PRETTY POLL TAUGHT PRATTLE

PHONOGRAPH SCHOOL FOUNDED BY PHILADELPHIA WOMAN

THE strangest school in the world has been established in Philadelphia by a woman, Mrs. Jacob Hope. This school is for parrots. Here parrots are taught to speak by means of the phonograph.

The old way of teaching parrots is tedious and unsatisfactory. In the old way the tutor, crouched in a corner out of sight of the bird, repeats to it, over and over, thousands of times, the same word, the same phrase, till his back aches from his cramped and still position and till his voice cracks and gives out.

The new way of teaching parrots is pleasant and wonderfully successful. The tutor sets his phonograph going at the parrot's ear, and then retires to read or to look after other business. His phonograph, while he rests, works for him. With a precision and a perseverance that he could never equal, it drums into the brain of the bird the sentence that is to be learned. This sentence the parrot acquires much more quickly and much more thoroughly by the new way than the old.

The term at the Philadelphia phonograph school of languages for parrots lasts six months. The tuition fee is $40 a term. The school has at present 20 pupils.

These pupils occupy a warm, spacious, sunlit room on an upper floor of the Hope residence, on North Ninth street. Jacob Hope, a dealer in pet stock, is being daily asked by his patrons for parrots that are good talkers. It was because the demand for good talkers was one which Mr. Hope could not always supply that Mrs. Hope, who is his wife, established her school.

"A parrot that can't talk sells for $10 or $15," she said, "and one that can sells for $100 or $150, according to its proficiency. Why shouldn't I take a half dozen untrained birds worth, say, $75, and turn them out good talkers, worth $700 or $800?"

Mrs. Hope selected a half dozen young parrots, put them in a room by themselves and began to train them in the old-fashioned way, in which she was proficient.

Sometimes she would cover their cages with great hoods. Then she would seat herself before them, and, in a clear, regular voice, she would begin to repeat:

"Polly wants a cracker. Polly wants a cracker. Polly wants a cracker. Polly wants a cracker."

She would keep this up until she would be exhausted—a matter, as a rule, of ten or 15 minutes—for only they who have tried it know how exhausting it is to sit perfectly still and say the same thing over and over again without cessation.

Sometimes again—because parrots need a change occasionally—she would have the cages uncovered, and, stealing into the room noiselessly, she would hide behind a screen, where the birds could not see her, and, crouched there, she would take up again her monotonous chant:

"Polly wants a cracker. Polly wants a cracker," till again exhaustion came.

She never permitted the parrots to behold her while she trained them, because it is a well-known fact that a parrot only learns new words when its attention is quite undistracted. Hence, in giving a lesson to parrots, the teacher either covers their cages with a hood or else he hides from them in a corner or behind a screen.

But Mrs. Hope, at the end of a few weeks of parrot training, found the work intolerably tedious and fatiguing. She had a phonograph, and one day it occurred to her that she might utilize this instrument upon the birds upstairs. Accordingly she learned from a phonograph agent how to make phonograph records, and at once made one that said, about a thousand times, "Polly wants a cracker."

This record she tried upon the parrots and its success was beyond her expectations. The parrots learned from it more quickly than they had ever learned from her. Therefore, she got several phonographs, made a great number of records suitable for birds, and thereafter did her training by machinery altogether. The parrots were, at the end of their course, the best talkers Jacob Hope had ever seen. He sold them at an average price of $100 apiece. Thus, thanks to the phonograph, Mrs. Hope had transformed in a few months $75 worth of parrots into $800 worth.

The story of her new and successful way of teaching parrots to talk with the phonograph spread over Philadelphia, and a number of persons asked Mrs. Hope if she would not give lessons to their birds. She said she would, and in that way her phonograph school was started.

The school was in full swing the other day. Eight young birds—novices—were taking a lesson in the phrase "Pretty Poll." They were alone. The older pupils, lest they interrupt, had been excluded from the room. A phonograph stood before the class, and the machine was grinding out "Pretty Poll," "Pretty Poll," monotonously. The parrots listened, and now and then one of them would stammer:

"Pree Pah, Pree Pah!"

"That," said Mrs. Hope, "is how they learn. They listen to a phrase, then they try to repeat it. It is evident that they watch themselves closely, for they are not content with a faulty repetition; they keep on, correcting themselves with sedulous care, until they are able to echo the phonograph's words with perfect accuracy."

In a room by himself the star pupil of the school was learning what is believed to be the longest speech ever mastered by a parrot. This was:

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony.

Over and over again the phonograph ground out these verses, and over and over again the parrot tried to say them.

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding—

he would begin, and then stuck he would pause, listening intently for a moment, and resume:

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on—

"This little bird," said Mrs. Hope, "is the best talker I have ever seen. His name is Dewey, and he can speak three languages, English, German and French. His accomplishments are altogether due to the phonograph. He is altogether a machine-taught parrot. Notice how young he is; a little, plain chap, not much to look at; but at an age when other parrots are learning to talk he already has a huge vocabulary."

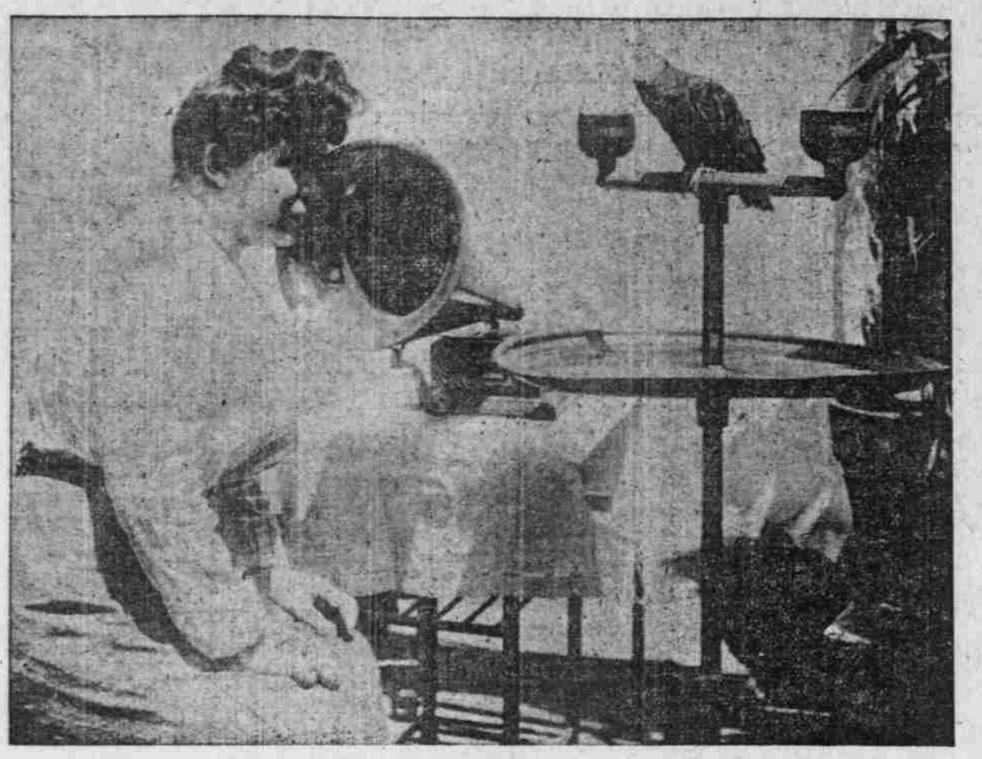
"Does it take long to teach a parrot?"

"Not with the machine. I use cylinders of extra large size, and since I have a number of phonographs, I can, if I wish, keep one phrase dinning in a parrot's ear all day long. I rarely do that, though, for the reason that such a course makes a bird irritable and nervous, and takes its appetite away. As a rule, the lessons here last 30 minutes a day, and a week is given to the learning of one phrase."

"Do you ever take pupils for a briefer period than the regular course of six months?"

"Oh, yes; I take special pupils. For these the rate is, usually, $2.50 a week, including board and lodging."

W. B. TRITES.



MAKING PHONOGRAPH RECORDS FOR PARROT SCHOOL.

THE NEW WAY—THE PHONOGRAPH DOES THE TEACHING.

CHIMMIE FADDEN STORIES :: :: :: By E. W. Townsend

THE BOWERY PHILOSOPHER IS PROVIDED MORE OF A PICNIC THAN WAS CALLED FOR

DUCHESS is a good goll, and I have no kick due me on her temper; but when something happens dat I has no more to do wit dan de bull pup has to do wid de state of de wedder, den I gets a specimen of de finest brand of French ragging dat de market affords.

I don't know was it dat she missed connection wit a parasol she expected to get from Miss Fannie, or what'ell, but one day Duchess gets me in a corner and she says, "Cheems, what is your position in dis house?"

"Second man," I says. "Did anybody ring?"

"Is it de second man's place to be groom for Miss Fannie?" Duchess says.

"I rides after her," says I, "because I was brought up to do it proper when I was a kid, and Whiskers could take a hitching strap to me if I ever took me eyes off Miss Fannie when she was riding. Dat job is special."

"You are valet for Mr. Paul," says Duchess.

"He has a Jap valet of his own," says I.

"But you order his boots," says Duchess. "You get him ready, if he's only going somewheres for a week-end."

"Dat's because de Jap orders riding boots for yachting; and if he gets him ready for a trip, he never knows where he'll land."

"Dose is poor excuses," says Duchess. "De odder solvants would tink more proper of you if you done only second man's wolk."

"I'll tink about dat," I says, "when de odder solvants pays me wages. What's on your mind woman?" I says. "It's not me job dat's boddering you. Sing your song and dance your dance, and let me see where you're at."

"You is de real director of de solcus, and I have no part in it," says Duchess, and dat shows me where her little bootees was pinching.

We was getting up a solcus—a amatoor solcus—for de benefit of yacht sailors' orphans; what dere ain't any of 'em nearer dan Scandehoovia, where de yacht sailors come from. But dat made no difference; dere had to be a benefit, and yacht sailors' orphans had a romantic sound, as Willy Widdy said, so dat went; and our folks said de solcus might be held on our lawn, 'cause ve had de most conveniences for solving tea.

Dat put it up to Mr. Paul to be director, and he, being too strong to wolk hard, puts it next to me.

Dere was a swell comes over to take charge of de riding turns, and I gets up some comics for de laugh side of de show, and takes charge of de wolkmen getting up de tents and seats; and looks after de places where refreshments was to be set up; and gets de band, teaches de clown how to do a comic fall, practices up a few tumbling tricks of me own, learns our kiddie—Little Duke—to do a ringmaster turn for Little Miss Fannie, and almost had something to do.

Spon as she heard dat dere was to be a solcus Duchess was croisy to be part of de show. Dere's a whole bunch of tricks she can do, but none of 'em is in de solcus line, and I had to pretend dat I wasn't onto what she wanted. If dat goll didn't have to wolk for a living she'd be a actress. Sure! I never did see a woman who liked to be in de lime light more dan Duchess. And she's all right when she's dere, for she ain't a little bit shy as a good looker; but she belongs to de moddern school, and tinks dat to be a good-looker is all dere is in de game, and won't study no part. I've tried her in de teatricals we have ev'ry Winter in de solvants' hall.

But dat dug no subway wit her; she was bound to be in de solcus, and when I couldn't see it, de way she found places where I was a mile off from being it was a wonder.

Of course, a man dat wants to, can beat a woman wit a hammer; but if a hammer isn't in de game, de easiest way to do, if you've got to beat her, it not to So I hustled to find a job in de solcus dat Duchess could hold down, and I got it. I had to.

I had a turn I was reholsing Little Miss Fannie, and our kiddie and de bull pup. Little Miss Fannie was to put de pup trough his tricks, while Kiddie was ringmaster. De pup done noble in all his tricks, except dat he was no dead sure proposition on going t'rough de hoop every time. Mostly when de Little One held de hoop, after we'd covered it wid paper, de pup would balk, till he'd run around behind it to make sure dat Little One had de piece of meat he was to get. If de hoop wasn't covered he'd see de meat, and go t'rough like a shot.

I doubles de size of de chunk of meat, but it was no sure t'ing dat he'd butt de paper till he'd took a peep behind to see for fair dat his wages was dere. You see, he didn't like de paper end of his trick, anyway; and I was up against how to make de turn a shore shot, till, one day, de folks from our house come down on de lawn to see us rehoise. Willy Widdy was along, and she held a pint measure poodle in her arms. She was wise. Dat poodle was always in her arms if she was strolling within a mile of de bull pup. I had sometimes tought dat de pup had made up his mind dat to die a hor'ble deat' would be a bargain-counter price to pay for de joy of one chance to bite dat poodle in two. I never did see anyt'ing dat wanted anyt'ing else so bad as de pup wanted to get a hammer-lock wit' his jaw on dat poodle. What made him feel it so hard was dat de poodle knew it, and used to give de pup de ha ha from where he'd laugh at him in de Widdy's arms. Dogs do a lot of t'inking about t'ings like dose. Of course, any good pup would like to bite a poodle; de poodle knew dat; he knew he was safe in Widdy's arms, and so he made life more to de bad for de pup by making faces at him, and, as I was telling you, giving him de ha ha.

Well, pup had balked de hoop wit paper a few times, and I had de kiddies in a fit because I was going to give pup a bit of a welting, when all of a sudden pup sees poodle, as Widdy was just going to walk behind de banner, and de way pup takes de jump t'rough de paper, hoping to get Widdy off guard, was lovely to see. But Widdy was leary, as she always is when she has fetched poodle into de same acre of ground as pup; and master bulldog had anodder hard-luck story to worry about.

Dat set me t'inking. When de folks had went back to de house I tell Duchess to borrow poodle, and fetch him down to where we was rehoising, but not to put Widdy on to what part we anted de poodle to play. Duchess seen her chance to butt into de show, and she soon had poodle dere, in her arms, and I tried de trick. It was lovely. All I had to do was to hold poodle on de opposite side of de hoop, and pup went t'rough 'em as fast as de coachman's kid could paste on new paper. He never renigs once. He'd jumped till he wore his feet off on de t'ousand-to-one chance dat I'd be off guard, and let him get a mouthful of poodle. And poodle was having de time of his life, too. When he seen how hard pup was wolking, and det notting was doing except de puppy, poodle near barked his head off laughing.

"Take poodle back to Widdy," I says to Duchess, "and say notting about dat we is going to make a actor of him. I've got a place for you in de show where you'll only have to put on your swell rags and stroll on in a haughty manner."

Well, well, dere's a heap of trouble in dis life dat comes when we tinks we has only to push a button to get a good ting we has all laid out for ourselves. De solcus comes off, and was going like a hurry-call ambiance. Notting to stop it! De loidies and gents had done deir riding turn, some college lads had done some straight tumbling, and it was fine; Mr. Paul had made good as a straight ringmaster, and den he introduces me as de only 'riginal Bowery song-and-dance artist left on top of eart, and I'd obliged wit de old favrite, "On de Banks of de Bronks, Where Me Summer Goll Hangs Out."

Next Mr. Paul introduces "Little Miss Fannie, and her wonderful trick bull pup." Little one comes in wit pup, and our kid, and I follows along, as clown, to see dat de pup done all right. De kids makes a great hit, and, say, I was proud of Little Duke. Most of de folks dere was friends of our folks, and dey knows me and Duchess by sight, and when dey hears dat Little Duke was our kid dey gives him a great jolly, and kiddie says his lines beautiful, all his th's being in place and doing duty. When de kiddies had put de pup trough all his tricks but de hoop, Duchess stroll in from de dressing room, like she was a swell out for a walk around de block; and she has Widdy's poodle in her arms, and de style of her gets a great reception. She hears de folks saying dat she was Hortense, Fannie's maid, and she pipes me off wit a wink, like she was saying, "I told you I'd be de star of de show."

She was! My, my, she was for a fact!

Little Miss Fannie held pup's head away from de hoop until just as Duchess was passing behind, and den she lets de pup see what was doing, and turns him loose. Pup gives a little cry of joy, makes a running jump of it trough de hoop, wit his mouth wide open, like he wanted to be ready for dat bite he'd hoped for so long. I nearly had a fit when I sees him land like a flying machine against Duchess, and dat French hussy drops poodle and lets out a yell dat was heard on de odder side of de Sound.

Pup had caught a mouthful of paper as he flew trough de hoop, and dat saved all of our lives, for he was part blinded and didn't get a fair hold at foist. But he got hold enough to nail poodle's hind leg, and poodle gives a squeal dat brought Widdy down from her seat flying. Whiskers seen dat dere was trouble, and he flies after Widdy. I jumps for the dogs; Kiddies gets into de rally; Mr. Paul jumps into de ring to grab de kids; and de audience applauds to beat de band—what was playing shiver music! Dere was tings doing all over de lot.

I gets into de center foist, and de pup lets go his holt to shift to a better one. I grabs him by bote hind legs and chases; him moaning most sorrowful, but licking his chops, for he had drawn foist blood, anyway.

I makes a quick pass of de pup to de coachman's kid, and tells him on his life not to stop running till he'd locked de pup up in de stables; and den I goes back to de dressing tent and meets Widdy calling for smelling salts, a doctor, bandages, lin'ment, de police, and a ambiance.

"What have you done wit dat horrible devil-dog dat has murdered my beautiful darling pet!" she says, like a tragedy actress out on top of de stoige.

"Madam," I says, "de bull pup was shot and drowned, and de coachman has gone for to get a pound of poison to give him, and de gardner is fixing a rope to hang de villain, for sure," I says.

"He should be boined alive!" Widdy says.

"He will be, ma'am," I says, "just as soon as we can light a fire."

"And your cat-wife should be boined alive and sent to prison for dis murder!" says Widdy.

"No need, ma'am," I says. "Duchess has took a pound of carbonic acid and cut her trout; and I'm just going to get me gun for her," I says. "Let me see your beautiful dog's leg, ma'am," I says. "Is he much holt?"

"Never mind poor Fido's leg," she says. "You go and telephone for de vet."

Well, Whiskers comes chasing and orders me to go back and finish me clown act, dat was included in de dog turn, and me and Mr. Paul soon had de show running again; but de audience was all laughing about de turn dat was not down on de bill. When Widdy hears 'em she was foist near croisy wit rage; but she is no farmer, and pretty soon she shifts to make a good face of it, for dames like her can stand most any kind of a game except to be made a game of deirselves, and so she pretended to take it as a joke, and get out of being part of de joke.

De show was a winner, boodle-wise, and if ever we finds any yacht sailors' orphans, dey'll have ice cream and candy de rest of deir lives; but I was feeling like I wished I had a home as far off as Scandehoovia to go to, all de time I was helping to solve refreshments after de ball was over. I knowed dat I could square meself wit Mr. Paul all right, but I had me opinion dat Miss Fannie would be dead sore on me for not telling Widdy dat I was going to borrow her poodle.

But when de folks had went and Whiskers had drove off wit Widdy to de vet's, Miss Fannie calls me to de hall, and she looks around to see dat no one was rubbering, and den she shakes hands wit me. "Dat was beautiful done, Chames," she says.

"Tanks, Miss Fannie," I says. "What was beautiful done?"

"Laming Mrs. Harding's poodle, so dat de vet will have to put it out of de woild wit clorform. You did it on polpose, of course?"

Say, I was in what dey calls a problem play den. I hadn't done do poodle on polpose, but if it made me stand to do good wit Miss Fannie to have her tink dat I did, I was willing to stand for dat, or anyting else. So I just looks wise and says, "Tank you, Miss Fannie," and goes on me way.

But when I seen Duchess I tells her to put me wise on de game.

"It is so simple," says Duchess. "Ma'mselle Fannie admire Madam Harding very well, but she despise dat Madam make so much of dat poodle. Also Whiskaire, he do not like de poodle. What will you?"

"Anyt'ing dat's coming to me," says I.

"Very well. Ma'mzelle Fannie, she know very true dat Madam Harding will never more be seen wit de poodle, because a woman like her would radder be seen wit a pair of soiled boots or gloves—and she'd die before dat—dan to be seen wit a t'ing dat has made her of de redic'lous. So she will now be more agreeable to Ma'mzelle, and perhaps to Whiskaire."

If Duchess hadn't doped de game to me right, I'd been paralyzed when Widdy comes to me in a few days, smiling like she was a six-time winner, and says dat de poodle was not much holt; and did I know of some people dat would 'preciate and tenderly care for Fido, because she didn't t'ink de climate of Westchester County was good for de little dear's healt.

I tells her sure, dat me own mudder was all her life dying for just such a beautiful dog as Fido; and her old age would be like a continuous performance picnic if she had a poodle like Fido to board wit her.

What do you tink? Widdy tells me to take Fido to me modder, and pays a case—a whole, long, one-spot—for de board of de dog every week. Modder is getting chesty wid de income, and, as she feeds it proper, and don't coddle it, it's getting some manners and spirit; and de old lady has more fun wit it dan a box of monkies.

I was satisfied to get out of de proposition on dat lay, but what bodders me is, dat Duchess never got no roast nor notting; and has a smile like she is stuck on herself whenever I speaks of de job; and she has de parasol of Miss Fannie's she's longed for. Do you spose dat French goll had de wit and nolve to feed de poodle to de pup on polpose? What!

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MORE ABOUT SCHOOL SAVINGS BANKS

THE advantages of thrift teaching are being more fully realized every year. The simple "School Saving Banks" system appeals to all classes and to people of every tongue.

Thrift is the ability to spend time and money wisely; to get the best results from both. Hence it antagonizes waste, want and vice. It is the science of practical economy. School savings is the most practical and systematic method of inculcating thrift and has proved itself worthy of extension as a reform measure by all who would uplift humanity from the sloughs of intemperance, impure thoughts and practices that lead to worthlessness and crime.

United States Commissioner of Education Harris gives his testimony to the encouraging effects of this system in schools where it is used.

Mr. W. W. Pendergast, State Superintendent of the Schools of Minnesota, mailed a circular: "How to Institute School Savings Banks," to every School Superintendent in the state.

Mr. J. H. Thirg, of New York, first instituted the work prior to 1890, and is a very enthusiastic advocate of the system. He compiles tabulated statistics annually.

Dr. Ella J. Fifield, a member of the School Board of Tacoma, has been leading the work there with marked success; also Mrs. Hidden, in Vancouver.

Hon. Alva Adams, Governor of Colorado, put the school savings system into active operation in the public schools of Pueblo in 1892, and under date of September, 1898, wrote Mrs. Oberholtzer as follows:

"I will be very glad to certify to the worth of your system of savings to any one you may send to me."

The charity organizations of Denver have been active in spreading knowledge and creating interest on the subject. Eugene, Salem and Mount Tabor schools, it is understood, have established the system in their schools.

"How is it conducted?" some one asks.

The administration of it consists in the teacher calling the roll Monday morning for the collection of the children's savings. The child is given credit with his deposit on a copyright memorandum card, which he presents with every deposit and has always in keeping as a receipt, and on the teacher's rollbook. The money is sent, when collected, to some well-secured savings bank that co-operates by paying the scholars a low interest and giving them regular bank books with their credits as their individual amounts reach $1.

This work takes but 10 or 15 minutes once a week, and is deservedly popular.

Twenty-three states report the system in operation. In Pennsylvania children's deposits have amounted to $415,996.

Missouri reported last year children's deposits amounted to $12,602.93, the banner state.

The most interesting innovation in the popularization of savings was inaugurated a few years ago in Belgium. They have had the school savings system there for some years in their 6328 institutions of learning, and the 304,818 pupils have saved and deposited with government bureaus, $1,311,514. The innovation alluded to is that each infant, at birth, be endowed with a savings bank book and a credit of one franc, and that the necessary fund for this endowment be obtained by an appropriation from the town councils or district treasury. The local authorities are to report lists of births and a book is issued in the name of each infant, with a credit of the franc in the local postoffice. The bankbook is given to the parent and the deposit on the book cannot be reduced to less than one franc (20 cents) during the lifetime of its owner.

Teachers from different states send in their testimony, all bearing on the success of the plan, and unite in saying "our boys and girls are in better condition because they use less candy, chewing gum and cigarettes, and they study better."

Portland will surely swing in line.

L. H. F. A.

Mistaken Sympathy.

New York Tribune.

Many a mother makes the mistake of sympathizing too much with her little one over the small accidents that keep happening. They magnify every little bump into a tragedy, with the result that the baby grows up prone to self-pity and to expect pity from others. Children have a strong sense of the dramatic. They love to find themselves the central figure, with mother, father, grandmother and the other children all admiring or bewailing. Unconsciously they will magnify an unimportant hurt in order to attract to themselves the attention they crave. To teach a child to laugh at disaster is one of the best lessons he can learn.

SUMMER RHEUMATISM

Every season has its own diseases, but Rheumatism belongs to all, for when it gets well intrenched in the system, and joints and muscles are saturated with the poison, the aches and pains are coming and going all the time, and it becomes an all-the-year-round disease; an attack coming as quickly from sudden chilling of the body when overheated, a fit of indigestion or exposure to the damp, Easterly winds of Summer as from the keen, cutting winds, freezing atmosphere and bitter cold of Winter.

Rheumatism never comes by accident. It is in the blood and system before a pain is felt. Some inherit a strong predisposition or tendency; it is born in them; but whether heredity is back of it or it comes from imprudent and careless ways of living, it is the same always and at all seasons. The real cause of Rheumatism is a polluted, sour and acid condition of the blood, and as it flows through the body deposits a gritty, irritating substance or sediment in the muscles, joints and nerves, and it is these that produce the terrible pains, inflammation and swelling and the misery and torture of Rheumatism. No other disease causes such pain, such wide-spread suffering. It deforms and cripples its thousands, leaving them helpless invalids and nervous wrecks.

When neglected or improperly treated, Rheumatism becomes chronic, the pains are wandering or shifting from one place to another, sometimes sharp and cutting, again dull and aggravating. The muscles of the neck, shoulders and back, the joints of the knees, ankles and wrists, are most often the seat of pain. Countless liniments and plasters are applied to get relief, but such things do not reach the poisoned blood; their effect is only temporary; they are neither curative nor preventive. The blood must be purified, and all irritating matter removed from the circulation before permanent relief and a thorough cure is effected, and no remedy does this so certainly and so quickly as S. S. S. It contains not only purifying and tonic properties, but solvent qualities as well, all these being necessary in eradicating the poison and making a complete and lasting cure of Rheumatism. S. S. S. cleanses the blood of all irritating matter and the acid particles are dissolved and filtered out of the system, thus relieving the muscles and joints and removing all danger of future attacks. Under its tonic effect the nervous system regains its normal tone and the appetite and digestion improve, resulting in the upbuilding of the general health. S. S. S. contains no Potash or minerals of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable. Old people will find it not only the best blood purifier, but a most invigorating tonic—just such a remedy as they need to enrich the blood and quicken the circulation.

Whether you have Rheumatism in the acute or chronic stage, the treatment must be internal, deep and thorough in order to be lasting. Never be satisfied with anything less than an absolutely perfect cure. This you can get by the use of S. S. S., **the oldest and best purifier and greatest of all tonics.**

Write us fully and freely about your case, and medical advice will be given without charge, and our special book on Rheumatism will be mailed free to all desiring it.

SSS

HIS WIFE A GREAT SUFFERER.

My wife had been troubled with Rheumatism for some time when she heard of S S S, which she tried and which cured her completely, as she has not suffered since. I recommend S S S as a good medicine.

Okolona, Miss. J. E. REEDER.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.