BONES OF DEAD AT BOTTOM OF PACIFIC

Disasters Off West Coast Since Vanderbilt's Day Recalled.

GREED BRINGS HEAVY LOSS

Overloading of Vessels Followed by Catastrophe — Ben Holladay One of Survivors of 1858 Wreck.

The close of the war between the United States and Mexico in 1846 brought about the cession of California, a long and narrow strip of territory extending from Smith River on the north to San Diego on the south; and from the range of mountains known as the Sierra Nevada on the east to the Pacific on the west. At the next session of Congress a Kentucky lobbyist at Washington worked through a bill authorizing him to keep a line of steamships to carry the United States mails from New York to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus of Panama. These vessels were to be of not less than 2000 tons burden on the Atlantic side and not less than 1200 tons on the Pacific side.

Harris had not enough money to build a boiler for any 1200-ton ship, let alone the entire ship, but he went on to New York and formed two companies. The first was called the Atlantic Mail Steamship Company, its chief incorporators being George Law and Oliver Charlick, shipbuilders, and Marshall O. Roberts, L. W. Raymond and Charles Morgan, merchants. The other concern was called the Pacific Mail Company, with Edgar and Samuel Howland, John and William H. Aspinwall, John L. Stephens and Edison Croswell as incorporators. The first-named concern built two small steamers (below the required tonnage, but that was winked at by postal authorities), called the Falcon and Osprey.

Provisions Not Regarded.

The bill had provided that all these vessels should be commanded by Navy Lieutenants having a brevet rank of Lieutenant-Commander, but as there were then few that had ever seen the Pacific waters, that part of the act was abandoned and the Pacific Mail Company was allowed to choose its own commanders. It built three steamers named and commanded as follows:

Oregon, Captain R. H. Pearson.
California, Captain C. P. Patterson.
Panama, Captain D. G. Bailey.

James Gordon Bennett made all sorts of fun for naming the Oregon as they did, for the Ashburton treaty had not then passed.

The ships on the Atlantic side were commanded by Naval men up to 1850.

They were Lieutenants G. V. Fox, James Findley Schenck and Charles S. Boggs, succeeded later by W. L. Herndon and S. F. Griffis.

Prominent among steamship owners in the earlier days of the California trade was Cornelius Vanderbilt, known in this late era as "the old commodore."

Prior to the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill he had taken little or no interest in ocean matters, contenting himself with two little ferry lines between New York and Staten Island and a line of old and well-worn boats running between Gotham and New Haven. But on the outbreak of the California fever in December, 1848, Vanderbilt got into the trade with both feet. Naturally thrifty, he looked out on all sides for bargains in the way of second-hand machinery. In the first three years after the opening of the trade he had built the steamer Independence with the machinery of an old boat called the Rochester, that ran to Albany; the North America, with the engine of a boat called the Knickerbocker, and the Brother Jonathan with the engine that had been saved from the wreck of the palatial Atlantic lost on Fisher's Island on November 26, 1846.

Junk Shops Used at Start.

With these three junk shop vessels on the Pacific Coast and two brand new ships called the Prometheus and Daniel Webster on the Atlantic, he began the opening of what he called the Nicaragua Steamship Line. The steamers landed at San Juan del Norte, called Greytown on the English maps. There the passengers took sternwheel boats up to San Carlos, at the foot of Lake Nicaragua. Thence across the lake by a fast and commodious sidewheeler called the Ometepec to Virgin Bay, where they took "dead ax" wagons across to San Juan del Sur on the Pacific.

Associated with him in this enterprise was Cornelius K. Garrison, a river steamboat owner, of St. Louis, Mo., and Robert J. Vandewater, who had commanded the steamers Kosciusko and Champlain on the Hudson in the early 40s. Garrison removed to San Francisco in 1852 and was "the entire frontage" of the concern until the line ceased to operate in 1858. He displaced Vandewater, an honest man, about the first thing.

Independence First Wreck.

The first wreck of any note in Pacific waters was that of the Independence in the forties on a little rocky island called Santa Margarita, about 300 miles southwest of San Diego. Her license called for less than 400 passengers but she had about 750 and, when she struck, the force of the impact threw the hot coals out of her furnace doors and she was on fire in less time than it takes to tell it. Of course, she was insufficiently supplied with lifeboats and with the rush that came to escape from fire, there were two of the boats swamped. Consequently, there were many lives lost which might have been saved.

Fortunately, on the second day after the accident, along came two whaleships that had been bunting for blubber in Magdalena Bay and Scammon's Lagoon. All the survivors were taken on board but there was a scarcity of provisions and the rescued ones were very hungry when the ships sailed into San Diego, a week later.

By 1852 the Pacific Mail Company had amalgamated its fleet by the building of two steamers, the Golden Gate and the John L. Stephens, either of which could reduce the time between Panama and San Francisco to 12 days, while it took the Pacific and Brother Jonathan fully 14 to come from San Juan del Sur, which was nearly 400 miles further north. The steamers left San Francisco on the first and fifteenth of each month and New York on the fifth and twentieth; and in four years the Nicaragua route landed its passengers in New York ahead of the Pacific Mail just four times.

Some time in 1852 a new line was projected, coming by way of Panama and having the steamers United States and Uncle Sam on the Atlantic side, and the Cortes, Republic and Winfield Scott in Pacific waters. The writer of this article worked his passage up from Panama on the last of these three vessels. She was under command of Captain Simon F. Blunt, whose wife was the daughter of Key, who wrote the "Star Spangled Banner." She was a very slow ship and barely could make nine mile an hour under the most favorable conditions. On her second trip after the writer had left her at San Diego, she entered the Santa Barbara channel just as the sun went down. It was the custom to take the inside passage because it was not only a shorter route but smoother water. About 10:30 at night the fog that had prevailed for two hours suddenly became thicker and in a few minutes the Scott was square upon a ledge of rocks just outside a small cove of Anacapa Island, due west of San Buenaventura. What ailed her instruments I never know, but she was all of eight miles out of her course.

There was no actual loss of life on the ship, but three or four of her passengers died from the shock after they had reached shore. Captain Blunt was not long out of employ, for a big propeller came out, called the Chesapeake, and the captain left her at San Francisco, so Blunt got the ship.

Blunt in Bad Luck.

He made one trip with her to Humboldt Bay and on his second trip she ran on a reef near Cape Mendocino, which to this day is known as Blunt's reef. The wreck of the Scott can be seen at low tide with the cylinder heads about six inches out of water, if anyone has sufficient curiosity to visit Anacapa Island.

In 1853 Vanderbilt bought out the owners of the Cortes and they went out of business. About that time a man named Edward Mills built a very handsome steamer called the Yankee Blade and sent her around the Horn under command of Captain Henry Randall, a man of experience on the Great Lakes, but who had never served a day on the ocean. The first officer was Charles F. Hewitt, for many years later master of the Southern Pacific's coal ships plying to Nanaimo. The chief engineer was Elijah Mott. The ship left San Francisco at noon with about 500 passengers. It was late in November, 1854, and at that time it comes dark shortly after 5 o'clock. About 2 A. M., in a dense fog, she ran on a rock just below Point Arquello, at the entrance of the Santa Barbara channel, not 200 yards from where the Santa Rosa was wrecked, 54 years later. Quite a number of lives were lost on this ship but chiefly through anxiety of passengers to get ashore.

Speaking of the affair, many years later, Captain Hewitt said: "There was no good reason for the loss of a single life. All they had to do was to wait for daylight."

No Wrecks in Eight Years.

For eight years there was no very serious accident or any which involved the loss of life until, one day in the Summer of 1862, came a story of shipwreck and suffering that made almost every home in California a house of mourning. The Golden Gate was the flagship of the Pacific Mail Company and was in charge of her fifth commander, William H. Hudson, a son of the famous old tar who commanded the Majara when she laid the first Atlantic cable in 1858. She had on board about 900 passengers of whom at least 200 were prominent people from San Francisco.

The fire broke out amidships, which cut off all chance of reaching four of the ship's boats; and then the captain found the fire was too strong for his pumps. Hudson concluded to beach the vessel. Had he turned his ship around and backed her in he might have saved many more of his cabin passengers, as with her going head on the after part of the ship was almost instantly enveloped in flames. Those aboard did not wait to launch boats before the ship struck but wrenched off stateroom doors and jumped overboard with them. One of those who escaped was Ben Holladay, who was journeying east with his partner, E. P. Flint. One night in 1885, at Holladay's home, East Third and Stark streets, conversation reverted to that catastrophe and Holladay said:

"Flint and I jumped overboard almost together. I learned to swim when a boy by letting my body rest on the end of a plank with my legs down in the water. So I knew that a stateroom door would hold me up for hours. After I had been in the water nearly an hour, I looked around for Flint, but could see nothing of him."

"What do you suppose became of him?" I asked.

"Don't know," replied the pioneer railroad builder. "It took me all my time to look out for the interests of Ben Holladay."

Captain Foresaw Disaster.

It was three years later that the next great marine catastrophe came, some time in July, 1865—the loss of the Brother Jonathan. She was then over 16 years old and had come near going down in the open sea during the Fraser River mining days. Nothing but the splendid seamanship of old "Captain Bob" Haley saved her. When the California Steam Navigation Company got hold of her they virtually rebuilt her, at a cost of approximately $165,000, so she was supposed to be safe. Her master was Samuel J. De Wolfe, who had been first officer of her under Haley. On the day she was to leave San Francisco Captain De Wolfe called up Mr. Jessup, the vice-president of the company, by a messenger boy and asked him to come down to the dock. On inquiring what was wanted Captain De Wolfe said:

"Mr. Jessup, we will have to refuse any more freight. The ship is now drawing over 15 feet and there is a string of 30 drays between here and the head of the dock."

"Well, what of it?" asked Jessup.

"Simply this," replied De Wolfe, with 16 feet she is absolutely helpless and cannot make eight miles an hour. It is all you can do to keep her head to a heavy sea drawing 15 feet. Load her down to anything over that and she is liable to broach to with you."

"Captain De Wolfe, that freight has got to go and in this ship. If you don't want to take it, I can find somebody else that will," retorted Jessup.

"I have a wife and family," said the captain, "and I can't refuse."

Million Sinks With Ship.

Ordinarily that ship could make Humboldt Bay in 24 hours and Crescent City in 40. She reached the latter port in just 72 hours and left there about 9:30 the next morning. A man named John Jackson, living about half way between Crescent City, sat on his front porch smoking a pipe as the ship neared the ledge known as St. George's reefs. His wife was washing on the back porch of the house. He called her to come out and see the steamer go by. As she did not come, he went to the back porch and called her again. By the time they got out there together the ship was nowhere to be seen. Everybody said she had struck a rock, but, as she had aboard nearly $1,800,000, the greater part of which was for paying off the troops in the Northwest, diligent search has been made with diving bells and all other appliances for 30 years. The wreck has never been located nor has any rock ever been found.

Among those lost on that ship were General George Wright, commanding the Department of the Pacific, with his wife and his chief of staff, Captain E. D. Waitt; E. N. Eddy, paymaster of the United States Army; Joseph A. Lord, Wells Fargo messenger, and the oldest employe in that branch of their service, and Victor Smith, Collector of Customs for Puget Sound. J. A. Benton, purser of the ship, was among the lost. Samuel D. Holmes was freight clerk of the ship, but hearing of the illness of his uncle, Samuel J. Hinsley, to whom he owed his position, he remained ashore and his successor went down with Benton. Elijah Mott was chief engineer of the ship. The second officer, put off in charge of a boat containing 42 passengers and four of the crew, and that is all that were saved from the ill-fated Brother Jonathan.

Other Wrecks Later.

Various other wrecks came in later years. The magnificent City of Tokio was wrecked at Aberdeen, just outside of Hongkong. The City of San Francisco, the most costly vessel of her size ever built in an American yard up to that time, went ashore in the night at Cape Lazars, less than a mile from where the charred timbers of the Golden Gate were engulfed. There were several other wrecks of less importance when in November, 1875, came the most terrible catastrophe in Pacific Coast history, the loss of the steamer Pacific, Captain Jeff Howell. She left Victoria, B. C., at 1:45 P. M. with 272 persons on board, and by 10 o'clock that night there were but five of this number alive, three of whom perished from cold and exhaustion on the following day. The quartermaster, off watch at the time, was named Neil O'Hanley. Let me repeat his story:

"There was niver a braver man nor the captain. When the ship wint down, I grabbed hold of a part of the upper deck; and whin I had climbed up on it there was the second mate and a young girl in her nightgown. A minute later up came the captain and we helped him aboord, too. The sea was not very rough that night but we all suffered from the cold. The next morning the sea began to wash over the raft and the poor girl was too weak to hold on, and ivery time she got washed off the captain and the second mate would jump off and put her aboord again. This happened three times and on the fourth time that it happened, the howl three of 'em went down together. God knows, I sometimes wish I had gone down wid 'em." The other survivor was a Canadian named Henry F. Jelly, but he told many conflicting stories about it. I lost 70 acquaintances on that ship and have never forgotten that honest Irishman's story.

Greed Causes Disaster.

This casualty was caused by the greed of Captain Sawyer, of the ship Orpheus, engaged in the coal traffic between San Francisco and Nanaimo. He wanted to find out whether any one of three ships which left San Francisco on the same day he did had reached their destination. To do this he was bound to speak the Pacific, and in doing so he changed the course of his vessel three times inside of five minutes and finally struck the steamer forward of her paddles, which caused her to sink in less than 20 minutes. Then he headed about, after leaving 272 people in the water and crying out for help, and two hours later ran his own ship on the rocks at Cape Beale, having mistaken the light for that of Flattery. Yet this cold-blooded snake had no difficulty in getting command of another ship in less than six months from the time that he had sent nearly 300 souls into eternity.

Next we come to the wreck of the Colima on the Mexican coast in 1895. This was simply one of those cases that are bound to occur where steamships are run by railway rules. The ship had to take 350,000 feet of lumber to some port in Central America, and R. P. Schwerin, vice-president, ordered it carried on the upper deck, despite the protest of Captain Taylor that, as the ship's coal was burnt away and the weight in her hold decreased, she was liable to capsize if she encountered any heavy weather.

Loss Follows Folly.

Schwerin retorted that Taylor need not go out in the ship if he did not want to obey orders. Taylor went and went to the bottom with his ship. Considering that he was a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Schwerin's standing in the class on navigation must have been very near zero, judged by this one incident alone.

Last we come to the loss of the City of Rio Janeiro on Mile Rock, just inside the heads of San Francisco harbor. This was due to the cadet system which was inaugurated by the Pacific Mail Company some 20 years ago, of taking young men as cadets, or apprentices, and working them up by degrees to a captaincy. Ward, captain of the Rio de Janeiro, was one of these cadets, and, while he — a most charming gentleman, he was not to be ranked for a moment with Morse, Seabury, Howard, Shackford or Freil, his predecessors in that line.

To please one man who wanted to get into San Francisco to catch an early train for Washington, Captain Ward ran his ship into the harbor in a dense fog, with the result of a loss of 122 lives, including Ronceville Wildman, who wanted to catch the early train for Washington.

Old seadogs like Captain Ned Wakeman or Dick Whiting, of pioneer days, would have simply told him to wait.

THOS. B. MERRY.

Portland, April 18, 1912.

ATTRACTIVE PARISH HOUSE UNDER WAY.

STRUCTURE BUILT BY FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The atractive three-story parish house of the First Presbyterian Church, rising at the southeast corner of Thirteenth and Alder streets, will be completed early in June. The structure has an exterior of brick and stone. It will be occupied by various departments of the church, including pastor's study, Sunday-school room, missionary room and committee rooms. The cost of the building will be $70,000.

FIRST TO SECOND ON YAMHILL

GEVURTZ

PORTLAND'S BIGGEST STORE QUITTING BUSINESS

CLOSING OUT EVERYTHING AT SACRIFICE PRICES

TO THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER VISITED OUR STORE, we have a suggestion. Perhaps you have not visited our Women's Department, for the reason that you believed that we did not handle a line of wearing apparel that would suit you. On the contrary, we had you and every woman in mind when we ordered the present line. We had intended making a good profit on these goods, but, along comes an ungrateful landlord, and we have to sacrifice every piece. Call and see what we have.

POCKET BOOKS — This is the place to buy Pocket Books, for you will have something left to put in them. $1.50 values reduced to **75¢**; $2.00 values for **85¢** and the balance at **$1.45**

UMBRELLAS — Regular $2.00, long wooden-handled Umbrellas reduced down to only **98¢**; long wood handles, fancy tips, regularly sold up to $3.00, reduced to only.. **$1.39**

FIRST TO SECOND ON YAMHILL

Women of Portland—Attention

SEE THESE WAISTS

CHIFFON WAISTS, in blacks, blues, grays and lavenders, over white net. A line that we had intended to sell for $12.00 Reduced by necessity to only **$4.95**

FEY WAISTS, in battenberg Persians of newest designs. Midnight blues, silks and satins. Our original price was low at $7.50. Present price only..... **$2.95**

WHITE LINGERIE WAISTS, an odd lot, with allover embroideries, some trimmed with the latest lace and insertions. Worth easily $4.50. Reduced now to..... **$1.98**

SPECIAL LOT OF LINGERIE WAISTS, values up to $2.00, now..... **98¢**

FEATHERS—Regular French black and white plumes. Reduced as follows: $12.00 18-inch plumes for $5.98; 18-inch $7.50 plumes for $4.98; 16-inch $5.00 plumes for $2.50; up to $3, for **$1.00**

KIMONOS—These come in crepe materials and we have them in all kinds, colors and a variety of sizes that will suit any woman. See what we have before buying elsewhere. $2 values **69¢**

UNDERWEAR—Corset covers, allover embroideries, 75c values for 39c; Drawers, trimmed with deep embroidered flounce, goods that we would ordinarily sell for 85c, reduced now to **69¢**

HOUSE DRESSES—We have the newest Spring styles, many of which will attract you at once. High waists, in neat patterns and offered now for the first time at great reductions.... **$1.95 UP**

PETTICOATS—An excellent assortment for your selection. These have a deep embroidered flounce and regularly sell for $2.00. SPECIAL FOR 98c; $2.00 combination suits at only.. **$1.39**

NECKWEAR—We are closing out our entire stock, consisting of jabots, side frills and linen collars. This includes everything we have in our store. All values up to 50c now only **10¢**

GOWNS—See our line. We have them in low necks and short sleeves, trimmed with embroidery and lace. These have been reduced more than half and are exceptional values. Regular $2.00 for..... **83¢**

GLOVES—Our entire stock of $1.25 gloves has been sacrificed to a price that represents just about cost. We show them in black, tan, gray and blue for only, the pair..... **89¢**

SPRING SUITS, WAISTS AND COATS ARE HERE in this stock. There are patterns, cloths and lines that all women are raving over this year. Our stock is just as up-to-date as any you can find in the city. The only practical difference between buying here and elsewhere is that you get the same goods here for a great deal less money. Surely, that is an inducement that is well worth your careful consideration. We have always preached that this is the house of economy.

SKIRTS—We have one lot of Skirts that will satisfy your longing desire to get something serviceable, pretty and well-fitted. These are the black Panamas, in serges and voiles. They are skirts that you would readily expect to pay $9.00 for. Priced at..... **$3.95** We also have Fey mixtures in grays, tans and browns, up to $10.00, for the low price of **$4.95**

FIRST TO SECOND ON YAMHILL

ELKS TO START BIG ARCH

"Welcome" Sign Will Span Sixth Street and Face Depot.

Construction of a mammoth and attractive "welcome" arch across the foot of Sixth street and facing the union passenger station will begin next week under the direction of the Portland Lodge of Elks. It will remain in place until after the Elks' National convention in Portland, July 8 to 13. It will be built of fireproof material, but will not be of a permanent nature, as was at first intended.

The contractors agree to have the arch completed by May 15, so that it will serve as an advertisement for the convention to all visitors entering the city between that date and the opening of the convention. It will be used also as a part of a general decorating scheme for the Rose Festival.

Honest Advice to Consumptives

Somehow there exists a vast amount of skepticism as to the possibility of curing Consumption. We state none but facts, and are sincere in what we assert.

If ourselves afflicted with Tuberculosis, we should do precisely what we ask others to do—take Eckman's Alterative promptly and faithfully. The reason we should do this and warrant we have for asking all Consumptives to take it is that we have the reports of many cures, one of which follows:

1619 Susquehanna Ave., Phila., Pa.

"Gentlemen: For two years I was afflicted with hemorrhages of the lungs, the number totaled nearly one hundred. Our family physician advised another climate, as to remain would probably be fatal; however, I remained and in February of 1902, I was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia. When I recovered sufficiently to walk about the house I was left with a frightful hacking cough, which no medicine I had taken could alleviate. I was again advised to go to another part of the country. It was at this time, March 1902, that I learned of Eckman's Alterative. In a short time my cough was gone and I was pronounced 'well' or 'cured.' Since that time I have had two slight attacks of pneumonia and I have resorted to no other medicine to effect a cure.

"I am at present in excellent health and feel that as long as I can obtain Eckman's Alterative I have no fear of Consumption. I cannot speak too highly for the good it has done."

(Signed) HOWARD L. KLOTZ.

Eckman's Alterative is effective in Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Troubles, and in upbuilding the system. Does not contain poisons, opiates or habit-forming drugs. For sale by The Owl Drug Co., and other leading druggists. Ask for booklet of cured cases and write to Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for additional evidence.

Trusses Like These Are A Crime

Get Rid of Elastic Bands, Springs and Leg-Straps. Such Harness Has Forced Thousands to Undergo Dangerous Operations.

Trusses like those shown above—the belt and leg-strap, elastic and spring contraptions sold by drugstores, surgical supply houses and many self-styled "Hernia Specialists"—make life miserable for everybody who wears them.

And—even when drawn so tight you can scarcely stand to keep them on—they seldom do any good whatever.

Instead, they often do immense harm—they squeeze the rupture, often causing strangulation—dig into the pelvic bone in front—press against the sensitive spinal column at the back.

The Plain Truth Is This.

Rupture—as explained in our free book—can't be relieved or cured—can't even be kept from growing worse—unless constantly **held in place**. Just as a broken bone can't "knit" unless the parts are held securely **together**.

And—just as a bandage or splint is the only **way a broken bone** can be held—the **right kind of truss** is the only thing in the world that can keep a **rupture from coming out.**

What a difference it will make when you get **that** kind of truss.

And you **can** get **exactly** that kind of truss—without risking a **cent** of your money.

It's the famous **Cluthe** Truss or **Cluthe Automatic Massager.**

Far **more** than a truss—far **more** than merely a device for holding the rupture in place.

So different from everything else for rupture that it has received 18 separate patents.

Thousands say it is as comfortable as their clothing.

No belt, elastic belt or springs around your waist, and no leg-straps—nothing to pinch, chafe, squeeze or bind. Self-regulating, self-adjusting. It is held in position by **suction**—can't slip or slip—the only truss in existence that is honestly **guaranteed** to hold your rupture every minute of the day.

Sent on 60 Days' Trial to Prove It.

We have so much faith in the Cluthe Truss—we have seen it work wonders for so many others—that we want to make one especially for your case and let you try it at our risk.

We'll give you 60 days time to test it—if it doesn't keep your rupture from coming out, when you are working and at all other times—if it doesn't put an end to the trouble you've heretofore had with your rupture—if you don't get better right away—then the truss won't cost you a cent.

How It Strengthens and Heals.

In addition to holding the rupture, the Cluthe Truss or Cluthe Automatic Massager is constantly giving a **soothing, strengthening massage** to the weak, ruptured parts.

All automatically—the massage goes on all day long, all without any attention whatever from you.

This massage—which strengthens just as exercise strengthens a weak arm—is so remarkably **beneficial**—so remarkably curative—that in 199 cases out of every 200 rupture begins to get better from the day a Cluthe Truss is put on.

The World's Greatest Book on Rupture.

Don't go on letting your rupture get worse—don't spend a cent on account of your rupture until you get our book of advice—which 2 cents for a stamp—or a penny for a postal—will bring you.

This remarkable book—cloth-bound, 96 pages, 21 separate articles, and 19 photographic pictures—took us over 40 years to write—took us that long to find out all the facts we've put in it.

It explains the dangers of operations and why they don't always cure to stay cured. Tells why—for the protection of the public—drug stores should not be allowed to sell trusses.

Explains why belt, spring and elastic trusses can do no good. Exposes the humbug "methods," "appliances," "plasters," "systems," etc.

And tells—absolutely without misrepresentation—all about the Cluthe Truss—just how it holds—how it gives the curing massage—how it is waterproof—how it ends all expense—how you can get it on 60 days' trial—and gives names and addresses of over 5000 people who have tried it and want you to know about it.

Write for it today—don't put it off—this book may be the means of adding many years to your life and of restoring you to full strength and usefulness.

Just use the coupon, or simply say in a letter or postal, "Send me your book." In writing us, please give our box number as below—

Box 49—CLUTHE COMPANY
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Send me your Free Book on the Cure of Rupture.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....