BORING A HOLE THROUGH THE ALPS

BY H. H. SHEPSTONE.

THE Alps are the dividers of the European nations, separating the countries of France, Italy and Germany from one another by a ring of mighty mountains, in the hollow of which lies Switzerland.

To the railway engineer they presented a formidable barrier, blocking his path with an obstacle that, until a few years ago, it was thought impossible to surmount. Eventually, however, he succeeded, and today the Alps are pierced by several wonderful tunnels, the building of which has demanded no small amount of engineering skill and ingenuity, as well as much patience and no little hardship.

First came the Mont Cenis Tunnel, admitting a through railway communication between Paris and Turin, in Italy. It is seven and a half miles long, took 13 years to make, and entailed an expenditure of about $15,000,000. It at once revolutionized travel from France and England to Italy. Indeed, its success was so great that it was decided to build another, the St. Gothard Tunnel, giving direct railway communications between Berlin and Italy, through, of course, Switzerland. Although some two miles longer than the Mont Cenis project, it was built in 10 years at a cost of $11,500,000.

Other tunnels in the Alps include the Ardelburg enterprise, six and a half miles in length, giving railway access between Switzerland and Austria; the Taucern Tunnel, five and a quarter miles in length, opened in January, 1909; and the more wonderful of all, however, is the Simplon Tunnel, running from Brigue to Iselle, a distance of 12½ miles, the longest tunnel in the world, being more than twice the length of the Central London Railway.

No branch of engineering calls for greater skill and more resourcefulness than that of driving a tunnel through the heart of a great mountain. To make sure of the headings meeting, the engineer must not put tool to rock until all his calculations have been made most carefully by compass and theodolite and verified time after time. To deal with the water springs, possibly lurking in the mountain's heart, he must drive the tunnel on a rising gradient to the center, a much more complicated feat than a perfectly rectilinear course.

One Tunnel in Use.

The Simplon is what is termed a double tunnel. There are two parallel tunnels, 56 feet apart from center to center, one for each track. At present only one tunnel is finished and in use; but the gallery for the other was driven right through and connected at intervals with the first by cross headings to assist in the transportation of the materials and the ventilation of the workings.

Before boring operations began a most thorough survey of the pass and the surrounding peaks was made to determine the direction of the tunnel. At each end was fixed a sighting-point from which to project the center-line forward. This part of the work was so accurate that the error in direction amounted to but eight inches in the 12½ miles, and that of level to but three and a half inches. The calculated length of the tunnel was within half an inch of the actual length.

Cutting through a mountain of this description is nothing more than boring a hole through solid rock, and for this purpose the very latest rock-drilling machines were requistioned. Mounted upon a trolley and operated by a motor, they were driven forward, right up to the face of the rock, or heading, and then set to work. Each drill demanded the services of two men, one to regulate the motor and the other to direct the tool. The drills used were certainly very powerful, capable of making a hole in solid rock 39 inches deep in about 20 seconds. From 10 to 12 holes were bored in this way, distributed over the face of the drift, work which occupied about two hours.

The holes were then carefully cleared out, and the dynamite cartridges, fuses and detonators inserted, and the bottom of the heading covered with a movable steel flooring to facilitate the clearing away of the debris. Immediately after the explosion five jets of water were played upon the rock to lay the dust and clear the air, and the roof and side walls examined with picks to discover any loose and dangerous fragments. The rate of advance in a drift with a section of 59 square feet averaged about 18 feet a day.

Hundreds of Workmen Died.

Work had not advanced far before special apparatus had to be installed to insure proper ventilation. During the boring of the St. Gothard Tunnel no fewer than 800 of the workmen died, mainly through the lack of proper ventilation and means of keeping down the dust raised by the drills. In the Simplon Tunnel the arrangements for ventilation were excellent, 25 cubic feet of fresh air being supplied to the workmen for every foot blown into the St. Gothard. The current was strong enough to take a man's hat off, and as for the dust, it was kept down in the manner already described. During the eight years of work on the Simplon only 60 men lost their lives from all causes.

In the heart of the mountains the temperature is much higher than that of the outside atmosphere, the heat increasing with the depth of the rock overhead. The maximum rock temperature—133 degrees Fahrenheit—was encountered in the Simplon Tunnel, at a point about 7,000 feet below the summit of the mountain. This would have made things intolerable for the workmen had it not been tempered by huge quantities of cool air, driven by fans through large pipes up to the face, and by water sprays from pipes jacketed with charcoal to prevent the water becoming heated during its passage up the tunnel.

Boring, of course, was commenced simultaneously from both ends, the Swiss and Italian sides of the mountain. Work had not proceeded far from the Italian end before a soft stratum was encountered which gave the engineers considerable anxiety. The heavy timbering which was first erected, and which was thought would be sufficient to maintain an open passageway, was crushed like so much matchwood. This was then removed and steel girders and iron plates erected, but even these yielded under the heavy pressure of the surrounding rock. In the end the difficulty was got over by filling the iron plates with a quick-setting cement, further strengthened by thick masonry lining.

As a result of this delay the Swiss got well ahead of their Italian rivals and reached the center-point while the latter were still working their way uphill. In order to save time they decided to drive the galleries downhill towards Italy to meet the other party. Then they unfortunately tapped some extremely hot springs, which compelled them to retire, after having put strong iron doors in the headings to hold back the water.

Stopped by Hot Springs.

The work was now definitely stopped on the Swiss side and some people prophesied that the completion of the tunnel was impossible. But the Italians pushed on and at last listeners in the Swiss heading heard their drilling machines at work, though half a mile of rock remained to be penetrated. Hopes revived. Then the Italians met the hot springs that had given the Swiss so much trouble and in spite of all efforts to keep down the temperature by mixing cold water with the hot, work on the main tunnel had to be suspended. Things certainly looked serious, but the engineers refused to give in. They now turned their attention to the second tunnel, which runs parallel with the first, hoping that they would be able to get round the flank of the springs. In this way they were succesful.

After boring the second tunnel for some distance they drove a cross heading towards the route of the first tunnel and in this way got behind the springs and ultimately were able to loosen the pent-up water. The meetings of the headings at once proved the accuracy with which the work had been executed; but it lacked the fervor of delight usual on such occasions, as in this case it was a meeting of miners on one side and hot water on the other. The last 200 odd yards of the gallery had occupied nearly six months in execution, owing to the unprecedented difficulties encountered.

By a noteworthy coincidence the Simplon Tunnel was opened almost exactly 100 years after the completion, by Napoleon, of the military road over the Simplon Pass—the first to promote the interests of peace and civilization, and the second was to make easier the passage of invading armies.

The tunnel took eight years to construct and cost $16,000,000, or $740 per yard run. Some 3,740,000 holes were drilled by hand and machine, 1,496 tons of dynamite exploded and 1,299,500 cubic yards of rock excavated. By means of this tunnel Milan has been brought within 25½ hours of London.

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Nemo TRIPLE-STRIP SELF-REDUCING

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This Sale Exemplifies Our Policy of True Economy

In this Sale we introduce a new corset which represents far *more intrinsic value* than any other make sold at the same price; that will *wear twice as long*, produce a more *graceful and stylish figure*, and which has new hygienic features *not obtainable otherwise* at any price. Following our policy of placing our *best ideas* at the *service of the masses*, we shall sell this splendid new corset at only *$3.00*, which is considerably *LESS* than its *ORIGINAL FACTORY COST*.

To explain this seeming departure from sound business methods, we refer you to our *policy of true economy*, as outlined in the following extract, which reveals the manufacturing and business methods whereby the SUPERIOR VALUES in Nemo Corsets are made possible:

Condensed Extract from Testimony of one of our firm, before the Patent Committee of the U. S. House of Representatives (considering the Oldfield Patent Bill) on May 9, 1912

The Chairman (Mr. Oldfield): • • • Both these merchants are selling your corsets at $3.00. You do not believe in competition?

Mr. Kops: I do believe in *COMPETITION*, most decidedly. No industry can *FLOURISH* without that *KEEN COMPETITION* which stimulates earnest and persistent effort.

The Chairman: But the public gets no benefit from competition in the sale of your corsets.

Mr. Kops: The public gets *FAR GREATER BENEFIT* from our system of *STANDARD PRICES* than they can get the other way. This is a very important point, which I wish to explain fully. For example: We make a *NEW CORSET INVENTION*—say a $3.00 corset. We *EXPERIMENT* with this for perhaps *SIX MONTHS*, and find it practical and valuable. We begin its manufacture. At first, the *COST OF MAKING* is much *GREATER* than the *PRICE WE GET FOR IT*. If this corset is to become *PROFITABLE* to us, we must manufacture it in *LARGE QUANTITIES*. This large sale *CANNOT* be reached except at a *POPULAR LOW PRICE*, bringing it within the reach of all; for, no matter what the merits of a corset are, it *MUST BE SOLD AT A POPULAR PRICE* that people can pay. Thus you see, the purchasing power of the masses is the force that *FIXES LOW PRICES*; and this constitutes our real competition, which is *DECIDEDLY IN FAVOR OF THE PUBLIC*.

Now, our *ONLY WAY* to make this corset *PROFITABLE* is to *POPULARIZE IT*, through advertising and our selling force, until our *DAILY PRODUCT* of this style runs into *THOUSANDS* instead of hundreds. When we reach that point, our *ORIGINAL COST* of production has been very *GREATLY REDUCED*, by the use of special machinery and labor-saving devices, and by making more favorable contracts for material in large quantities. We can now make a fair profit on the corset.

Putting it another way: While the *ORIGINAL COST* of making this corset was such as to *WARRANT A RETAIL PRICE OF $5.00* or more, our methods of manufacturing produce economies which permit us to give the public this corset at *ONLY $3.00*. That is why I maintain that our *STANDARD FIXED PRICES* for our corsets are not only *NOT EXCESSIVE*, but are actually *ABOUT HALF THE PRICES* that must be charged for corsets made and sold under other methods.

HERE IS **PRACTICAL PROOF** of the soundness of our policy and its beneficial influence upon public welfare. ***Never before*** has so much ***goodness*** been crowded into a *$3.00* corset. Every wise and far-sighted woman will see—

1. That it is a splendid style corset
2. That it is a real money-saver
3. That it represents great intrinsic value
4. That its price would be twice as much, if sold by any other manufacturer

New Nemo Self-Reducing Corset with Novel Lasticurve-Back $3.00
No. 322—Extra-long Skirt, Low Bust
No. 324—Extra-long Skirt, Medium Bust

The introduction of the new Lastikops Cloth, in broad gores at the back of the corset, alone makes this new device possible. The **INELASTIC** portion of the gore covers and *extends below* the back steels, producing an *extremely long skirt* which is laced clear down to the end, following the natural incurve of the figure. It is impossible for the edge of the corset to show through the dress. The **ELASTIC** part of each gore expands when you are seated, giving ample room for the "spread" of the hips, and producing an absolutely smooth back. This is the *very best* corset ever sold regularly at $3.00.

ATTEND THIS SALE—SEE ALL THE NEMOS

This new corset is going to sweep the country like a prairie fire It is sure to be our most popular $3.00 model this year. Several hundred thousand pairs will be ready to begin the Sale; but even that vast quantity, distributed amongst practically all the good stores in America, may prove unequal to the demand. So be early at the Sale; and, while you're at it, look through the entire Nemo line—that's something every woman ought to do. KOPS BROS., Manufacturers, NEW YORK

TESTED RECIPES

Quince Tart.

[From the Mother's Magazine.]

Butter and line a shallow dish or pie plate with a good puff paste, then spread in a layer of quince marmalade. Peel and core a few apples and cut slices, arranging them overlapping each other, in the shape of a star. Strew plenty of sugar over, and a few bits of butter and bake in a quick oven.

☆ ☆ ☆

Rice Croquettes.

One and one-half pints of boiled rice, three eggs, butter size of one and one-half eggs, three tablespoons cream, one-half teaspoon scraped onion, salt and cayenne to match, small pinch of mace. Reserve the wites of two eggs to roll the croquettes in. Mix the ingredients and cook in a double boiler till quite thick. Allow to cool. Form into bell-shaped croquettes and fry in deep fat, after rolling in the whites of the eggs and bread crumbs. The seasoning can be varied by omitting the mace and adding a half a teacup of grated cheese or grated ham, or a cup of chopped chicken. When ready to serve, a long shred of cocoanut may be put in the top of the croquette, curved, to resemble the handle of a bell. Garnish with parsley and a sprig of holly.

☆ ☆ ☆

Stuffed Eggs With Rice.

Wash rice in a colander through several waters and cook it in a double boiler. When cooked turn it out in a round dish. The quantity of rice required depends upon the number of people to be served. Boil eggs hard, shell them, then cut them in halves and drop the whites into a bowl of hot water. Mash the yolks, season with salt and cayenne, and mix in minced ham or any other meat left over from the day before, or if a strictly vegetable dish is preferred, use grated cheese. Fill the whites with the yolk mixture and arrange on the bed of rice. This should be served very hot and is delicious with tomato sauce or catsup. Besides being delicious and nourishing, this dish is attractive because it is so little trouble to prepare and provides a palatable way to use left-overs.

Church Organ 122 Years in Service.

Having been used for 122 years, the old organ in Zion's Lutheran Church, near Spring City, was set aside recently, when a new one was dedicated with impressive services.

The old instrument, however, will continue to occupy a prominent place in the church and will be used once each year at a special service. It was constructed by David Tanneberg, who emigrated from Germany, and is said to have been the first pipe organ built in Pennsylvania outside of Philadelphia.

BOOT LACES AND OIL SAVED STEFANSSON

NOBODY on a diet ever had an explorer like Vihjalmur Stefansson, except possibly an explorer like himself. Mr. Stefansson was gone on his last trip to the Arctic for more than four years. The simple way he has of speaking of his adventures is captivating. Nothing appears to have been a surprise to him and nothing left with him any unpleasant recollections. His work of exploration he speaks of merely as his "job." To him there is nothing in it to get excited about or arouse sympathy. Starving every winter is only a part of the job and living on raw caribou meat, without salt, with no vegetables, breadstuffs or anything of the kind, no trimmings at all, nothing but just caribou meat, is only another part of the job.

Eating his own clothes, beginning with his bootstrings as the most desirable food and, when nothing else was available, eating the hair of the caribou, soaked in oil, is to him a mere detail of the business of the explorer, when he must make his way through the frozen wastes.

Stefansson is going back again to the land of the white Eskimo whom he discovered. The announcement in the New York Times from Washington that the American Museum of Natural History of New York would fit out another expedition for him actually made his metropolitan friends shudder. They contemplate as a nightmare the hardships he knew and the dangers he passed in those drear ice fields about Coronation Gulf and Victoria Island. He was the first messenger of civilization ever to reach there. And just here it might be well to repeat that he hopes he will be the last, with which he offers proof that civilization means only disease and death to these newly found tribes, now healthy, happy and reproductive in their isolation.

It seems terrible to Stefansson's friends of the Harvard and other clubs here, where the nights and holidays are pleasantly spent, that he has to go back or wants to, enjoying as they do the creature comforts the more at the very thought of those lifeless barrens with their piercing cold. More years to be spent there without joys, without variation, except for the worse, with the shelter of an unheated hut as the only relief the night can bring, and with every day a battling march that ends nowhere, there is nothing in it except a shock to the imagination of the average man about town, accustomed only to gayety and white lights. Why in the world should any one want to do it? Stefansson laughs. It is his job, that's all. Every man to his job. He is of that hardy North race whose best men, whose most enlightened men think only of discovery, not merely of the discovery of things, but of people and knowledge. The call to these Northmen is from the frozen and unknown North.

Likes Good Things of Life, Too.

Stefansson is stocky, strong, self-reliant, and of that peculiar character of man who gives thought only to the conditions he faces and what he has to do, never a regret for joys that might have been his or the merry world, which he likes, in a way, as well as anybody when he is in it. He is young, thoroughly human, and takes the good things of life while he may. When he gives them up, he will tell you, he never thinks vainly of them again, but accepts the fortunes of the arctic traveler as the inevitable, like a day of tempest that can't be set aside. He expects privation always and hunger often. It is the life of the explorer. It is nothing, he thinks. Every man has his work, his trade. This is not a pose with him. He is entirely frank, and, like all brave men, simple. Also he is scholarly. Besides, he likes it. He is interested in the Eskimo—his Eskimo, white—he discovered them, and he is interested in the new lines he is putting on the map and the contributions he is making to human knowledge.

All that aside, he confesses he is tired of New York. He has been back six months and he thinks that there is a dreadful sameness in the life here. He thinks it is the one old thing every day, while in the uninhabited North every day is apt to be different in the new kinds of difficulties to be overcome. The chance that the difficulties may one day be too great, and then—but he doesn't think of that. He feels that he knows what is before him and his confidence in himself is not to be limited by the elements.

Stefansson says he is glad to resume his work which, in its scientific aspect, consists of adding to the area of the known world, besides the making of human documents concerning strange tribes for the world's stock of library information.

This is Stefansson's business. When that section of the terrestrial world, about 70 degrees north and 125 degrees west, which he has chosen for his explorations, has been platted and mapped, and its rivers, lakes, minerals and inhabitants made part of the records to which all people of all time may have access his work will be done, though, most likely, since he is of the restless voyagers, he will find some other region of the earth's surface that will have to be investigated in order to be made known.

Has No Dread.

"Don't you dread the idea of returning to that awful country and going through again the old experience?" an old friend asked of Mr. Stefansson the other day.

"Not at all," said the explorer, as if surprised at the question. "It is a much easier job than many men have here in New York, say the men who dig ditches. We have to get along up there without a great many things we are accustomed to having here, but none of these things are necessary to our health and happiness."

"Well," the friend persisted. "That sounds all right, but can one live on raw meat, for instance, as I understand you do, when his luck is good, and starve when his luck is down, and still feel that he is getting all that life owes him?"

"Oh, that's putting it pretty blunt," protested this modest man. "We never actually starve, and it is not often that we feel decidedly the want of food for many days at a time. We never are without a fill, because we always have our clothing. We can eat that, and our bootlaces will sustain us for quite a little march."

Stefansson said this pleasantly, and he appreciated the humor of it, but he was serious. He had eaten his bootlaces and what hide he could spare from his back covering more than once. That was nothing. It was rather to be expected on forced advances and retreats.

He was asked if it were true, as his friends asserted, that he had literally nothing except raw meat to eat as a rule.

"They probably heard me say somewhere," he answered, "that we eat raw caribou flesh quite largely, but this is because we prefer to do so. The natives like the caribou food best when it is high, by which I mean rather old, to put it mildly, and after some months among them living their life your appetite becomes the same as theirs. What they like best and the way they like it is what you like best and the way you like it.

"Raw caribou meat when it is high is a luxury in a caribou country. We can't usually keep it so long, because caribou is scarce, and we some times have to go far in dangerous marches expressly to get it, and so we never have it in abundance out of the caribou district, and we have no means of keeping it nor of transporting it in large quantities.

"Usually our meat is boiled. That is the simplest way and the best way as conditions are there. We get the full benefit of the meat, because we eat and drink the stew of it. That is all the drink we have except water. It is our liquid refreshment at meals."

Stefansson had no food except caribou and oil. When on the coast they got the walrus, as the natives do, and boiled it for the oil, making oil bags of the skin. Back at the gulf, 300 miles of ice sheets and hummocks from the coast, they got the seal through the holes cut in this frozen and iced-walled, salty sea, chiefly for the blubber, the almost liquid fat that lies beneath the skin of the seal. This fat is a life-saver.

"One may get along without everything else," he explained, "but one must have oil as well as meat. The lesson that one learns in the North is that fat is an essential to well being. Without it the appetite is never satisfied. Without it we continue to exist, though poorly, for a while. How long existance might continue without it I don't know, but I am sure that it would not be indefinitely.

"In the winter time, when we were back from the coast, we some times suffered for the want of oil. We did not miss it at other seasons because then the caribou was fat, and so long as we had the fat with the lean we were perfectly nourished and content. In the winter, however, the caribou was thin and those were our hard days. I could almost admit that we suffered from hunger, the natives along with us."

Only Hair and Oil to Eat.

It is charming to hear this matter of fact man tell of a change in the bill of fare from caribou to caribou hair dipped in oil. This is a resort when food is scarce and internal heat must be kept and the craving of the stomach satisfied with bulk. He never noticed any ill-effects from eating the hair.

"I don't know why it is," he remarked, "but it is a fact that you may consume quantities of oil soaked in any substance that can be swallowed, but you cannot drink the oil alone. It is impossible. It would make you sick. Caribou hair soaked in it makes a mouthful that can be swallowed, and one can take his fill of it and feel satisfied. There is always a craving for bulk, for weight, in the stomach. That's why heavy food is so satisfactory and one eats great quantities of meat at a time.

"I don't know that caribou supplies the body with any nutrition. I suppose it does not. It does, however, give the sensation of fullness and gives the stomach something to work upon, which, I presume, it what it demands."

Stefansson was uncertain of the weight of caribou meat that he ate daily. He said he made it a practice to eat all he could at each meal, and the Eskimos did so, too. He ate three times a day, and he assumed that he consumed at least eight or ten pounds a day altogether, possibly more, on the average.

It is curious that he never experienced a tendency to indigestion. Not once did he have any discomfort from eating.

Before Stefansson left New York with his now celebrated expedition he had frequent attacks of indigestion. Since his return to New York, after four years of desperate hardships, including the shoestring and hair diet, he has had indigestion. He always has indigestion, more or less, when he lives here or in any other city, as other people live, and Stefansson always makes it a point, he says, to conform to the life and habits and diet of those about him. When he is in the home of the white Eskimo in the North he lives on caribou and feels well, and when he lives in a New York hotel he lives on the run of the bill of fare and he feels sick a good part of the time.

"I never prepare myself for the change of diet when I go to the Arctic," he explained. "It is not necessary. I may have indigestion when I leave here, but from the day I am forced to live strictly on a flesh or fish diet I become entirely free from stomach trouble.

"The first six months that I spent on the Arctic Coast I had only fish and fish oil. This proved entirely satisfactory. I thrived as well on that as I did on caribou in the interior, and so did the rest of the party.

"I would not say that it is not the climate, rather than the exclusive diet that frees us from our usual ills, but I do not believe so, for the reason that there is quite as much heat in that region as there is cold. There is summer up there, and the worst summer on earth, in my view. It is a torture to the natives as much as to the visitors, because we have a sun from which there is no escape 24 hours a day and a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. This season is our greatest trial.

"It is not the cold from which we suffer in the North, it is the heat. We are inured to cold, no matter what the storm or temperature may be, because we are dressed for it and fortified against it, but against the heat we can do nothing, and we have only our winter clothing.

"We don't feel very well in the summer weather, but we do not have indigestion, even then, and that is the season that we get plenty of fat meat with the lean."

What We Are Made Of.

[From the American Wine Press.]

The average man contains the ingredients to make fat for seven bars of soap, iron for a medium-sized nail, sugar to fill a small bowl, salt to fill a shaker, lime to whitewash a chicken coop, phosphorus to make 2,200 match tips, magnesium for a dose of magnesia, sodium to neutralize a pint and a half of water, potassium to explode a toy cannon, sulphur to rid a dog of fleas and albuminoids to make a case of eggs.

Beautiful Hair Women's Charm No Necessity For Gray Hair

What a pity it is to see so many people with thin, wispy hair, faded or streaked with gray, and realize that most of these people might have soft, glossy, abundant hair of beautiful color and luster if they would but use the proper treatment. There is no necessity for gray hair under sixty-five years of age, and there is no excuse for anyone, young or old, having thin, straggling hair, either full of dandruff or heavy and rank-smelling with excessive oil.

You can bring back the natural color of your hair in a few days and forever rid yourself of any dandruff and loose hairs, and make your hair grow strong and beautiful by using Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy. For generations common garden Sage has been used for restoring and preserving the color of the hair; and Sulphur is recognized by Scalp Specialists as being excellent for treatment of hair and scalp troubles.

If you are troubled with dandruff or itching scalp, or if your hair is losing its color or coming out, get a fifty-cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur from your druggist, and notice the improvement in the appearance of your hair after a few days' treatment.

WILL PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN REALLY CURE MY STOMACH TROUBLE? YES!

If your stomach is sick, sour, gassy and upset now you can surely get relief in five minutes.

Sour, sick, upset stomach, indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia; when the food you eat ferments into gases and stubborn lumps; your head aches and you feel sick and miserable, that's when you realize the magic in Pape's Diapepsin. It makes stomach distress go in five minutes.

If your stomach is in a continuous revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Diapepsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapepsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapepsin "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it it's millions of sales annually.

Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and delightful preparation which truly belongs in every home.

P.P.P. Cures Rheumatism

Read what Nicholas Lang, the largest retail grocer in Savannah says about **P. P. P.**

F. V. LIPPMAN, Savannah, Ga.,

Dear Sir:—

For many years I consumed much medicine, and in fact tried every means in my power to get cured of that terrible disease, rheumatism, which had undermined my health. I visited Hot Springs, Ark., without gaining relief, and at last in sheer desperation I took P. P. P. (Lippman's great remedy), and was in a short time entirely cured. In the eight years since that time I have not had a symptom of rheumatism.

P. P. P. did the work to my entire satisfaction and made a quick and permanent cure.

Yours truly,

Nicholas Lang.

At All Druggists.

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