

Pneumonia often follows a Neglected Cold KILL THE COLD! HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

She Nearly Died. Luncheon was being served and when the maid handed me my cup I looked at my hostess and said: "I am so pleased you are serving tea today."

GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nauseless Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza.

Quite Evident. "You are a very backward pupil," remarked a schoolmaster, "of the hopeless sort that taxes one's patience to the utmost. It seems to me that you are never able to answer one of my questions. Why is it?"

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels.

You seldom hear a man speak of the holes in his pocketbook any more. He refers to it as the rent.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher.

Ominous. "What do you think of this egg situation?" "It's rotten."

When trouble looms it presages gloom to the carpet.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin. When red, rough and itching with hot lumps of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

There must be something wrong with the vision of some people who do their duty as they see it.

The welfare of this nation rests on a happy, contented and prosperous rural people.—McIntosh.

Give Your Eyes Night and Morning. Use Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they are Itchy, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine Eye Drops. Refreshes. Safe for Children or Adults. At All Druggists. Write for Free Book. Murine Eye Drops Co., Chicago.

PICKWICK'S PAPER

By HELEN A. HOLDEN (Copyright.)

Carlotta Smith was one of the throng surging past the Stanwick building. When she came opposite the wide-open door she hesitated, walked toward the entrance, but again turned and passed on down the street.

There were three or four men who left the elevator at the thirteenth floor with Miss Smith. She envied them their knowledge of where they wanted to go.

Opening off the hall, there were no less than five doors, each with the name of "Bolton Company" in gold letters.

"My mother told me to take this one," counted Carlotta.

Inside, Carlotta found a girl seated behind a desk. She invited Carlotta to wait while she went in search of Mr. Thomas Doyle.

"This isn't so bad," mused Carlotta. "I'm beginning to think I'll like it."

"Mr. Doyle?" she inquired, as a young man appeared with her card in his hand. "I am Miss Carlotta Smith."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Smith." Her tones had convinced him that there was much behind the name.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Doyle," interrupted the girl from behind the desk. "I forgot to deliver a message this morning. Mr. Bolton wished you to call him up."

"Did he say when?" asked Doyle.

"No," the girl admitted reluctantly. "Then he can wait," which was hardly respectful to the president of the company. "Please be seated, Miss Smith."

"I came to see you—" began Carlotta.

"I say, Tom, I've been hunting everywhere for you." Like a hurricane a young man burst in with this announcement. "I beg pardon. I didn't know you were busy, but you forgot to tell me where that guaranty would most likely be found."

Explanations were brief, for in a few moments Doyle returned.

"I won't take you to my room, for I've been moved upstairs. A number of us have been changed about lately. We can go into Miss Glyn's room. There is no one there, so I trust we can continue uninterrupted."

"Did you say 'Miss Glyn'?" inquired Carlotta.

Doyle's glance followed Carlotta's to the hat-rack, on which hung a man's derby.

"Oh, that might mean the general mixed-up state we're in just now. Possibly a caller for Miss Glyn. That's probably it." Doyle spoke confidently. "She has just taken him somewhere to meet some one. Take this chair, Miss Smith; you'll find it more comfortable."

"But," protested Carlotta, "I know from the way it looks—"

"You mean the way it's worn," suggested Doyle.

"I think," said Carlotta, "that what people say about odious agents and the way they are treated is all nonsense."

"Have you had the good fortune to meet any un-odious ones?" inquired Doyle lightly.

"I mean the way you have treated me," went on Carlotta.

"I don't quite follow." Doyle sat down suddenly. In case he had understood, he would need support.

"From what I've heard, I always thought agents had doors slammed in their faces, and were sometimes—of course, in extreme cases—thrown downstairs," continued Miss Smith. "Now, I consider I've been treated royally."

While she was speaking a man had quietly entered the room. As Doyle's attention was not again claimed, Carlotta did not mind.

Doyle was so stunned at what he had just heard that he forgot completely his previous threats of vengeance against the next intruder.

"I am an agent," continued Carlotta, "for Pickwick's Superior Typewriting Paper."

"I never would have guessed it." The irony in Tom Doyle's voice was not on Carlotta, who continued volubly: "You probably use Tryon's, don't you, Mr. Doyle? Really, a very inferior grade. If you would once try Pickwick's, I am sure you would never use anything else. Its advantages over others in ordinary use are legion. Do you use Tryon's or Black's Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't know."

Doyle felt as if he had been knocked down, and now was being walked on. This girl did not want him to lead the german at the coming charity ball—she did not even want a subscription to something else, anything—she was

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only a plain, ordinary every day agent. "I hoped you would be able to help me," continued Carlotta. "I so much want to make a success of it. You don't know what it means to me."

"I've a sick husband and five children to support," quoted Doyle absent-mindedly.

"It's not as bad as that," replied Carlotta. "But if I could make my poor mother comfortable—"

"I'll do what I can for you," broke in Doyle hastily. "Mr. Cruikshank is the man you ought to see."

"But I don't want to see him," said Carlotta. "He is sure to be cross. Even his name sounds so."

"I don't know about that. I don't even know the man. I mean, he's head of that department."

"I shouldn't like to see him." Carlotta spoke decidedly. "I thought you could help me. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Smith gave me your name—Mr. Morton Smith. He is a distant relative, and is interested in helping me."

"You are related to Morton Smith?" To himself Doyle added: "How in thunder does he let you do a thing like this?"

"Yes; he is most anxious to see me succeed," replied Carlotta.

"I'll do what I can."

"When shall I call again?" inquired Carlotta.

"What part of the city do you canvass tomorrow?" asked Doyle.

"Around State and Pearl, I think." Carlotta spoke with some hesitation.

"I get my luncheon near there," said Doyle. "I could meet you at Lincoln park, and it would save your coming 'way up here.'"

"Very well," said Carlotta. "You see, I've never been an agent before, so I hardly know what is customary."

As Doyle bade Carlotta good-by, he felt a deep thrill of sympathy.

"Ten minutes late," was Mr. Doyle's greeting when he met Miss Smith the next day. "I hope that means you have had a successful morning."

Carlotta slowly shook her head. "I'm so sorry." There was a world of sympathy in Doyle's voice. "And I have had news, too."

"Did Mr. Cruikshank live up to the reputation of his name?" Carlotta smiled bravely as she asked the question.

"Taking time by the forelock," answered Doyle. "I inquired for Cruikshank as soon as you left yesterday. I was directed to the room that used to be Miss Glyn's. There, sitting at his own desk, and with his feet on his own footstool, was Hon. James Gordon Cruikshank!"

"Oh!" gasped Carlotta. "He was the man who came in while we were tripping. He must have heard me say he was a crank, and you said you would beat him. Is there anything left of you, Mr. Doyle?"

"I am old Cruikshank's firm friend for life," replied Doyle. "You bet I didn't think it was funny, but he seemed to get a lot of enjoyment out of it. He was such a brick in overlooking the names we called him. We actually parted friends, even though he refused to take the Pickwick paper. Says he has nothing against what we are now using."

"What trials there are for agent—I am glad I am not a real one," murmured Carlotta.

"Was that agent business a joke?" demanded Doyle wrathfully.

"Far from it," replied Carlotta. "I was never more serious in my life. To begin at the beginning—two nights ago, at dinner, my father called me names. He said I was simply a butterfly—without more serious thoughts of the future than what frock I should wear to the next assembly."

"I replied that it was all the fault of circumstances. That I could even earn my own living, if it were necessary. Of course, my father hooted at that. To make a long story short, it ended in a wager. I was to prove to him that I could be self-supporting. He bet I couldn't."

"I decided that becoming an agent would be quicker than anything else. From my unsuspecting cousin I got the name of Bolton company, as employing large numbers of typewriters. You can guess how glad I was when he casually mentioned you as a classmate. Then I went to a store and asked the name of the least used typewriting paper—"

"The least used?" broke in Doyle.

"Of course," said Carlotta, "if I had taken the most popular, the chances were that you would already be stocked up with it."

"That is one way of doing business," commented Doyle.

"When I reported my success last night," continued Carlotta, "my father was not at all pleased. In fact, he was quite—otherwise. I was so disappointed, for I was really very proud of myself."

"Then all that about your poor old mother was—" began Doyle.

"Purely fiction," replied Carlotta. "What must you think of me, Mr. Doyle?"

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WONDERLAND OF PAPUA



Mountain Children in Raincoats of Leaves.

AUSTRALIA being considered a continent, then Papua (British New Guinea) is the largest island in the world. This territory is made up of the mainland of Papua itself and many small island groups. Papua lies to the north of Australia, and includes the much-talked-of territory formerly called German New Guinea. It is a land of wonderful scenery, of strange peoples, of the grandest commercial possibilities. It is the richest asset of the commonwealth of Australia, writes Thomas J. McMahon in the Illustrated London News.

Through the center of the island runs a great mountain chain, termed the central mountains, many of the summits running from 6,000 to 10,000 feet in height. These mountains are covered all the year round to the utmost peaks with the most vivid verdure. Under the bright blue skies of the tropics and the flashing sun, they are at all times grandly imposing, standing out, as they do, like masses of burnished gold. Away in the summits, seldom traversed by the white man, are most uncommon scenic beauties. The effects of sunlight and mists to be seen in looking over the great valleys are wonderful in the extreme. Such mist effects are not to be found in any other part of the world. Some day tourists will flock to Papua and to the wonderland of its mountains. The mists are remarkable, coming and going, folding and spreading, rising and falling, changing from a snow-white to gray, and sometimes in the flashing of sunbeams to brighter colors. At times with magic suddenness the mists vanish, leaving the mountain tops above and valleys below standing out sharp and clear, and revealing the great red gaps in the hillsides, from the amazing landscapes that are ever going on, accompanied by noise like the booming of great artillery.

Mountain Villages and Valleys. Round about and all along the mountain-sides are hundreds of small native villages—brown spots for all the world like the nests of some giant bird. These villages are perched on the ends of spurs, and even on the very brink of precipices, and are approached only by hidden tracks, such is the caution of the natives to guard against the sudden appearance of any tribal enemy. The valleys are superb as seen from the mountain spurs and looking over the dense, dark jungles, through which are streaked flashing bands of silver, the courses of the mighty rivers so numerous in Papua. Beginning in some mountain torrent—some waterfall, perhaps—these wide, swift-flowing rivers rush to the sea through jungles that are thickly planted with an amazing variety of commercial timbers, and from which some day soon thousands of sawmills will be sending to the countries of the empire immense quantities of timber and the pulp for paper.

The mountain-sides are walls of moss and fern. Giant trees of immense girth shoot up, the branches thickly festooned with bright flowering creepers, the great trunks gripped by monster vines with powerful clinging stems, and leaves whose length and breadth are measured in feet. High in the branches sounds the strange, unmusical caw of the gorgeous Bird of Paradise; for this bird of the most brilliant plumage—more brilliant than any other bird in the world—is, after all, but of the mean, low family of the common crow. Papua is the only country in the world that knows it is the home of the Bird of Paradise. There is a wide variety, and the law protects the bird with such severity that a very heavy punishment is inflicted for shooting it, or even for stealing its feathers. No sale of the feathers under any circumstances is allowed.

Huts Built Up on Poles. The native villages have the huts built up on poles, and while the family live on the upper story, pigs wallow in awful filth below, and, in consequence, it is possible to smell a village miles away. These people are very fond of dogs and pigs as pets. Pigs are natural to the island, but dogs are not, and this is how the natives came to get them: Many years ago, when Papua (then called New Guinea) was only occasionally visited by some plucky British traders, a dog belonging to one of them proved an immense attraction to the natives; and the trader, seeing a good opportunity to make money—or rather, a cheap way to get large supplies of copra (dried coconut oil), of which the natives had plenty to barter away—went to Australia and in one of the Queensland towns bought up all the mongrel dogs that could be had. He got quite a ship full, and returned to Papua, doing a roaring trade, every dog selling for at least over twenty pounds—or that value in copra. In return, the coastal natives bartered their dogs to the mountain natives, but the breeds from mongrels have deteriorated until the wretched things now seen are hairless, ugly creatures, pitted

rier pigeons of many a military campaign, to say nothing of the family of ducks which recently held up traffic in a Boston suburb while a kindly policeman piloted them across a busy street. Now the department of agriculture of the United States is to use homing pigeons in its work of saving the forests from fire. In this work they will have to compete with the man-made flyers, for the forest service has lately made successful use of airplanes in locating incipient fires and summoning help to prevent the spreading of the blaze. The pigeons, however, being scornful of hostile air currents above the mountains, are expected to hold their own against mere machines.

Ditto. The first recorded case of attempted economy by a government official was unfortunately a failure. It appears that somebody, whose duty it is to issue all outgoing checks, attached his signature to the first one of a batch and simply put "ditto" on the remainder.—London Punch.

Pigeons vs. Airplanes. Many are the birds which history records—the geese of Rome, the car-

BATTLED OVER PIPE ORGAN

Its Introduction into Scottish Church, for Which James Watt Was Responsible, Made Trouble.

The current appreciations of James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, have not, so far as we have seen, called forth any protest from the Wee Frees. Yet Watt was responsible for the first pipe organ built in Scotland, and round it raged one of the fiercest controversies in the history of the movement against instrumental music in the Scottish church.

The story of the organ itself was given a year ago to the Glasgow corporation. It was built by Watt in his house in High Street in 1762, and in 1807 found its way into St. Andrew's church, Glasgow. On hearing that the organ was to be played during divine service, the lord provost of the day wrote to Dr. Ritchie, minister of the church, and an enthusiastic fiddler, "begging to know of him if such was really the case," and adding that, if so, he would consider it his duty to enter a solemn protest against him and the congregation for all damages which might be the consequence. Dr. Ritchie was also held personally responsible for "any breach of the peace which might possibly be occasioned by the innovation he had attempted to introduce."

After being used for one Sunday, the organ was closed by command of the Presbytery; and then the floods of controversy were let loose. The "friends of music" were forcible, if not very polite, in a series of pamphlets. Both sides, of course, quoted Scripture freely; and in a Presbytery minute the writer of the pro-organ pamphlet was convicted of "culpable inaccuracy and a scandalous violation of the truth." History, so far as we know, does not record what Watt thought of it all.

The old organ is now the property of Glasgow corporation and stands in the Central hall of the Kelvin-Grove galleries.

"Smoked Irishman." "Shure, there's no man livin' as can mock me good County Clare brogue without feelin' th' weight o' me hands."

Sergeant James Xavier McGillin, United States marine corps, told this to the wide world as he stepped ashore at Charleston, S. C., recently from the transport which had carried him back from two years in the West Indies. He had a tale to tell, and this is how he told it:

"On the way up," he continued (brogue deleted for the benefit of the linotypers), "we stopped off at Nassau, in the Bahamas. I was walking along the street when up to me steps one of them natives with a face as black as me old mot' r's stove.

"Shure an' 'tis a foine day fer th' Irish," says he to me. I makes to slough him, when another marine grabs me by the arm. He'd been there before, this other marine, and he explains it all.

"It seems that a hundred years ago—or maybe it was a thousand—the British sends one of their English regiments of Irishmen to the Bahamas, and the natives learned English from them. Ever since they've talked with a brogue."

Few Town Criers Left. There are hardly any town criers left in England now. At Wycombe, this post, which has been held by members of one family for 80 years, lapses with the resignation of the present holder. "Oyez! oyez! oyez!" and the ringing of the bell will cease to be heard in the little old town, as it has ceased to be heard in many towns within the last ten years. In rural districts of France, by the way, public proclamations are made by the "garde champetre," a kind of keeper, or village policeman, whose office embraces various functions. Evidently in Shakespeare's day common criers had no great reputation for eloqu coastal natives bartered their dogs to the mountain natives, but the breeds from mongrels have deteriorated until the wretched things now seen are hairless, ugly creatures, pitted

Large College Attendance. There were 56,855 students enrolled in a scattering of 11 universities and colleges in the United States, taking figures of registrars for October, according to a statement issued by the Intercollegiate association. The enrollments of the colleges named, which are generally indicative of heavy collegiate attendance, are as follows: University of Michigan, 8,255; New York university, 7,614; Ohio State university, 7,244; University of Wisconsin, 7,987; University of Pennsylvania, 6,846; University of Texas, 3,679; Yale university, 3,461; University of Kansas, 3,305; Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, 3,283; University of Missouri, 3,116; Pennsylvania State college, 3,065.

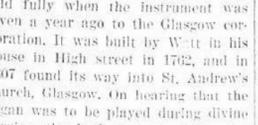
A Traveling Shop. Margaret Fillingham, an English ex-service woman, declares that she simply could not perform indoor duties after her out-of-doors work in the army, so she and a friend bought, first a hawk's license, then a caravan and finally a stock of women's small wares, and now they are traveling from town to town in England, dispensing their wares along the way.

Seeing Him Home. I was coming home from a dance, and I didn't want my escort, whom I had just met that evening, to know where I resided. We were walking down the street and I saw a pretty house. I stopped in front of this house and told my escort that I lived there and was obliged for his attention and kindness in taking me home. A look of bewilderment broke out on his face as he said, "Holy smoke, how do you live there when I live there?" —Exchange.

Was Going Down-Hill

Mrs. Bergman's Friends Were Worried, but Doan's Brought Remarkable Recovery From Kidney Complaint.

"I couldn't sit down without putting a pillow behind my back," says Mrs. Ole Bergman, 839 Pennsylvania St., Gary, Ind. "When I bent over it felt as though somebody had stuck a knife right into my back and I would often fall to the floor. The kidney secretions made me get up four and five times a night. There would be only a small amount, which would burn so that I would almost scream. Before long my body bloated and my feet were so swollen that I couldn't wear my shoes. My skin looked shiny and when I pressed it down it left a dent. I had chills and fever. Sometimes I would sweat so that I could fairly wring the water out of my clothes. Everybody said I was going down-hill fast. In two months I lost fifteen pounds and was discouraged. By the time I had finished three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was entirely cured and I have enjoyed the best of health ever since."



Mrs. Bergman

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

What Could He Say? A good story was related by a naval officer who was with Admiral Sims in English waters. It was a heavy, foggy night. Every vessel was fogbound. About midnight there came a wireless message to the admiral from a ship's officer reading:

"Am fog-bound. Shall I proceed to next port or return?"

Admiral Sims, being fog-bound himself, could not help smiling at the stupidity of the message. So he sent this reply:

"Yes."

In a short time came back another appeal from the officer. "Think you misunderstood my message. Am fog-bound. Shall I proceed to next port or return?"

To this the admiral replied: "No