

No Alum
No Lime Phosphate

"I am quite positive that the use of alum baking powder should be condemned."
—Prof. Vaughan, University of Michigan.

In buying baking powder examine the label and take only a brand shown to be made with Cream of Tartar.

Dr. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING POWDER

A pure, wholesome, reliable Grape Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.

Once Lord Mayor of London,
Now Works For Children



Sir William Treloar, lord mayor of London in 1906-7 and for many years a member of the corporation of London and sheriff of London, is paying a visit to the United States to observe the methods in vogue for the care of crippled children and other philanthropic objects for which he is well known. The former lord mayor is not only one of the richest but quite the tallest member of the aldermanic body. He stands six feet two in his socks. He is a very keen naturalist and has a splendid aviary in his Norwood home. His favorite is a cockatoo named Cockey, and he rehearses his speeches to it. Sir William, who is a bit of a humorist, declares that the intelligent bird always laughs in the right places. An amusing simile was that which he gave at a recent meeting of the cage bird show when he said that the lord mayor, like the lizard canary, sheds his fine feathers at the end of a year. Sir William Treloar believes in fresh air, and the fine house in which he lives at Norwood, formerly the property of Sims Reeves, the celebrated singer, stands as high as the dome of St. Paul's cathedral. The late Dr. Spurgeon, who lived close by, used to declare that it was possible to taste the salt on the outside of his window panes when the wind was blowing from the channel. Sir William says that he has never sampled the flavor of the window panes himself, being content to take his neighbor's word for it. In spite of his business ties in the city the lord mayor found time to travel considerably in Turkey, Palestine and Asia Minor. Every Christmas Sir William, in conjunction with the Ragged School union, sends out many hundreds of hampers containing food and toys for the maimed mites in whom he is interested, and it is worth noting that not one of these hampers is ever lost. The register of cripples is kept right up to date, and every hamper that leaves the guildhall has necessitated personal visitation and verification. Sir William has had many curious contributions to his fund. One year a man sent a fifty pound note in an ordinary envelope, unfastened. His identity was never discovered, and he does not seem to have had any fear that his strangely made gift would go astray. Another sympathizer sends at regular intervals a couple of stamps, being unable to afford more at one time.

Ask For Bids.

We will accept bids on house and outhouse on K. of P. property, corner Oak and Houston streets, bids to be opened Oct. 31, 1910.

We reserve the right to accept or reject any or all bids.

Respectfully,

B. R. Walker, Chm.,
H. Kitcher,
A. G. Durr,

5-21td

Trustees.

Try Harry's Place for Oysters, served in any style by first-class oyster cook. 10-6-11

Try a want ad. in the Herald. They get results.

WHERE SURGERY FAILS.

Cutting Won't Remove the Cause of Piles.

Piles mean more than merely the pain of the stubborn little tumors. There is a condition inside that must be dealt with. Cutting is usually followed with later and worse attacks. A permanent cure can only be made by bettering the condition of the parts and getting a free circulation of the blood.

Hom-Roid cures all kinds of piles by internal action right on the cause. Sold by Bratton Drug Co., and money back if it fails. \$1 per bottle. Dr. Leonhardt Co., Station B, Buffalo, N. Y.



Points
For
Mothers

The use of "soothing sirups" is much more general than is supposed. Ignorant mothers are the worst offenders, especially those who must go out to work and who resort to these deadening drugs to quiet the children during their long absences. While it is pitiful enough to hear the wails of a neglected child, it is even more pitiful to see the stupefied child sleeping off a drug debauch provided by its own mother.

The children of the rich often suffer through the practices of their nurses, who wish to secure exemption from their care and so put them into an unnatural sleep. Once found out, instant discharge should follow without a recommendation.

No offense can be more contemptible in the eyes of the law or of society than making drug inebriates of little children. It is simply a process of slow poisoning, which at the same time establishes a habit, affects the mentality and injures the baby. A child brought up on "soothing sirups" is dull and lethargic. Many a mother who complains her child doesn't "get on" in school is herself responsible in that she fed him on these compounds to keep him quiet while she worked, a dear bought freedom. Under the food and drug act the United States courts are making it evident that a label accurately stating the contents of a "medicine" does not imply liberty to advertise it as not injurious and recommend it as remedy for ills it cannot cure. A man recently was fined \$100 for selling a "soothing sirup" containing morphine and chloroform, though the label indicated these drugs and the amount. Dr. Wiley declared the stuff mislabeled because the label declared no bad effects would follow its use and that it was "a sure remedy for all ailments incident to babies from one day old to two or three years." The federal court sustained the chemist, and the proprietor will have to take his "sure cure" off the market or continue to pay fines.

It will not hurt the baby half as much to cry as it will to dose it with "soothing sirups." Crying is lung exercise. Opium is deadening and dead-

Mother's Value.

This happened years ago, but it is worth repeating. In a certain home was the overindulgent mother of three daughters. You can just imagine what the week's washing was with dresses for all of those girls, each with three or four petticoats, besides many other articles. This mother did the washing, ironing, cooking, baking and about everything imaginable, and the daughters—well, they were "cultured" and did not do very much of anything except eat the good meals and wear the clean clothes. One day the father called the mother aside. The two had a long talk, and he admitted he was not able to hire a domestic. The next day the usual complaint was made by the girls about the poor dinner, and the mother quietly got up, went to her room, dressed and came downstairs. She carried a heavy suit case and stopped long enough to tell the children that she hoped they would have a better meal the next day. Their father took her to the station, and she was away from home one month. Every one of those girls learned to cook, bake, scrub and look after the house, although they admitted that for a week they lived on baker's bread, lemonade, quince preserves and either salmon or sardines. It was a hard lesson for them to learn, but they knew the value of their mother.

Postures of Children.

In a recent lecture to mothers and teachers on incorrect postures of children the speaker spoke of inturning feet and the means of correcting them. But turned toes and feet, she said, are the result of training, and if the mother finds a tendency on the part of her child to turn the toes in she must resort to training to remedy it. This consists in developing the outer muscles by proper exercise.

Of the physical training of the child from birth the lecturer said that, excessive crying being accepted as harmful, the average mother therefore assumes that all crying is harmful and should be suppressed. This is faulty reasoning. The natural crying of a baby is really a means of development, as by crying the lungs are expanded and the relations between circulation and respiration are thus established and strengthened.

For Baby's Comfort.

The baby's basket and the bassinot are things a young mother loves to have of the daintiest. The new basket, with movable parts on the order of drawers, is one of the most convenient styles. A plate warmer with metal bottom and porcelain top is useful for keeping the baby's dinner hot.

Other convenient accessories of a baby's outfit are tiny clothes racks and trees, ribbon covered coat hangers, miniature washstand sets and swinging hammocks for outdoor naps.

His One Mistake

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"Do you wish to see any one here?"
"Savin' yer prinsice. Oi come to get a squint at the ex-prisidint."

"Why do you wish to see the ex-prisidint?"

"Because ivery one wants to see 'im, to be sure—because he's the greatest man on airth."

"Why is he great?"

"Isn't he the frind of the workin'-man, besides countin' among his acquaintances the crowned heads of Urup?"

A sturdy gentleman in glasses smiled. "Pat," he said, "you are right in placing the ex-prisidint's friendship for the workin'-man ahead of his acquaintance with the crowned heads. Come with me. I'll show you around the ex-prisidint's place, and perhaps you may get a sight of him."

Pat accepted the invitation, and the two strolled about the grounds.

"O'm wonderin'," said Pat, "where he kapes the wild animals he brought from Africa."

"He didn't bring any wild animals alive from Africa. He brought their skins. They are to be stuffed for different museums. But tell me more about why you admire him."

"Well, O'm thinkin'," Pat replied, scratching his head, "that—that, as I told ye, he's the frind o' the workin'-man, and Oi loike him because he don't moind tellin' thim fornyers what he thinks of 'em. But he made wan mistake in talkin' to the Britisheers."

"What's that?"

"He tould 'em to get out o' Egypt. It would 'a' been all roight if he'd made it Oirland."

The gentleman smiled.

"What's the vally of them Egyptian naggers anyway? And O'm hearin' their country's nothin' but sand and hot enough to roast eggs in, savin' the spalpeens haven't got the eggs. But Oirland! The beautiful land that it is, and the foine population of elligent men and women. And them havin' the feet o' England on their necks. If the ex-prisidint had said, 'Aither govern Oirland roight or git out, it 'ud 'a' been loike sayin' 'git out o' Oirland,' 'caze an Englishman can't govern any one but naggers."

"You've a good head on you, Pat," said the gentleman. "What other fault have you to find with the ex-prisidint?"

"Well, sorr, I was lookin' while he was in the White House for 'em to take off the duty on tay. Tay's a foine dhrink, and the only people that are free are the Chaney naggers."

"The prisidint doesn't put the duty on tay; congress does that, and the prisidint has no power to take it off."

Pat thought a moment, then said:

"Thin what's the use o' makin' such a fuss at electin' 'em?"

"Tell me some more faults of the ex-prisidint."

"Well, sorr, O'm thinkin' he wasn't born in the roight country."

"What country should he have been born in?"

"Oirland. Oi niver think of 'im but Oi see in me moind a beautiful pictur' of 'im at an Oirish fair, brandishin' a shillalah over his head, jumpin' up and crackin' his heels together, swearin' he kin whip the biggest man in the crowd. He's mighty—what d'ye call it—stren'us—that's the worrd, stren'us."

"Another way I loike to pictur' 'im is stirrin' up all them kings, tellin' the spalpeens how to govern their people just loike an American prisidint 'nd do it. Oi can see 'im if he had the power jumpin' around among 'em, knockin' off their crowns and givin' the poor devils they've oppressed a chance to live in their palaces awhile."

The gentleman led the way to the house on the top of the hill and motioned Pat to go in. "I'll introduce you to the ex-prisidint," he said.

But Pat demurred.

"It isn't for the loikes o' me in these dirty clothes to go into the house of the great man. Besides, I don't need an introduction."

"You don't?"

"No, I've been talkin' to 'im."

"How did you know me?"

"By the windy glass over yer ois and yer beautiful white teeth I seen in the newspaper pictur'."

"Good for you! You Irish are a clever race!"

"Not so clever as you Amerykins."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, sorr, when I seen y' walkin' about here, the cock o' the walk, I had enough pictur' of ye in me moind to cover the ceilin' of a church. It was no credit to me to know ye. But didn't ye call me by me name without ever havin' seen even a photograph o' me? Ye called me Pat at onct. Now, Oi wonder, sorr, if ye kin guess me ol'-woman's name."

"Bridget."

"Toight ye are! Any man as smart as yees should be elected prisidint for loife."

"Tell me, Pat, did you come in here from curiosity, or had you a purpose?"

"A purpose is it? An' yer askin' me me purpose? Had ye a purpose when ye was prisidint in not rememberin' the office saykers?"

"I couldn't remember them all, Pat."

"Well, sorr, I had a purpose in comin' in here. It was to tell ye ye made a mistake in tellin' 'em to git out o' Egypt instead o' Oirland."

Pat had another, an inferior purpose: he wanted something to buy "tay" with, and he got it.

OLD MILL
CIGARETTES

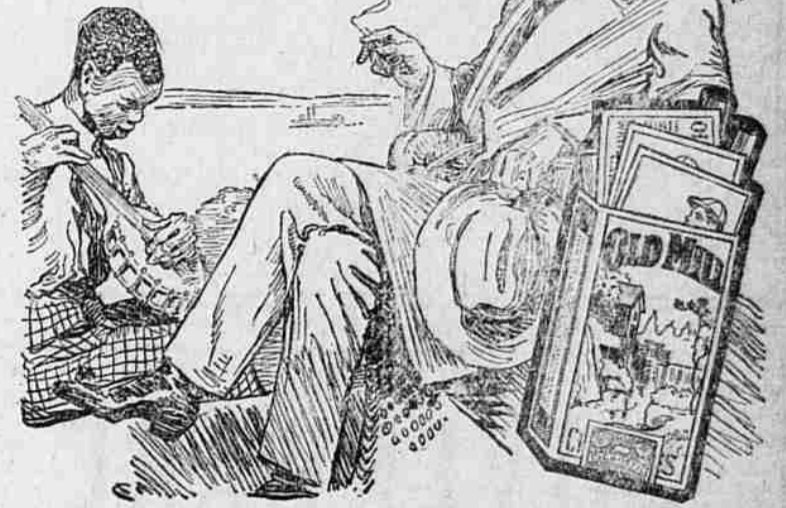
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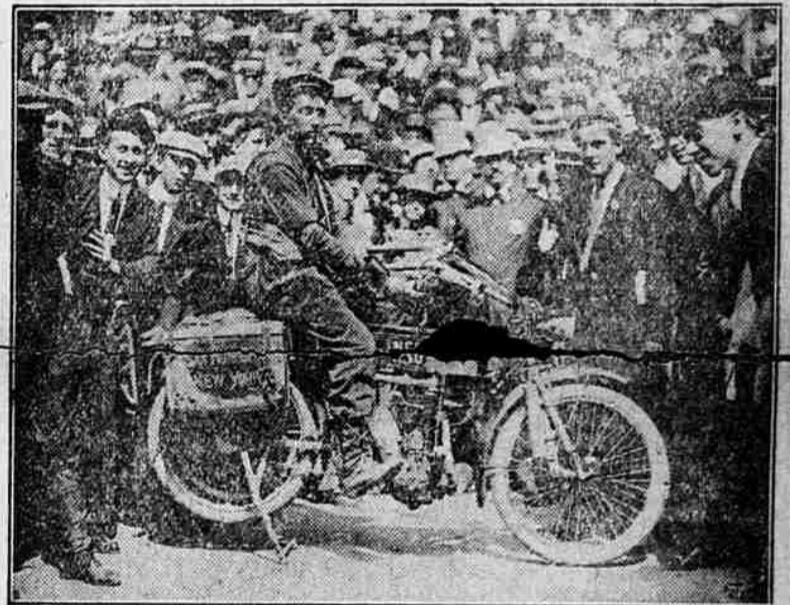
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Old Mill Cigarettes are packed in TIN FOIL



Travels 3,836 Miles on
Motorcycle In Record Time



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Having traveled 3,836 miles on a motorcycle from San Francisco to New York city to visit relatives, William Streiff arrived at his destination with just \$1.40 in cash and lots of valuable experience, not the least of which was the breaking of the world's record in crossing the continent. He was just twenty-eight days and three hours on the trip, and the best previous record was made by C. A. Miller, who took thirty-one days, twelve hours and fifteen minutes to go from coast to coast. During his long journey Streiff never wore a coat and says that he did not suffer greatly from cold weather. He was armed when he started from San Francisco, but before he had traveled a hundred miles he lost his revolver and continued his trip without weapons, which he says are not needed by transcontinental tourists. He was subject to much inconvenience, however, by the efforts of small tradesmen to "hold him up" for gasoline. Some of them demanded as much as 50 cents a gallon for the necessary fluid. He is a member of the Federation of American Motorcyclists and has made long journeys before, but it was not until he arrived in New York state that he was halted by a farmer, who wanted to inquire whether he "lit up" his goggles at night. Streiff declares that the air in the front tire of his motorcycle is the same that was injected when the machine was shipped to California and that he did not touch the tube until he arrived with it in Gotham. The rear tire suffered several punctures en route.

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