lessons that we learn from him, if we approach him with proper humility, are the most valuable part of our education.

Right to Bathe in Ice River.

When the temperature is at freezing a policeman is, no doubt, justified in concluding that a person diving into the Seine intends to commit suicide. Two Paris policemen, acting under this impression the other day, fished out of the river a man who was seen splashing about under the Pont des Arts. "Leave me alone," were the first words he uttered, and he claimed it as his own. To mark her appreciation of the attendant's honesty she gave her 20 francs. The next day however, the real owner of the necklace presented herself at the theater to make inquiries. On hearing what had occurred she burst into a laugh, and explained that the pearls were but imitation, and had cost her 12 francs only. So the smart "lady" loses at least eight francs on the transaction.

Natural Advantages.

"I am sorry I did not marry in South America," remarked the ostensible head of the house. "Here I see where a woman from there is telling women's clubs that in South America the wives do not object to their husband's coming in at two and three o'clock in the morning, as they do not think it is any of their business." "Don't omit all the advantages," replied his better half, coldly. "You might recall that in South America, also, husbands can see snakes without arousing any ulterior suspicions."

Enlightenment.

I wonder that you did not get angry when your enemy applied all those epithets to you.

"I meant to be angry," replied the statesman, "but that man has a brand new line of epithets, and I was busy trying to remember them for my own use in the 'uture."

A Need of the Occasion.

"Can you stake me off to a good dinner, old chap?" "Sure, if I can find a place with a good steak."

No Need to Be Alarmed.

An English writer says education is ridding the world of genius by making everybody a mediocrity. Don't get scared. A real genius is always a long way ahead of the very latest education.

Act for Oneself.

Well is it for us to do our own thinking, listening quietly to the opinions of others, but to be sufficiently men and women to act always upon our own convictions.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

FRITZ W. A. PAUL

Professor of Music
Viola and Piano, all Brass and Reed Instruments.
At home for intending students Tuesday and Friday, 2 to 4 p. m., at No. 1013 Washington Avenue, Bell Block 578. P. O. Box 541

LITTLE DEMAND FOR SERVICES.

Business of Ghost Eradicator Not in Very Flourishing Condition.

These are the days of the specialist in all things and it is not surprising to read of a gentleman who describes himself as "The Original Haunted House Restorer and Ghost Eradicator." Nor is it astonishing to find that he complains of sickness of trade. A ghost, if it be a well authenticated and respectable ghost, represents an asset and these are days when property owners do not willingly sacrifice assets. Moreover, a well established family ghost with a history of generations has a title to regard himself as a vested interest and entitled to all compensation for disturbance. If there were any real prosperity in this trade of ghost banisher we should have to counteract its destructive power by a great league and covenant of all the printers of Christmas stories, of the amateurs of the occult and the scientific researchers after a spirit world. For all these the ghost is an essential to continued existence. Banish the spook and their occupation would be gone, and John Burns would be invaded by an army of psychical researchers out of work and demanding special treatment in the forthcoming legislation of the government.

SAW GROWTH OF DISPOSITION.

All That Good-Natured Man Was Willing to Admit.

There is an extremely good-natured Yankee merchant near Southampton, Mass., who has for years sustained the burden of "looking out" for an invalid cousin, a man whose infirmities of temper have increased in direct ratio to his bodily ailments.

One day a neighbor had overheard the cousin's entirely unwarranted reprimands as to the manner in which he was being taken care of, reprimands that had been met with perfect equanimity by the long-suffering merchant.

The neighbor was indignant. "Why on earth, Bill," he asked, "do you allow that old codger to abuse you so, you who are so good to him? He's getting worse and worse."

"Well," said the good-natured man, "I suppose Tom's troubles make him a trifle cross at times. Though," he added, apparently against his will, "I must say that recently I've thought Tom was increasing a little in his disposition."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Free Masonry.

The origin of Free Masonry is unknown. Its history can be traced for upwards of 500 years. Its traditions go back many hundreds of years previously. It is fraternal and benevolent in its purpose. Ancient Craft Masonry consists of four degrees only but many other branches and degrees have been added from time to time further exemplifying and illustrating the lessons taught in the original degrees. William Morgan was an impetuous printer of northern New York, who threatened to print the so-called secrets of Masonry, and who, on being arrested for debt or some other cause suddenly disappeared. His disappearance about 1825 was taken hold of and exploited for political purposes. The so-called exposure is unreliable and valueless. Morgan was not a true Mason.

The Bitter Bit.

A week or two ago an attendant at one of the big theaters on the Paris boulevards found a fine pearl necklace which she handed over to the box office. One of the spectators, a lady saw the woman pick up the necklace and went to the box-office and claimed it as her own. To mark her appreciation of the attendant's honesty she gave her 20 francs. The next day however, the real owner of the necklace presented herself at the theater to make inquiries. On hearing what had occurred she burst into a laugh, and explained that the pearls were but imitation, and had cost her 12 francs only. So the smart "lady" loses at least eight francs on the transaction.

The Esthetic Bachelor.

The modern bachelor is an ardent admirer of well chosen furniture and of beautiful pictures and china, nor is he oblivious to the charms of lovely old silver and dainty napery. To have tea with him is often an esthetic as well as a material pleasure. Only in one thing in his establish ment does one note the missing feminine touch. A woman's room always contains flowers; a man's scarcely ever.—Black and White.

Find Water Where Badly Needed.

A Hindu engineer experimenting in artesian boring at Patiala struck a spring of water 100 feet below the surface which discharges 6,000 gallons an hour through a three inch tube. It is believed that the discovery may revolutionize local agriculture, which has languished owing to the lack of irrigation, as the artesian stratum extends apparently from Patiala to the Himalayas.

To Develop American Artists.

Five wealthy New York women subscribed \$5,000 each to create a fund, the income of which is to be used to send one American architectural student to the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts every three years for a 2½ years course. The donors are: Mrs. Goetz, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Auchant, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Alexander G. Cochran.

The Earners.

"I never read of any millionaire who can afford to be reckless and foolishly extravagant," says Mr. Tutaway, "without thinking what a lot of people must work for him for less than they ought to get."—Kansas City Times.

SUFFER AND DIE IN A WRECK.

Fishermen Have Terrible Experience Off Coast of Iceland.

A terrible tale of shipwreck was told by the nine survivors of the crew of 13 of the Grimby trawler Washington, which was wrecked on the coast of Iceland on December 23. The men reached Leth recently, their heads and feet still showing signs of their sufferings during a blizzard. The vessel was wrecked during a heavy gale on the rocks near Selvoyr; and the only boat and two rafts were washed away. Notwithstanding the gigantic seas which swept over the ship, the mate, Alma Kemp, seized a life-line and endeavored to swim with it to the shore 200 yards away. The attempt failed, however, and his shipmates had to haul him back to the ship. So terrible had been his sufferings that he went mad and died within half an hour. Then the second engineer went mad, and as the tide rose the crew had to retreat to the wheelhouse, where they stood up to their waists in water, holding the insane engineer. When the tide receded they found some food, but it was soaked in salt water. When the darkness came on the tide rose again and the vigil of the crew through the long night was a terrible one, and before daylight came two of the hands and the mad engineer had been washed away. In the morning the plight of the shipwrecked sailors was seen by the islanders, and they were rescued by means of a line.

REWARDED FOR HIS TRUSTING.

Shoemaker's Faith in Providence Evidently Was Not Misplaced.

The pastor of a negro church in a southern state was one day making his weekly visit, when he dropped in upon a member of his congregation who was a shoemaker. The preacher was surprised to find that his parishioner, usually of a bright and lively demeanor, was on this occasion in an extremely despondent mood.

"Well, doctah," explained the shoemaker, sadly, in response to the divine's question, "I've just got a rival shoemaker dat's set up 'as't me down the street, an' mah trade is already beginning to leave!"

"Come, come, man," expostulated the clergyman, "you mustn't allow your self to be cast down like that! Meet your trouble like a man, and, above all, trust to Providence and all will come right."

When, on the next round of visits, the minister called again on the shoemaker, he was delighted to find the cobbler as cheery and gay as ever he was.

"I told you your troubles would vanish if you trusted in Providence, didn't I?" demanded the preacher. "That's right!" quickly assented the other. "And I took your advice." Then, after a bit, he added, significantly, "The other shoemaker's dead!"—Harper's Weekly.

Curious Mourning Custom.

A curious mourning custom obtains among central Australians, who, although representing, perhaps, the lowest and most degraded type of human beings, have managed to evolve a most complex system of rites and ceremonies, which governs almost every action of their lives. When a husband dies, the widow paints herself all over with white pigment, and for the space of a year must not exhibit herself to a male member of the tribe on pain of death. For the rest of her life, unless she marries again, which is sometimes allowed, she must not speak, but communicate with the other women by means of a sign language, consisting of movements of the hands and fingers, which has been developed by these savages to a marvelous extent and by which their limited stock of ideas can be fully expressed.

A Dramatic Suicide.

A novel, but greswome, method of suicide is that of Lieut. Stanwekies Galicia. He saturated the furniture of his room with naphtha, which he also poured over the floor, and he placed on the carpet a number of ball cartridges. Then he fired the room in several places, so that in a few minutes it was converted into a veritable furnace, and finally hurled himself into the midst of the flames. The smoke and a series of violent explosions alarmed the neighbors, who hastened to help in extinguishing the fire, but when it was possible to enter the house only the ashes of the lieutenant were to be found.

The American Voice.

Whatever be the cause, it is a fact that American men no longer seek to control the pitch of their voices as the gentlemen of the old school were taught to do. Undue haste, excessive nervousness, and a vigor of purpose that is likely to assert itself in an overemphatic manner have probably combined to produce in the American voice that raw, shrill, unrestrained quality so noticeable. The voices of American women are even more shocking when heard in contrast to the low, well-modulated voices of European women.—Washington Post.

Yellow Peril.

"What is your idea of the yellow peril?" "The only one I'm afraid of," answered the comfortable statesman, "is the restaurant soft-boiled egg."

Nothing Pure.

Bill—Do you believe this theory that there are microbes in kisses? Jill—Oh, yes; everything seems to be adulterated nowadays.

Postal Treadmills.

"Talking about treadmills," said the owner of the flat, "my little postman says he's been on this beat for 19 years. Imagine walking around a couple of blocks five or six times a day for 19 years."—New York Press.

Be Slow to Judge.

Therefore thou art excusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest, for wherewith thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.—Romans 2:1.

MAIL DELIVERED TO SAILORS.

River Postman Employed on the Thames at London, England.

It is probable that London has the distinction of being the only port where ships lying at anchor are privileged to have their letters delivered to them by river postmen, it being customary at other ports for sailors to apply personally for their letters unless the ship is in dock. The Thames is divided into two postal districts, each under the control of a river postman, who delivers letters and parcels every morning in a craft which resembles a fisher boat more than anything else. Of these districts the first extends from the custom house to Limehouse, and the second from Limehouse to Blackwall. The river postmen start on their rounds punctually at eight o'clock every morning, and, needless to say, there is only one delivery a day. The mail bag may include as many as 500 letters, but this number is largely increased about Christmas time. As he glides from ship to ship the postman calls out: "Aho! there!" and hands up the letters attached to a boathook to the waiting crew. It only takes from four to five hours to deliver the mail, so that the postman does not waste much time. In foggy weather, however, it takes considerably longer, owing to the difficulties of finding the various ships, and of steering between the large vessels as they lie at anchor.

EXERCISE JOINTS AND MUSCLES.

Novel Machines Installed in a New York Medical College.

The 30 steel machines, with their complicated mechanism, which will be used in the new department of mechanotherapy in the Vanderbilt clinic of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at New York have been placed on public exhibition. The machines are a gift of Mrs. Ray Matshak, in memory of her husband, who was a prominent merchant. Arranged in long rows in a room of the clinic, they look like gymnastic apparatus of intricate design.

Dr. Charles H. Jaeger, one of the surgeons of the hospital, explained the machines, would give strength to the tissues, bones and muscles of patients convalescing from operations. The principle of the system is to exercise the joints and muscles to restore them to their normal condition. "These machines are so planned," Dr. Jaeger said, "that there isn't a joint or muscle in the entire body that cannot be exercised by one of them. The system might be called medical gymnastics, by means of which any workman who has suffered a fracture or other injury which has disabled a joint or muscle can have the stiffened joint or muscle restored to full working capacity in the shortest possible time."

Advice to the Sick.

Illness may bring up from our sunken nature many a submerged thought—patience, or good spirits or self-obliteration; but it has not done its duty by us till it has dragged out of our quivering depths the military qualities. I know a woman who said: "I have been an invalid for 30 years. I am now growing old and my remaining days are few. I thought I had learned the lessons that God meant to teach me by physical suffering. But I have only mastered the easiest of them. Now I see that I must be a saint."

Physical malaise