THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, JANUARY 15, 1911.



Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

If you have tried most everything slee, come to me. Where others fall is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Ap-pliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relied when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies. I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusilastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free cou-pon below and mail today. It's well worth your time, whether you try my Appliance or not.

Pennsylvania

Man Thankful

 Mradii a Hadrarda

 Mr. G. E. Brooks.

 Marghall, Mich.

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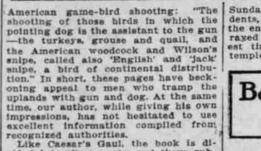
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Recommend From

Gentlemen:--I feel it my duty to let you, and also all people afflicited as I was, know what your Appliance has done for me. I have been ruptured for many years and have worn many different trusses, but never got any relief until I got your Appliance. I put it on last No-vember, but had very little faith in it, but must say I am now cured. I have hald it away-have had it off for two weeks and doing all kinds of farm work with ease. While I was wearing





The above is C. E. Brooks, the inventor, of Marshall, Mich. who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him today.

it, I had la grippe and coughed a great deal, but it held all right. Words can-not express my gratitude towards you and your Appliance. Will recommend it to all ruptured people. Yours sincerely. Cured At the Age of 76 Cured At the Age of 75 Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich. Dear Str:-I began using your Appliance for the ours of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On No-vember 20, 1905. I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years. I regard as remark-able. Very sincerely yours. Jamestown, N. C. SAM A. HOOVER. J. E. LONG. Bald Prairie, Texas.

Others Failed But

the Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Marshall. Mich. Dear Sir:--Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although if cured him three months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried sev-eral other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully. WM. PATTERSON. No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O. 11 Jansen St. Dubuque, Jowa. Brooks Rupture Appliance Co. Gentlemen:--The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your ap-pliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it new for six weeks. Yours very truly. ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

Sunday school scholars and Bible stu-dents, this well-edited book presents the entire Old Testament narrative, ar-rayed as a history of Israel from earli-Fee. M. H.--A woman's impressions of the Philippines. 1910. Pock, H. T.--The new Baedeker: being canual notes of an irresponsible traveler. 1910. Thomas-Stanford, Charles-Leaves from a Madeira garden. Ed. 2. 1910. Webb, Frank-Switzerland of the Swiss. 1909. est times to the rededication of the temple by the Maccabees. JOSEPH M. QUENTIN. FICTION. Books Added to Blackwood, Algernon-The education of Uncle Paul. Library bearth

Daviess, M. T.-The road to Providence. Dickens, Charles-The cricket on the Harben, W. N.-Dixle Hart. Hilliers, Ashton-The master-girl. Wentworth, Patricia-A marriage under

Ledoux. L. V .--- Yndra,' a tragedy in three Liberma, M. F.-The story of Chanfeeler, a critical analysis of Rostand's play. 1910. Wiley, S. K.-Dante and Beatrice. 1900.

today.

RELIGION. Montgomery, H. B.-Western women in Eastorn lands. 1910. Osborne, W. F.-The faith of a layman studies in the recoil from a professionalised

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks Rupture Appliance.

I. It is absolutely the only Appli-store of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of posi-

Further cannot be thrown out out out of post-tion.
Being an air cushion of soft rub-ber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
8. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the un-pleasant sensation of wearing a har-ness.
7. There is nothing about it to soft

There is nothing about it to get , and when it becomes solled it be washed without injuring it in

least. There are no metal springs in the lance to forture one by cutting

S. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a Gurable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly estab-lished by an exparience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hestiancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill our free coupon below and mail today.

Free Information

Coupon

C. E. Brooks, 4059 Brooks Bldg., Mar-shall, Mich.;

shall, Mich.: Please send me by mall in plain wrap-er your illustrated bool; and full in-ormation about your Appliance for the

City

religion. 1910. PHILOSOPHY.

Kirkpatrick, G. R.-War-what for? 1910. BCIENCE.

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USEFUL ARTS.

ried Life of the Frederic Carrols to Lynch Williama. \$1.50. Illiva Charles Scribner's Sona, New York

"And so they were married and lived happily ever after!" That is how the old-fashioned novel

of our grandmothers and mothers used to end-in a blaze of shining light called into being at the marriage altar, when everybedy said: "How mice. Noth-ing will ever trouble her now . She's got him." The parrot said, "Hooked

got him." The parrot said, "Hooked again." Mr. Williams' new novel is so up to date that the very first chapter de-active the honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll speat in England. On page 4 we read that the young husband "was seated in an immense, cak chair of richly carved back and she on a low htool at his feet, her fair head resting against his knee, while he ran his fin-gers idly through her light brown hair. He was smoking his pipe, for which he had held the match, as was her pretty custom. A bit of embroidery lay unnoticed at her side. It was just as they had pictured it in the long ago, a tream come true." Elevitifut, is it not? Truth to relate, Mr. Carroll was already tired of his wife, even at the honeymoon period, and he told himself that marriage was an endurance content. He longed for a

and he told himself that marriage was an endurance contest. He longed for a man called Winston who had disturbed their honeymoon. "It seemed good to have a man about again." thought the bridgroom, "some one to siap upon the back some one to smoke and drink back some one to smoke and gosand sit up with, talking shop and gos-mip by the fireside after the girls had mip by the fireside after the girls had gone to bed; and good to see a man on the other side of the tennis net. In-stead of the woman who was meant far him from the beginning of time (and the end thereof), some one to whom it was not necessary to serve easily, for whose sake he need not cheat himself in the score; some one with whom it was fun to competa." Carroll thought his wife very sweet. here caim, but he did not know that

Carroll thought his wife very sweet, wery caim, but he did not know that whe was a good actress. Truth to tell, she was as tired of a humdrum honey-moon as he. Suddenly she turned two blazing eyes on him and said: "All I have to say is that you married the wrong girl, and I married the wrong man. You may he able to stand it, but I can't, and I won't. To you it may If can't, and I won't. To you it may be a dream, but to me it's a night-mare. You may as well know the worst. I suppost it will break your heart; it has almost broken mine. I have been fighting and fighting mgainst it, but I have realized it every day alnce the Winstons left: I am bored to death! I am tired of hanging about this dreary, draughty old ruin. I like you more than anyhody in the world, but I am tired of seeing so much of but I am tired of seeing so much of you. I am tired of sitting on this hard stool, looking sontimentally into the firs. I want to see some one elze once The I want to see some one one out in a while. I want to see my girl friends. I want them to see my pretty clothes. They would appreciate them. I want to go home. I want to live like other married girls, in an apartment. If necessary, even a horrid, cramped, yulgar, little bit of one, if it has only a secondary both and plenty of hot If necessary, even a the first of one, if it has only yulgar, little bit of one, if it has only a porcelain bath and plenty of hot water. I want something to do. I'm not used to idleness. I'm not domas. the eline, if you must know it, There's hothing here to do all day long, ex-tept to put flowers in vases and look sweet, and hear how much you love ma. I have heard that already: I can take it for granted now. I want some-ling isse. . . I want to go home. Carroll drew himself up to his full height, and said triumphantly. "I too, am bored to death," and then he burst out of such combustible material this Out of such combustible material this

Out of such combustible material this

nevel starts. Rather unusual is it not? Carroll is a portrait painter, not over blessed with ready cash, and he and his wife his home to the United States, where one Miss Muriel Vincent, a pret-ty young woman, who lectures profes-



"trained" her husband into complete subjection— all these and others come under the range of Mr. Howe's shrewd vision. The reader unconsciously be-gins to smile, to chuckle and then to laugh. Mr. Howe's comments on different members of his family have a charm-

That's what you get for eating too rapidly when you are young. I have nervous dyspepsia. I often go to bed feeling as well as anyone can feel, but my mind is active and I think of the events of the day. Finally I get up and exercise and bathe in hot water: but nothing I can do has the slighter effect. So, I am going to sea, to bu miserable." In his recital of his voyage along

prived us of these animals, we might just as well have remained comfortably at home in the United States. All the

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FIGHT FOR IDEAS, AND

NEWSPAPERS ARE OUR

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just as well have remained comfortably at home in the United States. All the money, brains and labor would have been utterly thrown away, so far as con-cerned the quest of the North Pole." Peary took with his party, 49 Eskimos-22 men, 17 women and 10 children-and 246 Eskimo dogs. In his treatment of the latter, Peary seems to have followed after Herbert Spencer's plan as to the

after Herbert Spencer's plan as to the survival of the fittest, for the weakest dogs were spotted and eliminated, some of them shot and fed to the stronger does and the strength of these stronger est dogs saved and conserved for the last, nerve-racking dash to the North It is very evident that Peary used discrimination in selecting uncommon discrimination in selecting the very kind of men required to join his party. Peary is very frank in dis-cussing this part of the subject, and eays: "I was extremely fortunate in the personnel of this last and successful expedition, for in choosing the men I had the membership of the previous expedition to draw from. A season in the Arctic is a great test of character. One man may know a man better after One man may know a man better after six months with him beyond the Arctic circle, than after a lifetime of acquaintance in cities. There is a something-I know not what to call it-in those frozen spaces, that brings a man face to face with himself and with his companions; if he is a man, the man comes out, and if he is a cur, the cur shows as quickly." to page 213, the book is devoted Up to page 213, the book is devoted to the work of preparation and the voy-age of the stout ship Roosevelt, and is tame and reminds us of similar remin-iscences of other explorers. But at page 213, the sleigh journey from Cape Sheri-The sieign journey from Cape Sheri-dan starts, and the recital begins for the first time to be exciting and pic-turesque. Here is the proper atmosphere at last to stir the blood. The story races on like a novel, but on describing 90 degrees north latitude, North Pole, Peary is as cold as his subject. He is dispassionate and calm, at a most dramatic moment. "In traversing the loc in these various directions as I had done," writes our explorer, "I had al-lowed approximately 10 miles for possible errors in my observations, and at some moment during these marches and countermarches, 1 had passed over or very near the point where North. South, East and West blend into one. . . Precisely speaking, the North Pole is mply a mathematical point, and, there are, in accordance with the mathemati fore, in accordance with the mathemati-cal definition of a point, it has neither length, breadth nor thickness." It is noteworthy that when Peary reached the North Pole, April 6, 1909, he had with him five men-Matthew Henson, colored, and Ootah, Egingwah, Searloo and Ookaah, Eskimoos and five Seegloo and Ookeah, Eskimos, and five sledges and 38 dogs. The ship Roose-velt was then in Winter quarters at Cape Sheridan, 90 miles east of Cape Columbia. Peary is very emphatic in his declaration that his expedition "was under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York City, and has been fitted out and sent North by the mem-bers and friends of the club for the purpose of securing this geographical prize, if possible, for the honor and prestige of the United States of America."

Texas Farmer Brooks Rupture Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

occasion, when Carroll and Miss Vin-rant had tea together in his art studio, Mrs. Carroll called somewhat unexpect-edly and found them. Was she jealoust Like a wise woman, she hid whatever human wrath that may have possessed her, and like Maggie, the young wife in Barrie's wholesome play. "What Every Woman Knows." Mrs. Carroll made a friend of Miss Vincent, made her a member of the family's Summar outing trip in the woods, and generally managed so that her husband saw too much of Miss Vincent. The result was that he rapidly tired of her society and phe of his, and tho Carroll family con-rord was quietly and sensibly pre-Ford was quietly and sensibly pre-

There is one amusing scene where Mrs. Carroll cleverly disposes of two young men. Horace Beck and Irving Lawton, who often support themselves by angling after and securing invites to dins out, and then accept the invi-tation leading to the best dinner.

Tation leading to the best dinner. Quaint, quiet enjoyment is had by the Carrolls in planning and building their first ambitious country house, and it is a treat to watch how the wise young wife quickly and noiselessly holds her fickle husband's character and behavior, and how he gradually steadles down. The conviction deepens that she was miles too good for him. Children come into the Carrolls' lives, but curi-ously enough the novelist just briefly ously enough the novelist just briefly refers to this as a passing and neces-pary spisode, and misses a chance for fine touches of sentiment.

ine touches of sentiment. The novel is clever, cynical and musing: It has that flavor about it shich sugar gives to a cupful of tea nd a lighted match to a good clear. The Carrolls are worth adding to the book is neither graphic nor dramatic. It is rather formal and declaive-like the text of your society acquaintances. which sugar gives to a cupful of tea and a lighted match to a good cigar. The Carrolls are worth adding to the list of your society acquaintances.

The Trip to the West Indies, by E. W. Howe House Hingstrated, \$1.33. Crans & Co., Topeka

Kansaz Mr. Howe's previous book, "Daily Notes of a Trip Around the World," told the reading world that a new American humorist had arrived—not a humorist of the brass band, let-'er-rip humorist of the orans band, let et rip kind, but a quiet, dry, almost cynical one. His newest book, in which he and his daughter, thon Miss Mateel Howe, and several Kansas friends, took to the West Indies, despens the favorable im-pression made by Mr. Howe as a genchuckling newspaper philosopher, which every printed line reveals his In which every printed line reveals his quaint, enjoyable personality. Read the book in your furnace-warmed par-ior, or in the loneliness of your board-ing house, or amid the rush and roar of a hotel lobby, if you are rich enough not like a genil of old, at your mand there arises the spirit of "Ed" Howe, the late loved editor of the Atchison Globe newspaper, saying: "Come on. Have a laugh with me!" In the very first page Mr. Howe gives

his reason for the trip to the West Indies: "January 18, 1910 -- I am on my way to the West Indies, for my stomgood as a sea voyage, so next Satur-day, at 8 A. M. I shall embark on the Hamburg-American ship Moltke for Hamburg-American ship Moltke for a month of sensickness. When I am sea-sick I can't eat, but sleep a good deal. At home my trouble is eating too fast and sleeping too little; so, a sea voyage does me good. Last night I went to bed at 12 o'clock (my usual time for pattring is 9 ° M) and I doubt if I

sionally against matrimony and monog-nmy, falls in love with him. On one occasion, when Carroll and Miss Vin-and Eugene, two former Portland news-

law unto herself." The end of such a personal, gossipy hook is like Mr. Howe: "When I get book is like Mr. Howe: "When I get into that good bed of mine tonight, I will toss and roll until morning, al-though I slept so well while in a nar-row and uncomfortable bed at sea." Mr. Howe, long life and happiness to ye. Ter th' broth av a bhoy!

The North Poles: Its Discovery in 1999. By Robert E. Peary, Industrated Price, 34.80. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland. There may be some doubting Thomas in Congress who is agitated at the pro-posal to make Peary a Rear-Admiral and who is doubtful in his own mind if

and who is constrain in his own mind in Peary ever reached the North Pole, but a perusal of this bulky volume of 373 pages leaves no doubt in the patient reader's conviction that Peary believes he reached the North Pole April 6, 1969. As to the Peary end of it, there is no and the most in section of the structure

what the author is said to be. The book is attractively illustrated by plc tures taken from actual photographs, and and portions of the reading matter are fairly familiar to the reading public, who have lately followed it as a magazine scrial It is now explained that these magazine articles have been rovised and enlarged, so that much of the material presented in this book is new matter. It is cer-tain to cause the liveliest interest and

to be welcomed as one of the big books of exploration and achievement of our lifetime. The price of the book, \$4.80, is too The prime of the pages contain Peary's high, even if the pages contain Peary's personal story of his wonderful explora-tions. The continuous marrative form of the publication is broken into here and there by side essays, or observations on the habits and lives of the Eskimos-information which we have already had from other Arutic explorers. An intro-duction is given by Theodore Rooseveit. and a foreword by Gilbert H. Grosvenor director and editor of the National Geographical Society. There are eight full page illustrations, reproducing photo graphic enlargements colored by hand hand 100 illustrations in black and white from photos, and a map in colors by Glibert H. Grosvenor. The dedication of the book is to Mrs. Peary, who is affection-

ately mentioned several times in the narrative. In the telling of it, Peary likes his month of sensickness. When I am sea-nick I can't eat, but sleep a good deal. At home my trouble is eating too fast and sleeping too little; so, a sea voyage does me good. Last night I went to bed at 12 o'clock (my usual time for ratiring is 9 %. M.) and I doubt if I which be had been playing for 22 years. Figned one next to the man who snores.

American Game-Bird Shooting. By George Bird Grinnell, Illustrated, Price, \$2.50, Forest & Stream Publishing Co., New York City.

Curiously anough, the middle name of the author of this book on birds is "Bird"-so that he may be said to have

bit -so that he hay be said to have written as one possessing an unusually intimate knowledge of the subject. Mr. Grinnell's book is a handsome looking one of 558 pages, with colored plates of ruffled groups and bob white, 48 full-page portraits of game birds and shouting scenes and many cuts in

vided into three parts, and these sub-jects are exhaustively described. Snipelike birds, such as woodcock and Amer-

ican snipe; Gallinaceous birds; the American quali and grouse and the wild turkey; upland shooting, such as woodcock, snipe and quail, bob-white, valley. Gambel's, mountain, scaled and Mearn's quall; shooting the woods grouse, ruffled and dusky; ptarmigan shooting; shooting the prairie grouse, pinnated, sharp-tailed and sage grouse; turkey shooting; and aids to shooting, such as clothing, guns, loads, and dogs

Part three busies itself about the shooting of the future, and here is Mr. Grinnell's conclusion:

The Gift-Wife, by Rupert Hughes, \$1.35, Hiustrated, Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City,

City. What would you do, if you were Dr. David Jebb, a skiliful American sur-geon traveling in a railroad car in Ger-many, and if you afterward suddenly "awoke" to find yourself, nameless and

half-dazed, in a Turkish harem at Uskub, Turkey, with a velled woman

Dakub, Turkey, with a veliced woman bending anxiously over you? This is the start out of the plot in this sparkling, tantalizing novel that whips you until you read it to the last page, and revel in its delicious finish. Picture the losing of Cynthia, a little girl, and the chase over Europe and part of Asia to find her again; the meeting of Asia to find her again; the meeting with Miruma, a Circassian gift-wife of a local prince; a description of a won-derful surgical operation for empyema of the pericardium; the recent Turkish revolution; a personal encounter with Abdul Hamid II, late Sultan of Turkey, Yale spirit, and the curse of an in-temperate love for liquor, all shaken up to taste.

What Is Art? By John C. Van Dyke, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

John C. Van Dyke is professor of the history of art in Rutgers College, and his six essays on the technique and criticism of painting, from an artist's point of view, are both illuminative and point of view, are both being dry or pedan-tic. He writes as the artist, the pro-ducer, and his text brightens up the general subject of the constitution, pro-duction and apprecision of painting. His appeal has for its aim the decora-tion of utilization principle. tive and utilitarian principle.

a Christmas Day in the Evening, by Grace B. Richmond, Illustrated, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City.

This charming Christmas story has This charming Christmas story has been a little late reaching this office, in fact it has just arrived. It is one of marked talent, sunshine and pathos. The family party depicted is the Fornald's at the old home farm at Fornald's at the old home farm at North Estabrook, and the unexpected but successful manner in which an old church quarrel is settled is an eye-opener. The true Christmas spirit has opener. The true C really been caught.

The Guilletine Club, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. \$1.50. The Century Co., New York City.

\$1.50. The Century Co., New York City. Four stories by an inimitable master of American fiction, the hest of it. The stories are: "The Guillotine Club," leaving the reader literally "up in the air" at the daring flight of imagina-tion displayed: "The Fourteenth Guest," "The Mind Reader" and "The House Beyond Prettymarsh." Try and solve the woman mystery, if you can, in the second story--it will be quite a feat to do so. feat to do so

The Old Testament Narralive, by Alfred Dwight Sheffield. \$1.50. Houghton, Mif-flin Co., Boston. Recommended for the use of both

Pearson, E. L .- The library and the BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

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How to Restore Your Nerve Force

Every organ of your body is governed by a network of nerve wires. These nerves convey the power which runs the human machine. This power is called nerve force. Nerve force is nothing but electricity. The reason any organ becomes weak is because the nerves which control it lack electricity, or nerve force, the motive power of your body. This lack of nerve force is shown by weakness of any kind, whether in the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart or other organs.

If your memory is poor, confidence and nerve all gone; sleep restless; if you suffer frequent headaches and your eyes are dull and heavy, it shows that your supply of nerve force is depleted.

So many men try to build up nerve force by doping their stomachs with drugs. It is impos-sible. What the nerves require is nourishmentnerve food. If there was any nourishment in drugs they might do some good, but you know there is Drugs are drugs, not. stimulants, narcotics, an-tidotes, poisons, not food. Electricity is nerve food -nerve life. It soaks into the nerves and is tak-

en up by them just as a sponge absorbs water. It nourishes and vitalizes the parts which drugs cannot reach.

Every dose of drugs that you put into your stom ach weakens your nerves. Every time you kill a pain or an ache-by stupefying the nerves with poisonous drugs—you are hurting them, and anyone can see that in time, by steady dosing, your nervous system will be completely broken down.

Electra-Vita is a relief from the old system of drugging. It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means. It gives back to the nerves and organs the power they have lost, which is their life.

Electra-Vita is not an electric belt. It is a dry cell body battery which makes its own power. It is easily, comfortably worn next to the body during the night, and gives out a continuous stream of that strengthbuilding, nerve-feeding force which is the basis of all health.

Praise From the Cured

Miss D. Hoyter, Roseville, Cal., says: "I have used Electra-Vita for a little

Electra-vita for a fittle over a month, and my 'm-provement in health still continues. I had practic-ally no use of my limbs when I commenced this treatment, but am re-gaining control over them as my nerves are couldnot 1.37 as my nerves are getting stronger. I can say that Electra-Vita has been a godsend to me."

godsend to me." Mr. J. P. Silva. Hay-ward, Cal. says: "Your Electra - Vita has cured me of a very bad stom-ach trouble. My wife used the appliance and was cured of rheumatism and female weakness. I must say that the present good health of myself and wife is due to the use of Electra-Vita."

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