

TAKE THIS MAN'S ADVICE TRY THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY

It always gives me pleasure to recommend anything that is right and so I feel it my duty to herald the praises of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

For years I was troubled with kidney disease and it was so intense that I was bedridden for days at a time. I gave up all hope and doctors for miles around gave me no help. Incidentally I tried several patent remedies and at last tried Swamp-Root. From the first it gave me relief and it was no time before I was able to be up and around and now I am perfectly well and able to work as I used to before my terrible sickness.

So now let me thank you for your wonderful discovery and take this opportunity to recommend it to all who suffer from kidney troubles.

Yours very truly,
WALTER SHIVER,

Hope, Ark.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of March, 1912.

A. V. WARE, Notary Public

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidney, bladder, and other ailments. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

One Year's Electrical Advance.

Perhaps the most important new development during the last year in the electrical field was the half-watt nitrogen-filled tungsten lamp brought out by the General Electric company, as a result of several years' work by Dr. Irving Langmuir. There has been little change in generators and motors except in the size of the former to keep pace with the increasing capacity of steam turbines. The largest alternating-current generator installed during 1913 was a 25,000-kw. machine at the Commonwealth Edison company of Chicago, although still larger ones have been ordered, and the largest direct-current machine having a capacity of 3750 kw., was installed at the Canal Road plant of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating company. For alternating-current transmission 150,000 volts still remains the upper limit, work on the Big creek development in California, at which this is employed, having progressed steadily during the last year. In direct-current transmission, however, a bold step was taken in the decision to employ the Thury system at 90,000 volts to transmit 20,000 kw. from the Trollhattan Falls in Sweden to Copenhagen, Denmark.—Power.

Bullets That Come Back.

Speaking about a purchase of a large quantity of zinc instead of sheet lead for the manufacture of coffins, two men interested in metals joined in the following discussion:

"That is a final consumption," said one. "That metal never comes back into the market." "There are others," remarked his friend. "Shot and bullets, for example." "You are only partially correct," replied the first. "Some of the bullets come back. They are so economical and so well organized in Germany that after military target practice the soldiers have to pick up and account for all the lead they have fired. They are no theorists about conservation over there. They are practitioners."—Engineering Journal.

Liebe Jugend!

Teacher—Tommy Simpson, have you any good excuse for being late?
Tommy (beaming)—Yes, ma'am.
Teacher—What is it?
Tommy—Waffles.—Harper's Bazar.

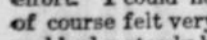
WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa. — "When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



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WATER-PROOFING OF CLOTH

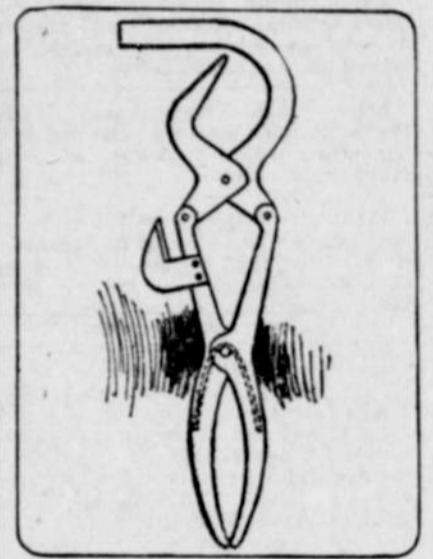
Idea for Process Known as "Cravenette" Accidentally Obtained in a Yorkshire Dye House.

The water-proofing of cloth, so universal today, was unknown twenty-five years ago. In 1890, Thomas Fearnley, of Bedford, took out the first patent for the process known as "cravenette." He got the idea from an accident in a Yorkshire dye house. Certain materials had been wrongly dyed and the workmen were directed to wash out the surplus logwood color with alum. After the material had been dried the improvement was so marked that the dyer ordered a repetition of the alum washing. The cloth was sent to the wetting-machine, but the workmen found that they could not wet it. It passed through the water and came out dry. Thus was the discovery made that cloth could be water-proof and yet remain porous. The process used today is as follows: Cloths intended for rain-proofing are first freed from grease and are then saturated with the clear liquor obtained in adding together solutions of pure sulphate of alumina and acetate of lead. The lead is precipitated out and the acetate of alumina is dried in the fabric. The cloth undergoes further treatment with wax, which is sometimes applied frictionally from a block under the pressure of a pneumatic roller. Under the method more generally used, the wax, or mixture of waxes, is melted by heat and applied in an infinitesimally fine film by the action of a ductor roller.

NAIL PULLER IS CONVENIENT

Great Pressure Secured Assures Extraction of Any Nail—Idea Given of Its Construction.

An ingenious and effective implement for the extraction of nails from packing boxes and the like has been patented by a Pennsylvania man. One of its features is the powerful leverage, which the user can bring to bear on a stubborn nail. The illustration gives a better idea of the construction



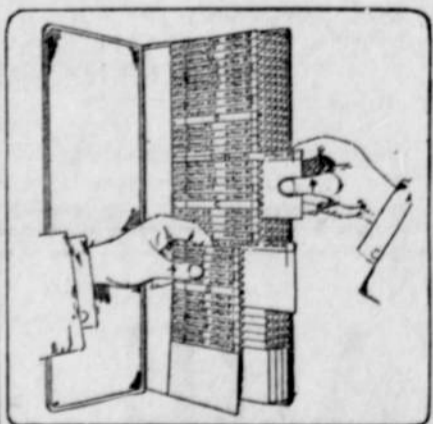
New Nail Puller.

of the tool than words could do, but it operates in this way: The upper handlebar is raised and by the triple pivot connection raises the curved lever member. The claw member can then be inserted under the box lid and the latter pried up a fraction of an inch. The lid is then hammered down again and the heads of the nails remain just far enough above the surface for the claw, or the little lifter attached to the side of the device, to get under and uproot them.

ACCOUNT INDEX QUITE HANDY

Cards on Which Accounts Are Due May Be Turned So as to Expose the Indicating Symbol.

The Scientific American in describing an account index designed by W. E. Roach of San Antonio, Texas, says: The object of this invention is to provide such an arrangement that cards may be held in a series in which a portion of each card is visible, these cards being reversible and each having upon its opposite face a symbol which when turned to view will serve



Account Index.

to call attention to the particular card. The cards and their supports may be reversed. Thus, the cards on which the accounts are due may be turned so as to expose the indicating symbol, and thus permit of the account due cards being readily and quickly distinguished from the remaining cards.

Indestructible Stairway.

By mixing a carborundum with concrete a Paris architect succeeded in building a stairway in a public building that seems to defy wear despite its use by thousands of persons daily.

Mineral Production.

Both in value and in quantity the great increase in mineral production in the United States has taken place since 1900.

GOING SOME



A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION
BY
REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by
Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallington Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that she shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Speed begins training under Glass's direction. The ladies fix up training quarters for Speed.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

"No, indeed," Jean corrected, "he will merely use this room to train in."

"How do you train in a room?" Stover asked her.

"Why, you—just train, I suppose," Miss Chapin turned to Glass. "How does a person train in a room?"

"Why, he—just trains, that's all. A guy can't train without trainin' quarters, can he?"

"We thought it would make a nice gymnasium," offered Miss Blake.

"Looks like business," Stover's admiration was keen. "I rode over to Gallagher's place last night and laid our bets."

"How much have you wagered?" asked Fresno.

"More'n we can afford to lose."

"But you aren't going to lose," Miss Blake said, enthusiastically.

"I got Gallagher to play some records for me."

"Silas on Fifth Avenue?"

"Sure! And 'The Holy City,' too! Willie stayed out by the bar-b-wire fence; he didn't daat to go in. When I come out I found him ready to cry. That desperado has sure got the heart of a woman. I reckon he'd commit murder for that phonograph—he's so full of sentiment."

Fresno spoke sympathetically.

"It's a fortunate thing for you fellows that Speed came when he did. I'm anxious for him to beat this cook, and I hate to see him so careless with his training."

"Careless!" cried Helen.

"What's he done?" inquired Stover.

"Nothing, so far. That's the trouble. He's sure he can win, but"—Fresno shook his head, doubtfully—"there's such a thing as overconfidence. No matter how good a man may be, he should take care of himself."

"What's wrong with his trainin'?" demanded Glass.

"I think he ought to have more rest. It's too noisy around the house; he can't get enough sleep."

"Nor anybody else," agreed Glass, meaningly; "there's too much singin'."

"That's funny," said Stover. "Music soothes me, no matter how bad it is. Last night when we came back from the Centipede Mr. Fresno was singin' 'Dearie,' but I dozed right off in the middle of it. An' it's the same way with cattle. They like it. It's part

of a man's duty when he's night-ridin' a herd to pizen the atmosphere with melody."

"We can't afford to spoil Speed's chances," argued the young man. "There is too much at stake. Am I right, Mr. Glass?"

Now, like most fat men, Lawrence Glass was fond of his rest, and since his arrival at the Flying Heart his sleeping-hours had been shortened considerably, so for once he agreed with the Californian.

"No question about it," said he. "And I'll sleep here with him if you'll put a couple of cots in the place."

"But suppose Mr. Speed won't do it?" questioned Miss Blake.

"You ask him, and he won't refuse," said Jean.

"We don't want to see him defeated," urged Helen's other sister; at which the girl rose, saying doubtfully:

"Of course I'll do my best, if you think it's really important."

"Thank you," said Stover gratefully, while Fresno congratulated himself upon an easy victory.

The two girls took Speed's trainer with them, and went forth in search of the young man.

"It's up to you fellows to see that he gets to bed early," said Fresno, when he and Stover were alone.

"Leave it to us. And as for gettin' up, we turn out at daylight. I don't reckon he could sleep none after that if he tried." Stover pointed to the striped elastic coils of the exerciser against the wall. "I didn't want to speak about it while they was here," said he, "but one of them young ladies lost her garters."

"That's not a pair of garters, that's a chest-weight."

"Just wait for what?"

"Chest-weight—chest-developer."

"Oh!" Stover examined the device curiously. "I thought a chest-developer came in a bottle."

Fresno explained the operation of the apparatus, at which the cowman remarked, admiringly:

"That young feller is all right, ain't he?"

"Think so?"

"Sure! Don't you?"

Fresno explained his doubts by a crafty lift of his brows and a shrug. "I thought so—at first."

Stover wheeled upon him abruptly. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing."

After a pause the foreman remarked, vaguely: "He's the intercollegit champion of Yale."

"Oh, go, hardly that, or I would have heard of him."

"Ain't he no champeen?"

"Champion of the running broad smile and the half-mile talk perhaps."

"Ain't he a foot-runner?"

"Perhaps. I've never seen him run, but I have my doubts."

"Good Lord!" moaned Stover, weakly.

"He may be the best sprinter in the country, mind you, but I'll lay a little bet that he can't run a hundred yards without sustenance."

"Without what?"

"Sustenance—something to eat."

"Well, we've got plenty for him to eat," said the mystified foreman.

"You don't understand. However, time will tell."

"But we ain't got no time. We've made this race 'pay or play,' a week from Saturday, and the bets are down. We was afraid the Centipede would welsch when they seen who we had, so we framed it that way. What's to be done?"

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ond, a mandolin has proved to be many a young man's ruin."

Glass examined the bow of the apparatus upon the lonesome piece of exercising apparatus.

"It looks like the trainin'-stable for the Colonial Dames. What a yelp this place would be to Covington or any other athlete."

"It is not an athletic gymnasium," Speed smiled as he lighted a cigarette. "It is a romantic gymnasium. As Socrates once observed—"

"Socrates! I'm hep to him," Glass interrupted, quickly. "I trained a Greek professor once and got wised up on all that stuff. Socrates was the—the Hemlock Kid."

"Exactly! As Socrates, the Hemlock Kid, deftly put it, 'in hoc signature vitage.'"

"I don't get you."

"That is archaic Scandinavian, and, translated, means, 'Love cannot thrive without her bower.'"

"No answer to that telegram yet, eh?"

"Hardly time."

"Better wire Covington again, hadn't you? Mebbe he didn't get it?"

"I promised Mrs. Keap that I would, but—"

Speed lost himself abruptly in speculation, for he did not know exactly how to manage this unexpected complication. Of one thing only was he certain; it would require some thought.

"Say, Wally, suppose Covington don't come?"

"Then I shall sprain my ankle," said the other. "Hello! What in the world—"