

# WHITE PLAGUE CURE

Englishman's Consumption Discovery Told of by W. T. Stead.  
SIMPLE, SHORT TREATMENT.

Poultice With Chloride Claimed to Draw Disease From Affected Organ or Membrane—Bad Case Cured in Six Months—Official Test Planned.

What promises to be one of the most valuable discoveries in medical science amounts to nothing less than a speedy and cheap cure for tuberculosis.

The fortunate discoverer is William Doig, head of a noted publishing company in London. Mr. Doig retired from business several years ago, devoting himself entirely to his hobby—medical study.

He first discovered he could cure tuberculosis of the bone, and only in recent years he has found a method of applying his discovery to the cure of consumption. The treatment is extremely simple. A poultice containing acetic acid and chloride (the exact prescription has not yet been announced, but there is no intention on the part of Doig to keep it secret) is placed on the body of the patient as near as possible to the organ or membrane that has become prey to the tuberculosis bacilli.

In about a week an ulcer is formed, connected by what is called a ray of inflammation with the diseased organ. This forms a kind of duct, through which the mucus-pus is drawn out of the system.

The ulcer needs to be carefully dressed twice a day with a salve, which is also the discovery of Doig. If this is neglected the ulcer spreads, becomes black, and the patient dies. But if it is properly attended to the ulcer steadily works off all diseased matter from the lung until in from four to six months a complete cure is effected.

William Doig has brought his discovery before the American ambassador, who was much interested. It was determined, however, to postpone reporting on the subject until the final series of tests has placed the efficacy of the remedy beyond all dispute. Doig declared that in his practice he has never had a single failure.

As a test case Doig was challenged to undertake the cure of a youth seventeen years old, who was certified to be suffering from advanced tuberculosis in both lungs and also from tuberculosis of the glands of the throat, which rendered it impossible for him to speak except in hoarse whispers. The youth weighed about 100 pounds, and in the opinion of the physicians his death within two years was a foregone conclusion. Nothing daunted, Doig undertook to cure this unpromising case. To the amazement of every one, the lad is now quite cured. He has put on flesh, he sings merrily at his work, and all trace of tuberculosis has disappeared.

Before the discovery is officially recognized a final test on a larger scale is to be made. Six patients, certified by physicians to be suffering from unmistakable tuberculosis, are to be placed in a private hospital and subjected to the Doig treatment, under close supervision by scientific experts, who will carefully watch each case from first to last. Doig is confident that within six months, barring accidents, he will have cured all six sufferers. The cost of the experiment is estimated to be \$10,000.

The treatment is not painful, although somewhat troublesome. When the ulcer is started a dressing twice a day is all that is required. No internal medicine is administered, nor do patients need to be abed during the treatment. In the case of the youth whose cure has been described he remained at work all the time.—William T. Stead, London Correspondent New York American.

**The Starboard Light.**  
"Twice a day for a week I have been harassed by doubt as to how far a man should go in correcting the glaring mistakes of strangers," said the man who enjoys looking in shop windows. "There is an art store downtown where the present window collection includes the picture of a ship. It is elaborately framed and has a lighthouse carved on the wooden strip at one side, but the artist should never have tried marine work, for he has got the red side light of that vessel on the starboard side. Two or three times I've been on the point of going into the store and asking the proprietor either to remove that picture or put a patch of green paint over that red, and each time my nerve has failed me."

"I am half hoping that the false side light will cause a collision in that window which will smash the picture, and then my anxiety will be relieved."—New York Post.

**Protective Coloring of Insects.**  
A well known little moth with pale green mottled wings is the only case in which I have myself watched the protection afforded by color at work. It was on a summer's evening when I saw this little moth zigzagging up and down with the most extraordinarily irregular flight and a bird pursuing it. Twice the bird swooped and just missed his prey owing to a sudden turn and drop on the part of the moth. And then to my great delight the moth flopped against the stem of a tree on which was growing a greenish gray lichen. The bird swooped again close to the tree, but failed to see the insect and quit the chase. It took me an appreciable time to detect the little moth resting against the lichen and closely matching it in color.—Sir E. Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

**Hard to Believe.**  
A station master requested an increase of salary and threatened to leave if he didn't get it. The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story. "When I was a young man," said he, "I once did as you are doing—I told the superintendent of the line I was then working on what you have told me. He refused my demand, and I left, and—would you believe it?—that railway line is running yet."—London Tit-Bits.

# LAND OF MASSACRES.

For Centuries Fire and Sword Have Visited Adana.

## SCENE OF ARMENIAN MURDERS

Ever Since Days of Alexander and Pompey the Turkish Province Has Been a Region For Destruction. When the Shenandoah Went There.

There is nothing like personal familiarity with a locality to arouse a real interest in news concerning it even if that news be of so startling a character as to merit the name of a massacre. Poor Adana, the province in Asiatic Turkey where many Armenians have recently been killed! There was a time when I knew its broad wheatfields, silvery streams, luxuriant gardens and the wild mountains that hem the fertile valley in, for I went there in a smart corvet and fetched away a marble sarcophagus that had held the remains of a Roman princess for a thousand years and more before it came to be a show piece in the New York Metropolitan museum. Now I venture the assertion that not one person in ten thousand who has read the late startling dispatches ever heard the pretty name before or knows whether it belongs to a town or a district or where to locate it except as indefinitely somewhere in the sultan's Asiatic dominion. In fact, the general tenor of the dispatches, where the name is found indiscriminately classed with Aleppo, Beirut, Damascus, etc., gives the natural impression that it is somewhere in Syria. If old St. Paul were alive he would surely pour out the vitals of his ready wrath upon any one who dared to call him a Syrian, for he was a Cilician, and the Roman province of Cilicia of his day is the vilayet of Adana today.

Off to the northeast of the island of Cyprus, just after the mainland makes a sharp bend from running north along the Syrian coast to west along that of Asia Minor, lies this the finest natural granary of the whole Mediterranean coast, and its three principal towns of Mersina, Tarsus and Adana. He almost in line completely through its center. Riding and camping out on the banks of the Cydnus, our care-free band heard from the native story tellers traditions innumerable of the fair land that is so unfortunately located as to have been the battleground of nations since the dawn of history. The name of the mythical Sardanapalus is claimed as that of the founder of every town and village. Within its boundaries Alexander the Great won the most famous of his victories. Pompey the Great reached the pinnacle of his fame here when his legions captured the province for Rome, scarcely thirty years before St. Paul was born. Then the Arabian Moslems swept up and across it from the east; the savage Armenians from the mountains in the north devastated it; the Christian emperor, Baldwin, of Constantinople brought fire and sword from the west; Greeks and Venetians harried the coast from the south, and so down the centuries the little province simply from being a military key to surrounding peoples was kept in poverty and desolation until the great Haroun-al-Raschid gave it the new name of Adana and brought peace and plenty to the land.

There was a wealthy native of Tarsus named Abdo Dabbas, who for many years had prospered under the protection of an appointment as consular agent of the United States, and it so came about that in one of his fields was unearthed a fine marble sarcophagus, which, as a mark of appreciation, he made a gift to the United States, with only the proviso that some one should be sent to take it. And so it came about that the Shenandoah was ordered to the eastward to pick it up and in due time let go her anchor in the snug harbor of Mersina.

It was a grand opportunity for old Abdo, beyond his dreams, to have a man-of-war as ocular proof of his importance, and he made the most of it in the best of ways, for not only were his house and gardens placed at our disposal, but at the first mention to him of the interest that was most natural to see the battlegrounds of Alexander he equipped a complete camp, even to a detachment of Turkish infantry, to take us throughout the province. Over the campfire at night the stories were told that, true or false, brought to our ears the famous names whose victories and defeats had alike brought only misery to a peaceful people. Of all those names so often heard only, Haroun-al-Raschid, our "Arabian Nights" hero, was called blessed.

All through the rolling plain and in the foothills of the Taurus were in this time of thirty odd years ago fine fields of grain, orchards and luxuriant gardens and all that should make a people happy and well to do, but the war storms of nearly 3,000 years ago stamped an indelible mark on the people. Poor Adana! One more massacre is but a drop in the stream.

As for the sarcophagus, the secret of its soul will never be betrayed, for it bears no inscription nor was anything recovered from it. Probably what miser it contained was stolen by our quartermaster, the beautiful sculptures carefully boarded in, and the last home of a countrywoman of St. Paul, like him a Roman, came on its long voyage to rest in a country unheard of and unsuspected when it was created.—Edward W. Verry, Late United States Navy, in New York Post.

**Partly So.**  
"Confess," he thundered, "you are another's!"  
She shivered.  
"Partially," she faltered. "This half"—she pressed her hand to her brow—"and the upper teeth I wear are borrowed; the rest—yours!"

**The Feminine Paradox.**  
The uneducated woman has often the quickest perception, the finest tact, the most vivid sensibility. She will feel without speaking; she understands your inmost thoughts; she knows without being told.—London Black and

# MOHAMMED V., NEW SULTAN OF TURKEY

First Constitutional Monarch of the Ottoman Empire Is Progressive, Well Informed, Courteous, Humane and Very Popular.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.  
TURKEY has a new sultan. Abdul Hamid II., called variously "the great assassin," "the un-speakable Turk" and "Abdul the damned on his infernal throne," has followed his uncle, Abdul Aziz, and his brother, Murad V., the deposition of both of whom he is thought secretly to have abetted. Thus he is paid in his own coin, although the settlement of the debt has been deferred thirty-three years. Modernism has finally triumphed, even in Turkey. The tide of democracy is rising and is sweeping over the barriers of the two countries in eastern Europe that sought to oppose themselves to its advance. The movement of the Young Turks is one of modern enlightenment, tolerance, progress and constitutional government. At last these forces are completely triumphant, and the struggle of nearly a half century ends in the victory of light over darkness, of popular government over absolutism.

Modernism in Turkey began under Abdul Hamid's father, Abdul Medjid, a weak but humane ruler. Under the influence of the British minister this sultan started several reforms. At his death there were two short reigns, one ended by murder disguised as suicide and the other by a prison under plea that the ruler was insane. It has since

from 1902 till the revolution of last July he was more closely watched than ever. From the beginning he sided with the Young Turk party, and after its success the deposed sultan received his brother most cordially in the palace, the first time he had ever done so. This was in last August.

Unlike Abdul Hamid, who has a face as repulsive as his character, Rechad, or, as he is now known, Mohammed V., is one of the handsomest men in Constantinople. He is also very popular. Only a few have had the chance to know him owing to the espionage he was formerly under, but these few found him courteous, humane, well informed and progressive. He has kept thoroughly abreast of current politics not only in Turkey, but throughout the world. He is a good farmer. He has also been a general in the Ottoman army and was liked by the troops. Rechad is said to resemble his father, who was a practical reformer and one of the most popular sultans in modern Turkish history.

**The Hair Apparent.**  
The Sultan Abdul Aziz, the predecessor and uncle of Abdul Hamid II., had a stormy reign, which ended in his practical dethronement and murder. He was regarded as extravagant and impulsive. Yusuf Izzedine Effendi, who



MOHAMMED V., TURKEY'S NEW SULTAN.

been believed that the reactionary element, with Abdul Hamid as the moving spirit, engineered the downfall of both sovereigns. Abdul himself claimed to be a reformer, but soon after his accession to the throne in 1876 showed that he was an absolutist and despot of the worst type. By means of deception, cunning, thousands of hired spies and a power of intrigue that played off the great powers of Europe one against the other he managed to keep himself on the throne until he became the disgrace of the world. With over forty wives and hundreds of concubines, with multiplied thousands of assassinations and massacres to his credit, or, rather, to his shame, the unspeakable sultan stood in the path of progress and rationalism until finally run over and cast aside. Only his name remains as one of infamy to future ages. He gives way to a more humane, a more progressive and, it is hoped, a better man. In the very nature of things he must be better, for it is impossible to think of two rulers as depraved as Abdul Hamid.

**The New Sultan.**  
The Turkish law provides that the oldest living son of a sultan, whether that sultan be the reigning one or a predecessor, shall be the heir presumptive to the throne. This provision made Mohammed Rechad Effendi, the half brother of Abdul Hamid II., the first in the line of succession and Yusuf Izzedine Effendi, the son of Mohammed's father, Abdul Aziz, the second in line of succession. Rechad Effendi, who takes the title of Mohammed V., is two years younger than Abdul Hamid, having been born at Constantinople on Nov. 3, 1854. Under the Turkish law the heir apparent is a virtual prisoner in his palace, and under the machinations of Abdul Hamid and his jealousy Rechad was literally so. His visitors at his former home in the Cherragan palace were searched as they entered and again as they left the palace, he was not allowed to venture abroad without being accompanied by a strong troop, his palace was filled with spies, and

now becomes heir apparent, is his eldest son and therefore cousin of Abdul Hamid, "the great assassin."

It is a piece of poetic justice that the man who crowds Abdul Hamid off the throne is one whom that intriguing and suspicious monarch kept practically imprisoned for the past thirty years. The picture is made still more attractive to lovers of justice by reason that the heir apparent is the son of the murdered Abdul Aziz, another of those who suffered through the crimes and schemes of the unspeakable one. As Yusuf is fifteen years younger than the new sultan, he is almost certain to come to the throne unless, indeed, he dies too suddenly, as often happens to crown princes in Turkey. It would seem that the air about the Turkish throne is unhealthy. What through harems, prisons, poison, and daggers, the head that is destined for a crown has infinite trouble in keeping itself in place. That Mohammed V. has lived till he is sixty-five shows that times have improved and court murders have gone out of fashion. Under the customs of the good old days he would have been food for the Bosphorus fishes long ago. It must be said for Abdul Hamid that amid all his other slaughterings he did not kill his brothers, although he did lock them up and set spies to watch them day and night, which to any man of spirit would be worse than death.

Mohammed Rechad is gray of head and rather weak of chin, but educated, refined and amiable. He reads French readily, as do most of the higher class of the Young Turks. Indeed, not a little of the spirit of the French revolution has been observable in the revolution at Constantinople. The world, after all, is a small place, and liberty as well as liberalism is catching.

**The Young Turks.**  
With a ruler of this character, whose sympathies have been for years with the Young Turks and who cheerfully accepts the restrictions placed about

him by the new constitution, it is readily apparent that a better day has dawned in Turkey and that henceforth the real power of government will be in the hands of the Young Turks themselves. The advance made in the revolution of last July is thus made permanent. The party of progress has broken the old sultan that dared to oppose it and has entrenched itself so thoroughly that there will be no further efforts at dislodgment. As in England under Cromwell and France under the convention, the sovereignty has passed from the crown to the people. The people are emerging from the shadow of the throne. We are coming into the kingdom of man. Liberty is to be the new political gospel in all lands. Democracy, having captured the accident, is now storming the strongholds of the orient. It is no longer so much a question of the crescent against the cross as it is a question of progress against privilege. The Young Turks are imbued with the spirit of the twentieth century, are trying to keep step with western Europe and America. They stand for the reign of common sense, common humanity, common decency. They are democrats in turbans. They have shown to Christian nations that the conquest denied to the sword of the crusader has been granted to the torch of science and the wand of freedom. In this case "peace with her victories" transcending those of "war." The results of this revolution are infinitely hopeful, the most hopeful signs seen in recent days.

Three conspicuous leaders of the Young Turks are Ahmed Riza, the president of the chamber of deputies; General Scheffek Pasha, the commander of the victorious army that has just captured Constantinople, and Enver Bey, his assistant in command, to whom Scheffek Pasha chivalrously gives credit for planning the campaign. All three of these men have gained many of their ideas through contact with the outside world, Ahmed Riza through banishment from his country and Scheffek Pasha through education in Germany. Enver Bey was in Germany at the time the recent revolt broke out, but hurried home in time to organize for the march on Constantinople, which has resulted in the dethronement of Abdul Hamid.

**The Hymn of Liberty.**  
These men will do much to shape the course of empire under the reign of Mohammed V. It is significant that at the coronation of the new sultan the hymn sung was not the usual Hamidian hymn, but the hymn of liberty. Even more significant is the statement of the ruler himself to M. H. Donohue of the London Chronicle, who has been friendly with the Young Turk leaders for years. It is the first time a ruler of Turkey ever gave a statement to the press, another sign of Mohammed's progressive character. Here is the statement in full:

"During my seclusion of thirty-three years my enemies have slandered me. They have said that I was a madman, bordering on imbecility, and shut me up for years. But Allah has so willed it that now in his merciful bounty he has been pleased to call me to fulfill my destiny and rule over Islam. He has put me to the envoy for the deliverance of a message which I would send to Europe and to the entire world and which is the first of its kind ever to be sent out from within these walls.

"Say to them that I have ever been the convinced and ardent supporter of the cause of enlightenment, liberty and progress. By the help of Allah, the most high, I shall follow unswerving the path of duty, seeking to act justly and honorably to all men, be they glauours or true believers.

"My voice has been silent for thirty-three years, but the voice of true conscience has never been stifled. You ask me what I think of the situation in modern Turkey as I find it today after the political resurrection of long years. I will tell you that though shut up here I have contrived, feebly perhaps, to keep in touch with the march of progress of the outside world.

"The few partisans who have been loyal to me through the dark days of adversity are aware that from my earliest years, while faithful to the precepts and teachings of the Koran, I have been an advocate of a constitutional charter and parliamentary institutions. From this opinion I have never deviated. I hold it today as strongly as I did when a young man seeking to imbibe the knowledge of western civilization and its methods.

"I am a firm supporter of the policy of young Turkey, with full enjoyment of political freedom. I see nothing in it incompatible with Mohammedan sacred law."

**Personal Description of Mohammed.**  
A person who is well acquainted with Mohammed V. gives the following sketch:

"He is tall and well proportioned, but inclined to stoop. His features are regular, but he has a hooked nose like that of Abdul Hamid. His eyes are blue, and his hair and beard are light red. His manners are very gracious and easy, and he is exceedingly generous and kind. He is not at all fanatical, but he is sincerely religious. He plays unusually well on the piano, and he is a great admirer of classical music.

"Like the deposed sultan, the new ruler of Turkey is a good draftsman, and he sketches well. He has two wives and several children, three of whom are boys. His wives are both highly educated and are the daughters of distinguished pashas. They dress at home in the French fashion."

This is the first constitutional monarch of the Ottoman empire, marking the beginning of a new order in one grand division of the human race. The sun of liberty has risen over a new quarter of the earth.

**The Whole Story.**  
"I hear you are giving up your charge," said one aged and infirm minister to another the other day. "How are your people taking it?"  
"Oh, well," was the answer, "I'm resigning and they're resigned."—Liverpool Mercury.

**The Good Fat Men.**  
Jones—You never hear of a fat criminal, do you? Bones—Certainly not. Look how difficult it would be for a stout person to stoop to anything low!—Kansas City Independent.

# Her First Cure.

By EDNA BRITT.  
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There were hoarse cries from the hurrying throng, a groan of horror and then a rush toward the spot where a dusty, huddled heap lay in the roadway. The white faced driver reined in his horses in response to the threatening demand of the cooler headed among the spectators.

Presently a blue coated figure pressed through the throng, to emerge again and hurry toward the police box. Then an ambulance came, and the crowd gave three cheers for the doctor when it was seen that it was the new woman interne of the Emergency hospital, and they watched with interest her handling of her first case.

"Women doctors are more sympathetic than men," commented one man to another as they noted the relief with which the slender white clad woman announced that the man was not badly hurt. "A man doctor would bundle him into the wagon and rush him off to the hospital and cut off his leg soon's he got him there."

The other nodded wisely, and then as the patient was slipped on the



"I WISH I COULD STAY HERE FOREVER," SAID DAVID.  
stretcher and lifted into the wagon they departed, to tell that they had seen that new woman doctor the papers were full of and that she was a "beaut."

In the latter statement they were eminently correct, for Dr. Katherine Roberts was more than good looking. She was one woman in a thousand, with classical features and a wealth of color that betokened perfect health. In fashionable drawing rooms she could have created a sensation had she elected to become a society budy. But Katherine Roberts had some very decided notions, and one of these was that she wished to be a successful physician.

She had taken the ambulance run that was a part of the duty of every interne, and she welcomed the experience, though she found it rather disconcerting when her first call was to attend the man she had refused to marry only the night before.

They were almost at the hospital before Belknap was restored to consciousness and looked up to encounter Katherine's eager glance.

"You are all right," she said reassuringly as his glance turned to a question. "You thought you could get across the street in front of a team, but you didn't quite manage it. There are no bones broken, but you have been pretty badly shaken up, and you had better stay in the hospital for a day or two. You will be better looked after than you can be at your boarding house."

"You bet I'll stay," assented Belknap, and Katherine smiled.

"You will find the house surgeon a charming fellow," she went on. "I think I have introduced you to him—Dr. Santley?"

"I know him," groaned David. "But I thought that I was going to have you for a physician."

"I am on the ambulance," she reminded, then, relenting, "I'll try to drop in now and then."

The stopping of the ambulance brought the talk to a halt, and a couple of orderlies half carried Belknap to the emergency ward, where his cuts were dressed and bandaged, and then he was put to bed, and an opiate was administered.

It was late in the afternoon when he woke up again, and presently Katherine came in to see how he was getting along. With deft fingers she adjusted the bandages, making them easier, and she predicted that by the morrow the patient might leave.

"I wish I could stay here forever," said David impatiently. "Now that you are on the ambulance I don't suppose that there will be any chance of seeing you unless I get hurt again."

"Oh, yes, there will be," she insisted. "And if I catch you 'throwing fits' like 'Pete the Fake,' just to get a few days in the hospital, I shall have to give you the most dreadful medicines."

"I'll take them if you give them to me," declared Belknap, and the pretty doctor frowned.

"I think that I shall have to hold you to that," she said, nodding her head wisely. "If you will promise to follow my prescription I can guarantee a complete cure."

"Shall I need treatment after I leave the hospital?" he asked hopefully. "Santley said that the cuts were superficial and that he would put some plaster on them in the morning."

It is an affection of the head, not the heart, David. You think that you want me, but it is merely a thought."

"You have the wrong diagnosis," insisted David. "It is heart trouble. I have no head trouble."

"I will be prepared to admit that—and perhaps change my treatment—when I have proved my own diagnosis wrong," said Katherine smilingly. "Will you try my treatment for, say, three months, David?"

"If you will admit error at the end of that time," he agreed promptly, and they shook hands over it in the grave fashion that had been theirs ever since they were children together. Katherine felt much relieved.

When David shook hands on a thing it was his promise that it should be done, and, though he scowled over the scrap of blue paper that Katherine thrust into his hand as he left the hospital in the morning, he determined to try it. It was one of the hospital prescription blanks and read:

"Take Helen Weygant to the theater at least once a week. If she won't go, take some one else."

"It's for Kathie's sake," he told himself as he wrote an invitation to Miss Weygant and a note to Kathie to report his progress. Both girls smiled over their notes, but from wholly different causes.

In the weeks that followed Katherine was busy with the ambulance calls, but not too busy to follow the progress of her special patient, and she was not at all surprised when one day the jubilant announcement of an engagement was made over the telephone.

"Well and I am awfully obliged to you for curing me," explained David jubilantly. "Your first cure was quick and complete, Kathie."

"I'm a homeopathist," explained the smiling girl. "Like cures like, you know."

"And cause liking," suggested David as he hung up the receiver and turned to the blushing girl who stood beside him.

**Hini to President Taft.**  
Proposed legislation provides a railway train for Mr. Taft. Perhaps it will haul you across the land; You'll stop in Chicago and everywhere; The people will cheer you to beat the band.

And come to your window and frankly stare. But listen; one thing you must not forget, So lend to this sonnet a listening ear; Whenever the stars you right out you set And go and shake hands with the engineer.

Another thing, too, ere it slip my mind— It's part of the code of that railway thing. And people will look for it, too, you'll find, And try to butt into the focal ring. Whenever the good train makes a stop, Bill, this is the thing for you to do: You pull a glad visage and out you hop— And stand to be mugged with the whole train crew.

Yes, these are the things that the land demands; Without them a trip would be void of zest. We look for a shaking of grimy hands, And you—ah, we know you will meet the test. We will not begrudge you that train—no, no!

We think you should have it—your surely should. But if it's yours don't forget the show; You pull a glad visage and out you hop— Luck—make good.

—Charles R. Barnes in New York World.

**Every Price Should Have a Reason.**  
It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the reason for the price.

The bankrupt stock, the fire sale, the manufacturer's remnants, the annual clearance, the removal sale, the dissolution of partnership sale—what are these and many more but arguments for the price? And note this one point—that without the argument the price is powerless. Reduce your lined overcoats from \$100 to \$60 and your liberal discount attracts little attention. Why? Because there is no reasonable explanation for the reduction. Why should you present overcoats to the public? But announce that owing to an expiration of your lease and the imperative command that you vacate your present store within two weeks you will reduce the price of your lined overcoats from \$100 to \$60 and you may sell easily all you have to offer. Instinctively the public sees the whole picture—the proprietor's anxiety, the inevitable removal, the lessening days, the final sacrifice and the store full of eager buyers, quick to seize such an opportunity. This is only half the reduction previously considered. But one is business without imagination, and the other is business with it.—Lorin F. Deland in Atlantic.

**Why She Shut Down.**  
"A charming gentleman about four years old used to pass my house every day on his way to kindergarten," said a lady. "And in course of time I made his acquaintance and gave a penny to him each morning when we parted."

"Eventually his mother requested me not to give any more money to him. The next morning I did not present the usual penny. He did not seem to notice the omission. The succeeding day when the penny was not given to him he said nothing. But on the morning of the third day when the penny was not forthcoming he sidled up to me and whispered: 'What's the matter? Ain't your husband working?'"

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