Pimples—Boils

are danger signals—heed the warning in time. When the blood is impoverished the gateway is open for the germs of disease to enter and cause sickness.

Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery

eradicates the poisons from the blood by rousing the liver into vigorous action—purifying and enriching the blood, and thereby invigorating the whole system. Skin and "scrofulous" diseases readily disappear after using this old-time remedy.

Has been sold by druggists for over 40 years—and always satisfactorily

Sleeplessness

may be overcome by a warm bath with

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Sold by druggists. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

NOT EVEN ONE RAY OF HOPE

Depressed Little Man Knew Too Well the Resourcefulness He Had to Cope With.

He was an enthusiastic canvasser, and even the sounds of battle raging within did not prevent his knocking at the door.

A depressed and worn little man with a battered expression opened it. The caller expatiated on the beauty, excellence and usefulness of the book he was selling. All was of no avail. At last a brilliant thought struck him.

"We sell this book padded covers with round corners and would cover all your books cheaply to match."

The battered one showed a gleam of interest as he fingered a bump on his forehead, but the gleam faded.

"It would be no use," he said, dolefully; "there would still be the flatirons."

Mr. Winkle's House to Go.

Two buildings in Birmingham associated with Dickens have been demolished, and a third, Mr. Winkle's house, is being pulled down.

When Mr. Pickwick asked the waiter at the Old Royal where Mr. Winkle lived he replied: "Close by, sir; not above 500 yards, sir. Mr. Winkle is a wharfinger, sir, at the canal, sir." And Mr. Pickwick found in "a quiet, substantial looking street stood an old red brick house with three steps before it, bearing, in fat Roman capitals, the words, 'Mr. Winkle.'"—Pall Mall Gazette.

No Room for Speeding.

Mr. Atkins was driving over his property with his daughter and a young man whom he was beginning to look upon as a possible and very desirable son-in-law.

The chauffeur, not unnaturally, was inclined to show off the motor car, but Mr. Atkins himself had higher thoughts. As John, the chauffeur, quickened his speed, he leaned over near him, and said, in a whisper:

"Not so fast, John, not so fast. You make my estate look too small."

Correct.

"Hey!" yelled the guest. "You advertise hot and cold water in this dump, and all I have in my room is a pitcher and a wash basin."

"That's right," replied the landlord. "If you stay here long enough you'll find the water is hot in summer and cold in winter."

Fresh Layers.

Customer—I see you have fresh eggs at 35 cents and extra fresh eggs at 40 cents. Is there much difference?

Grocer—Well, ma'am, the extra fresh ones were laid in the early morning when the hens themselves were fresh.

Wanted to Keep Her.

"She cost her father two thousand a year for clothes alone."

"I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"He would not let me marry her."

Their Location.

"I have been looking over your master's wardrobe. Where are his spats?"

"Mostly with the missus, sir."

The end man in a minstrel show can tell a joke as well as the next man.

Breakfast A Pleasure

when you have

Post Toasties

with cream.

A food with snap and zest that wakes up the appetite.

Sprinkle crisp Post Toasties over a saucer of fresh strawberries, add some cream and a little sugar—

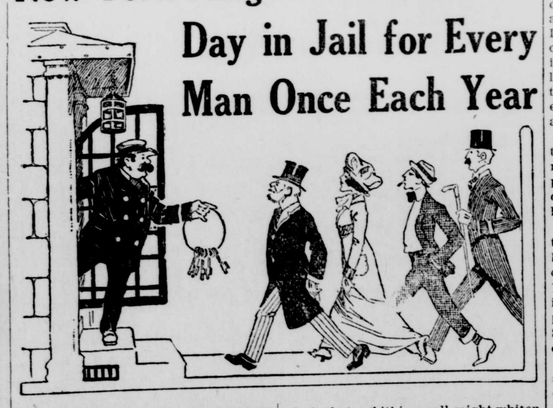
Appetizing
Nourishing
Convenient

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

New York Judge Prescribes One Day in Jail for Every Man Once Each Year



"It would do every man good to spend one day a year in jail.

"It would broaden his view of life and Christianity."

THESE were statements made by Judge Robert Carey of the common pleas court, Jersey City, in an address at the Central Methodist church of Yonkers.

Some of the prisoners in the Tombs prison, New York, differ with the judge.

Among them are, for instance, Joseph G. Robin, former president of the defunct Northern bank, sentenced to a year in prison for misapplication of funds; Philip Musica, the importer being held for trial on a charge of fraud; Robert H. Kirby, negro hotel porter, charged with assault, and John Cassidy, convicted of assault and other crimes, and now in the Tombs for the twenty-second time.

"Do you think Judge Carey is right in his belief that every man and woman ought to be put behind the bars for one day every year?" Musica was asked.

The young importer, after a sudden disappearance from New York, six weeks ago, when he was wanted by the government on fraud charges, thought for a moment.

"Well," he said at length, "I don't know. As a matter of fact, I do not desire to discuss this matter of prison with you."



Takes Issue With Judge.

Cassidy, the old-timer, was more communicative. He shook his gray head.

"That judge is a nut," was his verdict. "Here I've been spending about half my days every year in jail for thirty years, and I can't see that it has done me any good or broadened my Christian viewpoint to a noticeable degree.

"Maybe the first time I went to jail I thought it did. That is, I thought it did until I got out. Then it was just as easy to jimmy another window or lift a white-haired old gentleman's watch in a street car. The second 'bit' I did narrowed my Christian viewpoint to a paper edge, and as for charity—huh! that bunk gets hammered out of a man by prison grub and hard work up at the Pen. There ain't no such thing.

"Yes, I guess I might have been willing to argue with this judge if he'd pulled his idea about the first time I was stowed away. It struck me pretty hard then. It was for beating up a man in a saloon. I got thirty days, and I was young, and I had a family, and it got under my skin.

"I was about ready then, I guess, to admit that a 'bit' in a cell might whiten a fellow out some, and I suppose I made up my mind that I was a pretty chastened guy before I got out.

"But the next time it was different. I got sent up for a job I never did, and it soured on me. I lost my repenting notion. Might as well the deed as the name, said I, and when I got out that time it didn't take me long to get in again with my eyes wide open, and deliberate at that.

"Since then I've been coming back to the Tombs to wait trial every so often, and they all know me here—not by the same name, maybe, but by



my face. No, young fellow, this old judge never spent a day or five years behind 'em for something he never done, or he wouldn't be talking about broadening the Christian viewpoint by sitting in a cell."

Robert H. Kirby, the negro hotel porter, had quite another idea of Judge Carey's theory. Kirby was waiting trial on a charge of beating a woman. He had been locked up before for disorderly conduct, but not for long.

"Yes, sir! I think Judge Carey is pretty near right," he said. "A man who sits in a cell in prison a whole long day once a year has time to think. All the wrong he has done comes up pretty close to him and he gets time to think what a mean, miserable sort of a fellow he is.

Thinks Cell Did Him Good.

"I believe this few days I've spent here in the Tombs has done me more good than anything else. I was locked up for disorderly conduct once, and on that occasion I got a chance to look at myself from a sort of outside point of view. When I got through looking I saw I wasn't much of a man, and when I got out of jail I braced up and was a different fellow.

"That was a long time ago, and I got to slipping back, I guess. But I wouldn't have if I'd had to spend one



day in jail every year between that first time and this."

Joseph G. Robin, the defaulting bank president, had little to say about the

WHAT TOMBS PRISONERS SAY:

PHILIP MUSICA, importer, held for fraud: I don't know. As a matter of fact, I do not desire to discuss the subject of prison with you.

JOHN CASSIDY, serving his twenty-second term. That judge is a nut. Here's I've been spending about half my days every year in jail for the last thirty years and I can't see that it has done me any good, or broadened my Christian viewpoint.

ROBERT H. KIRBY, negro, held for woman beating: Yes, sir, I think Judge Carey is pretty near right. A man sits in a cell in prison the whole long day once a year and he has time to think. All the wrong he has done comes up pretty close to him. I believe the few days I have spent here in the Tombs have done me good.

JOSEPH G. ROBIN, defaulting bank president: My case was different. I did not willfully commit a wrong. Had I done so I might be able to see the viewpoint of Judge Carey that a brief meditation in jail is a good thing. As it is, I landed here because I wished to oblige my friends—because I wanted to make myself a good fellow and I was made a tool.

MICHAEL McDONNELL, held on a charge of assault: Judge Carey's idea is impracticable because to imprison all inhabitants of the United States for one day each would cost the country untold sums of money.

philosophy of one day in jail a year.

"That is something I cannot answer," he said, "because my case was different. I did not willfully go ahead and commit a wrong. Had I done so I might be able to see the viewpoint of Judge Carey that a brief meditation in jail is a good thing. As it is I landed here merely because I wished to oblige my friends—because I wanted to be a good fellow, and was made a tool of."

William Lewis, another prisoner, thought Judge Carey would change his mind if he himself was one of the persons obliged to spend one of the days in jail, and this view was shared by Albert Franck, on the same tier.

Michael McDonnell, who spent thirteen years in Matteawan and has just been brought back cured to stand trial on a charge of assault committed in 1900, pointed out that Judge Carey's idea was impracticable, because to imprison all inhabitants of the United States for one day each year would cost the country untold sums of money.

History, however, records an instance of an English judge of the last century who insisted, on being elevated to the bench, on passing a week in prison under severe discipline. His idea was thus to familiarize himself with the sort of life which the unfortunates whom he might have to sentence to confinement would have to live. He thought that most judges did not sufficiently realize what severe punishment they were inflicting when they passed sentences of long terms of imprisonment.

Somehow this idea seems to have within it at least a small amount of common sense.

SURPRISED AT WHITE MAN

Amazement of the Natives in the Remote Village of Nonsatong, in Korea.

Writing of his adventures in unknown Korea in Harper's for May, Roy C. Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History tells of his amusing experiences while collecting specimens at Nonsatong.

"We found good collecting at Nonsatong and remained a week," he says. "The village, if it could be called so, sisted of ten or twelve huts of the poorest kind, strung out along the valley, and to the inhabitants I was an object of the greatest curiosity. They had never seen a white man before. My blue eyes attracted most attention, and when the simple, timid people learned that I was not averse to being examined they gave their curiosity full play. They did not believe that it was possible for a man having eyes like mine to see properly, their usual test being to select a trees or rock some distance away and ask me to tell them what it was.

"The interpreter told the natives at Nonsatong that we would pay six sen (3 cents) for any mouse, rat or other small mammal which they could catch. They did not believe at first that any man would be foolish enough to pay such a price as that for something which could not be eaten, but, after repeated urgings to try and see, on the second day the men of the village arrived en masse with a chipmunk. At once six yen was offered for it, to the utter amazement of the Koreans. The next day there was an influx of chipmunks, for every man and child in the village turned out to catch them, and by 2 in the afternoon they had nineteen.

"The natives raised quantities of onions, of which all Koreans are very fond, and on the first day of our arrival we bought a great bunch for 4 sen. After payment of 6 sen for a chipmunk, however, the price of onions jumped to 30 sen, for they argued, quite naturally, that if we would give 6 sen for a useless little animal not fit to eat, they could demand almost anything for perfectly good food. Although I proclaimed a boycott upon onions, the price was not reduced to its original status."

Knotty Point of Law.

A South Dakota lawyer writing in the Southern Bench and Bar Review, objects to the classification of pigeons or doves as wild animals because under it the owner of a modern pigeon ranch must keep his pigeons at his own peril. If they escape he must pursue them immediately or the first occupant will be the owner of his property, and if they fly about, as they are accustomed to do, any one upon whose premises they happen to alight, without the knowledge of the owner, can capture or kill them without any liability whatsoever, and acquires the right to hold them. "Will the courts of last resort when the proper case arises adhere to this old rule, or will they modify it or abandon it so that the promoter of a recently growing industry will be protected in his property rights?" asks the writer.

Radium and Old Age.

The claim that radium can restore the hardened arteries of middle-aged people to a healthy condition, and so prolong life, was made by Doctor Saubermann of Berlin, who lectured in London recently before the Rontgen society.

If this theory is correct it will be possible, for a few pounds, to buy a radium apparatus which will manufacture the elixir of youthfulness. This apparatus consists of an earthenware receptacle, containing a minute amount of radium, which is placed at the bottom of a glass bottle. The bottle is filled with water, and in the course of time the water becomes charged with radium emanations. The radium remains "active" for hundreds of years, so that one has only to renew the water in order to get any number of doses.—Pall Mall Gazette

Campaign Against Cancer.

Physicians and laymen who propose the formation of a national organization to make a fight against cancer need no argument to win general favor for their plan, save the mere fact that more than 75,000 persons die of that dread disease annually in this country.

"There is no known cure," says Dr. Cleveland, "except surgery, applied in the earlier stages."

Consequently, the people must be taught to recognize incipient cancer and to seek the surgeon's aid promptly when it is discovered.

The new organization, it is understood, will follow the lines of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, through whose activities more than 200,000 lives have been saved in 10 years.

The campaign of education will include the publication of articles in newspapers and magazines, distribution of pamphlets, special instruction in training schools for nurses and lectures before women's clubs.

Cast Iron Can Be Bent.

"Few mechanics know that cast iron can be bent or straightened," says Popular Mechanics, "as the case may be. "For example, take a piece of flat cast iron, place it on a level, solid surface and strike it lightly with a ballpeen hammer. If this simple experiment is tried, it will be found, to the surprise of the experimenter, that metal of this kind readily yields to the light blows of a hammer. Do not strike hard enough to break or crack the casting."

GREAT HAZARD IN ART

MANY ARTISTS OF SKILL WHO SCARCELY MAKE A LIVING.

As a Rule the Pictures of a Famous Painter Bring Highest Prices After His Brush Has Ceased to Move Forever.

In art, as in most other professions, the "plums" fall into the hands of the few. The Sargent or a Herkomer may make his $25,000 in twelve months by his brushes; Mr. "Dauber," who started his career with equal promise, may barely earn the check that pays his frame-maker's bill.

Jean Francois Millet lived and died a peasant, though he could wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. It was the proudest day of his life when he received $360 for the "Angelus," which a generation later was sold for $116,130 at the Secretan sale. John Crome was glad to pocket a dollar apiece for pictures, any one of which would be snapped up today for hundreds of dollars. George Morland parted with many a masterpiece for the price of an evening's carouse; and Rembrandt's canvases are valued today at twenty million dollars—yet he left nothing to his heirs beyond his clothes and his paint brushes.

And who will say that these magicians of the palette were less skilful than the Orchardsons and Alma-Tademas of later years, whose canvases, with the paint scarcely dry on them were exchanged for $10,000 or $15,000 each; than Frank Holl, who painted $100,000 worth of portraits in a single year; of Landseer, whose estate was sworn at $806,000?

Today the painting of pictures, for nineteen artists out of twenty, is a costly hobby, which leaves little margin for even such a modest luxury as marmalade. For every score of canvases that are fit to adorn the walls of Burlington house there is barely one purchaser, and he has a keen eye to a bargain.

Take two typical cases known to the writer. Both men are highly trained artists, whose acadamy pictures are seldom branded with the fatal "R." One of these men confessed that he had barely $500 to show as the net result of two thousand hours of industry last year. The other, who had a canvas "on the line" before he saw his twenty-first birthday, was glad to sell his latest picture, the fruits of six months' work, for less than its frame cost.

The picture buyer of today has very decided views as to what he wants. Give him a bright landscape, seascape or garden scene, with plenty of color, and he is willing to pay for it—his own price. Problem pictures, historical canvasses, he won't look at.

But, sold or unsold, the pictures are equally costly to produce. There may be little change out of a dollar for one day's paints and models alone. Many a canvas, on which months of work have been lavished, and which may go—if at all—in exchange for a $25 note, has cost from $150 to $250 for materials.

One able artist told the writer: "I pay just under $500 a year for my studio. A year's models, costumes, etc., costs me quite another $500; I pay from $35 to $50 for a frame. One way or another, I spend $1,250 in the twelve months, and thus earn a net income at which many clerks would turn up their noses."

And this man is one of the lucky ones, outside the pale of the specially favored few.

Celestial Insurance.

"Although Hughes was a confirmed cotton speculator, he was about the most careful man I ever saw," said the old traveling man who "made" a number of the southern states.

"One day I happened to be in his town when they were raising money for a new Baptist church. I was surprised to hear that Hughes, who was far from devout, had contributed a large sum for the erection of the structure.

"Meeting him soon, I said: 'Say, I hear you gave a big sum to build that church. I didn't know that you were even a church member.'

"'I ain't,' he replied, with an air of great seriousness; 'but I'm carrying ten thousand bales of cotton I bought on margin, and this is no time for me to taking any chances!'"

First "Beauty Spot."

The origin of the beauty spot is interesting. The Duchess de Montmorrillon, suffering with a boil on her cheek, resorted to putting on a bit of black mixture, which she had been told held great curative power. In the morning she either forgot to wash her face, or did not use enough care—so the tale goes—and appeared before the world with a face spotted. Powdered and perfumed she received her callers, and they found the accidental black spot charming, so much so that before night had come they annointed their faces with the black ointment.

Too Like.

Representative Francis Burton Harrison, discussing in Washington the wool tariff on which he has worked so long, said: "With a proper tariff, we may all, rich and poor alike, wear clothing of genuine wool, soft and rich and warm, and we may sleep under soft, warm blankets—all-wool blankets. The tariff has been really too extortionate. The motto of our tariff makers and tariff beneficiaries has been too like that of the head waiter who said: 'I welcome the coming and bleed the parting guest.'"

Demonstration.

The following story is being told at meetings where the adulteration of milk is being much discussed. A village milkman vended milk which bore too plain evidences of "treatment." So much did the village folk resent the poverty of his milk that in the small hours of the night some of them called him out of bed, telling him to come down without delay, as his best cow was choking.

Down hurried the old man, to find all right in the dairy, and only a carrot stuck in the nozzle of the pump!

PROVERBS BROUGHT TO DATE

Unlike Those Generally Known, But Containing a Great Deal of Real Truth.

A man with small feet hideth them not, and she whose hands are well formed delighteth to play chess.

Why doth the virgin rejoice? Why readeth she her love letters to her sisters? Behold, there is a compliment therein, and it shall not be concealed.

Enthusiastic is women's praise of a passable damsel; yea, they lift up their voice continually, saying, Lo, she hath fine eyes. But when she who dazzleth men's sight approacheth, behold their tongues are hushed, they whisper one to another in their confusion, confessing her comeliness.

As a man with his first automobile, so is an old wife with a young husband; she is fond, yet fearful.

The shop damsel extolleth her wares, saying, Lo, I myself wear this kind. And the customer smileth bitterly, and turneth away.

To a clever woman, a man without audacity is a weariness to the spirit; and as for the timid one who obeyeth her, lo, she sendeth him upon errands. —Gelett Burgess in American Magazine.

ECZEMA ON CHILD'S FACE

R. F. D. No. 5, Lexington, Tenn.—"My little boy broke out on the face with that terrible disease, eczema, when he was just one month old, and I just thought sure it would kill him, as it killed our other baby at five months old. It would break out in pimples and scab over, and he cried day and night. I thought that there was no cure for him at all. His face would itch and burn so bad that I had to tie his little hands down so he could not scratch his face.

"We began at once to have him treated until he was seven months old and he got worse all the time. I sent and got a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap. I had not used them a week until I could see a great change, and they cured him sound and well and never left a single scar." (Signed) Mrs. Lillie Sikes, Feb. 17, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Profiting by Superstition.

After having sat on many juries the observant man is of the opinion that the whole human race is still strongly tarred with the brush of superstition.

"I am confirmed in that belief by the amount of damages invariably voted to plaintiffs, whose injuries smack of superstitious origin," he said. "If a load of bricks should fall from a fifth story window on to the head of a man who happened to be walking under a ladder he would get twice as much damages as if the ladder were not there. The element of bad luck that attaches to a ladder would insensibly influence every juror, and the sum awarded would reflect their prejudices and sympathies."

Tramp Defrauded Lawyers.

Four Ammanford (Carmarthenshire) solicitors were alleged to have been duped by George Sullivan, otherwise Murphy Finnegan, a laborer on tramp, who was recently committed by the magistrates for trial on charges of obtaining money by false pretenses. Representing that he had been knocked down by a motor car, he asked, it was stated, each of the solicitors to act for him in a compensation claim, and they all gave him money when he told them he was penniless.—London Mail.

Wives Like Unto Job!

At a dinner party in New York not long ago the talk turned on the virtue of patience as personified in the patience of Job.

At this a French woman at the table exclaimed with comic pathos:

"Talk about the patience of the late Monsieur Job! Any woman is entitled to a like immortal reputation who has ever had a husband at home with a cold in his head!"

It Puzzled Him.

Newedd—Did you spend so much money as this before I married you?

Mrs. Newedd—Why, yes.

Newedd—Then I can't understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him.—Boston Transcript.

Such Is Life.

"He used to come back two or three times for a kiss."

"And now in the mornings?"

"Never unless he forgets his overshoes or umbrella."—Kansas City Journal.

For SUMMER HEADACHES

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

No Use Looking Within.

"Is Dobblitz introspective?"

"Of course not. There is nothing to see in a vacuum."

Some men are insignificant by nature, and some are made so by marriage.

Some men show good judgment by showing a lack of self-confidence.

No one is too old to set a bad example.

WOMAN COULD NOT WALK

She Was So Ill—Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pentwater, Mich.—"A year ago I was very weak and the doctor said I had a serious displacement. I had backache and bearing down pains so bad that I could not sit in a chair or walk across the floor and I was in severe pain all the time. I felt discouraged as I had taken everything I could think of and was no better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am strong and healthy."—Mrs. Alice Darling, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 77, Pentwater, Mich.



Read What Another Woman says:

Peoria, Ill.—"I had such backaches that I could hardly stand on my feet. I would feel like crying out lots of times, and had such a heavy feeling in my right side. I had such terrible dull headaches every day and they would make me feel so drowsy and sleepy all the time, yet I could not sleep at night.

"After I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a week I began to improve. My backache was less and that heavy feeling in my side went away. I continued to take the Compound and am cured.

"You may publish this if you wish."—Miss Clara L. Gauwitz, R.R. No. 4, Box 62, Peoria, Ill.

Such letters prove the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for woman's ills. Why don't you try it?

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Will keep your clothes and wearing apparel always in proper shape and ready to wear, at home or while traveling, camping, etc.

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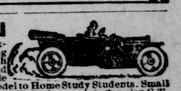
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AGENTS—Demonstrate Kimo, a great selling wonder; quick sales, big profits; repeated orders; bright, waterproof shine. Kimo Shoe-polish in black, tan, white; outfit 32c. Heaton Supply House, 1946 E. Birch St., Phila., Pa.

BOOK AGENTS—$60 weekly easily made selling the Horrors of the Ohio Flood; retail price $1. Sample copy of this great book sent prepaid for 35 cents. SHENFELD & CO., 502 W. Norris St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—A bright boy or girl in every town to work for us during spare time. Write today, stating age, for particulars. STANLEY-BARNES CO., 611 E. 176 St., New York.

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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 22-1913.

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them wilifully with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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