

A true friend is a person who listens to your troubles.

That irritable, nervous condition due to a bad liver calls for its natural antidote—Gardol Tea.

Probably there is nothing more expensive than the things we get for nothing.

For HEADACHE—Hicks' CAPSULES Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsules will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—sets immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c., and 50 cents at drug stores.

The Plain Truth.

"Has that man a mania for omen 'ation'?"
"No, he's a plain kissing bug."

It is just as well to remember that a woman's shoe laces are almost as easily broken as her heart strings.

A Hint.

He—I don't approve of tips.
She—It has been noticed that you do not even tip your hat.

The Exception.

"In one respect, a man is unlike a confidant."
"What is that?"
"When they put him out he is full of fire."

His Advantage.

"A beauty doctor has one advantage over other men in something of his line."
"What is that?"
"He can lawfully conduct a skin game."

Kind of Things to Buy.

"I'm thinking of going on a tour on the Rhine this summer, and I should like your advice about the best things to buy there. You've been there, haven't you?"
"Yes, but it's a long time ago. I shall have to refresh my memory. Walter, bring the wine card."—Fleegende Blaetter.

Her Natural Protector.

"O Clara, we had a dreadful scare this morning, a burglar scare!" said Mrs. Pink. "There was a frightful noise about two o'clock, and I got up. I turned on the light and looked down, to see a man's legs sticking out from under the bed."
"Mercy, how dreadful! The burglar's?"
"No, my dear, my husband's. He had heard the noise, too."—Youth's Companion.

His Veracity.

Jim Slocum of Montgomery county, avers the Kansas City Journal, was called as a witness to impeach the testimony of a man in that county. Jim was asked if he was acquainted with the reputation of the witness for truth and veracity. Jim said that he guessed maybe he was.

"Is it good or bad?"

"Well," said Jim, "I don't want to do the man no injustice, but I will say that if his neighbors were to see him looking as if he was dead they would want some corroboratin' evidence before they would be willing to bury him."

Jewels in a Flower-Bed.

The recovery of a quantity of stolen jewelry from a flower-bed was described at Kingston-on-Thames police court the other day, when a general servant was charged with theft from her mistress, a resident of Ivydene, Southborough-road, Surbiton, London. The lady had missed a pearl pin and a pearl and diamond ring. Thinking she might have lost the jewels in the street, she issued printed notices offering a reward for their recovery. When she lost a number of other things she placed the matter in the hands of the police. The detective said that from what the prisoner told him he searched the garden, and in one of the flower-beds found some of the jewelry. The rest he found in the prisoner's bedroom.

When the Appetite Lags

A bowl of Post Toasties with cream hits the right spot.

"Toasties" are thin bits of corn; fully cooked, then toasted to a crisp, golden-brown.

This food makes a fine change for spring appetites.

Sold by Grocers, and ready to serve from package instantly with cream and sugar.

"The Memory Lingers"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Pure Food Factories Battle Creek, Mich.



By IRWIN M. HOWE, Official Statistician of the American League

A PENNANT SAVED BY "PEERLESS LEADER" CHANCE

FEW players in baseball have had a busier career than Frank Leroy Chance, the so-called "Peerless Leader" of the Chicago Cubs. As a finished first baseman, an opportune hitter, a leader of men and a fighting manager, Chance has had few peers and no superiors.

He has led his men to victory four times in the National league, twice has lowered the colors of the White Sox and on two occasions has directed his conquering heroes to world's pennants. The Cub leader in all these struggles has loomed as the central figure inspiring to deeds of valor and revealing a battling spirit that has challenged the admiration even of his bitterest foes on the diamond.

In 1909 the Cubs took a pennant from the White Sox in a city series and in the fourth game, one of the greatest ever played in Chicago, Manager Chance made a play that in itself saved a flag for his club and avenged the defeat of 1906 when Comiskey's men humbled the home rivals in the world's series.

Ed Walsh, Comiskey's greatest pitcher, was opposed by Orvie Overall, hurling one of the great games of his career. The Cubs had taken two games and the White Sox one. The South Siders needed this game to tie up the series.

Both Walsh and Overall were difficult to hit on that day, but the great spitball pitcher was a trifle wild at the start, very unusual for a slabbist numbering control as one of his reliable assets. The Cubs had dribbled in two runs in the first and third innings and the White Sox had counted a single run in the fourth.

Walsh had settled down to his matchless pace in which he was practically hitless. The hope of the Cubs lay in holding their advantage. And it was Chance himself, who turned back his opponents at the danger point, saved the day for the Cubs and enabled his men to take the game that "clinched" the pennant.

The real crisis came in the fifth inning. Manager Sullivan lifted a fly to Sheppard. Walsh surprised Overall by reaching out and swinging on a wide one for a single over second. Overall was in a tight place when he had three balls on Altizer, but steadied and put over two strikes. Altizer hit the next ball pitched for a single to left center, Walsh pulling up to third.

As Isbell came up the signal was flashed for the squeeze play. Overall pitched to cut the outer edge, Isbell swung on the ball and Walsh dashed for home. It was a hard grounder down the first base foul line.

Divining his opponent's intentions, Chance did not hesitate what to do in the crisis. The Cubs' leader dashed out, fielded the ball in a flash, wheeled and whipped it to the plate. Kling received the sphere a few feet to the left of the home base and tagged Walsh sliding to the plate.

That bit of quick fielding and thinking probably saved the pennant for the Cubs. Had Chance wished to play safe by tagging Isbell, Walsh would have scored the tying run and the great pitcher had already settled down for one of his famous extra inning duels.

By IRWIN M. HOWE, Official Statistician of the American League

BRISCOE LORD'S BIG PART IN HUMBLING GIANTS LAST YEAR

BRISCOE LORD, left fielder of the champion Athletics, played second fiddle as a hero to "Home Run" Baker in the world's baseball series October 16, 1911. Lord made one of the greatest plays of his kind ever seen in a crucial test at the season's close. This pennant-winning play, marveled at by those who saw it, in the tide of swiftly passing events has been forgotten. That one great stop and wonderful throw helped check the rising hopes of New York fandom, cast a gloom over the Gotham rooters and gave Eddie Plank a confidence that made him that day invincible.

Of all the great throwing outfielders in the major leagues there is none who has a shade on Lord, the pegging wonder who consummated this play.

He is one player Connie Mack released and then took back again. Mack missed that great right arm and was ill at ease until Lord was back in the fold in a Quaker uniform.

This wonderful heave of Lord's came in the second game of the world's series. The Giants had triumphed in the first combat in the metropolis, through the great pitching of Christy Mathewson and the timely batting of Devore and Meyers. New York fans were mad with joy. Bettors were laying heavy odds on the Giants to take the series. The plight of the Mackmen seemed desperate. McGraw, flushed with success, ordered Rube Marquard, his leading pitcher of the season, to follow up the advantage. Manager Mack made it a battle of southpaws by sending Eddie Plank to the firing line. The fate of the Athletics and of the series hung in the balance.

Marquard settled down after an erratic start and outpitched Plank for five innings. Hope of the Giants was high. They had won the first game and at this stage seemed the better team.

With the contest a tie and the great throng of fans in a feverish state of excitement, Fred Snodgrass, the second player up in the sixth inning, caused an explosion among the New York partisans when he met one of Plank's cross-fire shoots squarely for a terrific drive to left. It was a screaming smash that looked the next door neighbor to a home run.

Lord dashed for the ball and Snodgrass, rounding first, started pell mell for second. The fielder sped so fast his momentum carried him over the foul line in deep left. Lord made a desperate lurch, speared the ball cleanly, steadied himself and shot it to Jack Barry, covering second, for the greatest throw of the series. Barry, without moving from his tracks, tagged Snodgrass out, and the fans gave Lord a hand seldom accorded a ball player for a similar feat. That great play, followed by Frank Baker's home run smash, sounded the knell of New York's hope and gave the Athletics a confidence that made them invincible in that championship.

(Copyright, 1912, by Joseph B. Bowles.)



Frank Chance.

My Worst Blunder

FAMOUS "BONEHEAD" PLAYS ON MAJOR LEAGUE DIAMONDS

Explained by Leading Baseball Players to

HUGH S. FULLERTON

By HUGH JENNINGS,

Manager Detroit Tigers, Who is Regarded as Perhaps the Best Short-stop of All Time, and One of the Greatest of Baseball Leaders.

There never is a doubt in my mind as to the biggest mistake of my baseball career, and this spring I have thought about it more than I ever did. This blunder was my failure to take a tip of a friend out in Idaho and get Walter Johnson a couple of months before Washington ever heard of him. My friend's report was too good to be true, and I came to the conclusion that he, like the rest of us, was letting his enthusiasm run away with his judgment. I guess Walter would fit in bad with Detroit just now!

But I suppose the thing you want is about the worst mistake I ever made on a ball field. I expect the spectators can tell you a lot worse ones on me, but the worst blunder in my entire career, according to my own way of thinking, was one I made during the strenuous days of 1897 and 1898 when Baltimore and Boston were about equal in strength and always battling with each other. I have forgotten which year it happened in, but I never have forgotten my mistake. How I came to make it I never could explain, except on the grounds that after thinking out the entire situation and knowing exactly what to do, I lost my head at the critical instant.

Baltimore was playing in Boston



Hugh Jennings.

and the series, and seemingly the season, hung upon the result of the game. We came down to the ninth inning one run to the good and fighting every inch of the way to hold our advantage. We failed to score in the ninth, and Boston came in for the final effort, still one to the bad, and forced runners to second and third with only one man out. That compelled us to pull the infield in to keep them from trying the score. The play of course was to the plate. I knew the habits of the batter, and as I came in I caught the catcher's signal and edged up closer to the third baseman, calculating that if he hit that kind of a ball at all the batter would pull it toward third, and there would be two of us up there with a chance to get it. I figured exactly right. He pulled the ball hard between short and third, and if I had played where I ordinarily would have done, the ball would have gone through for a clean base hit. As it was, the ball came straight at me, bounding well, and I fumbled it and allowed the tying score to go home. A fumble even under those circumstances is not a blunder; it is part of the game; but this time I evidently lost my head, forgot what I was doing, and as the ball rolled back I jumped for it. The runner coming from second was rounding third, and all I would have had to do was to toss the ball there and stop it at a tie. Instead, I leaped onto that ball, grabbed it and threw toward first. It was too late to get the man anyhow, and it wasn't the play, but that made no difference then. I cut loose, and not only threw to the wrong place but threw wild, let the winning run score, and almost lost the pennant.

I can't see how a play can be much wronger than that, for I didn't do anything right except figure it out.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Ty Cobb is Worried. Ty Cobb is worrying about the new ball park in Detroit. Ty says he does not know, but he is wondering what difference the new location of the diamond will make in his batting average. Ty would certainly lead the world in getting hits where the diamond was formerly located, but it has been switched and that is what causes Ty to worry.

WOMAN SICK TWELVE YEARS

Wants Other Women to Know How She Was Finally Restored to Health.

Louisiana, Mo.:—"I think a woman naturally dislikes to make her troubles known to the public, but complete restoration to health means so much to me that I cannot keep from telling mine for the sake of other suffering women."

"I had been sick about twelve years, and had eleven doctors. I had dragging down pains, pains at monthly periods, bilious spells, and was getting worse all the time. I would hardly get over one spell when I would be sick again. No tongue can tell what I suffered from cramps, and at times I could hardly walk. The doctors said I might die at one of those times, but I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got better right away. Your valuable medicine is worth more than mountains of gold to suffering women."—Mrs. BERTHA MUFF, 503 N. 4th Street, Louisiana, Mo.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Indigestion

causes heartburn, sour stomach, nervousness, nausea, impure blood, and more trouble than many different kinds of diseases. The food you eat ferments in your stomach, and the poisons it forms are absorbed into your whole system, causing many distressing symptoms. At the first sign of indigestion, try

Thedford's Black-Draught

the old, reliable, vegetable liver-powder, to quickly cleanse your system from these undesirable poisons.

Mrs. Riley Laramore, of Goodwater, Mo., says: "I suffered for years from dyspepsia and heartburn. Thedford's Black-Draught, in small doses, cured my heartburn in a few days, and now I can eat without distress." Try it.

Insist on Thedford's

TEETHING CHILDREN

are a source of great anxiety to their parents. It is heartrending to them to see the little ones suffer. We wish every mother knew, as we know, of the wonderful efficacy of OLD DR. BIGGER'S Huckleberry Cordial

in all cases of teething, when accompanied by colic, diarrhoea, dysentery or any kind of bowel trouble. A bottle would then be in every house for emergencies. Ask your druggist. Serial No. 3576. Price 50c and 10c per bottle. Send for Complete Veteran Souvenir Book free. Mfr. only by Haltiwanger-Taylor Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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The Sun and Substance

of being a subscriber to this paper is that you, and your family become attached to it. The paper becomes a member of the family and its coming each week will be as welcome as the arrival of anyone that's dear. It will keep you informed on the doings of the community and the bargains of the merchants regularly advertised will enable you to save many times the cost of the subscription.

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But— The natural human trait is to buy where goods are cheapest. Local pride is usually secondary in the game of life as played today.

Therefore Mr. Merchant and Business Man, meet your competitors with their own weapons—advertising.

Advertise!

The local field is yours. All you need do is to avail yourself of the opportunities offered. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message into hundreds of homes in this community. It is the surest medium of killing your greatest competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CAR!

DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need to warn people to "Look Out for the Car."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads 'round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, to ADVERTISE in THIS PAPER