

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Its Sound.

"I am always on the qui vive when I motor."
"Is that a new make?"

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN FOR INDIGESTION

EAT ONE TABLET! NO GASES, ACIDITY, DYSPEPSIA OR ANY STOMACH MISERY.

Undigested food! Lumps of pain; belching gas, acids and sourness. When your stomach is all upset, here is instant relief—No waiting!



The moment you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all the indigestion, pain and dyspepsia distress stops. Your disordered stomach will feel fine at once.

These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail and cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

The successful bird is the one who makes all his mistakes when no one is looking.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

County fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffling, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.—Adv.

The man who considers his own faults has but little to say concerning the faults of others.

COUNT FIFTY! PAINS AND NEURALGIA GONE

Instant relief! Rub this nerve torture and misery right out with "St. Jacobs Liniment."

Rub this soothing, penetrating liniment right into the sore, inflamed nerves, and like magic—neuralgia disappears. "St. Jacobs Liniment" conquers pain. It is a harmless "neuralgia relief" which doesn't burn or discolor the skin.

Don't suffer! It's so needless. Get a small trial bottle from any drug store and gently rub the "aching nerves" and in just a moment you will be absolutely free from pain and suffering.

No difference whether your pain or neuralgia is in the face, head or any part of the body, you get instant relief with this old-time, honest pain destroyer—it can not injure.—Adv.

A sunny temper glids the edge of life's blackest cloud.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

An old toper says the sweets of life are always mixed with the bitters.

When Baby is Teething GOWAN'S BABY RUMEX MEDICINE will soothe the Gums and Bowel troubles. Fortify her system. See directions on the bottle.

There is no rhyme for silver, but it jingles with gold very nicely.

"Poor, Crazy Hobo"

By EDWIN BALMER

(Copyright.)

One crime remained for No. 32—mixed freight, west bound. Short-handed and overloaded (five in the crew and eighty-three cars), she had "broken" twice, stopped for hot box four times, and had been forced to double over every hill from Crews to Stockton.

Therefore, at Benton she had "laid out" No. 17, east-bound passenger; at Jefferson she had held up No. 35, the fast freight of refrigerated perishables rushing to Chicago; at Evans she had delayed passenger No. 15 for half an hour; at Brunswick she had held back passenger No. 24; and last, at Lavern she had laid out, for almost an hour, the crack Transcontinental Express No. 9, east bound.

In ten minutes No. 32 would complete the calendar by laying out No. 10 also, the twin Transcontinental rushing up from behind. The siding at Stockton (which the freight had been allowed fifty minutes to reach from Lavern, ten miles back) was still eight miles ahead, and forty of the fifty minutes were gone.

The crew, out thirty-eight hours, were exhausted, exasperated, humiliated. They had freighted too long to mind the nefarious thirty-eight hours' exhaustion and exasperation, but this time the humiliation was overdue.

Their superiors had humiliated them personally and pointedly at the larger towns and by wire at the stops between. Their equals on the other trains had humbled them as they slunk into the sidings; but what was entirely intolerable, their inferiors and worse, the very hobos stealing rides on the train, had mocked them and rubbed it in.

Thirty hobos had boarded the train at the hill beyond Lavern, overborne the weak crew, broken into a car of foodstuffs, and, after eating what they wanted, had scattered the rest along the right of way till it had ceased to amuse them.

The crew had found it best to sulk very silently in the caboose at the end of the train till the volley of stones smashing through the windows told that the tramps had departed. Then, as one man, the crew of No. 32 sprang forward for revenge.

The object was still asleep in the "empty" at the middle of the train. The crew had come upon him some hours before; but that was before they had learned the personal advantages of enforcing the rule to eject tramps, and before they had laid out the last two passenger trains and the Transcontinental, and received the telegraphic comments thereon.

Harring kicked the object to consciousness while Kalvert and Bender, one on each side, picked him up. One of the others opened wider the big door of the box car.

"One," Harring remarked, with another kick, as Kalvert and Bender swung the hobo between them.

"Two," Harring kicked again. No. 32, in a last spurt to reach the siding before No. 10 could overtake it, put on speed and jumped ahead, but the men in the car did not heed it.

"Three!" The hobo, at the touch of Harring's foot, swung free from the hands on either side and dove out through the door in a low parabola. A howl and for an instant a gray gap appeared in the flying hedge beside the track.

"He's hit the road," muttered Harring. "What do you want to hurt a man for?" He blamed it upon the others. "Why couldn't you let him go into the bush?"

Kalvert spat upon the floor, but turned his face away from the lantern. "We're hitting it up," he observed carelessly. "The damned hobo."

Bender grunted gruffly. The hobo drew himself up on his hands. He felt stunned and dazed all over, and was conscious more of a battered dullness than of pain. He had a numb understanding that he must have been quite senseless after he had struck—not for very long, but for a few moments anyway.

Yet as he dragged himself around and sat up, he saw that he could scarcely have lost consciousness. They had thrown him off half-way around a curve, and the red light of the caboose was still visible at the farther horn of the crescent.

He gazed at it stupidly and rubbed his eyes with his swollen knuckles, but still the red light persisted there, and it came to him slowly that the train must have stopped.

The wagon road the tramp had been thrown upon might lead to a town, but he couldn't tell how far off it might be, or in which direction. The train was there, and now that he was hurt the hobo thought he might get the crew to let him ride to the next station; if not, he might hide himself somehow.

He was wondering only whether he could catch them in time to ask them to let him on again; and if they wouldn't, he was planning where he might hide from them.

Then he saw that something was the matter with the train. The cars were not straight on the track, but were lying across it in every direction. The roofs had slid down and the sides bulged out. Big boards and barrels and boxes were thrown about, and as far as the tramp could see through the darkness, the way line of cars sagged crazily over both sides of the track. Some were rolled over on their sides.

But nowhere in the long line was there a sound or sign of life, although the little flaring wick in the red lamp at the rear of the train still burned. The tramp pulled the lamp from its fastening and walked along the wreckage, until, from under a pile of boards at his feet, he heard a groan.

The hobo kicked the boards and the groan sounded again. He leaned over, and, with a queer, silly feeling at his weakness, tugged ineffectually at the planking. His fingers kept letting go their hold and he sat back helplessly, but he knew the man underneath was conscious now, for the mutterings were audible, though still incoherent.

"Number ten . . . ten . . . ten . . . ten . . . damn . . . ten . . . ten . . . ten . . . ten . . . the man underneath was saying as the hobo tugged over him.

The tramp tugged a board free and the man below shuddered and twisted his head in the ragged hole.

"Number ten, damn you," he gasped in pain from the weight of which his lungs were relieved.

"Stop ten . . . ten . . . you damned hobo," he gasped as the pain gripped him again, "stop ten—the express train behind us," he explained madly, "stop it . . . stop it . . . lantern there . . . run . . . run . . . run . . ."

The hobo understood at last, and Harring sank back again unconscious. The tramp was running mechanically, automatically, at the trainman's bidding. From far away the whistle of No. 10 came to him, half startled him from his automatism, and he raced on more consciously. His legs wobbled queerly as he forced them and he stumbled between the ties, sometimes staggering two or three steps backward to save his balance before he could lunge nimbly forward again.

The second screech from No. 10 echoed past him, and, as he looked fearfully ahead and did not see the engine, he suddenly recalled that he was on the curve and spurred on more desperately, throwing himself forward now as he stumbled and pressing himself up again with his free hand when he fell. It was quite two hundred yards to the beginning of the straight stretch which he must reach to signal the train.

Again No. 10 whistled, but now the sound, instead of coming around the crescent ahead, seemed to the tramp to come through the woods at his side, and, as he glanced aside, it seemed to come directly through the opening where a path ran through the trees. Spontaneously facing about to the direction of the shriek, the tramp raced into the cut-off.

The pound of the train now came to him clearly as he ran; but the smooth dirt of the path spread before him. Yet he lurched over it with high, straining strides, and, still feeling for the treacherous ties when they were no longer there to trip him, he slipped at first. But his stride soon adapted itself and he reeled on to beat the train.

To beat the train! The exhaust of the Transcontinental's great engine at ready hissed through the trees about him, yet he had to beat the train. He had to beat it, but he could hear it coming so fast that his little steps seemed nothing. He could feel the pain of his muscles and the beat of his feet upon the path, but compared with the tremendous rush of the train, he seemed held by a weight.

In the opening ahead he saw the track where it crossed his little path, and he had to beat the train to that track! Madly, thinking only to win the race, and to lighten himself, he hurled the signal lantern from him and seemed to gain a little.

The track showed plainly before him, almost at his feet, so plainly that he knew the headlight of the engine was almost over the spot where the path crossed it. To beat the train there—to beat the train. He didn't know where his strength came from or that it came at all till it stiffened his legs and steadied him. He was ten feet from the track, but the train was almost as near the crossing.

To beat it now—to win at the finish! The white glare of the headlight smote his eyes but he shut them and threw himself forward blindly, with his arms thrown out.

It was the end of the race, and wildly, madly now, the engine—the big, pounding engine beaten by the little man—roared to try to frighten him away and win after all; but the little man wouldn't be frightened or cheated. With the blind, reckless burst of his triumph, he gathered himself, hurtled forward—and beat the train to the track.

"The crazy, damned hobo," the engineer of No. 10 sputtered to the group which gathered about the pilot. "Suicide; suicide, that's what it is. Jumped right out of the bushes there and threw himself under the wheels. Heard me whistle, didn't you? But he was bound to kill himself.

"Thought he might be crazy and I gave her sand and reversed her; but he was under the wheels as soon as I saw him. Suicide; suicide . . . Jove right under the wheels . . . and I'll get raked for killing him! Killing him? Lord!"

A man—Bender—blood-spattered and winded, burst through the group and clung, panting, to the engineer. "Thank God 'y' stopped. Thirty-two's all over the track 'round the curve and . . . what stopped 'y? Ran over 'em? . . . Lord! It's the crazy hobo we swung off 'bout here. . . . Lucky 'r you got on the right o' way. . . . and 'r us, too—the poor, crazy hobo."

But the engineer of No. 10 was kneeling and fingering gently the rough cloth of the sleeve of the man lying under the pilot.

"Poor, crazy hobo," he murmured very softly, "poor, crazy hobo."

TYRUS COBB WANTS NEITHER OF HIS SONS TO FOLLOW HIS FOOTSTEPS IN BASEBALL



Ty Cobb's Youngest Son Stealing Home.

Tyrus R. Cobb has two sons—he doesn't want either to become a ball player.

He would not have either become a ball player if he knew, in advance, that each would achieve lasting fame in the national game.

"I have some very definite plans laid out for my youngsters," says Cobb. "First of all, I want them to learn the value of a silver dollar."

"When they complete their grade school work I want each to get into a factory where hard work will be the law of employment. After laboring there for six months, or a year (which should be sufficient time for them to become familiar with the whims of money) I am going to send them to a military school.

Doesn't Want Snobs. "I realize, right now, that there is danger of these boys of mine becoming snobbish. I do not want to appear egotistical, but I have succeeded as a ball player; I insist that my youngsters do not capitalize because of it.

"A few years in a military school will set them straight in life, and in health. It will remove all thoughts of them 'being better than the other fellow' and they will also acquire the qualities of leadership.

"After military school training I want them to go to some big univer-

sity. Completing their college courses they will be equipped to compete with the problems of life.

Where Fame Flees. "A ball player's fame is too fleeting. You are a star today and a has-been tomorrow. There is no permanency. I do not regret having played, but at the same time, I cannot help but wish that I had established myself along more permanent lines. There are very few ball players who get paid in excess of \$5,000 a season—and that is not a remarkable salary for a man in business. In fact, it is the rule, if the man is worth anything to himself, or his employer.

Again, a ball player's life is limited. At best he cannot last more than a few years in the big leagues—and there is his single chance to earn real money.

"When he is through as a player he has to start all over again. He starts under the handicap of age. It is harder for him to learn. He hasn't the foundation and he has to draw on the money he has saved when a ball player to get along. By the time he is capable of earning a decent wage his savings are exhausted and he is then starting where the young fellow of 25 years left off.

"Ball playing is all right if you know, in advance, that you are going to be a star, but unless you do, my sons will do something else."

BARRY SIGNS WITH RED SOX

Former Manager Puts an End to Question of His Return to Baseball by Signing Up.

Jack Barry, former manager of the Boston Red Sox, has put an end to the question of his return to baseball.



Jack Barry.

by signing a contract to play this season with the Boston American club. Barry recently was discharged from the navy, in which he served during the war as a chief yeoman.

CHINAMAN IS GRIDIRON STAR

Sammy Kai Kee Only Celestial to Make American Varsity Eleven—He Plays Halfback.

In the international game on the world's political gridiron China may be hopelessly outpointed, but there is one Chinese player who may be expected to come hurtling around the end for gains. He's Sammy Kai Kee, and he's learned to buck the line as halfback on the University of California football team.

The only celestial who has ever played on a big American college team, Sammy Kee has added some "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" to pigskin lore—to the glory of his varsity and the delight of the bleachers.

LITTLE PICKUPS OF SPORT

Fred Fulton's days as a fighter are about over.

Artie Fletcher has signed to play with the Giants again.

Princeton is optimistic over its football prospects for next fall.

Pat Moran is planning on several more trades to strengthen the Reds.

New York fans are looking forward to enjoying Sunday baseball this season.

Clark Griffith says he would play Babe Ruth on first base if he had him.

It will not be surprising if Dempsey rules favorite over Willard when they enter the ring.

Scott Perry is all ready to play ball for Connie Mack again. He didn't even threaten to hold out.

The Terry McGovern-Bat Nelson fight in Philadelphia drew a gate of \$22,000. That was in 1906.

More big bouts will be held in London before our soldiers and sailors return from the other side.

Ray Thomas, who has coached the Penn baseball teams for six years, will be back on the old job this spring.

The national commission is active these days reinstating players who quit baseball for the shipyards last year.

Lieut. Larry Smart, former Delaware college football star, is one of the latest American "aces" to return to this country.

George McBride won't make his managerial debut this year. When he does it may be with a major instead of a minor league outfit.

Lieut. H. B. Palmer, a former Western Reserve university football player, has been promoted from second to first lieutenant in the United States army for gallantry, by order of Gen. J. J. Pershing.

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens It Naturally that Nobody can Tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.—Adv.

Had Heard Her Before. "Doesn't her singing move you?" "It did once, when I lived in the adjoining flat."

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists Tel. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

It's all right to hope for the best, but it won't get you much unless you also work for the best.

Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

Political fences are usually of the old-fashioned stake and rider pattern.

Weekly Health Talks

A Single Remedy Often Cures Many Diseases

BY VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.

It is almost impossible to give a list of the endless diseases that follow indigestion. Perhaps a whole column in this newspaper would be required to print them all. You eat to keep alive—to supply blood and flesh and bone and muscle and brain. It is easy to see that if your food is not digested and taken up by the delicate organs and distributed where it is needed, a disease of some sort is sure to come. Dyspepsia is a common symptom, and so are liver complaint, loss of flesh, nervousness, bad memory, dizziness, sleeplessness, no appetite. Many times, when neglected, indigestion results in coughs, throat diseases, catarrh, bronchitis and even more dangerous things. And all these disorders arise because the food is not properly digested in the stomach. It is plain even to a child that relief and cure are to be had only by setting up a healthy condition in the stomach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for the list of people all over the world who have had their countless ills overcome by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes an amazing total of thousands.

I know of no advice better than this: Begin a home treatment today with this good vegetable medicine. It will show you better than I can tell you what it will do. When taking Golden Medical Discovery, you can rest assured of one very important thing—it contains neither alcohol nor opiates. There is nothing in it but standard roots and herbs that possess curative properties of a high order. A safe medicine is the only kind you can afford to take.

Rheumacide
GET AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE
Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?
Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the poison and drive the poison from the system.
"RHEUMACIDE ON THE INSIDE WITH EXERCISES ON THE OUTSIDE"
At All Druggists
Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors
Baltimore, Md.

AVOID INFLUENZA!
and its Dreaded Ally Pneumonia by using
GOWAN'S Rub-It-On
It is the only reliable, efficient external remedy. Keep the organs in good condition using Gowan's Rub-It-On Kidney Pills—The Gowan's Rub-It-On is followed by Gowan's Rub-It-On Lungs and helps the heart. Send for sample. GOWAN MEDICAL CO., Concord, N. H.

Old Folk's Coughs
will be relieved promptly by Fawcett's Stops throat tickle; relieves irritation. Has been tested by more than fifty years of use in
PISO'S