

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at your druggist or from the store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.—Adv.

Youthful Diplomat.

"My last office boy was a wonder. I'm sorry I lost him." "Very efficient, I suppose?" "Oh, he couldn't lick a stamp without making a mess of it, but when it came to explaining things to my wife over the telephone I have never seen his equal."

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

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 printed on the bottle. Adv.

Trying the Jury.

"What is the status of that murder case you are on?" "Counsel for the defense has convicted all us jurymen of being the sons of parents, and intimates that we will be criminals if we don't let his client go."

SALTS IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat If Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and laggard. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels off on get sore, water acids and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a teaspoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then 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 sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

No Conventions.

New Servant—An' have you a garage on the place? Suburban Housewife—No, we have no car.

New Servant—Then I can't come wid you 'cause I have to have a place for me car.—Punch.

Thoughtless.

"Didn't the fire burn your party?" "Oh! dreadfully. Not one of the fire men was a smoking drinker."

The Ball of Fire by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER ILLUSTRATED BY C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS. —12— At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church Gail Sargent tells Rev. Smith Boyd that Market Square church is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Allison takes Gail riding in his motor car. She finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd. Allison starts a campaign for consolidation and control of the entire transportation system of the world. Gail becomes popular. Allison gains control of transcontinental traffic and arranges to absorb the Vedder court tenement property of Market Square church. Gail tells Boyd that the cathedral Market Square church proposes to build will be out of profits wrung from sources. At a meeting of the seven financial magnates of the country, Allison organizes the International Transportation company. Rev. Smith Boyd undertakes Gail's spiritual instruction and Gail unconsciously gives Allison a hint that solves the Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip to Allison's new airway the tunnel caves in. Gail goes back to her home in the West. Her friends lure her and Arly back to New York. In the midst of a struggle with the dregs of humanity in Vedder court, Rev. Smith Boyd suddenly finds that he is a real living—and loving—man. He proposes to Gail but, on the verge of acceptance, she remembers their religious differences, and refuses.

the day, and picked up the papers casually, and lit upon the newest sensation of the free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press! The free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press had found Vedder court and had made it the sudden focus of the public eye. Those few who were privileged to know intimately the workings of that notorious master of the public welfare, Tim Corman, could have recognized clearly his fine hand in the blaze of notoriety which obscure Vedder court had suddenly received. After having endured the contamination and contagion of the Market Square church tenement for so many years, the city had, all at once, discovered that the condition was unbearable! The free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press had taken up, with great enthusiasm, the work of poking the finger of scorn at Vedder court. It had published photographs of the disreputable old sets of buildings, and where they did not seem to drip enough, the artists had retouched them. It had sent budding young Poes and Dickens down there to write up the place. It had sent the sob sisters there in shoals to interview the downtrodden, and, above all things, it had put prominently before the public eye the immense profit which Market Square church wrung from this organized misery!

CHAPTER XVII. The Public is Aroused.

Clad in her slimy cream lace gown, Gail walked slowly into her boudoir, and closed the door, and sank upon her divan. She did not stop tonight to let down her hair and change to her daytime negligee, nor to punctiliously straighten the room, nor to turn on the beautiful green light; instead, with all the electric bulbs blazing, she sat with her chin in her hand, and, with her body perfectly in repose, tried to study the whirl of her mind.

She was shaken, she knew that, shaken and stirred as she had never been before. Something in the depths of her had leaped up into life, and cried out in agony, and would not stop crying until it was satisfied. "I need you to walk hand in hand with me about the greatest work in the world!" That was it; the greatest work in the world! And what was that work? To live and teach ritual in place of religion; to turn worship into a social observance; to use help less belief as a ladder of ambition; to reduce faith to words, and hope to a recitation, and charity to an obligation; to make pomp and ceremony a substitute for conscience, and to interpose a secretary between the human heart and God!

For just an instant Gail's eyelids dropped, her long brown lashes curved upon her cheeks, while beneath them her eyes glinted, and a smile touched the corners of her lips; then she was serious again. No, she had decided wisely. There was a knock on the door, and Gail smiled again as she said: "Come in."

Mrs. Helen Davies entered, tall and stately in her boudoir frills and ruffles. She sat down in front of Gail and prepared to enact the role of conscientious mother.

"Doctor Boyd proposed to you tonight," she charged, with affectionate authority.

"Yes, Aunt Helen," and Gail began to pull pins out of her hair.

A worried expression crossed the brow of Aunt Helen.

"Did you accept him?" and she fairly quivered with anxiety.

"No, Aunt Helen." Quite calmly, pling more hairpins and still more into the little tray by her side, and shaking down her rippling waves of hair.

Aunt Helen sighed a deep sigh of relief, and smiled her approval.

"Gail, dear, you have shown a degree of carelessness which I am delighted to find in you. If you handle all your affairs so sensibly, you have a brilliant future before you."

"I must be an awful worry to you, Aunt Helen," observed Gail, and walking over, she slipped her arm around Mrs. Davies' neck and kissed her and looked around for her chocolate box.

Gail's maid came in, and Mrs. Davies bade her sister's niece good night most cordially, and retired with a great load of her mind; and half an hour later the lights in Gail's pretty little suite went out.

If she lay long hours looking out at the pale stars; if, in the midst of her calm logic, she suddenly buried her face in her pillows and sobbed silently; if, toward morning, she awoke with a little cry to find her face and her hands hot, all these things were but normal and natural. It is enough to know that she came to her breakfast bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked and smiling with the pleasant greetings of

"Doctor Boyd Proposed to You Tonight," She Charged.

she could not sleep, and she's full of sympathy this morning, and afraid that maybe she made a mistake, and feels perfectly wretched.

Grace Sargent sat right down. "L'd the rector propose?" she breathlessly inquired.

Mrs. Davies poured herself some more hot coffee, and nodded.

"Oh!" and acute distress settled on Grace Sargent's brow, with such a firm clutch that it threatened to homestead the location. Mrs. Sargent shared the belief of Rev. Smith Boyd's mother, that Smith Boyd was

\$238,000,000 in live stock and \$6,091,000,000 in manufacturing machinery, tools and implements.

The richest state is New York with \$25,011,000,000 of property wealth. Then comes Illinois with \$15,484,000,000, and Pennsylvania with \$15,458,000,000.

Britain's national wealth was estimated a year ago at \$108,280,000,000, and Germany's in 1908 at \$77,864,000,000.

Something New to Her. A Highland lady chatting with a neighbor told that one of the village girls was just married, and opined that she had been an aud maid overlong to take kindly to matrimony. "An aud maid," she added, "is like to be a wild ignorant when men folks are concerned." "She is that!" assented the neighbor. "De ye mind my own band's brither? He was a schumas ter—a weel-built, weel-faured man as ye may ken, we graid shandys an' gey tall. A weel, Sandy McLean's mither had a gafferin' at her hoose one e'en an' when they cam' to get their ways name the men tui the

maids an' saw them to their biding places. My brither-in-law tui an aud maid who kept a wee shop in the toon. When they reached their journey's end, he aye bent to kiss her cheek, as was the custom in seen bame. Noo Joannet (the aud maid) was in a gret fuster. 'Oh! Mr. Cameron,' she say—'an' she was all in a tremble—'what an' I to do? Must I lift my veil?'

Cost of Radium Greatly Reduced. As a result of work done by the bureau of mines of the United States department of the interior, in connection with the National Radium Institute, radium bromide has been produced at a cost of only \$30,050 per gram, a most remarkable result when it is remembered that only recently the salt has been selling for \$120,000 and upward per gram. Still, we have no definite information what it costs to produce this high priced salt. There is, however, little possibility that the prices will be greatly reduced, as all of the known deposits of the carnotite ores, from which radium is at present obtained,

are held very closely by their owners; and moreover, these deposits can not last many years at the present rate of working. These facts, together with a rapidly-increasing demand, will undoubtedly increase the price of radium even above the above big figures, notwithstanding the improvements in the methods of extracting—Scientific American.

remain perpetually a commercial land-lord?"

The vestry gazed at Rev. Smith Boyd in surprised disapproval. Their previous rector had talked like that, and Rev. Smith Boyd had been a great relief.

"So long as the church has property at all, it will meet with that persistent charge," argued Chisholm. "It seems to me that we have had enough of it. My own inclination would be to sell the property outright, and take up slower, but less personal, forms of investment."

Old Nicholas Van Ploon, sitting far enough away to fold his hands comfortably across his tight vest, screwed his neck around so that he could glare at the banker.

"No," he objected; for the Van Ploon millions had been accumulated by the growth of tall office buildings out of a worthless Manhattan swamp. "We should never sell the property."

"There are a dozen arguments against keeping it," returned the nasal voice of old Joseph G. Clark. "The

chief one is the necessity of making a large investment in these new tenements."

Rev. Smith Boyd rose again, shutting the light from the red robe of the Good Shepherd out of quietly concentrated Jim Sargent's eyes.

"I object to this entire discussion," he stated. "We have a moral obligation which forbids us to discuss matters of investment and profit within these walls as if we were a lay trust. We have neglected our moral obligation in Vedder court, until we are as blackened with sin as the thief on the cross."

Shrewd old Rufus Manning looked at the young rector curiously. He was puzzled over the change in him.

"Don't swing the pendulum too far, Doctor Boyd," Manning reminded him, with a great deal of kindness. These two had met often in Vedder court. "Our sins, such as they are, are more passive than active."

It was, of course, old Nicholas Van Ploon who fell back again on the stock argument which had been quite sufficient to soothe his conscience for all these years.

"We give these people cheaper rent than they can find anywhere in the city."

"We should continue to do so, but in cleaner and more wholesome quarters," quickly returned the rector. "This is the home of all these poverty-stricken people whom Market Square church has taken under its shelter, and we have no right to dispose of it."

"That's what I say," and Nicholas Van Ploon nodded his round head. "We should not sell the property."

"We cannot for shame, if for nothing else," agreed the rector, seizing on every point of vantage to support his intense desire to lift the Vedder court derelicts from the depth of their degradation. "We lie now under the disgrace of having owned property so filthy that the city was compelled to order it torn down. The only way in which we can redeem the reputation of Market Square church is to replace those tenements with better ones, and conduct them as a benefit to the people rather than to our own pockets."

"That's a clever way of putting it," commented Jim Sargent. "It's time we did something to get rid of our disgrace," and he was most earnest about it. He had been the most uncomfortable of all these vestrymen in the past few days; for the disgrace of Market Square church had been a very reliable topic of conversation in Gail Sargent's neighborhood.

The nasal voice of smooth-shaven old Joseph G. Clark drawled into the little silence which ensued.

"What about the cathedral?" he asked, and the bush which followed was far deeper than the one which he had broken. Even Rev. Smith Boyd

are held very closely by their owners; and moreover, these deposits can not last many years at the present rate of working. These facts, together with a rapidly-increasing demand, will undoubtedly increase the price of radium even above the above big figures, notwithstanding the improvements in the methods of extracting—Scientific American.

Had Heard It Before. While engaged in a conversation two prominent police magistrates began telling stories of funny cases that had been brought before them.

"Probably the funniest I ever had," remarked one. "Was an aged colored man, bearing the earmarks of the South, who applied to me for a warrant. The offender, it seems, had been blaspheming Rastus before and he had then appealed to me for aid. Standing before my desk he proceeded as follows:

"You honk, I wants a warrant for George Washington. He's dat colored man that you told to be good two weeks ago, but he's been worse'n evah. I can stand him so longah."

"Humph," I remarked, casually. "Seems to me I have heard that name somewhere before."

"Yes, sah," he answered, with alacrity. "Two weeks ago, sah."—Philadelphia Press.

A Call for Assistance. "So you want me to come and reform Crimson Tui?" said the persuasive speaker.

"That ain't exactly what we're after," replied Three Fingersed Sam, after a few words with the rest of the committee. "We want you to come around an' whoop it up an' tell us what a rip-snortin', wicked community we are so to contradict the impression that the old Gulch is dyin' on its feet."

Spooling Milk. Careless housewives often spoil milk that is delivered to them in prime condition by letting it stand for a long time on the dining table or in a hot kitchen under such conditions it spoils quickly. Keep the milk covered so that a cannot be introduced either by the filthy fly or by dirt falling into it.



She Came into the Little Reception "Cozy" to Meet Allison.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Always Complaining. Greene—He's a hypochondriac—he has no disease. Wise—But he has many complaints.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets (Prepared without mercury) if it fails to cure. K. W. GROVE'S SIGNET is on each box. 42c

A Good Excuse. Judge—What excuse had you for drinking? Prisoner—I was dry, your honor.

Ec-Zene Kills Eczema. Let us prove it. Accept no substitute. If your Druggist does not have it, write to Ec-Zene Co., St. Paul, Minn.—Adv.

Speed Mania. "How are you getting along with Miss Gadsdon?" "I think I'm ahead of all the other fellows so far, as I have the fastest motor car in town."

"But I'll be out of the race if she ever gets acquainted with a fellow who owns a high-power aeroplane."

Probably Had Right Idea. A traveler entered an inn where a Quaker sat by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles and rubbing his eyes, which looked very inflamed, the newcomer, in one breath, called for some brandy and made a grievous complaint about his eyes.

"They are getting weaker and weaker," said he. "And now even the spectacles appear to do no good."

The Quaker looked first at him and then at the brandy. "I tell thee, friend, what I think," said he. "If thou wouldst wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thine eyes would get well again."

Retort Courteous. Chairman Walsh of the industrial relations commission is used to holding his own with millionaires. They tell a story about a millionaire with whom he played a round of golf during one of his committee investigations last year.

It was on the millionaire's private course, and Mr. Walsh, teeing off, sliced the ball, which fell into a marsh. "New ball, caddy," he said.

"But, Mr. Walsh," the millionaire remonstrated, "aren't you going to look for that ball?"

"No, sir; I'm not," Mr. Walsh answered.

"But, Mr. Walsh," persisted the millionaire, "that ball cost 75 cents."

Mr. Walsh looked the millionaire in the eyes and smiled. "My dear sir," he said, "when I get to be as rich as you are maybe I'll be able to afford the time to look for lost golf balls. Caddy, put the new one here."

PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age. When people realize the injurious effects of coffee and the better health that a change to Postum can bring, they are usually glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak-all-over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual flavor of the 'coffee' and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it that I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had been very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time she felt much better, had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was well and hearty."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, especially my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 70c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.