My Kidneys Are Killing Me!

Martyrs to Kidney and Bladder Trouble Try This Remarkable New Treatment, Free.

Here is a treatment for kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism that is absolutely guaranteed, that is safe and positive, and that you can test yourself without investing one penny.

It is a new, scientific, safe, powerful elexnaer of the kidneys. The new treatment, Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills, will save your kidneys, upon which your very life depends.

If you have crucifying or dull pains in the back, Bright's disease, diabetes, rheumatism in any form, pain in the bladder, profuse or scanty urination, or discolored, foul urine, do not let the day go by without getting a package of Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills and see a tremendous difference in yourself in 24 hours. If you want to try them first, tell any druggist to give you a free sample package.

Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills—25 and 50 cents at drug stores or we will supply you if your druggist hasn't them. Address Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Far From Bohemia.

Bjenks—How is that lean, unscissored bohemian getting on these days?

Tjarks—Why, they say he is desperately in love with the girl down in the laundry and is to be married soon. Something suspicious about it, though.

Bjenks—I should say so. What is a true bohemian doing around a laundry, anyway?

On the Level.

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"

"No, I doesn't sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."—Woman's National Daily.

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 800,000 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.

Time Saving.

A new version of the new long familiar "while you wait" sign is found in an uptown avenue where a barber shop and a tailoring shop stand side by side. In front of the building hangs a sign on which are displayed the name of the tailoring concern and the name of the barber shop and this announcement:

"Suits cleaned and pressed while you are getting shaved."—New York Sun.

HARD LINES.

Grace—She married a widower?
Edith—Is she happy?
Grace—No; when he's not talking about himself he's talking about his first wife.

FOOD IN SERMONS

Feed the Dominie Right and the Sermons Are Brilliant.

A conscientious, hard-working and successful clergyman writes:- "I am glad to bear testimony to the pleasure and increased measure of efficiency and health that have come to me from adopting Grape-Nuts food as one of my articles of diet.

"For several years I was much distressed during the early part of each day by indigestion. My breakfast seemed to turn sour and failed to digest. After dinner the headache and other symptoms following the breakfast would wear away, only to return, however, next morning.

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food, I finally concluded to give it a trial. I made my breakfasts of Grape-Nuts with cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal.

"My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table.

"I was delighted to find also, that whereas before I began to use Grape-Nuts food I was quite nervous and became easily wearied in the work of preparing sermons and in study, a marked improvement in this respect resulted from the change in my diet.

"I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food produced this result and helped me to a sturdy condition of mental and physical strength.

"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food on my recommendation." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE LURE OF NEW YORK

BY ALLAN L. BENSON

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To ride into New York on a freight train is a heinous offense. The law says so. Railroad companies suggested the law and secured its enactment. They prefer to handle their passenger traffic in the regular way. Fares cannot so easily be collected from passengers who are secreted around the trucks. Besides, freight train travelers have gained the reputation of being uncertain persons. They sometimes steal small things that rich persons would not think of stealing. Yet, against them as the law is, patrons of the box cars pour into New York at all seasons of the year.

An Ohio boy, one morning last winter, was in court for beating his way into the metropolis. He was only sixteen years old, and rather small for his age. His coat fitted him a little too soon and anxie-grease was on it. Hadn't had time to slick up since he was pulled from the trucks. Still, he was cheerful. Answered the court's questions as if it were a pleasure. Told all about the folks at home, and why he left home.

He and another boy craved the big life. They wanted to be in the midst of something and be something. Only, the other boy had a little hitch to his ambitions. He wanted to go to Chicago, where he had an aunt who, in an emergency, might be induced to provide food.

The boy who stood before His Honor waved his comrade away.

"I told my chum," he said, "that I would rather be in New York, broke and hungry, than be in Chicago with a meal ticket at every restaurant." I left my chum right there. I paid my fare as far as I could and beat it the rest of the way."

The court, some years back, having broken into town in substantially the same way, did not hear the boy's story without feeling. During the recital, the judicial mind had gone back to that other day, now long gone, when he, a penniless lad, had said good-by to his native town. So he said to the boy:

"My son, let me commend your judgment. Any boy who will ride the trucks to New York, in preference to going to Chicago and living with his chum's aunt, has the right spirit. I think this town needs boys like you, and I am going to let you stay." Discharged."

Nothing can illustrate better than this incident the lure of New York. Perhaps no other city ever had so large a percentage of the world's population bluffed. A bigger word than "bluffed" is needed here, but it does not come. The point is that the city has the power to cast a great spell, and casts it. She makes no comparisons. To make comparisons would be to admit that there are others in her class. She says only: "I am the wonderful city—come."

The call goes north to the edge of the frozen world; east to the point where the east is west; south as far as a white man lives, and west till the west is east. Not everybody comes, but everybody hears. Millions would like to come, but can't. Everybody would like at least to see the siren city. And, untold thousands do come. One railroad thinks nothing of dumping 100,000 strangers into New York in a day.

The reason for so much coming is plain. Everybody likes to be mixed up with a success. The bigger the success, the better. New York is universally regarded as a big success. It has the tallest buildings, the richest men, the whitest "White Way" that ever cut a streak through the night, and some of the most prodigal disbursers of the circulating medium that ever dazzled any community.

In a variety of ways comes the message to mix with this great success—to become a part of this wonderful bigness. Perhaps the newspapers and the stage do the most to spread the lure. New York date-lines appear over the most important items of news. There seems to be only one place in which anything worth while can happen. Has Mr. Morgan bought an old master or formed a new trust? Where did he do it? New York. Has Mr. Rockefeller paid his annual visit to the office of Standard Oil? Yes—a New York dispatch says so. Has Mr. Carnegie slipped in the icy park and sprained his ankle? What park. Why, Central Park, in New York, of course. And, whenever an Italian opera singer, a Russian revolutionist, or an Irish patriot comes to this country, where does he land? At New York. What city sends out the news? New York.

As an advertiser of the glories and splendor of this great town, the stage is second only to the press.

Twenty years ago, a Nevada youth went to see a show in Carson City. The show was that old classic, "The Two Orphans." In the cast were extremely few persons besides the orphans themselves, as railway transportation and board were both high. But the show made up in scenery what it lacked in cast. One scene, in particular, appealed to the chuckle-faced youth. It was a scene in which the two orphans were sitting on the steps of Trinity church. The snow was drifting down over their thin shoulders. Broadway was thronged with pedestrians. Horse-cars flew along at eight miles an hour. Nobody looked at the orphans. But the orphans, silent as little sphynxes, looked straight ahead—straight up the street. There was Broadway! The infinite skill of the scene painter seemed to have carried the street clear to the horizon. Nothing but buildings and people and people and buildings till they blended, at the finish, into an indistinguishable haze of paint.

The Nevada youth could hardly keep his seat. The painted scene had fired his mind with an intense desire. He must be off to New York. All during the show, which he saw not, though he looked straight at the stage, he kept his eyes riveted to the splendid vista of Broadway. The whole thoroughfare seemed to him to be a treasure-house of opportunity. And, at dusk, when the lights begin to blaze up along the "Great White Way"—ah, it is all just as he had dreamed it to be! All grand! All surpassingly great!

But, kind friends, he dines at no lobster palace that evening. Nor do his magnificent jewels glister in the "horseshoe crescent" at the opera. With the money that he can spare for his evening meal, he couldn't buy a lobster's tail, and a drygoods box in an alley would fit him better than a box at the opera. So, he dines poorly for sixty cents at a side-street restaurant, gets a glassy eye from the waiter for not giving a tip, finds a room in which there is no light by day, nor pure air night or day—and goes to sleep to dream of home and mother.

The next morning, he is awakened by a miscellaneous assortment of noises, ranging from elevated car wheels to horses' hoofs. As he puts on the shirt that mother laundered for him, his heart takes a sudden lurch back to the old roof. He calls his heart back. He is in New York to make good. It is up to him to do it. And, by the time he is ready to go out to hunt for breakfast, his nerve is all back.

With nothing to do but get a job or starve, he looks for work. He hears that motormen are wanted on the subway. Half afraid to offer his services, he nevertheless decides to do so. On the way to the company's offices, he considers all of the situation's glorious possibilities. Never in the country did he dare dream that some day he might make a battery of motors bite off 2,000 horsepower of electricity and snatch eight loaded cars through the subterranean night.

The good news goes home to the old folks that their boy is going to run a train in the New York subway. Oh, if the boy could only see the mingled sorrow and pride that light up his mother's eyes when she reads the letter. It breaks her heart to have her boy away, but it mends it to know how emphatically he has made good in the big town. Going to run a train driven by electricity! Going to run a train bearing fifteen hundred human beings, each of whom has put his life, for a time, in her son's keeping! Such confidence as the company must have had in her boy to intrust him with so grave a responsibility. Oh, it is such a comfort to her to know that her son, whom she has loved since she felt his first heart-beat; for whom she has toiled and suffered and denied herself—it is such a comfort to her to know that he has been recognized at what she knows to be his true worth, by the most wonderful city in the world.

A year later, what rejoicing there was in the little home when the boy wrote that he was coming back on a vacation. Mother could hardly read the letter, she was so excited. Ran to the fields to tell father. Ran back to get dinner. Could hardly cook—burned the eggs to a crisp, something she had not done in thirty years, and had to fry some more. In such a hurry to put on her "diner dress" and run over to Mrs. Pratt's to tell her: "My boy is coming home."

The boy came home. When he took mother in his arms and held her for a full minute, she couldn't speak. All choked up. So glad to see him, she couldn't say a word. And, when she did speak, the first thing she said, as she looked up into his brown eyes, was: "Oh, my boy, how pale you are!"

He was pale. He knew it. Subway air makes no red blood-corpuscles. Kills some of the red ones that exist. Nor does the electric light of the subway brown the cheek as the sunlight browns the cheek of the farmer. All the year that he had been away, mother had carried in her mind the picture of her farmer boy. Never had dreamed that her farmer boy would come home with a grayish-white face. Didn't need to say she was shocked. Looked it. The boy caught the message and laughingly replied:

"Oh, mother, all city folks are pale."

During the week that he remained at home, the boy was kept talking. Father and mother constantly asking questions. Seemed to mother as if she couldn't ask questions enough. Wanted to get first-hand information about everything of which she had read.

Six months after he returned to work, his mother had an opportunity to see for herself, just how big was New York. A telegram told her that her boy had been hurt. She and father found him in a hospital, with his head bandaged until they could barely see his eyes. At the end of his run, he had tried to cross the tracks to catch another train back and get to dinner more quickly. Didn't see a train running in the opposite direction. Car struck him. Picked up for dead. Seemed to have a fractured skull. Fortunately, did not. Revived in the hospital and would get well.

Oh, but the mother's heart was glad when she heard the best instead of the worst. Glad until she and father went to the boy's room. Not his room in the hospital, but his room in a lodging-house. Glad until she saw how miserably he had lived. A dirty street. A dirty house. A dirty hall. A cheerless room. Little light. Bad air. A skimpy bed. A frayed counterpane. Not a decoration, save her own picture, stuck in the edge of a mirror.

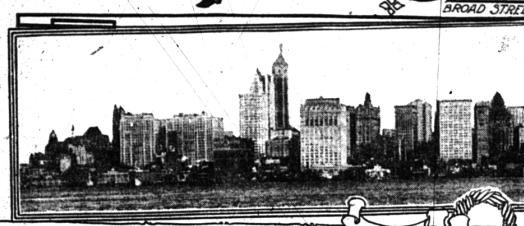
Her boy could afford no better place to live. His pay was only $2.25 a day. That is, his pay from the company was only $2.25 a day. The lure of New York made up the rest that was needed to induce him to stay.

Such is life for millions in New York. Not life as the newspaper dispatches describe it. Not life as the stage pictures it. Life as it is.

A few draw colossal prizes. A few more draw good prizes. But if only those should come to New York who can earn a better living here than they can elsewhere, a handcar, running once a day, would almost bring them in. Ninety-two per cent. of the population have not drawn enough prizes to enable them to own their own homes. Yet people come. Come from every state in the Union. Come from every town in every state—every hamlet. Come from Italy, Norway, Sweden, Turkey—come from everywhere.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

BROAD STREET



NEW YORK WATER FRONT, FROM JERSEY CITY

HERALD SQUARE

CLOTH GOVERNMENT BUYS

United States Soldiers Wear Clothes That Stand the Strain of Weather and Work.

The men of the United States army come nearer knowing to a certainty what they are buying in the way of cloth than do any other consumers in the country. When the government gives out a million dollar cloth contract, it sees to it that it gets material according to specifications. The specific contracts for various sorts of cloth are elaborate and go into the technical side of the matter; the number of threads to be use to the yard, the kind of wool to be used in the manufacture—for the United States soldier has to be well dressed in clothes that will stand the strain of weather and of work. On Governors Island, New York city, there is a testing laboratory for cloth. A specification of the weight per linear yard of each kind of cloth is weighed, and if it falls short of the proper weight it is thrown out. Next the question of wear and tear is considered and again the specification is stated that each special kind of cloth will stand a strain of so many pounds to the inch work way and so many pounds to the inch filling way. So after weighing, the next test is to cut a sample and try in a machine the strength of the cloth. If it won't stand this test the cloth is thrown out.

After the cloth has been pronounced perfect for weight and strength, the dye tests are made; it must stand two acid tests for perspiration and the material must stand boiling for ten minutes in a certain soap solution, showing that it will stand washing with strong alkalis; and finally comes the weather test, the material being exposed 10 days on the roof without changing color appreciably. If the cloth has passed its examinations successfully, each yard of each piece is inspected, being run over machines for the purpose, while inspectors watch for any imperfections in the weave.

A Monopoly.

Urbanite—What did you come to the city for?

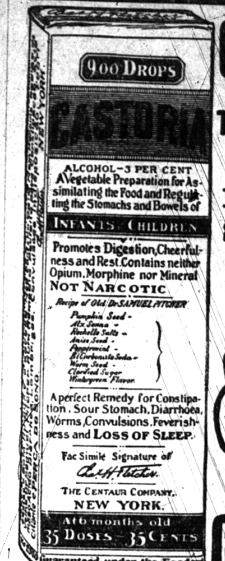
Country Boy—To earn an honest living.

Urbanite—That's all right. You'll find no competition.

Do You Use Eye Salve?

Apply sparingly from Aseptic Tubes to Prevent Infection. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes—New Size 25c. Murine Eye Liquid 25c-50c. Eye Books in each Pkg.

It is a good thing to know where you are going, and what you are going there for.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

When You Feel Played Out

There comes a time when your grip on things weakens. Your nerves are unstrung, the vital forces low, the stomach is weak and the blood impoverished. You feel old age creeping over you. Be careful of yourself. Take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

at once; there is need to renew the life forces. Weak nerves, wearied brains, sick stomach, feeble blood, torpid liver, sluggish bowels—all feel the quickening effects of Beecham's Pills. Their use makes all the difference. The tonic action of these pills upon the vital organs is immediate, thorough and lasting. They are Nature's own remedy.

For Run-down Conditions

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, 10c. and 25c.

The Lesser Evil.

Gresham college in 1719 was the scene of a famous semi-comic duel between two celebrated doctors, Doctor Mead and Doctor Woodward, both of whom were lecturers at the college. While walking down Bishopsgate street one morning they quarreled over some medical question and adjourned to the square of the college to fight it out with swords. Woodward fell, wounded in several places, whereupon Mead magnanimously said "Take thy life." "Anything but your physic," hissed back the chagrined Woodward ere he swooned away.—London Chronicle.

Kill the Flies Now and Keep

disease away. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season. Ask your dealer, or send 20c to H. SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Distinction.

"Jim may not be a successful man," said the optimist, "but he's full of possibilities."

"Perhaps," grunted the cynic, "but not of probabilities."

If a dose of Hamlins Wizard Oil taken at night will prevent your having a bad cold in the morning, isn't it a good idea to have it ready to take the moment you feel the cold coming?

Sincerity transforms all things. The greatest fault, if it is avoided in a loyal kiss, becomes a verity more beautiful than innocence.

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

Let amusement fill in the chinks of your life, not the great spaces thereof.—Parker.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable, act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes walking a pleasure. It instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest relief for Sweating, Hot, Aching, Swollen, Tired Feet. It's the only known cure for Ingrowing Nails. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE—A sample package of Allen's Foot-Ease, the Foot-Rest Powder, will be sent free to any address. A postal card will do. Don't suffer another day with your feet. Write today. Address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Pettits EYE SALVE

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces in a package—other starches only 12 ounces—Defiance Starch is unequaled for fine laundering—"DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well.

Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this *well-known* remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glycerin extract of healing, native American roots.