

By MAT D. BLOSSER
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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1910

We are all waiting for the President's message... It is only three weeks to Christmas.

Dr. Cook says he is not sure that he reached the north pole. Neither are we.

Three-year-old boy killed during the season 1910. Michigan leads the list with 27.

Traveling men say that they find business quiet. It is possible that business has taken hold of people because the Democrats have hopes of coming into power.

The open season for killing English sparrows during which the state of Michigan will give a bounty of 25 cents per head for the little birds, will begin on Friday, December 1.

Fred Conklin, who is a son of Dr. A. B. Conklin formerly of Manchester, has been elected captain of the Michigan football team. He is a junior and is a hard working student.

Manchester people might be thankful that they did not pay electricity bills in a plant of their own, one that is in operation. Sulfur gas from the plant and her lights are on the beam.

J. W. Hines of Adrian was expelled from the sixth grade of the national grade, but he isn't worrying about it. He says the degree consists principally of red fire and worms. Well, he gets the idea.

Frank P. Gitzler, ex-state treasurer, now serving a sentence at Jackson prison for robbing the state treasury, will not be pardoned by Governor Warner before he returns from office as the general assembly convenes.

Ben Horsing master of Brooklyn lodge W. & A. M. has been elected grand master of the lodge and will preside at the 3rd degree on Monday afternoon, Dec. 19th. After an afternoon and evening meeting will be held by Manchester lodge.

Announcement is made of the organization of the Lansing savings association with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. J. J. Baird, R. E. Oke, A. C. Tuttle, Dr. Watson and others. B. F. Burdette, chief clerk of the state tax commission, was the organizer and was elected secretary and his many friends here will wish the association success.

As the holidays are approaching and people will be sending packages by mail and express for Christmas presents, it will be well to know that it is important to wrap and to all packages securely. Your address should be placed on the outside of the package plainly written. If the package goes by mail, have no other writing inside so it will not be subject to letter raid. Packages should be sent to order of time in order to prevent delay at the time of delivery at the season.

Watkinson County. Mrs. Leach wife of a farming living east of Dexter came down with the small pox last week.

The circuit court docket for December term which begins next Monday, has seven criminal, 37 civil and 11 chancery cases.

Directors of the Southern Washburners' Mutual Fire Ins. Co. met and adjourned the loss of George Kirkwood of Sharon at \$960.50. An assessment will be levied in January to meet the loss.

Among those drawn for the December term of circuit court are: Joseph Bridgewater, Paul Fritz, Freedom, Charles Coleman, Manchester, Fred Barkner, Sallor, Christian Houck and Ernest B. Smith, Sharon.

Real estate transfers: Tobias Stipe and wife to Henry Eck, Freedom, \$500. Benjamin Ross et al to Edwin Ross and wife, Freedom, \$1. John Martin wife to Elizabeth Martin, Manchester, \$1, three tracts.

Leavenworth County. James Pockington was killed by a live electric wire at Carlsbad, New Mexico, and his remains were brought home Sunday.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. Magin and son Ward visited in Toledo on Thanksgiving. Glenn Howard came up from Saline Thanksgiving to see his mother, Mrs. O. W. Howard.

Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Linn visited at Hudson, Ind., and Mrs. M. V. Linn visited at Hudson, Ind., on Thanksgiving.

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DON'T

Miss A. Sunday at the Evangelical Church

A RECORD OF GROWTH

A year of unusual prosperity... The record of growth in the city of Manchester...

You Ought To See

OUR NEW LINE OF Silverware, Watches, Diamond Rings, Fancy Sets, Rings, Fountain Pens, Beautiful Pearl Novelties, &c., &c.

E. H. Gosmer

Nothing like them in town

DOLLS

A large new line of Dressed Dolls from 12 to 75c

Doll Heads

All sizes. All kinds. Breakable. Unbreakable

HAEUSSLER & SON

Something suitable for a Holiday, Birthday or Wedding Gift can be found at my store, a new up-to-date assortment having been received, which is ready for your inspection:

H. L. ROOP

A large stock on hand at all times. Get our prices before buying.

Notice To The Trade

We are now sharing our profits with our Customers by issuing CHECKS with each CASH Purchase, redeemable in

Useful Articles

as Displayed in our Store. BE SURE You get your Check with Each Cash Purchase.

Just to Remind You

that the Order season is again here and again we have Sealship Oysters as fresh and wholesome as when they were taken from the shell.

Manchester City Bakery

1616 Burt Building, Toledo, Ohio, or 101 N. W. 1st St., Detroit, Mich.

Cold Weather Demands Heavier Underwear, New Shoes, New Rubbers. Come in and See Our Stock. Everything in Dry Goods, Everything in Groceries. I want your Butter and Eggs.

G. H. Breitenwischer. A FLAWLESS DINNER cooked on a FLAWLESS RANGE THE ROUND OAK CHIEF. Make Your Wife a Present OF A Round Oak Steel Range. It's a crackerjack. FRED WIDMAYER. Call at the

Manchester Roller Mills. when you are in need of any kind of Feeds at Lowest Market Prices. Cottonseed Meal, Oil Meal, Corn Meal, Corn & Oat Feed, Salvage Barley, Oats, Middlings, Screenings, Hay, Straw, Etc.

New Jewelry. Something suitable for a Holiday, Birthday or Wedding Gift can be found at my store, a new up-to-date assortment having been received, which is ready for your inspection:

Notice To The Trade. We are now sharing our profits with our Customers by issuing CHECKS with each CASH Purchase, redeemable in

Useful Articles. as Displayed in our Store. BE SURE You get your Check with Each Cash Purchase.

Just to Remind You. that the Order season is again here and again we have Sealship Oysters as fresh and wholesome as when they were taken from the shell.

Manchester City Bakery. 1616 Burt Building, Toledo, Ohio, or 101 N. W. 1st St., Detroit, Mich.

Mounting Board. Different Colors to each side. at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Notice. In the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, Court of Probate, Office of the Clerk of the Court, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of the late...

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The Enterprise. Published weekly at Manchester, Mich. By MAT D. BLOSSER. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1910. BRIEF LOCAL ITEMS. This is winter. The country roads are good. Hessemer & Son advertise a new line of dolls.

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You Will Like Manchester. IRON CREEK. The W. M. S. is preparing for a spree and handicraft sale. The Kappa Kappa Gamma meets Friday night.

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Arbeiter Hall. One Week, Commencing Dec. 5th. THAT CLASSY SHOW. The Treadwell-Whitney Stock Co. in new and up-to-date productions. Special Service, Wardrobe and Vaudeville. Opening play, "The Gates of Justice". A beautiful play in four acts, of America and England. Ladies 10, 20 and 30 Cents. One Lady Free with each Paid Reserve Seat on Monday night. Reserved Seats at Snowman's.

Fur Sale. TWO DAYS. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9 & 10. A Fur Manufacturer's Agent will be here on the above two days with his entire sample line of Furs. The line will consist of all the newest and most desirable styles in all the different grades of Fur Neck Pieces, Muffs, and Coats. Special low prices will be offered on these two days. This will be the very best time for you to select a set of Furs or match up a Muff or Neck Piece for a Christmas gift.

YOCUM, MARX & CO. There Is Quality In Our Monuments. Place your order with us.

DIAMONDS FREE! JEWELRY FREE! THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF GENUINE DIAMONDS WE ARE GIVING ABSOLUTELY FREE:

THE CAREY-MORAN GRANITE CO. MANCHESTER, MICH.

FORD Model T Roadster \$680. For This Same Ford Car Without the Above Equipment.

MAHER BROTHERS, 120 East Main Street, Jackson, Mich.

Wherever you go, north, east, south or west, you see the Ford car, and they are everywhere.

T. E. SCHABLE, Manchester, Mich. Agent Washenaw County.

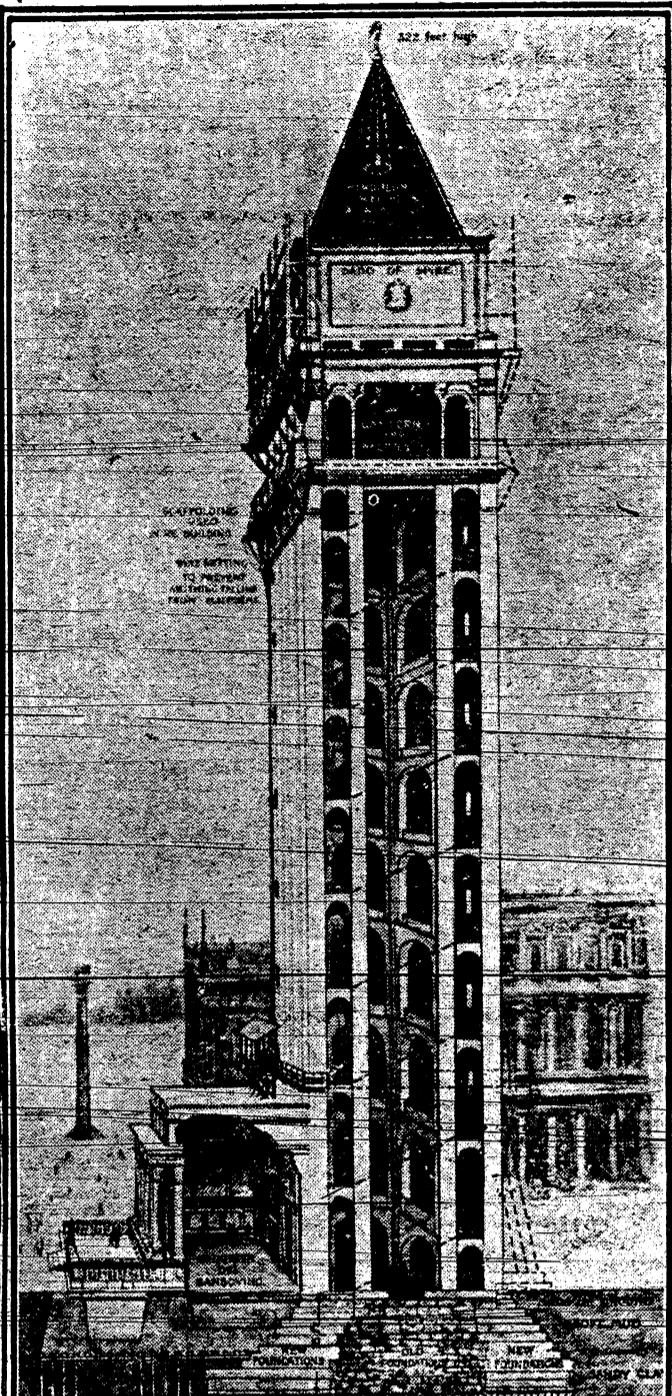
The GLORY of VENICE RESTORED

THE task of restoring the old campanile or bell tower of St. Mark's at Venice is nearing completion, and it is confidently expected that the bells of San Marco will break their nine years' silence and again ring out on St. Mark's day, April 25, 1911.

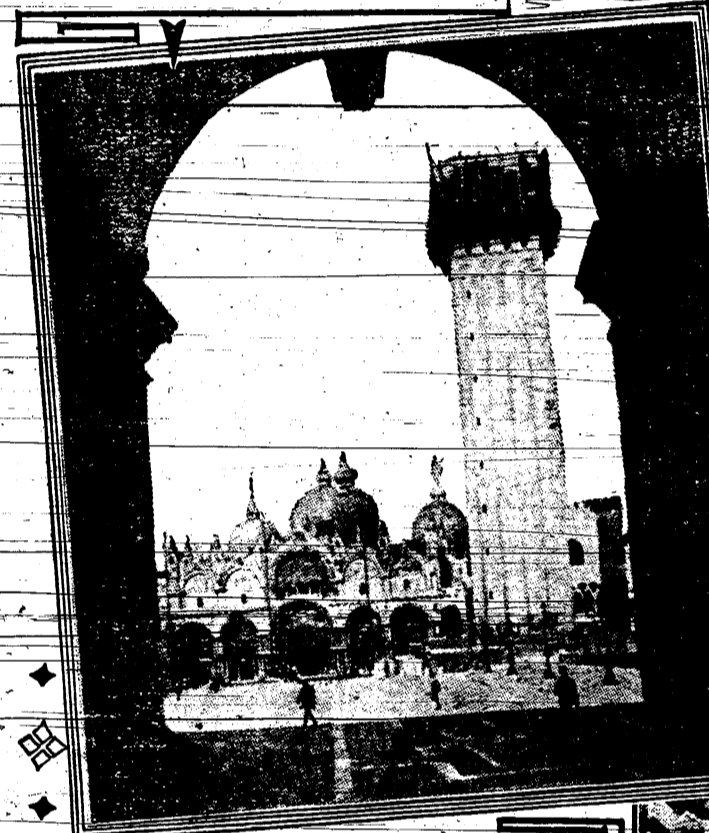
The restoration of this famous tower—which collapsed suddenly on July 14, 1902, after a proud existence of 1,014 years—has proved a greater undertaking than anticipated, some of the details presenting technical difficulties. The intention was to reproduce the old tower as faithfully as possible, and with that object in view the bricks, of which there are over a million, were specially selected and laid. The bricks are each 12 inches long, 6 inches wide and 3 inches deep, and the clay is twice mixed to secure homogeneity. These bricks, however, contained salt, which threatened to turn the tower white and such an outcry was raised among the Venetians that the work was suspended while an inquiry was held. It was found that by prolonged soaking in water the salt was removed.

The tower is quadrangular, nearly 40 feet square at the base and 350 feet high, including the pinnacles in the shape of a pyramid, the summit being crowned by the figure of an angel with spread wings. The foundations of the ancient buildings were found to be good, but none too wide, so that considerable strengthening had to be effected. No scaffolding has been used, a sliding platform being contrived to rise with the progress of the building.

The shaft, which was completed last December, is composed of an inner and an outer shaft, between



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE NEW CAMPANILE OF VENICE



THE NEW CAMPANILE AS IT NOW IS

which mounts the inclined plane which leads to the bell chamber. The walls of the outer shaft are six feet thick and the inclined plane is lit by 36 windows. In the new tower the shafts are bound together by iron rods and the pinnacles at the angles of the inner shaft are similarly united. This will ensure any future fall of the tower to be as one mass instead of a gentle subsiding.

Careful searching among the ruins of the old campanile resulted in the finding of nearly all the fragments of the beautiful bronze doors, statues and bas-reliefs of Sansovino's famous loggetta, which has been restored with wonderful care and devotion. The estimated cost of the present tower is over 2,000,000 francs, this sum having been raised by public subscription and a large grant from the state.

When the tower fell, of the five bells only the largest was not broken; the other four have been replaced and were presented to his beloved Venice by Pope Pius X. The lions of St. Mark, which originally occupied the centers of the north and south sides of the attic and were defaced during the French occupation, are to be replaced.

The tower has a strangely hard and new appearance against the soft, time-mellowed facade of the church of St. Mark with its wild horses and curious Oriental-looking domes, and seems almost as incongruous as the large steamboats and motor launches which have now challenged the supremacy of the graceful gondola on Venetian waterways. The Venetians were, however, wise to rebuild the campanile, for the long, low lines of the surrounding palaces need this sky-piercing shaft to complete the effect even as London needs the dome of St. Paul's to lift its sombre roofs in an upward effort.

The bells of the old campanile were shattered by the fall of the tower, but they have now, as stated above, been replaced by the generosity of the present pope. They were cast on St. Mark's day, April 25, and will again be solemnly rung from the tower on St. Mark's day of next year.

By kind permission of Professor Giuseppe del Piccolo, chief superintendent of the reconstruction, "to witness the remarkable work which has been accomplished within one of the arcades of the doge's palace. Here, within the shadow of the beautiful staircase which mounts to the upper story, and within sight of the window from which Silvio Pellico looked out during his many years of confinement, there has been placed together with infinite pains the wonderful renaissance facade of Sansovino."

To give an example of the method which has been pursued one may take the case of three columns of breccia corallina which form part of the facade facing St. Mark's. One has been put together in 13 pieces, another in 32 pieces, while a third was so much damaged that it has had to be replaced by a block of Asiatic marble known as sette basi dorato, so called from a block of this marble having been found in a villa near Rome belonging to Scipione Passio, a Roman consul.

By kind permission of Signor Edoardo Dott.



ONE OF THE FIVE FALLEN BELLS OF THE OLD CAMPANILE

Placentini, chief superintendent of the reconstruction of the campanile, I was permitted," writes a correspondent, "to thoroughly inspect the new tower which is rising above the fairy city of Venice." Passing through the palisading which keeps out the ordinary public from the base of the campanile one first observes the piers in which each brick, after being brought down from Treviso to the Giudecca has been carefully



THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD

The National Eisteddfod of Wales, celebrated every autumn, is one of the most picturesque festivals remaining in this commercial age. The Gentlewoman remarks especially on the growing part taken by women.

Last year when the Gorsedd, or meeting to proclaim the bards, was held in Kensington Gardens in the early morning, no one looked better than Lady St. David in her stately robes of emerald green, or more graceful than the countess Matfield, whose grace and charm one long to be added to the Grecian folds of an Ovate's robes.

And now a word on the Gorsedd itself. On the Logan Stone the Arch-Druid Dyfed was attended by all his bards, some in white robes and others in blue, and the Ovates in green. The twelve chief bards stood by their sacred unhewn stones. Ancient prayers were recited. The huge Brythonic sword of peace was drawn and sheathed three times with the question by the Arch-Druid, "A bes Heddwch" (to which all present responded by a shout "Heddwch!") ("Peace.")

After each shout of "Heddwch!" the sword was sheathed and the draught of mead from the "Hiras" horn was drunk by the Arch-Druid. Then followed the initiation of new members into the Gorsedd and short Englynion (alliterative stanzas) were recited in Welsh by the bards, who in turn stood on the Logan Stone and received the applause as well as the laughter of appreciation, for many of the Englynion are exceedingly witty as well as good poetry.

The chief harpist, Ap Eosy Birth, played, and Eos Dar sang his characteristically Welsh Pennil-

washed in order to extract any destructive salts from its composition. In some cases the brick has been washed four or five times in order to thoroughly cleanse it. So careful has the committee been to secure the best materials, that the first portion of the reconstructed brick work was removed owing to suspicions as to the quality of the bricks supplied. The brick shaft now rises completely clear of all scaffolding and impediments, and from certain points of view the old effect of the tower is again coming to life.

Entering the archway at the base of the tower one ascends by a series of sloping ways made of reinforced concrete. The interior brickwork is a marvel of fine setting, and when struck with the hand a portion of it will sound like a drum. Reaching the present summit, one is able to examine the progress with the stone-work of the dado, which in turn will support the pyramid apex of the tower.

On the summit of all will be fixed a gilded figure of an angel, pivoted at the head of a pendulum, so that when wintry winds sweep over the Venetian lagoons the strain upon the tower on the figure will be reduced to a minimum. The new figure will be reduced to a minimum. The new figure will be reduced to a minimum. The new figure will be reduced to a minimum.

In some respects—a surprising one, for from this elevation none of the canals are visible, and the only one of the innumerable bridges which one can discern is the Ponte del Lovo—a Venetian corruption of the Italian word-lupe, which signifies a wolf.

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Why Preacher Kisses Bride

Come to the Conclusion That the Wife Should Receive the Gift Direct.

The nuptial kiss, with a meaning akin to that of the kiss of peace, had its origin in a most serious and practical church ceremony known as the Espousals. Among medieval people, as among some classes of Jews today, it was customary for the bridegroom and the bride to meet before witnesses in the church some days or even weeks before the marriage and there make a pledge of future union, and at such times a ring was usually presented by the prospective husband. Sometimes, however, the man was too poor to buy the ornament, and, instead, presented a kiss, which was doubtless more pleasant, and was considered a binding pledge before man and God.

The custom of allowing the preacher to take a kiss along with his fee had a very different beginning. In early Catholic days, after the wedding refreshments had been served, the priest always came forward and gave the husband—think of it!—the kiss of peace, and that gentleman passed it on to his wife, while, at the same time, the priest's assistant kissed the best man, who passed it on to the other guests. No wonder the clergyman had an assistant! As time passed the preacher doubtless came to the conclusion that the peace kiss should be placed nearer the source of disturbance, and thus the wife came to receive the gift direct.

Woe of a Poet.

Years ago, when luck was hard, and he found the sailing rough, 'twas bread and water for the bard, who said: "Well, this is tough!" And later, when his verses sold at a restaurant he tried to stuff, but alas! the chicken served was old and again he said: "Well, this is tough!"

Advertising Talks

NEWSPAPER BEST AD MEDIUM

Philadelphia Man Outlines Relations of Publishers and Advertisers.

Hugh A. Donnell, business manager of the Philadelphia Press, spoke before the Scranton Ad club the other evening on "Advertising and Salesmanship." Contending that advertising is nothing more than salesmanship, he maintained that newspaper ads are the only ads that pay dividends and he condemned all miscellaneous advertising, such as theater curtain, program, billboard and circular lettering, as waste of money and meaningless.

Advertising he held to be the twin brother of commerce. It is the art part of the science of business," he said, "and is almost a science in itself, though not a defined science. It is both an art and a science, though it is the art part of it that makes it an undefined science."

Publicity, he said, is the key to commercial success and advertising is nothing more than salesmanship on paper addressed to a composite customer.

Advertising, said Mr. O'Donnell, is the chief item of expense in nearly all business promotions, and under modern developments there is expenditure on advertising more than \$200,000,000 annually. It has made the luxuries of yesterday the necessities of today, and operated on well established psychological laws; it has become the great, positive, creative force in business. "It makes men want things," continued the speaker, "things never before deemed necessary to their happiness or contentment."

As to the duty of the newspaper, Mr. O'Donnell declared that its first duty is to its subscribers, and nothing should be done, even in the unbalanced arrangement of a paper, that might offend their sense of beauty. The amount of circulation and the advertising rate in most cases need have little relation, if the circulation consists of the thrifty class of people who seriously read the advertisements.

"That is why the legitimate publisher considers all concessions in regard to free readers' positions, etc., as equivalent to a cut of rate, and truly the newspaper which does not adhere to its rate card has a severe case of heart trouble that may prove fatal any time."

MAMMOTH CAVE PUBLICITY

Why Interest and Number of Visitors to Kentucky's Famous Wonder Have Fallen Off.

In the year 1844 an average of 93 persons a day were shown the wonders of the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. In 1909 the average was less than 12. And in those 66 years the population of the United States has grown from twenty millions to eighty millions and the transportation facilities had been wonderfully increased. Why this falling off in interest and numbers? The Mammoth cave is still there and the stalagmite chair in which the famous Jenny Lind sat is still pointed out by the guides. But the visitors go elsewhere. And when we look for a cause for this lack of appreciation we find it to consist in this: The Mammoth cave no longer has an advertising man. What it needs and what everything else needs is a man to see that it is kept continually before the public. He must tell of its wonders, must keep the people informed of its great past, tell how to get there, and what accommodations are to be had after getting there. Caves are all very well, but they are not necessary until some one tells us about them. And then if he tells enough about them, and tells us strong enough about them, we will go to see them and pay for the privilege. But they must be advertised. Surely the moral is obvious.

Japanese Advertising Ways.

The Japanese have an original way of advertising and they apply to it all the poetry that their original imagination is capable of. They have recourse to the most varied and improvised methods, and their combinations are sometimes as picturesque as they are original. A Japanese merchant informs his customers that his goods are sent off with the rapidity of a shot. A stationer calls his knowledge of natural history to his aid thus: "Our wonderful paper is as durable as the hide of an elephant." A Tokyo grocer borrows from psychology, and in mordant language, announces that "Our vinegar of extra quality is sharper than the bitterness of the most diabolical of mothers-in-law."—London Tit-Bits.

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Proof of Sincerity.

Advertising is the yard-stick by which the public measures a man's faith in himself, his goods and his purpose. One's success in life depends upon personal effort. The man, be he young or old, who waits for a helping hand is doomed. Do not wait for things to turn up, but get out and turn them up for yourself. To work out one's own career requires confidence in one's self; without it there can be no effective effort. And advertising is the popular gauge of that confidence which can make effort of actual.

Advertising as Capital Stock.

By GEORGE S. BANTA, B. A.

The biggest part of any business of any size is not the stock of goods it has on hand, the man at its head, nor the force of sales-people it employs. You might change any or all of these and still have substantially as good a business as before. The biggest thing about it is the attitude of the public toward it. This is something which does not change in a day and while attaining what we call "business prestige" is desirable above all else, the only way to realize this is through fair treatment of the public in season and out. "Established in 1878" has weight with the average man because it tells him that a house which is still doing business after over thirty years must have commendable qualities and be recognized for its fair dealing.

Advertising has wonderful possibilities in developing this very prestige. With time itself it shares in this ability to give a house an excellent standing in the community. Advertising works persistently and effectively because it is a concentrated broadside of publicity reaching, not one, but hundreds or thousands practically simultaneously.

If you were starting to conduct a new business in your city, would it help you to be able every day or every week to go into the homes of a large percentage of the people of your community and tell them what you are doing in your store or office just at the particular time of your visit? Of course it would, and that is just what your newspaper enables you to do. And you are not intruding, either, because it is an admitted fact that the intelligent readers of our newspapers today read them for the advertising as well as the news. And this is natural, for a good advertisement is designed to benefit the man who reads it as well as the advertiser.

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Why Rent a Farm

and be compelled to pay to your landlord most of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these districts and bank a profit of \$10.00 or more on each acre every year.

Land purchased 5 years ago at \$10.00 an acre has recently changed hands at \$25.00 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the investment.

Become Rich

by cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free Homestead on 160-acre plot of land held by railway and land companies will provide homes for millions.

Adaptable soil, beautiful climate, excellent schools and churches, good railways, free medical attention, and a free trip to the country and other parts of Canada.

For 20 years the Canadian Government Agent, Mr. E. McLean, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, or C. A. Laurier, 241 St. Mary, Mich. (Use address nearest you.) 88

DAILY Thru Sleeping Car Line

from CHICAGO to HOT SPRINGS, ARK. and SAN ANTONIO, TEX. and all important points in Texas

via the Chicago-Alton R.R. "The Only Way"

Leave Chicago 11:25 a.m. for Hot Springs Leave Chicago 11:45 p.m. for San Antonio

Electric Lighted Cars

Perfect Passenger Service

W. C. MUELLER, Traveling Passenger Agent 425 Ford Building, Detroit, Mich.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

responsible they are only one pill— they permanently cure Constipation. (See Testimonials.)

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine name Signature

Known Since 1833 as Reliable

PLANTEN'S C & C BLACK CAPSULES

Patent

GUARANTEED CURE FOR CHILDREN CHOLERA. See what is one of the best of their medicine, prepared by Dr. J. W. FAY, 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

WATER WASTED FROM TOILETS. Also shown by Dr. J. W. FAY, 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

Why Preacher Kisses Bride

Come to the Conclusion That the Wife Should Receive the Gift Direct.

The nuptial kiss, with a meaning akin to that of the kiss of peace, had its origin in a most serious and practical church ceremony known as the Espousals. Among medieval people, as among some classes of Jews today, it was customary for the bridegroom and the bride to meet before witnesses in the church some days or even weeks before the marriage and there make a pledge of future union, and at such times a ring was usually presented by the prospective husband. Sometimes, however, the man was too poor to buy the ornament, and, instead, presented a kiss, which was doubtless more pleasant, and was considered a binding pledge before man and God.

Advertising Talks

NEWSPAPER BEST AD MEDIUM

Philadelphia Man Outlines Relations of Publishers and Advertisers.

Hugh A. Donnell, business manager of the Philadelphia Press, spoke before the Scranton Ad club the other evening on "Advertising and Salesmanship." Contending that advertising is nothing more than salesmanship, he maintained that newspaper ads are the only ads that pay dividends and he condemned all miscellaneous advertising, such as theater curtain, program, billboard and circular lettering, as waste of money and meaningless.

Advertising he held to be the twin brother of commerce. It is the art part of the science of business," he said, "and is almost a science in itself, though not a defined science. It is both an art and a science, though it is the art part of it that makes it an undefined science."

Publicity, he said, is the key to commercial success and advertising is nothing more than salesmanship on paper addressed to a composite customer.

Advertising, said Mr. O'Donnell, is the chief item of expense in nearly all business promotions, and under modern developments there is expenditure on advertising more than \$200,000,000 annually. It has made the luxuries of yesterday the necessities of today, and operated on well established psychological laws; it has become the great, positive, creative force in business. "It makes men want things," continued the speaker, "things never before deemed necessary to their happiness or contentment."

As to the duty of the newspaper, Mr. O'Donnell declared that its first duty is to its subscribers, and nothing should be done, even in the unbalanced arrangement of a paper, that might offend their sense of beauty. The amount of circulation and the advertising rate in most cases need have little relation, if the circulation consists of the thrifty class of people who seriously read the advertisements.

"That is why the legitimate publisher considers all concessions in regard to free readers' positions, etc., as equivalent to a cut of rate, and truly the newspaper which does not adhere to its rate card has a severe case of heart trouble that may prove fatal any time."

MAMMOTH CAVE PUBLICITY

Why Interest and Number of Visitors to Kentucky's Famous Wonder Have Fallen Off.

In the year 1844 an average of 93 persons a day were shown the wonders of the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. In 1909 the average was less than 12. And in those 66 years the population of the United States has grown from twenty millions to eighty millions and the transportation facilities had been wonderfully increased. Why this falling off in interest and numbers? The Mammoth cave is still there and the stalagmite chair in which the famous Jenny Lind sat is still pointed out by the guides. But the visitors go elsewhere. And when we look for a cause for this lack of appreciation we find it to consist in this: The Mammoth cave no longer has an advertising man. What it needs and what everything else needs is a man to see that it is kept continually before the public. He must tell of its wonders, must keep the people informed of its great past, tell how to get there, and what accommodations are to be had after getting there. Caves are all very well, but they are not necessary until some one tells us about them. And then if he tells enough about them, and tells us strong enough about them, we will go to see them and pay for the privilege. But they must be advertised. Surely the moral is obvious.

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Leave Chicago 11:25 a.m. for Hot Springs Leave Chicago 11:45 p.m. for San Antonio

Electric Lighted Cars

Perfect Passenger Service

W. C. MUELLER, Traveling Passenger Agent 425 Ford Building, Detroit, Mich.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

responsible they are only one pill— they permanently cure Constipation. (See Testimonials.)

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine name Signature

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WATER WASTED FROM TOILETS. Also shown by Dr. J. W. FAY, 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

COLDS Cured in One Day

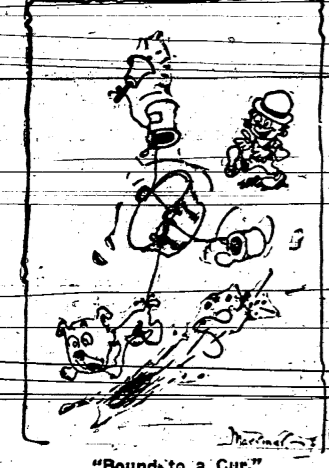


"I regard my cold cure as being better than a Life Insurance Policy."—MUNYON.
A few doses of Munyon's Cold Cure will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. These little sugar pellets can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket for use at any time or anywhere. Price 25 cents at any druggists.
If you need Medical Advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail, absolutely free. They put you under no obligations.
Address: Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratory, 834 and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

SIMPLY A WASTE OF MONEY

Old Sexton Had His Time Mapped Out, and There Was No Need of a Clock.

There had been some talk of placing a clock in the tower of the village church. But John, the old sexton, who lived in the little cottage opposite the church, declared himself "dead again," and expressed the opinion that it would mean "an awful waste of a brass" were the scheme carried out.
"We want no clocks," he said the other day. "We've done without clocks up to now, and we shall manage. Why, I'm in my bed at a morning, I can see the time by the sundial over the porch."
"Yes, I figured one who approved of the scheme, that's all right so far as it goes. But the sun doesn't shine every morning. What do you do then?"
"Why," answered John, surprisedly, "I know then as it ain't fit weather to be out o' bed, an' I jist stop where I is."—Tit-Bits.



BABY'S SCALP CRUSTED

"Our little daughter, when three months old, began to break out on the head and we had the best doctors to treat her, but they did not do her any good. They said she had eczema. Her scalp was a solid scale all over. The burning and itching was so severe that she could not rest, day or night. We had about given up all hopes when we read of the Cuticura Remedies. We at once got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and followed directions carefully. After the first dose of the Cuticura Resolvent, we used the Cuticura Soap freely and applied the Cuticura Ointment. Then she began to improve rapidly and in two weeks the scale came off her head and new hair began to grow. In a very short time she was well. She is now sixteen years of age and a picture of health. We used the Cuticura Remedies about five weeks, regularly, and then we could not tell she had been affected by the disease. We used no other treatment after we found out what the Cuticura Remedies would do for her. I. E. H. and E. H. M. Fish, Mt. Vernon, Ky., Oct. 12, 1909."

She Overcame Her Head.
Scene, a country church of Episcopalian denomination in process of being decorated for the Christmas season. The rector, who has a strong leaning toward forms of all kinds, is fastening a treston of evergreen about the baptismal font, when, entering Miss Dymally, who unconsciously flings her hat upon the seat of a pew and comes to his assistance that he is hastening severely.
"Miss Dymally, it is particularly for you that women shall come into the church with uncovered heads."
"Oh, bother, I forgot!" responded the young lady irreverently. "Well," grabbing up the rector's derby and setting it jauntily on her pert little head, "will this do?"

Costly Talent.
"You are sure that airships will make war so expensive as to be utterly impracticable," said one military expert.
"Quite sure," replied the other. "The flying machines won't cost so much, but we won't be able to pay the sums required by aviators for going up in them."

The Significant Wink.
"I think," said the weary stranger, "that I'll go somewhere and take forty winks."
The hack driver looked puzzled.
"What's the trouble?"
"I was wondering whether you wanted me to drive you to a hotel or a drug store."

At sixteen a girl thinks about roses and poetry; at twenty-six her thoughts run to cabbage and money.
Miss Winstead's Wonderful Syrup. Rubbed on sooths, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, relieves pain, cures colds, cures toothaches, cures sore throats, cures all ailments of the mouth.

Your Boys' Life's Work



What Shall It Be?

CARPENTER?
He'll have to start in as a carpenter's helper of the crudest sort, and his pay will be small, but in the end he may be earning his thousands a year as a building foreman or building superintendent. Also he may be getting a comfortable living as a builder on his own hook.
How he may advance up the ladder of carpentry, and what are his chances of doing this, together with the pay for each step taken.
BY C. W. JENNINGS.

TRY WATCHING SOME YOUNG FELLOW WORKING IN THE COLD on some half-finished building, driving nails with numb fingers and handling frozen, rough boards, and you heard that he was getting only about \$2 a day and was a carpenter's helper, there was every reason to suppose that there was little more to expect than driving nails and putting boards together, eh, what? For you know that the plans of the building were prepared by an architect, and therefore, supposed that the carpenter had to do was to follow them, which anybody could do that knew enough to handle a hammer and a saw. As for brain work being required in carpentry, you never imagined such a thing. It would be one of the last occupations, possibly, that you would choose for your boy.

But it is never safe to generalize, for in this instance particularly, for that same carpenter's helper, if he possessed average intelligence and ambition would in all likelihood be foreman of carpenters within a very few years, and would have a big career in front of him. It all would depend upon his application. Given grit and ambition, a boy can work up through the carpenter's trade to comparative eminence, as well as through most better-known lines of work. It requires hard work; but what occupation does not require hard work to reach success?

After you have thought over it for a while and learned a few things about it, you might do worse than start your boy in this trade. How to go about it, and the requirements?
Well, there are few preliminary requirements to speak of further than that the applicant should be a reasonably healthy boy of about 16 or more, and have had some rudimentary schooling. Go to a boss carpenter at work somewhere and ask him for a job. If you are successful, as you will be after seeing a few bosses, your boy will be put to work as helper at something or other in a week.

His will not be carpentering. The boy knows nothing about it yet, you know, except that he can probably tell a hammer from a square, and he has to learn before he can become one.
And so, for the first year, he will be nothing more than the crudest kind of assistant to one of the carpenters—carrying boards and running girders, and after a while, probably sawing off the ends of rough lumber and nailing on joists and scantling. The work will be generally the same if the boy goes into a factory and does what is generally known as inside work, and in the latter he will be advanced at the end of the first year to probably \$7 a week, and be set at bench work, nailing moldings, putting window frames together, etc.

At the end of the second year there will be another promotion to probably \$10 a day (pretty good pay for a boy of 18 who is learning a trade), when he will be a sort of first assistant to one of the master carpenters and be doing pretty advanced things, practically the same work, except the most particular, that a master does, though, of course, under the latter's direct supervision. His pay will go up a little, probably to \$12.50 a day.
Having served these three years, he will be obliged to go into the carpenters' union. The union will be holding out persuasions before this, but, generally speaking, in most cities it is not necessary to join the union till after three years' preparatory work. Your boy's standing in the union will be that of apprentice, which will continue for two years. His pay will be \$2 a day, and his work, if inside, will be making doors, sash and blinds, and making wainscoting, etc., and, outside, the general work of carpentry on buildings.

After these five years of preparation, your boy will have finished his course of training and be known as a full-fledged master carpenter, able to do any of the work that any carpenter of that stage is capable of, and his pay will be around \$4 a day of eight hours for inside work, and \$1 more when employed on the outside. And all this by the time he comes of age at 21. There are few occupations that offer returns as large as this to young men.

Advancement from here on to higher positions depends, as a rule, on much more than has been learned in the routine work your boy has followed during his apprenticeship. He will have realized long before the end of his first five years that he must devote his time to outside study and practice if he expected to get into higher positions, and will have been burning midnight oil for a long while. There is a wide difference between a mere carpenter and a carpenter-foreman. At first a difference that one cannot become a foreman, except in most exceptional cases, without having acquired a fair working knowledge of mechanical drawing; and to be a regular building foreman, in charge of the workmen on large build-

ings, much more is necessary. A regular inside carpenter's foreman is paid from \$6 to \$8 a day; and after a very few years, if an opening occurs, he is apt to be promoted superintendent of the particular plant he works for at a regular salary of \$2,000 to \$2,500, or even \$3,000 annually. This position, however, is about the end of possible advancement at inside work, except he should become a member of the firm.
A building foreman who occupies a still higher position should have a good working acquaintance with geometry and mensuration, excavating, shoring and piling, footings and foundations, the mechanics of carpentry, joinery, stair building, builders' hardware, roofing, mill design and also know something of building stone, stone masonry, concrete construction, lathing, plastering, tiling, brickwork, roofing, sheet metal work, fireproofing, etc.
All this sounds like a formidable list—reads like taking a college course, you may think, but will not be so difficult for an ambitious boy, for evening study and practical application of what he has learned at every opportunity during his work, if persisted in for years, will enable him to acquire it all and to be fully competent to take the responsible position when it is offered to him.
You can see the advancement from here on as straight and clear as can be for the building foreman on large and important work, who is paid \$3,000 and \$4,000 a year, is too responsible a man to be lost sight of and will be given the first opening as superintendent that happens along, and before many years will find himself in a sort of general superintendent over other superintendents in charge of the construction of numerous establishments. He can take a specialty if he wishes and become a constructing engineer; for there are numerous routes to high success from responsible foremanships, and the pay is ample to satisfy anybody.

If he chooses your boy can get himself into business for himself, for a skilled carpenter is quite competent to take the erection of a small frame house, and this will give him his independent start.
All building trades are pretty much alike in general features and pay and hours, and will bring the young worker to about the same position as superintendents. Some of the other trades are different, however, and will be taken up in future articles.
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WILL OF GOD IN OUR LIVES

By REV. J. W. LOVING
Pastor of Tenth Ave. Baptist Church, Houston, Texas

TEXT—For that, ye ought to say, "If the Lord will, I shall live, and do this or that."—James IV, 15.

The central thought of this chapter is that the root of all worldliness is pride, arrogance, and heart towards God, and that the only remedy is to submit one's self to God, to humbly seek of worldliness here takes the specific form of presumptuous confidence in the future, calculating on time to come without reference to the providence of God, as if the future were in our hands.

The writer tells us that we ought to say that if it be God's will we shall do so and so. He is pleading that God's will shall have the right of way even in our planning. One can not but recall the subject of one of Horace Bushnell's great sermons on "Every man's life a plan of God." It has not been my privilege to read that particular sermon, nor do I know just the text of it. There are three great sayings coming from three great men that will furnish our divisions for this morning's discourse.
Francis Albert, consort of the late Queen Victoria, used to say: "Find out the plan of God in your generation, and then beware lest you cross that plan or fail to find your own place in it." All true life has a divine plan. "It is not in man that weatheth to direct his steps."
For a moment let your thoughts run back over your life. Many of us will go back to the quiet country place, far from the maddening crowd. It seemed at the time very uneventful and commonplace. Often you caught visions and grew a bit restless for a larger life. At length the time came when you started forth. Now it may not be that you have seriously longed to go back and bury yourself, as you used to say, in that retired sphere again. But have not the disappointments, attachments, revelations of life, caused you to appreciate more highly the care-free exemptions of that earlier life?

Oh, thrice happy you were when you had other things to decide for you, when it was yours just to obey them that had authority over you. Do you think it a mere accident, or even incident, that your lot was thus cast? Nay, was it not rather God's good providence, His great plan in your life? His own hand has guided you, His power kept you. He has been your shield and buckler, your defense on the right hand and on the left your reward and your all conquering leader.

Don't you believe that had you earlier recognized the good hand of your God upon you and submitted your life and all to Him your life had not only been more fruitful of good, but incomparably happier, too? Let us catch up the words of Prince Albert and try to find out the plan of God in our generation. True there is no variability in God. He is ever the same. And yet we know that the work of this generation is not just that of the apostolic age; not just that of Luther's day. We are living in an age of unrest, of new adjustments and alignments. Men are straining to "adopt" things. More than one man even in this land of ours are trying to evolve a new religion.

Some of the features of these new religions call on us to find God's plan, for He, His plan, all-mighty power, all authority, all restraint is eliminated. So we need to ask for the old parts, and to raise the warning voice to try to lead others into the plain, which is yet the narrow, but living way, the only way. More and more there is a call to stand for God and to illustrate in individual lives what God does in, through and with the life surrendered to Him. In the face of the widespread feeling of unrest and uncertainty, let us exhibit that rest which Jesus gives and which we find in obedience to Him by taking His yoke and learning from Him.

Pastor Monod used to say, "Our work is but a segment in the great sphere of God's eternal work, and if we have eyes to see we may read in that portion of his work which belongs to us our name and the date of the present year." This is another way of saying that the work of the Christian is to do God's work, and that each worker as an individual is known to God and has a particular place in God's plan. Doesn't this give great dignity and value to our work? It must partake of the priceless value, the high quality of God himself, for it is a part of his own work which he assigned to us as individuals to do.

Constantine when marking out the bounds of Constantinople, being told that the city would never fill out so vast an area, replied: "I am following him who is leading me." We may not here pause to discuss the Christianity of the great emperor, save only to say that he was astute and sagacious enough to adopt it as a plank in his political platform. But the point before us is submission to God's leading. Again and again does the call of the master bid us follow him. Only God-led lives tell most for humanity. Too often with us it is not a question of knowing, so much as one of doing, the Lord's will. With many of us the trouble is that we have not felt the cost of following Jesus enough to give us the highest appreciation of him.

Varying Wants.
"Water, make a good fire at once, for I am awfully wet, and bring me a drink, for I am fearfully dry."—Judge.

Real Aid.
The best help which can be given to anybody is to help him to help himself.

Moral Courage—Merely Obedience.
Moral courage is only another name for obedience.

Boston's Good Sense.
Boston wants Walter Wellman to fly from that city.
"I should think it would."

WEIGHED ONLY 80 POUNDS.

How a Severe Case of Kidney Trouble Was Finally Conquered.

Byron Bennetts, 1018 St. Clair Ave., East Liverpool, O., says: "Six months I was helpless in bed with kidney trouble. Kidney secretions were painful, my head ached terribly and my body bloated. I ran down until I weighed but 80 pounds and everyone thought I had consumption. A specialist gave me up and so did my home physician. Surprising as it may seem, I was able to leave my bed after using six boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and for six years I have remained free from kidney trouble. I confidently believe Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life."
Remember the name—Doan's.
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The charm of the unattainable is long drawn out.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat will not live under the same roof with Hamlin's Wizard Oil, the best of all remedies for the relief of all pain.
Rumor is a spark at first, then a fire, then a conflagration, and then ashes.—W. H. Shaw.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Watery, Weary, Watery Eyes and Grunked and Ejected. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The Simple Life.
Mrs. Knicker—You will have to get up to light the fire.
Knicker—Unnecessary, my dear; I never smoke before breakfast.

There was a man in this section of the country that all other diseases put together, and until his last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years he pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling sick he was getting weaker and weaker. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hamlin's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by Dr. J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional Cure on the market. It is taken internally. It does not drop to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They cure Catarrh of the Blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They cure Catarrh of the Blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They cure Catarrh of the Blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

Some One Must Do It.
J. Pierpont Morgan, at one of the sumptuous dinners that he gave in Cincinnati during the recent church congress, pruned the power of advertising.
Mr. Morgan's eulogy concluded with an epigram quite good and quite true enough to be pasted in every businessman's hat.
"If a dealer," he said, "does not advertise his wares, it is ten to one that the sheriff will do it for him."

It Revolted Him.
William Leeb, Jr., at a dinner in New York referred with a smile to the harsher penalties, even to imprisonment, that are now to be inflicted upon smugglers.
"They take it hard, very hard," these smugglers," said Mr. Leeb. "Revolted at the size of their fines, they make me think of George White, the chicken thief."
"What?" George shouted reproachfully on hearing his sentence. "What? Ten dollars for stealing that chicken? Why, judge, I could 'a' bought a smarter hen for 50 cents!"

NO MEAT IN THEM.



Dr. Emdee—You should eat meat very sparingly.
Mr. Joak—I avoid it altogether. I eat nothing but luncheon ham sandwiches.
NEWSPAPERS TAKING IT UP
Metropolitan Dailies Giving Advice. How to Check Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

This is a simple home recipe now being made known in all the larger cities through the newspapers. It is intended to check the many cases of Rheumatism and dread kidney trouble which have made so many cripples, invalids and weaklings of some of our brightest and strongest people.
The druggists everywhere, even in the smallest communities, have been notified to supply themselves with the ingredients, and the sufferer will have no trouble to obtain them. The prescription is as follows: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle. The dose is one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.
Recent experiments in hospital cases prove this simple mixture effective in Rheumatism. Because of its positive action upon the eliminative tissues of the kidneys, it compels these most vital organs to filter from the blood and system the waste impurities and uric acid which are the cause of rheumatism. It cleanses the kidneys, strengthens them and relieves quickly such symptoms as backache, blood disorders, bladder weakness, frequent urination, painful scaling and discolored urine. It acts as a gentle, thorough regulator to the entire kidney structure.
Those who suffer and are accustomed to purchase a bottle of medicine should not let a little inconvenience interfere with making this up, or have your druggist do it for you.

Important News FUR DEALERS and TRAPERS
SEND FURS and SKINS direct to MEN who KNOW their value. We save you money, because we KNOW the Fur Market, and pay higher prices on liberal shipments. Write for the specially arranged Fur and Peltory List. Write for the selling—Government TOUSSELS by making us a trial shipment. We pay all expenses; charge no commission, and send promptly.
LEOPOLD GASSNER-FUR CO.
54 West 12th St., New York City
Capitalized at \$250,000.00

REMEMBER PISO'S PATENT FOR COUGHS & COLDS

Net Income \$3,000 From 28 Acres of California Land
The original price per acre was \$40. Planted to peaches, plums, grapes and pears it yields \$3,000 a year net, and would be cheap at \$500 an acre.
This is only one example of what has been done in a climate that draws tourists from all over the world.
Union Pacific Southern Pacific
Standard Route of the West
Electric Block Signals
For further facts and accurate information about California call on or address
GEOFFREY PORT, P. O. M.
U. P. R. B. STA. P. O. BOX 28
OMAHA, NEB.

THE Famous Rayo Lamp
The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more than the Rayo lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass, nickel plated, easily kept clean; no ornament to mar from the light. The Rayo lamp is a lighting device that is not only a lamp, but a work of art. Write for descriptive circular to the nearest agent of the STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated).

W. L. DOUGLAS
3" 3.50 & 4" SHOES FOR MEN
Boys' Shoes, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.
The benefits of these shoes, which can be worn by men, women and children, are that they are made of the best quality of leather, and are so constructed that they are easily kept clean, and are so made that they are comfortable to wear. Write for descriptive circular to the nearest agent of the STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated).

EUREKA HARNESS OIL
Will Keep Your Harness soft as a glove tough as a wire black as a coal
SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

FOR DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Erysipelas, Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., CHAMBERS and BUCKLE STREETS, GOSCHEN, IND., U. S. A.

MICA AXLE GREASE
Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

For Headaches BEECHAM'S PILLS
Caused by sick stomach, ill-regulated bile, sluggish bowels, nervous strain or overwork, the safest and surest remedy is BEECHAM'S PILLS
SOLD EVERYWHERE. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

2 CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD
THE OLDEST FUR-FUR-IN-AMERICA.
JOSEPH ULLMANN, 18-20 West 20th Street, New York
Buying and selling representatives in all important Fur Markets of the World. Distribute each article where best results are obtained. Cash us to pay highest market prices for raw furs of all kinds.
Our Fur-Quotations, Shipping Tags, etc., will be sent to any address on request.
References: Any Mercantile Agency or Bank. PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN ANSWERING.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA
Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. LEE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Corking Good Smoke Stadium Cigar
EVEN 5 CENTS

ST. AUGUSTINE OUR OLDEST CITY



The Sea Wall at St. Augustine.



OLDEST HOUSE, BUILT 1562

had gained the enmity of the commandant or the governor were confined in chains. Let it be whispered, however, that the thrilling tales of skeletons found chained to the walls and of the tortures authorized by the Inquisition and carried out by its agents are largely if not wholly moonshine.

From the watchtower, a beautiful view is gained of the Matanzas river, Anastasia Island, the rolling sand dunes and the heaving sea beyond.

Anastasia stands, the "barber pole lighthouse," so named because it has been painted black and white in spiral stripes so that mariners may distinguish it from other beacons. The bathing beach of St. Augustine is on Anastasia Island also. Here landed the

band of Huguenots who were elected by Pedro Menendez, away back in the sixteenth century, after they had been induced to give up their arms by false pretenses. Menendez sent boats to them, brought them over in small bands, bound them when out of sight of their waiting comrades, blindfolded them and took them behind the sand hills where he put them to death. All this, done in the name of "religion," happened in America, not in medieval Europe. The Matanzas is aptly named. Matanzas is Spanish for massacre, and the name and memories cling persistently to the spot.

The ocean constantly moans on the beach of Anastasia Island. Superstitious persons say it is wailing for the victims of Pedro Menendez; others claim that the soul of the murderous governor is bound in the waves and that there it will always stay, mourning and weeping for the evil deeds of Menendez in the flesh.

The slaughter of the Huguenots is not the only massacre remembered here. Not far from the United States barracks, on the old Franciscan monastery, is a military cemetery, in which those who perished in the Seminole wars are marked the spot where rest the bones of the massacred men who went against the Seminoles under Major Drake.

The Plaza de la Construcción derives its name from an old monument which is unique among the memorials of the new world. The shaft, which is very ancient in construction and design, was erected at the time many others of similar character were raised in the cities of Spain to commemorate the granting of a more liberal constitution to the Spaniards. But not for long were these monuments permitted to stand. Soon the new constitution became a joke to the nobility. The court found the common people enjoying too many privileges. So, it was the case in those days when a king thought his people were becoming happy and contented under privileges not enjoyed before, the constitution was revoked and a return to tyranny ensued. Then the monuments were torn down, and the remainder of all of them, except the modest shaft above in America, and there it stands on the Plaza at St. Augustine, at once a memorial to liberty and tyranny. Strange that the only monument standing to the liberal thought temporarily so) ideas of a Spanish king should be on American soil, is it not?

The old palace of the governor general fronts on the Plaza. Ancient glories are suggested, but a touch of modern reality is added in one of Uncle Sam's letter boxes in the main court. Not far from the palace is the old Spanish cathedral, one of the oldest buildings in the United States, and still redolent with historical charm. The bells still hang in the open arch, and it is not so very many years ago that priests came out on the building and struck them with hammers. Now they are supplied with ropes and are rung from below.

The cathedral is in constant use, but has seen many vicissitudes. A few years ago the interior was nearly ruined by fire. A northern millionaire advanced \$50,000 on bond and mortgage for its restoration and the next Christmas the bishop of the district found the canceled mortgage among his presents.

The city gates, set in a massive wall and having the lion of the sturdy Leon of Castile as their escutcheons, are always visited early by tourists. The ride from the modern railroad station to a modern hotel built in the charming Spanish style extends through these gates, and thus at once that indelible blending of the ancient and the modern is noted.

On the Plaza stands the old slave mart, a plain open structure reminding the slightly of the Greek Parthenon, though there is nothing Grecian about the stumpy, square tower which rises from one end, nor is there suggestion of Grecian architecture in the stout square pillars which uphold the roof.

Along the sea wall one finds many quaint and curious buildings, and all through the town—reminders of Spain are thickly scattered. The city wall may be traced the entire length, but the gateway is about the only tangible reminder of it that is left.

Getting an Education. "Has your son learned much since he went to college?" asked the new minister.

"Naw," replied Farmer Ostcako, "but I hev, by hen!"

STEEL SAFES ON MOTOR CARS

Fleet-Footed Bank Messenger With Satchel Gives Way to Up-to-Date Conveyance.

Boston is in advance of every other city in the country in the extent to which her banking and financial interests have made use of the motor car as a vehicle for the transportation of coin, currency, bullion and securities.

A number of the Boston banks have adopted motor cars as a conveyance for bank messengers and collectors on their rounds of visits to other banks and to business houses of all kinds. However, this innovation marks the culmination of a gradual evolution. Time was, and not so very long ago, either, when the financial Mercury, satchel in hand, made all his trips afoot or on the street cars, but this plan is now almost obsolete.

One argument for a change of method arose from the ease with which certain robberies of bank messengers were perpetrated in various large cities, and bank messengers were traversing congested thoroughfares unattended.

The special bank cars do not vary greatly in outward appearance from the general run of high class delivery cars such as are used by jewelers, florists, etc., in all the principal cities. Their distinctive features are disclosed only by a peep into the interior. Each car is, in effect, a portable safe, the body of the car being lined with steel. Metal lattice work or close screen mesh has the preference, although it is declared that there is no reason why sheet steel of light weight should not be employed.

However, for all these motor cars are fairly impregnable the bankers do not place sole dependence upon these steel cages or wheels. Each car carries, in addition to the driver, one, two or three guards.

Famin, Architect.
Mme. Harson, the old lady of 96 who died a few days ago at her residence on the Quai d'Orleans, was in her younger days the reader and confidential friend of the Duchess de Barry, the niece of Louis XVI, who romantically attempted to foment a royalist rising in 1792. A still more remarkable "link with the past" was Charles Famin, who died at Chartres, January 18, at the age of 101. He was the grandson of the last "chevalier" or sheriff of the city of Paris (1789), while his mother was descended from Nattler, the famous painter of the epoch of Louis XV. M. Famin, his father, was architect to Napoleon I, and when he was restoring the chateau of Rambouillet, little Charley used to play freely in the imperial courtyards. It was on one of these occasions that the Emperor, passing by, noticed the youngster and picked him up and embraced him. In after years Charles Famin followed in his father's footsteps, took the "prix de Rome" for architecture and lived at the Villa Medici with the painters Flaminio and Herbert and the musicians Couperin and Ambrose Thomas. Active to the last, he took a lively interest in architecture and archaeology, and was over 95 when he defended himself with a vigorous and trenchant pen against certain criticisms in connection with the demolition of buildings around the famous cathedral.

Mother's Vision.
An old-fashioned woman from the country recently packed some fried chicken, bread and doughnuts in a market basket and went to see her daughter who lives in the big city. She was scandalized when the family maid told her that the daughter had not come home for a week. She asked about it when she would tell her home next day. "He might think we have fallen into evil ways," she said to herself as she was going off to sleep. She awoke at her usual time, a o'clock, and the house seemed strangely quiet. "Town folks do get lazy," she thought, "and they probably don't get up till 6." She dressed and went downstairs and watched the clock until 5. Not a sound, she waited till 6, and at 6:30 between hunger and alarm, she was almost crazed. "They've been murdered in their beds!" she yelled at 8 o'clock from the front steps, and soon the house was filled with people rushing to see what had happened. The family were surprised and indignant when police, market gardeners, newsboys, etc., rushed into their bedrooms and woke them up, and this explains why the old-fashioned woman came home that day. "I never expected," she sobbed to pay, "that any girl would talk to her ma as Jane talked to me."—Atchison Globe.

An Unintentional Joke.
Jacob A. Riis tells an anecdote of a reporter detailed to police headquarters by a well-known newspaper. His special forte was news. He is a good, poor fellow. In life he was fond of a joke, and he had a chuckle to him in a way wholly unobtrusive. The occasion in the next block, with whom he made his headquarters when on duty, so that he might always be with-in hearing of the news, wished to give some tangible evidence of their regard for the old reporter, but, being in a hurry, left it to the florist who knew him well, to choose the design. He hit upon a floral fire badge as the proper thing, and thus it was that when the company of mourners was assembled and the funeral service in progress, there arrived and was set upon the coffin, in full view of all, that triumph of the florist's art, a shield of white roses, with this legend written across it in red immortal letters: "Admit within fire-limits only!"

No Pledge Necessary.
At a certain college it was the custom to have the students write the following pledge at the bottom of their examination papers:
"I hereby certify on my honor that I have neither given nor received aid, during this examination."
Soon after handing in his paper to a professor, noted for his sarcasm, a young fellow hurriedly entered the classroom and said: "Professor, I forgot to put the pledge on my paper."
"Altogether unnecessary," replied the teacher, "you have just finished looking over your paper, and I feel sure you did not give or receive aid."

Somebody's Baby

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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Mrs. George Congdon had run into Philadelphia for the day to visit her mother. She had brought with her her girl baby, ten months old, and had been accompanied by her husband as nurse girl. His business was in the city, and at five o'clock he would call for and take her home. Mr. Congdon was a young man, but he understood babies. He knew that they should be held head downward—that they should be given a fatherly finger to bite when they cried, and that tickling the bottoms of their feet when they had the colic was a certain cure.

That was the finest baby in the state of Pennsylvania. The father, the mother, the grandmother, Aunt Ethel and all the neighbors at the Congdon suburban home said so. Realizing, young as she was, that she would be kept awake at night when her sparkling days came, she got as much infant sleep as possible.

Mrs. Huntington, the grandmother, had very little to do with the baby, and catnip mixture and mild mustard plasters and to declare that the baby looked just like its father. Having done this, her duties were ended.

Ethel Huntington, Mrs. Congdon's only sister, was nineteen years old. She was not to blame for being an aunt at that age. Some of the girls poked fun at her, but she was loyal

caretaker. She spent ten minutes looking at the young man and washing around to find where the fire was, and was then taken by the arm by her sister and rushed for the train, and they were hardly aboard when the wheels began to move. They had found a seat when they suddenly missed something and cried out in chorus:

"My stars, but where is baby?"

If Miss Ethel Huntington hadn't been excited when she laid baby down she might have noticed Paul Ashley sitting close by. She would have pronounced him a young man of about twenty-three, very good-looking, well dressed and a gentleman. She could have figured that he was there to take a train, but would have had to guess that he was a civil engineer. Yes, he sat there, and he saw baby dumped down and knew that the excitement had called its attendant away. He moved one seat nearer the infant, instead of three seats farther away, as many a young man would have done, and he said to himself, referring to Miss Ethel:

"She isn't the mother, or she'd never have done that, and she's too good looking and well dressed for a nurse girl. Couldn't have brought the kid here to abandon. Not old enough to be so hardened. Probably come back in five minutes. Ha! There she goes for the train with 'another lady!' Clear case, and the kid goes to a foundling home!"

But it didn't. It awoke and smiled at the man bending over it. He smiled back. Then a woman came up and blushed and laughed and said:

"So the minx played a game on you?"

"If you want to hand it back on her I can help you," continued the woman with the same sarcastic smile. "There was another woman with her, and she went away to buy a ticket for Blankville, twenty miles out. That's where they have gone to gether."

"And that's where I'll follow," said Mr. Ashley. "I think I can get it there all right."

"Sure. You are a young man of spirit. It has a nursing bottle here, and if it cries, you feed it."

When the baby was missed by its mother and aunt the train was under full headway. The railroad company doesn't stop and back up its trains for lost babies. The only way was to get off at the first station, seven miles out, and send a telegram to the depot master and follow it by the first train. Another telegram was sent to the father. Mother and aunt returned to the city and rushed up and down the big depot. They found plenty of babies, but not the baby wanted. After twenty minutes of the greatest anxiety, and after Miss Ethel had pointed out the spot ten times over, she had just lost the infant down an old man who explained that he was going to Montana when ever the train came along, added:

"Saw I saw a young fellow steal that kid! Yes, sir, he looked all around to see if anybody was watching, and then he smiled and clucked at her and took her up and walked out to a train. I'd have guessed him, only I'm an old man and have a bad liver. The doctor told me not to get excited. Yes, sir, he stole that baby as sure as shooting, and he's a hundred miles away by this time!"

There was weeping and wailing and telephoning to Mr. Congdon and telephoning to conductors. One of the latter answered:

"Young man with a baby in his arms got off at Blankville. Had my suspicions."

The trail led to Blankville. Irony of Fate! Young man steals a baby in Philadelphia and gets off the train where its father and mother live. A telegram to the police at Blankville read:

"Arrest young man who got off at five o'clock train with a girl baby. Case of kidnapping."

And there being no case for the police to blunder and arrest an old woman leading a goat, they nabbed Mr. Paul Ashley as he sat in the depot playing with the stolen child and asking everybody if they could identify it. Father, mother and Aunt Ethel arrived and rushed and precipitated themselves, and that sweetest, nicest, darlinest little bit of humanity actually kicked and fought and cried when torn from the arms of its bold-faced abductor.

The police had no case. The case they appeared to be, after explanations had been made, was between Miss Ethel and Mr. Ashley. It hasn't been fully concluded yet, but it has been settled that Paul will be on the commercial cities visited during the coming summer.

A Case of Pity Misplaced

A good many books and plays are based on the idea of a man's taking up a line of thought or action and sticking to it long enough to carry it through. But working toward such a climax demands a rigorous consistency that may not be true to nature.

There is the case of a man who was dragged and robbed of his life's savings. He pursued the offender for months, over hundreds of miles, caught him and secured his conviction and imprisonment. A well-earned piece of vengeance, you say; a public duty handsomely performed. But no; the avenger weakens, turns tail, back-pedals or whatever you like, and is now working as hard to get the criminal pardoned as he once worked to get him jailed.

Such a lack of consistency and continuity is, of course, ruinous to a well-rounded plot. Clearly, there is always the risk that stated vengeance may produce a revulsion of feeling and that justice may be elbowed out by pity. The brakes must be put on in time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Curious Oath.
In the second oath administered to a man about to take his seat in the supreme court of the United States he swears among other things, "to do equal right to the poor and to the rich." It has been in the oaths from the beginning of the government and must have been fashioned for the express purpose of assuring the poor that they should have justice in the highest tribunal of the land. The terms used are good plain English and easily understood.

Politics and Cucumbers.
"And what," asked a visitor to the North Dakota state fair, "do you call that kind of cucumber?"
"That," replied a Fargo politician, "is the insurgent cucumber. It doesn't always agree with a party."—Everybody's.

CLOTHCRAFT Clothes are made

in a sunlit factory. You have the satisfaction of knowing that your clothes were made in the lightest, brightest, most sanitary shops that modern science can build—if they bear the Clothcraft label.

The buildings in which this famous line is produced are models for the whole world. They are the ideal place for the scientific tailoring that makes possible a guaranteed All-Wool Clothcraft suit at \$10 to \$25.

All this is the result of sixty years of continuous development. Clothcraft is "sixty years young." In the right inside coat pocket of your Clothcraft suit you will find the Clothcraft guaranty of absolutely pure wool cloth—the non-breakable coat front—the best trimmings and workmanship—quality that gives the longest wear.

The makers sign this guaranty, and we also give it to you on our own responsibility.

Come in and see the new styles and shades correctly expressed in Clothcraft. Then consider what this guaranty means to you.

Why waste time over ordinary clothes when such an offering as this awaits you—at these prices?

John Wuerthner & Sons



A FREE Prescription ADVICE

From a physician of 52 years' experience in colleges, sanatoriums and general practice. Write to receive this free prescription. I have made it a special study, and formulated two prescriptions for men and women. I have the benefit of many years of careful study, research and long experience. I am now 52 years old and as strong and vigorous as my 30 and the rest of my life will be spent in aiding suffering mankind. I realize that my time is short, but will do all in my power to aid men and women who are afflicted and seeking relief. I know there has been a great many disappointed when they thought relief in their grasp, until I sent you my free prescription and booklet of private lectures to men which has pointed out the real cause of the trouble. I will send you my free prescription and booklet of private lectures to men which has pointed out the real cause of the trouble. I will send you my free prescription and booklet of private lectures to men which has pointed out the real cause of the trouble. I will send you my free prescription and booklet of private lectures to men which has pointed out the real cause of the trouble.

To Break a Bottle Evenly. Soak a piece of string in turpentine and tie it around the glass just where you wish the break to come. Then fill the glass or bottle up to the point with cold water, and set fire to the string. The glass will snap all along the heated line.

Pardon. The highest of characters is his who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind as if he were every-day guilty of the same himself, and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.—Pitts the Younger.

Great Even in Fall. He who is great when he fails is great in his prostration, and is no more an object of contempt than when men tread on the ruins of sacred buildings, which men of piety venerate no less than if they stood.—Seneca.

We Have Noticed That. "Between what you ought to say and what you do say when you are talking to a pretty woman there is often a great gulf fixed."—The Girl With the Red Hair, by Max Pemberton.

Too-Much-to-Forgive. A woman may be a thorough Christian in most things, but she never really forgives the kindness of the man who brings her husband home about 3 a. m. with his feet sticking out of the window of a cab.

Yes, That's What We Want. W. L. Sanders, a Denver machinist, has invented a contrivance that will feed a press. If he could invent a machine that would feed a family he'd win everlasting fame.—Denver Times.

Study. Study and study hard. But never let the thought enter your mind that study alone will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success.—Grover Cleveland.

Business Wisdom. If I were a shopkeeper, I would devote myself to making my shop a place to which people would be only too delighted to go.—Sir Rufus Isaacs.

The Philosopher of Folly. "When a girl goes gunning for a husband," says the Philosopher of Folly, "she should see that her powder is dry."

Atrociously Cruel Sport. Some people have queer ideas of sport. In Vale of Leven it seems to be considered good fun to tie a live rat to the foot of a seagull and allow the pair to fight for the mastery. One poor bird was found hopping near the water's edge the other day hitched to a carcass which must have been at least six weeks old.—London Mail.

Is Put to Harder Strain. A scientist tells us that a woman's mind is apt to give away sooner than a man's. Constant changing naturally wears anything out.

Not Always the Case. The man that tells his wife everything he knows doesn't know much.—Exchange.

Daily Thought. Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men.—Disraeli.

Where the Laughter Ceases. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it is compelled to take the butcher seriously.

Desperate Seas. "On Desperate Seas," by F. W. A. Fisher.