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Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

THINKING ALOUD IN RUSSIA

Crowds Assemble on Streets to Participate in Debates Which Really Amount to Very Little.

Along the Nevsky that evening in the parks and open spaces, little herds of people were packed together as sheep crowd together under a tree on an August afternoon. In the center two persons debated, shaking their hands in each others' faces. They had been talking like that for weeks all over Russia, writes Arthur Ruhle in Collier's Weekly.

All Petrograd was one big village meeting—the village habit of talking over together the village's business being transferred to the capital. And coming in late at night from the edge of town, you could see every now and then these black little clumps of people, still talking, still huddled there, vaguely pathetic, like sheep under the trees.

Any one of hundreds of excited phrases flung off in these little debating clubs might, I suppose, have sent a man to jail or Siberia a generation ago. Now they could say anything, gather anywhere, listen as long as they wanted. Russians have a gift for talking and a happy lack of self-consciousness in doing it. They really like to make speeches. Mr. Root, in one of the lighter moments of his stay in Petrograd, remarked that one of the tragedies of the Russian revolution was the turning loose on the world 180,000,000 orators.

Now one saw some old peasant, a giant of a man, come down with a barge of firewood from the north, perhaps, holding forth with great quaintness of phrase and gesture to an amused group of city folks. Or while one talked some expansive old fellow, in the long coat, cap and boots of the old-style merchant, would be doing a sort of comic accompaniment on the edge of the crowd, throwing out his arms and putting a "galubchik moi" ("my little dove") between every other sentence.

Much of this talk which looks interesting—so expressive is voice and gesture—turns out to be a mere sort of thinking aloud.

Indians in the Great War.

Indians have been volunteering for service in the United States army since 1861. In 1892 Lieutenant Scott, later chief of the staff, organized and trained a troop of the Seventh cavalry, which was highly commended by the inspector general of the war department.

The Indian is trained as the Swiss train their boys, so that they may be able to fire a gun accurately and earn a living. He has all the qualities of a good soldier—endurance, patience, courage and an instinct for scouting, London Tit-Bits says.

The Canadian government recognized the great fighting ability of the many Indian nations and tribes who volunteered their services for king and country at the outbreak of the war, and there are hundreds of Indians enrolled in many of the different Canadian regiments at the front. Many have made the supreme sacrifice, among the first to fall being Lieut. Cameron Brant of the Six Nations Indians, who was a lineal descendant of the distinguished colonial warrior, Capt. Joseph Brant of Revolutionary fame.

The Strength of Woman.

"The work women are doing in this war!" exclaimed a member of the railroads war board, at a banquet. "Driving ammunition trucks, digging trenches; even, as in Russia, fighting in the front line!

"Woman comes more and more to resemble Cornelius Husk's daughter, Mame. When Husky Mame, as she was known in the township, presented her future husband to the old man, Corn Husk sighed and said:

"'Take her, son, but take good keer on her, for the little ladybird has been riz tender-like. Four acres a day is all I ever ast her to plow, and two acres of corn is all she's been used to hoe 'twixt sun-up and dark. She kin do light work, sech as rail-splittin' and well-diggin', but she ain't used to rough stuff, and you must be gentle with her. I tell you, son, it's hard for the old man to give his little sunshine up. He'll have to split his own wood and tend his own stock now.'"

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WAR SAVING GAME

European Conflict Takes Sportsmen Out of the Field.

Increase in the Price of Guns and Ammunition Makes Hunting a Rich Man's Sport.

Despite the war the permanent wild life protective fund is continuing its battle to save American game from extinction, writes Frederic J. Haskin. War is a benefit to wild life in that it takes many hunters out of the field and has raised the average price of guns and ammunition about 50 per cent, making hunting what it is rapidly becoming in this country, anyway—a rich man's sport.

The wild life protection fund, in its literature and the lectures of its campaigning trustee, William T. Hornaday of the New York zoological park, is seeking to spread the idea that the sportsmen must act to save the game, that they are robbing themselves and future generations if they do not. This idea has been well set forth in a poster of the New Mexico Game Protection associations, which have set out with determination and success to save the wild life of that state. The poster is as follows:

"Your grandfather hunted elk and buffalo until there were none.

"You are hunting deer. There still are some.

"What do you want your son to hunt? Rabbits?"

The average New Mexican reading that sign knows that it is true. He has heard from the old-timers what the abundance of game used to be; he sees in a flash the long generations of ruthless destruction, the inevitable end when the mountains where he loves to hunt will be lifeless.

Another difficulty in the path of game preservation lies in the opposition in congress to federal action in the matter. Nothing but federal action saved the wild fowl. By reason of the migratory game law, drawn by government scientists and providing protection for waterfowl from Canada to Mexico, they are now believed to be safe for a hundred years.

The fact which the average sportsman does not realize is that when a species of wild game is reduced to a certain point it cannot "come back," no matter how much it is protected. For example, in 1884 the buffalo hunters said and believed that there would always be plenty of buffalo. In 1885 they went out to hunt them and there was none. It took them two years to realize the fact that the buffalo was practically extinct. Wolves and hunters destroyed the remnant much faster than it could breed.

Of course the buffalo has been overworked as an object lesson in game protection. As opponents of protective measures have pointed out, the buffalo could not have survived civilization except in very limited numbers anyway.

But this is not true of deer, elk and mountain sheep which inhabit the high mountain ranges that will always be a wilderness. There is only one measure which can save them, and that is the provision of game refuges in national forests where these animals can breed unmolested, and the increase restock the surrounding country.

Dress in London.

Something might be said of the changes that three years of war have brought about in our clothes, says the Manchester Guardian. Evening dress is not abolished, but it is becoming much less customary in theaters and restaurants, and people coming up to London who used to bring evening clothes with them no longer do so. Stiff white collars are disappearing and the soft collar is worn by all classes. The democratic process had already set in at the house of commons. One remembers the shock that Mr. Keir Hardie's cloth cap created on its first appearance there, but it has advanced immensely since the war began. Frock coats are in small and diehard minority. Spats are on their last legs. Top hats survive miraculously, it might seem, until one remembers their enduring qualities, so that their persistence is only a form of war economy after all.

Dining With the Private.

It has come at last—the offense of an officer dining in public with a private. It was bound to come, soon or late. The present writer, notes the London Daily Chronicle, met not long ago a private in uniform and two men in mufti. Of the two, one who should have been wearing the uniform of a second lieutenant, explained: "Private Blank, here, is my uncle. He is up for a visit, and according to regulations I ought not to be seen about with him. Since I joined the army I have grown bang out of my civilian rig, so I've borrowed a suit from the guv-nor, haven't I, dad?" "Yes, you have, and it's my best, you villain," answered the second civilian.

Mostly So.

"You're under arrest," exclaimed the officer, as he stopped the automobile.

"What for?" inquired Mr. Chuggins.

"I haven't made up my mind yet. I'll just look over your lights, an' your license, an' your numbers, an' so forth. I know I can get you for somethin'."

No Alarm.

"Did you hear there was a great breaking out at the jail?"

"What was it? The worst characters there?"

"No; the measles."

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WORTH OF MIDDLE-AGED MEN

Older Workers, Because of Skill, Steadiness and Reliability, Outclass Younger Fellows.

In several Western cities "young-old" men have formed an organization that may become nation-wide in its scope, for the purpose of securing employment for men who have passed their prime.

This is decidedly the day of young men, and the man who has passed middle life without having laid up a competency or mastered some special line of work is at a dreadful disadvantage.

But it has always been so. And age, now as always, says the Christian Herald, is not so much a matter of years as of declining enthusiasm.

We have seen men on whose strong shoulders rests the burden of seven, eight and sometimes nine decades, full of unwasted power of spirit and strength when it comes to freshness and joy in the work done and the vision fulfilled.

The great work of the world is being done and always has been done by men of middle life and more. Four-fifths of the business failures are made by young men. It is ripened experience and judgment that count in the business world, as in any other.

In physical work the older man may be outclassed by the younger one; but in lines of work calling for skill, steadiness and reliability the older man has the advantage.

There is something seriously wrong with an economic system that finds a man useless at fifty.

CARE OF THE HUNTING DOGS

Little Washing and Much Brushing Is Regarded Best for the Health of Any Canine.

In the matter of grooming, says Outing, a cardinal principal is expressed in the bench show handler's apothegm "little washing and much brushing." Soap and water are bad for any dog's coat. They wash away the natural oils, making the hair dry and brittle, and consequently the less washing the better the coat will be. The dog, however, must be kept clean. A good stiff brush vigorously and regularly applied will keep a pointer clean as a whistle, and the bristles act as a fine tonic, stimulating the growth of the hair and keeping the skin underneath clean and healthy.

For the setter's long coat the old English recipe is eggs rubbed in, allowed to dry and then brushed out again. The best combination is to use the whites for cleaning and to feed the yellows raw mixed up with bread or biscuits. This is the most effective use, for the whites contain no oil and make the cleaning easier, while the yolks are most valuable food. If the price of eggs, however, is prohibitive, cornmeal (white cornmeal very finely ground is the better) will answer the same purpose.

"Church of Gold."

There is no structure just like St. Mark's, in Venice, in the world, notes the Kansas City Journal. Its bulb-shaped domes and minaretlike belfries remind the visitor of the Orient. It seems more like a Mohammedan than a Christian temple. In the facade are scores of variously colored marble columns, each one a monolith and all possessing an eventful history. Some are from Ephesus, others from Symrna, others from Constantinople and more than one even from Jerusalem. St. Mark's is the treasure house of Venice, a place of pride as well as prayer. The work of beautifying this old church was carried on for five centuries, and each generation tried to outdo all that had preceded it. The walls and roof are so profusely covered with mosaics and precious marbles that it is easy to understand why St. Mark's has been called the "Church of Gold."

Rats Enemies of Birds.

The number of useful insect-eating birds nesting on the ground or in low bushes which fall victims to rats is extremely large and is one of the many kinds of injury done by these pernicious animals which cannot be computed, writes E. W. Nelson in the National Geographic Magazine. Probably few frequenters of the countryside have returned to look into a bird's nest to observe its condition without many times finding it destroyed and fragments of egg shells lying about. Unquestionably a large percentage of such nests located in the neighborhood of buildings have been raided by rats.

On one of the small Danish islands it has been authentically recorded that the progeny of a single pair of rats, which escaped from captivity, in two years' time exterminated a great colony of birds for which the island had been noted.

Khaki Colors Differ.

Considerable comment is being aroused in official circles and elsewhere over the disparity of the khaki uniforms worn by officers and privates. Some of them are so faded that they look almost white, while others retain original coloring. A few cases have been noted, states the Pathfinder, where the coat and breeches of uniforms have developed different hues. One excuse offered is that the khaki cloth is acquired from many manufacturers and the grades of it differ widely sometimes. Thousands of young men entering the officers' training camps purchase their own uniforms, and this provides an opportunity for a difference in the quality of the goods.

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