

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on - castor oil, calomel, cathartics.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only this delicious "California Syrup of Figs."

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Forget His Sweetheart. Doctor Brandes, the Danish man of letters, who recently visited this country, tells a curious story of himself, says the Chicago News.

"With a passionate desire to reach a comprehension of the truth, I grappled with the 'system,' began with the encyclopedia, read the three volumes of 'Aesthetics,' the 'Phenomenology of the Mind,' then the 'Philosophy of Law' again, and finally the logic, the natural philosophy and the philosophy of the mind in a veritable intoxication of comprehension and delight."

The lamentable sequel was that he forgot all about the young girl to whom he had to say good-by.

Students Study Grading of Grain. How the grain markets of the country handle and grade the farmers' products is being studied in a course which was started at the Ohio state university last year.

The students are given lectures on market distribution and study the field crops of the world. In the laboratory they study the grading of grain, testing it as to weight, color, percentage of moisture, quality, soundness and kind.

Cause for Thankfulness. In a Sunday school in a northern town there was one little negro girl in the class.

The teacher asked each little girl to think of something that she should be thankful for. Each girl told of some special blessing that was hers.

Terrier is a Vegetarian. Mrs. M. R. L. Freshel of Boston, president of the Millennium Guild, an organization which opposes the slaughter of animals, has a Yorkshire terrier that is a vegetarian.

Force of Habit. "Ever since you've been in town," said the city relation, "you've been going to a soda fountain two or three times a day and ordering lemonade."

Explained. "Father, what is meant by 'dim, religious light'?" "That the windows need washing, son."

THREE REASONS Each With Two Legs and Ten Fingers. A Boston woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys.

Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Bob, Jack, and Dick, respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy."

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was a weakened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work, and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body."

"Both husband and I use Grape Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Look in pigs, for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purry of the Holliman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Holliman-South feud. Jim Holliman burns with bloodhounds the man who shot Purry. South's door, Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to be a jealous rival of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "trace-buster" who shot Purry. At Will Me-Caser's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her distant lover, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Sally teaches herself to write. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes well liked by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite, and Horton's enemy.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Adrienne Lescott nodded. Her eyes were sweetly sympathetic. "It's the hardship of the conditions," she said, softly. "Those conditions will change."

A man had come out onto the veranda from the inside, and was approaching the table. He was immaculately groomed, and came forward with the deference of approaching a throne, yet as one accustomed to approaching thrones. His smile was that of pleased surprise.

The mountaineer recognized Farbish, and with a quick hardening of the face, he recalled their last meeting. If Farbish should presume to renew the acquaintance under these circumstances, Samson meant to rise from his chair, and strike him in the face. George Lescott's sister could not be subjected to such meetings. Yet, it was a tribute to his advancement in good manners that he dreaded making a scene in her presence, and, as a warning, he met Farbish's pleasant smile with a look of blank and staid lack of recognition.

The circumstances out of which Farbish might weave unpleasant gossip did not occur to Samson. That they were together late in the evening, unchaperoned, at a road house whose reputation was socially dubious, was a thing he did not realize. But Farbish was keenly alive to the possibilities of the situation. He chose to construe the Kentuckian's blank expression as annoyance at being discovered, a sentiment he could readily understand. Adrienne Lescott, following her companion's eyes, looked up, and to the boy's astonishment nodded to the newcomer, and called him by name.

"Mr. Farbish," she laughed, with mock confusion and total innocence of the fact that her words might have meaning, "don't tell on us."

"I never tell things, my dear lady," said the newcomer. "I have dwelt too long in conservatories to toss pebbles. I'm afraid, Mr. South, you have forgotten me. I'm Farbish, and I had the pleasure of meeting you—"

"Oh, at any number of dinners and dances. His sort is tolerated for some reason." She paused, then, looking very directly at the Kentuckian, inquired, "And where did you meet him?"

"Didn't you hear him say the Manhattan club?" "Yes, and I knew that he was lying."

"Yes, he was!" Samson spoke, contemptuously. "Never mind where it was. It was a place I got out of when I found out who were there."

The chauffeur came to announce that the car was ready, and they went out. Farbish watched them with a smile that had in it a trace of the sardonic.

The career of Farbish had been an interesting one in its own peculiar and unadmirable fashion. With no advantages of upbringing, he had nevertheless cultivated the niceties of social usage that his one flaw was a too great perfection. He was letter-perfect where one to the manor born might have slurred some detail.

He was witty, handsome in his saturnine way, and had powerful friends in the world of fashion and finance. That he rendered services to his plutocratic patrons, other than the repurchase of his dinner talk, was a thing vaguely hinted in club gossip, and that these services were not to his credit had more than once been conjectured.

When Horton had begun his crusade against various abuses, he had cast a suspicious eye on all matters through which he could trace the trail of William Farbish, and now, when Farbish saw Horton, he eyed him with an enigmatical expression, half-quizzical and half-malevolent.

After Adrienne and Samson had disappeared, he rejoined his companion, a stout, middle-aged gentleman of florid complexion, whose velvet cut-away and reposeful waistcoat covered a liberal embonpoint. Farbish took his cigar from his lips, and studied its ascending smoke through lids half-closed and thoughtful.

"Singular," he mused; "very singular." "What's singular?" impatiently demanded his companion. "Finish, or don't start."

"That mountaineer came up here as George Lescott's protegee," went on Farbish, reflectively. "He came fresh from the lead belt, and landed promptly in the police court. Now, in less than a year, he's pairing off with Adrienne Lescott—who, every one supposed, meant to marry Wilfred Horton. This little party tonight is to put it quite mildly, a bit unconventional."

The stout gentleman said nothing, and the other questioned, musingly: "By the way, Bradburn, has the Kenmore Shooting club requested Wilfred Horton's resignation yet?" "Not yet. We are going to. He's not congenial, since his hand is raised against every man who owns more than two dollars." The speaker owned several million times that sum. This meeting at an out-of-the-way place had been arranged for the purpose of discussing ways and means of curbing Wilfred's crusades.

"Well, don't do it." "Why the devil shouldn't we? We don't want anarchists in the Kenmore." "After awhile, they sat silent, Farbish smiling over the plot he had just devised, and the other man puffing with a puzzled expression at his cigar.

"That's all there is to it," summarized Mr. Farbish, succinctly. "If we can get these two men, South and Horton, together down there at the shooting lodge, under the proper conditions, they'll do the rest themselves. I think I'll take care of South. Now, it's up to you to have Horton there at the same time."

"How do you know these men have not already met—and amenable?" demanded Mr. Bradburn. "I happen to know it, quite by chance. It is my business to know things—quite by chance!"

Indian summer came again to Misery, flaunting woodland banners of crimson and scarlet orange, but to Sally the season brought only heart-aching remembrances of last autumn, when Samson had softened his stoicism as the haze had softened the horizon. He had sent her a few brief letters—not written, but plainly printed. He selected short words—as much like the primer as possible, for no other messages could she read. There were times in plenty when he wished to pour out to her torrents of feeling, and it was such feeling as would have carried comfort to her lonely little heart. He wished to tell frankly of what a good friend he had made, and how this friendship made him more able to realize that other feeling—his love for Sally. There was in his mind no suspicion—as yet—that these two girls might ever stand in conflict as to the right of love. But the letters he wished to write were not the sort he dared to have read to the girl by the evangelist-doctor or the district-school teacher, and alone she could have made nothing of them. However, "I love you" are easy words—and those he always included.

The Widow Miller had been ailing for months, and though the local physician diagnosed the condition as being "rigid prey," he knew that the specter of tuberculosis which stalks through these badly lighted and ventilated houses was stretching out its fingers to touch her shrunken chest. This had meant that Sally had to forego the evening hours to study, because of the weariness that followed the day of nursing and household drudgery. Autumn seemed to bring to her mother a slight improvement, and Sally could again sometimes steal away with her slate and book, to sit alone on the big rowler, and study.

She would not be able to write that Christmas letter. There had been too many interruptions in the self-inspired education, but some day she would write. There would probably be time enough. It would take even Samson a long while to become an artist.

One day, as she was walking homeward from her lonely trysting place, she met the battered-looking man who carried medicines in his saddlebags and the Scriptures in his pocket, and who practiced both forms of healing through the hills. The old man drew down his nag, and threw one leg over the pommel.

"Evenin', Sally," he greeted. "Evenin', Brother Spencer. How air ye?" "T'fable, thank ye, Sally." The body-and-soul mender studied the girl awhile in silence, and then said bluntly:

"Ye've done broke right smart, in the last year. Anything the matter with ye?" She shook her head, and laughed. It was an effort to laugh merrily, but the ghost of the old instinctive bitterness rippled into it.

"I've jest come from old Spicer South's," volunteered the doctor. "He's aillin' pretty considerable, these days."

"What's the matter with Uncle Spicer?" demanded the girl, in genuine anxiety. Every one along Misery called the old man Uncle Spicer. "I can't jest make out," Her informant spoke slowly, and his brow corrugated into something like silliness. "He ain't jest to say s'ct. The 's, his organs seems all right, but he don't 'pear to have no heart for nothin', and his victuals don't tempt him none. He's jest puny, that's all."

"I'll go over 'char, an' see him," announced the girl. "I'll cook a chicken 'll tempt him."

The girl spent much time after that at the house of old Spicer South, and her coming seemed to waken him into a fitful return of spirits.

"I reckon, Uncle Spicer," suggested the girl, on one of her first visits, "I'd better send fer Samson. Mebbe hit would do ye good ter see him."

The old man was weakly leaning back on his chair, and his eyes were vacantly listless; but, at the suggestion, he straightened, and the ancient fire came again to his face. "Don't ye do hit," he exclaimed, almost fiercely. "I knows ye mean hit kindly, Sally, but don't ye meddle in my business."

at once into gentleness. "I knows ye didn't. I didn't mean ter be short-answered with ye either, but that's jest one thing I won't low nobody ter do—an' t'ast's ter send fer Samson. He knows the road home, an', when he wants ter come, he'll find the door open, but we hain't a-goin' ter send after him."

Wilfred Horton found himself that fall in the position of a man whose course lies through rapids, and for the first time in his life his pleasures were giving precedence to business.

Horton was the most-hated and most-acclaimed man in New York, but the men who hated and snubbed him were his own sort, and the men who admired him were those whom he would never meet, and who knew him only through the columns of penny papers. Powerful enemies had ceased to laugh, and begun to conspire. He must be silenced! How, was a mooted question. But, in some fashion, he must be silenced. Society had not cast him out, but society had shown him in many subtle ways that he was no longer her favorite. He had taken a plebeian stand with the masses. Meanwhile, from various sources, Horton had received warnings of actual personal danger. But at these he had laughed, and no hint of them had reached Adrienne's ears.

One evening, when business had forced the postponement of a dinner engagement with Miss Lescott, he begged her over the telephone to ride with him the following morning.

"I know you are usually asleep when I'm out and galloping," he laughed, "but you pitched me neck and crop into this hurly-burly, and I shouldn't have to lose everything. Don't have your horse brought. I want you to try out a new one of mine."

"I think," she answered, "that early morning is the best time to ride. I'll meet you at seven at the Plaza entrance."

They had turned the upper end of the reservoir before Horton drew his mount to a walk, and allowed the reins to hang. They had been galloping hard, and conversation had been impracticable.

"I suppose experience should have taught me," began Horton, slowly, "that the most asinine thing in the world is to try to lecture you, Drennie. But there are times when one must even risk your delight at one's discomfiture."

"I'm not going to tease you this morning," she answered, docilely. "I like the horse too well—and, to be frank, I like you, too well!"

"Thank you," smiled Horton. "As usual, you disarm me on the verge of combat. I had nerved myself for ridicule."

"What have I done now?" inquired the girl, with an innocence which further disarmed him.

"The queen can do no wrong. But even the queen, perhaps more particularly the queen, must give thought to what people are saying."

"What are people saying?" "The usual unjust things that are said about women in society. You are being constantly seen with an uncouth freak who is scarcely a gentleman, however much he may be a man. And malicious tongues are wagging."

The girl stiffened. "I won't spar with you. I know that you are alluding to Samson South, though the description is a slander. I never thought it would be necessary to say such a thing to you, Wilfred, but you are talking like a cad."

The young man flushed. "I laid myself open to that," he said, slowly, "and I suppose I should have expected it. God knows I hate cads and snobs. Mr. South is simply, as yet, uncivilized. Otherwise, he would hardly take you, unchaperoned, to—well, let us say to ultra-bohemian resorts, where you are seen by such gossip-mongers as William Farbish."

"So, that's the specific charge, is it?" "Yes, that's the specific charge. Mr. South may be a man of unusual talent and strength. But—he has done what no other man has done—with you. He has caused club gossip, which may easily be twisted and misconstrued."

"Do you fancy that Samson Smith could have taken me to the Wigwam road-house if I had not cared to go with him?" "The man shook his head. "Certainly not! But the fact that you did care to go with him indicates an influence over you which is new. You have not sought the bohemian and unconventional phases of life with your other friends. There is no price under heaven I would not pay for your regard. None the less, I repeat that, at the present moment, I can see only two definitions for this mountaineer. Either he is a bounder, or else he is so densely ignorant and churlish that he is unfit to associate with you."

"I make no apologies for Mr. South," she said, "because none are needed. He is a stranger in New York, who knows nothing, and cares nothing about the conventionalities. If I chose to waive them, I think it was my right and my responsibility."

Adrienne Lescott's manner changed. She spoke more gently: "Wilfred, I'm sorry you choose to take this prejudice against the boy. You could have done a great deal to help him. I wanted you to be friends."

"Thank you!" His manner was stiff. "I hardly think we'd hit it off together."

"I believe you are jealous!" she announced. "Of course, I'm jealous," he replied, without evasion. "Possibly, I might have saved time in the first place by avowing my jealousy. I hasten now to make amends. I'm green-eyed."

She laid her gloved fingers lightly on his bride hand. "Don't be," she advised; "I'm not in love with him. If I were, it wouldn't matter. He has."

"A neater, sweeter maiden, 'In a greener, cleaner land.' He's told me all about her."

Horton shook his head, dubiously. "I wish to the good Lord, he'd go back to her," he said.

CHAPTER XI. One afternoon, swinging along Fifth avenue in his downtown walk, Samson met Mr. Farbish, who fell into step with him, and began to make conversation.

"By the way, South," he suggested after the commonplaces had been disposed of, "you'll pardon my little pre-arrangement of the other evening about having met you at the Manhattan club?"

"Why was it necessary?" inquired Samson, with a glance of disquieting directness. "Possibly, it was not necessary, merely polite. Of course," he laughed, "every man knows two kinds of women. It's just as well not to discuss the nectaries with the orchids, or the orchids with the nectaries."

Samson made no response. But Farbish, meeting his eyes, felt as though he had been contemptuously rebuffed. His own eyes clouded with an impulse of resentment. But it passed, as he remembered that his plans involved the necessity of winning this boy's confidence.

At the steps of a Fifth avenue club, Farbish halted. "Won't you turn in here," he suggested, "and assuage your thirst?" Samson declined and walked on. But when a day or two later, he dropped into the same club with George Lescott, Farbish joined them in the grill—without invitation.

"By the way, Lescott," said the interloper, with an easy assurance upon which the coolness of his reception had no seeming effect, "it won't be long now until ducks are flying south. Will you get off for your customary shooting?"

"I'm afraid not," Lescott's voice became more cordial, as a man's will, whose hobby has been touched. "There are several canvases to be finished for approaching exhibitions. I wish I could go. When the first cold winds begin to sweep down, I get the fever. The prospects are good, too, I understand."

"The best in years! Protection in the Canadian breeding fields is bearing fruit. Do you shoot ducks, Mr. South?" The speaker included Samson as though merely out of deference to his physical presence.

Samson shook his head. But he was listening eagerly. He too, knew that note of the migratory "honk" from high overhead.

"Samson," said Lescott slowly, as he caught the gleam in his friend's eyes, "you've been working too hard. You'll have to take a week off, and try your hand. After you've changed your method from rifle to shotgun, you'll bag your share, and you'll come back fitter for work. I must arrange it."

"As to that," suggested Farbish, in the manner of one regarding the civilities, "Mr. South can run down to the Kenmore. I'll have a car made out for him."

"Don't trouble," demurred Lescott, coolly. "I can fix that up."

lar that he had never met Horton - the Lescott house, though Adrienne spoke of him almost as of a member of the family. However, Samson's visits were usually in his intervals between relays of work and Horton was probably at such times in Wall street. It did not occur to the mountaineer that the other was intentionally avoiding him. He knew of Wilfred only through Adrienne's eulogistic descriptions, and, from hearsay, liked him.

The months of close application to easel and books had begun to tell on the outdoor man in a softening of muscles and a slight, though noticeable, pallor. The enthusiasm with which he attacked his daily schedule carried him far, and made his progress phenomenal, but he was spending capital of nerve and health, and George Lescott began to fear a break-down for his protegee. He discussed the matter with Adrienne, and the girl began to promote in the boy an interest in the duck-shooting trip—an interest which had already awakened despite the rifleman's inherent contempt for shotguns.

"I reckon I'd like it all right," he said, "and I'll bring back some ducks if I'm lucky."

So, Lescott arranged the outfit, and Samson awaited the news of the coming flights.

That same evening Farbish dropped into the studio, explaining that he had been taking a picture at Colosso's and had taken the opportunity to stop by and hand Samson a visitor's card to the Kenmore club. He found the ground of interest fallow, and artfully sowed it with well-chosen anecdotes calculated to stimulate enthusiasm.

On leaving the studio, he paused to say: "I'll let you know when conditions are just right." Then, he added, as though in afterthought: "And I'll arrange so that you won't run up on Wilfred Horton."

"What's the matter with Wilfred Horton?" demanded Samson, a shade curiously.

"Nothing at all," replied Farbish, with entire gravity. "Personally, I like Horton immensely. I simply thought you might find things more congenial when he wasn't among those present."

Samson was puzzled, but he did not fancy hearing from this man's lips criticisms upon friends of his friends. "Well, I reckon," he said, coolly. "I'd like him, too."

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "I suppose you knew, or I shouldn't have mentioned the subject. I seem to have said too much."

"See here, Mr. Farbish," Samson spoke quietly, but imperatively; "if you know any reason why I shouldn't meet Mr. Wilfred Horton, I want you to tell me what it is. He is a friend of my friends. You say you've said too much. I reckon you've either said too much, or too little."

Then, very indiscreetly and artistically, seeming all the while reluctant and apologetic, the visitor proceeded to plant in Samson's mind an exaggerated and untrue picture of Horton's contempt for him and of Horton's resentment at the favor shown him by the Lescotts.

Samson heard him out with a face enigmatically set, and his voice was soft, as he said simply at the end: "I'm obliged to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Don't You Do Hit."



"I Will Arrange So That You Will Not Run Up on Wilfred Horton."

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

Cascarets to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your liver clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

VINDICTIVE BUT NOT POSTED

Old Calhoun Clay Thought Beaten For Was Being Treated With Undue Leniency.

Gen. Carroll Devol, at a dinner in Washington, was drawn into a war argument by a young lady.

The young lady, having conquered the general as she thought, paused and smiled triumphantly; but he, with a smile of a different kind, said: "My young friend, it is hard to argue with you because your ignorance of war is very complete. It is plain from your remarks that you don't know the difference between a howitzer and a mortar, and I believe you think that shrapnel, grape and canister could all be shot indiscriminately out of a shotgun."

"In fact, you remind me of old Calhoun Clay."

"Cal," said the old man's master one day, "I see by the papers, Cal, that the enemy has been driven back."

"Driven back? Driven? Huh, I'd make 'em walk!"

A GLASS OF SALTS WILL END KIDNEY-BACKACHE

Says Drugs Excite Kidneys and Recommend Only Salts, Particularly If Bladder Bothers You.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity.

The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.—Adv.

Natural Inclination.

"That fellow doesn't live; he simply vegetates."

"No wonder. He's got a cabbage head, carrotty hair, he's a perfect business leak and an all-around beat."

Poor Fellow.

"They say that Jones has a double."

"Yes, poor soul; misfortunes never come singly."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Girls want to become wives before they become angels.

LESS HOSTILE TO FOREIGNERS WAR WILL HELP POTTERIES

Lives of European Explorers in Tibet Comparatively Safe—Work is Going On.

Tibet continues to hold its special fascination for explorers, and it is therefore interesting to learn from the experiences of Captains Bailey and Moreshead, who recently cleared up the long-standing mystery concerning the connection between the Tsangpo and Brahmaputra rivers, that a noticeable change has come about in the attitude of the Tibetans toward foreigners.

These explorers encountered no signs of hostility or distrust, except when they were mistaken for Chinese, who appear to be held in great dread. No objections were made to the surveying operations, and Capt. Moreshead asserts that "it is now possible to traverse the country from end to end, openly, with plane-table and theodolite, and without even the formality of a pass from Lhasa."

Apparently the Tibetans have learned that the British are their best protectors from Chinese aggression. Proposals of the Tsangpo-Brahmaputra, the current number of Petermann's Mitteilungen announces that the Austrian explorer, A. K. Gebauer, who is now traveling north from Burma along the Chinese-Tibetan border, intends ultimately to strike west to the Tsangpo and follow this river through the passes of the Himalaya.—Scientific American.

To kill flies on the wing there has been invented a pair of hinged wire screens, operated like shears.

WAR WILL HELP POTTERIES

American Industry Bound to Benefit by Changes in the Commerce of the World.

The American demand for several minor mineral products will be stimulated by the changes in trade with Europe, with the result of increasing materially the production for 1914 and following years, says a bulletin of the United States Geological Survey.

In the case of pottery this movement toward a stronger hold of the domestic market is already well under way. The production in 1913 was the largest in the history of the industry. The underlying cause of this prosperity is no doubt the improvement in the character of the American product in texture, finish, color, decoration, and the prevention of crazing, the higher grades of American pottery equalling if not surpassing some of the best imported ware.

For many years the value of the imported pottery exceeded the value of that made at home, but about the close of the nineteenth century domestic production caught up with imports, and since that time it has greatly exceeded them, the production in 1913 being nearly four times as great in value as the imports. There was, however, last year a considerable decrease in exports of pottery, a record which should now be reversed by reason of the changes in the world's commerce that have become inevitable.

Of German invention is an automobile which travels on three sets of movable runners instead of wheels.

Advertisement for Yager's Liniment, featuring an illustration of a person in pain and text describing the product's benefits for rheumatism and other ailments.