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STORY OF THE BABY

New York Times.

There was a cry outside the door. Jim flung it open roughly and listened, a stick concealed in the hand behind his back. No step on the rickety benches, no derisive laughter greeted his ear. What was it? He peered into the semi-darkness from under his shaggy gray eye brows. Again a shrill cry, this time from the corner of the landing. A kitten in a bundle of rags! He stooped to pick it up, two little hands flew up, and a baby cooed in his face.

Old Jim, derisively known as the "Old Crank," had once been young and even good looking, but an accident in the foundry had settled all that, and the death of his mother had left him alone to grow hard and suspicious and often irascible from an aching spine. Hence his one little room, at the top of a third long flight of stairs, became his den, from which he emerged with a growl, under provocation or without, at the numerous children who swarmed the stairs. In fact, he had more than once been heard to say that if more kittens were kept and more kittens were drowned the world would be better off; whereby he earned the enmity of the mothers in the tenement. It was the very irony of fate that brought the helpless baby to his door.

The innocent babe, delighted to be held, smiled and cooed and waved its aimless hands. Old Jim, poking it cautiously to see if a note of expunction was attached—for he had heard of such things—was astonished to have his fingers grasped firmly in the tiny wandering baby fingers. So little, so soft, and yet so strong the clasp ran up the old man's arm and settled around his heart. The baby gurgled softly. That was enough. The old man looked cautiously down the hall to be sure that no one was waiting at him, stopped back into his room and closed the door.

Mrs. Flaherty on the floor below had five small children and a large motherly heart; and it was to her that old Jim went that night, after the children were all out playing on the sidewalk, to ask advice on the food for the baby, and if she would sell him some clothes.

"Sell ye any clothes? Faith, I'd give 'em to ye gladly if it wasn't that Dick's out of work again. But you don't mean to kape the poor little thing, do ye? You bein' away so, ah day?"

"How can I tell about that, Mrs. Flaherty? All I want to know now is whether to give it anything but milk and how to put its clothes on."

"Ah, ye helpless man, I'll come in right away as soon as I do me dishes."

And the next day she confided to her neighbor, Mrs. Schiltz: Ye ought to have seen that room. Neat as wax, me dear. To be sure, there was nothin' much in it. That old

crusty creature bent double over the little baby a changin, his clothes as handy as any woman, and the little white baby a cooing away up into his black, wrinkled face like as if he was its guardian angel. And he, the cross, cold creature, a smile, yes, actually a smile. Why, it tuk me aback so I offered to kape it next day with me little Dan. I'd just as soon have two babies rollin' under me feet as one."

"You was an good neighbor, Mrs. Flaherty," said Mrs. Schiltz. "I dink you forget he promised to break your little Tommy's neck if he came out those stairs again."

"I've done the same meself many's the time," said Mrs. Flaherty. "Tommy's a torment and a trile even to me. Me heart's broke wid him, and the poor ould sinner is kaping the babe from gold' to a home, I'd hate to have one of me own go to a home, I can tell you that, Mrs. Schiltz."

Strange to say, the child lived and fattened under the care of the old man. Day times he rolled on the dirty floor of Mrs. Flaherty's kitchen with little Dan and a mangy dog that belonged to the children. At night he returned to the spotless room, where cuddled and cooed in the old man's arms and brought his infantile graces to cheer a hitherto barren life. Files in a bottle amused him by the hour, or he played in the last sunbeams, trying to fasten them to the worn flooring by slapping down with his little hands. He knew no fear and all the world was his friend. His sunshine filled the life of the old man and overflowed into all the homes of the tenement. Thus it was that his digestion was nearly ruined by surreptitious sticks of dirty candy from the corner grocery, while a lovely disposition caused him to be surprised by caresses from all the nationalities that dwelt together with more or less harmony under the same roof. Old Jim worshipped him. His eyes softened when he looked at him, his gruff voice took on a new tone, and Mrs. Schiltz said: "He was quite agreeable since dot baby came."

But one night as Jim neared home, returning from the foundry, he saw an engine at the hydrant belching smoke and steam. A vague fear filled him. He hurried on as fast as his withered old legs could carry him. Other engines puffed along the street, water ran in big streams through the gutter. A hook and ladder truck dashed round the corner clanging furiously. Jim pushed his way through the crowd. It was the tenement that was burning.

"Keep back, you old fool, you've got to get out of the fire lines," roared a fireman. Jim glared at him and ran on. The stairs were filled with firemen, pipes and running water. Smoke was driving them back. Jim pushed on, "Do you know if they got out my baby?" he croaked.

"I dunno, I guess so. Which floor do you live on?" answered the half-choked fireman. But Jim was gone. Just then there came a crash. The roof fell in. And Mrs. Flaherty walked from the opposite pavement.

SHORT CHANGE ARTIST.

Several Merchants of Fergus Falls Swindled by an Old Game

Fergus Falls, Minn.—Two short change artists visited this city today and victimized several merchants. Their method was to make a small purchase and tender a \$20

bill in payment. They would be given a \$10 bill, a \$5 bill and some silver as change. They would then propose to place it out and request a \$10 bill in exchange for the \$5 and silver. The merchant would hand out the \$10, and they took long enough peering out the silver to enable him to wait on another customer. They would then ask that the \$20 be given back to them in exchange for the \$10 and small change, and, having clipped one of the tens out of sight in the meantime, they generally came out \$10 ahead by the transaction.

SUICIDE ON INCREASE

St. Louis Leads the List in Fifty Cities 2,500 People Took Their Lives Last Year—Hoboken is Second.

Interesting Deductions.

Dr. Claude Metherhead, medical officer of the Scottish widows' fund, comments upon the experience of the company as follows:

"If it be assumed that all those who make away with themselves, were, as the coroner's jury usually describes it, 'of unsound mind' at the time they committed the deed, then our statistics form a very strong argument in favor of the view that insanity is on the increase among the community, a statement which has the support of the registrar general for England. But there is one remarkable feature with regard to suicidal deaths which is worthy of observation, and that is the extraordinary large number which took place in the early years of assurance. No less than 7,987 per cent of the total deaths by suicide occurred in the very first year and 3,175 per cent in the second year."

Mr. Hoffman concludes his calculations with these reflections:

"Summarizing this annual review of the suicide record of American cities, the conclusion advanced in former years are unchanged. For, as pointed out in a medical journal some years since, after discussing the views of who would not hesitate to renounce upon life insurance at the expense of others, 'we believe that there are not a few who, at certain periods of their lives, think less of their own lives than they do of the comfort of their families and are ready to undertake to realize of their life insurance for the benefit of the latter.'"

by periods, it appears that during 1881-1887 the rate was 5.4 per 100,000 population, against 6.5 during 1890-1895, and 7.0 during 1896-1901.

"We have here very striking evidence of a progressive increase in the suicide rate of males, ages 35 and over, representative of the period of life which includes the larger proportion of male risks insured with American life insurance companies.

"It has been shown that the suicide rate is highest in cities which contain a very large proportion of German population, or of allied nationalities, such as Bohemians, Russians, etc.

"In the registration area, for which the returns are trustworthy, the suicide rate of native Americans is returned as 6.5 per 100,000 of population against 6.1 for those of Irish origin and 22.9 for those of French origin and 22.9 for those of French origin.

Statute is on the increase in this country. The rate to each 100,000 persons has increased four-tenths of 1 per cent during the last year and St. Louis leads the list as the city of suicides, with a ratio of 25.7 for every 100,000 inhabitants.

These conclusions have been reached by a well-known insurance statistician, Frederick L. Hoffman, who makes his views in this week's issue of the Spectator.

Statistics presented by Mr. Hoffman deal with fifty cities and cover a population aggregating 14,500,000. In the fifty cities enumerated, 2,500 persons took their own lives last year, equalling in number, as Mr. Hoffman says, the population of a favored country town.

Hoboken stands second in the list of cities, with a suicide rate of 24.6 while New York, counting only the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, is fifth, with a ratio of 21.1.

Of the fifty cities on whose population Mr. Hoffman bases his calculations, the first nine are St. Louis, Hoboken, Chicago, Oakland, Cal.; New York, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Brooklyn and Boston, Fall River, Mass., has the smallest ratio of suicides, 2.7.

In the registration area, persons of French origin lead in the list of suicides, with a ratio of 22.9; Germans and those of Slavonic origin are second, with a ratio per 100,000 is 6.8, while persons of Irish origin have the smallest ratio of suicides, 5.1.

Starting increase in the Last Ten Years.

"It is shown," says Mr. Hoffman, "that the suicide rate has increased from twelve per 100,000 of population in 180 to seventeen in 190. The table would warrant the assumption that a further increased rate may be looked for, I have brought together the recorded suicide mortality for the city of New York for almost 100 years, and the deaths together with the rates per 100,000 of population.

"It appears that the suicide rate during the first twenty-five years was 12.6 per 100,000 of population, decreasing to 8.9 during the next twenty-four years. The rate was low during the twenty years preceding the Civil War, but, since that period, the rate has gradually increased from about ten per 100,000 of population to about twenty-one. The rate during the last twenty-four years was 18.5, which is 5.1 per 100,000 of population higher than during the first quarter of the Nineteenth century.

"The suicide rate of males, ages 35 and over, increased from 4.8 per 100,000 of population in 1881 to 6.2 in 1901. If the data are consolidated

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MOTHERHOOD is the noblest duty and highest privilege women can achieve or aspire to. Without this privilege women do not get all there is in life—too often they go through the world discontented, wrapped up in their own selfish cares and troubles. How different is the happy mother, watching her children grow into manhood and womanhood. A mother lives as many lives as she has children—their joys and sorrows are hers, as are their ambitions, triumphs and defeats. Healthy women do not suffer miscarriage nor does a woman who is healthy suffer tortures at childbirth. It is the woman who is ailing—who has female weakness—who fears the ordeal of becoming a mother. Wine of Cardui builds up the womanly in a woman. It stops all unnatural drains and restores irregularities which are responsible for barrenness and miscarriage. It makes a woman strong and healthy and able to pass through pregnancy and childbirth with little suffering. After the ordeal is passed the Wine prepares a woman for a speedy recovery to health and activity.

Wine of Cardui, in re-informing the organs of generation, has made mothers of women who had given up hope of ever becoming mothers. Wine of Cardui will cure almost any case of barrenness except cases of organic trouble. How can you refuse to take such a remedy that promises such relief from suffering? Wine of Cardui simply makes you a strong woman, and strong, healthy women do not suffer. They look forward to motherhood with joy.

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