WOMAN ON LINER CLAIMS MARQUIS AS HER BROTHER

Pounds on Stateroom Door of Spencer-Turner and Proclaims Relationship.

WAVES A CERTIFICATE.

Mrs. John Astor Sails on Big Kaiser to Godspeed From Many Society Leaders.

On the North German-Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II sailed to-day the Marquis Spencer-Turner, whose comings and goings have occupied much newspaper space in recent years. The father of the Marquis was John Spencer-Turner, a wealthy cotton manufacturer, who lived in this city. He was the original Marquis, his title having been conferred by the Pope. When the old man died he left his title and fortune to his son.

But there was a string to the fortune. The son, now forty-two years old, was to draw the income only from the $500,000 bequeathed to him up to the time of his marriage, when he was to receive the principal. So the young marquis went on a worldwide hunt for a wife. He found her in Rome. His father died in 1905, but it was only last year that soulmate was found. She was Mrs. Helen Doty Compton and she was seventy-five years old. Marquis Spencer-Turner had known her several years. They were married last July and five months later the wife died.

WOMAN RUSHES ABOARD, CLAIMS HIM AS BROTHER.

The Marquis came over here from Rome to see about the bulk of his fortune but the matter is not yet settled. He was formerly an Episcopalian minister in Brooklyn and had a fashionable congregation. He had ideas which didn't suit some of the pillars of the church and he resigned. Afterward he became converted to Catholicism and now he is in the Vatican in Rome.

Just before the steamer sailed a much excited woman rushed aboard. Inquiring where the stateroom of the Marquis was she ran to it and pounded on the door. The door was opened slightly, then promptly close and bolted.

"John Turner, are you not my brother?" the woman shouted. "Here is a marriage certificate to prove you are my brother."

To reporters the woman would vouchsafe no further statement than that the Marquis was her brother. She was asked what the marriage certificate had to do with the matter. She said that it proved the Marquis was her brother, but would say nothing further than that.

John Spencer Turner left a widow, three sons and a daughter. He had married a second time. The woman who caused the commotion on the steamer, it was learned, was Mrs. Marie Spair, forty years old and lives at No. 702 Grand street, Hoboken.

MRS. JOHN ASTOR ALSO SAILS ON LINER.

Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, who now calls herself Mrs. John Astor, with her daughter Muriel, was a passenger on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. Many friends were down to bid her Godspeed. Her stateroom was banked with beautiful flowers.

Mrs. Astor wore a bunch of orchids at her bosom and carried a bouquet of roses. She looked stunning in her black travelling gown, and one could hardly picture her as the mother of big, husky Vincent Astor. She said that she was going to London and did not know how long she might stay.

Asked if she were coming back to assume the leadership of the 400, she smiled sweetly and said that she did not know. Many of the 400, with whom she is most popular, were at the steamer to see her off.

TREATED RUNAWAY GIRLS.

Young Garage Helper Held After Enjoying Harlem "Movies."

Gustave Perry, a young garage mechanic, was arrested early to-day by Detectives Kerr and Thompson of the Lenox avenue station, charged with trying to impair the morals of Florence Wallace of No. 2074 Seventh avenue and Esther White of No. 228 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, each thirteen years old, who disappeared from their homes Saturday night. The parents of the girls asked the police to look for them Sunday.

The detectives learned that they had been hanging around garages on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and obtained an acknowledgment from Perry that he had been giving the girls small presents and taking them to moving picture shows. The girls were found on the street and returned to their parents.

WILSON TO KEEP HOLY WEEK.

Makes Fact Known in Declining Theatre Invitation.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—President Wilson will not attend theatres this week because it is Holy Week and he is inclined to defer to the custom of many people who especially devote this week to the more serious concerns of religion. This became known to-day in the President's declination of an invitation from a friend to attend the theatre.

Wilson Returns Gifts.

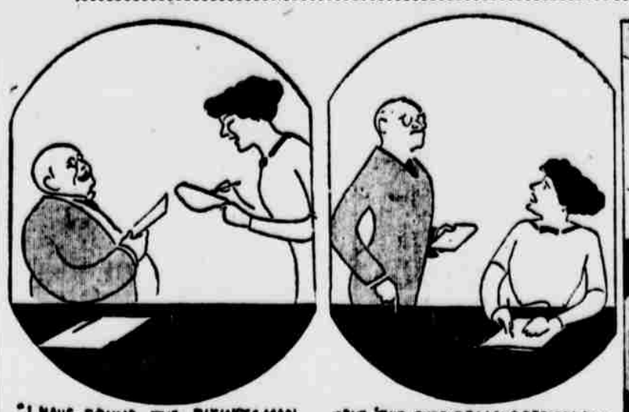
WASHINGTON, March 18.—The President is returning the many gifts sent to him by persons throughout the country who are not known to him personally. Some of these were sent by office seekers, others for advertising and a large number out of goodness of heart.

THE GIRL WHO WORKS AND WINS

Seventh Article of a Series.

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"Most Men Let Me Know They're Willing To Assist Me Along the Downward Path"



"I HAVE FOUND THE BUSINESS MAN FAIR AND SQUARE" WRITES "ADELE"

"BUT 'THE OVER-ZEALOUS DEPARTMENT HEADS'—THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

"WHEN TEMPTATION DISPLAYS HERSELF WITH ALL HER POMPS YOU CAN HAVE THE SAME BY HONEST LABOR" WRITES "ADELE"

"The $5 Period of a Girl's Life Is a Hard Battle—It Is the Time When Temptation Displays Herself in All Her Pomp and Tries to Show Us the Easy Way," Writes "M. B."—"Adele" Blames Managers.

$100—IN PRIZES FOR LETTERS BY REAL WORKING GIRLS—$100

Cash prizes amounting to $100 will be given for the most helpful letters from REAL WORKING GIRLS on the subject dealt with in this series.

The money will be divided as follows: Two prizes of $25 each. Five other prizes of $10 each.

The seven letters which, in Nixola Greeley-Smith's judgment, are best and most helpful will receive these awards.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

"I sat down and carefully analyzed the matter. Why were other girls in the office earning better salaries? The answer was simple—they were more efficient. I immediately made up my mind that I was going to work and win."

NIXOLA GREELEY SMITH

"I hate to admit it, but what trouble I did have in business was due to women who forgot that they were once young, and disliked to see me advance."

"I have won, but it has been no easy matter, because the majority of men I meet let me know in one way or another that they are willing to assist me along the downward path. There are men who have absolutely no power of discrimination."

It is interesting to contrast the point of view of the young woman who believes that her success was hampered by the jealousy of her own sex and the opinion of the girl who feels that she has succeeded despite the men with whom she has come in contact. In the life of any woman who earns her own living justification may be found for both beliefs, though in the end she will have to realize that despite the opposition of women, or the easy moral code of men, it is Efficiency—the capacity to do the work better than any one else who can be hired to do it—that is bound to triumph over every other consideration. Therefore, whether you think men or women are endeavoring to impede your progress, remember that both men and women will be powerless to injure you if you possess the twin factors of success, efficiency and confidence in your efficiency. No woman can enter any competitive field without encountering the sneers and stabs of other women, but, on the whole, these sneers and stabs are to be preferred to the society of the type of man she is sure also to meet—the man who tells her she is the most beautiful woman in the world and that he is mad about her—WITH HIS HAT ON!

If she is honest with herself, no girl need look any further than her own heart to find the source and excuse of the jealousy of the other women. Men try to pretend that they are not subject to the same feelings, but they do not succeed very well to any one who has come in contact with them in business or sport or courtship, in fact wherever competition reigns, and that is practically everywhere.

When you find a man or woman in any competitive field who is supremely courteous to every one, it means merely that the individual is serenely sure of his or her ability to meet and defeat the field.

WHERE THE GOLDEN RULE MAY NOT WORK.

Sometimes this confidence may be misplaced. But we must not expect a strict adherence to the Golden Rule in lines of endeavor which prosper most by defiance of it. The rising sun may not give very much thought to the stars he puts out, but it is natural for the stars, however philosophical, to think about and to resent that upstart luminary. Men generally profess to think that the motto of every woman in business is "My sword knows no sister." Their most cherished tradition is that women in any competitive field regard each other with jealousy and petty spite. In this respect women are no better and no worse than men. So long as there is competition there will be dislike, there will be fear, there will be petty criticism and fault finding. One thing only can lift a man or woman beyond and above its influence, and that is Supreme Efficiency, a thing to strive for and a thing to keep. And those who keep it are much fewer than those who attain it. I don't think there is very much to be said about the men "who indicate their willingness to help downward" but not upward. They exist, of course, but the average man is not of their number; he is at his worst merely the raw material of morality or immorality—merely clay in the hands of the potter—and what he turns out to be from a moral standpoint depends more upon the potter—the woman—than upon himself.

The letters of two young women follow:

BECOME EFFICIENT AND GET OUT OF THE $5 CLASS.

Dear Madam: Three years ago through death and reverse of fortune I was compelled to leave school and earn my own living. I held my head very high as I entered a downtown office for the first time in the capacity of a clerk. At the end of the week I felt still more elevated on receiving my first pay envelope containing $5. After paying my week's expenses, however, I recognized how very little of my $5 remained. Then, for the first time, I came face to face with LIFE. How was I going to get along on $5 a week? I carefully analyzed the matter. I thought of other girls in the office with me who were earning far better salaries, and I wondered why—the answer was simple—they were more efficient. I immediately made up my mind that I was going to work and win. I continued in my clerical capacity, closely observing every detail and at the same time pursuing a course in the evening commercial school. In six months' time I had fitted myself for a better position and felt free to demand a better salary. This I readily succeeded in, and to-day I am proud to relate the success of my years. I do not dress in silk or satin, nor do I wear gay plumage, but I always try to dress neatly and well.

It is an undisputed fact that the $5 period of existence of a girl's life is a hard battle. This is the time when temptation displays herself with all her pomp and tries to show us the easy way. We see around us our gaudy sisters and marvel at their variety of dress, &c. But this is the time to conquer. Remember that you, fair sisters, can have the same by honest labor. Seek employment with a growth in it, strive for the goal of efficiency and set a standard for women toilers. Are we not ashamed to hear men of business cry out for efficiency while we live in a city where every educational opportunity is offered to us free. Do we want to work and win? Then, if we do, let us have the courage of our convictions, go to evening school and equip ourselves with the requirements to reach this one great goal. M. B.

OVER-ZEALOUS DEPARTMENT HEADS ARE TO BLAME.

Dear Madam: From my own observation I believe half the poor salaries paid are due to over-zealous department heads, office managers, and the like, who prefer to keep expenses at a minimum when a concern is inclined to be liberal and fair. The principals of the firm know the work is done satisfactorily, are themselves too busy personally to supervise things, and in this way many a man is called an unjust employer when he really does not know the actual conditions existing in his establishment.

I hate to admit it, but what trouble I did have in business was due to women, women who forgot they were once young, and disliked to see me advance. I was the youngest graduate of our business college; unfortunately the youngest stenographer by ten years of my co-workers in my first position. Before many days I found they resented my "intrusion" into their office. "If the firm wished to employ a child," I overheard them say, "we will let her severely alone, and let her deliver the goods if she can, but certainly not with our assistance." I was heartbroken over this at first. I thought business was going to be so nice! My pride came to the rescue, however, and I determined to make myself so perfect and self-reliant that I would not need their help under any conditions. Naturally my speed in typewriting was not much to boast of, but I did accurate work and was really interested in it, and therefore turned out letters which contrasted favorably with the "shoddy" work of my companions, who felt too secure in their positions to observe neatness. I read considerably, and when I was with the concern a little while was chosen for intricate work because of my rather assorted knowledge. Contrary to my associates, the confidential matter dictated to me never passed my lips, and eventually I received the bulk of this work also. Employers are not blind, you know.

Because at the start of my career I suffered through a few selfish women, I do not think I should make every beginner who comes in contact with me miserable. In business, as in other things, by giving happiness we gain it for ourselves, and I certainly believe a kind deed comes back a thousandfold. Frequently women who, at the start of their career, were accorded every consideration and kindness, often become the hardest taskmasters. They forget that because of the kindness shown them they owe a debt to others.

Every girl enters business with rosy dreams and beautiful ideals. She knows she is going to make something of herself, but when she is hindered and opposed continually and can scarcely keep body and soul together on the salary she earns, it is sometimes not to be wondered at if she leaves the drudgery and hatefulness of it all for less honest methods of livelihood. ADELE.

PATIENT WIFE SAYS SHE WAITED 38 YEARS FOR HUBBY TO REFORM

Now She Is Beginning to Lose Hope and So Begins Suit for Separation.

For thirty-eight years Mrs. Goldie R. Goldesman has borne her husband's cruelties, she says, in the hope that he would reform. Now, that he is seventy-four years old and exhibits no indications of improvement, the indulgent wife, in her sixty-fifth year, applied to the court for separation and maintenance. The husband is Nachson Goldesman, a retired photo manufacturer, of No. 83 Canal street.

They were married in Minsk, Russia, and lived in London for many years. Twenty-six years ago they came to New York, the husband devoting himself to photographic specialties. Wealth rewarded his efforts and seven years ago he retired to manage several houses he had purchased out of his profits.

"I stood his abuse all these years," swears the wife, "in the lingering hope that he would reform; but, alas! he has not mended his ways. For a number of years he has given me but sixty or seventy cents a day for my wants. He has struck me frequently and has threatened while in a violent mood to kill me. Once he exhibited a dagger and pronounced sentence on me and my poor daughter, Dorothy, who is now in an insane asylum because of nervousness brought on by his acts."

The Goldesmans lived in a new apartment house, which the husband owns, at No. 1684 Madison avenue, until four weeks ago, when the aged wife went to live with a brother at Far Rockaway.

After filing her suit through her lawyers, May and Jacobson, Mrs. Goldesman submitted to Justice Davis an itemized account of her husband's wealth. This statement he contradicted by another tabulation. The Court awarded her $15 a week until the trial of the case. Numerous affidavits are attached to Mrs. Goldesman's papers which are submitted to support her charges.

FROM CUTLERY TO CABBAGE.

Hardware Corporation Provides Garden for 1,000 Employees.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., March 18.—To overcome the high cost of living, the American Hardware Corporation, a $10,000,000 concern, proposes to make farmers out of 1,000 of its employees this summer.

The company announced to-day that it will place a plot of ground at the disposal of every man who desires it and seeds will be supplied without cost. The plan was evolved by Charles M. Jarvis, President of the corporation and of the Connecticut Agricultural Society. He has a big farm in Berlin, this State, and works on it mornings before he goes to the office.

PARENTS OF ACTRESS WHO DIED ON LINER SAY NO "FOUL PLAY"

United States Consul Cables It Was "Undoubtedly Due to Natural Causes."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Schmitz, parents of Frances Leslie, the chorus girl who died suddenly last Saturday on the White Star liner Oceanic near Southampton, England, said to-day they were now convinced that their daughter died of natural causes. Their first suspicions were aroused by intimations from anonymous sources that the girl had been killed by a man aboard the ship.

United States Consul Swaim at Southampton has investigated the case thoroughly and has advised the girl's parents that there were no suspicious circumstances connected with the girl's death. The Schmitz family received a cablegram from the Consul this morning reciting the facts as to the autopsy and the beginning of the inquest, which has been adjourned until April 14.

"Death," cabled the Consul, "was undoubtedly due to natural causes."

The body of Miss Leslie has been embalmed. It will be shipped to New York on the American liner St. Paul, sailing from Southampton next Saturday and the funeral will be held on a date to be determined later from the Schmitz home at No. 178 West Ninety-seventh street.

It appears that as soon as the news of the death of Miss Leslie reached New York a woman called up newspaper offices and advised an investigation, stating that the girl had been murdered. These intimations brought about the investigation.

A girl named Wilson, who lives at No. 200 West Seventieth street, had been engaged for the theatrical company which sailed for London on the Oceanic a week ago last Saturday. A few hours before the boat sailed she was advised that her contract had been cancelled. Her place was taken by Miss Leslie, and it is said in theatrical circles that the change was made at the request of Arthur Deagon, comedian of the company, who had played with Miss Leslie in the "Follies of 1912." Deagon sailed on the Oceanic and was called as a witness in the inquest at Southampton yesterday.

DOGS RACE OVER SNOW TRAIL

Winners Cover 100 Miles in Less Than Thirteen Hours.

NOME, Alaska, March 18.—The 100-mile dog team race over the snow trail from Solomon to Council was won yesterday by the Gabriel dogs in 12 hours 40 minutes and 30 seconds. Christiansen was second and Akuguk, a native driver, third. The race was close, the three teams running together all the way.

The 412-mile all-Alaska sweepstake dog team race, the classic event of the North, probably will be run April 2. The purse will be $6,000.

COMMON SENSE REPLACES OLD ETHICAL IDEAS

Publicity Methods Used For Tona Vita Have Meant Health to Many.

ANTON BOUCHER SAYS:

"I Was Completely Run-Down But Am Now Feeling Like A Different Man."

For many years much sickness was allowed to continue owing to a misguided notion that ethical proprieties were offended if medical discoveries were exploited through the medium of the press. Times have changed and sentiment now must yield to common sense. This is why the proprietors and discoverers of Tona Vita decided that they would adopt the quickest and shortest means by letting every one who suffered from nervous debility in any form know that a chance had come for them to regain their health.

They knew that Tona Vita had extraordinary merits and was a Godsend to sickly people, and they did not think it right that any time should be wasted in letting the public know about it. That the path they decided to follow was the right one, has been demonstrated by the many thousands of people who have gladly testified to the wonderful results obtained. Among these is Anton Boucher of No. 691 Cornelia St., Ridgewood, New York City, who stated:

"I was completely run-down and the slightest work was too hard for me. I could neither eat nor sleep; finally hearing of Tona Vita, I decided to use it, and after six days I found that this wonderful medicine was bringing quite a change. I can eat now and work much better, my sleep is coming back again; thanks to Tona Vita, I feel like a different man."

Nervous debility can be known by many varied symptoms, among which are: loss of weight and appetite; being easily tired; becoming dizzy after any unaccustomed exertion; loss of vigor and ambition; belching of wind after eating; or a general run-down condition.

Tona Vita can be obtained at any first class drug store in New York City.—Advt.

Drawing showing the air filters in one nostril, together with the ear and the tube that leads from the throat to the ear. There is also shown Adenoids, one Tonsil and the Larynx with the vocal cords, the entrance to the lungs.

WHY IT IS RISKY

To Have Clogged Nostrils.

The air you take should pass through a perfect set of filters in your nostrils. The air filters separate the dust and dirt and disease germs from the air the same as a water filter strains germs from your drinking water. The germs that are caught by your nostrils are held by the secretions and are gotten rid of by blowing your nose.

If your nostrils are clogged you cannot free them in the natural way, by blowing your nose. The annoyance of clogged nostrils is so great that you feel you must get relief. You find you can do this by drawing the germs and discharges from your nostrils back into your throat.

If you will look at the picture above you will see the filtering apparatus in one nostril, and just back of the nostril you will see a growth which is called Adenoids. Now, just below where the nostrils and throat come together, there is a little structure called the tonsil of Luschka. When germs are drawn backward from the nostrils they settle in this little tonsil, cause it to enlarge and produces what is called Adenoids. Adenoids make it difficult to take air through the nostrils and block up the tubes which lead from the throat to the ear. In this way deafness, head noises and discharging ears are brought about, by drawing disease germs backward from the nostrils and closing the ear tubes.

When the filters in the nostrils are clogged up germs are often taken into the throat, where they set up disease. This is told by the throat feeling dry, like sand when dusted in it, or there will be a tickling sensation in the throat, like a horse hair had lodged in it. After a time discharge forms which keeps you clearing your throat. When germs are not caught and held in the nostrils, and blown out in the natural way, they may pass on to the tonsils and set up Tonsilitis. The tonsils try to prevent the germs from entering your Larynx.

If the disease germs enter the Larynx they bring on Laryngitis. With Laryngitis there is soreness deep down in the throat. It is painful to swallow; the voice becomes husky and hoarse. When germs have entered the Larynx and cause hoarseness disease is on its way to the lungs. Hoarseness may indicate that the germs of Tuberculosis have set up throat consumption.

Curing Shortness of Breath.

When Mr. Leo Eisenbacher first consulted me he said: "My trouble began four years ago. I got short of breath. I coughed a great deal and brought up a lot of tough, bad looking material with the cough. If I lay down I felt stuffed up and coughed a great deal. I was losing weight right along and got very little rest during the night.

"I went to doctors in the hospitals and they treated me, but I got no better."

Dr. McCoy put Mr. Eisenbacher on treatment and he now reports that the cough has gone, that he can lie down and sleep all night and that he has gained 17 pounds in weight.

Mr. Eisenbacher resides at No. 78 Bloomfield st., Hoboken, N. J.

Clogged Nostrils Cured.

When Mr. Frank Harold first consulted me he said: "My nostrils have bothered me for five years. I took cold very easily, and when I did my nose would clog tight. My left nostril was closed all the time. My nostrils would shut so tight that I could not blow out the discharges that formed in them, and these passed back into my throat. I got so I could not smell and lost my sense of taste. I always had to sleep with my mouth open. If I go into a hot close room I feel as if I would smother. I saw where you operated on Jeffries's nostrils, so I thought you might be able to help me." Since treating Mr. Harold he reports that his nostrils are now free and open all the time. He sleeps with his mouth closed, and his lost sense of smell and taste has returned. Mr. Harold lives at 186 Fox st., New York.

Isn't the Judgment of the Greatest Doctors in New York Good Enough for You?

Away back in 1879 there was a lot of young men being examined for their license to practice medicine. This examination was held in the University of New York. Seven of these young men out of a class of nearly two hundred received 100 per cent. in the examination on the Practice of Medicine. Professor Loomis, who lectured on Practice in the University, offered an annual prize to be given to the one student who passed the very best examination. Only those who received perfect marks were eligible for the prize contest. Of the seven young men who qualified in 1879 Dr. McCoy was one. The examination was held in public. There was a jury of eminent doctors present to decide who was the best among the seven candidates for the degrees. He had been perfect. After the examination was over the jury without any doubt awarded the prize to Dr. McCoy.

In a few weeks another contest was to be held. There were eight appointments to be made on the staff of Bellevue, America's greatest hospital. This examination was open to the doctors of the world. The eight who showed they were the very best were to be chosen for these appointments. Dr. McCoy made application for this competitive test. The examination was held by the greatest scientists and surgeons in New York, and again Dr. McCoy won.

By winning the Loomis prize he proved himself the best of his graduating class. By winning the hospital appointment, the most sought after of all American hospital positions, he proved himself among the best of all doctors in the United States.

This is the way they used to select doctors to treat the city's sick in New York. Don't you think that the old New York plan was a good one to test a doctor's ability?

DOES ADVERTISING MAKE A DOCTOR A QUACK?

When a friend of yours or your family doctor tells you that Dr. J. C. McCoy is a quack just hand him the little article you will find at the bottom of the next column. Then ask your friend or doctor what he thinks of Dr. McCoy's record and training.

That little article is under the heading "Is Not the Judgment of the Greatest Doctors in New York Good Enough for You?" This article proves that not one doctor or surgeon in New York has a record superior to Doctor McCoy. It proves that no three specialists in his line in New York have a record as good as his. Read below what Prof. Loomis, New York's greatest physician, said of Dr. McCoy.

The only grounds any one has to call Dr. McCoy a quack are that he advertises and he charges small fees. If you think that advertising can take away his skill Dr. McCoy wants nothing to do with you—just stay away from his office.

If you think that the only doctor who can do good work is the one who charges you more than you can afford to pay, then also stay away from Dr. McCoy.

Elbert Hubbard, writing of doctors advertising, says:—

"The only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer in the way of services or who cannot make good."

Dr. McCoy points his record. He made good as a student. He has made good as a specialist. He has discovered new methods of treatment that do away with cutting out the bones of the nose. He has developed a treatment for deafness that does away with the use of instruments and operations in the treatment.

ARE YOU GOING DEAF?

I have made a discovery in the treatment of head noises and deafness which I consider an important one. My discovery does away with the necessity of passing instruments into the ear tubes, which measures have proved unsatisfactory, are painful, and, instead of curing the disease, have often forced it further up into the ear.

How important my method of treatment is will be shown in the cases of Mr. Reynerston and Mr. Johnston.

When Mr. Alfred Reynerston first consulted me he said: "I have not heard well for 20 years. I have been so deaf at times that I could hardly hear my alarm clock when I pressed it up against my ears. I was troubled with noises in my head that sounded like bees buzzing. I could stand the noises in my head during the day, but at night the noises would wake me out of my sleep and sounded like I was in a saw mill, with all the buzz saws and planing machines running. The head noises troubled me so much I felt I must get relief." Since placing Mr. Reynerston on treatment he reports that the noises have left his head and he can now hear a watch tick when held sixteen inches from his ears. Mr. Reynerston lives at 83 Second place, Brooklyn.

When the Rev. William Johnston first consulted me he said: "Three years ago I had an attack of grippe which left me quite deaf.

"My hearing failed so much that in the church while I could hear the music I could not understand a word that was sung. I could not make out what a speaker was saying when I went to another church or lecture.

"I was very much annoyed by sounds in my ears that were like crickets chirping."

Since treating Rev. Mr. Johnston he now reports that his hearing has almost entirely returned.

He can understand what speakers say while he is in the audience, and the annoying head noises have disappeared.

Mr. Johnston is the pastor of Sparta Presbyterian Church, Sparta, N. J.

The following interview with Prof. Loomis will explain what he thought of me:

(New York World, Sept. 2, 1894.)

"Prof. Loomis, of the University of New York, the great specialist, said in alluding to medical men who advertise: 'Dr. McCoy, for instance, is an able man well educated, a thorough scientist and a first-class physician. He is a graduate of Bellevue Hospital. He advertises, does an immense business and is doing much good.'"

If you suffer from clogged nostrils, diseased nostrils, have headaches or are going deaf, or have head noises or a dry throat, or a throat that fills with phlegm, and you think my training and experience should make me a good doctor, I will be pleased to have you visit my office. It will cost you nothing for an examination and advice.

If you reside outside of the city, write me and I will be pleased to advise you by letter concerning your condition.

DR. J. C. McCOY,
213 Flatiron Building,
Broadway and 23d St., New York.

Hours—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 10 A. M. to 12 Noon.