

# "TINY TADS" OF THE SADDLE.

## Life of the Jockeys, its Perils, Temptations, Glamour and Rewards.

### American Jockeys Abroad and Probable Incomes.

Jockey.	Country.	Probable Earnings.
"Danny" Maher, England.	England.	\$5,000
"Willie" Shaw, Germany.	Germany.	30,000
Fred Tarral, Austria.	Austria.	20,000
"Johnny" Reiff, Hungary.	Hungary.	20,000
Lucien Lyne, England.	England.	15,000
H. Lewis, Austria.	Austria.	15,000
"Skeets" Martin, Hungary.	Hungary.	15,000
"Tommy" Burns, Germany.	Germany.	15,000
N. Turner, France.	France.	15,000
J. Rausch, France.	France.	15,000
M. Henry, France.	France.	15,000
Winniford O'Connor, France.	France.	15,000
H. Spencer, France.	France.	10,000
H. Cormack, France.	France.	10,000
L. Spencer, Italy.	Italy.	10,000
J. Hoar, Russia.	Russia.	10,000
J. Winfield, Russia.	Russia.	10,000
H. Bergendorff, Hungary.	Hungary.	10,000
H. Shields, France.	France.	5,000
John Tarral, Austria.	Austria.	5,000
W. McIntyre, France.	France.	5,000
M. Milow, Austria.	Austria.	5,000
J. Wiley, France.	France.	5,000
W. Gannon, Austria.	Austria.	5,000
F. Turner, Belgium.	Belgium.	5,000
B. Raby, Austria.	Austria.	5,000
Total.		\$340,000.

New York—Thirty thousand eyes are focused upon a platform built at some elevation from the ground and supported by posts that are painted white. A solitary man stands upon the floor of the structure. He strides back and forth and gesticulates violently. Sometimes he seems to appeal in supplication. At others his gestures are those of determined command. His lips are seen to move, but the sounds of his voice are drowned in the din of the throng.

Below him is a field of high-spirited, sensitive, nervous and fractious thoroughbred horses. Mounted on them are mere wisps of boys, who jerk energetically at the bridle reins, kick with their heels and express their thoughts vehemently into the ears of the animals they are riding.

With a snap and a strutting sound, like the vibration of a string of a double bass, the barrier is suddenly released by the man on the platform, and a dozen eager colts plant their hoofs firmly into the soft soil of the track, scrambling with the instinct of their natures, which education long and patient has developed, to reach a place in front, while the monkeylike boys on their backs, their sharp faces pushed forward eagerly into the wind, peer on both sides of them to discern an opening where they may get through and improve their chances to finish first in the race.

Thirty thousand eyes, scanning intently the turn of the track, follow closely the running of the field, and 15,000 voices begin to croak, and scream, and babble. Some are the hysterical notes of a nervous woman who has wagered half her week's pin money upon the race. Some are the guttural roars of the "outs," the stable followers and the hoarse criers of wares and edibles. Some are the cackle of superheated storekeepers and possibly their clerks.

**Cry for the Favorite.**  
Through it all, and above it all, is the note of personality, the cry for the popular jockey of the day. It is a queer phenomenon of a mighty sport. It is the slogan of the American for the individual who does things. The horses are racing. The horses are the motive for the struggle, the backbone of a pastime that was inaugurated centuries ago, but the majority of the vast mass congested within iron railings are shouting for the jockey.

Afar down the course at the field stand one hears "Come on, you Miller!" The exhortation increases in volume, and all the field stand appears to be shouting, "Come on, you Miller!" The thousands upon the lawn take up the refrain, the bookmakers and their clerks join in, if a Miller victory means a victory for them, and at last there is a Niagara-like thunder of appeal, "Come on, you Miller!" an anxious moment or two, then a wild screech of triumph, and the "Milleries" rush away to obtain their gains, if Miller happens to have won.

There is barely a day that it is possible to miss this queer chain of incident at the race course, for the racegoers rush with enthusiastic favor to the support of some jockey who, by his skill and his knowledge of men and animals, beats his fellow jockeys in the daily tumult of track sport.

**Names Live Long in Memory.**  
Time passes and boys grow old and heavy. The idol of the present day

will be only the memory of the past. Yet the names of the great riders live with racegoers even longer than the names of statesmen who were contemporaneous with them. The senator from New York of a decade ago may be forgotten by another decade, but the name of Tod Sloan will live for a century, and maybe longer. The sharp repiles earned him punishment in 1906, but this year he has exercised better control over himself and fewer words of caution have had to be administered to him. He is considered to be very clever in making a strong finish. Like Miller, he is possessed of much physical power in his arms, and when a horse is tiring in the last strides of a hard-fought race, Radtke fairly lifts him along, as he holds up his head and gives him encouragement to make the three or four final leaps that may win a stake worth thousands of dollars.

**Good Judges of Pace.**  
Koerner and E. Dugan are two clever lightweights who are skillful in judging pace and placing their horses to good advantage in a field of many starters. Both are able to rate the speed at which they are moving by constant association of intervals of time with the distance posts on the track. There have been harness horse drivers who were able to tell almost to the fraction of a second the speed at which they were driving. So it is with some of the jockeys. Constant devotion to their work has enabled them to gather relative ideas of time and motion, and it is a great aid to a jockey to be able so to rate his horse as to have some reserve strength and power left for the finish.

**Physical Characteristics.**  
Miller is a small, well knit, delicate boned boy, who at first gives the impression of being undersized. A closer inspection of his physique inclines one to correct the idea. Looking him over carefully from head to heels, he seems to be compactly built for his age, and his flesh is distributed evenly over the framework of bones. His racial characteristics are delineated in his facial features.

His height and weight and moderate manner of walk give the impression of delicacy, but there is none of it in his grasp nor in the steel-like hardness of his biceps. His hands are wonderfully strong and feel sensitive and full of vitality to the touch. Perhaps his hands are the most wonderful part of him physically. If nature had intended to create a jockey to order it would have been hard to equip one with a pair of hands that seem so alive as those of this youngster. Possibly it is through his hands that he gets in such close touch with his mounts.

**Takes Care of His Money.**  
He began with the first money he received to take his money to his mother. He is not a spendthrift, and he cares little for the luxuries of society. His mother took his earnings and invested them. They were invested so well that she is proud of her work and admits that his income has been considerably increased by her prudence and foresight. Of late Miller has advised with her as to the placing of some of his earnings, and she is as happy as the boy that he has shown good judgment and business intelligence in suggesting where certain sums could be invested to good advantage. There is little reason to doubt that his ambition to acquire a fortune by his efforts in the saddle will be realized and realized handsomely.

Scores of boys try every year to become successful jockeys. Most of them fail. Why is it, then, that Miller is a success? Is it because of his seat in the saddle, his short stirrups, or some other typical accessory to the equipment of his mount? This question has been asked time and again.

"Tom" Welch places little credit in any of these details.  
Miller says he perches himself well up on a horse's neck and rides with short stirrups because he has a greater leverage on the horse's head and can guide him more perfectly.

"I can feel the temper of the horse through his mouth when I have a stiff rein on him over his neck," said the jockey. "If I were to ride in the old fashioned English seat the horse's head would get away from me, and the chances are that I would miss

some good opportunities in the race to gain distance."

It was Tod Sloan who originated the idea of riding forward. Possibly Miller carries it more to an extreme than some jockeys, but he is light, strong and has perfect confidence in himself.

For two years there has been great rivalry between Miller and Radtke. The latter has been less successful, but is nevertheless considered to be one of the best boys who ride professionally in the United States.

Radtke is of different temperament than Miller. He is a somewhat fiery little chap and rather self-willed. His sharp repiles earned him punishment in 1906, but this year he has exercised better control over himself and fewer words of caution have had to be administered to him. He is considered to be very clever in making a strong finish. Like Miller, he is possessed of much physical power in his arms, and when a horse is tiring in the last strides of a hard-fought race, Radtke fairly lifts him along, as he holds up his head and gives him encouragement to make the three or four final leaps that may win a stake worth thousands of dollars.

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000 in the saddle this year. He commands a high price, and owners are as willing to pay it to him as they are to Miller, for they know that they are securing a competent boy and one upon whom every reliance may be placed.

### Other Successful Jockeys.

Lucien Lyne, a jockey much admired in New York when he was in the heyday of his success, is riding in England. Possibly his earnings will amount to \$15,000. The English turfmen are willing to pay handsomely a smart American boy.

"Fred" Tarral, whom everybody knows in America who knows about race horses, has been riding in Austria with remarkable success for the last three or four years, and is over there again.

"Skeets" Martin rides in Hungary with a probable income of \$15,000 for the year, and "Tommy" Burns has been engaged by a German stable and is likely to receive not less than \$15,000 for the season's work.

France has a fine lot of American jockeys, and all of them fairly successful. Spencer is one, Turner another, and then there are Rausch, O'Connor, "Johnny" Reiff, Cormack, Henry, Shields, McIntyre and Wiley.

### Prizes of Success.

The successful jockey who likes to see his reflection in mirrors, who revels in the glare of the myriad lamps that burn after dark, will not lack of hospitality. There will be a hundred hosts to entertain him every night if he but says the word.

The bell of a well-known trainer's cottage at Sheephead bay rang timorously, and the trainer went to the door. A mile of a boy with his cap dangling from his fingers looked sidelong at the man and said: "I'd like to see Mr. Flanner."

"I'm Mr. Flanner," was the reply.

"What is it, son?"

"Please, sir, I'd like to get a position with you as jockey. My folks will let me."

"Do you know what you will have to do?" said the trainer. "You will



a matter of but a few years before the poor wight gives up in despair, as he finds that nature has insisted upon imposing more flesh over his skeleton than he can possibly rid himself of.

When that happens many of the best American jockeys go to the tracks of foreign lands, where the weight imposts are heavier. They usually find little trouble in obtaining employment.

A number of them are abroad this year. There is "Danny" Maher, for instance, in England. He is one of the best American jockeys who ever left his native land to ride for foreign stables. He has been phenomenally successful in England—so much so that the richest owners are eager to obtain him. He is riding his second season for Lord Derby. Maher is the only jockey now riding who has won three English derbies. Of itself that is a feat of sufficient importance to establish his reputation in the turf world. It is estimated that he will earn \$50-

have to leave your home, come to the track to live, and for a long, long time you will have to be just a stable boy, getting up very early in the morning and riding horses and doing other things that are necessary about a racing stable."

"Yes, sir, I'll do it. I want to earn a lot of money and be as rich as Walter Miller."

"All right, my boy; give me your name and I will send for you at the first vacancy."

"Are there many such?" was asked the trainer.

"Many? I'll bet that a day doesn't go by that I don't have a call from some youngster who wants to be a second Miller. I get letters by almost every mail asking for places in my stable, and I know that lads run away from school to come and loiter around the horses. When I find the latter kind I send them home with a little good advice."

**Wisdom on Tap.**  
Mrs. Green, who was deeply absorbed in a romance of the 17th century, suddenly paused and looked at her husband.

"Gregory," she said, "listen to this: 'By my halldom,' exclaimed Sir Hardyng, 'it is past the hour of 12! What is a halldom?'"

"What do you suppose it is?" responded Mr. Green, with a frown. "Can't you tell from the context, Maria? Sir What's-his-name said it was past the hour of 12 by his halldom, didn't he? I should think any one could tell from that sentence that he had just consulted his halldom. Halldom is the old English name for watch, of course! Why is it that some women don't seem to be able to exercise their reasoning faculties?"—Stray Stories.

**Somewhat Disconcerting.**  
He gazed upon her in fond admiration. He loved her to distraction. Lovers had loved before, lovers might love again, but no lover might, could, would, or should love as he loved Dora. The sun shone Dora, the birds sang Dora, the wild flowers in the hedges, oh! they were all Doras to a bud. And then Ferdinand exclaimed with startling suddenness:

"What in the world ever induced you, Dora, to care for a fellow like me?"

"I really don't know, but pa threatens to send me to a brain specialist."

### FLIGHT OF THE FIANCEE.

Unnerved by Dreadful Possibilities of the Future.

A wayfarer, jogging along the public highway in pursuit of his own purposes, was run against and knocked over by a wild-eyed youth of frightened mien, who, upon untangling himself from the peregrinator, elucidated his harrowing predicament as follows:

"I went over to bank in the smiles of my fiancee and discovered that it was sewing circle afternoon and the sitting-room was invested by many matrons, both young and sere, and sat me down on the vine-clad porch to await their departure; and to my first indifferent but very pleasantly horrified ears were wafted snatches of their conversation, running something like this: 'The food is liable to disagree with its little stomach, and you must experiment with a variety of milks from different cows, invariably sterilizing it, and try various foods, until you discover exactly the right one. My second had the colic almost every night for six weeks and screamed for hours without intermission. It never slept longer than half an hour at a time and neither my husband or me had a minute's rest, day or night. And then teething set in. Whooping cough followed, and measles, scarlet fever, hives, and— Then I fled. I don't know where I shall stop and—'"

"You are quite excusable, sir!" returned the wayfarer, who had lived long and knew much. "Pray, don't mention it!"—Puck.

### A PECULIAR ALLIANCE.

That Made by the Doctors and the W. C. T. U.

For the purpose of fighting "patent" medicines the doctors, as represented by the American Medical Association, have made an alliance with the W. C. T. U. who have been deceived into believing that the alcohol in "patent" medicines is a menace. In this alliance the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. are apparently put in the position of dragging chestnuts out of the fire for their allies. There is no class so firmly convinced of the necessity for alcohol in medication as the doctors who, with a few exceptions, not only prescribe it freely but use it, as indeed they must whether they would prefer to or not, as a solvent and preservative. On the other hand the W. C. T. U. contends that the whole medical and pharmaceutical world is in error; that alcohol is not only useless but that it is dangerous and harmful in any quantity in any medicinal preparation. While their principles are so wholly at variance the doctors and the W. C. T. U. ladies have cheerfully allied themselves in a war on "patent" medicines, and the W. C. T. U. is placed in an even more ridiculous position by reason of the fact that the doctors do not confine their fight to those medicines which contain alcohol, but lump all "patent" medicines in one class. And this, too, despite the fact that, according to figures printed in the Journal of the American Medical Association, about 70 per cent of physicians' prescriptions are for "patent" or "proprietary" medicines.

The inability of many physicians to prescribe any but ready-to-use remedies is frequently commented upon by the medical press, and by physicians of the better class when assembled in conventions. That three-fourths of the physicians graduated each year in the United States are incompetent and a peril to the communities in which they practice was charged openly at the annual meeting of the Committee on Medical Education of the American Medical Association, held in Chicago in April of this year. The total number of graduates annually was placed at 4,000 which means that at least 3,000 incompetents are turned loose annually.

It was stated at this meeting that an average of 58 per cent of the graduates from medical colleges failed to pass state examinations. These failures either go back to school, or go to some state where the requirements are not so high.

That many doctors are so ignorant in matters pertaining to pharmacy that they know nothing about the properties of the drugs they prescribe, was stated by Dr. M. Clayton Thrush, a professor in the Medico-Chirurgical College at Philadelphia in an address before the Annual Convention of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City in June of this year.

Dr. Henry Beas, Jr., president of the Board of Medical Examination for the State of Pennsylvania, in an interview in the daily papers said: "About one quarter of the papers show a degree of illiteracy that renders the candidates for licensure incapable of understanding medicine." He criticizes the colleges for awarding degrees in these cases.

**The Money Power in the Saddle.**  
Did you ever hear one word from President Roosevelt against the money power, and yet the money power controls the trusts and the railroads and is the power behind the throne of all the monopolists? The secretaries of the treasury appointed by Mr. Roosevelt have all given the Wall street financiers everything they have demanded and this action has been endorsed by him. Secretary Shaw fell all over himself to do the bidding of the Wall street bankers and Secretary Cortelyou, who found means to fry the fat out of the frenzied financiers in the last campaign, is following in Shaw's footsteps.

**Tariff Revision.**  
The wisest politicians here are saying there will be no tariff revision until after the next election. The Republican party is in danger of playing that card once too often, and is going to get caught some day. It would be the joke of many years if the Democrats were to make a better promise to revise the tariff than the Republicans do, and win on that platform.—Milwaukee Free Press.

**Has There Been a Reduction?**  
The Baltimore Sun asks if anybody can point to a single reduction of price of any article as a result of the president's seven years of trust-busting. Probably not. The mother of the trusts still lives and supplies the pap, there's the rub.

**A Tale of Ingratitude.**  
The Washington correspondent of the New York Times tells a tale of perfidy and dishonor that is horrible. It is true, by declaring that Secretary Cortelyou is adroitly maneuvering with the "reactionaries" for their support for the nomination for president. To sit at the cabinet councils and know all the inside information about the Taft boom and then go out and plot against it may be Republican politics, but can hardly be looked upon as a square deal. There is no doubt that Fairbanks, Cannon, Foraker and others who have presidential ambitions are all more or less opposed to President Roosevelt's policies and if they cannot succeed him would be willing to see anyone nominated who would be acceptable to the railroads and trusts they are so closely allied with. But perhaps the Cortelyou tale is but another of the strange stories that the Washington correspondent dish up to their often mischievous readers. Real news is mighty scarce and a new candidate for president with the spice of being an ingrate will have to do until something more interesting occurs.

### FINES OF NO AVAIL

INADEQUATE PUNISHMENT FOR ILLEGAL COMBINATIONS.

Term in the Penitentiary for Head of Trust Would Make for Genuine Reform—President Wilson's Views.

All the national trust-busting and railroad regulation has not reduced the price of trust goods, or of railroad transportation, although the administration takes credit for being the great corporation regulator. So much so that Secretary Root, and President Roosevelt himself, seem to wish to monopolize the management and control of corporations by the federal government. The railroad magnates have very promptly fallen in with this plan, for they no doubt think it is easier and less expensive to deal with a Republican congress than with 45 separate state legislatures. But the people seem to view the matter in a different light and have insisted that the legislatures of their states pass stringent legislation to control and punish the corporations which are plundering them, and the legislators have responded to the demand and lower railroad rates and imprisonment for trust magnates have resulted.

Fining a trust or corporation, even a comparatively large sum, has proven quite inadequate a punishment to prevent the repetition of their illegal doings, and in the end the customers of the corporations—which is really everyone—have to pay the fines by increased prices for their products, so the national legislation has proven to be a barren idealism as far as the people are concerned.

In a recent address by President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton university, he called attention to the lack of enforcement of the criminal law against the law breakers when he declared: "One really responsible man in jail, one real originator of the schemes and transactions which are contrary to the public interest legally lodged in the penitentiary, would be worth more than a thousand corporations mulcted in fines, if the reform is to be genuine and permanent." Dr. Wilson is an old-fashioned Democrat, which accounts for his desire to see the law enforced impartially and not the continuation of the travesty upon justice which the president of the United States seems to think is all that is necessary to make the people believe they are being protected and to allow him to boast that everyone is getting a square deal.

If Rockefeller and Rogers, the Standard Oil magnates, and Baer of the coal trust, and Frick of the steel trust, and Havemeyer the sugar king, and Armour and Swift of the beef trust, and Duke of the tobacco trust, not to mention the hundreds of others, were in stripes for a term commensurate with their illegal plundering of a patient people, does anyone believe they and others would continue to extort their present high prices or maintain an illegal monopoly with the constant fear of like further punishment?

Then if the tariff was revised to a revenue basis, so that competition would compel reasonable prices, there would not be such extraordinary prosperity of the trusts, but there would be more joyous faces and thrift amongst the people generally.

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**In Extremis.**  
The yacht was heavily becalmed. There were but ten bottles of champagne in the lockers. Their last signal of distress had been sent up, without bringing any response.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the commodore, in a quavering voice, "I can no longer conceal the hideous truth from you. Sobriety stares us in the face!" It was a wildly serious scene which ensued. Some blasphemed, some prayed, some, in an access of frenzied wantonness, sang songs, while some sat stolidly by, awaiting their fate with at least an outward calm.—Puck.

**Wouldn't Take His Place.**  
Hearing of the sudden taking off the stage of life of a leading Thespian while he was playing in Chicago, a New York Rialtoan out of a job telegraphed the manager as follows:

"Having heard of the sad and tragic demise of Mr. —, I'll take his place for \$150 a week."

As the message was sent collect it elicited the following reply: "Thanks. I wouldn't take his place for twice that amount."

**A Nice Sentence.**  
"You have a pleasant home and a bright fireside, with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" said the judge.

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, who thought he saw a way out of the difficulty.

"Well," said the judge, "if the happy children sit around the cheerful fire until you return, they will stay there just 42 days."

**COFFEE AILS**  
Quit when you use POSTUM  
"THERE'S A REASON."  
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.

### HEALTH NOTES FOR AUGUST.

August is the month of internal catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. P. ru. a. is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

Painting for Profit  
No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?"  
Poor paint is for temporary appearance only.  
Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is for lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the price investment.  
The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.



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