

Everybody Drinks **Coca-Cola**

—it answers every beverage requirement—vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness.

It will satisfy you.

Demand the genuine by full name—Bottles encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

NO DANGER OF SUNSTROKE

Man on His Way to "Get Even" With Enemy Had the Thing All Planned Out.

You'd have known he was a medical man by his looks and by the medicine case he carried, but the man who bumped into him on the street was too excited about something else.

"Here, sir, what are you doing?" exclaimed the doctor as he recovered from the collision.

"Going to lick a man!" was the reply.

"But wait. Don't you know it's 90 degrees in the sun?"

"I don't give a darn!"

"And that fighting will raise your temperature to 140?"

"What of it?"

"A temperature of 139 means sunstroke and death!"

"Are you a doctor?" asked the man.

"I am."

"Then you are way off your base. The man I'm going to lick works in an ice house, where the temperature is only 50 above, and oh, Jesus, wax, I will make him holler!"

"But—"

"Oh, I brought along my overcoat so I shouldn't take cold doing it! Thanks, Doc—I'm all right!"

Critic's Mean Comment.

An actor who recently was "taken" while on the stage by a cinematograph was greatly pleased with the result. Talking of it to a prominent dramatic critic, he said:

"It was the most extraordinary experience I ever went through—actually to see myself acting."

"Now," replied the critic, "you will understand what we have to put up with."

Yes, Cordelia, the drum major belongs to the band—even if he does give the impression the band belongs to him.

"I'm open for conviction," said one lady. She liked her regular soap and washing powder. She tried RUB-NO-MORE just to see. Now you ought to see how easily she keeps house dirt-free with this "workless" dirt remover.



RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder
RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Naptha Soap

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Lower the Cost of Living BY JOINING A NEW YORK CITY CLUB

The City Shopping Service practically brings the most fashionable New York stores to your door.

Both ladies and gentlemen are eligible to membership, and as members are entitled to use the exclusive Fifth Avenue Club, it is a real benefit of its other advantages.

The Club is a money saving, convenient, and a healthy and safe place to shop. It is a new and original idea, and one that is being copied all over the world.

New York Shopping Club, Inc., 232 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D. C. Patent Attorney

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 32-1914.

WINCHESTER

Light Weight Hammerless Repeating Shotguns

12, 16 AND 20 GAUGES, MODEL 1912

This is the lightest, strongest and handsomest repeating shotgun made. Although light, it has surpassing strength, because all the metal parts are made of Nickel steel, which is twice as strong as ordinary steel. It is simple to load and unload, easy to take down, and works with an ease and smoothness not found in repeaters of other makes. Look one of these guns over at your dealer's. They are

"THE MOST PERFECT REPEATERS."

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

There Are Many, Bomb Enthusiasts in New York

NEW YORK.—When in Rome do as the Romans do. When in New York throw bombs. That is the only way to keep even with the game. A New Yorker must get acclimated to bombs and bomb throwing, bomb factories and premature bomb explosions. You may not believe this because you don't live in New York, but let me remark right here that the center of the bomb zone hereabouts is the marble and gilt police headquarters, home of a thousand anti-bomb enthusiasts, at Centre and Broome streets, and there is no palace so 'exalted nor home so humble that the bomb like the useless Christmas gift, is unknown.



Your correspondent lives in an elevator apartment much better than he can afford on Washington Heights and the altitude was said to be too great for bombs. But it isn't.

New York apartment houses are, or should be, celebrated for the most extreme luxuries and the most atrocious crudities of civilization on the face of the twentieth century earth.

One of the most highly amusing institutions of apartment houses is the purchase of ice. Ice is like chewing gum and almond chocolate bars in Manhattan, dispensed everywhere. Some one has spoken of an "ice trust." I could never find this beneficent institution. If it is still struggling along it has my moral support. But all the ice I could ever locate was in the possession of certain Calabrians and Sicilians with wide grins and large earrings, who dwell in cellars and are uniformly named "Joe."

The "Joes" had a monopoly of our apartment. There was sharp rivalry between them, but it never took the form of price cutting.

Then something dreadful happened. Our superintendent—janitor is now obsolete—went about denouncing the "Joes" as thieves and all the tenants were so wrought up that they finally consented to take ice from "Mr. John"—thus the regular style of the New York apartment house superintendent.

The "Joes" were barred from the basement where they had flourished 52 weeks in the year among the feet of the dumb-waiters; and "Mr. John" started his service of ice, giving perhaps slightly fatter hunks than did the Calabrians, but generosity is characteristic of new mercantile enterprises.

"Bang!"

Our dreams of being outside the New York bomb zone were shattered. Considerable smoke was issuing from the basement and scouting parties told us that Mr. John's department of ice was wrecked. We all informed the police it was an outrage, of course, and there was an "investigation."

"Bang!"

This time in the middle of the night. Many of the more temperamental tenants trooped to the fire escapes in pajamas and what-nots.

Just at present we are awaiting bomb No. 3. This is bound to be a good one, I am assured by experts on the subject.

There were in the year 1913, according to the police records, slightly more than a hundred bombs exploded in Greater New York.

This Is One Way of Playing the Holdup Game

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The "auto panhandler" is the latest. This species of the genus Man—and Woman—has become so prevalent and so bold the past few months that automobile owners are meekly asking each other:

"Why own an automobile?"

"That very question," by the way, is expressive of the "auto panhandler's" attitude toward life. It is his hallmark, his slogan and battle cry, his defense to all reproach.

Illustrating the advanced methods of the "auto panhandler" is the experience the other day of a banker who drives his own machine. This man was passing through the Square on his way to Lorain when a young man, carrying a suitcase and accompanied by a young woman, stepped out in front of the automobile and raised his hand impressively.

"The banker stopped.

"Take us to the Detroit boat dock, please," said the young man, calmly.

"We have only ten minutes."

Too astonished to speak and feeling greatly humbled, the banker did as ordered. At the dock he turned around and opened the door. The young man fumbled in his jeans.

"What's the matter—lost something?" asked the banker.

"Just hunting for a piece of change for you," he said. "I can't find anything but a nickel."

"That's all right, thank you," said the banker, relieved.

Every day, every evening, there is a clique at the west side of the Square or the east approach to the viaduct awaiting the arrival of automobiles that suit their tastes. They pick nothing but the best cars. Sometimes a daring soul refuses them. He is execrated frequently in language far from polite. Few have the courage to refuse them a second time.

Youth Becomes a Huck Finn to Dodge Onion Bed

CHICAGO.—Huckleberry Finn is alive again. Right now Huck Finn is in danger of resuming the name of John Sopracki. Huck, or John, ran away the other day from his home at 8300 Mackinac avenue, South Chicago, and started on his career of adventure.

He knew his mother wanted him to weed onions, so he started the story that he had been drowned.

Anthony Zabocki, thirteen years old, of 3325 Buffalo avenue, ran through the streets of South Chicago with tears in his eyes and told John's parents of the tragedy which had followed a swim in the Calumet river. He was a reincarnation of Tom Sawyer.

"Johnny's drowned," he cried, and John, hidden behind a fence near by, smiled in glee.

Having started parents and police on a hunt for the body, John started on his adventures. He slept in alleys, curled up in empty barrels, and for food stole bananas from the carts of fruit peddlers.

When the police failed to find John's clothing or any trace of the body they became suspicious. They wanted to question Tony, and Policeman Albert Hickland of the South Chicago police went to the Zabocki home.

Tony couldn't be found. The policeman at last went into the woodshed and heard sounds coming from under the floor. Hickland was rather large for the space, but succeeded in dragging Tony into the yard.

"You'll go to jail if you don't tell us where John is," said Hickland.

"I'll give you 50 cents if you tell," said John's mother.

And right there Huck Finn became plain John. Tony confessed that his friend wanted to take a vacation and had asked him to spread the tale of his drowning.

A City Farmer's Strenuous Day of Recreation

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—After a busy week this Park avenue man thought he would slip out to his farm, early Sunday, and hang around the growing corn and chickens and things for his every-other week vacation. He did what he had always done—set his alarm clock for 5:30, and the old clock was faithful. But the man wasn't.

He had spent a strenuous day, and thought he would turn over and sleep another dime's worth—and he knew that his wife would rouse him—yes indeed, he just knew she would. But his wife was tired of that sort of thing, and she let him sleep.

At 6:15 the city farmer jumped out of bed and dressed himself on the way to the traction station. He caught his car by doing a marathon, and after he had recovered his wind he began to read. His farm is only six miles from the city, and he was so busy reading that he forgot to get off at Stop 3. He came to three miles beyond his getting-off place, and had the pleasure of walking back on the hot ties.

When he arrived at his farmhouse, all raveled out, he found that his tenants, too, had gone for an outing. This meant that he would not get his usual white meat and gravy dinner. He lounged around a while, and finally covered a promising pullet into a sack, but the seated pullet was over and the sack and began cavorting around the car. After the panic was over and the chicken was sewed up again he leaned back and wondered what kind of a day the folks at home were having. He delivered his chicken to his wife and she told him it was one of "those old mummy chickens," and it would take three days to cook it.



900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old **35 DROPS—35 CENTS**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

READER ALLOWED ONE GUESS

Did This Pleasant Little Conversation Take Place During or After the Honey-moon?

He threw down his paper.

"I wonder if the colonel really means to try it again?"

"What did you say, dear?"

"If you'd been listening you wouldn't ask me."

"If you had said anything worth hearing I'd been glad to listen."

"How do you know you would?"

"Try it!"

He glares at her and wisely says nothing. She picks up the paper.

"Dear me," she says, "I wish they'd settle it."

"Settle what?"

"The length of next fall's skirts."

He snorts.

"Is that all you can find in the paper?"

"I guess it's a good deal more important than the stuff you find."

"Do you mean to compare a paltry skirt to the stupendous living issues of the hour?"

"Oh, go jump into the River of Doubt!"

"What do you know about the River of Doubt?"

"As much as anybody knows. Bah!"

"Bah yourself!"

Whereupon he rises angrily and goes out on the porch and calms himself with a pipe.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Religious Scruples.

A soldier is allowed to "change his religion," as it is termed, if he can convince his commanding officer that he has good reasons. On one occasion a man intimidated his desire.

"Now," said the colonel, "what are your reasons? Have you conscientious convictions in regard to the matter?"

The man intimated that he had.

"And," continued the colonel, "to what denomination do you wish to be transferred?"

Said the ease-seeking Tommy: "I dis-remember the name, sir, but it's them as parades for church half an hour later than the others."

On Principle.

Stude—Don't you ever sweep under the carpet?

Janitor—Yes, sub; I always sweep everything under the carpet.—Yale Record.

Much of woman's vanity is due to man's flattery.

NEW IDEA

Helped Wisconsin Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success and happiness.

A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes:

"Several years ago I suffered from coffee drinking, was sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a brazer." (Delusion.)

"Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum."

"When we made it right we liked it and were free of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, sturdier nerves, better temper, etc."

"These changes were not sudden, but increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee."

"Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they made Postum according to directions on pkg., they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change."

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

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. Made in the cup with hot water—no boiling. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.

Avoiding the Commonplace.

It was a gray winter afternoon; in fact, the street lamps were being lighted—the time known as entre chien et loup, when colors are undistinguishable. The hurried customer rushed into the ready-made clothing establishment and explained to the obliging proprietor that he wished to hire a black suit to wear at a funeral on the morrow. The next morning the mourner brought back the suit with maledictions on his lips. "I hired this for a black one last night," he cried, "and when I got it into the daylight, blessed if it wasn't a blue one! And I told you I wanted it for a funeral, too!" "Well, sir," said the philosophic and Semitic proprietor, "don't you know that there's nothing so ordinary at a funeral as black?"

Then He Told Her.

Pat, who was in lodgings, was greatly annoyed by the landlady's helping herself to his provisions. She began by taking a piece of his butter, and when Pat came home she said:

"Pat, I am taking a little of your butter, but I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you."

Next day it was an egg, and so on. Every day there was something taken and put off with the same remark:

"I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you."

Of course there was never any reduction in Pat's bill. One Saturday his bill came to a larger amount than usual. Pat looked at it, bundled up a few things in his handkerchief, walked to the door and said:

"Landlady, I'm sloping. I'm not like other lodgers—I'm telling you!"—London TR-Bits.

Your Own Druggist Will Tell You

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery and Irritated Eyes. No Smarting, No Eye Drops. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Gallant Mayor.

From a small provincial town in the north of Italy comes an amusing little story. Queen Helena was visiting the town, to attend the unveiling of a statue of Victor Emmanuel.

After the mayor of the town had made an elaborate speech of welcome, he handed the queen a glass of champagne, and asked to be allowed to drink her health. As their glasses clinked, a drop of champagne fell up on the queen's gown. She opened her pocketbook to take out her handkerchief, but the gallant mayor was not to be caught on any point of etiquette.

"Your majesty," he exclaimed, grandly, "there is no need of that! Everything is already paid for."—Youth's Companion.

Smile on wash day.

That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

Maybe It Happened.

A shabby-looking man and a thin little shaver of a boy were standing with their backs against a wall along the public way. The man had a shade over his eyes and a card hung in front of him, bearing the legend, "Blind and Deaf."

The boy had a smile on his face as he listened to the street organ over the way playing "Everybody's Doing It," and then started involuntarily to whistle the chorus.

The man turned savagely to him and hissed:

"Shut that warble off and slide that grin off your face, yer little monkey! Dyer want people ter think we're happy?"

Those Artists!

They were walking through the galleries with a growing air of disapproval. Before a painting of a woodland dell, with nymphs and fauns dancing, dressed informally as nymphs and fauns should be, the middle-aged unsophisticated couple paused. He peered through his glasses at the title while she stood back, her disapproval increasing.

"It says 'Barbizon School,' Mary," he announced.

"I guess it's one of them places for teachin' artists," she remarked. "I've heard they ain't strictly moral."

His Address.

Bacon—Is he a man of pleasant address?

Egbert—Why, sure! He lives somewhere on Easy street.

When a business is run down may be time to wind it up.

New Use for Germs.

An army officer may have to quit the service because he carried deadly germs, to which he is himself immune. It might be a good idea to keep him and let him be captured by the enemy the next time we have a war.

Convinced.

"Are you sure that man is thinking about resigning?"

"Absolutely sure. He couldn't refuse to resign so often if he weren't thinking about it."

An Ounce of Prevention

Most people who enjoy a frequent drink of beer or liquor fail to realize it's head-aching effect on the kidneys.

Kidney weakness sets up backache, headache, rheumatic pain, nervousness, and disorders of the urine and infrequently leads to dropsy, gravel, and Bright's disease.

In the early stages kidney weakness can be corrected. Doan's Kidney Pills tone and strengthen weak kidneys and are used with success all over the civilized world. There's no other kidney remedy so well recommended.

A Kentucky Case

J. C. Weatherholt, grocer, Covington, Ky., says: "I was so bad with kidney trouble I didn't think I would live long. The pains in my back were terrible and my heart action was weak. I had terrible dizzy spells and my knees trembled. I was a skeleton. After Doan's Pills failed, I took Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me. I am well and strong today."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they permit you to get relief—

Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

You Can't Cut Out

A BOG SPAVIN, PUP OF THOROUGHPIN,

ABSORBINE

will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankies, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Hemorrhoids, Enlarged Glands, Gout, Weak Cysts, Aches and Pains. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box, or by mail, The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Fixed anywhere, at once kills all flies, mosquitos, and other household pests. Made of natural ingredients. No poisonous chemicals. No odor. No harm to any thing. Guaranteed effective. All dealers of household supplies.

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