The General Says:

Know-why and know-how are essential to any success. Every one of us has to acknowledge that the same sort of military preparedness that fits a nation for its defense is the most effective principle in making an industry of any kind serviceable and profitable both to manufacturer and consumer.

This Great Roofing Organization Is Trained Like an Army

Three enormous mills—officered and manned by the best trained force ever enlisted in an industrial army—three huge factories that are run like clockwork.

Military exactness in the securing and selection of raw material, and in every step from then on until the finished product is distributed and sold.

Constant readiness—being prepared every minute for the work to be done the next—Right there you have your finger on the great, essential reasons for the unfailing satisfaction every user finds in

Certain-teed

ROOFING

This roofing certainly has no superior. It is the best roofing that can possibly be made and it is manufactured in and guaranteed by the largest Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the World. 1-ply is guaranteed 5 years; 2-ply, 10 years, and 3-ply, 15 years, and this guarantee means the *minimum life* of the roofing. Thousands of *Certain-teed* Roofs all over the country are outliving the period of the guarantee.

When the General first entered the field the cost of roofing was two or three times more than it is today and the quality was not as high as *Certain-teed* is today. By reason of his enormous output the General has not only been able to bring down the cost and selling price of roofing, but he has also been able to raise the quality to its maximum. Today every fifth roll of roofing sold bears the *Certain-teed* label.

Slate Surfaced

SHINGLES

These shingles are made of the same high-grade materials as are used in *Certain-teed* Roofing. This process recognizes the principle that roofing materials don't wear out—they dry out. Therefore, *Certain-teed* Roofing is made with a soft center asphalt and coated with a harder blend of asphalts, which keeps the soft saturation within—the life of the roofing—from drying out quickly. This produces a flexible shingle, a true sign of thorough saturation in the slowest drying asphalt mixtures that can be made for roofing purposes. A thick, stiff or heavy-bodied asphalt shingle is by no means a proof of durability on the roof.

We use only genuine crushed slate in natural green or red colors for surfacing the *Certain-teed* Shingle. No painting is necessary. We don't try to use old brick, common rock, or crushed tile from old tile roofs. The slate also increases the fire-resisting qualities, thereby minimizing fire dangers and lowering insurance rates.

Certain-teed roofing, shingles, wall boards, felts, building papers, etc., bearing the General's name, are sold by your local lumber or hardware dealer at very reasonable prices. Don't send your money away for these goods. Patronize your home dealer.

General Roofing Manufacturing Company

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco Cincinnati Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle Atlanta Houston London Hamburg Sydney

RATHER GAVE HIMSELF AWAY

Uncle Eph Had Not Considered Just What His Assertion Meant to His Pending Case.

Uncle Eph, an old colored man, was up in court, accused of stealing a watch. He pleaded not guilty, and, moreover, brought against the complainant a counter-charge of assault. The man, he declared, had tried to kill him with an iron kettle.

During the cross-examination the attorney, Lawyer Bennett, demanded, "Dare you say that my client attacked you with an iron kettle?"

"Dat what he done, sah," replied Uncle Eph, with a nervous gulp.

"With an iron kettle, eh?" sarcastically reiterated the lawyer. "That's a fine story for a big, strong fellow like you to try to impose upon this honorable court! And had you nothing with which to defend yourself?"

"Only de watch, sah," was the unwary reply; "but what's a watch agin an iron kettle, sah?"—Harper's Magazine.

CUTICURA SHAVING

Is Up-to-Date Shaving for Sensitive Skins. Trial Free.

Prepare razor. Dip brush in hot water and rub it on Cuticura Soap held in palm of hand. Then make lather on face and rub in for a moment with fingers. Make second lathering and shave. Rub bit of Cuticura Ointment over shaven parts (and on scalp if any dandruff or itching) and wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water, shampooing same time. One soap for all—shaving, shampooing, bathing and toilet. It's velvet for sensitive skins. No slimy mug. No germs. No waste of time or money. Free sample each, if you wish. Address postcard, "Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Progress.

"I hope you are using your vacation to good advantage," said the boy's father. "When you go back to college, I shall expect you to be more of a credit to your family than you were last year."

"Don't worry about that, father," said the boy. "My batting average has improved 50 per cent since last spring."

Important to Mothers

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

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Cured.

Bill—Did Gill ever take the water cure?

Jill—I reckon so. He never touches it.

Drink Denison's Coffee, For your health's sake.

It's as difficult to pay liabilities as it is to collect assets.

SOME HINTS FOR BUILDERS

Great Care Should Be Taken in Selection of the Most Substantial Roofing Material.

If you were without preparation or plan, rudely placed in a wilderness, your first thought would be of food supply and your next of shelter, for these are the two most vital necessities of mankind. It is therefore natural that the best thought, and study are put upon these two essentials.

More forward steps have been taken in the building industry in the past fifteen years, as regards comfort, service and architectural beauty than in the fifty years previous.

Only in recent years has the handling of cement in building work been understood properly, and progress is still constantly being made with it. Modern hotels and office buildings are being equipped with sheet metal mouldings and steel veenered doors. Nearly every important change in building construction is away from the fire hazard of wood.

One of the most significant developments of recent years is the crushed slate surfaced asphalt shingle which is, on new construction and old, rapidly supplanting the wooden article. There are many reasons for this. The slate surfaced shingles add beauty to any building—in fact, there is really no comparison from an architectural standpoint. Crushed slate of pleasing tints of red or green, is employed as a surfacing. The shingles are uniformly eight inches wide and are exposed four inches to the weather. No painting is necessary as the red or green crushed slate is natural and therefore cannot fade.

The purchaser, however, should guard himself against buying a slate surfaced shingle that is not guaranteed by a reliable and responsible manufacturer. There are so many kinds of roofing and shingles on the market today each claiming to be the best that it becomes necessary for the buyer to get some satisfactory assurance that the roofing or shingles are represented honestly.

Fair Enough.

Rural Manager—My season has been a failure, my folks are starving and I should like to engage you to play Othello for a week.

Barnstormer—With pleasure, if your terms suit.

Rural Manager—Well, I will give 50 per cent of all the vegetables that are thrown at you.

Only a Beginning.

"She can't be as progressive as you say if she's taken up embroidering handkerchiefs."

"Why not?"

"Because that seldom gets beyond the initial stage."

Track Work.

"What ever became of Thompson, who was such a wizard at track athletics?"

"He's still at it. He's got a job as section hand on the railroad."

You can't very well dodge the toll gates on the road to success.

10c Worth of DU PONT Will Clear $1.00 Worth of Land

Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather.

Write for Free Handbook of Explosives No. 69F, and name of nearest dealer.

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY

WILMINGTON DELAWARE

SEEING LIFE *with* JOHN HENRY

By George V. Hobart

John Henry on the Street Car

MY friend, Hep Hardy, presented me with a neat little gold hammer day before yesterday. Why, I don't know.

But now that I have it I might as well use it.

Every time I hop into one of those roomy, comfortable street cars in a city of the second, third or even fourth class I immediately contrast it with the wood boxes we use in New York, and I find myself growing red in the face and biting my nails.

Those Squeezer cars that prowl the streets of New York are surely the breathless limit, aren't they?

The Squeezer car is the best genteel imitation of a rough-house that has ever been invented.

They are called Squeezers because the conductor has to let the passengers out with a can opener.

Brave and strong men climb into a street car, and they are full of health and life and vigor, but a few blocks of the road they fall out backward and inquire feebly for a sanitarium.

To ride on a Broadway street car, for instance, about eight o'clock of an evening brings out all that is in a man, including a lot of loud words he didn't know he had.

The last census shows us that the street cars in the city of New York have more ways of producing nervous prostration and palpitation of the brain to the square inch than the combined population of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Tinkerdam and Gotterdammerung.

To get in some of the street cars about six o'clock is a problem, and to get out again is an assassination.

One evening recently I rode from Forty-second street to Fifty-ninth street without once touching the floor with my feet.

Some of the New York street cars lead a double life, because they are used all winter to act the part of refrigerators.

It is a cold day when we cannot find it colder in the street cars.

The germs in our street cars are extremely sociable and will follow a stranger all the way home.

Often while riding in the New York street cars I have felt a germ rubbing against my ankle like a kitten. Being a gentleman, at least superficially, I did not reach down and kick it away, because the law says we must not be disrespectful to dumb brutes.

Many of these street cars are built on the same general plan as a can of condensed milk.

When you get out you cannot get in, and when you get in you cannot get out, because you hate to disturb the strange gentleman that is using your knee to lean over.

Between the seats there is a space of two feet, but in that space you will always find four feet, and their owners, unless one of them happens to have a wooden leg.

Under ordinary circumstances four into two won't go, but the Squeezer cars defy the laws of gravitation.

A Squeezer conductor can put twenty-six into nine, and still have four to carry.

For a man with a small dining room the Squeezer car has its advantage, but when a stout man rides in them he finds himself supporting a lot of strangers he never met before.

One morning I jumped on one of those Squeezers feeling just like a two year old, full of health and happiness.

During the first seven blocks three men, fresh from a distillery, grew up in front of me and removed the scenery.

One of them had to get out in a hurry, so he kicked me on the shins to show how sorry he was to leave me.

One of the other two must have been in the distillery a long time, because pretty soon he neglected to use his memory and sat down in my lap.

When I remonstrated with him, he replied that this is a free country, and if he wished to sit down I had no business to stop him.

Then his friend pulled us apart, and I resumed the use of my lap.

During the next twenty blocks I had one of the worst daylight nightmares I ever rode behind.

The party who had been studying the exhibits of the distillery became obsessed with the idea that my foot was the loud pedal on a piano and he started to play the "Blue Danube Waltzes."

That man was such a hard drinker that he gave me the gout just from standing on my feet.

Then I jumped off and swore off and swore at and walked home.

If the man who invented the idea of standing up between seats in a Squeezer is alive he should have a monument.

My idea would be to catch him alive and place a monument on him, and have the conductor come around every ten minutes for his fare.

I've been up and down and over and across in the surface cars and my experience is ornamented by ripped trousers and discolored shins, but my intellect blows out a fuse every time I try to dope out the real way not to be an End-Seat Hog.

Last Monday I jumped at an early-bird open-face car and it seemed that all the world was filled with joy and good wishes.

I was smoking one of those Bad Boy cigars. I call it a Bad Boy cigar because as soon as it goes out it gets awful noisy.

The car was empty with the exception of a couple of benches.

Two blocks farther on the car stopped and a stout lady looked over the situation.

I think she must have been color blind, because she didn't see the empty seats and decided to cast her lot with me.

It was a terrific moment.

"John," I said to myself, "don't be a Hog—move over!"

And virtue triumphed.

I moved over, and the stout lady settled squashfully into the end seat.

Her displacement was about fifteen cents' worth of bench.

After we had gone about ten blocks more every seat in the car in front and behind us was crowded, but nobody could get in our section because the fat lady held them at bay like Horatius held the bridge in the brave days of old.

People would rush up to the car when it stopped, balance carelessly fore and aft until their eyes rested on the vacant seats in our direction, and then they would see the stout lady sitting there, as gracefully as a concrete Sphinx.

The people would look at the stout lady with no hope in their eyes, and then, with a sigh, they would retire and wait for the next car.

No one was brave enough to climb the mountain which grew up between him and the promised land.

After a while I began to get a toothache in my conscience.

"John," I said to myself in a hoarse whisper, "perhaps after all you were the Hog because you moved over. After the lady had climbed over you she would have kept on to the other end of the bench where now there is nothing but a sullen space."

I began to insult myself.

"John," I exclaimed inwardly, "what do you know about the etiquette of the street car? According to the newspapers it is only a Man who can be a Hog on the street cars, and since you are the original cause of blockading the port when you moved over, you must be the Hog!"

Then I got so mad at myself that I refused to talk to myself any further.

"Nobody Could Get in Our Section Bec ause the Fat Lady Held Them at Bay."

The next day I was riding downtown on the end seat with my mind made up to stay there and keep the harbor open for commerce.

"Never," I said to myself, "never will anyone become a human Merrimac to bottle up the seating capacity of this particular bench while the blood flows through these veins and the flag of freedom waves above me."

At the next corner a very thin little gentleman squeezed by me with a look of reproach on his face, the like of which I hope never to see again, but I was Charles J. Glue and firm in the end seat.

Then a couple of Italy's sunny sons of the name of Microbeini and Germicide crawled over me and kicked their initials on my kneecap and then sat down to enjoy a smoke of domestic rope, which fell across my nostrils and remained there in bitterness.

After I had been stepped on, sat on, clawed at and scowled at for twenty minutes, I began to discuss myself to myself.

"John," I whispered, "do you really think that the general public appreciates your effort to keep the Harbor open?"

And then myself replied to myself with a sigh of exhaustion, "I don't think!"

"John," I said to myself, "no matter what your motives may be the other fellow will always believe you are trying to get the best of it. If you move over and give the end seat to another gentleman, he will consider it only as his right. If you don't move over he will think you are a Hog for keeping that which is as much yours as it is his."

I began to grow confidential with myself.

"Civilization is a fine idea, but Human Nature can give it cards and spades and then beat it out!" I told myself. "The Human Hog was invented long before the openface street car began to stop for him, and there isn't anybody living who should stop to throw stones at him, because selfishness is like the measles—it breaks out in unexpected places. All of us may not be Hogs, but there is a moment in the life of every man when he gets near enough to it to be called a Ham Sandwich."

Just then the Disinfecti brothers, Microbeini and Germicide, walked over me and I had a short but exciting visit to the slums.

Since that eventful day I have moved over thirty-six times, and out of the thirty-six people I gave the end seat to all but three of them belonged to the Mucilage family, and stayed there.

Therefore I made myself a severe promise not to worry any more about my Hog qualifications when movable or immovable on an openface car.

I will do as my conscience dictates, and walk downtown as much as possible.

And, speaking of street cars, I was in one of those cities recently where some of the cars stop on the near side of some of the streets and some stop on the far side of some of the streets.

Honestly, they had me in the air.

I left the hotel to attend to some business downtown and went over to the near side of the street to wait for a car.

When the car came along I held my thumb up in the atmosphere warningly, but the motorman kept on to the far side and stopped.

By the time I ran over to the far side he was gone again, and another car had stopped at the near side.

When I rushed back to the near side the car passed me going to the far side, and now the near side looked so much like the far side that I went back to the other side, which should have been the near side, but how could it be the near side when the car was on the far side, and I could not get near the side in time to catch the car before it was far away on the far side?

"Have the Conductor Come Around Every Ten Minutes for His Fare."

Just as I rushed back again to the far side the near side became the nearer side to catch the car, and when I rushed over again from the far side to the near side the nearer I got to the near side the clearer I could see that while the far side was far away it was nearer than the near side, which was always on the far side when I hoped to take a car on the near side.

Then I began to grit my teeth and made up my mind to anticipate the action of the next car by standing half way between the near side and the far side, so that I could run to either side the emergency called for.

I was standing there about a minute, much pleased with the idea, because the near side was about as far away as the far side, when just then an automobile sneaked up behind me and one of the forward turrets struck me on my personal far side and hoisted me over to the near side just as a car left for the far side.

I reached out my hand to grasp the far side step, but I missed it and caught the near side, and by this time the car was on the far side and the motorman grabbed the near side of the electric controller and pushed it over to the far side, whereupon the car started for El Paso, Tex., at a speed of about 3,000 miles a minute, and there I was with the near side of four fingers holding on to the far side of the step and the rest of my body sticking straight out in space like a pair of trousers on a clothesline in a gale of wind.

Then suddenly the near side of my fingers refused to hold on to the far side of the step, and with the near side of my face I struck the far side of the tracks, and the near side of my brain saw every individual star on the far side of the Universe.

Then I went back to the hotel and crawled into the far side of the bed while friend wife sent for a near-side doctor who lived on the far side of the block.

New Idea in Gymnastics.

Cliff-climbing has become tame sport for the students of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Sighing for a new method of testing the condition of the nerves, the physical instructor, W. Ward Beam, hit upon a decided novelty—crossing a river on a rope bridge.

The idea possessed one charm: the outfit was cheap and easily portable, for it consisted of two stout ropes and nothing more. One rope, according to the plan broached to the eager students and co-eds by the physical instructor, was to serve as a support for the foot, the other to balance the one who essayed to cross a river on this precarious foothold.

According to Mr. Beam, the object of the rope-walking is simply to harden the nerves of the students. We lack nerve, he says, chiefly because we never do anything to cultivate strength in that direction.

This novel form of gymnastics is now a part of the college curriculum and the women students are as expert at it as the men.

What He Meant.

The Sultan—I want to speak to you about the light of the harem.

Grand Vizier—The beautiful Fatima?

The Sultan—No, the gas bills. They're getting too high.—Boston Globe.

Not That Kind.

"Don't you think, my son, you need a tutor?"

"No, indeed, dad. That new auto horn of mine is a tooter that beats the road."

STICK TO YOUR JOB

MAN WHO "GOT THERE" GIVES ADVICE TO YOUNGSTERS.

If a Man Has Any Ability at All, He Should Make Up His Mind to Stick to His Appointed Task Right to the Finish.

More than thirty years ago a man I know was working in a tobacco factory, says a writer in Collier's. He was a stripper—that is, he was engaged in stripping the stems from tobacco leaves. Such work is extremely arduous and the prospects of securing advancement are remote.

This man, however, was ambitious. He wanted to work himself from wages to salary. It was his desire to labor with his brains instead of with his hands. Pictured in his mind's eye was that plateau against which the top of the ladder of success rests.

Did he seek another job? He did not!

He kept right on stripping. Today he is the president of a $65,000,000 corporation! And he is still in the tobacco business!

The man, I might as well tell you, is Caleb C. Dula.

"In my day," said Mr. Dula. "I have seen much written and heard much said about men becoming their own masters. What foolishness! The young man is told to start in business for himself. He is told to give up his job and get one that brings in a larger income. That advice has ruined the prospects of more men than any other I can think of.

"If a man has any ability at all, and is interested in his work, he should make up his mind to stick right to the finish. If he has no ability he will not stick. Do not misunderstand me. If a man is in the wrong job—that is to say, if he is not the right man or is not in the right job—he is doing both himself and the job a great injustice to continue his relations. Under these circumstances a business divorce is necesssary. The man should have a new job and the job should have a new man!

"Generally, however, every man, be he a clerk or a clergyman, a well digger or a steeplejack, a longshoreman or a lawyer, should realize that his environment is his savings bank. He is paying int it days of his life. The investment will return larger interest than any other he could make. The man who leaves a job for a slight raise in salary loses his investment. In a new field he opens another account. And it is likely to be a meager one for some time, as he generally is a stranger in a strange land, and until he has proved his worth his associates and his employers have their eyes constantly on him, watching for him to make some break."

Poor Grandpa.

"Pa, did you ever run away when you were a boy?" "No, never." "Did you always go to Sunday school?" "I never missed a Sunday." "Did you ever do what your parents told you not to do?" "I am glad to say that I never did." "Didn't you ever make a fuss when you had to take a bath?" "I should say not. I always took my bath without complaining. I liked it." "Didn't it ever make you mad to be called in to do something for your mother when you would rather stay out and play with the other boys?" "It always gave me the keenest pleasure to do things for my mother, no matter whether I had to stop playing or not." "And did you always speak respectfully of your parents?" "Always. That was one of the first things I ever learned to do." "Gee, what a liar grandpa is."

Tumblers of Ice.

Tumblers of ice are the latest delight of diners in the fashionable hotels and cafes. The tumblers are made in molds, carefully purified water being used. If the patron so desires the ice tumbler or glass is placed in a paper or celluloid holder, which retards the melting of the ice and permits of the slow sipping of the drink.

It is the confident belief of the inventor that the new idea will prove very popular, since such tumblers will have the hygienic advantage of never being used more than once. It is planned to so perfect the method of manufacture and distribution that the glasses will be available for use in private homes.

The Inactive Woman.

Women the world over have a baneful habit of leading inactive lives. They persuade themselves that they get plenty of exercise while doing housework, and then when they go to bed at night they cannot sleep. Just for a change, try a little exercise out of doors after the afternoon sun has gone down and the air is cool. Fill your lungs with all the fresh air they will hold, taking deep breathing exercises as you walk along, then go home and see if you do not sleep better than you did the night before when you had not taken any fresh air into your starved lungs.

Radiator Water Saves a Life.

Because of the not infrequent occasions on which motoring parties find themselves chilled, as in snow or rainstorms on tours, while insufficiently protected by coats and cloaks, it is of interest to remember that the radiator of an automobile at all times when the car is running has a supply of hot water. Prompt application of hot water recently saved a half-drowned woman at Manhattan Beach, New York, from a severe chill and pneumonia. Doctors declared that the radiator water undoubtedly saved her life.

A Mere Trifle.

"I was asked to stop in town and get a little something for my wife, but I can't remember what it was," said Scadsworth.

"Ribbons?" asked Dubwaite.

"No."

"Hairpins, toilet water, face powder, candy?"

"None of those things. Ah! I remember now. She wants a new electric runabout."

FACT TO BE CONSIDERED

Evidence That It Makes a Great Deal of Difference as to Where a Person Lives.

Joseph E. Widener, the millionaire sportsman, was talking in Newport about homes.

"Philadelphia is the city of homes," he said, "but if your home is north of Market street you are considered, socially speaking, out of it. Your home must be south of Market street—you must live downtown—if you would be a social personality in Philadelphia.

"And yet, after all," said an Englishman, "what difference does it make where a man lives?"

"It makes all the difference in the world," said Mr. Widener. "A fact that is well remembered about Diogenes today is that he lived in a tub."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Double Standard.

Knicker—How big is your boy

Bocker—He takes a four-year-old street car seat and a ten-year-old suit.

Some fellows don't consider that they are being treated well unless they are being treated often.

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

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Most centrally and most popular hotel in the City. Our Cafe's unsurpassed. Rates $1.00 to $2.50 per day. European plan.

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Write for details of our special bargain No. 5. Do not buy a piano until you learn of this wonderful opportunity to save money. The Pelletier Company, Sioux City, Iowa

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European plan, 150 rooms, 80-room fireproof annex, thoroughly modern. Rates—75 cents and $1.00 without bath; $1.50 up with bath. Popular price restaurant in connection. ROBERT I. LEADER, MANAGER, SIOUX CITY, IOWA

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IOWA SERUM COMPANY, Dr. G. A. Johnson, Mgr.

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All punctures in the tread are SELF-CLOSING. When made the rubber on the tread is thickened by a special process and a layer of fabric inserted. It is then turned inside out, causing compression of the rubber sufficient to instantly and automatically close all punctures. It contains no filler, no "dope" of any kind, and is inflated with air in the usual way. Write or call for further information.

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