

Times-Republican

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SHOULD IT BE A LEGAL NUISANCE?

He stood on the rear platform of a Main street car; that is he was propped partially upright by a pair of weak legs with his back against the wall of the vestibule. His face looked like that of a man of 50 who had been sick from overwork except that it lacked the lines of virility and the expression of purpose. It was not essentially a weak face. He might have been a good looking, bright appearing young fellow. As it was he looked a wreck, a good prospect spoiled, a plant which had started green, thrifty and symmetrical and had turned yellow, drooped, and had begun to decay. A cigaret butt dangled hanging to the lower lip of a flaccid mouth. Two fingers of his right hand were yellow. He stunk abominably.

The cigaret explained it all. When he got off the car and walked slowly down the street his dragging feet and crooked trail spoke of stupefied nerves and a lack of co-ordination between mind and muscle. Half way down the block he stopped, leaned against a railing, got out the "makings" and dextrously rolled another cigaret. It explained it all. He hasn't been sick, but just a cigaret fiend. It explained why one of the kindest little chaps a kindergarten ever delighted in and the pride and pet of teachers up to the sixth or seventh grades failed; how he came to be flunked again and again; why he left school; why his father never speaks of him among his friends down town. It told the history of a tragedy. For it is a tragedy when possibilities perish, when a son degenerates and parents are made ashamed.

A merchant on Main street the other day walked up to a young man who was waiting in his store holding a cigaret while waiting and invited him to walk outside. Cigars, even pipes go with that merchant but the cigaret and the man who uses it must stay outside. And he is no crank; he doesn't propose to carry that kind of an advertisement. It doesn't pay.

THE SPIRITUAL GRAFT.

One of the easiest grafts of this day of easy marks is the spiritual graft. So many semi idiotic men and women are running about looking for something different in religion, automobiles, social forms, anything new and strange which brings a new sensation. Some crank or grafter has a pipe dream and calls on others of the grafting or gullible stamp to look at the "new faith" which he has found and he never lacks fools to follow or grafters to aid him in plucking the fools.

One H. C. Thompson, a Bahalist, whatever it is, sprung a surprise on the "Bahalist" convention recently held in Chicago. He had a commission from "Zon Zhoum" an oriental spiritual boss of whom none of the other "Bahalists" had ever heard. This Z. Zhoum, according to Mr. Thompson, was the same promoter who had brought out Moses and Mohammed and made a marvelous success of his clients. He had come back in a vision to one "Estelle" who was strong in the vision business and wise to the old promoters. What Zon had most insisted upon was that Thompson should be the leader. Mr. Zhoum had insisted that Thompson was one of the best prospects in prophets he had ever run across in the course of several hundred generations in the prophet business and strongly advised that Thomp be made managing editor of the Bahalist organization. It raised considerable of a rumpus for there were other candidates for the best job and the perquisites of prophecy.

They were wrangling over it when Estelle got into the game. It appears she had been having fun. She had cooked up the whole thing and was making a monkey out of Thompson. One day when she was busy baking pies in the kitchen she worked up the whole graft, sprung it on Thompson and grinned to see it work.

And the whole bunch of Bahalists had been rag chewing over a woman's joke. Estelle wasn't a Bahalist. She was a jollier of the grand lodge of Jokers. She had been stringing Thompson.

It was no more a joke than the whole caboodle of Bahalists. Any crank who is crazy enough, almost any fool who is fool enough and any shrewd scamp who can keep his face straight can find a following. They skin them alive. They take the easy money away from

them. They do worse. Sometimes they build up a harem as did Schweinfurth, once in a while a monumental grafter like Dowie creates a con man's autocracy and builds a city out of the proceeds of delusion. A mad Mullah can always raise an army but he doesn't get action any quicker among the Fuzzy Wuzzies than a half baked, cunning and crooked fake prophet does in the center of American civilization and intelligence.

The credulity which met Dr. Cook isn't a patch on the enthusiasm which greets the "explorer" who wires in alleged discovery of a new religion. An old-fashioned protracted meeting made considerable noise and a lively campmeeting sometimes sounded like a horse race when heard from a distance; the doctrine promulgated included some promise of brimstone and acute discomfort in the future of the wicked and cut off certain present perquisites of the delirious but they were moral mainstays. They made communities strong and clean. The "new religions," most of them, are either rotten or idiotic, a shelter for prurency or baits for the neurotic and weak minded. Perhaps there are one or two notable exceptions but the rule holds that the "Bahalists" and his ilk lack sense and intelligence. If they were not pitiful they would constitute a huge joke; a sorry delusion worked upon by graft has less fun than paths in it.

THE COCAINE EVIL.

Just what form national legislation should take for the restriction of the traffic in and use of cocaine remains to be seen, but there can be no difference of opinion among patriotic persons that the preservation of good citizenship requires action along this line.

On the tenth of next month the committee on the revision of the United States pharmacopoeia will convene at Washington. The chairman of the body, Dr. Joseph P. Remington, of Philadelphia, not long ago called at the White House and informed President Taft that the illicit sale of cocaine in this country seriously threatens future citizenship. Dr. Remington showed the president the forms in which the drug is prepared for sale, and told him that in Philadelphia as well as in other cities school children have been debauched by its use. Local restrictive laws against the cocaine traffic are ineffectual, the doctor asserts, for this reason that even when they are rigidly enforced supplies of cocaine can be procured by mail. He is convinced that the only way in which the menace of cocaine can be met is by national legislation. President Taft is said to be of the same opinion and ready to aid in any way to place obstacles in the path of those who would procure cocaine for any other purpose than that of using it as an anesthetic.

The subject is one which readily suggests itself for regulation under state and local police powers, but aside from the difficulty presented by the mails, it is notorious that the police power is seldom applied in an effective way in such matters. From more than one angle, therefore, it appears that a wise step would be to close the mails to this traffic.

To be addicted to the drug means to be undermined, morally, mentally and physically. Therefore, the subject is a proper one for governmental attention. Such solicitude for its citizens is a proper function of a nation. It is to be hoped that the present agitation will yield results.

Topics of the Times

Mark Twain died worth the best part of a million but everyone knows where he got it and is glad he had it.

Of course April can't take away the beautiful weather of March but its destruction of the fruit crop makes us wish the switch had been turned and April had come first.

It was a big setback to garden truck and house flies.

The free seed graft costs \$300,000 and looks like 30 cents.

That "conspiracy" to get rid of Balinger appears to include most of the common people.

If the spirits of departed statesmen wander about thru the universe the fuss over the Martian canals seems to indicate that Senator Morgan has got around to Mars.

The Spirit Lake Beacon says the woman suffrage movement will not be assisted by bitterness of speech and extravagance of statement. And Funk has been married all these years!

Ambassador Bryce now sees what he missed by waiting so long.

Why is it that the man who wouldn't pull a road drag over a mile of home road once a year gets so wildly excited over the prospect of a dragged highway from river to river?

The shrewdest politicians retire; the next shrewdest resign and the bullhead waits until he is carried out and dumped off the back porch.

Mr. Bryan telegraphs ahead requesting that no reception be held upon his home coming. What, has Mr. Bryan been away?

Of course the freeze hurt some of the early fruit but according to news dispatches and items in county papers Iowa has been digging potatoes out of her gardens ever since the frost went out.

that the public mind is not turning so much to democracy as to the things democracy ought to stand for. Cover, nor Folk is right. Partisanship is fading in the intense desire of the country for the right things irrespective of party.

The Cedar Rapids Republican draws the line at Chauncey Dewey and would wipe him off the senatorial slate. Chauncey hasn't been able to deliver the goods ever since the insurance scandal. Senator Aldrich has never failed to bring home the swag. Hence the variety of attitudes.

IOWA OPINIONS AND NOTES.

"Political sharps tell us the hog is worth more in Iowa than an alderman in Philadelphia. So far as that goes, Iowa values her hogs as high as some of her aldermen," says the Humboldt Republican.

"A professional 'trimmer' would also refuse to align himself decidedly with either faction in Iowa politics, but in the present case the standpaters are granted all the favors," says the Sioux City Tribune.

The Hull Index asks: "As the republican electors of Iowa are staunch supporters of Messrs. Dolliver, Cummins, Hubbard, Haugen, Wood and others of our national representatives, and every member of the party is a foregone conclusion that Warren Garst will receive the support of that majority?"

"A vote for Warren Garst is a vote against President Taft," insists the Sioux City Journal. "Then by the same reasoning," replies the Webster City Freeman-Tribune, "it may be considered that a vote for B. F. Carroll is a vote against our United States senators and every member of the lower house who stands with them. Take your choice."

"A merchant who aids in the building of country roads, is building the roads to his own door," declares the Waterloo Courier.

"Mr. Roosevelt's remarks on 'race suicide' were very forcible," remarks the Des Moines Capital. "However, the light-hearted Parisians may think he was only kidding."

The Sioux City says, "There is a great deal of patriotism talked about. There is eloquence in writing and in speech over the exalted duty of men to be true to their principles. But it is mighty hard to get a man to stand for a primary nomination unless you can show him the pot."

GENERAL EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Bryan won't run for the senate; Aldrich won't; Haugen won't; Wood won't; Marshall of Indiana, who hasn't been asked, says he won't. But there are others who will; so cheer up—Washington Post.

This government should not pursue a narrow, narrow policy toward railroad management or development and it has not done so, but in the present economic conditions there is nothing so overpowering in its argumentative force as to make the people believe that a flat raise in freight rates is necessary or would be fair.—Omaha Bee.

It looks now as though the Maine insurgents had the old senator beaten, and that he knew it. Such ingratitude for his late tariff services on behalf of the wood pulp monopoly is beyond comprehension.—Springfield Republican.

Public sentiment, Joseph W. Folk believes, is turning so much to the democratic party as to the things the democratic party ought to stand for.—Kansas City Times.

In the sad straits into which the republican party has fallen the only hope of rescue appears to be in the African hunter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

In his ambition to be re-elected, Governor Patterson, of Tennessee, has the undivided support of the Coopers, father and son.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Whatever the tomb of Napoleon thought, it kept to itself. Like the Sphinx—New York World.

HAVE TO FIGHT PREJUDICE.

Salvation Army Unpopular Among Certain English Classes.

A woman on discovering that she had become sober while in the care of the Salvation army held up her hands in horror, shrieking, "Take me away from here quick, or I'll lose my reputation." This story was told by Gen. Booth. "It's a true story, and illustrates how absurd is some of the antipathy which exists against us," said Gen. Booth. "Some people whose prejudice we have to overcome look upon drunkenness as no stain upon their character, but think their reputations are besmirched if they attend a Salvation army meeting. I can tell you another story. An old drunken set fell into our hands. We looked up his record, and found that he had been drunk so long he didn't remember much about himself. At last we discovered that he had deserted his wife. After much trouble we located his wife, who lived in a distant town; so we sent her this telegram: 'We have found your dear husband. In a few hours the answer came back: 'You can keep him.'"

Pennsylvania Highways. The highways of Pennsylvania have a length of 99,777 miles, according to figures collected by the office of public roads. Nine miles have been surfaced with stone under the direction of the state highway department, 1,051 miles have been so surfaced by various counties and townships, and 1,101 miles have been more or less improved with stone or gravel by turnpike companies. There are 2.21 miles of road per square mile and one mile of road for every 63 inhabitants.

Outside Point of View.

Not so long ago the words socialism and anarchism were virtually synonyms in the public mind. There was a shadow of a reason for this. All anarchists were socialists, but not all socialists were anarchists. And while the public is beginning to better understand what real socialism is, and have an increased respect for it, the shadow of a reason for this is no longer to be seen from the fact that socialism of today has divorced anarchism. The gain to the ranks of the socialists comes largely from the so-called ignorant class, that is in this country. In Germany, of late, big socialism with that of "an equal division of wealth and property." Evidently that theory is an exploded one with the present socialists of Germany, for the thrifty and economical "middle class" of that country can have no sympathy with such division of self accumulated wealth.

The recent sweeping victory of the social-democrats in Milwaukee, declares the New York Call (Socialist), "announces the serious entrance of the social party as a factor in American politics." The returns show that the party not only elected its candidate for mayor by an unprecedented plurality of 1109, but also elected a majority of the city council, a majority of the board of supervisors, and two of the city judges. This is the first time in the history of the United States, we are told, that the socialists have carried a large city, and the event is generally regarded as the chief surprise of the spring elections. "It would be foolish to try to minimize the importance of this triumph," asserts the New York World (Ind. Dem.), which sees in it "another symptom of the growing political restlessness of the American people."

It is true that some of the Wall street capitalists now openly advocate a supervision and control of all corporations by the general government, and as openly give as a reason for such advocacy, that unless we do put such power into the hands of the government, socialism will take possession of the levers, they, i. e., capital, chooses the least.

The following, according to a Milwaukee dispatch in the New York Tribune, are some of the reforms the social-democrats are pledged to introduce:

- 1—Home rule for the city.
2—Initiative and referendum.
3—Better schools.
4—Municipal ownership.
5—Penny lunches.
6—Street car company to sprinkle streets.
7—Trade-union conditions of labor.
8—A seat for every passenger in the street cars, lifting jacks, automatic brakes and fenders.
9—Three-cent street car fare.
10—Eight-hour day for labor.
11—Cheaper gas.
12—Cheaper ice by means of municipal plant.
13—Cheaper coal and wood by means of municipal coal and wood yards.
14—Cheaper and better light, and more of it by means of municipal plant.
15—Corporations to pay their full share of taxes.
16—Clean street cars. Glasgow cleans and disinfects cars every day, it is pointed out.
17—Street closets and comfort stations.
18—Work for the unemployed at union wages and eight-hour days.
19—Widows who do washing for support of families to have water rates remitted by city.
20—Cheap bread, by requiring standard weight in every loaf.

Now if we divest our minds of all tradition of party, forget for the time that we are republicans, democrats or populists, proletarians or farmers, we are left with the question of ending in name with "his or its" let's see which of these twenty so-called reforms we are opposed to. Surely not the first three, and number four, municipal ownership, is only a theory all parties are favorable to. Number five, penny lunches, is a good thing. Number six, street car companies will object. Number seven is indefinite. Does it mean a universal trade union and all that goes with it? If any citizen of any town of 2,500 inhabitants or over objects to any reform mentioned from number eight to 17, it can be assured such citizen belongs to the "moneyed class." Number eighteen is just a little too much "socialist" for the majority of present day thinkers. It suggests what dollars and cents would express "union wages." Number nineteen some of us would amend "by widows and all persons except the leavers of a good thing, etc." Number twenty is a good thing. Some of us political economists now can not understand why a six-ounce loaf of bread sells in London today at the same price of an seven or eight ounce loaf in New York City.

Practically we have socialism as a part and parcel of the workings of all parties. Not so much in national parties, for in state organizations, and at least fifteen out of these twenty reforms they are to attempt. For Milwaukee are more or less now being in force or advocated by republicans and democrats alike in city governmental affairs. Leaving out the "reforms to labor unions and union wages," admitted, the issues were largely this socialism and be the healthier for it.

THE SENATORS THE ISSUE. (Spirit Lake Beacon.) In the pending campaign both our able senators are enlisted to the limit. It is to save them from defeat at home and humiliation before the nation that a progressive candidate for governor is in the field to afford a decisive registry of party sentiment. In former factional campaigns, it may be admitted, the issues were largely personal, while now they are wholly and distinctly founded in principle and public policy. It is not now a matter of preferring Garst over Carroll on per-

sonal grounds or in protest against unsound state administration but of giving Iowa political classification either with Dolliver and Cummins or with Aldrich and Cannon in public affairs. Our senators are not in the running this year, either of them. Since no other way is afforded for the people to approve or condemn their public conduct the vote for governor must tell the story. Long before the primaries progressive republicans and standpaters as well will understand what this test means in state control and in national policies and this is the sheet anchor of progressive confidence.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR."

"They were the children of very poor parents." Such is the description of the dozen little girls, none over 13 years of age, who are held in Brooklyn as witnesses against "white slave" dealers who held out the tempting sight of free moving pictures as a lure for these babes.

Such is the description most often found whenever a look be it casual or thorough, is taken at the girls and women who furnish material for this traffic in human flesh.

So constant is this condition that the wonder is that long ago humanity has not recognized the very close relationship between poverty and sin, and instead of centering its efforts to reach out a hand to the "profligate daughter," tried to remove some of the causes.

For 19 centuries the doctrine of brotherhood has been taught. Cathedral and humble mission have united their voices in proclaiming a doctrine of love. Mountains of dollars have been raised to shout the same message across the seas. Noble lives have been sacrificed to spread its joyous note.

And yet at the end of this time we find that it is possible for dozens of little girls in short dresses to be sold into a worse form of slavery than ever existed in the south. To be in more terrible stress than the child widows of India.

"They were the children of very poor parents." The little daughters of the poor, turned over as victims to some lustful brute, is the price demanded by the powers of privilege.

The parents of these particular little girls, the ones in Brooklyn, live in the squalid tenements—foul, darkened rooms on which some landlord has dodged his taxes and spent the money, perhaps, in the lavish splendor of a palace.

The food, scant and coarse, has been made more costly by trusts, protected by a tariff, the extortion of which, perhaps, went for a banquet at Delmonico's.

The same story, perhaps in less brutal detail might be written in any city.

Very special privilege leaves its scars. It may not always demand the little girls' bodies. It may only ask for their labor before a maturity. It may ask for the doll that would have joyed their little hearts. It may only ask for the outings in summer, away from the heat of the city with the fresh air that would enable them to grow strong. But as long as greed is armed with the weapons of privilege, there will be these tragedies, and to the procession of these little white slaves will be joined those other white faced half starved and stunted souls above whom will be written the banner:

"They are the children of very poor parents."

REJECTED STONES. (Sioux City Tribune.) Come June it will be six years since a republican national convention met in Chicago. To it came two sets of delegates from Wisconsin. Senator John C. Spooner led one; Robert Marion LaFollette the other. The one represented what was called in that state the stalwart element, the other the progressive element. The latter, on a long contest, had won and LaFollette was governor. The committee on credentials made short work of the LaFollette delegation. The convention ratified the committee's decision that LaFollette and his delegation were not entitled to seats.

Only ask for the doll that would have joyed their little hearts. It may only ask for the outings in summer, away from the heat of the city with the fresh air that would enable them to grow strong. But as long as greed is armed with the weapons of privilege, there will be these tragedies, and to the procession of these little white slaves will be joined those other white faced half starved and stunted souls above whom will be written the banner:

Physical valuation of railroads, bitterly resented by them and their allies in congress, is still one of the rejected stones sure, in time, to become the corner of the temple. So elemental is the proposition that no standard by which to measure the reasonableness of charges so logical as is the actual investment, that its adoption is but a matter of time. Such a proposition is pending right now in the senate. So we see, so rapid has been the movement that two progressive plankmen, scornfully rejected by the national convention two years ago, have been accepted by a republican congress and this or the next one will accept the third. Who says the world doesn't move? Who says progressive thought may not be installed in high places? Who says the people have not been wiser and better than the delegates to the national conventions that made the record here cited?

Truth in New Proverb. When hot air comes in the door patience fits out of the window.—Boston Herald.

THE LODGES.

MASONIC NOTICES. Hall over 105-107 West Main. Visitors always welcome. MARSHALL LODGE, 108. A. F. & M. M.—Stated communication Friday, May 13 at 8 p. m. R. W. Chamberlain, W. M. H. S. Lawrence, Secretary. SIGNET CHAPTER No. 38. R. A. M.—Special meeting Friday, April 29, at 8 o'clock. Work in past and most excellent degrees. George H. Boggie, E. H. P. I. S. Millard, Secretary.

KING SOLOMON COUNCIL, No. 20, R. & S. M.—Stated assembly Monday, May 15, 8 p. m. A. D. MEEKER, T. I. M. I. T. FORBES, Rec. ST. ALDEMAR COMMANDERY, No. 30 K. T. Stated convolve Tuesday evening, May 17, 1910, at 8 o'clock sharp. Fred Wallace, Recorder. Fred M. Wilbur, E. C. CENTRAL CHAPTER, No. 67, O. E. S.—Regular meeting Wednesday evening, May 11, 8 p. m. Mrs. George Downing, W. M. Edna C. Fularton, Secretary.

Small One Story Bungalow.

Design 836, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

One feature in favor of the bungalow is that all rooms are on one floor, thus making it easier to take care of the house. This design has a large vestibule and coat closet. The reception room connects with the living room by a cased opening. It is really like one large room across the entire front. There are two bedrooms and ample closet space, also a large dining room and a well arranged kitchen having built in cupboards. There is a small basement under rear portion of house. Birch floors throughout. Washington fir or Georgia pine finish for entire house. Size twenty-six feet wide and forty-three feet six inches deep. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$1,700.

By special arrangement with me the editor of this paper will furnish you a complete set of plans and specifications of design No. 836 for \$12. GLENN L. SAXTON.

GRAVES NOW MADE LEVEL.

Radical Change in Cemetery Arrangements Meets With Approval. Modern cemetery ideas that run contrary to deep-seated sentiment usually create dissatisfaction when they are first introduced. Just now, says Park and Cemetery, the lot holders in Cedar Grove cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., are agitated over the rule providing for the leveling of all grave mounds. Many of the lot holders who are now paying for annual care of their lots object to a notice to the effect that mounds on lots for which annual care is not paid would be leveled. Some resent it as "a mean outrage."

Other cemeteries have had similar experiences. In Lakewood cemetery, Minneapolis, when a new law went into effect regarding the lowering of grave mounds there were many protests, but in less than a year when the changed appearance of the sections made apparent the marked improvement in the landscape by lowering the mounds to an almost imperceptible rise over the graves lot holders began requesting this treatment of their lots and within a short period of time several thousand grave mounds had been lowered, the cost of annual care materially reduced and the general appearance of the grounds greatly improved.

WHERE ANIMALS BEAT MEN. Many Species Are Incredibly Nice About Their Food. "Nature faking aside," said the zoo keeper, "mice won't eat oleo. It is a fact. Lay a pat of oleo and a pat of butter side by side, and in the morning the butter will be gone, but the oleo will remain untouched. Oh, yes, some animals are incredibly nice about their food. The otter, when living wild, will only eat one piece, one mouthful, out of each fish he catches. He will land a beautiful trout, but only one bite of it, from the back, just before the rest he tosses aside. This epicure often kills a dozen fine big trout to make one meal. Chimpanzees have very delicate tastes. A banana or a pineapple that to you seems delicious, to a chimpanzee may be revolting. His taste is keener. Grapes grown in hot-houses where sulphur fumes are used as an insecticide taste all right to a man, but a chimpanzee will have none of them. The ichneumon loves eggs. He can tell a fresh from a stale one simply by tapping the shell."

Too Much Impressed. A throat specialist in Bethany, according to the Clipper, used a laryngoscope on a nervous woman patient and remarked: "You would be surprised to know how far we can see with this instrument." As he was about to place the instrument in her throat she apologized for a hole in her stocking.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Woman's Right. Whether the right to go through a husband's pockets is guaranteed by a die's marital endowment of all his worldly goods, or whether it is a constitutional right in the pursuit of happiness, or whether it is just because she needs the money and will have it, or no right, law or no law, this essentially feminine privilege has long been accepted as one of the necessary evils of married life, says a writer in the Baltimore American. Few men would take the matter into court even

A Poor Weak Woman

As she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would die under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles. Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most experienced medical advice free of charge and in absolute confidence and privacy by writing to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy. The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak and delicate women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG. SICK WOMEN WILL. The many and varied symptoms of woman's peculiar ailments are fully set forth in Plain English in the People's Medical Advice (1000 pages), a newly revised and up-to-date Edition of which, cloth-bound, will be mailed free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing card. Address as above.