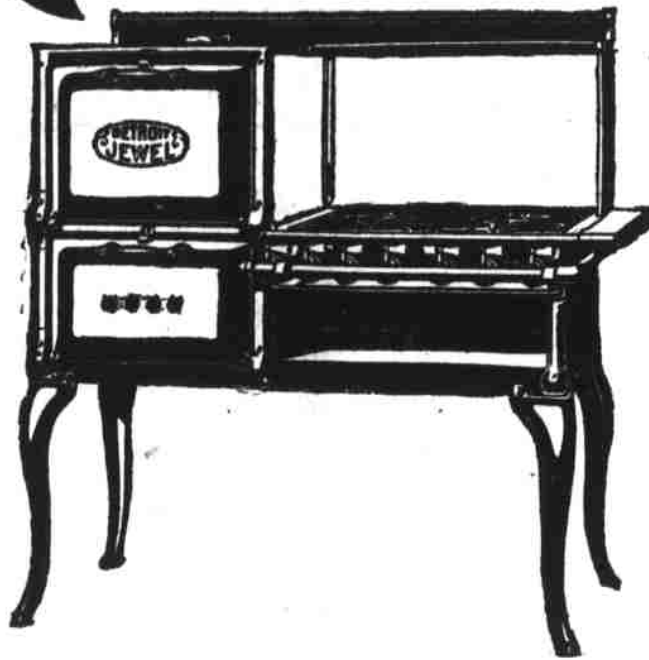


Have You a Little "Jewel" in Your Home

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SALESROOM 102 PATTON AVENUE

MAY INSTALL AN ELECTRIC MESSENGER SERVICE IN SENATE

If a new system of communication between the senate chamber and senate office building, where the national law makers hold forth, is adopted our senators will be summoned from their offices, kept informed of exactly what is going on at any given minute on the floor of the chamber, and notified of special legislation by a system of electric bulletin machines installed throughout the senate offices and operated on the principle of the common stock ticker from a central office in the national capitol. The operator of the device will sit in with the shorthand reporters and write out bulletins on a master electric device in the senate chamber. It may be, "army appropriation bill for debate," or "meeting of senate committee in room two." Whatever is written out by the operator on the master instrument is at once copied by a hundred or more electric "hands" installed in the office in the senate offices several blocks away.

For years the legislature has been kept in touch after a crude fashion by a system of electric signal bells having a code of ringing signals of

from one to five rings. For instance one ring might mean, "Senator Jones wanted on the floor," and so on through the five rings. But such a system easily led to confusion and for some time there has been a growing sentiment among the senators favoring the installation of some system whereby the members should know just what was going on in the senate chamber. The experiments now being conducted with the new system, it is believed, will lead to the permanent adoption of the new electric bulletin system which has already proved of value in hotels, waiting rooms, and offices.

The new device is uncanny in the way the pen darts out from its corner and writes with a perfectly easy swing the bulletins as they are jotted down by the central operator at a distant point. Then the machine with a few clicks lifts the line of writing out of the way and it is ready for another message. The record of past messages is preserved and may be inspected at any time while messages last written remain in plain sight on the bulletin rack of the machine.

Secret of Mysterious Pen.
The mystery of the pen which writes without the touch of a human hand is always fascinating to those who stand about and watch the bulletins as they appear. The principle of the operation of the device is really much simpler, however, than the average onlooker would suppose. It depends upon the well known principle that an electric current of varying intensity induces a magnetic attraction of similar variation in an electro-magnet. The motions of the master pen in the hands of the operator are communicated through two silk cords or wires to a device which varies the strength of the current sent out to the distant instrument. One silk cord varies the strength of the electric current as the pen moves up and down and the other controls the intensity of the current as the pen moves at a certain speed across the paper in a lateral direction. The recording instrument at the receiving end is similar to the sending end, only electro-magnets are attached to the receiving pens and these pull the pen according to the pulsations of the current received from the controlling instrument. The receiving instrument then converts these pulsations into writing and a feeling mechanism controlled by a tiny motor turns up a new space of paper after the line has been written. The whole system operates very much on the same general principle as the ordinary pantograph so frequently used for copying drawings with the distinction that the tracing and reproducing ends are connected by electric wires instead of by wooden or metal connecting strips a few inches long.

The variety of uses to which these devices have already been put touch almost every line of business or profession. The doctor has an attendant at his receiving room and the name and address of each waiting patient is written down in the order of arrival. A recording instrument in the physician's office writes out the name of the patients and makes a duplicate of the attendant's record for permanent reference. It enables the physician to keep in touch with his waiting patients, to know who is "next," and to refresh his memory of names and faces.

The Electric Bell Boy.
One of the largest hotels in New York has a score of these machines installed throughout the parlor, dining rooms, library and grill. When some one calls for Mr. Jones it is the practice to bulletin the name of the

man wanted on the electric writing machine. The silent method—the electric method—of "paging" a guest does away with the noisy bell boy disturbing the guest by bawling out "Mr. Jones wanted at the office." The message is usually delivered more promptly because it is written simultaneously on illuminated bulletin boards on all floors of the hotel, and the party called is relieved from undesirable advertising when he announces that he is the one called. Often embarrassing mistakes in names occur when the bell boy mumbles the name. This is not possible when the name is spelled out in full on the electric bulletin machine.

Railways were among the first users of the electric bulletin machines and now they are used in many of the largest passenger stations in the country to announce the time of arrival or departure of trains, the tracks they come in or go out on, and the kind of accommodations provided by coaches, sleeping, and parlor cars.

The Advantage.
"I tell you, hearing those star operators on the phonograph is almost as good as hearing them on the stage."
"Far better. You can shut them off whenever you like on the phonograph."—Chicago Herald.

Served Him Right.
Mrs. Owens—John, the butcher from where we used to live has found out our address. He called with that last year's bill and was really impertinent.
Owens (hotly)—Impertinent was he! Well, now, we'll just let him wait for his money.—Boston Transcript.

LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur and Nobody will Know.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.—Advt.

WILL THE CITY OF THE FUTURE BE BUILT IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

"Roadtown," the city of the future, described in the April American Magazine, is the novel idea of an inventor named Edgar Chambliss, who has conceived an entire city with an ideal transportation system shooting out into the country in a straight line. Engineers, city planners and efficiency experts have marveled at its possibilities.

"While studying the transportation problems of New York City, trying to figure out a subway system for freight delivery, Mr. Chambliss evolved a housing scheme, a series of towers like smokestacks, joined and braced from outside, each apartment an entire floor with air and light on all sides, easily accessible by fast elevators, to be built of concrete, two hundred and twenty-five stories high—and engineers pronounced it possible! Suddenly, in the night, the idea came to him to take the towers down and lay them flat on the ground—to build out into the country, not up into the sky.

"This, then, is the plan for the city in the country: The houses, whether a hundred or a thousand are all in one line. The basement is a continuous passage, with a noiseless and well-ventilated system of transportation. Each house has its own stairs to the platform, which runs the entire length.

"In this basement are the conduits for all the pipes and wires of Roadtown. Having gas, water, and electricity in a straight line is one of the great economies of the new city.

"Every apartment has on two sides air and light. The two ends partition off the adjacent houses.

"The country, with gardens and farms, is immediately accessible at every point. Within a half mile or either side, there are two acres of land for each family, sufficient, the intensive agriculturists assert, for their support.

APRIL'S COMING UP THE HILL.

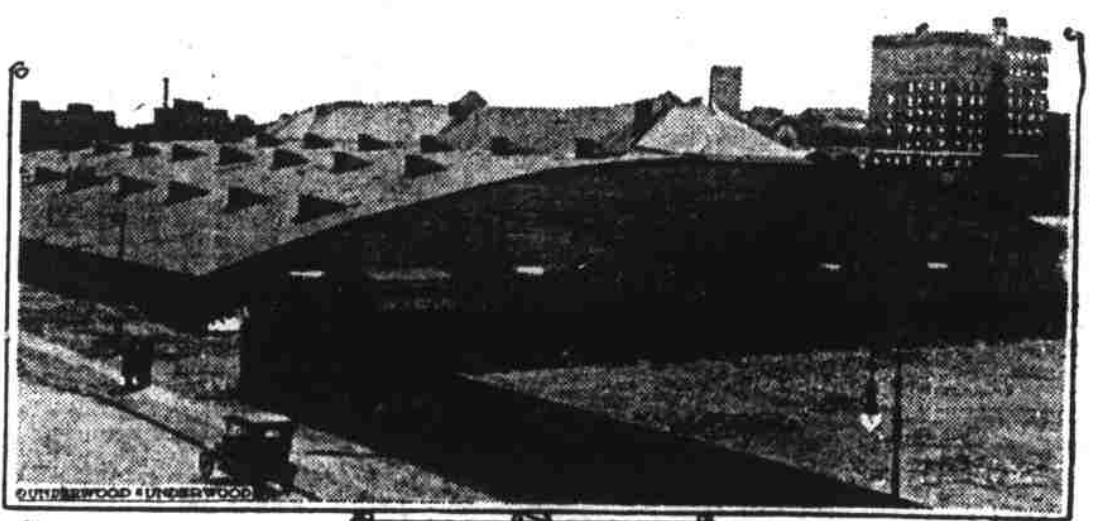
April's coming up the hill,
Cheeks a bloom and azure eyes,
Stealing softly to my door.
She pauses to take me by surprise.
But I've been watching long for her,
From my window looking down
On the first note of her voice.
My heart awoke from sad dismay.
Ah! April, can you bring me back
The life that winter took away?

April's coming up the hill,
Flush of peach blow on her cheek,
She's spreading down her mantle
Across the meadows bare and bleak
To follow gladly in her train,
Sunbeams filter through the clouds,
Laughing at her through the rain.
She pauses to take me by surprise.
To call the children out to play.
Ah, April, can you bring me back
The child that winter took away?

April's coming up the hill,
Scent the breeze her breath,
Surely one so young and fair
Nothing knows of grief or death.
But she pauses at the grave
Where a little girl's asleep:
Lays her tribute, fresh and green,
Bows her golden head to weep,
Then she passes on so blithe
In her flowering, bright array.
Ah! April, can you bring me back
The joy that winter took away?
—Med Ransom, in Christian Advocate.

Miniature naval battles may be staged in an ordinary bath tub with a new electric towing apparatus for moving model battleships about in the water.

\$70,000 BILLY SUNDAY TABERNACLE IN NEW YORK.



While Billy Sunday's advance guard is organizing churches in New York for his campaign there next month, carpenters are finishing the biggest tabernacle ever built for the revivalist, at the old American league ball park. It cost \$70,000 and seats 20,000. Nearby are small buildings for sickness, fire and other emergencies.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nervous wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a whole, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headaches, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of Limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

HOW A SUBMARINE REVEALS ITSELF.

A submarine always reveals her presence to the seeing eye. If near the surface, her periscope leaves the betraying wake, and even when she is a hundred feet or more under water, she always disturbs the surface in a way that, to the experienced observer, makes her presence known. The watcher in an airplane quickly sees such disturbances, even if the submarine is too far under the sea to be seen itself.

But the important fact is that the submarine spends most of her time on the surface. The U-53's ability to sail seventy miles under water without rising is regarded as a great achievement. Most submarines, that is, cannot keep submerged nearly so long. The reason is that it has to come to the surface to recharge its electric batteries. This recharging is done by the oil engines, which can work only on the surface, because of the exhaust. In addition to its other disadvantages, this recharging process makes a noise that can be heard five miles away. While undergoing this ordeal, the submarine is in a helpless condition, and a well aimed shot, even from a small gun, such as a motor boat can carry, can pierce its thin steel plates and send it to the bottom.—The World's Work for March.

In Danger.

Sandy McTavish was a highly skilled workman in a new aircraft factory. Therefore it happened one day that Sandy was asked if he would care to accompany the works aviator on one of his trial flights in a machine.

Sandy, after some hesitation, agreed to do so.

During the flight the aviator asked Sandy how he was enjoying it.

"To tell the truth," answered the Scot, "I wad rather be on a'ie ground."

"Tut, tut," replied the flying man. "I'm just thinking of looping the loop."

"For heaven's sake don't do that!" yelled the now very nervous McTavish. "I've some siller in my vest pockets, an' Ah might lose it."—New York Globe.

Put One Over Murphy.
Paddy was jubilant. He chuckled as he sat in the corner of the pot-house fire.
"What's the joke?" asked a neighbor.
"Shure, and A've done a deal!" chortled Paddy.
"Good!"
"A've gave Murphy th' ould mare

for a cartload o' hay."
"But what's the good of the hay if the mare's gone?" asked the neighbor.
"Och, bedad," said Paddy, with glee, "Murphy promises to lend me the ould mare to ate it!"—London Answers.

Powerful electric strens installed in Paris, France, will be used to warn citizens of the approach of Zeppelins.

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