

The Best Spring Medicine

It is an easy to prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine as it is to say it.

Spring ailments are blood ailments—that is, they arise from an impure, impoverished, devitalized condition of the blood; and Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and revitalizes the blood as no other medicine does.

It is the most effective of all blood medicines.

There is solid foundation for this claim, in the more than 40,000 testimonials of radical and permanent cures by this medicine, received in two years, this record being unparalleled in medical history.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It cures all spring humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids the digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim. Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla today. Get it in the usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Business Proposition.

"Your honor," said the convicted beggar, "can't you change my sentence of imprisonment to a fine?"

"Suppose I did," said the judge, "where would you get the money to pay it?"

"Oh," replied the c. b., "I could beg a little every day till I had enough."

"No Exact Equivalent." "It would be correct to say, then, that you are on the water wagon, wouldn't you?" asked the reporter.

"No," said the distinguished actor; "that hardly expresses it. I have merely abstained from drinking coffee and taken to more wholesome beverages. You might say, perhaps, that I am on the milk wagon."

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

Amplified. Farmer Honk—Hear ye are goin' to send you son to college, Eben?

Farmer Borkicker—Don't see any reason why I shouldn't—he's too dumb to work, has too much hair, and can yell so's you can hear him 'most all the time.—The Circle.

Red Eyes. weak, inflamed, red, itchy and swollen eyes, use PETER'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Edward Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Any Change an Improvement. Photographer—Is that the most pleasing expression you can assume?

Sitter—Yes, sir. Photographer—Then, for heaven's sake, smile ferociously at me!

Preliminary. "Mr. McGoose, your husband is a singularly gifted man. It's a wonder to me that he isn't on the lecture platform."

"I think he contemplates taking to that line of duty. In fact, he has been lecturing a desultory sort of way, just for practice for the last few years."

"Why, where, Mrs. McGoose?" "At home, I'm the audience."

Restorative Recipe for Men

This will prove a welcome bit of information to those who are overworked, gloomy, despondent, nervous, and have trembling limbs, vertigo, palpitation, cold extremities, indigestion, loss of appetite, and a general inability to act naturally and rationally. It is a tonic, because the treatment can be used secretly at home and taken without any knowledge.

The reader decides to try it, get three ounces ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balsam-wort; mix, and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound cod liver oil and one ounce tincture cadomine mineral (not so famous); mix all together, and well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

Inside History.

Indignant Wife—What's the use of my saying anything to you, John? It goes in one ear and out at the other!

Provoking Husband—Not always, Ma. When you say anything worth mind I stop it on the way through.

Waited. "So you want to earn enough to buy me a dinner, eh?" "Yes, boss."

"I wish you had come around here half an hour ago."

"I did, boss."

"Well, there was a ton of coal to be carried in then; why didn't you get it?"

"I seen de coal."—Houston Post.

To Enjoy

Full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup Figs and Elixir of Senna should be pure and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package, which they demand in a laxative body of an ethical character, are assured the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The Figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but medicinal principles are obtained from other sources known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale at all leading druggists.

MAPLEINE

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocery. If not send 3c for 3 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

A Handicap. "My mamma's yardstick has three feet," said Willie, cute and cunning. "I've only two, but I can beat My mamma's yardstick running."—Judge.

Initiative. "That statesman is a man of wonderful initiative." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "there is no doubt about his initiative. He starts things that nobody on earth would finish."—Washington Star.

Making Up for Lost Time. Stranger (happening along)—What's all that loud wrangling about in there? Sexton—The ladies, sir, are holding an adjourned meeting in the silence room.—Chicago Tribune.

Different Strata. The freestable high handshake chanced to meet the immovable low handshake. Whereupon they gave each other the cold shake and passed on.

Not Now. Mrs. Chugwater—Joshua, what is the unwritten law? Mr. Chugwater—There isn't any. It's been written up in all the papers. I've told you that before.

Why They Don't. Would some oracle might utter, Giving me the reason why Maidens in a constant flutter Never fly!

Fame. Uncle Hiram—So you play base ball, do you, Dickey? Has your ball club got a name?

Five-Year-Old—Has it got a name! Gee! You've heard of the Rag Alley Yarnigans, haven't you, uncle? Well, I'm their regular shortstop. We're going to whale the 'everlastin' stuffin' out of the Hamtown Billygoats next Saturday!—Chicago Tribune.

The Qualifications. "I want somebody to report a woman's congress," said the managing editor.

"Some one well versed in parliamentary language, I presume?"

"Nope. Some one who understands such terms as passementerie, algrette and the like."—Kansas City Journal.

PERUNA

For Catarrh of the Throat of Two Years' Standing.

"I was afflicted for two years with catarrh of the throat. At first it was very slight, but every cold I took made it worse."

"I followed your directions and in a very short time I began to improve. I took one bottle and am now taking my second. I can safely say that my throat and head are cleared from catarrh at the present time, but I still continue to take my usual dose for a spring tonic, and I find there is nothing better."—Mrs. W. Pray, 260 Twelfth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those Loving Friends. Nan (exhibiting her latest photograph)—Don't you think a three-quarters view better than a profile?

Fan—No, dear; it shows too much of the face.

More About Him. Of gardening the city man Off little understands, Yet never fails to raise a crop Of blisters on his hands.—Kansas City Times.

And when his K. C. franks to him A lot of garden seeds, He plants them and is sure to raise A splendid crop of weeds.—Chicago Tribune.

No Limit to His Ability. "Now here," said the salesman, "is a clear I can recommend."

"I know you can, young man," said the customer. "I tried one of them the other day on your recommendation. What I want is a brand you can recommend without lying."

Arrogance of Wealth. "What's them apples worth?" asked the farmer, stopping in front of a fruit stand.

"In that pile?" said the proprietor of the stand. "Five cents apiece."

"So? Well, I guess I'll eat about a dime's worth."

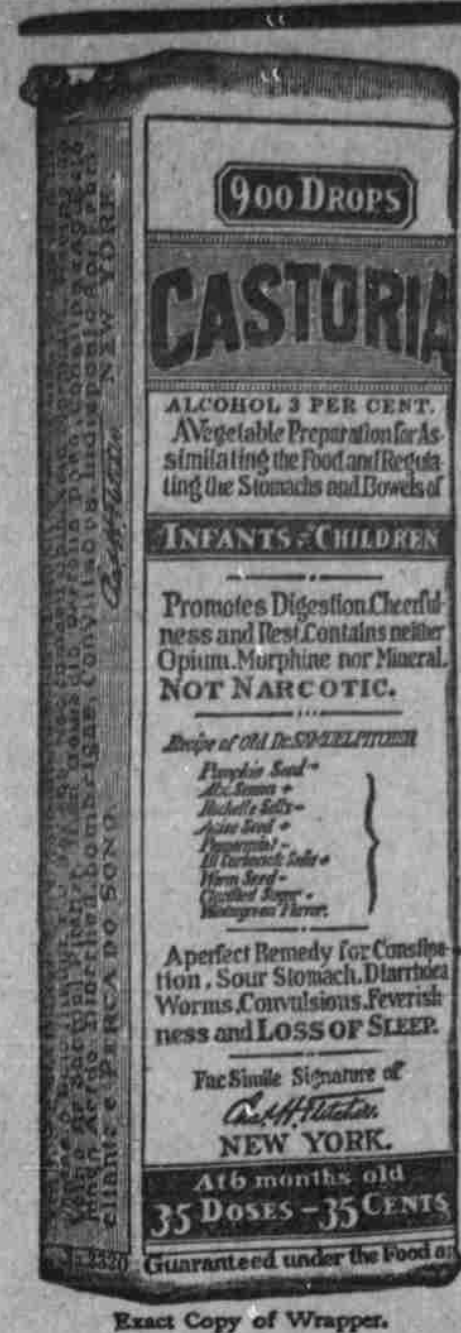
Thereupon he took two big red apples out of a capacious pocket in his overcoat and strolled on, placidly munching one of them.—Chicago Tribune.

RIGID LAWS TO GOVERN AERONAUTS.

A. Leo Stevens, Instructor of U. S. Army Balloon Corps, Advocates Government License and Examinations.

Every day I am firmly convinced that there should be government regulation on ballooning. I have held this theory for some time, but the experience of a certain California aeronaut a few days ago in the Sierra Madre mountains has brought the need home to me more strongly than ever. The government regulations should consist of licenses for balloon pilots, and laws within which the pilots should have to confine themselves.

While I do not wish to reflect on this aeronaut, I do wish to point out that he is only a case in point. Some people can never become successful balloon men any more than all men can become successful as artists or deep sea divers. It's a part of a man's makeup. There are some men who can make 20 ascensions and still be no better equipped as pilots than if they were going up for the second time. A person who is not skilled in aeronautics, knowing that a great many reckless people to have the experience of seeing the earth slip out from under them. Here is where the trouble comes. I will not say that it is not right for a man to go up in a balloon by himself. I think that is



CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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this man has made say nine ascensions says, "Oh, I'll willingly go." If we had government regulation, where men skilled in aircraft should make the examinations as to whether or not the applicant was fitted to be a pilot, this obvious danger would be dispensed with.

The popular idea is that all one has to do to make an ascension is to jump into the balloon car, cut loose and when one is ready to ascend throw overboard the sand ballast. As a matter of fact that much is not even the alphabet of air riding.

When I heard that this experimenter was to make the trip with that number of passengers and with so small an amount of ballast in my old "America," I predicted failure. He should be thankful that the escape was so successful. There are some requirements and some theories controlling the ascent and descent of balloons just as fixed as those that govern temperature or that of gravitation. A certain sized air ship, with so many cubic feet of gas naturally can carry only so many passengers exclusive of its ballast.

There is a nicety in determining just how many it can carry successfully. To be specific, a balloon with 80,000 cubic feet of gas should start out with 35 bags of ballast and five passengers. Equipped in that manner the pilot need fear no storm, and have no worry. He is just as safe as if he were sitting at his own fireside. When a storm comes, by throwing overboard some ballast he can go above it. When the storm is over, by letting out a little gas through the escape valves he can descend safely to the earth. When a balloon of this size, that is 80,000 cubic feet, has thrown over all its ballast for one reason or another, except five bags, it should drop to earth at once. To do otherwise is to run a dangerous risk. A law making this necessary would be a great boon to the art and practice of ballooning. A bag carrying between 35,000 and 40,000 cubic feet of gas and two persons besides the pilot should drop to earth when the pilot has expended all the ballast save three bags. If he does not do so he is risking lives that he should not be allowed to jeopardize.

I am in favor of government regulation. At the present time licenses can be granted to pilots in this country by the Aero club of America. There are now 24 men holding these licenses. An applicant must make 10 successful ascensions before he is granted the license. These directions have to be made before he is granted the license, under the direction of other licensed pilots, or after the applicant has made four or five so that he can manage a balloon, he must keep data of his trips. This information has to be exact, and be filed away. For instance, when the applicant drops back to earth, say on a man's farm, he has to give the man's name and where he lives, and who hauled him back to town. This is so that at any future time the authorities may satisfy themselves that the trip was really made and that it was a successful one in every way.

France has a very creditable method of licensing its balloon men. The licenses are not governmental, though. Each pilot, who is going to make an ascent, carries in his pocket a little book with his number and his photograph in it. If any one questions his identity or his ability as a navigator he simply shows the book with his photo behind the ionglass.

I am in favor of government licensing and government regulations, rather than that of state jurisdiction. In this way the laws would be uniform, and all the air sailers of something near equal ability. An applicant would not have to go to Washington to make an ascent by any means. He may make the trip at any place under the guidance of an accredited pilot.

Ballooning is becoming more and more popular. It is now more than a craze. Its possibilities are attracting

more a matter of ethics. A person may walk on a railroad where there is a third rail. He does it knowing that he is taking his life in his hands, but when he persuades other people to go along with him, he risks their lives without enough experience to get them out of danger should anything happen. When five people go up in a balloon in addition to the pilot, the unskilled pilot is risking five lives in addition to his own.

Throwing overboard ballast is a science. Ballast is to a balloon what steam is to an engine. And just as steam once gone can never be recovered, just so ballast thrown overboard is lost. One man can get along, make a whole trip without losing more than five bags of ballast while another spends twenty. The latter spends all his time in traveling up and down, making saw teeth, while the other sails along in a comparatively straight line. The pilot who is out with the beginner makes careful notes and gives a full report to the members of the Aero club. He takes into consideration just how much fluctuating the learner does. He assists the new man, but watches him carefully to find out how much grip he has on the science.

The dilettante in search of new sensation is as dangerous as an automobilist with the speed mania. I hesitate to make a trip with a beginner who says the danger is nothing, with the man who says "Oh, I'm not afraid. I've got the nerve." As a matter of fact when good sense is used, there is no more danger than there is in an automobile trip. But there is much potential danger. I am willing to make the trip with a beginner who says: "Now I'm new at this, and want you to take the rudder. I don't know it all."

Another thing, balloons and all air crafts will soon be equipped with wireless telephony. An air craft in distress can send a C. Q. D. message to earth just like a vessel at sea. It should be compulsory that equipment for communications with the earth or airships be installed. A balloon in trouble would simply telephone its location or general direction and rescue balloons or automobiles could be sent to the rescue.

The U. S. army corps with which I have been connected has successfully experimented with a DeForest instrument, weighing less than 100 pounds. However, there is a new sparkless and wireless telephone of the radio variety which weighs only 10 pounds and which any balloonist can safely carry. The radio sparkless attachment does away with the danger of setting the gas bag on fire. The weight of the telephone is so small that when the balloon lands out in the country the operator can put it under his arm and take it with him. An old fashioned wireless telegraph is impractical for the reason that it makes a spark that may ignite the gas bag.

Ballooning has advanced so far now that it is no longer experimental, but is a science. The throwing out of ballast is a science. It takes a long time to learn to handle a balloon properly. Why, in the fitness of things, should a beginner, one who has nothing to urge

him on except curiosity and daredevilry, be allowed to risk other lives? I think the license to beginners should be made reasonably hard to obtain. And further, the laws regulating the ballooning should be severe. Ballooning is a matter of public concern, and when licenses are first issued I hope that they will not be given so promiscuously as licenses were given at first to auto drivers.

Letting an outsider take up a balloon is exactly like running a railroad engine. A railroad train is half way between stations when its engineer dies. The train is stopped. Somebody asks, "Can anybody here run an engine?" A young man steps up and says: "Yes, I can." He takes the engine and may draw the train ten miles without an accident and he may get it safely into the station. But is he a worthy engineer? No. On the following day this same young man might wreck the train before he got out of the switch yards.

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