SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl." —Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt, Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE

for COUGHS & COLDS

A LOST ART.

"It seems to me that our new maid ought at least to know how to serve water, if she was six years with her last employer."

"Well, it's not surprising, dear. know her last employer."

Crutches or Biers.

Richard Croker, at a dinner in New York, expressed a distrust for aeroplanes.

"There's nothing underneath them," he said. "If the least thing goes wrong, down they drop."

"I said to a Londoner the other day:

"'How is you son getting on since he bought a flying machine?'

"'On crutches, like the rest of them,' the Londoner replied."

Led by the Nose.

"Pa," what is 'leading woman?'"

"Any woman, my son."—Boston Transcript.

EASY CHANGE

When Coffee Is Doing Harm.

A lady writes from the land of cotton of the results of a four years' use of the food beverage—hot Postum.

"Ever since I can remember we had used coffee three times a day. It had a more or less injurious effect upon us all, and I myself suffered almost death from indigestion and nervousness caused by it.

"I knew it was that, because when I would leave it off for a few days I would feel better. But it was hard to give it up, even though I realized how harmful it was to me.

"At last, I found a perfectly easy way to make the change. Four years ago I abandoned the coffee habit and began to drink Postum, and I also influenced the rest of the family to do the same. Even the children are allowed to drink it freely as they do water. And it has done us all great good.

"I no longer suffer from indigestion, and my nerves are in admirable tone since I began to use Postum. We never use the old coffee any more.

"We appreciate Postum as a delightful and healthful beverage, which not only invigorates but supplies the best of nourishment as well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Never read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE FAKE AUCTION

By H. E. TWINELLS

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AMERICANS have the reputation of being quick witted and shrewd. As a matter of fact we are Barnumized bluffers, far more gullible and credulous than any class of any nation.

Right now, in nearly every moderate-sized city of the United States we are falling in line and dropping gold into the tills of organized fake auction stores and taking in exchange a misrepresented article. These bogus auction stores are more harmful to us as a nation than all the old-time lotteries, policy games, mail-order fakes and circus grafts, including gold bricks and shell games, combined.

They are not honest. They play "heads we win, tails you lose." Uncle Sam doesn't want to bring up his boys in the business; yet he countenances it, and over 530 of his cities issue licenses regularly to the auctioneers of these fake companies, giving them the privilege of swindling the public at a nominal fee.

Any town with over 10,000 blind, Barnumized Yankees waiting to be bunkoed is considered a fertile field.

From coast to coast,

THE PROPRIETOR.

from line to line, we find in nearly every state from one to forty cities supporting temporary auction swindles. Few are permanent; it is a mushroom business which springs up over night in a cheap store, leased from month to month, and stays until trouble occurs or the field is worked dry.

New York city alone demands to be duped by no less than eight practically permanent companies of this sort, only shifting their positions to greener fields as the crowds change.

There are three ways to tell a legitimate auction. If the place is permanent and advertises sales on certain days, if the goods to be sold are catalogued piece for piece, and if there are no outside men hired to control the bidding, then it is certain that the sale is genuine.

The fake auction game is played under the pseudo patronage of reliability. The auctioneer's license, issued by the city, is hung conspicuously near the door and the goods are claimed to have been consigned from private sources or pawnbrokers in nearby cities. It is misrepresentation from the start. As a matter of fact the goods were picked up in job lots from novelty houses, jobbers, Japanese stores and regular auction supply firms who handle job lots of trashy stuff and are to be found in all the larger cities. The ivories they handle are made of cheap clay by shrewd Japs who have scraped through the shell of American labor and found the yellow skin of the flesh beneath. These antiques crumble to pieces after six months in a heated apartment. Practically all the goods handled in these stores are made on the same principle and bought at from one-fifth to one-fiftieth of what they will bring at auction.

There is nothing criminal in selling at an exorbitant profit if the purchaser gets the square deal. But a fake auction company is primarily a ring of cheats never intentionally giving anyone a square deal.

The proprietor is the arch rogue. His profit depends on selling an article at anywhere from fifty to two, three and sometimes five hundred dollars. The auction does not pay if run for the average buyer; it is merely a trap, a "plant," for the occasional "good thing" who happens in and is quickly relieved of a large amount of money through an elaborate system he never suspects.

It is a joyless game, played on cut-and-dried rules which admit of no freshness or originality. The average cast—for they are all actors and play the same cheap show every day—is made up of one hacker, or proprietor, two auctioneers, a pretty girl cashier, and from two to ten "shills" (the pale-faced people with mushy morals), their number depending on the size and situation of the store.

The hacker usually is a shrewd and unscrupulous man who rents a vacant store, fills it with a scattering of cheap showy articles to attract attention and a number of large so-called "works of art;" and "antiques" which, on inspection, prove to be minors. The range runs from fountain pens at ten cents to deceptive "ivories," "bronzes" and "paintings by the old masters" that bring from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars, and sometimes more, from the uninitiated.

The proprietor hires a pretty girl cashier and counts her as an additional attraction. He gets one or two auctioneers—they usually travel in pairs, to relieve one another and the public—and guarantees them ten per cent. of the sales; which commission runs from forty to two hundred dollars a week.

Then the dealer incorporates the backbone of the whole crooked business—the body of "shills."

THE CASHIER.

The word "shill," or "shill liver" in full, is of indeterminate origin. It is synonymous with "capper," "booster," "ringer," "dummy," "stool," "stool pigeon" and "outside man;" all technical slang titles for the shabby creature, the human buzzard, who picks up his foul living by rascality and roguery in working between the public and some swindling game. In this case, working among those who stop in at the auction and pretending to have no connection with the sale, betraying a score of people a day after ingratiating himself in their good graces through cunning and craft.

Without these shills no sham auction can exist. Of course in smaller towns only two or three can be used, as strangers are more easily noticed in such places. They are the crooks on whom the proprietor relies to pick out unsuspecting visitors snared by the bargain lure and jockey them into buying misrepresented articles.

The shill mixes with the crowd. His business is to look just like an interested buyer and lie in wait for the fly for which the elaborate web was spun.

This individual, for whom the scenery is set and the actors dressed, is called in technical slang "a dummy." The old three-card monte men christened him "sucker."

Picture a room 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. Double doors to the sidewalk are invitingly open; above them hangs an enticing red flag bearing the name of what purports to be a legitimate auction firm; beneath that, in large letters, are the words:

SALE TODAY.

Pick out any acquaintance who lives in a small town, is fairly prosperous, and has come to the nearby city of 10,000 to 30,000 population to look around for the day, purchase a present for his wife and some implements for the farm.

He has read in the papers and magazines accounts of book, art and antique auctions and noted the high prices brought by rarities. When he stumbles on to the flagrant flag of the fake auction house and looks in at the window, heaped with a miscellany of antiques, he is suddenly stirred by that perennial longing for a bargain.

He glances through the door. There is a worried auctioneer struggling with eight dull-faced people. He is trying frantically to sell a pair of opera glasses.

"Genuine Lemier, gentlemen; concave and convex lenses, put up in this heavy morocco case," the auctioneer cries, "and $2 is bid for them. Think of that! Not a tenth of their value. Why,

THE AUCTIONEER.

I don't believe you gentlemen would give $2.50 to see statue of liberty do a Salome dance. Two dollars bid, oh, shill! Two dollars!"

Jones, your out-of-town friend, is undecided whether to go in or not; but at that moment a fellow near the door shakes his head to a seeming stranger beside him and says in a low voice:

"It's a shame. Things are going for nothing. Wish I had the price to buy some of that cut glass. It'll sell for a song."

Jones overhears and is interested. He thinks the mind of everybody in that store is centered on the opera glasses, going so cheap. He smiles at their rapt attention and the auctioneer's hard luck complaints. The smile would disappear instantly if he knew that he himself was the sole concern of the eight minds in that audience, and the auctioneer. He would be furious if he knew that the whole sale of the opera glasses was a sham; that when the auctioneer saw Jonesey looking in he immediately transmitted this fact to the shill nearest the door by saying, "Oh, shill," casually in his speech. Jones had never heard the word, so naturally he didn't select it with suspicion from the auctioneer's jargon, and suspected nothing when the man near the door remarked about cut glass bargains.

As a matter of fact Jones was interested in cut glass. His wife liked it and occasionally he invested in some, it being the nearest he could get to diamonds.

So he sauntered in casually and watched with an amused smile the frantic auctioneer trying to sell a watch.

Jones wasn't interested in watches. He had one in his pocket, as his eyes continually roved toward the cut glass in a little Japanese cabinet.

He didn't know it, but before he was in the place two minutes, while the auctioneer was trying to "feel him out" with the watch, one of the shills had noticed Jones's interest in cut glass, and had called the auctioneer's attention to the fact by touching the cabinet significantly.

The auctioneer, on his perch above them all, had control of the situation. He noted the signal from the shill, jotted down mentally that Jones wanted cut glass, and knocked down the watch he had been experimenting with to one of the shills for a ruinous price, which was all helpful in showing Jones that a shrewd man could pick up a bargain if he laid low, attracted no attention and bided his time.

"Sold for six ninety. Put it with the other goods for Mr. A. Deposit sufficient," the auctioneer cried to the pretty cashier.

Jones did not bid on the first piece of cut glass. The auctioneer did not look toward him once to give him a chance. The piece was knocked down for $3.80. It was a frightful bargain. Jones would have given $5 for it himself. But the auctioneer passed abruptly to the next article.

Jones pressed forward this time as a gorgeous punch bowl was put up. He heard various exclamations around him, all tending to give him confidence in the fact that things were going dirt cheap. Two ladies beside him commiserated because they wouldn't have enough.

"Gentlemen and ladies," the auctioneer went on solemnly, "if I had this article in Chicago or New York it would bring one hundred dollars, one hundred dollars. You couldn't duplicate it at retail for less than two hundred. It is the finest piece of art glass ever shown in your city."

"Can I get one hundred dollars? Ninety? Eighty? Seventy-five dollars? Can I get sixty? Fifty? Give me forty; thirty-line; thirty!"

"Fifteen dollars!" came a halting voice from beside Jones.

Jones was interested. He sensed a bargain. Had he known that when the auctioneer said "thirty-line" it was a signal to the shill beside Jones to bid $30 with a line through it, or fifteen actual dollars, he would not have been so enthusiastic.

"Sixteen!" "Seventeen!" "Half!" "Eighteen!" staccato offers punctuated the atmosphere after the auctioneer's encouragement.

The little man beside Jones shook his head sadly.

"Gee, it's gone beyond me," he sighed, turning to Jones; it'll go dirt cheap, too. If you could buy that for $50 it'd be a bargain, sure enough."

"Twenty-eight is the last bid," wailed the auctioneer. "Why, you could take it out and pawn it for more than that."

Jones thrilled as the auctioneer turned to look squarely at him.

"You'd give thirty, wouldn't you?" he cried.

Jones gulped and nodded.

The auctioneer skilfully led up to the grand landing by taking offers of "thirty-six" and "thirty-seven" from members of his troupe. He had felt out his man carefully and knew that $40 would be Jones's limit.

"Will you give me forty?" he said simply, in a level tone, leaning far over the showcase.

Jones hesitated, gulped, and then nodded his head abruptly.

Jones was pleased with his bargains until he got home and his wife told him he could get the same punch bowl for $10 anywhere and that the other stuff was worthless.

well being during the whole time he is one's guest."

"Animals feed; man eats; the man of sense alone knows how to eat."

"The destiny of nations depends upon how they are fed."

"Monsieur the Councellor," a hostess asked him one day, "which do you prefer, Burgundy or Bordeaux?"

"Madame," replied the judicial authority, "that is a lawsuit in which I have so much pleasure in taking the evidence that I always postpone judgment."

MONUMENT TO A GOOD LIVER

Belley, in France, to Honor the Memory of Brillat-Savarin, Noted Gourmand.

Belley, a little town in the southeast of France, is about to raise a monument to the glory of one of its sons, Brillat-Savarin. The author of "The Physiology of Taste" was the absolute realization of the typical good liver. The revolution confiscated his property and removed him from his office as civil judge. He fled to Switzerland and then to the United States, where he played a fiddle in a New York theater to gain a living.

His property was afterward returned to him and he was made a counsellor of the Supreme court, an office he clung to successfully through changes of empire and kingdom. His "Physiology of Taste" shared the fate of many celebrated books. It was refused by several publishers and eventually was published at the author's expense, but without his name attached to it, as he considered the nature of the work incompatible with his judicial functions.

It was Brillat-Savarin who declared that "the discovery of a new food does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a star."

Some of the axioms from his book are:

"The man who can cook is made, the man who can roast is born."

"To invite anybody to one's house is to undertake the responsibility of his

FOR COUNTRY-WIDE EFFORT

Foes of Tuberculosis Have Plan to Use Most Powerful Weapon on Earth.

April 30 has been set aside this year as "Tuberculosis Day," and will be observed in a manner similar to that of "Tuberculosis Sunday" in 1910, when 40,000 sermons were preached on the prevention of tuberculosis, in the first official announcement of the occasion, made by the national association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, the leaders of the movement state that they hope to enlist all of the 23,000,000 church members in country.

In one respect Tuberculosis day will differ from Tuberculosis Sunday of 1910. Instead of requesting the churches to give to the tuberculosis cause a special Sunday service, the national association is going to ask this year that meetings, at which the subject of tuberculosis and its prevention can be discussed, be held on Sunday, April 30, or on any other day near that date, either in the week preceding or the week following. "What we went," says Mr. Livingston Farrand, executive secretary of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in a report on this movement, "is to have this whole subject of tuberculosis discussed in all of the 200,000 churches of the United States at as nearly the same time as possible."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The Walkers.

James M. Beck, the famous corporation lawyer of New York, is a native of Philadelphia, and to Philadelphia he often returns to see his old friends.

Mr. Beck, in a recent banquet in Philadelphia, defended corporations with an epigram.

"The trust buster and the Socialist may do what they please," he said, "but mankind will still be divided into two great classes—those who walk to get an appetite for their dinner, and those who walk to get a dinner for their appetite."

That Essential Struggle.

There are men who go through life without ever getting what one would call a throw-down or set-back—they never get to know what it means to face rough or tough weather. Their way is slicked and paved. They seem to miss the one great essential thing in every success—the struggle; days when everything looks as though one is about done for and ready to cave in.

A Woman's Reason.

"Why," asks the inquisitive person, "do you enjoy having some one tell you that you are pretty, when you know you are not? Does it make you believe that you are?"

"No," she answers readily. "But it makes me believe that he believes I am."—Judge.

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 600,000 bottles sold last year. $.50 and $1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

In the Blood.

Willis—Are those Kentucky horses you bought scared of autos?

Gillis—No, indeed. They never notice a train either, but I can't get them used a sprinkling cart to save my life!—Puck.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

There is no surer way to friendship than the honest and sincere appreciation of the good qualities and merits of others.—Henry Lee.

So much we miss if love is weak, so much we gain if love is strong.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Many mistake soft words for tender, loving ways.

BLAME PHYSICIANS FOR GROWTH OF DOPE HABIT

Druggists Say Prescriptions and Not Patent Medicines the Cause.

New York.—Blame for the prevalence and growth of the morphine habit was placed on the shoulders of physicians who prescribe the drug, at a meeting of druggists here last night to protest against the recently enacted city ordinance prohibiting the sale at retail of any preparation containing morphine or its salts except upon a doctor's prescription.

The ordinance is aimed primarily at paregoric and at stomach remedies, according to members of the board of health who were instrumental in obtaining its passage. Caswell Mayo, one of the druggists, said he had made a canvass by mail of several sanitariums and the replies convinced him 90 per cent. of the victims of drugs formed the habit as a result of using prescriptions given by physicians and only 3 per cent. from using proprietary medicines.

Was Taking No Chances.

An amusing incident occurred a few days ago outside Muranz, Austria. A cow strayed from the pasturages and came within reach of the fort. The officer in command suspected the presence of an automatic photographic apparatus, and had the beast seized and closely examined, and when he found nothing to justify his suspicions he turned the animal loose again, under the observation of two of his men, charged with the duty of following the suspected home to ascertain whether her owner was an Italian spy.

The Latest Golf Story.

Two Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go upstairward, Sandy said to Jock:

"Jock, mon, I'll go ye a roond on the links in the morrn."

"The morrn?" Jock repeated doubtfully.

"Aye, mon, the morrn," said Sandy. "I'll go ye a roond on the links the morrn."

"Aye weel," said Sandy, "I go ye. But I had intended to get married in the morrn'."

If you fear to quit your hands in helpfulness you may be sure you are doffing your heart.

A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The most democratic thing in the world

Gillette

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Restores Color and Beauty to the Hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Readers of this paper discriminating buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult us by letter, *free*. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of wrapping and mailing *only*, and we will send you a *free* copy of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser — revised, up-to-date edition, in handsome French cloth binding.

Weak? Tired? Run-down?

These conditions come from overwork, a weak stomach, overtaxed nerves or feeble blood. When you feel "all in"—hardly able to drag about, no energy, no ambition, easily exhausted and can't sleep—take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

and note what a difference they make in your condition. The stomach is the first to feel the good effects. Food tastes good, the digestion is strengthened, bowels and bile work regularly, the blood is cleansed, and the nerves rested. The whole system responds to the tonic action of Beecham's Pills. Soon there is the buoyant feeling of returning health.

Fresh Strength and New Life

Boxes 10c. and 25c., with full directions.