# The St. Tammany Farmer

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### The Fresh-Air Cure.

The "newly discovered" roof cure for pneumonia which the Presbyterian hospital of New York is said to be applying to its sick babies is not as new as one might at first imagine, says the Globe of that city. It is simply a variant of the general belief always held by physicians that good air is healthy and bad air unwholesome. House-room or hospital-ward air, which the doctors for many years supposed to be sufficiently clean, is now known to be nothing more than a sort of lung cesspool, even with fairly good ventilation; so that if the conclusion is warranted (as it is) that even a healthy man requires a certain amount of outdoor air to remain healthy, how much more essential must such clean lung food be to the man or child with a crippled respiratory tract. For the last 50 years a considerable number of physicians have been constantly booming the virtues of fresh air, not only as a medicine, but even more as a preventive culminated some years ago in the so-called open-air treatment of consumption, of which it is worth noting, however, fresh, clean air is but a part. Fresh air is no more of a specific for any disease than is clean water. Both promote health, and help to obtain a cure in case of disease. They are, however, simple matters of hygiene, and not drugs in any sense of the word. There is no systematic disease which is not in some degree benefited by fresh air, from typhoid fever to tuberculosis, and no disease which can be cured by fresh air alone. There is little doubt, that if all the hospital patients in all the city hospitals—broken leg and typhoid cases as well as pneumonic babies—could live and sleep on the roof they would get well more rapidly than if kept in the usual wards. To this general therapeutic effect rather than to any specific action on pneumonia must, it seems probable, be attributed the success of the Presbyterian's "roof cure" of the babies.

### Politics in Medicine.

The examining boards of the country are assuming despotic power. For the most part they are made up of political appointees with pulls, declares the Medical Century. They will not be bettered by the next change in administration, but a new crowd with new pulls will take their places on the boards. They are a wonderful set of men. They can, in two or three hours' examination of a candidate, determine better his fitness to practice medicine than a college faculty (chartered by the same state legislature that created the board) can, under whose teaching the candidate has been for four years. They can do all this, aye, and more. They can prevent an educated and ethical practitioner of 20 years' practice from entering their state, because he is not familiar with cells which should be written with an "s," while a student who fails at one college and goes to an easier one, and is let through an easier faculty, gets in without trouble. They can make reciprocating laws with different states which do not reciprocate. They can frame entrance requirements for our colleges to order. They can recognize and pass upon the standing of our literary institutions at pleasure, and there is probably not a mother's son on any of the boards in any of our states that could get license to practice in all of our United States, even if they had the $755 of the examining board fees. This is what they call protecting the people. Odsooks! and forsooth!

### Definitely Defined.

One of the greatest difficulties in securing the conviction of charlatans who practice medicine without a license has been the lack of any court decision as to what constitutes the practice of medicine. A definition has at last been formulated by Judge Joseph T. Green of the city court of New York, which seems sufficiently full, as it is certainly sufficiently legal in phraseology. He says, "The practice of medicine is the exercise or performance of any act, by or through the use of any thing or matter, or by things done, given or applied, whether with or without the use of drugs or medicine, and whether with or without fee therefor, by a person holding himself or herself out as able to cure disease, with a view to relieve, heal or cure, and having for its object the prevention, healing, remedying, cure or alleviation of disease."

A New York doctor says that skeletons should not be used in women's classes in teaching the principles of first aid to the injured. "Women," he declares, "are too feminine to see skeletons—it makes them nervous." And yet every woman has one.

Instead of carrying a handbag or purse where petty thieves can see and snatch it, the Dressmakers' Protective association advises women to have a pocket in their petticoats, and to carry their money and valuables in it.

Boston boys of the street are like all others. A conversation between two youngsters selling newspapers. "Say, Harry, w'at's de best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one. "Dat's a cinch. First off you puts your left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand—" "Come off; she's me sister." "Aw, push her off de dock."

"Most people are born too modest," says Mark Twain. However, most of them get over it.

# A SILK COUNTER COMEDY

(A Department Store Story)

By H. BARRETT SMITH

[Author of "Bat O'Connor's Helper," "The Mercenary Artist," "The Buyer's Assistant," Etc.

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Butler, at the head of the silk counter, puffed and groaned as he prepared to go to lunch—Butler had grown fat in the service. Alec, the youngest clerk—recently promoted from the stock room—was industriously sharpening a pencil. The oldest clerk detested the "young recruit." Alec had bumptious spirits, a ready answer—and Butler "wanted no back talk."

West, who came within the year from a distant country store, had unconsciously acquired the habit of looking to Alec for direction. To West this typical city boy was a wonder—a talking dictionary, directory, an inexhaustible source of information.

Butler was putting his soap-box under the counter. The soap-box was used for a seat when Butler felt tired. Although clerks were forbidden to sit during selling hours, Butler's superiors pretended not to see the soap-box. They saw only Butler getting old and fat.

"Mr. Butler, can I see you a moment?"

Butler glanced warily over his shoulder. His fat-incased eye almost closed as he regarded West.

"I won't keep you. I just want to let you know that the boys are getting up a collection for Desher—we're each giving a dollar and we thought you might like to join us—"

"Hey?"

West was struck dumb for a moment, but he remembered that he would have made a complete failure the first day he stood behind this counter if it had not been for Desher; and now Desher was in need of cheer and help. Again West put his audacious thought into words.

"Tut, tut," Butler said, "when I was a young man I got no such help. Me and my wife saved enough to buy the house we live in; we brought up a large family, and we never got no assistance from anybody."

"Then you won't give anything?"

"I'm taxed 50 cents a month for the Benevolent society," continued Butler, hotly. "I give it all the year 'round and—that's enough!" Butler lifted the opening in the counter and passed out.

Alec, who had been watching the scene, rushed up and asked West eagerly:

"How much?"

"Not a red cent," said West, briefly.

Just then down the aisle came a dapper young man. He was newly attired in a spring suit, fedora hat and low cut shoes. He wore a cravat of marvelous hue, and his socks made Alec turn quite green with envy.

"Alec, what would you take that fellow for?" asked West.

"A sport!" cried Alec, impetuously. "A dead game sport!"

The stranger looked around unexpectedly. His sharp, deep-set eyes grew narrow when he saw the clerks watching him. He gazed at them a second, then he smiled in a friendly manner. It was such a winning smile that both clerks found themselves smiling back. The young man, thus encouraged, strolled over, and said with engaging frankness:

"Good morning." The greeting was hardly the salutation of the average shopper.

"Good morning," responded the clerks simultaneously.

"By George! I envy you two fellows working for your living—it becomes devilishly tiresome having nothing to do all day but amuse oneself."

"You should go to work," said Alec, gayly, while West winced in response to a kick. "There's the superintendent's office there—I see he advertised for help this morning—"

"What a lark!" cried the young man. "I'm almost tempted to do it!"

He felt for his card case, and instantly a strange expression came over his face. He rummaged hastily in all his pockets. "How awfully awkward! Gentlemen, I have a cab waiting outside and, candidly, I can't pay the cabby. I wonder if I could borrow the money from you?" He stripped off his glove. "I'll let you have my ring. If one of you fellows will let me have five dollars you can keep the ring as security and I'll come back for it this afternoon."

"If I only had five dollars!" lamented Alec, with a grin. "Now, if Butler was here. There's the boy that always has the dough!"

"Who's Butler?"

"Psst!" cried Alec, in a terse undertone, "Butler's a millionaire!"

"Did you say a millionaire?"

"Don't talk so loud," cautioned Alec. "Butler doesn't like to have it known that he's a rich man—he works here with us as if he hadn't a cent in the world."

"Where's Butler now?" interrupted the stranger, looking about.

"Out to lunch. Come 'round in a couple of hours and we'll give you an introduction," said Alec, pleasantly.

"That's awfully good of you," the young man meditated deeply as he drew on his glove. Then he turned quickly and walked away. The two clerks, in very different states of mind, watched him in fascinated silence. But they both gave a cry of astonishment when they saw him disappear, not through the street door, but by way of the superintendent's office.

Early one morning, Butler, who was always first behind the counter, had just taken out his soap-box when he felt a friendly hand on his shoulder. Butler suffered a distinct shock. No mere clerk ever attempted such familiarity. He turned around violently and was confronted with a boyish, smiling face.

"Is this Mr. Butler?" Butler felt he was not being addressed by a "mere clerk," so he answered mildly:

"Huh?"

"I came early on purpose to have a heart to heart talk with you, Mr. Butler." Butler was rendered speechless. He allowed the young man to shake his hand. The stranger continued, confidentially: "Mr. Butler, to go to the root of the matter, let me tell you at once I am the superintendent's brother. I have come here as a plain clerk to learn the business from the beginning. Herbert does not want me to receive any favors. And for this reason, he thinks it would be the part of wisdom to keep our relationship a secret from every one but you—I trust you understand." The last sentence was gently authoritative.

Butler sank on his soap-box. To hear the superintendent called by his Christian name made Butler's senses swim.

"All right," he said, finally, "you hang on to me. I'll take care of you. I've been in business a long time and I'm still at it."

Under Butler's cherishing care, in less than a week "the Kid," as they called him, was a model clerk. He had a "line of talk" and a persuasive manner that could not be resisted on either side of the counter.

Before the end of the week Alec gave West "a straight tip." He told him Butler was "doped."

One day Butler was standing on his soap-box, his arms stretched up to their utmost reach, as he tugged about the silks on the top shelf.

"And the moire brocade—it's not here. Where's the moire? And what's this?" Butler paused for breath. "The rose merveilleuse—and, my Lord, that extra fine piece of violet taf—Gone!" He turned and saw the Kid looking at Alec. Suspicion blended with pain was in the Kid's look. Butler got down off his soap-box and walked toward Alec. "What have you done with that silk? You, I mean!"

"Me! Me!" shouted Alec; "I haven't seen those silks since the day they came down from the stock room—"

"Smart Alec! Mr. Know-it-all!" howled Butler, apoplectically. "Don't give me none of your back talk. The silks have been taken out of the house."

The Kid, who stood near Alec, said in an undertone loud enough for Butler to hear:

"If you know where the silks are, why don't you give them up?"

"Why don't you give them up?" Alec's answer was loud and prompt.

Before the Kid could speak Butler broke in, his tones quivering with wrath:

"You young whippersnapper, look out who you're accusing. Do you know who this young gentleman is? Do you know who his brother is?" Butler's red face turned purple with the force he threw into the question.

"I don't care a darn who his brother or any other member of his family is," said Alec, recklessly. "All I know is that

BUTLER SWAYED BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

we never had a silk loss till he came to the counter."

"Kid," sputtered Butler, "you report this fellow—tell Herbert to discharge him! You young skallywag, do you know this gentleman is the superintendent's brother?"

"The superintendent's brother!" echoed the counter.

The Kid turned with an air of injured innocence and said to the dumfounded clerks:

"I'm going to speak to my brother at once!"

At this point a customer called Butler away. The Kid occupied himself a few moments with his sales-book; then, as he started for the counter opening, he laid the book on the soap-box.

Ten minutes later Butler had finished with the shopper. He looked around and suddenly caught sight of the Kid's sales-book. Something was written on the cover. As Butler picked it up three yellow slips fluttered to the ground. There was a scramble behind the silk counter.

"Pawn tickets!" cried Alec.

Butler stood leaning against the stock shelves. His face was gray, his eyes glazed, his jaw dropped.

West read the tickets he picked up: "'One piece of moire brocade! One piece of violet taffeta.'"

Butler swayed backward and forward. The book dropped from his palsied hand. Alec picked it up and cried:

"Listen to this: 'Herbert says redeem the silks and put them back in stock—no one will be any the wiser. Your affectionate Kid.'"

## LOOKED AFTER HIS PALATE

**Money Lender, Victim of Gambler, Preferred Soda Cracker to Paper.**

A gambler borrowed a sum of money from a money lender, and, the note falling due, he called upon the broker and told him he could not pay at that time, relates the Argonaut. The money lender became greatly excited. "I want the money. It is due. You must pay it." The gambler pulled his pistol out, pointed it at the head of the money lender and said: "Eat that note or I will blow the top of your head off."

The money lender looked at the pistol, then at the note and decided that it would be wise to eat the note, which he did. A few days after the gambler called and paid the value of the note, much to the delight of the money lender, who said: "My friend, you are a good man, and when you need any more money come in and I will let you have it."

Some time later the gambler applied for another loan, which the money lender was very willing to advance. The gambler sat down to write out a note, when the money lender called out: "Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing out that note on a soda cracker?"

### Chasing Home the Visitors.

"Why do you teach your children to recite and sing?"

"Well," answered the practical woman, "there has to be some way of starting people who come to see you and forget when it's time to go home."—Washington Star.

## HOW RUSSIANS ARE ENCROACHING ON CHINESE EMPIRE

In spite of the treaty of Portsmouth and the Anglo-Japanese alliance it is reported that the Czar's troops are extending their lines far down into the northern boundaries of China, and still have dreams of a great Russian empire in Asia.

## ARABIA'S TURQUOISE MINES

**Indications of Former Industry Discovered by English Explorer.**

The goddess of turquoise and the turquoise mines in old Arabia are the things Prof. Petrie, the English archaeologist, has been studying. As a member of a scientific exploring party he spent several months among the mountain ranges of the Sinai district of old Arabia, on a stretch of level ground some 2,300 feet above sea level. There they pitched their tents, accompanied by 30 workmen and the native chief of the district. At the top levels was the sandstone in which were caverns worked by parties of ancient Egyptians for turquoise. Some tablets still remaining showed that those parties were carefully selected and carried on their labors systematically. Here, in this desert region, to which supplies of food and water had to be brought from a long distance, the men mined in companies of 500 or 600. The usual time for the search was from December to March. One expedition had conveyed to it daily something like five tons of food. The caverns themselves were examples of patient industry. The famous temple of the goddess of turquoise to whom the workers did homage, was 250 feet long and contained a range of chambers or courts. From one of the tablets it appeared that a certain expedition went out of the recognized season. But its labors were successful and were therefore duly acknowledged with great gratitude to the patron goddess. Of the ancient inscriptions 250 have been copied. They have an important bearing on the age of the turquoise expeditions, long before the birth of Christ, as well as on the Semitic form of worship in vogue before the establishment of Judaism.

## DISPELLING HAILSTORMS.

**Experiments of German Meteorologist Who Is Battling with the Clouds.**

Herr Stiger of the meteorological bureau of Vienna battles with the clouds. In almost every country on the continent where agriculture is the people's mainstay there is a systematic use of scientific warfare with cloud shooting cannon for the purpose of dispelling threatened hail storms. Herr Stiger began his experiments with the fundamental principle of disturbing the intense stillness which prevails before a hailstorm. He demonstrated the fact that after the ring of a shot a small whirlwind arises, easily perceptible in the reflected sunshine. This whirlwind ascends with a piercing whistle which lasts 30 seconds in day time and 20 seconds at night. At a distance of 200 feet the wind destroyed a strong diaphragm. The experts who attended could plainly see the wind rise from the mouth of the funnels with lightning rapidity possessing all the aspects of a shot. The most marked effects were produced by horizontal shots. For the experiments, shields built of thick paper and linen were placed at intervals of from 40 to 100 yards from the mouth of the cannon. When the circle of wind enfolded these shields they were torn from the frames, the solid posts and framework snapped in two and were cast from 18 to 22 yards, while a large mastiff standing near was whiffed into the air, turned several somesaults and was flung to the ground lifeless.

## HAY AN ARTIST IN WORDS.

**Unerring Sense of Fitness in Selection Rendered Speech Incomparable.**

It is hard for those who knew and loved Hay—and all who knew him did love him—to reconcile themselves to the thought, writes Joseph Bucklin Bishop, in "A Friendship with John Hay" in Century, that he can draw no more pictures for us; that this admirable and perfect and rarely matched artist in words can delight us no more forever. As he said of the voice of his son, his own is still sounding in our ears. It was in every fiber and tone the voice of the intellectual man, of the scholar and the gentleman, a voice that itself was music, and the music of a pure and gentle and noble soul. And the words to which the music was set! Who that has had the exquisite pleasure of listening to that incomparable speech, with its unerring and instinctive use of the only right word in every case, its clear-cut and incisive enunciation, the constant play of a humor that was next door neighbor to melancholy, and the finer because of that close association, can ever forget it, or, think of its loss without a pang?

### Use Up the Scraps.

"'I knew once a very covetous, sordid old fellow,' says Lord Chesterfield in his letters to his son, 'who used frequently to say: 'Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves.' This was a just and sensible reflection in a miser. I recommend you to take care of the minutes, for the hours will take care of themselves. I am very sure that many people lose two or three hours every day by not taking care of the minutes. Never think any portion of time, whatsoever, too short to be employed; something or other may always be done in it."

## ALL DERBIES LOOK ALIKE.

**That Was Why a Traveling Man Came to Be Wearing a Second-Handed Hat.**

A hasty man told this one to a Baltimore street hatter a few days ago, relates the Sun of that city:

"Late one night while in Washington I dined in a cafe on Pennsylvania avenue and took away some one else's hat. I did not discover the mistake until I got on the train bound for Baltimore. It had the other fellow's initials there in bright gilt letters on the inside and there was no excuse for the blunder.

"The next morning I began to realize that the hat did not fit me as well as it had seemed to, so I dropped in a hat store and bought a new one. The hatter asked me if I wanted my initials put in the new hat, and I told him yes. He perforated them into the sweatband with a big chopping machine. The next day at church I happened to glance in my hat. The initials were the same as those in the hat which I picked up in Washington. Of course, the hatter concluded that the initials in the old hat were my own.

"Every time I visit a house where there happens to be hats on the rack looking like mine I have to make this long-winded explanation. They are getting to doubt whether I ever have any but second-hand hats, especially the women. Funny, ain't it? Women think all derbies are alike."

"Yes; seems some men have trouble in distinguishing them," said the clerk.

## BALTIC AMBER HUNTERS.

**Work Only in the Roughest Weather and Earn But a Scant Livlihood.**

The poor people who earn a precarious livelihood by gathering amber on the shores of the Baltic sea work only in the roughest weather. When the wind blows in from the sea, as it often does with terrific violence, the boulders are tossed and tumbled at the bottom and great quantities of sea wrack are washed up on the beach. This is the harvest of the waders, for hidden in the roots and branches of the seaweed lumps of the precious gum may be found.

In other parts of the coast divers go crawling on the bottom of the sea for the lumps of amber hidden in seaweed and under rocks. It is believed that once a great pine forest flourished here, where the great billows roll, and that amber is the gum exuded from the trees, of which not a vestige remains.

The finds are very variable. The largest piece known, weighing 18 pounds, is in the Royal museum in Berlin. The usual finds range from lumps as big as a man's head to particles like grains of sand. The larger pieces are found jammed in rocks or in tangles of marine vegetation. Divers work from four to five hours a day in all seasons except when the sea is blocked with ice.

## VERBAL MESSAGE BY MAIL.

**A Phonograph Record Invented by Frenchman Is Hard Enough for Transmission.**

Instead of sending a cold and more or less formal written letter to a distant loved one, it is now possible to send by mail a verbal message, which may be as warm and thrilling as the sender desires, says a writer in the Technical World Magazine.

This has been made possible by the invention of three Frenchmen, MM. Bucherioux, Marotte and Tochow, who have perfected a phonograph record of sufficient hardness to go through the mails, withstand the hard usage of the post, and be ready to voice the message it contains upon delivery at its destination.

A material called "sonorine," which has all the advantages of wax, and the added quality of being indestructible, is spread upon cards, which conform to post office regulations and requirements. Then the chemically prepared card is laid flat and the voice is thrown into a small funnel, through which it passes to the registering needle. The record is made by a spiral, which begins writing at one edge of the card and travels toward its center, filling the card completely with the exception of a small circular spot in the middle. A card will hold about 80 words.

Sonorine has not as yet been introduced in America, but no doubt will be within a short time.

### Fat and Lean Men.

Modern scientific investigation in a medical way now declares that the plump man is not necessarily the "healthiest" or the best able to resist disease. The lean man not only enjoys greater resistance to weakness and debility, but he is stronger in the performance of a given task. In other words, a large fat deposit in the general tissue is no evidence of good general nutrition. The rich and girlish beauty of the plump man, sometimes called Fatty, may delight the eye, but when it comes to walking downtown in the morning or running four blocks to a fire Fatty blows out a fuse and is sent to the repair shop, while his lean brother is merely put into condition for the day by his little burst of exercise.—Minneapolis Journal.

## HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE.

**Kansas Man Thinks He Has Got the Right Idea to Insure Success.**

A great many persons have suggested methods as to the best way to manage a husband, but it remained for a Eureka man to reduce to writing a set of rules for the successful management of a wife, says the Eureka (Kan.) Herald. The following rules were handed to a reporter after much persuasion and many promises not to reveal his identity by a business man who claims to have followed them to the letter during the last year and says they have never been found at fault in a single instance during that time.

Never contradict her. You are right, of course, nine times out of ten, and she knows it, but to tell her so makes her always unmanageable.

Never oppose her. When she suggests that in the absence of the cook you get up and light the fire do so at once, willingly and cheerfully. If she wishes you to walk the floor with the baby obey with alacrity.

Never deny her. Possibly she will exceed her allowance, but this is always your fault, because you are not man enough to support her.

Never be cross. When you come home at night, having failed once or twice during the day or been insulted by a total stranger, or with a large, powerful pain in your stomach, laugh it off and conceal your real feelings.

Never tell her the truth. When she asks you how you like her new hat or cloak swear that you think it is the greatest thing for the money you ever saw. When she shows you her new gown be lost in admiration. When she is cross and irritable tell her she is an angel.

Never disagree with her. When she suggests that you have a cold and need a hot mustard plaster grin and bear it. When she tells you she needs a change tell her you are glad she mentioned it.

Never interrupt her.

This is the only way to manage a wife.

## PRAIRIE DOG MEAT IS GOOD

**Is Fine Eating and Should Become Popular Says an Oklahoma Farmer.**

Prairie dogs make good eating. This is not generally known and even where it is known civilized people do not care to be called Igorrotes because they eat dog meat, says the Lawton News-Republican. "The other day I met a man," said a prominent farmer of the Faxon neighborhood, "who eats prairie dogs and if we had a few more of his kind we would soon get rid of the little pests on our priaies.

"I had gone to Neima," he continued, "to attend to some business, and on the road met a couple of wagons containing a man and woman and about ten children. They stopped to make some inquiries about the road to Chattanooga and in the course of our conversation the man remarked: 'There is plenty of meat in these parts.' By questioning him I learned that he referred to prairie dogs, and then he told me that he and his family had been living on prairie dog meat for ten days and avowed they had never in their lives eaten better meat.

"And the fellow was right. I have eaten them, too, and they are fine, especially the young ones. The hind quarters are a little heavier than a squirrel, but the fore quarters and other parts are better than squirrel. When we hunted buffaloes over this country a number of years ago we carried prairie dog tallow with which to grease our guns, and there is none better. At that time we ate lots of prairie dogs.

"The only reason why people haven't learned to eat prairie dogs is because of the name. The little animals feed strictly on vegetation and are clean. Their meat is better than that of any other animal that lives in the ground, better than rabbits and better than squirrels. We could get rid of the prairie dogs if our people would learn to eat their meat."

### Power from City Sewage.

"Electrical development challenges prophecy," writes Edward B. Ellicott in the March Technical World Magazine. "Fifteen years ago a man who predicted that it would be possible to deliver to Chicago, at the city limits, 31,000 horse-power of electrical energy developed by water power, would have been regarded as a foolish dreamer. Yet next November there will be ready for the municipalities in the sanitary district 15,000-horse power developed from the drainage canal—which carries off all the city sewage—and, after the completion of the plant, the full amount above mentioned—more than the city of Chicago and the other municipalities can possibly take."

### Development of Talking Machines.

Manufacturers of talking machines are elaborating their enterprises to an extent never dreamed of before. It will not be long before an entire opera cast will be heard on one of these machines. Formerly a tenor or a prima donna was enough. Now the costly artists from the opera house slug duets, trios and quartettes. The services of such performers are made possible by the fact that all of these celebrities are now content to take a royalty on the sale of their songs rather than a fixed price. It was formerly customary to pay a certain sum, but the singers now clamor for a percentage, since there is such a great demand to hear them in this way.

### Quarrelsome Ocean Cannibal.

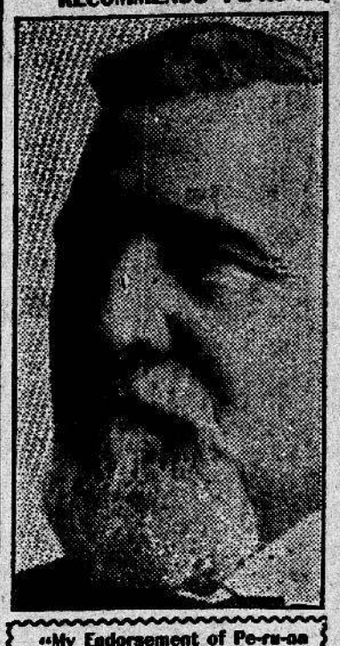
The life story of a single lobster family of 30,000 brothers and sisters is entertainingly told by Henry Morrow in Technical World Magazine. Within a month after they were hatched 29,990 members of the family were eaten by fish and other lobsters, leaving only ten survivors. Yet the experts of the government fish commission estimate that if only two out of 10,000 baby lobsters survive the species will be maintained at its normal number.

### One Way of Keeping Count.

First Street Arab—What's them numbers on the motor car for, Jim?

Second Ditto—Why, that's the feller's score. It shows how many folks he's run over.—Stray Stories.


## EX-MAYOR CRUMBO RECOMMENDS PE-RU-NA.



**"My Endorsement of Pe-ru-na is Based On Its Merits."**
**—Ed. Crumbo.**

ED. CRUMBO, Ex-Mayor of New Albany, Ind., writes from 511 E. Oak street:

**"My endorsement of Peruna is based on its merits.**

**"If a man is sick he looks anxiously for something which will cure him, and Peruna will do the work.**

**"I know that it will cure catarrh of the head or stomach, indigestion, headache and any weary or sick feeling.**

**"It is bound to help anyone, if used according to directions.**

"I also know dozens of men who speak in the highest terms of Peruna and have yet to hear of anyone being disappointed in it."

Mr. Crumbo, in a later letter, dated Aug. 25, 1904, says:

"My health is good, at present, but if I should have to take any more medicine I will fall back on Peruna."


### CHURCH CELEBRITIES.

A lectern of carved wood is to be placed in the new All Saints' church, Appleton, as a memorial to Amos Adams Lawrence, of Boston, founder of Lawrence university, in Appleton, Wis.

Ex-Representative H. Kirke Portet, who represented Pittsburg in the last congress, will make a tour of the world to raise $1,500,000 for Baptist missions. This money will be used to endow schools in foreign lands.

Rev. P. Bonvin, S. J., the eminent musician of Canisius college, Buffalo, has written a new mass, the manuscript of which was submitted to Rome for approval, and at once received the imprimatur of the committee of cardinals having the matter in charge.

Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford, widely known as the "strenuous parson," who has been successful in building up a large institutional church work in New York, has resigned the rectorship of St. George's Episcopal church, in Stuyvesant square, on the ground of ill health.

Rev. Robert Harley is the only Congregational minister who is a member of that famous London club, the Athenaeum, and he is also a F. R. S. It is curious to reflect that whereas he has made a world wide reputation as a mathematician he showed but little aptitude for mathematics as a boy, and was 14 before he really knew his multiplication table.

### THE FIELD OF EDUCATION.

Paper handkerchiefs after Chinese fashion are to be supplied to the children of the communal schools of the city of Paris as a hygienic measure to prevent the spread of tuberculous infection.

In the Pennsylvania university there are students representing 39 nations, besides representatives of 49 states and territories and insular possessions of the United States. There are in all 8,769 students.

A rule recently adopted by the Cincinnati school board requires that every teacher or employe over 50 years of age shall undergo a physical and mental examination, under the direction of the committee on hygiene and sanitation, to determine the fitness for the responsibilities of their positions. Similar examination is to be made every five years after the age of 50. If the employe is found to be fit he shall be preferred above all others for the position he then fills.

William H. Maxwell, superintendent of the New York schools, is a great believer in manual training. At the recent dedication of the magnificent manual training high school in Brooklyn he said: "Twelve years ago it was hard to get $10,000 for manual training high school purposes. Now we have a building which cost nearly a million dollars. Any political body to-day that would attempt to close the manual training high school would soon be driven out of power by an indignant people."


## A LIVING DEATH.

**Vividly Described by a Citizen of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.**

Andrew Johnson, 411 West Twelfth St., Sioux Falls, S. D., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life. My doctor, from a careful analysis of the urine and a diagnosis of my case, had told me I could not live six weeks. I was struck down in the street with kidney trouble, and for a whole year could not leave the house. I lost flesh, my eyes failed me, I bloated at times, my back hurt and I suffered a living death. There seemed no hope until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then I began to improve. The pain left gradually, the swellings subsided, I gained appetite and weight, and, to make a long story short, I got well!"

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.