

TRAGIC RECOLLECTION.



Henderson—Ever meet with any serious accident while traveling?
Henpeck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

PUBLISHED EVERY WINTER
Famous Cough and Cold Prescription
Has Cured Hundreds Here.

"Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of this mixture after each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle well each time." This is said to be the quickest cold and cough remedy known. It frequently cures the worst colds in twenty-four hours. But be sure to get only the genuine Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes put up in a tin screw-top case. Don't use the weaker pine preparations. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house.

America's Opportunity in Turkey.
Dr. George Washburn, president of Robert College, 1870-1903, writes:

"It is a great opportunity, a wonderful opportunity, and it is a call especially to Americans. They believe in us now in Turkey. They trust us. There is nobody they believe in and trust as they do Americans in Turkey. They know that we have no selfish ends in view there. We do not want any of their territory; we are not going to try to overthrow the Turkish government; and they understand fully that what we are doing there we are doing for their good. They may think we make mistakes, but they know we are honest, and they know we are doing it for their good. They trust us as they trust nobody else, and consequently it is a great opportunity, a wonderful opportunity, for us to go on and to try to make these people understand who Christ is and what Christ is to the world."

A Solar Plexus.
On one occasion Sam Berger, the brawny manager of James J. Jeffries, was in a small California town, sounding some of the residents as to the possibility of holding a prize fight. The local police force, a clownish-looking individual with a huge badge, heard of Sam's investigations.

"You can't hold no prize fight in this here town," said the police force, threateningly, in his best "I-be-the-marshall" tones. "It is agin' the law, and I won't stand for it."

"Aw, beat it," said Berger, in disgust. "What do you know about law? Why, your very appearance in public is a misdemeanor."—Lippincott's.

Left Behind.
"I engaged a model the other day," said the artist sadly, "for her beautiful hair. I never saw anything quite so magnificent or abundant. When she got here I didn't like the way she had it done up, so I asked her to change it. I thought she had a kind of embarrassed look, but she went behind the screen and took it down and did it up all over again. When she came from behind the screen I was shocked.
"She had left half her beautiful hair behind the screen!"

WHAT'S THE USE
Sticking to a Habit When It Means Discomfort?

Old King Coffee knocks subjects out tolerably flat at times, and there is no possible doubt of what it did. A Mich. woman gives her experience:
"I used to have liver trouble nearly all of the time and took medicine which relieved me only for a little while. Then every once in a while I would be suddenly doubled up with an awful agony in my stomach. It seemed as though every time I took a breath I would die. No one could suffer any more and live.
"Finally I got down so sick with catarrh of the stomach that I could not turn over in bed, and my stomach did not digest even milk. The doctor finally told me that if I did not give up drinking coffee I would surely die, but I felt I could not give it up.
"However, Husband brought home a package of Postum and it was made strictly according to directions. It was the only thing that would stay on my stomach, and I soon got so I liked it very much.
"Gradually I began to get better, and week by week gained in strength and health. Now I am in perfect condition, and I am convinced that the whole cause of my trouble was coffee drinking, and my getting better was due to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum.
"A short time ago I tasted some coffee and found, to my astonishment, that I did not care anything about it. I never have to take medicine any more. I hope you will write this letter for the benefit of others."
Read the little book of Postum at the Wellville, in place of coffee.
Ever read the above one anywhere from time to time, true and interesting.

Pictures of London

A VIVID PEN
PICTURE OF LIFE
IN THE EAST END

by Lady Henry Somerset

HERE are probably few contrasts to be found in any city greater than exist in the east and the west of London. So striking are they that it is difficult to believe the same city, the same nation, the same government can hold both. To many the word East London appears only as a vast tract of crime and misery and is looked upon much as we see the words marked on the map, "Sahara desert," an unknown wilderness which comfortable beings, who give themselves to the practical work of daily life, are not expected to traverse. But to us who know East London it is no longer a wilderness of woe, but a place which is crossed by the lights and shadows, by the sadness and joy that go to make up the sum of every existence, and above all, perhaps, the place where, side by side with depths of human degradation and misery, can be found an inspired unselfishness and a strength of rectitude which make us realize how the best in humanity can dominate circumstance. Nevertheless, it would be useless to deny that the shadows predominate and it were well that all who are called to rule this nation should elect to walk the dark and untrodden ways of those streets of misery, as well as the stately ways of Westminster, in order to realize that the same city ought not to hold such terrible contrasts.

It is nearly 12 o'clock at night when we leave the settlement house, situated at the extreme east of the long thoroughfare, which is the artery of the east end. The wind sweeps across the broad road and whistles wildly by, driving the dust toward the marsh land that lies beyond. The streets in East London are never still; the tramp of the multitude goes on in unbroken rhythm when the stars are over-

the street, and drunken shouts and drunken yells and ribald songs and the shuffling feet of squalid, miserable women disturb the peace of the still night air. Another law has also been enacted by the legislature during the past year and that is that a list shall be furnished to all the saloon keepers, with portraits of habitual



they brought her back again, these women whom the world calls bad, they warmed and clothed her and now she sits there huddled by the fire. She is no longer able to work; the hacking cough and the fevered cheek tell only too plainly that life is ebbing very fast from her, and yet who is it that supports her? These girls in their degraded life are giving half their food, any money they can spare, part of every cup of tea and every wretched meal to keep her from the workhouse, which she dreads as only the poor know how. We sat and talked a while and then passed on, realizing that the sisters of charity in this world are not only to be found amongst the pure and holy who have taken vows to devote their lives



head almost as unceasingly as when the sun shines or the fog wraps us round. Men and women wearily walking, sometimes because they have nowhere to go, sometimes because their work keeps them late at night and sends them forth early in the morning, sometimes because they are returning from that long quest in search of labor, the story of which is written in their dejected countenances and their despondent, bent shoulders; but the stream drives on and the trams roll by till one o'clock in the morning, and while some in East London sleep, as many wake.

But we are bound for some of the lodging houses in one of the very worst streets in that densely populated quarter; streets that have the unsavory reputation of being the scene of some of Jack the Ripper's murders; streets that have been the plague spot of the police, the puzzle of philanthropists, the death of the city missionaries. We turn away from the main thoroughfare, down some of the dark side alleys, and then by the open doors and the lights we can see that we have come to the land of the doss houses, as they are called, where a cheap bed can be had for a few pence. Night seems hardly to have begun, though it is late. The downstairs rooms are still full of men and women whose occupation seems to be one constant passing in and out of the dirty kitchen to shuffle across the street through the open doors of the saloon, and here you find the secret of London's degradation. There are among that wretched crowd, herded in these lodging houses, men and women who have known days far different from their present surroundings. Some of these men have been in the army, some even have been ministers of religion. Some of these women have known good homes and refined surroundings, but the gaping doors of the drink shop could tell the story of their ruin. And as you breathe the loaded atmosphere of those horrible dens you ask yourself why it is impossible to rouse these people to a sense of their wretched environment, why cannot they be uplifted and reclaimed? The dull eyes, the heavy faces, the indifference, the stupor, is your answer—narcotized by drink. It is strange that such a quarter of our city should be infinitely more repulsive than the so-called Chinese street, where, it is true, you see men smoking opium, pale, emaciated; but that vice seems as nothing in the clean though bare surroundings of the oriental in comparison with the horrible squalor of the English doss house.

We stand for a moment at the corner of the street. The clock is striking half-past twelve, and we watch the closing hour of the saloon. A law has been enacted in England which makes drunkenness now a crime and men and women can be arrested for this without its being necessary, as formerly, that they should be disorderly as well; but when the customers of the drink shops are turned upon the streets at closing time, it does not seem as though the arm of the law, the officers, for girls and women, stagger blindly out into

drunkards, to whom drink is no longer to be served. I know no more ghastly album. It would be possible to write a volume on the faces thus portrayed. Young girls, some not more than five or six and twenty, with still the indelible traces of youth and beauty upon their faces, but with the hall mark of crime and degradation; old women, who have dragged out weary lives, passing from the swinging door of one drink shop to another, till all that is left upon the face is a besotted leer, and it seems as though the spark of divinity which is in every one had surely been extinguished; men of the worst criminal type, low, brutalized, terrible. And we say to ourselves, as we turn these pages, When shall we realize that to deal scientifically with such abject misery as this we must not alone deny to these the freedom of the drink shop, but we should, for the good of humanity, count them as irresponsible lunatics and keep them safely segregated for the rest of their lives.

But there is another side of East London even more heartrending, for as we walk those bleak streets in the cold March wind we meet again and again the honest man seeking work and finding none. Never, probably, was labor shorter than at present. On all hands families are on the verge of starvation and men driven to desperation, men who walk all day and return wearied and wan with the same terrible sentence on their lips, "No job for me;" women crying for bread, not because they would not work or could not, but just because the bread winner can find no employment.

And yet there are gleams of brightness in this life in East London which help us and cheer us and make us realize that possibly by and by we shall solve the great problem of sorrow by understanding how it is the crucible of God in which he can produce that which is likeliest to himself in human souls. We walk onward through those dark and dirty streets and by and by we come to a lodging house for women. No lower or more degraded place can be found. Yet as we enter there is a woman sitting near the fire drinking a cup of tea, surrounded by a group whose history is written only too plainly upon their faces, and as we enter we are recognized and they tell us how this poor soul has been nigh to the verge of death. She is expecting to go down into the great Gethsemane of suffering which shall bring her perhaps another load of sorrow, which, were it not for the circumstances, ought to be a woman's greatest joy. They found her on the bridge, leaning over the parapet, putting out feeble hands to clasp the cold hand of death;

to God, but that sometimes that divine charity lurks in hearts which have grown dim and dusty by a life of sin, but still can reflect back the light that falls for an instant upon that facet which God himself has cut.

LONDON WAITERS' "HAT."

Few men who have come to New York from the other side to live and to make money have come into their own in quite the same fashion as the maitre d'hôtel of one of the big uptown hotels. Four years ago he was a waiter in the restaurant of a London hotel, earning at most \$20 a week, tips included. Now he is in charge of the whole restaurant service at one of the busiest New York hotels and his income this year, including gratuities, should be at least \$10,000, and at that he has been in New York only a few months.

There is nobody who is better qualified to make comparisons between restaurant conditions in London and here than this maitre d'hôtel and the wealthy but little traveled citizen of this country who does not know Europe may well be surprised to be told that the lavish tips he bestows upon his waiter in the expensive restaurant in London benefit that person little more than would a moderate gratuity. What the waiter gets in the average big restaurant in London when he is told to keep the change does not go into his own pocket. Instead it is put in the "hat."

The reason for the hat is that it is believed to insure a uniformity of good service. It is the rule of the big London restaurant that every tip in the dining room shall go to the hat and at the end of the week the contents are divided.

"Waiters in London are paid in wages only \$1.25 a week," said the maitre d'hôtel. "When a man first enters the service of a restaurant he gets only one-half of one part of the drawings from the hat, so that he will receive altogether during a busy season from \$9 to \$13 a week. After six months he will be entitled to a full part of a drawing and will get on the average about \$15 a week."

"Head waiters in London, which correspond to captains here, get \$5 a week wages and about \$18 a week out of the hat. Here a captain will get from \$75 to \$100 a month in wages, while his tips will bring that amount up to \$150 to \$250."

HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabbatus, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs. H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabbatus, Me.

Another Woman Helped.
Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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