

HAY FEVER

"Having used Peruna for catarrh and hay fever, I can recommend it to all who are suffering with the above diseases. I am happy to be able to say it has helped me wonderfully."

—Meyna E. Smith.



MISS MAYOR SMITH, 244 E. Miami Street, Columbus, Ohio.

HAY FEVER is endemic catarrh. It is caused by some irritating substance in the atmosphere during the late summer months. It is generally thought that the pollen of certain weeds and flowers is the cause of it.

Change of locality seems to be the only rational cure. The use of Peruna, however, stimulates the nervous system to resist the effect of the poisonous emanations and sometimes carries the victim through the hay fever season without an attack of the disease.

A large number of people rely upon Peruna for this purpose. Those who do not find it convenient to change their location to avoid Hay Fever, would do well to give Peruna a trial. It is proven of priceless value to many people.

LEFT THE BABY BEHIND.

The Nurse Had the Carriage, But the "Baby" Was Missing.

Mrs. Maud Miller Hippie, whose advocacy of a course in "motherhood" for young matrons has already begun to bear good fruit, was talking of the duties of young mothers.

"And no young mother," she said, "no matter how many her millions or how high her station, should trust her little one entirely to a nurse's care. A nurse may be the most intelligent, most conscientious, but to rear a baby properly is a difficult task, and only one person is sufficiently interested in this task to perform it well. That person is the baby's mother."

"A young mother," she said, "was walking with her husband on the Atlantic City board walk. Suddenly she gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Oh, she said, 'there is nurse—nurse wheeling baby!'"

"And she ran lightly to the luxurious coach of leather, with its swan-shaped carriage and its rubber-tired wheels, and she pushed back the parasol that shaded the occupant from the sun."

"Then she gave a great start. 'Why, nurse,' she cried, 'where's baby?'"

"The nurse gasped. 'Goodness gracious, ma'am! I forgot to put him in!'"

SICK FOR TEN YEARS. Constant Backache, Dropsy and Severe Bladder Trouble.

Fred W. Harris, of Chestnut St., Jefferson, Ohio, says: "For over ten years I suffered from kidney disease. The third year my hands and feet were swollen and remained puffed up for days at a time. I seemed to have about ten boxes of constant backache. Finally I got so bad that I was laid up in bed with several doctors in attendance. I thought surely I would die. I changed medicine and began using Doan's Kidney Pills when I was still in bed. The relief I found was so great that I kept on until I had taken about ten boxes. The kidney secretions became natural and after years of misery I was cured. I have increased in weight, and show no symptoms of my former trouble."

Sold by all dealers for 50 cents a box. Western-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Anything but Friendly. "You astonish me. Your engagement with Miss Welpho is broken, is it? Are the relations between you still friendly?"

"I should say not! The relations between us are her relations, and these are my bitter enemies."—Chicago Tribune.

Something Wrong. "Why did you fail to show up for the performance last night?" asked the sobriety. "Were you sick?"

"No," replied the comedian, "I wasn't sick, but I felt funny."

It costs the devil little trouble to catch a lazy man.—From the German.

Lewis' Single Binder straight to you. No profit for agents no good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

And no more man knows what it is to be a woman.

Dust-Laden Air of Great Cities Leads to Drunk

By CORNELIUS J. HOWARD, Professor of Chemistry, Technical School, City of Mexico.

THE air of the cities is responsible for a large percentage of the drinking of alcoholic beverages.

In a town where the majority of the paving is of stone there is to be found a larger percentage of the consumption of alcohol per capita.

A town where soft coal is used consumes far more beer and whisky per capita than a town paved with asphalt.

The dust of a city creates a coating on the membranes of the throat and stomach that water does not wash out, or rather creates a condition that water does not ameliorate, and when the palate or the nerves in that membrane are used to the acute taste of alcohol it is the only thing that will satisfy the dry and hot feeling of those parts of the body.

Observations made in regular form show that the consumption of alcohol is 100 per cent. greater among men who work where coal smoke is predominant than among those who do the same amount of physical labor where there is no coal smoke.

Until the time comes when streets and pavements and even the facades of buildings may be washed and flushed by water there is no chance of reducing the volume of disease-breeding dust in the air. There are plenty of experts who advance arguments against the flushing and washing of streets, but it will be one of the greatest helps toward the reduction of individual drinking that will be made in that direction.

The mineral dusts of the city in themselves are not necessarily dangerous, nor do they do any great harm to the nasal organs, but where they are mixed with the more generative vegetable dusts that come from the animals of the streets and from the tons and tons of fine powder of the interstices of buildings, added to the mass of insect-laden mixtures made by the birds that use the cornices, windows and chimneys for homes, they make a mixture that, breathed into the nose, stomach and lungs, is just like that much poison, and it is no wonder that men will seek a drink with alcohol in it without knowing why they should be doing so.

The Married Man Is It

By STITCH MCCARTHY, New York City Ward Politician and Patron of Sports.

It's the women who give us character so our men friends ain't afraid to speak out in the open about us if they want to hand us a little hot air, and it's the women who give us the characters that make men tell lies after being seen talking to us.

Women make us hustle because we know if we haven't got the price we'll get talked about, and if they think we're lazy they'll talk about our wife and say: "Poor thing, she has to do all the work."

Women make us see how little we count in the game if they don't do all the things that women think men should do in the day's work.

Women say a lot of things they don't mean, because talk is about the only pastime the most of them have, but when a woman is boosting for your success she tells the truth, and that's why so many fellows say women ain't got any sense because they tell the truth.

Women make you want to get out in the morning and get into action because you don't want to be shy when it comes to settling day, and they make you want to get in at night because most of 'em will do more to make you comfortable than any one else, and the fellow who don't like to be comfortable has something wrong in him.

Since I have been married I have seen some wives that I thought a hard slap on the wrist would do a lot of good to, but no one ever wants to talk on the job of doing it, because other women would say you're a brute.

I've had fellows tell me they couldn't get along with their wives if they didn't hand them a slap once in awhile, but I'd rather pay alimony than do that, and I guess, if the truth was known, there's few of us men that don't need a good slap once in awhile ourselves, because it's so easy to get sassy in your own home.

I ain't trying to make rules for married people to live by, and I ain't trying to be wise about it, because every day I get into the fact that it ain't about it.

Many folks are unhappy married, and they can't see why anybody should be a tout for the game, but so far as I am concerned, it's the whole pantry with all the grocery bills paid, and I'm saying that if all the people could be as happy as me and Mrs. Stitch is, the world would be a continuous "laugh-fest," and so many people that try to make a hit of it that I say for one, Get married, for single life is H—L, and here's to Mrs. Stitch. God bless her!

Music as Related to School Studies

By MISS ELIZABETH CASTERTON, Supervisor of Music, Bay City, Mich.

There is nothing that touches humanity on as many sides—to develop, to intensify and to modify—as music. A proper adjustment of the school curriculum calls for a recognition of the spirit, purposes and interests that music has in common with other branches.

A close relationship between music and each of the other branches would enhance the value of both. This correlation should be only such as exists in the very nature of the subjects.

The subjects that offer the most immediate opportunity for correlation are nature study, geography, history (including biography) and literature.

Nature study and music should start hand-in-hand in the kindergarten, and continue throughout the school course. The songs should be planned as the nature work is planned, according to the season, and should relate to the various phenomena of nature as they appear.

In connection with geography or history, what could be more interesting than a few folk or national songs of the country being studied? Side by side with the political history of a country runs collateral music, dealing with the home life, science, ethics, history, literature, or some one of the many things that go to make up its general civilization. So a song properly studied should give to the child interest and information in regard to some one of the many features of a nation's life.

INSOUTH AMERICA.

DELIGHTS OF RAILWAY TRAVEL THROUGH HONDURAS.

Numerous and Harrowing Vicissitudes Told Of by Writer—Lack of Brakes Gave Crew an Exciting Few Minutes.

The vicissitudes of a trip over the Inter-Oceanic railway are numerous and harrowing. I was a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat during his letter from San Pedro Sula, Honduras, which he reached after a journey of 37 miles in 18 hours.

Our leaving time was six o'clock, says the writer, but we didn't pull out of Puerto Cortes until ten in the morning. The nondescript affair consisted of a train drawn here, four flat cars and a passenger coach. Our crew was composed of an engine-brake, a half dozen firemen, one brakeman and the conductor.

There was an extra man put in the whole vocabulary of railroads I find no name for him. His position, however, was a commanding one, and as important as any. He perched himself on the front of the engine, above where the cowcatcher should be, and upon occasion industriously ladled sand from a box beside him to the rails in front of the engine.

Our numerous firemen passed the wood from the cars to the engine, and at various points along the road turned into a bucket brigade and supplied the engine with streams of fuel. The engine was a Japanese engine, but with an extraordinary pride for the land of his nativity and given upon occasion to declaring that he was not a native Honduran—he was a British "object." Jerry, I fear, is something of a say Lothario, and on his frequent trips over the road has worked sad havoc in the hearts of the women of the line.

He invariably announces our approach to a village by putting the hard pedal on the whistle, and the entire population turned out to greet us. Jerry's strenuous musical efforts came near causing a catastrophe at one point where we encountered a very heavy grade. Just before we reached the top of the hill Jerry dramatically pulled the whistle cord, and in the screaming blast that followed the steam gave out and the train began to slip back.

Although the cars were without brakes of any kind, the company had prepared for such emergencies by providing a mahogany log on the rear platform, to be dropped under the rear wheels. Unfortunately the rear brakeman was asleep on a flat car in front, and before he awoke the momentum of the train was so great as to render our remedy unavailing. We ran so fast and so far in the next 15 minutes that it took us four hours to get back.

Leaving Laguna we plunged into a tropical swamp and forest. The foliage was indescribably luxuriant and beautiful. Mile after mile we passed through archways of towering mangrove trees, and beneath all this mass of tropical richness may be seen clusters of those delicious cacti hanging like immense corallops and containing two or more bushels.

For a distance we passed beside a deep, swift stream, which flows for miles through a wild jungle. In the eternal shadow of the gigantic cecropia and rubber trees, between whose moss and vine-clad trunks grow palm trees of every description. Nature, all giving and bountiful, is here revealed. Precious woods are so common that rosewood is often used for telegraph poles, and the ties are of mahogany.

Emerging from the jungle, we came to the banana plantations, and here I learned that this remarkable railroad carries more than 40 per cent. of the bananas which enter New Orleans. Practically all of the bananas consumed west of the Ohio river are carried on the railroad to the coast.

Lectures for Railroad Men. Arrangements are being made by officers of the National Young Men's Christian association for a course of lectures, to be given next fall and winter for the benefit of employees in every department. The intended course will include more than 40 lectures; it will include talks on shop organization and methods, how to secure the full benefit of power from modern locomotives, economical use of fuel, tools and lubricating, handling of locomotives, forms of tickets, principles of rate-making, problems of transfer stations, through billing beyond junction points, classification and yard facilities, accounting, etc. The lectures will be delivered by department heads of the company, who are experts in the subjects with which they will deal.

The use of electric power, or also will be discussed in the lecture course.

Wind Cuts Out a Car. A heavy freight car, the sixth from a train on the Northwestern trail near Scarsville station, a short distance north of Mason City, Ia., was blown from the rails by a wind, the drawbars being pulled out. The train was moving at the time, and no other cars were affected by the storm. No serious damage was done in the country.

SECOND HAND MAIL BOXES.

Why a Little Village May Have Big Numbers in Its Post Office.

The man who was spending his summer vacation in the country was looking curiously at the mail boxes in the rural post office.

"I did not know this was such a large place," he said. "I thought it had a population of only about 4,000, but the mail box numbers ran much higher than that, and I don't suppose every one in town rents a box either."

The postmaster peered out of his little barred window and said: "I can explain that," he said. "You see the country post offices never get new boxes, but we have those left over when the city establishments make over their offices and get new boxes. So you see lots of country places are bound to have high number boxes."

"Although our numbers run over 4,000, you won't find any less than 1,000, some other country post office drew the lower ones. I myself rather get the big numbers, for it makes us seem like a bustling little city."

Nothing Succeeds Like "EGG-O-SEE." The man who preaches the best sermon; the man who tells the funniest stories; the man who keeps the best store; or the man who makes the best good food—these are the best advertisements in the world.

The best breakfast food is EGG-O-SEE, for it contains all the life-giving properties of nature's best food, which is Wheat.

EGG-O-SEE is deeply in debt to the thousands of wives and mothers who use it in their homes, for these good women tell their neighbors about this great food.

Children and aged persons alike are friends of EGG-O-SEE. Merit and common sense are things that advertise EGG-O-SEE most.

EGG-O-SEE is cheap. A 10-cent package contains a week's breakfast. EGG-O-SEE is sold everywhere. Grocers must keep it if they want to keep their good customers, for good customers insist on buying EGG-O-SEE.

The fact that no preparation, no cooking, is required, makes EGG-O-SEE very popular. Open the package; put in as much as you like in a dish; pour on milk or cream and eat. It is delicious. It is wholesome. It makes you strong.

A lot of interesting facts about EGG-O-SEE have been published in book form entitled "Back to Nature." This book also has a course of physical culture—fully illustrated. Anyone wishing this book will receive it free by addressing EGG-O-SEE Company, 19 First St., Quincy, Ill.

Twelve Good Rules. Speaking of rules: Do you remember or can you recollect the "Twelve Good Rules" of King Charles I? They are worth pasting in your hat for daily perusal, in case you do not care to memorize them:

- 1. Urge no blasphemy. 2. Profane no divine ordinance. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Refuse no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.—New York Press.

"Cut out hot cream of tartar biscuits" used to be a common, every-day remark among physicians when discussing items of diet for their patients. But alum baking powder biscuits are never mentioned in this respect. Why? Because it's the cream of tartar that is objectionable and infectious, and not alum.

Who today continue to use the old cream of tartar baking powder, and wonder why they are always ailing. "No Fear." "Bridget," said Mrs. Hiram Offer, sternly, "on my way home just now I saw a policeman who was in the kitchen with you so long last evening, and I took occasion to speak to him—"

"Oh! sure, that's all right, ma'am," interrupted Bridget, "O'm no jealous. O! oh him cinched."

Arrangements were made to take a sunlight photograph at the bottom of the shaft of a mine 2,000 feet deep at Bombarey, in Mexico, on June 21, the only day of the year when the sun shines there. Even then its rays touch the bottom of the mine for only three minutes.

The Limit. Lawson—"What a rash fellow Jenkins is." Dawson—"Rash! I should say so! Why Jenkins would even offer to be one of the judges at a baby show."—Somerville Journal.

Advertisement for KIDNEY PILLS. Text: "KIDNEY PILLS. RHEUMATISM. GRAVEL. GOUT. NEURALGIA. SCIATICA. MIGRAINE. HEADACHE. BACKACHE. BRUISES. SORE THROAT. INFLUENZA. COLIC. CHOLERA. DIARRHOEA. DYSPEPSIA. INDIGESTION. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HAEMORRHOIDS. PILES. FURUNCLES. BOILS. ABSCESS. ULCERS. ETC. Price 50 Cents a Box. Sold by all Dealers." Includes an illustration of a man in pain.

STOMACH PAINS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Brought Relief, and Cure for Splitting Headaches as Well.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a remedy which has been before the American people for a generation, is still accomplishing wonderful results as is evidenced by the following interview with Mrs. Eschbach Gardner, of Wilsey, Kans.

"It was very strange," she says, "I never could see what caused it and neither could anybody else. For a long time I had bad spells with my stomach. The pain would commence about my heart and would wholly converted to this wonderful medicine. Sometimes it would last several hours and I would have to take laudanum to stop it. Besides this I had a headache almost constantly day and night, that nearly crazed me, so you see I suffered a great deal. And when I think of the agony I endured it still makes me shudder.

"Doctors," did you say? Their medicine made me sick. I couldn't take it and I'd kept going until a friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I did. I began to feel better and in a few days wholly converted to this wonderful medicine. It did me more good than I had ever hoped for. I kept on with the pills and now I recommend them to all who suffer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured severe cases of indigestion, bloodlessness, influenza, headaches, backaches, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness and spinal weakness. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or any harmful drugs and cannot injure the most delicate system. At all druggists, or from the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Co., Schoensted, N.Y., postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50.

MAKES BEAUTY. "Among the ladies no other medicine has ever had so strong a following, because, excepting pure air and exercise, it is the source of more beautiful complexion than any other agency."

Lane's Family Medicine. The toxicantia. It puts pure blood in the system, and no woman can be healthily when the rich, red blood of health courses in her veins. Sold by all dealers at 50c. and 50c.

MAKE EVERY DAY COUNT. No matter how bad the weather you cannot afford to be without a TOWER'S WATERPROOF OILED SUIT OR SLICKER. When you buy LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Vomiting, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal, Biliousness, and all the ailments of the BOWEL. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Face-Similar Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch. WINTER. REAL STARCH. VIRGINIA FARMS. FARMS FOR SALE in Iowa, Minnesota, etc.

90,000,000 BUSHELS. THAT'S THE WHEAT CROP IN WESTERN CANADA THIS YEAR.

Advertisement for FARMERS' WESTERN FREE. Text: "FARMERS' WESTERN FREE. THAT'S THE WHEAT CROP IN WESTERN CANADA THIS YEAR. This wheat is 20,000,000 bushels of oats and 37,000,000 bushels of barley means a continuation of good times for the farmers of western Canada. Free farms, big crops, low taxes, healthy climate, good schools and splendid railway service. The Government offers 160 acres of land free to every settler willing and able to comply with the terms of the Regulations. Advice and information may be obtained from the Canadian Government, Ottawa, Canada; or from authorized Canadian agents: J. C. Thompson, 425 Broadway, New York; H. W. Rogers, 430 Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; W. R. Rogers, 43rd St., Toronto, Ont.; J. C. Thompson, 104-106, Broadway, N. Y.; W. A. Adams, 111, Florida, Ala." Includes an illustration of a wheat stalk.