

HOW TO CURE A CHRONIC COUGH

Told in the Following Letter by a Jackson Man Who Knows from Experience. His Word Is Good.

Jackson, Miss.—"I am a carpenter, and the grippe left me not only with a chronic cough, but I was run-down, worn out and weak. I took all kinds of cough syrups but they did me no good. I finally got so weak I was not able to do a day's work, and coughed so much I was alarmed about my condition. One evening I read about Vinol and decided to try it. Before I had taken a quarter of a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles my cough is entirely cured, all the bad symptoms have disappeared and I have gained new vim and energy."

—JOHN L. DENNIS, 711 Lynch Street, Jackson, Miss.

The reason Vinol is so successful in such cases is because the active medicinal principles of cod liver oil contained in Vinol rebuilds wasting tissues and supplies strength and vigor to the nerves and muscles while the tonic iron and wine assist the red corpuscles of the blood to absorb oxygen and distribute it through the system, thus restoring health and strength to the weakened, diseased organs of the body.

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A Conversion

A Story For Labor Day

By SARAH BAXTER

"Talk about the dignity of labor," said Helen Forsythe to her friend, Lois Gregory. "I don't see any dignity in it. No one can do manual labor without getting dirty hands, chapped hands, misshapen hands."

"There are worse things than dirty hands," replied Miss Gregory.

"What, for instance?"

"A dirty soul. How many rich men's sons who have not the incentive to labor have become worthless and contemptible?"

"I dare say, my dear, there is truth in what you say, but for me I would rather marry a poet than a mechanic."

"Even a poet has his uses, but for me he is altogether too ethereal. I would prefer an engineer whose profession deals directly with labor. What is there more splendid than the spanning of a river by an enormous bridge, the building of a cathedral, the tunneling of a mountain?"

"These are planned by one brain."

"Granted, but of what use would that brain be without the workmen to carry out its plan?"

"Well, Lois, marry in the field of labor if you like. I prefer the fine arts. Give me an artist."

"I shall marry the man I love, whatever be his occupation."

These young ladies were both of the well to do class, but they were very

different. Helen Forsythe was disposed to begin where her father left off. When he had been experimenting in overalls she was too young to know much about what he was doing; now that he was living on the royalties he received from a machine he had contrived, with all the refinements a fine income brought, she had little sympathy with what had produced his good fortune.

Lois Gregory, on the contrary, had never known either wealth or poverty. A laborer herself, she sympathized with the cause of labor. She made her living by teaching, and being accustomed to seeing her brain constantly it became stronger with exercise, and she was enabled to distinguish between what was of intrinsic and what was of fictitious value. She had come to the conclusion that the attainment was intrinsic, the attainment fictitious. In other words, there is no stimulus in an accomplished work except to produce something better.

The country seat of the Forsythes was situated in a beautiful valley, through which ran a stream that afforded a fine water power. A mile below the place was a large factory. One day Helen Forsythe's automobile broke down, and a request was sent to the factory to send a man to fix it. He appeared in overalls with a bag of tools, and Helen took him to the car to show him the break.

There was something about this man that arrested Miss Forsythe's attention. He was some twenty-two or three years old and strongly built, and character was plainly written in his face. Helen pointed out the break, though this was unnecessary, for the

young man was a skilled mechanic and took it in himself at once. Helen watched him while he worked, asking him questions about the trouble, how serious it was and how long a time would be required to make the repairs. She noticed a British intonation to his speech, but not the misuse of the letter "th" common with the English lower classes.

"Do you like mechanical work?" she asked.

"Certainly do. I was born with a taste for it," was the reply.

"But don't you think it very dirty?"

"Not as dirty as some other kinds of work."

"You mean shovelling earth, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. I love to dig in the dirt."

"You mean handling ashes?"

"There's dirtier work than that. My brother does it every day."

"Your brother?"

"Yes. He's in politics."

This quite took Miss Forsythe's breath away. Surely this young man was very odd. She presumed the brother he referred to was a political leader in a district where the people were of the lowest class.

"Tell me," she said presently, "what it is that interests you in mechanics."

"I like to fashion things. The mechanic, if he is a good one, may always find a field in his labor for more or less use of the inventive faculty, and the mechanic is free to exercise it. Besides, there is an opportunity in mechanics for a man to climb the ladder that leads up to fortune without using dishonorable means. No man need be happier than the laborer who has all the work he can do. His mind is on what he is doing, and he has no time to worry about imaginary griefs. When he has finished his day's work he enjoys his leisure. How much better off he is than the man whose time is all leisure, who never experiences the comfort there is in rest because he is always at rest."

Miss Forsythe was surprised to hear this from one whom she considered doomed to a life of toil. She was about to inquire of him where he, a laborer, had picked up such ideas when he finished his job, gathered up his tools and, putting them in his bag, bade her adieu and went away.

And yet for Miss Forsythe he did not go away. He was with her the rest of the day as if he were still working on her auto and she listening to his words. "I can understand," she said to herself, "Lois marrying a man like that. There is a healthfulness of body and mind about him that positively rests me. He doesn't seem to be striving for anything. I do believe that he wouldn't give up his present work in exchange for a fine social position, while I—why, if I'm not invited to every swell function I'm miserable."

It was not long before some of the water pipes in the Forsythe home got out of order, and Miss Helen, being, on account of her father's absence and her mother's bad health, the director of the establishment, telephoned to the factory asking for a man to repair them and requesting it to send, if possible, the workman who had repaired her car.

He came with his bag of tools, and Miss Forsythe, as before, showed him the break. She left him, but now and again returned to see how he was getting on. When noon came he had not finished, and she invited him to partake of a luncheon she ordered to be prepared for him. While he was eating she asked him:

"How is it that you, who have never known what is called high life and have no experience as to the cares and disappointments it brings, are so well satisfied with your humble lot?"

He had finished eating when this question was propounded and, rising, stood facing Miss Forsythe, looking at her intently.

"You seem to be interested in this matter," he said, "and I am going to give you a confidence I have given no one else in America. I am the son of an English gentleman. My father designed me for the army or the church. My brother is in parliament. I have watched that silent revolution which is bringing labor to the front. We see it everywhere. People of refinement are sensible of it. Whereas a hundred years ago to make money in manufacture or trade was not considered respectable, now titled persons are going into both."

"My preference is for a life in manufacture. I have no confidence in attaining success in manufacture without ever having been a manufacturer myself. I have preferred to begin as any other laborer begins. If any of them beat me in the race it will not trouble me. If I become a leader I prefer to know the feelings, the necessities, of the men I manage. As to wealth bringing me happiness if I attain it, I have no confidence that it will. My happiness is in my daily labor. I believe that I get the same pleasure in repairing the pipes in this house that the manager of a large factory derives from his more extended duties."

Miss Forsythe was astonished. She had been surprised to meet a laborer who realized that he was happier in his work than if he were a globe trot-

ter, but this man, who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had voluntarily stepped on the lowest rung of the labor ladder to climb or remain a fixture, as the case might be, was something more than she could at once understand. Nevertheless she was deeply impressed.

It occurred to her to invite him to dinner to see how he would appear. He accepted the invitation and with clean hands. He was invited again and again, and a year after Miss Forsythe had first met him she wrote Miss Gregory that she had been converted to her friend's ideas as to the dignity of labor and had been induced to marry a laborer.

The bride endeavored to persuade her husband to accept capital from her father with which to start a factory of his own, but he declined. He said that the happiness he derived from labor was in labor and not in management. Nevertheless he was rapidly promoted in the factory where he worked and made a manager in spite of himself.

Each of the girls who conversed upon the subject of marriage failed to do in the matter what they said they would do. Miss Forsythe, who said she would marry an artist, married a laborer. Miss Gregory, who declared that she would prefer one who builds material structures, married a literary man.

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YOUR BIRTHSTONE.

There is an old superstition which asserts that each month has its particular stone, to wear which is lucky for those born in that month.

These are the different stones that are dedicated to the different months, with their respective meanings:

January.—The garnet, symbol of fidelity.

February.—The amethyst, which stands for generosity.

March.—The bloodstone, emblem of faith.

April.—The diamond, which signifies loyalty.

May.—The emerald, the token of health and vigor.

June.—The agate, another symbol of love.

July.—The ruby, the jewel of courage.

August.—The moonstone, a sign of fate.

September.—The sapphire, the stone of truth.

October.—The opal, which means change.

November.—The topaz, token of prosperity.

December.—The turquoise, the jewel of friendship.

The stone of one's birth month is always much in request for engagement rings and gifts.

TURNING ON GAS.

Much Saving May Be Effectuated by Starting the Flow Gradually.

There are comparatively few women who realize how much gas is wasted when they turn the flow on to its highest point. By experimenting you can ascertain the point at which your burners give the maximum amount of heat and will find out that no matter how much more gas is turned on the flame will remain the same. By turning on the flow of gas carefully until the maximum flame is reached and then never turning it beyond that point a great deal of gas can be saved in the course of a month.

A man who understands the inner workings of gas meters recently explained the most economical way of lighting a gas burner or jet. He said that when the gas is turned on very slowly until the point of lighting is reached no gas is wasted, but that if the gas flow is turned on to its maximum point at once it causes the meter to jump rapidly forward, and as a consequence it will register in the course of a month a good many feet of gas that have really been wasted.

While all the foregoing economies may sound small, yet when taken together at the end of the month they make a very appreciable difference in the amount of the gas bill.

Miller's Worm Powders are a pleasant medicine for worm-infested children, and they will take it without objection. When directions are followed it will not injure the most delicate child, as there is nothing of an injurious nature in its composition. They will speedily rid a child of worms and restore the health of the little sufferers whose vitality has become impaired by the attacks of these internal pests.

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