VALUE OF THE "SCRAP HEAP"

"Secondary Metals" Have Added Much to the Wealth of the United States.

In 1914 the value of the "secondary metals," exclusive of gold, silver, platinum, iron and steel, recovered in the United States was $57,039,706, according to J. P. Dunlop of the United State geological survey. This is a decrease from 1913 of $15,746,321, the secondary metals recovered in that year being valued at $72,786,027.

The term "secondary" does not imply that these metals, which are recovered from scrap metal, sweepings, skimmings, drosses, etc., are of inferior quality, but it is used to distinguish them from "primary metals," which are derived from ore. While the survey figures relative to lead, zinc, copper, aluminum, tin and antimony given in this statement cover a large field and form an essential addition to the reports on primary metals, the scope of the inquiry probably reveals less than one-half the extent of the waste-metal trade. The value of the old iron and steel reused amounts to millions of dollars.

ECZEMAS AND RASHES

Itching and Burning Soothed by Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Relief, rest and sleep follow the use of these supercreamy emollients and indicate speedy and complete healment in most cases of young and old, even when the usual remedies have utterly failed.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A Sad Case.

"The first month Chugson had his motor car he talked of nothing else."

"I see."

"He's had it a year now."

"Does he still talk about it?"

"Only when drinking. He's one of those fellows who never unbosoms himself of his trouble unless he's drinking."

Expert in Silver Linings.

Hall—"Blythe is a pretty optimistic character, I hear." Wall—"I should say so. If he failed in business, he'd thank heaven he had his health; if he failed in health, he'd thank heaven he had his business, and if he failed in both, he'd say there was no use having one without the other."

He Had to Have the Money.

"I've simply got to have an increase in salary."

"What for? Are you going to get married?"

"Worse than that, boss. My need is greater. I've an automobile."

Children in Russia.

Russian peasant women have, on an average, from six to twelve children, of whom about half survive.

In the bright lexicon of youth there may be no such word as "can't"—but in the later, revised editions, you'll find it constantly recurring.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who took snuff for weak eyes?

No bother to get summer meals with these on hand

Vienna Style Sausage and Potted Meats

Libby's

Just open and serve. Excellent for sandwiches.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Test of Judge Welch's Neutrality.

The man whose brogue was thick and the one whose brogue was thicker were arguing the question of international courts on a Fifteenth street car.

"There ain't no international court," one stoutly affirmed.

"Shure, there is," the other declared. "I see by the paper that Austria may sue for peace. Just tell me how she is going to sue if there ain't no court to sue in?"

He of the minor brogue was stumped for only a minute.

"She might sue in Cas Welch's court."

"Shure, but that would be a dirty trick on Cas. Some of the Irish are for Germany and some are ferninst her, and he'd have to offend a lot of the Irish any way he'd decide it."—Kansas City Star.

Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Brooklyn navy yard was established February 23, 1801, when the first land, twenty-three acres, was bought from one John Jackson for $40,000. The yard now comprises 144 acres, and has a water front of nearly three miles, protected by a sea wall of granite.

Woman's Advantage.

"Women undergo greater trials than men." True, fair one, but no matter whom they have murdered there's always an acquittal or a hung jury.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Self-Righteous.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "talks about heaven like it was their own property dat dey was preparin' to tack a 'No admittance' sign on to."—Washington Star.

Although Judd Pavey has been married only three weeks, his wife's relatives already have mobilized.

Marriage is a form of speculation in which the women participate on equal terms with the men.

You can learn all there is to know about a rich man by watching his children.

Corn on the Cob —the Roasting Ear

is not more delicious than

Post Toasties

—the toasted sweet of the corn fields!

In the growth of corn there is a period when the kernels are plumped out with a vegetable milk, most nutritious. As it slowly ripens this hardens and finally becomes almost flinty.

Only this part of the corn is used in making Post Toasties, the husk, germ and all waste being rejected.

This nutritious part is cooked, seasoned "just right," rolled and toasted to a crackly golden-brown crispness—Post Toasties—the

Superior Corn Flakes

And they cost no more than the ordinary "corn flakes." Insist upon having Post Toasties.

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

SEEING LIFE *with* JOHN HENRY

By George V. Hobart

John Henry On Getting Grip

SAY! did you ever put on the goggles and go joy riding with an attack of the grip?

It has all other forms of amusement hushed to a lullaby—take it from Uncle Hank.

As a Bad Boy the grip has every other disease slapped to a sobbing standstill.

It's dollars to pretzels that the grip germ is the brainiest little bug that was ever chased by a doctor.

I was sitting quietly at home reading Maeterlinck on Auction Bridge when suddenly I began to sneeze like a Russian regiment answering roll call.

Friend wife was deep in the mysteries of Ibsen's latest achievement, "The Rise and Fall of the Hobble Skirt," but she politely acknowledged my first sneeze with the customary "Gesundheit!"

Then she trailed along bravely with her response for ten or fifteen minutes, but it was no use—I had more sneezes in my system than there are "Gesundheits!" in the entire German nation, including principalities, possessions across the sea, and the Musical Union.

"John," she ventured after a time, "you are getting a cold!"

"I'm not getting it," I sniffed; "I have it now."

What a mean, contemptible little creature a grip germ must be. Absolutely without any of the finer instincts it sneaks into people's systems disguised as an ordinary cold. It isn't on the level like appendicitis or inflammatory rheumatism, both ot which are brave and fearless and will walk right up to you and kick you on the shins, big as you are.

Nobody ever knows just what makeup the grip germs will put on to break into the human system, but once they get a foothold in the epiglottis nothing can remove them except inward applications of dynamite.

The grip germ hates the idea of race suicide.

I discovered shortly after I had sneezed myself into a condition of pale blue profanity that a newly-married couple of grip germs had taken a notion to build a nest somewhere on the outskirts of my solar plexus, and two hours later they had about 233 children attending the public school of my medusa oblongata; and every time school would let out for recess I would go up in the air and hit the ceiling with my Lima.

Before daylight came all these grip children had graduated from school and after tearing down the schoolhouse the whole bunch had married and had large families of their own, and all hands were out paddling their canoes on my alimentary canal.

By nine o'clock that morning there must have been eighty-five million grip germs armed with self-loading revolvers all trying to shoot their initials over the walls of my interior department.

It was fierce!

When Doctor Leiser arrived on the scene I was carrying enough concealed weapons to start something in Mexico.

The good old pill pusher threw his saws behind the sofa, put his dip net on the mantlepiece, and took a fall out of my pulse.

"Ah!" he said, after he had noted that my tongue looked like a currycomb.

"The same to you, Doc," I said.

"Ah!" he said, looking hard at the wall.

"Say, Doc!" I whispered; "there's no use to cut off my leg, because the germs will hide in my elbow."

"Do you feel shooting pains in the cerebellum near the apex of the cosmopolitan?" inquired the doctor.

"Surest thing you know," I said.

"Have you a buzzing in the ears, and a confused sound like distant laughter in the panatella?" he asked.

"It's a cinch, Doc," I said.

"Do you feel a roaring in the cornucopia with a ticking sensation in the diaphragm?" he asked.

"Right again," I whispered.

"Do the joints feel sore and pinched like a poolroom?" he said.

"Right!"

"Does your tongue feel rare and high priced like a porterhouse steak at a summer resort?"

"Exactly!"

"Do you feel a spasmodic fluttering in the concertina?"

"Yes!"

"Have you a sort of nervous hesitation in your hunger and does everything you eat taste like an impossible sandwich made by a ghostly baker from disappearing bread and phantom ham?"

"Keno!"

"Does your nerve center tinkle-tinkle like a breakfast bell in a kitchenless boarding house?"

"Right again!"

"Have you a feeling that the germs have attacked your Adam's apple and that there won't be any core?"

"Yes!"

"When you look at the wall paper does your brain do a sort of loop-the-loop and cause you to meld 100 aces or double pinochle?"

"Yes, and 80 kings, too!"

"Do you feel a slight palpitation of the membrane of the colorado madura and is there a confused murmur in your brain like the sound of a hard-working gas meter?"

"You've got me sized good and plenty, Doc!"

"Do you have insomnia, nightmare, loss of appetite, chills and fever and concealed respiration in the carolina perfecto?"

"That's the idea, Doc!"

"When you lie on your right side do you have an impulse to turn over on your left side, and when you turn over on your left side do you feel an impulse to jump out of bed and throw stones at a policeman?"

"There isn't anything you can mention, Doc, that I haven't got."

"Ah!" said the doctor; "then that settles it."

"Tell me the truth," I groaned. "What is it—bubonic plague?"

"You have something worse—you have the grip," Doctor Leiser whispered gently. "You see I tried hard to mention some symptom which you didn't have, but you had them and the grip is the only disease in the world which makes a specialty of having every symptom known to medical jurisprudence."

Then the doctor got busy with the pencil gag and left me enough prescriptions to keep the druggist in pocket money throughout the winter.

Then my friends and relatives began to drop in and annoy me with suggestions.

"Pop" Barclay sat by my bedside and after I had barked for him two or three times he decided I had inflammation of the lungs and was insistent that I tie a rubber band around my chest and rub myself with gasoline.

I told Pop I had no desire to become a human automobile, so he got mad and went home. But before he got mad he drank six bottles of beer and before he went home he invited himself back to dinner.

Then Hep Hardy dropped in and ten minutes later he had me making signs for an undertaker.

Hep comes to the bedside of the afflicted in the same restful manner that a buzzsaw associates with a log of pine.

He insisted upon taking my pulse and listening to my heart beats, but when he attempted to turn my eyelids back to see if I had a touch of the glanders every germ in my body rose in rebellion and together we chased Hep out of the room.

The next calamity was Teddy Pearson, who had an apartment on the floor above us. Teddy had spent the previous night at a Tango party and ever since daylight he had been beating home to windward. His cargo had shifted and the seaway was rough. Still clad in the black and white scenery with the silk bean cover somewhat mussed, he groped across the darkened room and solemnly shook hands with me.

Then he sat in a chair by the bedside and began to sing soft lullabies to a hold-over.

Presently he reached out his arm and made all the gestures that go with the act of hitting a bell to summon a waiter.

Receiving no answer to his thirsty appeal, he arose and said: "This is a heluva club—rottenest service in this club—s'limit, that's what it is, s'limit!" Then he hiccoughed his weary way out of the room and I haven't seen him since.

An hour later Uncle Louis Miffendale had looked me over and concluded I had galloping asthma, compressed tonsilitis, chilblainous croup and incipient measles. He insisted that I take three grains of quinine, two grains of asperine, rub the back of my neck with benzine, soak my ankles in kerosene, then a little phenacetine, and a hot whisky toddy every half hour before meals.

If I found it hard to take the toddy he volunteered to run in every half hour and help me.

Then his wife, Aunt Jessica, blew in with a deduction she called catnip tea. She brought it all the way from the Bronx in a thermos bottle so I had to drink it or lose a perfectly respectable old aunt.

It tasted like a linoleum cocktail—weouw!

During the rest of the day every friend and relative I have in the world rushed in, suggested a sure cure and then rushed out again.

Peaches tried them all on me and I felt like the inside of a medicine chest.

To make matters worse, I drank some dogberry cordial and it chased the catnip tea all over my concourse.

"Ah!" He Said.

Then Peaches, being a student of natural history, insisted that I take some hoarhound, I suppose to bite the dogberry, but it didn't.

Blood will tell, so the hoarhound joined forces with the dogberry and chased the catnip up my family tree.

Suffering antiseptics! everybody with a different remedy, from snake poison to soothing syrup—but it cured the grip.

Now all I have to do is to cure the medicine.

My Friends and Relatives Began to Drop In.

That Stamped Return Envelope.

"Among the many letters I receive from charitable enterprises asking me to contribute," said a man who gives occasionally, "I get now and then one that contains a return addressed envelope with a stamp on it.

"This must be an expensive way of sending out circulars, but I am inclined to think it pays. At any rate I know how it impresses one.

"I should not feel warranted in using that stamp for my own personal purposes, and of course it would be wasteful to throw it away; and then it seems to me a businesslike method of proceeding, thus to make it very easy for the person addressed to reply. Further, I rather admire the sporting spirit of an institution that is willing to risk a two-cent stamp on the chance of getting something more in return.

"So when I get one of those appeals containing an addressed and stamped return envelope I usually put into it and forward a small contribution."

Brass Band Cures Catalepsy.

An extraordinary instance of the curative power of music is recorded in newspapers recently arrived from Italy. In a Naples hospital lay a certain Francesco Messina who had arrived from New York in a condition of coma. He had been asleep for seven months and nothing the doctors could do would arouse him.

The Countess Celi, visiting the hospital, suggested that a brass band be engaged to play expressly for the sleeper. The doctors laughed at her, but she got the band, brought it to the hospital, stationed it under the window of the ward in which Messina was sleeping and made it play its loudest and liveliest pieces. After an hour of drumming and trumpeting, Messina suddenly sat up, wide awake. He was cured and was at once discharged. This is the third time he has had such a cataleptic attack, the first having been precipitated by his sweetheart jilting him.

Makes Collar-Buttoning Easy.

A clever little thing in the way of a collar button is the invention of Charles Formage of New Rochelle, N. Y. The button is an ordinary stud of solid metal, but has a tiny screw hole in its center. Into this a tapering peg is screwed. This goes through the bottonhole of a collar without any difficulty or breaking of nails or swearing on the part of the owner. When the collar is on the peg is unscrewed and the button remains.

Answer to a Correspondent.

No, Mr. Bosbyshell, you must not confound bellona with bologna. The one belongs to the age of myths and the other to the sausage. The bellona is made chiefly of hot dogs of war, whereas the bologna—well, never mind what the bologna is made of. Shut your eyes and eat it, and be content with the thought that, whatever their origin, it is constructed of little pieces of something, while the other is not.

Approaching a Reform.

"Has Crimson Gulch adopted prohibition?" "No," replied Broncho Bob. "But it's on the way. So's to bring it around gradual, the judge has made a rule that any man who draws a gun on another will have to quit drinking. You'll be surprised to see how nice and orderly the old place is gettin' to be."—Washington Star.

Street Car Amenities.

"I would get up and give you my seat, miss," said the ruddy-faced man in the crowded car, "but I don't feel it to be my duty. I am old enough to be your father." "You hold your age and your seat remarkably well, sir," replied the young woman, grasping a strap as the car lurched.—Boston Transcript.

Co-Operation.

Gibbs—So you went after the job? I thought you believed that the office should seek the man.

Dibbs—I do; but this is a fat job, and I thought it might get winded before it reached me.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

DADDY'S GROUCH FADED AWAY

Little Bobby's Question Gave Him a Chance to Recover His Good Humor.

Papa had a grouch, and an atmosphere of deep gloom settled over the family dinner table. Even little Bobby felt that something was wrong, but he had to talk or burst, and he preferred to talk.

"Daddy," he asked, "why did they throw the tea overboard in Boston harbor?"

Daddy twirled the spoon in his cup while he thought up this mean thing to say: "If it was anything like this stuff they certainly had a mighty good excuse for throwing it overboard."

Having gotten this remark off his chest, the old man felt so good that he actually smiled, and before he knew it his grouch was gone.

What Interested Him.

Uncle Ben Barnstraw's city nephew took him into a fire station one night just in time to see the fire laddies shinning like squirrels down a pole from their quarters overhead. "Come on, uncle, we'll go to the fire," the nephew suggested. "I don't want to go," replied the uncle. "I want to stay here until they come back, so I can see them scoot back up the pole again."—Judge.

Reason for Her Social Prominence.

"Eh-yah!" said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., in reply to the question of the Kansas City drummer. "The lady that just passed is one of our most prominent society leaders. She's already caused four men to be shot, and as you saw, she's still medium young and considerable handsome."

Price of Drugs Fixed.

The German government has for years fixed the retail price of drugs, even to the extent of designating what must be charged for bottle, cork, label or ointment box used in dispensing the medicine.

Following Suggestion.

"Italy is shaped like a boot."

"Maybe that's the reason it's been doing so much kicking."

SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did an Ohio woman. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not, quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could induige myself in coffee?

"So I got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I now like Postum better than the coffee.

"One by one the old troubles left until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my house work and have done a great deal besides."

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

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

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

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

A self-made man can beat an old rooster at crowing.

Drink Denison's Coffee.

Always pure and delicious.

We are told it takes three generations to make a gentleman, but the formula fails to operate when the third generation is a girl.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Liked a Change.

Friend—Ever play poker evenings?

Dentist—No, sir; I get enough of drawing and filling in my regular daily work.

Popular.

"That young doctor seems to be making a great success."

"That's not strange. He prescribes the fox trot and the hesitation for every ailment under the sun."

Parachute for Aviators.

Among the parachutes designed for an aviator is one consisting of wings and a balloon-shaped canopy, worn folded against the body and opening automatically if he falls.

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

Notice to Catarrh Sufferers

Undoubtedly you have tried various remedies for Catarrh, this universal ailment, without obtaining satisfactory results. Here is our proposition in a few words. Send us 25c in stamps for one bottle Baldauf's Catarrh Remedy, a mentholated antiseptic powder for local use, free from poisonous drugs. If at the end of ten days you are not convinced of its intrinsic merit, notify us and we will cheerfully return 25c to you.

Excellent for the treatment of Nasal Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Catarrhal Headaches, Bad Breath, Loss of Smell, etc.

Baldauf Drug Co., 3428 North Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. One of Wisconsin's largest and best equipped drug stores.

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they get results where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills $1.00 50-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills 4.00 Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 13 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or 4 sent express paid for $1.00.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wanted Quick

Name and address of capable and reliable single man who understands farming and ranching. Splendid opportunity for right party. (Strictly confidential.) Address Mrs. Watson, (B-315) Valley, Nebraska

C-R-E-A-M

Best cash market—Handle poultry and veal. Write for price list and tags. THE R. E. OOBB COMPANY, 14 East 3rd Street, St. Paul, Minn.

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Live Stock Commission Merchants at SIOUX CITY, Chicago or Kansas City