JOHN RAWN PROMINENT CITIZEN

By EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE, 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

Certain Notable Details in Genesis.

One John Rawn is to be the hero of this pleasing tale; no ordinary hero, as you might learn did you make inquiry of himself.

John Rawn was born in Texas—and of Texas at the very spot where, had it been left to his own candid opinion, no John Rawn, no especial hero, ought ever to have been born. The village he honored by his birth—one of seven which now contend over that claim to fame—was the very home of democratic equality; and how could the home of democratic equality be called typical environment for the production of a man believing in the divine right of a very few?

Neither, had John Rawn been consulted in the matter, would he have favored the plans of fate in respect to his ancestry any more than he did the workings of the misguided stars in regard to his environment. By right he should have been the offspring of parents for long generations accustomed to rule, to command, to sway the destinies of others. Yet far from this was the truth in our hero's case.

It was rarely that even a smile enlivened the somewhat heavy features of young John Rawn, even in the earliest stages of his babyhood. Rarely did the nurtch of any situation bring up in his face an answering dawn of appreciation. He was a serious child, as all admitted even from the first. He grew to be a grave boy, a solemn youth.

Curious persons might have found certain explanations for these traits in the calling, the temper and training of the father of John Rawn. In that time and place, a minister of the gospel was a man of whom all stood in awe. He was not much galvanized, not much withstood, not much disproved. His conclusions were announced for acceptance, not for argument.

It is not known, nor is it important, whence Mrs. Rawn came, or how she happened to marry her husband, John Rawn, Senior, the Methodist preacher in the little Texas town. They were married when they arrived at this place, and had been for some years. John was the first child granted to them as answer to his father's pumbling; the latter, very sobly and righteously, dreading what calamity the world must suffer did none come to perpetuate his race.

These necessary and essential preliminaries now all stand adjusted, and we are able finally to say that John Rawn at least and at last was born, silently, quietly, with small rebellion on the part of his mother. He lay there in his first cradle, silent, a trifle red, a slight frown on his face, a trace of gravity in his features as he ventured an introspective look within the confines of his couch, and for the first time discovered that wholly interesting, remarkable, indeed wonderful human being, Himself.

Having assured himself that he was here, John Rawn sighed, turned over in his cradle, and presently fell asleep, well assured that, although He had selected Texas for this event, God after all was in His heaven, and that in the circumstance, all in due time would be well with the world. Could any hero of his years have acted with a finer, a larger generosity?

In his younger school days there was a way about young Mr. Rawn. He did not really care for plodding, yet he was aggrieved if not accorded rank among his fellow pupils.

Even in those early days his features were in large mold, even then his abundant hair fell across his brow. His eyes were blue and prominent, his nose distinct, his lower lip prominent, protruding and in times of great emotion semi-pendulous. Even thus early he seemed old, serious, foreordained.

Much of this might have been rendered by kindly application of educational or parental rod, but young Mr. Rawn remained largely unchastened. His parents did not care to punish him, and his teacher did not dare to do so. Was he not the minister's son? If his mother had misgivings they were well concealed. She herself only shuddered in her soul when she heard the profound voice of the master of the house explain, in contemplation of his first born, "How much he is like me!" Yes, he was like. His mother knew, how like.

At that time and in that part of the country this little western village might have been called almost a little world of itself. Estimates of men and affairs were such only as might grow out of the soil. The great world beyond was a thing but vaguely sensed of any who dwelt here.

The family was its own world. In large part it tilled its own fields and ran its own factories. Mrs. Rawn molded the candles which made the bedroom lights and those by which she sewed—though not that by which her husband read and wrote—in a kettle in the back yard at butchering times, when must came the parson's way. She made her husband's long black coats, building them upon some prehistoric pattern. She made, mended and washed his shirts, hemmed his stocks and darned his socks for him. Using for that purpose ministerial cloth in turn, she made also, in due time, the garments of the son and heir, even building for him a cap, with ear-lappets, for winter use. Her own garments might have been seen by the most casual eye to have been the product of her own hands.

A certain interest attaches to a little event which nowhere else, save in some such village, would have been noted or could have been possible. The leading local merchant, in a burst of enterprise, had imported a couple of clusters of bananas from New Orleans, the first ever brought into the town. For a time none of the citizens purchased, and, indeed, it required the grudging gift of a banana or so to establish a local demand. Then—builded on the assurance of a wise and much-traveled citizen who had once eaten a banana at Fort Worth—the rumor of the bananas passed rapidly through the town. Swiftly it became an important thing to announce to a neighbor that one had eaten of this fruit.

At this time young Mr. Rawn was six years of age, and by reason of his years and his social position at least as much entitled to bananas as any of his like thereabout. Yet, he had none. The tragedy of this wrung his mother's soul. Was it to be thought that this, her son, should be denied any of the good things of life, that he should have less than an equal enjoyment of life's privileges in the company of his fellows? The climax came when young Mr. Rawn himself approached his mother's knee, with wonder and surprise upon his face, inquiring why others had bananas, while he himself, the Lord's anointed, and son of the Lord's anointed, had none. It was at that time that his mother somewhat furtively stole away down the village street.

He was at about this same time, also, that there chanced to pass by, on the sidewalk in front of the parsonage, two boys younger than John Rawn himself. These he regarded intently, for he saw from a distance that each had some suspicious object in his hand. His own suspicions became certainties. Here was visible proof that they, mere common persons, were owners of specimens of that fruit whose excellence was rumored throughout the town. They ate, or were about to eat, while he did not. They had luxuries while he had none! They had not asked his permission, yet they ate! Form this picture well in your mind, oh, gentle reader. It is that of John Rawn and ourselves.

With what dignity and dignity young Mr. Rawn stalked down the brick walk to the front gate of the parsonage yard. Calmly, with no word, but with uplifted hand—nay, nobly by his stately dignity—he barred the progress of those two. They paused, uncertain. Then he held out his hand, and, with a growl of command, demanded of these others that which they had regarded as their own. He took it as a matter of course that Caesar should have the things that were Caesar's; and they who give tribute to our Caesars now, gave it then.

Having possession of these bananas, which as yet remained unbroken of their owners, young Mr. Rawn showed them that, although these fruits were unfamiliar to their former owners, they made no enigma to a person of his powers. As though he had done nothing else all his life, he broke open the tender skin and removed the soft interior contents. After this he handed back to each of his young friends the disrupted and now empty skins. Yet, with much kindness, he explained to both that at the bottom of each thick or envelope there still remained some portion of edible contents which, with care upon their part, might yet be rescued. They departed, wondering somewhat, but glad they had been shown how to do, and so, each on his own part, and I humbly thank our great men for robbing us today.

Young Mr. Rawn, age six, turned now with much dignity back to the gallery from which he had with much dignity come. He seated himself calmly upon the chair and began to eat that which had been given him of fate, that which had been brought to Caesar as a thing due to Caesar. He ate until at last, wearied with his labors, he fell asleep.

Note now our humble moral in this short and simple detail of our hero's early years. He was at this moment more nearly full of bananas than any other human being in all the village at that time. Yet he had attained that success at no price save that of the exercise of the resources of his mind. That is genius. Let us not smile at young Mr. Rawn.

His mother, stealing home by the back way with yet other bananas concealed in her apron, presently came upon him and discovered that, after all, her solicitude had not been needful. Her son slept, his lower lip protruding, his features grave, his legs somewhat sprawled apart, his midbody somewhat distended, his head sunken forward, his hands drooping at his side. In one hand, clutched so tightly as to have become a somewhat worthless pulp, his mother discovered the bulk of several bananas; in short, the full quota which had been assigned to two of his fellow-beings. It was genius!

His mother looked upon him as he slept sprawled in his repletion and made no attempt to remove the uneaten fruit from his hands; indeed, made no query as to where he had obtained it. She did not disturb his slumbers. "How like his father he is," she whispered to herself, mindful of certain lemons, certain beefsteaks, certain wedding fees, certain gone and wasted years. She did not say: "How dear he is, how sweet, how manly, how brave, how decent, how chivalrous!" No, with a slight tightening of the lips as she turned back to find her belated sewing, she spoke, as though to herself, and with no peculiar glorying in her voice, "How like he is to his father!" And so took up her burden.

CHAPTER II.

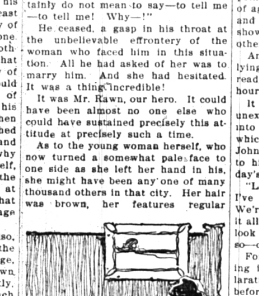
In Love Successful.

"But, my dear—but Laura, you don't stop to think!" exclaimed a certain young man to a certain young woman, at a somewhat interesting and important moment of their lives. "You certainly do not mean to say—to tell me —to tell me! Why—!"

He ceased, a gasp in his throat at the unbelievable effrontery of the woman who faced him in this situation. All he had asked of her was to marry him. And she had hesitated. It was a thing incredible!

It was Mr. Rawn, our hero. It could have been almost no one else who could have sustained precisely this attitude at precisely such a time.

As to the young woman herself, who now turned a somewhat pale face to one side as she left her hand in his, she might have been any one of many thousand others in that city. Her hair was brown, her features regular



Leaned Again Toward Her, Insistent, Frowning, Imperious.

enough, her complexion nondescript, her garb non-committal. Not a person of ancient lineage, you would have said, or of much education in the world's ways, or of much worldly goods—these things do not always come to a saleswoman of twenty-five, whose salary is six dollars a week. Yet her face had in it now a very sweet sort of womanliness, her mouth a tender droop to it.

He leaned again toward her, insistent, frowning, imperious. This was as she had planned. What, then, lacked? If she had sought for some strong man to sweep her from her calm, why was she now so calm?

"You surely do not stop to consider," he renewed. "Why, look at me!" Laura Johnson did stop to consider.

She wanted to be a wife, loved, cherished, supported, comforted and protected. And certainly she could choose only among the opportunities offered her. This was her first opportunity, and it might be her last.

She sighed a trifle as she laid aside the garment of her girlhood, which had kept her sweet and clean for five and twenty years. She folded both her worn and rather bony hands, put them both in his, and said, with a little smile that ought to have wrung his heart, "Well, John, if—if it must be!"

John Rawn, then, married Laura Johnson, and they lived, unhappily ever after. That is to say, she did. As for her lord, he did not notice his wife to any great extent after once they had settled down together, but came to regard her as one of those incidents of life which classify with food, clothing, the need of sleep.

He was a solemn man in his home, or at least for the most part silent. He ate all the beefsteak there was on the table when there was but enough for one, which latter often was the case, for his wife had need to be frugal. At times he would purchase a solitary ticket to the theater and go alone. Yet he was generous, and always after his return home he would with fine feeling tell his wife what he had seen.

After the birth of Grace Rawn, their daughter, which occurred within the first year of their wedded life, Laura Rawn had something to interest her for the remainder of their days. Her horizon widened now immeasurably; indeed to the extent of giving her a world of her own wherein she could dwell apart quite comfortably; one in which her husband had no part. Simple and just in her way of thought, she accepted the truth that without married life, without her husband, this new world could not have been her own.

As to the child herself, she grew steadily and normally into young girlhood, in time into young womanhood, not given to any display, reserved of judgment as well as of speech, oftimes sullen in mood, yet withal a step or so higher than her mother on the ladder of feminine charm. She had a clean, good family rearing, and a good grammar school education. At about the time her father came to be a man of middle age, Grace fell into her place in the clerical machine of the railway office where he worked; for very naturally, being an American girl of small means, she took up shorthand, and was licensed to do violence.

The head of this family, as he attained additional solidity of figure, grew even heavier of brow, trod with even more statellness about his appointed duties. At the end of seven years of age his salary was but one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. That showed only the lack of wisdom of others, not unfitness in himself.

And yet all this time success was lying in ambush, as it sometimes does, ready to spring forth at the appointed hour.

It was this, focused suddenly and unexpectedly by the lens of accident into a burning point of certainty, which marked the air and attitude of John Rawn one evening on his return to his home at the conclusion of his day's work.

"Laura," said he, "Laura, it's come! I've got the idea. It's going to win. We're going to be rich. I've believed all along, and I know it now! Laura, look at me—didn't I always tell you so—didn't I know?"

For some time Mrs. Rawn said nothing in answer to her husband's declaration. She had known such things before.

But today there was something so sincere in his air as to take her beyond her own forced insincerity with herself.

"What is it, John?" she demanded.

"You can't understand it, Laura; but listen. Give the people something they haven't had; get them so they have to have it. We can't go fast enough. But we're going faster. We'll go twice as fast.

"That's my business. That's my invention. That's how I'm going to get rich.

"Laura, I'm going to make it possible to gear up our national life, to double its present speed," he went on savagely.

She leaned back in her chair, sighing. "Do you think I could have a silk dress, John?" she said at length, her mind overleaping vast intermediate areas.

"My God, woman!"

She sat, trying to rise to the pitch of such ambition, but succeeded ogly in remaining commonplace. "How did you come across it, John?" she asked after a little.

"The truth is, I picked it up from a word or so I heard in a chance conversation—two young fellows from the engineering department were talking something over. That young chap named Halsey, just out of some college, full of fads, you know."

"I thought you said this was your own idea?"

"It is my own. What is thrown away deliberately, and picked up, is mine, if I see the value of it. Young Halsey didn't know. He's just a visionary."

"Halsey—Charley Halsey of the offices? He's been here—I think Grace —you see, the Personal Injury office, where she works, is just across the hall from the Engineering—"

"Well, it's no difference. I'm going to take care of the affair myself."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TERRORS OF WARS OF OLD

Doubtful If Battles of Today Make Greater Demands on Courage Than In Ancient Times.

Much is written of the terrors of modern war. Little is written of the terrors of the wars of old. Yet it is doubtful if war today makes greater demands on human courage than war in the time of Grant, of Washington, of Turenne, of Caesar, of Alexander.

Consider a stand-up infantry fight in the days of the revolution. After the preliminary cannonade and long-distance musketry practice, the two regiments marched toward each other in closed ranks. At a given distance, frequently at 30 yards, there was a halt, a smashing volley, and then a bayonet charge through the smoke.

Bullets those days were large and of solid lead, and the man who was hit went down. Over him tramped his comrades and the enemy, shooting and stabbing.

That was the type of infantry battle for 150 years. To minimize the courage needed to make a good soldier under such circumstances is to fly in the face of common sense.

Modern war requires a different type of courage from that needed of old. The old touch of elbows is lacking. The old feeling of companionship is gone. The modern soldier must be more alert, better taught, keener witted than the olden soldier of equal valor. But it does not follow that the modern soldier is the braver man.

The men who fought at the "bloody angles" of Chickamauga and Spotsylvania, at Bunker Hill and Oriskany, at Rivoli, Zorndorf and Malplaquet, had no need to learn heroism in any modern school. It was theirs already.

Egypt's Debt to the Engineer.

The Assouan dam and other irrigation works in Egypt have cost about $52,000,000; but the increase in the value of land in middle and lower Egypt and the Fayum provinces has been from $955,000,000 to $2,440,000,000. The total rent if this land has risen from $52,000,000 to $19,000,000 for Egypt is less than two decades

WEBSTER A GREAT ORATOR

He Spoke With Impassive Deliberateness and Really Had Something to Say.

A few years ago one might occasionally meet an old man, who, in his youth, had heard Daniel Webster, who remembered and could quote much of that great man's utterances. The day has gone by for any such efforts of memory. The orator of today does not feel that he is "delivering the goods" unless he it rattling off two hundred words a minute, a rapidity that puts it beyond the power of the hearer to remember anything but the idea sought to be conveyed, and that too often not any too clearly. The great Daniel spoke with impressive deliberateness, for when he spoke he really had something to say and his speed was not above 120 words a minute. He would have been considered "easy" today, even by a stenographic beginner.

Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782. His most remarkable efforts were his speeches in the senate on the Greek revolution, and in his debate with Hayne of South Carolina. He also acquired great fame by two orations—one at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument, on the anniversary of the battle, June 17, 1825, and the other on the completion of the monument, in 1843. One of his greatest utterances, which may be looked upon as a prophecy of the conflict that came near to the destruction of the Union, may be cited as the best remembered of his utterances: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and disjointed fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissolved, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood."

Just Before the Fight.

"So you are in your way to propose to Miss Pickello?" "You bet! Wish me luck?" "Oh, I wish you luck, all right; but it won't do you a bit of good; I feel sure she is going to accept you."—Houston Post.

GOING ON A PLEASURE TRIP.

PART of ATLANTIC FLEET

UNCLE SAM'S blue-jacketed sailor men, to the number of about eight thousand, are going on a pleasure tour. The contemplated outing throws down the gauntlet to well-laid plans of millionaire yacht owners who seek to amuse themselves in regions where the world is most prone to smile. These light-hearted, frolicsome Americans boys are to be turned loose in the ports of the Mediterranean with their pockets full of money, and admonished to have the time of their lives.

They are to be conducted to the pleasure land on craft each unit of which represents a value of $12,000,000. The ships are to be tied up in the various harbors, with sleeping quarters and food always ready, when purses are empty. No man need have a care in the world, for his own ship lies ready to bear him back to America in time for a Christmas at home when his money is spent.

This cruise of the great men-of-war is made to redeem campaign pledges, as it were. Agents of the navy department have been going forth throughout the land and asking young men to enlist for service at sea. They have told these young men of the opportunities to learn trades in the navy, of the sport that is to be had in maneuvers at Newport and Guantanimo, of the opportunities that the service offers to see the world. The recruiting officers have not merely told them that they would see the ports of this nation and the Caribbean, but the charm of foreign lands also has been held out as an inducement for enlistments.

To Redeem Pledges.

And now the department proposes to make good on these claims. Every effort is being made to increase the facilities for learning trades in the navy. Life aboard ship is being made more joyful, stimulating and attractive. But navy programs of late have included little cruising abroad. The sailor man has known little except Newport, Norfolk and Guantanimo and a touch of Vera Cruz or Panama.

So it was determined that a trip to the Mediterranean should be made this fall. Pledges of recruiting campaigns should be redeemed. Secretary Daniels holds that men of the navy are better sailors and better citizens when they go back into private life because of these trips abroad. Likewise is the popularity of the navy increased, and this makes it possible to fill the service with better and better men all the time.

When the trip to the Mediterranean was first planned it was proposed that the entire Atlantic fleet should go. Then conditions became so unsettled in Mexico that four battleships were assigned to those waters. The navy department contemplates the relief of those four ships by four others by November 1. This eliminates eight battleships. Then there is the regular work in the navy yards which calls for the overhauling of ships with a certain degree of regularity that the working force may be maintained. This fall there will be four battleships in those navy yards. So are twelve ships of the Atlantic fleet eliminated from the Mediterranean cruise. There remain nine great vessels that are at liberty to go.

It was at first thought that some twenty destroyers would cross the Atlantic. These little, high-speed ships, the daredevils of the service, do not take the waves of the mighty main with the same degree of ease as do the dreadnoughts. They are entirely seaworthy, but in stormy weather they roll and plunge and inflict great hardship upon men and officers. As the Atlantic is to be crossed at the season when gales are frequent, it was thought advisable to leave the destroyers at home.

But all those ships that are not allowed to make the present cruise are to be given later opportunity for cruising in foreign waters, and some of them are to have the privilege of first passing through the Panama canal, an event that will transpire before the new year. They will go abroad at other times. A trip to Scandinavian waters is being talked of for next summer. The torpedo flotilla will likewise be given its chance for a pleasure jaunt that will be as good as the best.

So it comes to pass that the ships which will sail from Hampton roads about November 1 will be the Wyoming, flagship; the Vermont, the Ohio, the Arkansas, the Florida, the Utah, the Delaware and two as yet not named.

Carry All Supplies.

With these battleships will go three new colliers, the Orion, the Jason and the Cyclops. The bunkers of the battleships will be full of coal when they leave Hampton roads. With the three new coal ships plowing in its wake, the fleet of dreadnoughts will demonstrate its ability to subsist for a three-month cruise without calling in any outside source of supply whatever. No ship will take on coal other than from the accompanying colliers from the time it leaves Hampton roads until its return, a period of nearly three months.

The same is true with reference to supplies for the 8,500 men who are making the cruise. The larder of all the ships will be full when the cruise is begun. The great cold storage compartments will be stocked with frozen meat and throughout the trip the men will have as good food as when in a home port. The supply ship Celtic, which is the last word in the way of an up-to-date refrigeration plant afloat, will accompany the fleet, and from its stores the dreadnoughts will draw men necessary, although it is figured that the three-month cruise could be made even without the supply ship.

This self-dependence of all the fleet is intended as a demonstration of the possibilities in time of need. The fleet wants to show that it can go forth and give an account of itself for three months without the necessity of returning to the home port. There are few campaigns at sea that would require more than three months. Conflicts at sea that would make world history could be initiated and brought to a conclusion in less time. Almost any point in the world could be reached from our supply bases and the force of the whole navy hurled against it without any occasion to worry about food and fuel.

When nine of the great dreadnoughts of the Atlantic fleet steam out of Hampton roads a force will have been set in motion that is almost beyond conception. Each of these nine vessels will represent a weight of 20,000 tons. The nine, together with the colliers and supply ship, would weigh more than 200,000 tons. To carry the weight here represented would require 3,500 freight cars, which, strung out on the tracks, would make a line thirty miles long. When steam is up and these ships are moving at the rate of twenty knots an hour there is a force in motion that comes near being irresistible.

That Explained Everything.

Cook—If you please, mum, you'll be so good as to take my notice from today!

Mistress—But what's wrong, cook? I have no wish to part with you.

Cook—Nor I with you, mum. It's all along of that new hussy the housemaid. I'm sure the way master an' her carries on is shameful, an' I won't stay where such things are allowed.

Mistress—But is that your only reason for leaving, cook? Of course such things are not allowed, and I can soon put a stop to them. And, really, as long as your master doesn't carry on with you I don't see why you should wish to leave me.

Cook—I think I'll go all the same, mum. Before that hussy came master used to be nice to me, but he wouldn't ever be the same again now.

Inexpensive Pleasure Given.

Old Peterby is rich and stingy. In the event of his death his nephew will inherit his property. A friend of the family said to the old gentleman: "I hear your nephew is going to marry. On that occasion you ought to do something to make him happy."

"I will," said Peterby; "I'll pretend that I am dangerously ill."

POPPER'S ANSWER TO LISZT

Ceilist's Gentle Retort to the Composer's Seeming Attack on the Jewish Race.

Among the anecdotes told about the late David Popper is an interesting one relating to Liszt. It is well known that many of the pages attributed to Liszt were really written by the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. The most flagrant instance was the insertion by her in one of his books of some pages attacking the Jews and advising their deportation in a body to Palestine. Liszt was greatly annoyed at this, for such sentiments were entirely foreign to his character, and many of his best friends were Jews; among them David Popper, the famous violoncellist. Not long after the appearance of the book referred to Popper made a call on Liszt, who was delighted to see him, and asked when he came and where he was going. "I am on the way to Palestine, dear master, in accordance with your wishes," was the prompt answer

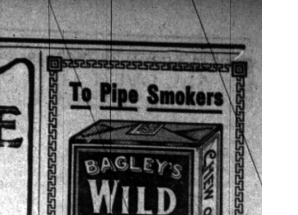
London Lost Musical Honor.

There was a period of his life in which Handel, the famous composer retired from London in a fit of disgust. He went to Dublin and it was there—in the Dublin Music hall—that his great masterpiece, "The Messiah," was produced. "The performance," writes D. A. Chart, "was for the benefit of Mercer's hospital. In order to provide room for a large audience, ladies were requested to lay aside their hoops and gentlemen their swords. By this means an audience of 700 was crowded into the space, and the concert realised $2,000."

Thimbles Centuries Old.

Thimbles have been known for many centuries. Some specimens unearthed by archaeologists are known to be 2,500 years old. They are of bronze, and their outer surfaces show the familiar indentations for engaging the head of the needle. These thimbles are almost exactly like those of our day, except that they have no tops with which to cover the end of the finger.

To Pipe Smokers



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Telling Him.

Jones—Well, here is two cents for you.

Beggar—What can I do with two cents?

Jones—Well, you can buy a picture postal and send it to your best girl.

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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.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Slow Crop.

Reggie Callow—Yes, I'm trying to raise a mustache, and I'm wondering what color it will be when it comes out.

Miss Keen—Gray, I should say, at the rate it appears to be growing.

ECZEMA ON BACK AND CHEST

Pierson, N. Dakota.—"The eczema started on my scalp. It finally went on to the back of my neck, then on to my back, arms and chest. It broke out in pimples first and then seemed to run together in places, making a sore about the size of a dime. At times the itching and burning were so intense that it seemed unbearable. The more I scratched it the worse it became, and there would be a slight discharge from it, especially on my scalp, so as to make my hair matted and sticky close to the scalp. The hair was dry, lifeless and thin. My hair was falling so terribly that I had begun to despair of ever finding relief. My face was one solid mass of eruption on my back. The affected parts were almost a solid scab.

"I had been bothered with eczema for about a year and a half. Then I began using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used them daily for two months and I was cured." (Signed) Miss Mildred Dennis, Apr. 30, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

His Way.

"What do you do about the result of your wife's cooking school lessons?"

"Being in the theatrical business, I try them on the dog."

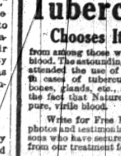
Housework Is a Burden

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden.

Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered.

Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of suffering women. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

AN OHIO CASE



Mrs. Selina Siegler, 1770 E. 82d St., Cleveland, O., says: "I suffered from a dull backache for a long time, especially on wash days. One day I had to give up all my work on account of the shooting pains in my back and shoulders. I had headaches and dizzy spells and was nervous. Finally, I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills and since I used two boxes I haven't suffered at all."

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