

# Royal Baking Powder



Thousands of millions of cans of Royal Baking Powder have been used in making bread, biscuit and cake in this country, and every housekeeper using it has rested in perfect confidence that her food would be light, sweet, and perfectly wholesome. Royal is a safeguard against the cheap alum powders which are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

**ROYAL IS THE ONLY BAKING POWDER MADE FROM ROYAL GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR**

## Tom Murphy's Fare.

Tom Murphy, a cabman, sat dozing on his box before the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans. It was near midnight, and there were few people passing. As a town clock struck 12 the cabman felt a touch on his shoulder. About that touch there was something singular—very singular. It was as if the finger that tapped his shoulder was an icicle and at every tap was driven deep into the flesh, distributing over the body a deadly chill. Starting up, the cabman saw a young man beside him with a narrow box about a yard long under his arm. He was dressed peculiarly. He wore a beaver hat very high in the crown, a stiff high shirt collar, a coat with brass buttons, small in the waist and flowing in the skirt; pantaloons skin tight and strapped down over his boots. Without a word the fare stepped into the cab, saying as he did so:

"The oaks,"

The oaks were a grove situated on the outskirts of the city where in antebellum days, when New Orleans was a hotbed for duels, the bloods of the town were accustomed to settle their disputes. The cabman knew very well where it was and, threading his way till he came to the shell road, traversed it till he drew up under the branches of one of its great trees. The gentleman stepped out and, with the injunction "The oaks,"

"Well, O'M! be jinged!" remarked the cabman as he watched the retreating figure. "O've seen a picture of that fella somewheres, and I can't tell where." It was on a fashion plate in a tailor's window giving styles for 1830. "Look at the fuzzy yellow hat on him!"

While he was meditating another cab came along, passed in a hurry and turned into the grove farther on. Cabby listened to the sound of the wheels deadened by grass and fallen leaves and in a few minutes heard it no more.

His curiosity was excited. If another cabman could drive in among the oaks he could. Touching his horse with his whip, he turned in between the trees, proceeding cautiously. But it was dark in there, and he soon came to a sudden stop by his front axle striking a tree. He backed out, tried it again and was coming upon an open space when he drew rein.

The full moon, which had been hidden under a thick cloud, suddenly appeared and shone upon the space referred to. Two dim figures stood in a line, while two others comparatively distinct, and Murphy could see the central figures, each putting himself in an attitude of defense, as if about to fight, while the others were looking on. Then another cloud rolled over the moon, and all was dark again. Presently there was a woman's shriek, and all was still.

Murphy felt all the horror he experienced when his fare touched him on the shoulder. Jumping down from his box, he ran a short distance, then, pulling himself together, went back and, taking his horse by the bridle, got him out to the tree under which he had stood. Remounting his box, he sat waiting, crossing himself and mumbling paternosters and Ave Marias. He was there perhaps ten minutes when he heard the sound of approaching wheels, and when they came near, the moon again appearing from behind a cloud, he saw a carriage pass in which were two people, one a lady, young and beautiful. By her side, her arms about him and his head resting on her shoulder, was a young man on whose face the moon shining showed

"What makes your hair snap so?" asked the child who was watching his mother comb her hair.

"Electricity," his mother replied.

"We are a funny family," remarked the child after a few moments of thought. "The other day you said papa had wheels in his head, and now you've got electricity in your hair. If you put your heads together you might make an electric motor, mightn't you?"—New York Times.

The Size She Wanted.

The woman went in the bookstore and asked for a globe.

"What size do you want?" asked the clerk, turning one on its pivot for her to look at the various and sundry countries in pink and blue.

"I think," said the woman, "that you may give me one life size."—New York Times.

Poor Stuff.

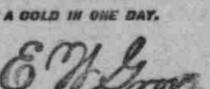
The Servant—You got cheated when you bought that china vase, mum.

The Mistress—How cheated? The Servant—Why, it's weak. It busted all to smash the first time I dropped it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It isn't enough to pay as you go. You ought to have enough to pay your way back.—Pittsburg Gazette.

There is Only One  
**"Bromo Quinine"**  
 That is  
**Laxative Bromo Quinine**  
 USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.



## MRS. CARMACK ON STAND

### Senator's Wife Breaks Down on First Day's Trial

## MURDER TRIAL—STARTS

Sensational Legal Battle Started at Nashville, Tenn.—Mrs. Carmack Collapsed When Indictment Was Read.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 17.—The trial of Duncan B. Cooper, Robin J. Cooper and John D. Sharp for the alleged slaying of former Senator E. W. Carmack opened yesterday. Mrs. E. W. Carmack wife of the slain editor, sits behind the attorneys for the state. Sam C. Carmack, the dead man's brother, and S. S. Carmack, a cousin, are present.

The state's purpose is to establish first the death of Senator Carmack by the testimony of eye witnesses. Then it will begin to lay the foundation for its contention that the killing was the result of a conspiracy. At this point will come the legal struggle. The defense purposes to fight this contention from the start. The laws of Tennessee upon conspiracy are said to be very liberal.

The state's early witnesses will be Mrs. Eastman, with whom the senator was talking when he was shot; former State Treasurer Ed. Craig, who carried Col. Cooper's threats to Senator Carmack, and Carey Folk, brother of the state treasurer, who it is charged, saw the defendants standing near the scene of the tragedy a few moments before it happened. Just what line the defense will follow, except the broad one of self-defense, has not been announced, nor will it be until the state's case in chief is made.

The court officials have prepared to make care of large crowds. Judge Hart has ordered that only as many as can be accommodated with seats will be admitted to the court room. No tickets will be issued, and those who arrive first will be the ones accommodated.

The attorney-general read the indictment. As he reached the words "did wilfully, maliciously and with malice aforethought murder E. W. Carmack," the widow collapsed.

"Call the first witness," said the court.

Then to the surprise of everyone, Atty.-Gen. McCann said: "Call Mrs. Carmack."

The widow was half carried to the stand.

"When did you last see your husband alive?"

"Oh, God, oh, God," she sobbed. "On Sunday, the day before he was killed. For several moments she was unable to speak."

"When did you hear from him last?"

"By telephone on Monday, a little before he was killed."

The state next called E. B. Craig, former state treasurer, who testified as to his close relations with Senator Carmack. He said he spent Sunday, Nov. 8, the day before the murder, with the senator. He saw Col. Cooper the evening of Nov. 8 at the Tulane, by appointment.

"After discussing the personal matter which led me to meet Col. Cooper, the latter began to discuss the editorial in the Tennesseean. Col. Cooper was very angry. He said: 'I am an old man, a private citizen, and I make little difference what I do, but if my name again appears in the Tennesseean, I or Senator Carmack must die.'"

The witness said Col. Cooper told him he had written Carmack a note that could not be misunderstood.

## A NEW ONE.

The Man With the Conundrum Habit at It Again.

The man with the aggravating side whiskers comes into the office of the man with the discouraged eyebrows and says:

"I've thought up a new one."

"You have, have you?" asks the man with the discouraged eyebrows.

"Yes. It's a corker. Why are the little sister and brother of a young lady who has been keeping company with a young man named Julius Smaltz and who has been away from town for two months and who is returning to see her on Sunday evening—why are the little sister and brother, who are hiding respectively behind the portieres and the piano while their sister sits expectantly on the divan near the doorway waiting for the bell to ring announcing the arrival of her sweetheart, it being nearly 8 o'clock on Sunday evening and the beau having telephoned that he will arrive a few minutes before that hour—why are they like the throng that stood along the Appian way on the idea of March when Caesar was riding along in his chariot en route to the forum?"

"What?" mutters the man with the discouraged eyebrows.

The man with the aggravating side whiskers goes into the same detail once more.

The other man stares at him and asks:

"Why is a man who comes into your office and asks you biased fool questions like a man who has paid a dollar and a half to a collector as the last installment on a set of books he didn't want in the first place? Because you hope he never comes back."

Indignantly the man of the side whiskers arises and goes toward the door haughtily, saying:

"Oh, very well! The answer is because they want to see Julius Caesar, but I wouldn't tell you now if you begged on bedded knees."

And he slams the door as he goes out.—Chicago Post.

## Sour Stomach Indigestion—Kodol

YOU NEED

There are so many of these disagreeable symptoms—"heartburn", belching of foul gases, bloating, pain in pit of the stomach, headache, etc.—all meaning indigestion. And indigestion always means dyspepsia—sooner or later—if the indigestion is not rectified. Kodol can't help but relieve indigestion. It stops all the aggravating symptoms, as once, by fully digesting all food, just as fast as you eat it. Kodol thus helps Nature to effect a complete cure.

**Our Guarantee.** Get a dollar bottle of Kodol. If you are not benefited—the druggist will at once return your money. Don't hesitate; any druggist will sell you Kodol on these terms. The dollar bottle contains 25 times as much as the 50c bottle. Kodol is prepared in the laboratories of E. C. De Witt & Co., Chicago.

## TAUGHT BY MAIL TO BREAK JAIL

## "Miss Rice of Boston" Hunted by the Police

## TO GIVE DEMONSTRATION

She Wrote That in Order to Get Out of Jail One Should Seize the Kind Favors of the Jailor—The Woman Has Now Gone.

Boston, Feb. 17.—An attractive woman about 26 years old, known to the postal inspectors as "Miss Rice of Boston," who lived at 219 Main street, Charlestown, and conducted a mail order business there, has left for parts unknown. Miss Rice conducted a correspondence school by mail and was doing a good business when the post office inspectors broke up the school at the request of some of the pupils.

Miss Rice advertised that she could do all sorts of things with handcuffs, get out of packing cases and even break jail.

Lawrence Letherman, chief of the New England division of post office inspectors, heard of her, and Inspector McLeod was sent over to interview her. Miss Rice defied him to prove she couldn't perform the feats, but she refused to give a demonstration.

The post office authorities then began to investigate her mail. After a little search it was found that many were directed by her course in jailbreaking and handcuff snapping. Several who had sent her the \$5 required for the course, found her instructions impracticable. The inspectors were soon in possession of a set of her replies. Miss Rice had taken alarm in the meantime and departed.

Some of the directions she sent for \$5, on typewritten sheets, follow:

"To get out of the packing case the performer has been mailed up with the performer inside, Miss Rice suggests the use of a jimmy concealed about the person."

"To break out of jail, the jailer must be taken into the confidence of the performer and a set of duplicate keys prepared."

"To release one's self from a paper bag, it is necessary to conceal an alcohol lamp in one's clothing and melt the paste with which the bag is sealed."

The Heart of the Real New York.

"The Interpreter," writing in the February American Magazine says: "A good deal of bitter nonsense is written about New York, believed willingly abroad and expressed even in our own country in the form of a certain jealousy of attitude on the part of people from other parts of the country."

"But what is New York? Is New York only money-grubbing and grubbing in Wall street, growing in restaurants and motoring in Fifth Avenue? Or is there another New York, the real Greater New York which is as little 'materialistic' as any city of any time? People come here from Europe or from Kansas and they see the vulgar display that is before our eyes all the time, and they are horrified at it. They don't reflect that the same vulgar display is found in every big city, only here it is on a very large scale because higher come from every corner of the country those for display is the only satisfactory way to crown their successful struggles for material gain. But the Waldorf is no more New York than 'Peacock Alley' is Chicago—in fact, rather less so."

"The true spirit of New York is not seen in the Broadway cafes. Its spirit is reflected in the millions of plain, honest people who try to live up to the most correctly old fashioned and healthful domestic ideals. There is the same proportion of men with high ideals in this city as in other cities. Here as elsewhere we find thousands of men who 'worship' only the material out of which they paint their pictures, write their books, carve their statues. Here as elsewhere there are thousands of men applying themselves with scant reward of the solution of the puzzles among the poor, and clergymen wearing out their lives in the cure of sin and sorrow. Even Tammany joins in the physical improvement of the city. Even the despised rich contribute museums, libraries and hospitals to the general good, and unostentatiously in many cases spend their time and money in relieving poverty and suffering. There is no more general 'worship of money' here than there is in Toledo. The tone of the people toward 'vulgar wealth' is one of good-natured contempt. John D. and Andrew are the subjects of many of the most spirited popular jests, and the public racks its honest sides laughing at the feeble or clumsy attempts of Newport to appear magnificent."

## ATTACKED BY A LION

### Awful Experience of a Railroad Man in Africa

## IN JAWS OF A MAN EATER

Dragged from His Bed by the Fierce Monster, He Was Mangled and Gashed and Carried Off Bodily by the Brute.

The following description of an attack by a lion, as related to Mr. St. Michael Podmore, F. Z. S., while he was returning from a sojourn in the wild places of the earth, is so terribly realistic that we offer no apology for printing it. Mr. Podmore met the hero of this story while on a trip across the Pacific ocean and was shown the terrible scars on the man's body:

I was engaged on the transcontinental Cape to Cairo line, and our gang consisted of two white men and fifty blacks. We each occupied a separate bunk.

One dark night I was aroused from sleep by hearing something moving backward and forward beneath my bed. Becoming alarmed, I listened breathlessly to a loud, long and indescribable snuff-sniff which broke the stillness of the night. My experience of Africa was not extensive, but I instantly realized that some wild animal was under my bed. Every one of my faculties became immediately paralyzed with horror. I was unable to utter a sound.

After a moment or two I became aware that a man eating lion was snuffing his way along the edges of the bed, perhaps a little puzzled at the mosquito curtains. I then felt I must do something, and instinctively, yet noiselessly, I huddled all the pillows and bedclothes over my head. No sooner had I done this than the lion, with a horrible purr, grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out on to the floor and immediately began to suck the blood which streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I moved he bit me more savagely.

As I raised my knees to get into a crouching, protective position he gave me a little pat with his paw which nearly broke my leg and inflicted a dreadful wound. Then suddenly the monster dropped me out of his mouth, placed one massive paw on my chest, and then, throwing back his noble head, he gave four terrible roars of triumph and defiance.

My clam walked round the hut and then saw with horror the hole made by the lion, who had torn out the mat walls and crawled under my bed. Then it dawned upon him what had happened, so he ran round to the other side and kicked the door open.

All this time the only thing I seemed to take interest in was the loud sipping suck, made by the lion as he drew my blood into his reeking jaws. I remembered, with a pang of regret, that I had not lived a model lion recently, and I began to pray as I had never prayed before. As I prayed I thought how curious it was that I did not feel the slightest sense of pain with a man eating lion chewing my flesh and drinking my blood.

I had been lying on my back, with my neck and head resting against the side of the bed, when my friend smashed the door. As he did so the lion drove his terrible fangs into my right groin and leaped out of the hut into the darkness. As he ran with me he seemed to be twisting and jerking me round sideways, as though striving to get me on his back.

The lion ran across the clearing with me for about thirty yards and put me down under a big baobab tree. I lay on my back with the lion on top of me, occasionally gasping with his great luminous, greenish yellow eyes, which filled me with unutterable loathing, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthless cruelty.

The lion seemed perfectly content with his prey. I felt his long, rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it scraped higher and higher I felt little gusts of his horrible breath. I half turned my head away, but still the long, greedy tongue worked its way toward my throat. I could distinctly feel each bite, because, although it did not cause the slightest pain, yet as the fearful fangs were driven into a fresh place I was conscious of a strange numbness in that particular part.

During all this time the negroes kept screaming, "Nkanga, nkanga." My friend kept running round the clearing in utter bewilderment. The appalling blackness of the night added horror to the thing which no pen could describe.

At last two negroes were induced to make a couple of torches of dry grass, and by the lurid and uncertain light of these the lion was seen standing over my prostrate body. He was an enormous brute, over ten feet in length, and with a luxuriant, tawny mane that imparted to him a most majestic appearance. My friend told me afterward that as he approached with his gun I was moaning and crouching softly to myself. For some time he was afraid to shoot, lest he should kill

Act Quickly

If you have a sudden chill—if you have colic, cramp or diarrhoea—don't waste a minute. Take a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Painkiller in half a glass of hot water or milk. You'll be on the road to quick recovery. Have this tried remedy on hand for immediate use. Being prepared in half the time, New size bottles 50c, also in 50c. size.

# Answer This Question

When thousands of women say that they have been cured of their ailments by a certain remedy, does this not prove the merit of that remedy?

Thousands of women have written the story of their suffering, and have told how they were freed from it by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—for thirty years these reports have been published all over America. Without great merit this medicine could never have gained the largest sale of any remedy for woman's ills—never could have become known and prized in nearly every country in the world.

Can any woman let prejudice stand between her and that which will restore her health? If you believe those who have tried it you know this medicine *does* cure.

Read this letter from a grateful woman, then make up your mind to give Mrs. Pinkham's medicine a chance to cure you.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I am a firm believer in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was a great sufferer from organic female troubles for years, and almost despairing of ever being well again. I had bearing-down pains, headache, and pains in my abdomen, and tried Mrs. Pinkham's Compound as a last resort. The result was astonishing, and I have used it and advocated it ever since. It is a great boon to expectant mothers. I have often said that I should like to have its merits thrown on the sky with a search-light so that women would read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their sufferings. My husband joins me in its praise. He has used it for kidney trouble and been entirely cured."—Mrs. E. A. Bishop, 1915 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



one instead of the lion. He screamed out, "Keep cool, Jack, and I will see what I can do for you!"

As he crept nearer the lion took his fangs out of my groin and faced about, growling and snarling horribly. The rifle was leveled, there was a sharp report, and the first shot hit the lion in the eye. The ball as it came out shattered his lower jaw. Two more shots were fired, and the fierce monster fell dead by my side.—London Ideas.

## MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Who Owns the Trees?

Freudenstadt is a town of seven thousand people in the Black Forest region of Germany.

Chisholm was a town of six thousand in the Big Woods country of Minnesota.

Every year from the tall black pine trees which grow in ordered regiments on the six thousand acres of publicly owned land about Freudenstadt a regular industry of lumber is cut at the expense of the city government.

Mayor, Aldermen, Police and Fire Departments. And that crop will go on forever. The thirty people of Freudenstadt may devote their whole attention to their thriving iron and chemical industries, knowing that the beautiful and beneficent forest will pay all the cost of their municipal activities.

Every year—until this greedy private corporations have sent their hordes into the country about Chisholm to loot the great pine woods, leaving behind them a trail of ruin and desolation and piling up the dry slashings like kindling-wood ready for the match. Every fall the patient people of Chisholm have gone to bed with the acid smell of burnt pine in their nostrils, fearing lest before they woke the forest might take its fiery revenge. Last summer it came. For weeks thick clouds of smoke lay over the town. Then on Saturday night a hurricane of flame swept down and burned Chisholm to the ground. So sudden and dreadful was the onslaught that domestic animals dropped dead in the streets, overcome by the heat. Men carried out their sick on beds and rushed them through the smoke and flying embers to places of temporary safety. One woman man died of fright. In the morning more than five hundred families were homeless.

Freudenstadt is a town without taxes. The forest pays them. Chisholm is a town without homes. The forest destroyed them.

That tells in little—the story of the forest policy of the United States and its results, as compared with that followed in civilized countries.—From Henry M. Hyde's "Looting the Forests," in March Technical World Magazine.

Opera and the People.

Any Artist Would Rather Sing for Real Appreciation Than for the Gold of the Rich.

In the ranks of operatic progress must be found not Society, with a big S, but the people of all classes, who make up the real taste of the nation. Opera always has been and always will be, no doubt, the fad of the rich. And modern music drama is still the most expensive of all forms of artistic entertainment. But why? By what right or reason? As far as artistic satisfaction goes, I would rather sing for nothing to a crowd of poor people than for \$3000 in a salon. So would any artist. Why should men and women every bit as capable of appreciating music as the very rich and fashionable be kept out of opera houses by the price of seats? But until we have good opera through the country, with plenty of seats at a

reasonable price, we cannot be wholly sure whether we have a real public at large for opera or not, whether our affection for music drama goes deep into the fibre of public taste or is merely a superficial thing on the glittering surface of fashionable life.

Incidentally, we cannot very well have plenty of seats at a reasonable price until we pay a more reasonable price for our singers. The Golden Voice is in no small measure to blame for the cost of opera. When a manager pays \$2500 a night for one singer alone, he's got to get it back out of the public. I wonder if any human voice is really worth \$2500 a night? Isn't that price a hot-house product, a forced value. Until it comes down, the price of opera will not come down to what it ought to be for the masses. The rich, of course, may always be permitted to pay what they choose for their boxes.—Opera and the People, by Mary Garden, in the February Everybody's.

Lovers, a Word With You.

And first—you possess the divine fire; the magic that transforms rags into silk, moles into dimples, and clouds into princes. Gold is something like that, but all that glitters is not gold. True gold is indestructible.

Young Sir and Little Damsel—Know some mean person whose nose gets red when she cries? Some one that you just hate? Great sport valentine day, to trick her with one of these comic ones eh? Mad? A wet hen is no name for it! By luck she may be wishing some child would send her a valentine—too. What a joke! (Now, don't spoil everything by sending a dainty card instead; that may make her ugly nose redder than ever.)

Sir Lochinvar: Remember your first love? Ever, on Valentine Day? May be wrinkled now; all depends. Anyway, she's his now; your first valentine still; the first you ever sent. Keeps it in the same mangled envelope, address printed to mystify her, which she found under her breakfast plate. Couldn't keep you—so she keeps it. Remember that first valentine? Ran like this: "To my dear Mamma: Guess who loves you best in the world, and always will? Keep her guessing?"

Sweetheart of Mine: Know what a valentine is? That it is an Emansary from the Court of Love! That and nothing more. And nothing less. Therefore it will carry any message Love can send. Got any such message from an estranged friend? A discouraged worker? An aged person? A "stranger" in the community? Sir Valentine from the Court of Love will never be denied admittance, nor plead in vain.

Married Sir: The door bell rings. She straightens from the oven and, hand against side, answers it. Wonderingly, she looks at what is handed to her, sits down and doubtfully opens it. Exclaims in delight, and holds up the contents. Finds your card. Card and all drop in her lap, and, hands resting on them, she sits quietly with an expression you used to see at times. After a while, starting, she kisses card and all, lays them gently aside and returns, humming, to the kitchen, deftly fixing her hair. Evidently the pain has gone. "What was in the package?" you ask. My dear, dear Sir, what does it matter what is in the package!

Prince, Princess, L'envoy: Love is Sovereign. Fall not to heed his mandates. Stand aloof from rebellions of pride, and caution, and fling yourself after the lead of your Liege. That way lie the Golden Years.—W. B. Ashley in the February Circle Magazine.

One Way.

Howell—Do you suppose Roosevelt will be able to kill lions in Africa?

Powell—Sure; if he can't shoot 'em, he can send 'em a message.—Harper's Weekly.