IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women,' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."—Miss BERTHA A. PELOQUIN, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.

Massena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."—Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massena, N. Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ready Help

in time of physical trouble caused by indigestion, biliousness resulting from torpid liver, inactive bowels, is always given, quickly, certainly, safely by the most famous of family remedies

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

PITY POOR OLD GOBSA GOLDE

George Ade's Story Explains Why Octogenarian Millionaire Should Be Object of Sympathy.

George Ade, apropos of a May-December marriage, said:

"When your octogenarian millionaire weds your beautiful stenographer or bareback rider of seventeen summers, it is not to the radiant bride, but to the husband, that my sympathies go out.

"Why? Well, I'll tell you why in a little fable.

"Old Gobsa Golde had wedded Tottie Footlites, and one evening he called to her from his dressing room:

"'My dear, for this after-theater supper at the hotel I don't know whether to wear my dancing shoes or my patent leather boots. Which is the better form for a man of my age?'

"In her green and gold brocade kimono the young and beautiful Mrs. Gobsa Golde, stretched on a chaise longue undergoing the attention of her manicure and her coiffeur, called back to her poor old husband in a clear, cold voice:

"'The best form for a man of your age, my dear, is chloroform.'"

Once Enough.

Barber—Shall I go over it again, sir?

Victim—Oh, no; I heard every word you said.—Truth.

Buffalo in October entertains New York state Christian Endeavor convention of 2,000 delegates.

LIGHT BOOZE, Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a hot cup of coffee about that time. I could keep awake better.

"After three of four years of coffee drinking, I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the coffee drug, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer-headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

(Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray.)

MANUFACTURING HEAT.

You have let the furnace fire go out because you do not now need it to keep you warm. You have put fly screens in the windows and doors in order that they may be thrown wide open to permit a free circulation of air through the house. Thus you may avoid the heat and be comfortable without letting disease bearing insect pests in. You know that a closed room in summer is uncomfortable, and you have heard perhaps that it is dangerous as well and you are guarding against that danger. But have you reasoned out why it is so? Do you know? Do other things about your person prove and proclaim that you have acted consistently and according to known principles, or that you are just following conventional lines and habit and have done this or that because others do it?

Perhaps you are also beginning to ask yourself and your acquaintances, too, the question that comes to the mind of the vast majority with the first hot days of summer: "What can I drink to cool me off?" Curious, is it not, that the old "cure" idea jumps out at us at every turn? It would appear that we think always that we must "take something" to correct uncomfortable conditions, and it never seems to occur to us that eminently satisfactory results may be had from within.

Without doubt you would think your neighbor decidedly queer if, during this hot weather, he were to keep his furnace fire going, close the windows of his house and buy ice to cool himself with.

Probably no single contribution to the science of nutrition has been productive of knowledge capable of more profoundly influencing human life than has the calorie idea. By means of this unit of measurement food requirements become a matter of accurate demonstration, and it is proved that the transformations of chemical energy into heat and work in the animal body take place according to the same general laws as in our artificial motors.

If air is dry it more readily takes up moisture and thereby cools us, whereas if the humidity is high—that is, if the air be close to its limit of water vapor saturation—of course there will be but little room in it for our moisture. For example: At 90 degrees Fahrenheit and 50 per cent humidity the air will have a capacity for 7.4 grains of water per cubic foot and a comparatively moderate volume of such air will keep our skins dry and cool; but if the humidity be 90 per cent then there is room in it for but 1.48 grains of water per cubic foot and we will heat and sweat on the slightest exertion.

Very exhaustive tests in many parts of the world by various experts on many subjects prove that the average man, kept absolutely motionless and fasting, develops 1,625 calories per day, an amount of energy equal to lifting more than 2,500 tons one foot. Note carefully that this is body tissue combustion. Food necessary for simple maintenance alone would increase this fully 180 calories. If permitted to move about the room the man would require 2,320 calories, the equivalent of 3,434 foot tons. These tests go to show it is very necessary that we should adjust and balance our food to our requirements and that intuition and guessing are unsatisfactory and unsafe methods for arriving at a sane solution of the food question.

It would also seem to make clear the absurdity of attempting to "cool off" by pouring various wet goods down our throats. The solution of the heat problem is: First, not to take more food than is required easily to accomplish our daily tasks. Second, to clothe ourselves so as to permit our radiator—the surface of the body, including the scalp—to fulfill its function. Incidentally, cut down your meat eating, unless you are a laboring man at hard labor.

Cut out the beer and the cocktail. For lunch a bowl of bread and milk, or a large portion of dandelion greens or spinach or asparagus with plenty of good olive oil and lemon juice, and some bread and butter, will keep the machine running until we get time to consider fully the food question. Dandelions and spinach are rich in iron and other mineral matter and this is the season to catch up on your mineral supply. All fresh vegetables contain minerals in varying degrees. For breakfast some fruit, a bowl of whole cracked wheat and milk, or some fried whole corn meal or wheat mush, bacon, toast and coffee, will carry you until lunch time; and then for dinner a small portion of steak or a chop, potatoes and another vegetable or two, bread and butter, a salad, coffee, tea or milk, and you will wake up in the morning ready for business. The quantity? That depends on your weight and the character of your work. You have got to master the simple fundamentals of nutrition and be able to adapt foods to your individual needs if you are going to be healthy, happy and efficient.

FOOD ADJUSTMENT.

The public mind has been roused here and there to an interest in certain phases of the pure food question by the popular agitation of the subject as presented by various enthusiastic leaders, but there is much underlying truth which has entirely escaped attention. This is due to the fact that the movement has necessarily been involved in much that is in the nature of commercial warfare, and in commercial campaigns a well turned phrase or glittering epigram is frequently preferred to a straightforward statement of fact.

We have, for instance, heard much that is both true and false about benzoate of soda, but neither side has felt called on to state the whole truth, which is that as a general proposition the average individual is vastly better off without any of the dietetic whips around which the battle rages. We do not need instruction in the composition of sauces and dressings for our foods, but we are sadly in need of instructions as to how to select and prepare a nutritious and healthful diet.

The average individual among laymen and physicians alike regards the fundamental problems of food and diet as permanently solved. The fallacy of this belief is quickly shown by a brief study of the mortality tables published by the United States bureau of census. These tables show a progressive decrease in mortality from all diseases other than those directly connected with metabolism, while the mortality from diseases caused by deranged metabolism show a progressive increase per 100,000 population. Obviously the fundamental problems of food and diet are far from being understood or solved, and probably the most imperfectly understood part of the problem is that of the quantity of food needed for the support of man.

Careful, painstaking investigations for many years in many parts of the world have reduced human food requirements to a basis where the quantity has become a matter of accurate estimation rather than of intuition, and the increased demand for food fuel for the worker need no longer remain veiled in the mystery of guesswork.

About the latest word from the investigators in this field comes from Becker and Mamaltinen in Finland. Tests conducted by them for determining the amount of energy required for eight hours' labor at various occupations are as follows:

Women.	Calories.
One seamstress with needle	1,800
One seamstress with sewing machine	1,900
One seamstress with sewing machine	2,100
One bookbinder	1,900
One bookbinder	2,100
Two servants polishing silver, washing windows, etc.	2,300, 2,900
Same two servants washing clothes	2,600, 3,800

Men.	
Two tailors	2,400, 2,500
One bookbinder	2,700
One shoemaker	2,800
Two metal workers, filling and hammering	2,100, 3,200
Two carpenters making tables	2,200, 3,900
Two painters painting furniture	3,200, 3,300
Two stonemasons, chiseling tombstones	4,300, 4,700
Two men sawing wood	5,000, 5,400

It must be very clear to any person reading the above table that there is a direct relation between the number and character of the movements in the several occupations to make so distinct a difference in the amount of food required to furnish this energy, and also that there is some material difference in metabolic efficiency between those engaged in the same lines of work. Or, perhaps, the difference shown may be due to differences in individual bulk. However, that is a matter for future consideration, the point to be considered at this time being the adjustment of food to occupation. Bearing in mind the fact that the calorie is equal to the energy expended in raising 1.54 tons one foot, it is very evident that an individual on the diet of the seamstress or the tailors would quickly suffer physical collapse at the work of the sawing wood.

The other side of the question is, What happens to the sedentary workers, those on a par with the seamstress and the tailor, who are on the diet of the wood sawyers? There are thousands of them in all our great cities, individuals who eat with their eyes and palates. They are wasting fuel and making of themselves "dem'd moist unpleasant bodies."

IN TROUBLE OVER GOOD DEED

Young Philadelphian Might Be Pardoned for Not Again Acting the Good Samaritan.

It doesn't always pay to assume the role of the Good Camaritan, as was demonstrated by an embarrassing position a young Philadelphia man found himself in a few days ago. While sitting in a restaurant eating his lunch he was approached by an Italian who beseeched his aid. The Italian told a story of how he was afflicted with poor eyesight and being unable to speak English fluently couldn't find his way to the Willis Eye hospital.

The young man volunteered to guide the unfortunate man to the hospital. He had not gone very far when he discovered that the Italian was practically blind, and it was necessary to take him by the hand. When the pair reached the hospital the Good Samaritan was informed that he would have to stay there until the patient was treated and then take him away. He explained the circumstances, but the official was firm. "You brought him here, and you will have to take him away," he said.

The young man saw visions of all sorts of trouble ahead of him with a blind man unable to speak English, a stranger in the city, without home, or money being on his hands. So when he saw an opportunity he leaped out of a window and made his escape as fast as his legs could carry him.

High Times.

Patience—They were married at high noon, I believe.

Patrice—Yes.

"Are they getting on nicely?"

"No; I believe she is not pleased, because he doesn't get home sometimes until high midnight."

What Ailed Him.

Bacon—What's the matter with your neighbor?

Egbert—Sick.

"Too bad."

"Yes; his wife bet him he wouldn't eat one of the first biscuits she cooked, and he took the bet."

GETTING A START

By VICTOR RADCLIFFE.

"Horace, I appoint you my confidential secretary, terms to be decided as soon as I realize on my inheritance."

"Very kind, and having no present position I'll be glad to accept your offer," said Horace Leg. "Much of a legacy?"

"I don't know, but my cousin, Noah Cleave, had a good deal of money once. Of course it must be quite an amount. The letter from the lawyer at Booneville says I am sole legatee. I'm going to give up my job here. I'm going to enjoy life and luxuriate, and also you. I've got some literary ideas you shall jot them down as they come to me."

"See here, Winfield," said blunt, practical Horace, "I'm friend enough of yours to give you some advice. Don't drop your position until you find out what your cousin has left you. Don't begin spending your fortune before you know what it amounts to."

"Oh, I'm quite sure it must be something substantial," insisted the optimistic Winfield Grey. "Anyhow, I want you to run down with me to Booneville till I take possession of the estate. I'll pay your expenses and for your time."

Horace was willing. He was unemployed just now. It was his own fault. He had worked for three years for a local firm—mean, stingy and unappreciative. He found his drudgery unpromising and resigned. Now his idea was to try to get some capital to make a start for himself in a modest way.

They Located the Shop in Question.

Dora Wayne, to whom he was engaged, had scolded him gently for giving up a small but steady income, but Horace was ambitious and energetic.

So Horace started with Grey for Booneville, a little city about fifty miles distant. Grey had togged himself out in great style in accordance with the grandeur he favored heir to a fortune, should assume. He invited all his old working chums to "a grand blowout" upon his return. He arranged to buy an expensive trotting team and turnout. He knew the Waynes pretty well and invited Dora to share his first ride in that model of swiftness and elegance. Horace wondered if it could be possible that his friend meditated becoming his rival. He felt pretty safe about Dora, however.

An enormous disappointment greeted Winfield Grey when he reached Booneville. The lawyer who had written him informing him that his cousin had lost all he had in unwise speculations.

"All there is left outside of paying his debts," advised the attorney, "is a little shop on Main street and that is on leased ground. It seems that your cousin took a fancy to a young plumber and tried to reform him. He built the shop, making it look more like a parlor than a place of business. His protege sold the equipment, put the money in his pocket and sloped. The building is yours, though I don't believe you can get much out of it."

Grey was so disgusted and disappointed that Horace could scarcely prevail upon him to visit his meager inheritance.

They located the shop in question. It was queerly incongruous for its rude surroundings, brand new, gaudily painted, a ten by thirty structure more adapted for the office of some plant than for real work. A plate glass window took up nearly the entire front. It was bare of furniture inside, where only a barrel or two showed.

On the square roof on four sides was a sign. It read "Plumbing." The letters were painted in dazzling gilt. The signs stared an onlooker in the face conspicuously from the four cardinal points of the compass.

"I say," observed Horace, "those signs must have cost a fortune."

"Huh!" snorted Gray—"what good are they to me? I don't want to go into the plumbing business!"

Just here a man came up. He looked over the two visitors critically.

"I own the land here," he remarked "Any interest in the property?"

"Yes," answered Grey shortly, "I've inherited this shanty."

"Well, I've given a ten years' lease on the land. Who am I to look to for the ground rent?"

"Not I," retorted Grey sourly; "I can't use the place. See here, Horace," he added, turning to his friend, "I'm sick and tired of this whole business. I'm ashamed to go back home. I have a brother out West pretty well fixed. I think I'll just go out and try my luck with him."

"But you might get something out of the place here," suggested Horace.

"Not much, I fancy," submitted the man who owned the land. "My lease holds, and of course you forfeit the building if you don't pay the ground rent. The only way to get anything out of it is to lease the building to some one, or start in business in it."

"Well, Horace, I've fooled away your time. Come back to the lawyer's and I'll give you a bit of sale of it. I won't bother with the proposition," determined Grey.

"I'll do it, and work something out of it," said Horace. "I'm thinking hard. I believe I see a way to use that building. Name a price, give me time to pay you and I'll try the speculation."

"Nonsense! I'll give it to you."

Finally, however, Grey consented to take a note for $50. Then he left on the next train for the West. Horace went back to the shop. He had a talk with the landowner, got some new ideas and looked over the inside.

He found one of the barrels filled with plumbers supplies, the other with a babbitt metal composition. Then he sought out a local plumbing establishment and sold the stuff for $75.

"Those signs," he reflected. The next day they disappeared.

"What you done with the signs?" asked the curious land owner.

"Sold 'em," replied Horace. "You see, one I got rid of to that plumber at the other end of the town. Then I sawed off the P on the second and a lumber man took it. Taking off the P and L left 'Umber.' Well, that struck a paint shop man. There's a shoemaker named Blum a little ways down the street. I sawed out his name for him. Everybody happy and I'm $42 ahead."

"You'll do!" chuckled the landowner, much amused and interested. "Say, we talked about your starting a little repair shop. I like your ways and I'll finance the proposition on shares."

"Done!" announced Horace promptly and took the train home that afternoon, to report to Dora and start in on his new independent business career.

Now, it strangely happened that on the same train, also homeward bound, was Dora's father. Naturally he was interested in the doing of a young man who had been "shining around" his favorite daughter.

By piecemeal the story of Grey's inheritance came out. The rest of the circumstance was finally related.

"And you're thinking of moving to Booneville and starting in business, eh?" propounded Mr. Wayne.

"That's it," asented Horace. "You see, I'm a pretty fair tinker, and the man who is going to back me says there is plenty of work to pick up."

"What about Dora?" submitted Mr. Wayne archly.

"Why, you know we are of the kind willing to work and wait. I asked you once for your approval to the engagement, but—"

"Oh, you've got some practical prospects now," interrupted the wise-headed Mr. Wayne. "You've proved you know how to grasp an opportunity, young man, and you can have my daughter."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

VOICE OF A LITTLE CHILD

How One of the World's Greatest Songbirds Was Discovered by Chance.

Many years ago a maid employed by Miss Lundberg, a famous dancer of the Royal Opera in Stockholm, was given a holiday by her mistress and set out to take a walk. Passing a shabby little house in the poorest section of the city she heard a child's voice, which seemed to her wonderfully fresh and beautiful, and, looking up, she saw a little girl sitting near the window singing to a pet kitten. In great excitement she rushed to her mistress and told her of the exquisite voice she had heard.

Miss Lundberg was somewhat skeptical, but finally went to the house and heard the sweet song. She, too, was convinced of the great natural beauty of the child's voice and reported it to Croellus, the singing master of the opera.

Croellus was also somewhat skeptical at first, but at Miss Lundberg's request he, too, went and, standing on the sidewalk, heard the child sing.

Enraptured in turn, he told Count Buke, manager of the Royal Opera, and arrangements were made by which the little girl sang for the count.

She was at once taken as a free pupil in the Royal Opera school and thereafter received the best instruction Sweden could give. The child was Jenny Lind, the famous "Swedish Nightingale."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Millionaires and Cheap "Smokes."

It is a common delusion that great American millionaires smoke large cigars that cost about a dollar apiece. A man who mixes occasionally in such company says it is not so. He was with one of the great railroad kings of America not long ago—a being who has as many millions as fingers—and the august person asked him for a cigarette. He was offered a brand of cheap Virginia cigarettes, and the donor apologetically remarked that it was the only kind he ever had. "Oh," said the plutocrat, "I always smoke these," and he drew from his pocket a yellow paper package which had once contained ten cigarettes, such as are purchasable at any tobacconist's for a few cents. The millionaire also explained that he had compelled his man servant—much to that person's disgust—to smoke the same brand, so that he himself might be able to borrow one if he ran short in the morning.

Rhetorical Embellishments.

"What did you bring that parrot for?" asked the manager of the militant suffragette meeting.

"To help out," replied the orator. "There are some things a lady can't say, and whenever I give the signal this parrot swears profusely."

And Some One Must Pay.

Officer—"Well, was the lady pleased with the flowers I sent her?"

Private—"Yes, lieutenant, so much so that she forgot to give me a tip."—Journal Amusant.

Qualities That Count.

In war the moral element and public opinion are half the battle.—Napoleon Bonaparte

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