

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM. Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adjt. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Latham, Md., as follows: "I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack. Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."

—Chas. W. Bowman. Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Aftershave for 1907. Peruna is sold by your local druggist. Buy a bottle today. So. 3-07.

MUST WORK TOGETHER.

No town will become a good business center so long as its business men rely on a few merchants to make the effort to bring trade to town. Too often the men in a few lines of trade are about the only ones that reach out after custom. Other merchants wait until these men induce the people to come to town and content themselves with trade that naturally drifts to their place. A public spirited man should ask himself if he is doing his part to attract people to come to town to trade in helping the entire business community, and no town is a success unless all lines are working to extend the trade as far as possible and trying to bring a larger territory in the circles in which the town is the business center.

Tommy—"Pa, what is a limited monarchy?" Pa—"Anything less than four kings."—New York Sun.

THE DUTIES OF MERCHANTS TO THE HOME PAPERS.

In an address before the Corn Belt Editorial Association, at Storm Lake, Iowa, Mr. A. M. Foster, a local merchant delivered a thoughtful address on the duties of merchants to home papers. He said many things that it will be profitable to call to the attention of the business men of their respective cities. Duty and advantage go together, and it is part of the work of the press to educate its patrons as to both. He placed good will at the first obligation of the merchants to the local press and said:—

If you will pardon me for a personal illustration, this is what I mean, partially at least, by good will. Last fall for the first time we devoted our store basement exclusively to Christmas toys and novelties. We advertised the fact generally in the local papers, but one day I saw one of our regular customers coming in with a lot of toys. I asked her if she could not find what she wanted in our toy department. "Why," she said, "have you a toy department? Where is it?" I asked her if she did not see our ad. in the papers, and she said she did not take any papers. I said to her: "My good lady, if I were you the first thing I would do would be to go over and subscribe for one and then read the ads. You will save your subscription many times over." And the best of it is she subscribed.

Another duty the merchant owes the local paper is his patronage. It has been said by those who have watched the order of events that no merchant can succeed without advertising in one way or another, and up to this day and age of the world no medium has been found so satisfactory as the newspaper to convey information to the public.

And what is advertising but informing the people what you have to sell? I say it is the duty of the merchant, and I would also include the professional men and mechanics, who have business of their own, to patronize the local paper not only by their subscriptions, but by advertising as well. If we help to build up the papers they will help to build up the town and bring to us increased trade and greater opportunities.

I firmly believe that if a place is good enough for a man to live in and to make his money in it is good enough for him to spend his money in, be he an editor, merchant, farmer or anybody else. Some merchants have told me they don't believe people read their ads., for they don't see that they get any benefit. Well, suppose for the sake of argument people don't read some ads. Whose fault is it—the newspaper's? Not much. It is the man behind the ad.

It is a rare exception for the public not to read anything that is interesting. Perhaps we ought to dress up our ads a little. For example, fifty men can go down our streets on a hot day in their shirt sleeves and you would hardly notice them, but let just one man go down dressed in the height of fashion, and I'll tell you everybody will sit up and take notice. Why? Because there is something about him that attracts. That is what we ought to do—dress up our ads. and make them attractive.

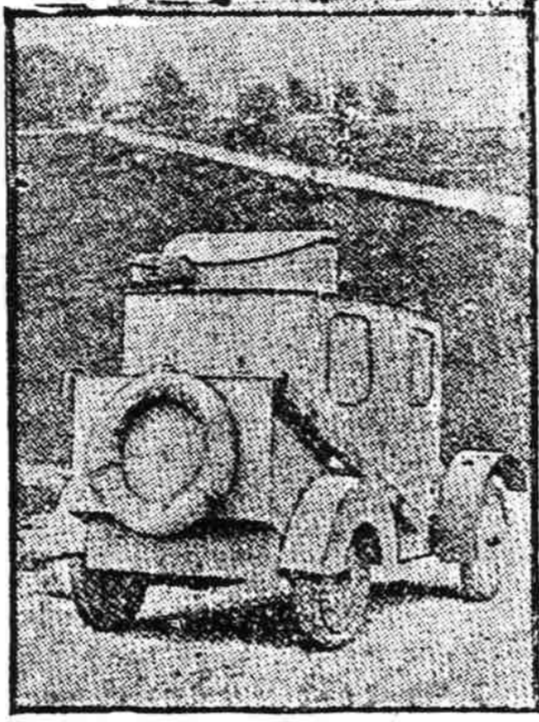
Mowing the President's Lawn.



Automobile lawn mower used on White House grounds at Washington.

A Fighting Auto.

Armored trains are no novelty, or at least they are a new thing of yesterday, not to-day. But the armored motor car, just furnished by Bronitz to the Russian War Department, is still in its early stages. From wheels to roof this offensive and defensive monster of the highway is designed to be invulnerable. The whole car is covered with steel thick enough to resist rifle bullets, and when in action shutters slide up to close all the openings now seen in the picture. The car carries a large supply of gasoline and ammunition, giving it a wide radius of action and a deadly advantage over any mob of revolting peasants against which it may be sent. The rapid fire gun, mounted on the roof, can be turned in any direction. Rough country, as well as smooth, can be traversed by this new engine of death, which is likely to bring terror to many a hapless dweller in rural Russia in the next few months. The wheels themselves are protected by thin nickel steel bullet proof



The New Bronitz War Motor Just Supplied to the Russian Army.

plating, while the tires have non-puncture proof bands. The car can seat five persons comfortably, and has an average speed of about thirty miles an hour. Hitherto the difficulty in the use of motors on service has been that they are liable to get out of order when worked over rough ground. Here, however, they have solved the difficulty by fixing motor engines to both the front and back axles, and by this means the car can more easily extricate itself by its own motive power out of a ditch or any small depression.—The Sphere.

Load Freight by Gravity.

The ordinary box freight car does not appear to be very large from the outside. A close examination will show that from the door to either end is fully twenty feet, which means that men employed in loading a car travel quite a distance. The time thus consumed in loading a box car is considerable, and to reduce the time and labor more than half two Minnesota men have designed the freight carrier shown here. A glance at the illustration will convince the reader that by such a method a great deal of time and labor could be saved. This freight carrier is operated by gravity. It is composed of two parallel rails, the ends of which are curved to reach the back of the car. On each track are small wheels, spaced equal distances apart. In loading the car the end of the track on the platform is raised by supports above the remainder of the carrier.



VIEW OF THE FAMOUS CHEESE MARKET AT HOORN, NORTH HOLLAND, SHOWING HOW THE CHEESES ARE PROTECTED BY WAXED CLOTH FROM DAMAGE BY THE SUN.

HOW THE YUMAS LIVE.

Their Homes and Games—The Cremation of the Dead.

The westbound train arrives at Yuma early in the morning. Everywhere are Indians in gay garments, and with blankets around them despite the heat.

Some of the men wear straw hats and jeans; the women have their heads covered by black shawls which fall over their shoulders. All of them have blankets. All of them braid their black hair, so that from behind one cannot distinguish sex.

Crossing the great iron bridge over the Colorado, says a writer in the Southern Workman, you are on the Yuma Reservation. The stages leave here for Laguna, where the Government is building the largest dam in the world, except that of the Nile.

The horse corrals near the stage station interest the stranger. They are mere stalls of poles, for in Yuma they need provide neither for rain nor for cold.

There are signs everywhere warning people against being on the reservation without a permit, and also against trading with the Indians. No sign is seen, however, prohibiting photography, and so we level the kodak at a woman. In an instant she has hidden her face under her blanket and has scurried away.

A little further away on the reservation, where the arrow weed and the pigweed rise to the height of pampas grass and hide vast coveys of quail, are scattered the adobe huts of the Indians. Here, there, anywhere they choose, they build their shacks, some of them miles from the nearest neighbor and hidden from sight in the arrow weed bushes.

The huts are square, and in front the roof overhangs—a mass of dried brush fastened to two poles at either corner. At the sides open the cage-like corrals for the horses, mere poles set fence fashion. Dogs are everywhere, as numerous as in Turkey, and they and the men and the women slink by absolutely noiseless. Even the innumerable children are quiet.

There is a small church on the reservation, and at its side, in a frame, an iron bell that the Catholic priest is ringing. It takes me back to the days of the missions.

In contrast, across the railway on the bluffs, is the modern Indian school. The faint to it is always interesting to the visitor. Across the bridge you go in company with sad-faced Indian squaws, very dark, and the darker for their gay-colored garments of many hued borders. On their heads the long black hair lies uncombed, and they sometimes wear bags bound on the forehead and hanging down the back; these serve as a kind of ornamental top comb, and in them the supplies are carried from town to reservation.

Among the Yumas there is held a corn feast every September, when all the tribe gathers for a three days' meeting. Then there are games and dancing and singing and a feast of corn and watermelon and anything else that can be purchased. The principal game of the adults on the reservation here is hoop the pole, the hoop being rolled on the flat desert and the pole then thrown through it.

This the bucks will play on the hottest day, no matter how freely the perspiration falls from them. Shiny is another favorite game. Some of the Yumas have married according to the rites of the Catholic Church, but, for the most part, nuptials are according to the Indian custom.

Burning the dead, as observed among the Yumas, is interesting. The body is first thoroughly wrapped and then placed on logs and brush over a hole in the ground. A bed of logs is built up at each side and at the head of the bier, which is next covered and surrounded by dry fagots.

The flames are applied and while they burn the clothing, blankets, etc., of the deceased are added to the fire. The horse of the dead man, however, is not burned among the Yumas as is the custom with some Indians.

A day or two after death the wigwam of the deceased, if an adult, is burned, the rest of the family then going to live with some relative. The Yumas make a great show of sorrow over their dead. Later they are never mentioned at all.

The medicine men are still largely in control among the Yumas and the Government makes no attempt to interfere. Usually their patients grow sicker, so that they proclaim them doomed to die and their prophecy will almost always come true.

The Government allows its 800 Yumas 4500 acres of land—an irregular tract extending fourteen miles up the river and ten down. Of this 1800 acres will be irrigable when the Laguna dam is done.

Inasmuch as the Indians may settle where they choose on the lands, it is probable that the widely scattered houses will then be drawn closer together. As it is now, Yuma itself is really the only village among them.

Other Indian tribes receive food and clothing, but the Yumas receive only the land. When not hunting or mending their houses or attending wedding festivities, groups of Yumas, living in one long wigwag, will take work on the railroad, or on farms, or else cut and sell wood from the timber on the reservation.

The Indian women are the laundresses of Yuma, receiving a dollar a day for their work. Gambling is the cardinal vice of the Yumas, but as this is never done outside of the tribe, the money remains in the family, so to speak. There is no saving, however; everything goes for food, and only when that is gone will they work out to get more. Fortune seekers, moreover, stay away, as this tribe receives no money from the Government.

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DEARTH OF CATCH PHRASES. Old Once Hackneyed and No New Cues to Take Their Places.

"Song writers are becoming alarmed at the continued absence of a catch phrase," said Mr. Charles Willmott, the well-known musical author. "Are we downhearted?" has had a good innings, but nothing new, I'm afraid, is likely to turn up until the pantomime season. New phrases have been invented since the holidays without striking popular fancy. We had hoped that some of the seaside pierrots would have devised a fresh phrase. Take, for example, "Are we downhearted?" There are many stories as to the origin of that phrase, the most authentic, I believe, being that it was an impromptu wheeze from the brain of a seaside pierrot. But the holiday season crop has failed, and for the first time for a good many years London is without its catch phrase. Go to any music hall, which you must bear in mind is the quickest reflex of any street phrase struggling for popularity, and there is no effective substitute for "Now we sha'n't be long." "Where did you get that hat?" "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent road," or "They're all very fine and large." Whether the creators of these phrases—each of them famous in their day—have lost their originality, or whether the public taste is becoming more refined, I do not know.

The art of winning the public fancy with a catch phrase depends on the skill of the man who seeks to do so. A politician may unconsciously coin a phrase that will cling to him forever, such as Mr. Balfour's "I am a child in these matters;" Mr. Winston Churchill's "terminological inexactitude," and Lord Rosebery's "plowing the lonely furrow." But with a professional Yorick it is different. The way Harry Randall popularized "Get your hair cut" at the Grand Tacaaro some years ago was a masterpiece. At his entry in every scene in the pantomime the trombone played the opening bar of the song. As scene followed scene his hair gradually got shorter, till at last he was perfectly bald, and when the trombone played the notes again he brought down the house with the remark, "You're just too late." Years ago, at the Standard Theatre, Cyrus Bell, a well-known comedian, leaped into fame as the originator of "I never expected that"—a phrase uttered by him each time a property brick or cat greeted him as he took the stage. The following year he won more popularity by twisting the phrase into "That's just what I expected."

There is a faint hope that the opening words of the song "Put a little bit away for a rainy day" may soon be transformed into a catch phrase. It is very popular just now on account of its homely melody and the catchy rendering of the old proverb. It is sung by one of the sisters Levy. "Waiting at the Church" is another popular song which has met with great success in America, where cartoonists have seized upon a certain line in it and are booming it for all they are worth. One of the most popular airs in London at present is, according to Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter, Whit Cunliffe's "Hello, hello; it's a different girl again."—London News.

Tricks of the Types.

An amusing column in the New York Sun, entitled "Humors of Newspaper Types," reminds me of a modest collection in my scrapbook that might add a little to the happiness of mankind.

A kinsman of mine, a man of most correct method, was rewarded for his pains with the printing of his marriage notice in the death column.

Investigation of the official conduct of a postmaster occasioned the report that he was acquitted of any "international" wrongdoing.

Mr. Postock's return was chronicled as the homecoming of an "annual trainer with new features to show."

A coroner was "killed" in Brooklyn when he should have been called.

On the financial side "wheat" was depressed one day by weakness in the steel shares and a certain "cub" stock recovered in the "subsequent deluge" (dealings).

An account of equestrianism in our park related that morning was the time when the "horseless" riders were out in greatest force.

Shortly afterward the preparations for the nuptials of a young lady of the greater city were described as arrangements for her "murder."

A case of marital infidelity under the headline, "She is 18—He is 78," was detailed in the body of the article with a revision of her age as 03 and his as 18.

Last, but not least, the portrait of a gentleman said to be engaged to marry a famous prima donna was published as "Calve's Finance."—J. W. E.

Among other treasures, the Czar keeps in a glass case in a villa in the grounds of the palace at Peterhof the first sod of the great Siberian railway, which he turned, as Czarevitch, about thirteen years ago.

THE DISCOVERER

Of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the Great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine for Woman's ills in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

No other medicine has such a record of cures of female illnesses or such hosts of grateful friends as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing all forms of Female Complaints, Inflammation and Ulceration, and consequent Spinal Weakness. It has cured more cases of Backache and Local Weaknesses than any other one remedy. It dissolves and expels tumors in an early stage of development.

Irregularities and periodical pains, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yield to it; also deranged organs, causing pain, dragging sensations and backache. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system.

It removes that wearing feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, irritability, nervousness, dizziness, faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues". These are indications of Female Weakness or some derangement of the organs, which this medicine cures as well as Chronic Kidney Complaints and Backache, of either sex.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.