LATEST ENGLISH STYLES FOR MEN

Serge or Cashmere the Favorite Outing Cloths of the Moment in London.

STRAW HAT HAS HIGH CROWN.

Wing Collar the Correct Thing, the Wings Being Much Larger Than Those Formerly in Vogue.

When the really hot weather comes this summer it will be found that the high-class river suit will no longer be made of flannel, or rather of flannel-finished angola, but of serge or cashmere, and that both trousers and jacket will be pure white.

The white suits will be made with the corners a good deal rounded, as, indeed, the corners of all jackets are gradually tending to be made, and the flaps of the pockets will also be much rounded.

Some of these flaps are made actually semicircular—a weird effect; but there is no need to go all that length. There will be no external handkerchief pocket—an omission which I think regrettable, though it makes for smartness, says a writer in the Haberdasher. Some tailors are omitting the ticket pocket, but this is a mistake; men want a place to carry matches, and there is no real objection in these days of exquisitely thin match-boxes against a ticket-pocket made inside on the left at about the height of the hip. Mother o' pearl buttons, not too large, are used, and the lapels are rolled low.

The trousers are slightly looser than those worn with other suits, and fairly long, as they will be worn turned up. Brown boots, so much in evidence last year, will not be worn with this suit, but white buckskin or white canvas ones. Of course, this suit will "go" admirably with the rather showy shirtings which, as I some time ago predicted here, are so much the fashion this summer.

The proper collar is a fold, with upright fronts if preferred, and certainly with rounded corners, and the proper cravat a knot in black or very dark blue, without any pattern. This, I fancy, exhausts the subject of river dress.

NEW COLORED SHIRTS.

Although highly colored shirts are to be worn on the river, I do not see any reason for thinking that other than white shirts will be worn in ordinary dress this year.

Even soft-front white ones or plain flannel shirts, are now not at all good wear with a morning coat. But I notice that some men are wearing white shirts with a pleated front with the morning coat, and a very cool and comfortable device this will be when the warm weather sets in. With a frock suit, however, a stiff white shirt must be worn.

All shirts are still made with the "small-round" cuffs, and there is not the least sign of this pattern being abandoned, as, indeed, there is no reason why it should be. Square cuffs are ugly; they soil quickly (especially when an English laundry has got in its wicked work on them) and they are apt to catch in the sleeve lining of the coat when the latter is being put on.

On the other hand, the old style of full-rounded cuffs looks slovenly, while the small-round style has both convenience and appearance to recommend it to the public taste and comfort.

Being on the subject it may as well be mentioned that the best hat to be worn on the River Thames this summer will be a straw, with a somewhat higher crown than usual, and a black riband.

As I had occasion to remark as early as last summer, the Panama has outlived its greatest vogue.

To say this is not to imply that many people, and even many smart people, will not be wearing Panamas. They often will. But the Panama has been so greatly vulgarized by cheap copies that even though the expensiveness of a real Panama may make some men who have invested in such a hat reluctant to leave off wearing it until they are obliged to, a strawyard will be the hat for the really smart crowd at Henley and in the upper reaches during the river season, which sets in after Henley.

For golf and other land sports the Norfolk suit continues to be the most approved outfit, and it is worn with a low fold collar and a colored knot. Harris tweed is the most satisfactory material, and browns and heather mixtures are the colors, though, indeed, there is ample latitude.

HAND LOOMED SCARF.

There is not much that is new in the department called "cravatiana." The puff and the Ascot are the alternatives for frock coat wear; puffs and sometimes knots are worn with the black morning coat; knots with the fancy morning coat and the jacket; bows nowhere except, of courses, with evening dress.

A very agreeable range of cravat silks, especially for loose-ended knots and puffs, has been introduced and is finding favor with a very exclusive set at the West End of London.

It is of rich, dull-surfaced, hand-loomed silk, of a smoke-gray ground color, rather warmer in tint than a gray suede glove; and it has a moderate-sized design-spot pattern. This effect, especially with a black or gray morning coat, is extremely pleasing, and I should not be surprised to see quite a rage spring up for this thing as the season goes along.

In collars the most important thing to be recorded is the distinct differentiation which has established itself in regard to the wing shape.

The wing collar is the formal collar of this year's London spring season, and the wings themselves are larger than they were last year by nearly 75 per cent, though they are not folded any further back.

In other words, if the collar were laid out flat, the wings would be seen to project beyond the end lines of the tabs. Thus the opening at the middle of the neck, between the wings, is small, but the wings themselves are fairly large. But the point of differentiation is in the shape of the corners, and I wish to make it very clear.

These corners can be either sharp or rounded. The round-cornered wing collar is full dress; the sharp-cornered wing collar is only semidress. Therefore, a round pointed collar should be worn with (1) evening dress, except where a dinner jacket is worn; (2) a frock coat; (3) a black morning coat, and a sharp-pointed wing collar should be worn with (1) a dinner jacket, (2) a gray semidress morning coat outfit.

With a tweed jacket a two or a two-and-a-quarter-inch fold collar is correct; with a flannel river suit a two-inch fold collar; with a Norfolk (unless used for riding) an inch-and-three-quarters fold collar. Military upright collars and poke collars are not worn at all.

Killed by Fall From Car.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, July 9.—William Dowd of No. 386 South Fourth street, Brooklyn, and Omer Randall of No. 498 Eighth avenue, were returning from Coney Island early in the morning on a Third avenue car. At Twenty-third street Dowd attempted to get off and Randall and George Gilken, the conductor, tried to prevent him until the car stopped. In a scuffle that ensued Dowd fell and struck his head on an "L" pillar, fracturing his skull. He died in the afternoon. Randall and Gilken were held without bail.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.

The BEST HOT WEATHER MEDICINE

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

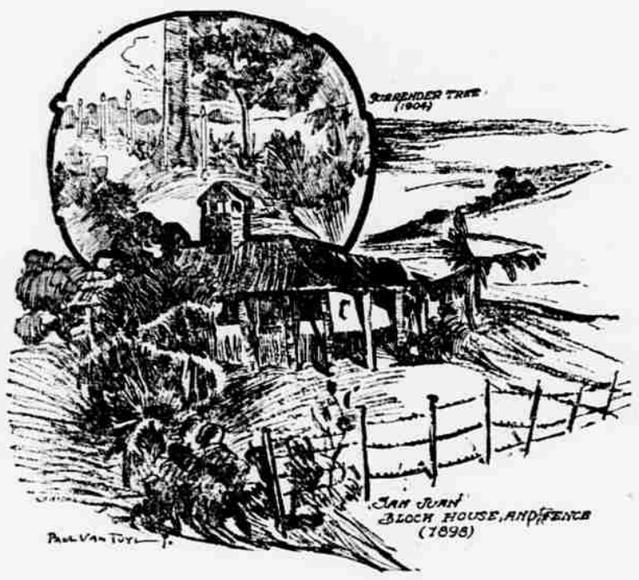
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c, 25c, 50c. All Druggists 634

PREVENT ALL SUMMER BOWEL TROUBLES

SAN JUAN HILL IN 1898 AND IN 1904.

Wartime Reminiscences of the Slope as It Appeared at the Time of the Famous Charge and as It Appears To-Day, Dotted With Monuments and Tablets—American Business Man in Santiago Now Owns a Large Section of the Battlefield.



BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH.
WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

An enterprising American business man in Santiago owns a section of the battle-ground several miles around the ridge from San Juan. He showed me a line running in front of his country house, where the historic trench had been before he had filled it up.

"Why did you fill it up?" said I. "What's the good of a hole in the ground?" said he. "Besides, I can easily have it dug out again if I should ever want it." Sentiment is rare at close range.

There was a Wall street broker in the Rough Riders' trench. I came upon him while he was cooking a piece of dough over a smoky fire on his mess tin. The dough was made from real flour, and therein lay its great value, for flour and things soft made from flour were unknown at that time at the front. He invited me to share his precious luncheon; it was black and greasy without, having soaked up the sediment of bacon grease from the mess tin. It was simply mixed with water from the muddy river, but it was soft and fit for the gods.

TAKING THE HILL.

Standing on the top of San Juan hill and looking down the slope and across the hollow to Kettle Hill, I try to forget the peaceful dairy herd which is grazing on the historic ground, and turning backward to that steaming day six years ago I imagine I see the taking of the hill all over again. Irregular lines and groups and single figures in dark blue shirts are climbing and wavering and rushing up the slope, stopping to fire, and then on and up again, while over their heads the bullets and the shells from our infantry and artillery rush with whine and roar, keeping the Spaniards down as much as possible.

As the climbers approach the top some of our shells burst too close to them, but on they go, until the gunners have to stop firing rather than hit friends. They are close to the top, when the Spaniards turn and fly, and leaders yell and wave their hats to those below, who yell in turn and wave their hats; then down the line yell goes on, back past the field hospital at Bloody Angle, back past El Paso, where the exhausted gunners are breathing free, back past the Cuban reserves, back to where General Shafter sits sick on his cot, where the yell tells him that the day is won.

Captain Paget, the English naval attache, stood with a pair of field glasses glued to his eyes and a running stream of comment upon what he was seeing babbling from his lips. "They're firing shrapnel! By Jove, that was close! Ah, too short! That's better! A little lower, a little lower! Excellent! Excellent! Hurrah! That hit them square! There are our men beginning to go up the hill. Look out! That shell of ours was too close to our men! There go the Spaniards. They're running! Our men are waving their hats! Hurrah! They are at the top! I must be in this!"

And away he went, stalking to the front. And with him went the little group who of all the thousands there were probably the only ones to see broadly the taking of San Juan.

Stephen Crane was one of us, and Major Shiba, the Japanese attache, now an artillery commander, trying some of the lessons he learned that day on the Russians in Manchuria.

ON THE ROAD TO SAN JUAN.

On the road to San Juan squads of our men were hunting Spanish sharpshooters from their hiding places in the trees.

There was a hospital corps man being carried to the rear on his own litter, shot through the lungs as he was helping a wounded man. A fine old officer in snowy mustaches and imperial, Colonel Griscome, afterwards Colonel of the Ninth Infantry, I think it was, came down the road with his arm around the broad shoulder of a trooper, who was leading the way very gently.

To anxious inquiries as to his condition the Colonel replied courteously, "Oh, I am all right, thank you." I saw him later in the Philippines, not long before he was killed at Tien-Tsin.

Men who were able to walk at all were sent back to the rear out of the way. There were no ambulances at the front at that time, and wonderful were some of the feats performed by men so badly wounded that the marvel was that they were able to stand at all. One Rough Rider stopped to show us where he had been hit five times by the same bullet. He was strolling back, still holding to his gun.

THE "BLOODY ANGLE."

Where the San Juan River crosses the road was the field hospital, afterwards known as "Bloody Angle." Here the wounded got their first aid dressing, and if they could move were sent off to the rear to make room for others whose wounds were to stain the waters of the river. Some men died and were buried on the spot where they fell.

There is a little group of graves at "Bloody Angle," where Chaplain Swift toiled for several days and nights, although wounded himself, taking charge of the few possessions and making notes of the last messages of the dying men. There came for several days after officers and others looking for the missing; the photograph of Colonel Wood, now Major General Wood, was made while he was looking for dead men at "Bloody Angle."

It took a number of able bodied men to help the wounded to the rear. I met two coming down the road looking so nearly dead that I stopped them, and the only one who had the power of speech left in him gasped, "Oh, it was terrible? Oh, it was terrible!" "Where are you hit?" I asked him. "I'm not hit," said he. "I'm helpin' him." "Where is he hit, then?" "Oh, he ain't hit, either; he's prostrated with the heat. Oh, it was terrible!"

For several days there was a grave in the middle of the path by the side of the main road. No hole had been dug, the earth was merely piled up over the dead man, and we had to turn out of the path in order to pass. Vultures sailed in circles over the mound and from out of the loose earth the dead hand of the soldier was held out appealingly, as though protesting at this indecent burial.

MISSION OF THE VULTURES.

The vultures swarmed, filling the branches of trees and hovering in flocks along the line of the fight. I saw none of them on my recent visit to San Juan. I remembered a horse that had fallen and been abandoned; it was not dead, but its eyes were gone, and the vultures flapped heavily away at my approach.

The retreat of the Spaniards was strewn with dead horses, and between our lines and the new ones the Spaniards took up the carcasses remained smelling to high heaven while the vultures soared happily in the fumes.

It is difficult at this distance to appreciate the disgusting physical discomforts of the campaign. We camped at headquarters and within a stone's throw of the General's tent. No attempt at the most primitive sanitary arrangements were made. The rains made a pit of mire of the ground trodden by thousands of feet, and Cuban ground is of a particularly slippery consistency. That is why it is such a fine land for agriculture. The rotting vegetation of ages of tropical growth when churned into muck is better for plants than man.

Fever arose with the miasma which smote the nostrils. The rains drenched the sick and wounded. Shelters of boughs improvised to take the place of hospital tents, which were lacking, were blown down on the wounded men lying beneath them. In the trenches the water lay in pools, while the men wallowed in them, trying to invent some of life's primitive comforts. The sun beat down on the unprotected heads of soldiers on duty in the trenches who, standing in water, were protected only from the little air that blew in the open. At night the damp and chill struck into the bone. War is not a pleasant occupation.

Yet who, having once tasted the intoxication of it, its heights and depths of exaltation and disgust, its crowded life and action, the movement and motion, the open life, the thrills of danger, the narrow escapes, the discovery of heroes in modest companions and the unveiling of cowards in braggards—who that ever has tasted it all and feels the grip of its power can afterward find contentment in the tame life of the office and the shop and not at heart live a rebel ever after?

SIX YEARS LATER.

By Elisa Armstrong Bengough.

Santiago, a little way back, free and basking under blue skies and in garb which defies the rainbow! Santiago, prosperous, with the flag of free Cuba fluttering above it—and here the well-nigh obliterated marks of the first line of Spanish intrenchment!

The second line is passed now, and the Surrender Tree looms up before the eye—the tree under which met grave-eyed men, facing on the one side victory dear to the soul, on the other defeat, for one of the proudest nations upon earth, a nation self-hypnotized by the brightness of a glory long gone by, and all unprepared for the blow about to fall—nay, which had already fallen.

The eye follows the pointing finger: "Here the Spanish lay in the intrenchments on those July days—waiting. There our men waited in their intrenchments; both armies feverish, exposed to pitiless rain and pitiless sun!"

At thought of our troops, who had left all the comforts of civilization behind and borne like the heroes they were the tortures of the Tropics to free a downtrodden race who were perishing in the name of liberty a tightening comes to the throat, a mist swims before the eyes. What wonder that it is so?

The tree itself is fenced in to defend it from the greed of the relic hunter, who several years ago threatened its existence. Inside the fence is—yes—a neat row of inverted beer bottles arranged as a border!

On the green and white painted posts of the fence aspiring tourists have carved or penciled insignificant names; they carved them on the tree itself until the fence arose to protect it. Upon the branches of the great ceiba which the relic hunter had threatened hang the graceful air plants of Cuba in profusion.

Somehow you feel very quiet as you stand there—you, with the one who stole out unauthorized from the camp that day of the conference and made the first rough sketch of the tree which had that day fame thrust upon it. And yet within a rod of that tree a gray horse turned out to pasture now grazes nonchalantly.

What a difference San Juan it is to-day! Butterflies hover in the air; the birds make a chorus now upon the spot which knew the venomous spit of the Mausers then.

Below spreads a peaceful, bucolic landscape; the ridge plowed then with shell and bullet is overgrown with grass and shrub and gay with wild flowers, though even now after the rains bullets may be found embedded in its surface.

Peace pipes upon the hillside and in the valley about a silvery little pond cows browse lazily, wading into the water to drink their fill; more cows lie under the shadow of a splendid group of royal palms.

From the road not far away comes the echo of a Spanish melody flung lightly to the breeze by some passing caballero. On the horizon lie at anchor a convoy of plumb white clouds, and the unceasing drone of the industrious bee is in the ear. At your feet a mass of yellow marigolds, escaped from some bygone garden of a vanished native home, make golden the grass, the faint call of some distant herder below comes to you as you climb.

At the top you pause once more and the eye goes back to the way that you have come—the way your countrymen came under such different conditions, six years ago.

There, to your left, is Kettle Hill; there wanders the vagrant San Juan, a river or a series of brooks and creeks as the season wills; in that direction is El Paso; yonder lies El Caney; here was the Bloody Angle; there the trenches where our men lay consumed with thirst and burning with fever; yes, and right over there lay the Spaniards, under the same miserable conditions, exposed as were our heroic troops to the fierce glare of the noonday sun, under the chilly dews of the tropical night, under the torrential rains, which set at naught waterproof and blanket.

And now you stand at the foot of the simple monument which crowns the hill and read its terse inscription through a mist, which makes the carven letters waver:

In memory of the officers and men of
THE UNITED STATES ARMY
Who were killed in the assault and capture of the ridge July 1 and the siege of Santiago, July 1 to 16, 1898.
War between Spain and the United States.

No need for more. The tale is told! The tourist who should never have been taught to write his name has been here, too. He has scrawled it in pencil on the base, even on the monument itself.

After a long silence you turn and begin the descent; the leaves of a young tree, grown up since the day the monument commemorates, rustles in the breeze and the yellow butterflies hover about the monument, bringing to your mind the graceful Greek idea concerning them. And now the carriage winds along the road and stops. Kettle Hill is a little way back; it is fenced in and you must ask permission of the owner of the browsing oxen to enter. Oh, yes, the proprietor welcomes el senor to his fields! "Kettle Hill? Oh, no, senor; this is all San Juan! The Americanos call it Kettle Hill—is it so? Part of the battleground?"

Here was stationed this regiment and that, where to-day one meets only groups of rustic Cubans upon Sabbath holiday bent; here was the Via Dolorozo of the wounded when the fight was over.

As you near the Bloody Angle, above which floats the war balloon, the cochero meets an acquaintance, jogging along upon a somewhat unkempt steed. They discuss affairs of mutual interest, in which the guide joins.

A woman reaches the ford of the San Juan as you do. It is wide here and she is a-foot. She hesitates on the brink, for she is in Sunday finery. She wears a red waist, a blue skirt and a white embroidered shawl and white canvas shoes; her elaborately dressed hair is uncovered. She hesitates briefly; then stoops, takes off her white canvas shoes, displaying bare brown feet beneath; then daintily raising her skirts she wades across, stopping in the shade on the other side to replace her footgear.

"See El Caney to-morrow?" askes the guide, hopefully.

To-morrow? Perhaps. But now you want only the quiet of your vast, bare room at the hotel, with its balcony overlooking a bit of Santiago Bay, the fair blue bay across whose waters Cervera and his fleet went to their doom! The hush of memory and of awe is upon you. For you have been "up San Juan Hill!" You have stood in the presence of Glory and of Death. Before them speech is a vain thing.

LOST FISHERMEN FOUND RICH QUAHAUG BED.

Three Cape Towns Profit $30,000 a Year by Lucky Discovery.

Orleans, Mass., July 9.—Because two fishermen seeking quahaugs lost their bearings in a fog the towns of Orleans, Wellfleet and Esthem are made richer each year to the extent of more than $30,000.

For years the fishermen sought quahaugs only when there was nothing else to do. Two brothers pushed off the Orleans shore bent on getting as many quahaugs as possible, seeing in this the only way to avoid disappointment to the loved ones at home.

The men became lost in the fog and in despair threw over the anchor. They knew by the depth that they were far from where they usually fished.

In desperation one threw over his rake, and when it came up it contained more than the men had ever taken in by one raking. Time and time again this was repeated until before night the boat was filled. As the fog cleared they made for home, having first taken their bearings.

When the men landed they told their fellow fishermen of their luck, and to-day 100 boats, carrying nearly 200 men, are daily employed on these grounds, which seem to have an inexhaustible supply.

The bed runs parallel with the shore line of Orleans, Eastham and Wellfleet, and is a mile and a half off shore. It is two miles long by a mile wide. On an average the men take three or four barrels a day. This could be exceeded, but restrictions have been imposed by the towns' officials.

The bottom is covered with a substance not unlike red coral, and under this the quahaugs lie. To take them the coral substance must be broken, which is the hard work about the business.

All of the catch of the summer is not marketed at once, but a good portion is bedded on flats near the shore, and kept until winter, when better prices can be obtained.

SCRATCHED YEARS AGO.

Woman Finds Turtle and Adds Her Initials to Its Shell.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Upton, Mass., July 9.—Mrs. Edward B. Newton found a large land turtle in the woods at the rear of her home, which is without doubt over twenty-five years of age. It had red and black spots on it.

When she tried to investigate the powerful head snapped at her and took a generous slice from one of the fingers of her right hand. She did not give up the contest, however, and landed the turtle in her back yard, where an examination was made.

On the turtle's lower shell were engraved the initials S. N. M., with the date 1880. This inscription had spread quite a distance, owing to the years of growth, but was still perfectly legible.

As the room on the bottom shell would not be sufficient to put the date and initials unless the turtle had been at least five years old, it is figured by Mrs. Newton that it is not less than 29 years old. She cut her initials in another portion of the shell, and, after affixing the date, allowed the animal to go.

Several years ago she captured a large turtle near her home, which had been inscribed by her father more than 30 years previously. Mrs. Newton says she has no doubt of the truth of the statement that turtles live for a century.

WOMEN

Every physician of large practice has had the experience of being called on to attend women who imagined that they were in the last stages of some dire female malady, when upon examination the fact was revealed that obstructed physiology of the stomach or bowels was the whole cause of the trouble.

The physician, however, who has not had experience may fall into the error of diagnosing grave diseases of the female system when they do not exist, because disorders of the bowels may be neglected until they give many of the appearances of female disease. The bowels have been known to become so clogged with hardened contents as to produce a condition closely resembling uterine displacement, uterine prolapse (falling of the womb), and the sick headache which is often attributed to female diseases is most often actually due to some trouble in the digestive machinery involving the liver, stomach, bowels or the great "Solar Plexus," which is the central telegraph station from which nervous messages are transmitted to and from all the organs in the abdominal cavity.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

(A LAXATIVE)

quickly corrects the congested conditions referred to above; headache, constipation, sallow complexions disappear and the glow of health is upon you.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has done more to relieve suffering women than any preparation ever sold in the same length of time it has been sold—about ten years. Thousands of letters from all parts of the country testify to this.

Your druggist sells it in 50-cent and $1 bottles (it is economy to buy the $1 size), or, if not, a postal will bring FREE from us a very interesting book, "The Story of a Traveling Man," and a sample bottle.

PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY, Monticello, Ill., U. S. A.

Mountains that pierce the clouds; railroads that twist like snakes; air that is as light as a feather and yet is strong enough to bring back to tired cheeks the bloom of health—that is COLORADO.

Spend the summer there. When you return, you will be as brown as a berry and as sound as a bell.

Rock Island System

Leave St. Louis this morning, arrive Colorado Springs or Denver to-morrow noon. Leave this evening, arrive in time for breakfast day after to-morrow. No change of cars. Summer tourist rates now in effect—$25 for the round trip from St. Louis. Full information on request. Call or write.

W. J. LEAHY,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
St. Louis.

F. J. DEICKE,
General Agent Passenger Department,
900 Olive Street, St. Louis.

TROLLEY CAR CRASHES INTO A FIRE ENGINE.

Crew Is Hurled to the Street but All Escape Serious Injury—Many Passengers Hurt.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, July 9.—While rushing at top speed to a fire at No. 251 Fifth avenue, Engine No. 26 was struck with terrific force by a southbound Madison avenue car, crowded with passengers at One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. The car struck the engine squarely in the center, knocking off two rear wheels, while the impact swung the car around until it lay at right angles with the track.

Many women were in the car, but none were injured beyond slight cuts from flying glass, every window being broken. The driver of the engine, the engineer and the assistant foreman were hurled to the street. Thomas Gilmore, the driver, was thrown fully ten feet forward, but he was only stunned, and his first words, and scrambling to his feet, were: "Are the horses hurt?" and he was not satisfied that they were not until he had made a careful examination.

Patrick Coyle, the assistant foreman, and William Cawley, the engineer, also escaped without serious injury, and they promptly set to work to remove the wreck of the engine from the track. The destruction had been so complete that this required twenty minutes, while traffic was delayed twice as long. Parts of the engine had been hurled more than fifty feet away.

Among the passengers on the car was a physician, who declined to make known his name. He had an instrument case with him, and treated those passengers who needed his services, but it was not necessary to send any of them to hospitals. This was probably due to the fact that the car was so crowded that the passengers merely suffered a general shaking up.

SPECTER SCARES FARMERS.

Figure Scuds Over Fields in a Strange Way.

Appleton, Wis., July 9.—A mysterious woman has been troubling the farmers of Grand Chute. She appears and vanishes like a creature of air, and no one has been able to lay hands upon her.

One evening recently the Vandervoorst family, residing in Grand Chute, were burning brush, twigs and dried grass near a high board fence. As they stood feeding the flames someone on the other side of the fence began to throw stones against the boards. The men of the house called to the supposed little boy or neighbor to stop the noise and come in.

The nuisance continuing, they ran around the fence and saw a woman wrapped in a dark shawl, who, on seeing the men, began to run. The men pursued, but the woman seemed to fairly skim the earth. Through fences—five of them, three of which were barbed wire—the woman went, with the men close after her. She scrambled through the barbed fences with her skirts much more easily than the men. Then she vanished in air.

Rich Boy's Humble Beginning.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Philadelphia, July 9.—Charles Hurlburt Long, a graduate of Cheltenham Military Academy, wealthy himself, son of the late A. B. Long, the richest man in Lewistown, Pa., has donned jumper and overalls and started work at the foot of the ladder in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, determined to learn the business of locomotive building.

WE CURE MEN FOR $12.50

UNTIL JULY 15 WE WILL TREAT ANY SINGLE AILMENT EXCEPT RUPTURE AND BLOOD POISON FOR $12.50.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Not a Dollar Need Be Paid UNTIL CURED.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER: In view of there being so many afflicted with private chronic and pelvic diseases who are treating with quack specialists and inexperienced physicians without receiving any benefit, we have decided to make a special offer to charge only one-half our regular fee for curing those who are now undergoing treatment elsewhere and are dissatisfied, provided they come to us before July 15, 1904. For instance, if you are afflicted with either Piles, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Stricture or Nervous Decline, our charge for curing either of which, without any complications, is $25.00, we will cure you for $12.50, and accept the money in any way you may wish to pay. We will also cure contagious Blood Poison for $35.00, which is just half our regular fee. This liberal offer is made to enable those to be cured who have spent their money in doctoring without relief and to show the many who have treated with dozens of physicians without benefit that we have the only methods that produce a lifelong cure.

VARICOCELE

Cured in five days by absorption; no pain. The enlarged veins are due to mumps, bicycle riding, disease, etc. In time it weakens a man mentally as well as physically. We can cure you for life.

STRICTURE

Cured by absorption in 15 days; no pain; no cutting; no operation. By our method the urethral canal is healed and entire urinary system restored to its healthy state.

PRIVATE DISEASES

We cure all diseases of a private nature about which most people dislike to consult their family doctor, such as discharges, drains, eruptions and all contracted troubles. We cure them quickly, safely and surely. Absolute secrecy assured.

SKIN DISEASES

Diseases of the skin not only cause physical discomfort, but distress the mind of the sufferer, because the effects of the disease are many times exposed to the view of the public. By our treatment all symptoms and blemishes are removed.

WEAKNESS

Either partial or total, overcome by our treatment for weak, diseased men. Call and let us explain why it cures when all else fails. A friendly chat will cost you nothing.

BLOOD DISEASES

Besides blood poison our treatment thoroughly eradicates all poisons of any scrofulous or cancerous nature, enlarged glands, whether hard or suppurating, thus putting a stop to the wasting of tissue and thoroughly cleansing the blood.

CONSULTATION FREE AND INVITED. Our reputation and work is not of a mushroom growth, nor is it the experience of one man. In complicated cases the entire staff consult without extra charge, thus getting the knowledge of five instead of one. We are incorporated and chartered by the State of Missouri, and our reliability cannot be questioned.

Write, if you cannot call. All correspondence strictly confidential and all replies sent in plain envelopes. Inclose 2-cent stamp to insure reply. Office Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Evenings, 6:30 to 8. Sundays, 9 a. m. to 12 noon.

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