

The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. The chorus is sung by millions.

"Before using Ayer's Hair Vigor I had very thin and very poor hair. But I continued to use the Vigor until my hair greatly improved in every way. I have used it off and on for the past ten years."—Mrs. M. DRUMMOND, Newark, N. J.



From Bad to Worse.

The Lady—Well, Marie, have you found the ornament for my hair yet?
The Maid—Yes, ma'am. But I've mislaid your hair, and now I can't find that.

Helen Keller With a Rose.

(Picture in January, 1905 Century.)
Others may see the; I behold thee not;
Yet most I think thee, beauteous blossom, mine:
For I, who walk in shade, like Prosperpine—
Things once too briefly looked off, long forgot—

Seem by some tender miracle divine,
When breathing thee, apart,
To hold the rapturous summer warm within my heart.
We understand each other, thou and I!
Thy velvet petals laid against my cheek,
Thou feelest all the voiceless things I speak,
And to my yearning makest mute reply:
Yet a more special good of thee I seek,
For God who made—oh, kind!
Beauty for one and all, gave fragrance for the blind!

—Florence Earle Coates in July Century

Might Have Saved Money.
De Gripes—Great heaven! There's going to be a collision and we'll all be killed.
Tightwad—Just my luck. I went and bought a round-trip ticket!—Cleveland Leader.



MISS GENEVIVE MAY

CATARRH OF STOMACH CURED BY PE-RU-NA

Miss Genevive May, 1317 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind., Member Second High School Alumni Ass'n, writes:

"Peruna is the finest regulator of a disordered stomach I have ever found. It certainly deserves high praise, for it is skillfully prepared.

"I was in a terrible condition from a neglected case of catarrh of the stomach. My food had long ceased to be of any good and only distressed me after eating. I was nauseated, had heartburn and headaches, and felt run down completely. But in two weeks after I took Peruna I was a changed person. A few bottles of the medicine made a great change, and in three months my stomach was cleared of catarrh, and my entire system in a better condition."—Genevive May.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH.

The tantalizing third we beat the birds to bed at night
And raced the roosters on The Day to greet the morning light
The cannon, loaded weeks before, was ready to salute;
Our "captain" touched her off and shouted
"All there, fellows, scoot!"
But we, who scorned discretion, stood around the piece of scrap,
Each hoping, if the captain fell, to fill the glorious gap.

Nay, not a whit more cheerfully the fathers faced the powder;
Nor could their blunderbusses raise a racket any louder.
And what more reckless hero ever drew a sword from sheath
Than he who fired his crackers while he held them in his teeth?
And, since nobody dared to "take a stump,"
I've often prayed
A blessing on the boy who cried, "Let's go to the per-rade!"

And then we heard the orator (though much against our will)
Who said, "The blood our fathers bled,
Thank God! is bleeding still."
He bled so long we greatly feared he never would run dry,
And some one read "the grand old words,"
we vainly wondered why,
But, heaven be praised! a monster gun was there to make a noise
And a gallant fif-and-drum corps understood the needs of boys.

All day the crimson lemonade gushed gayly forth at us,
Till aniline enamel lined each boy's esophagus.
All day, as long as all our wealth could syndicate the price,
We chilled our ardent stomachs with canary-colored ice.
How could that coal-tar dye compel the flavor of a dream?
How could that starch of corn produce so heavenly a cream?

I wonder why The Day is never celebrated now.
They try to celebrate it, but they plainly don't know how.
And would I do it in the way we used to, if I could?
Of course, I—well, no, come to think, I don't believe I would!
You see, I'm just a human man and lack a boy's endurance,
Nor do I want the company to pay my life insurance!
—Edmund Vance Cook, in Puck.

OCEAN MEREDITH'S FOURTH

BY ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

OCEAN MEREDITH had always lived in a large city. She was a patriotic lassie, and every year on the Fourth of July she used to decorate the house with flags, play "Yankee Doodle" and all manner of patriotic tunes on the old piano, and then, dressed in patriotic colors, with a flag in her hat, one pinned to her dress and one in her hand, go to some of the several celebrations of the day.

This year Ocean was away from the city, in a little town where it was quieter at noon that it used to be at midnight in her city home. Ocean rather liked it. She thought that when the procession went by on the Fourth of July she could see the whole of it, and not be crowded by so many hurrying people.

As Ocean became acquainted with the boys and girls in the little town she asked them what they did on the Fourth; but they were shy of the city girl, and she could not find out much about it.

The day before the holiday Ocean was very busy all day.

"What are you up to, lassie?" asked her mother.

"I'm getting all ready for to-morrow, mother."

"It will not be the same here, dear, that it was at home."

"But we're Americans, aren't we, mother? They'll celebrate, won't they?"

"I suppose they will, child."

Ocean's home was on the principal street of the sleepy little town. When the people woke up on the morning of the Fourth, what should they see but flags waving from the four front windows of the Merediths' little cottage, the posts of the porch twined with bunting, and the red, white and blue wound about the trunks of the trees just within the paling fence. Before the morning dew was off the grass, there on the porch was Ocean herself, a sweet little vision in white, with red and blue ribbons in her hair and around her waist, and wee flags floating from either shoulder. Some passing children stared at her and at the house. She ran out to the gate several times, and peered eagerly up and down the street. There was not a flag in sight, nor a sound of fife and drum. Then Ocean found her way tearfully to her busy mother's side.

"Don't you think, mother, if their grandfathers had been soldiers, and their brothers had belonged to the Volunteers, they'd celebrate?"

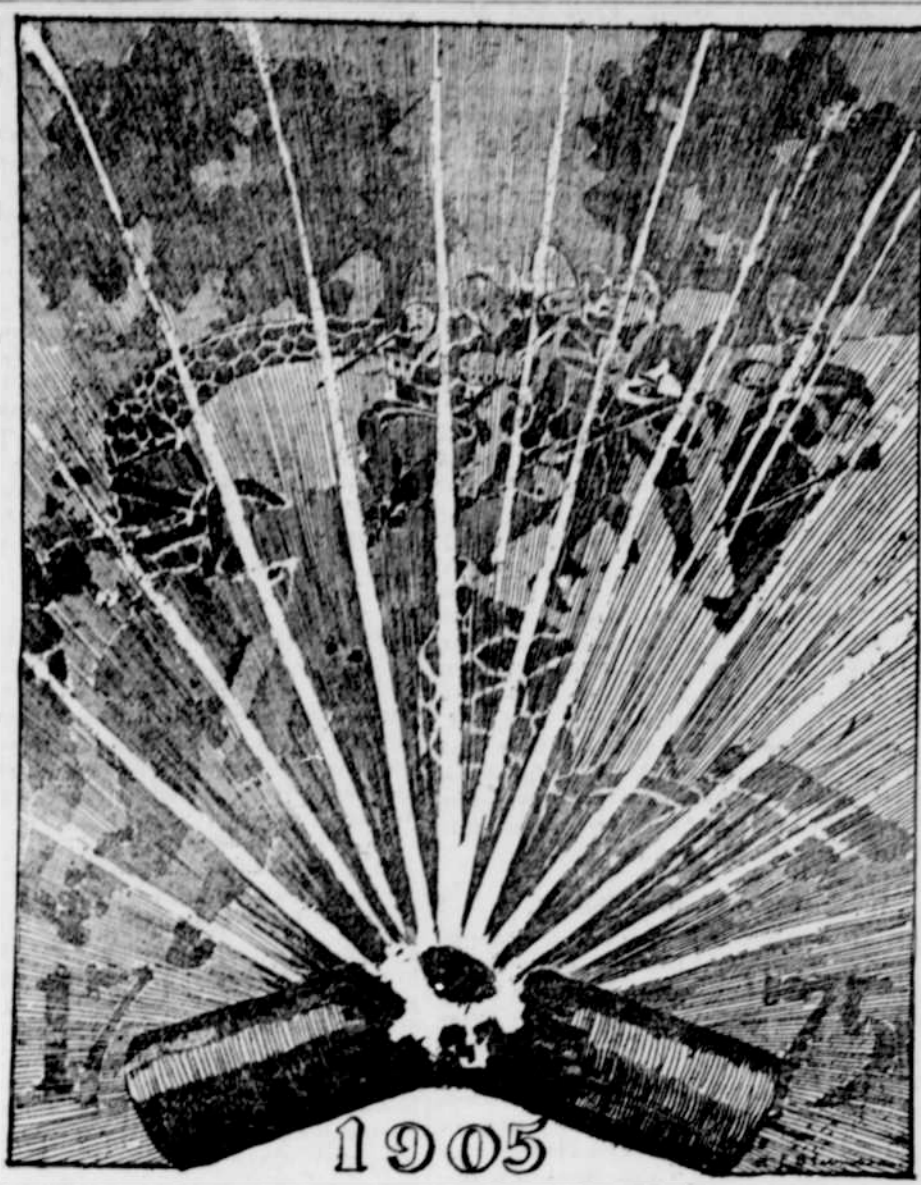
"I think they would, Ocean, dear."

"Mother, may I celebrate?"

Ocean's mother always let her little girl do anything that was right, so she said "Yes," and thought no more about it. In half an hour there stood before her a little soldier lassie, with a cap perched on her curls and a drum slung over her shoulders. "I'm going to celebrate, mother; I just can't stand it!"

"All right, sweetheart. Have as good a time as you can. Perhaps we can have a little picnic in the woods this afternoon."

The people of the town heard the sound of a drum, and peered out their doors. There, marching all alone through the dusty street, beating her drum as her brother had taught her, and singing "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," was a little girl in white.



Why We Celebrate

COME here, son. Let's talk.
You smell of powder and burning punk. That rag on your finger hides a burn. It is possible you will set fire to the house before the day is done. The one thing that seems good to you is noise—NOISE—in big letters, with an explosion every second and joyous whoops in between. Do you know what it is all about?

Do you know why thousands of tons of gunpowder are burned? Why 80,000,000 of people take a holiday? Why flags are flying, bands play "The Star Spangled Banner," and from the Florida Keys to the coast of Maine the folks feel a splendid burst of patriotism, and are glad that they belong to this beautiful country?

You don't just understand, and you are not to blame. We have a few men in the country who couldn't tell the President's name, and other men who have been so busy making money that they have forgotten the birth of freedom and the devotion, heroism and self-sacrifice that made it possible for the United States to become the first nation in the world.

Your great-granddaddy was a lad like you when the people decided to be free. They were governed by a king. He ruled a country he had never seen. He was not a good king. He oppressed the people. He would not read their petitions for justice. The Americans were no more to him than cattle. He was rich and big and powerful. He claimed, as kings do, that his right to rule came from God.

There were no millionaires in the United States then. Nearly everybody was poor and had to work. Very often many of them were hungry. Sometimes they were shot down by Indians while tilling their fields. Life in the country was hard, and cities were few and far between. The people didn't care about hardships. They were willing to go hungry, wear homespun and go without hundreds of things that we think we must have, but they would not be slaves.

They wanted to be free; to govern themselves; to make their own laws. They thought about it, they prayed about it, and one day they defied the king.

Then came war and suffering. It would make you cry to even think about it. There wasn't much money, powder, medicine, clothing. There was a world of courage. History has never known braver men than those Continental soldiers, who loved George Washington as you love your father, and left bloody footprints as they marched.

Sometimes they won battles; sometimes they lost them. Mothers mourned for dead husbands and sons. There were graves everywhere. There were traitors, too; and it took stout hearts to keep on fighting, when the odds were so great. "Liberty or death" was the cry. They meant it. They really were willing to die for their country. They were unselfish. They wore rags. They fought for love. They saw their homes burned and their possessions destroyed. And yet in the breasts of these men was a fire that couldn't be quenched. They fought with scythes and clubs and axes, as well as guns. When there were no cannon balls they shot stones, and they did not think that their homes, their money, their possessions, legs, arms, even their lives were too big a price to pay for liberty.

One day it was all over, because right was stronger than wrong. A nation was bleeding from a thousand wounds, but it was free.

The people were no longer slaves of an unjust king, and America was what God intended men should make it—the land of the free, the home of the brave.

And that, son, is why we celebrate Independence Day. It is to mark the birth of liberty, to arouse love for the finest flag that was ever lifted by a breeze, to make you and millions more care more for your country; to make you remember the grandness of the men who died that you, too, might be free and share in the glories of a republic.

When you and the other millions of boys who are shooting firecrackers grow up to be men, pray that you will not forget; that you will be as true and loyal and brave and as unselfish as was that grand race of oaks that burst the shackles forged by a king over a century ago.

Get your firecrackers! Start the pinwheels, shout as loud as you can. Let's celebrate hard, and when the smell of gunpowder is in the air, and fiery stars are gleaming, and the boom of cannon almost drowns the music of the band, we'll salute the flag that we love—that George Washington loved—because of the things that happened when your great-granddaddy was a little boy.—Cincinnati Post.

sunbonnet came out. Then the man went into the house and came back with an old fife and a tattered flag.

"I reckon your grandfather and me were comrades, little one. Suppose we go see your mother a bit. Then we'll celebrate some more."

Ocean's heart beat high as she walked by the old soldier's side back to her mother's gate.

"If you will let us have your little girl for a while, ma'am, we'll take care of her. Actually we've forgotten how to be patriotic in this town. There isn't a flag in town besides yours. It's a shame."

The next thing Ocean knew she was seated in state in a tiny bit of a carriage drawn by two ponies. In this, with her new friend beside her, she was taken from house to house. She hardly understood what was going on, but in a few

hours her carriage, decorated with flags, led a good-sized procession of men and boys. There were nine old soldiers and their flags, fifes and drums. They were Ocean's bodyguard. The procession marched up and down the quiet streets, singing, drumming, cheering. People got out old flags and streamers. It was a splendid Fourth of July.

When the parade was hot and tired and thirsty, they stopped at Ocean's door, and there stood her mother with great pails of lemonade and a heaping tray of cookies. You ought to have heard them cheer. They cheered the flag and George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, the President, the Grand Army of the Republic—and last, but not least, they cheered dear little Ocean Meredith, whose patriotism waked them all up on the Fourth of July.—Farm and Fireside.

If a bride should by chance see a coffin as she starts off on her wedding tour she should order the driver of the carriage to turn back and start over again.

Fixing Railroad Rates.

Making railroad rates is like playing a game of checkers or chess. Communities to be benefited, producers, manufacturers or shippers to be aided, represent the pieces used. Every possible move is studied for its effect on the general result by skilled traffic managers. A false move in the making of freight rates may mean the ruin of a city, of a great manufacturing interest, of an agricultural community. Railroads strive to build up all these so that each may have an equal chance in the sharp competition of business. So sensitive to this rivalry are the railroads that in order to build up business along their lines they frequently allow the shipper to practically dictate rates. Rate making has been a matter of development; of mutual concessions for mutual benefit. That is why the railroads of the United States have voluntarily made freight rates so much lower in this country than they are on the government-owned and operated railways of Europe and Australia that they are now the lowest transportation rates in the world.

Female Enthusiast.

Each evening now my good wife Fondly greets me at the door; And this query she propoundeth: "Say, John, what's the score?"

For bronchial troubles try Pilo's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Until a plumber can come, a leak can be temporarily stopped with a mixture of yellow soap, whiting, and a very little water.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Small farms are the rule in Japan, and every foot of land is put to use. The farmer who has more than ten acres is considered a monopolist.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

A machine is being perfected in a Birmingham shop that is to turn out from 90,000 to 100,000 finished wire nails an hour.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness is its poison.—Stanislaus.

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