

**"My Boy was Starving to Death"****"As He Was Getting No Nourishment He Was Gradually Wasting Away."**

Here's a story which will interest every mother. Before my boy was born, I was in such delicate health that the doctor didn't think I would survive the ordeal. For weeks after he was born my life was in jeopardy, so I couldn't feed him and the poor little fellow was left to the care of friends. He wasn't naturally strong. No care was taken in choosing his food and his poor little stomach became so weakened that he couldn't keep anything on it. As he was getting no nourishment from his mother, he was gradually wasting away. Finally, in desperation, we sent for a child specialist and he said that my boy was starving to death. He gave him some medicine and advised a certain diet. The child did improve, but somehow couldn't seem to get strong. This went on for four or five years and the boy still continued weak and thin looking. He could not play like other children without having to lie down and rest. My sister who lives on a farm near the city said that she could fix him up if I would send him to her. While I had been separated from him, I was ready to make any sacrifice to get him strong. He was away from me for three months and it was with feelings of great excitement that I

waited his return as my sister had written me that I would be surprised when I saw my boy. When my sister got off the train, I could not believe that it was my own boy that was leading by the hand. I never saw such a change in any child. He was fat and rosy and full of life with a happy smile. "What on earth have you done to him?" I said. "Why," she replied, "I simply made him live out of doors, gave him good food—and here's the real secret, I gave him three bottles of Carnol. Before he had taken half a bottle his whole appearance had changed. He got heavier, his face took on a colour and he would run round for hours at a time. The change in my boy is the best evidence I have in my life of a regular 'fan' for Carnol and never lose a chance to boost it. As I write I am looking out of the window and when I see that rosy, active, healthy child running round, I cannot believe that he was once a puny, delicate boy."

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it has done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money.

6-824

**"Sparklers" Found in Mines in Arkansas.**

When a man wears "em," is saying attributed to Diamond Jim Brady, when reproved for his lavish display of diamonds. This is probably true than otherwise, and it is a fact that a considerable portion of the world considers diamonds to be a good investment. Bonds and securities do not lend them as a means of display, but one may wear a \$1000 bracelet about his person, if his diamonds are not too fine, and readily turn it into cash if need arises. This, coupled with the stability of the diamond market and the beauty of the stones themselves make them attractive to many.

By far the chief source of supply for the Kimberley district of South Africa is not generally known. However, there is a notable occurrence of diamonds in the United States. According to the Engineering and Mining Journal-Press, several hundred karats have been found in Arkansas on property owned by the Arkansas Diamond Corporation, which some time ago undertook to test its ground to determine whether the stones occurred on a commercial scale or were simply a geological freak. The fact has not yet been determined.

The only commercial sources of diamonds in the western hemisphere are present in Brazil and British Guiana. As a producer of both brilliant and stones used for drilling purposes Brazil has been "least" down. Less has been heard of the Guiana fields. Last fall news began to filter down to Georgetown, British Guiana, from the interior that a new source of promising diamonds had been opened up on the Kurupung, a branch of the Mazaruni river, owing largely to unemployment on the coast lands, caused by a slump in the sugar and rice markets, a rush for the new fields followed. Later reports received stated that the Kurupung is proving a bonanza. About 8000 men are already working a stone weighing 23% carats is the latest found to date.

Recently, William J. LaVare applied for a concession of 6000 acres in the same region, after several years of exploitation work in the country. Mr. LaVare left Georgetown on April 10 to stake out the property and protect it against intruders. In March, he states, 16,000 carats were produced by native prospectors who are lacking in suitable equipment and technical knowledge.

**Cliff Dwellers Eat Flesh of Man?**

Did the prehistoric cliff dwellers of human flesh? George H. Pepper, the American Museum of Natural History points to evidence unearthed in the ruins of the great walled town of Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, Northwestern New Mexico, indicating that they did so occasionally, whether through stress of war or in the performance of some mysterious religious rite. In some of the upper rooms of the ancient stone city, charred and baked human bones were found scattered about with animal bones which had apparently been part of a meal. "Skulls and other portions of the skeletons presented the same appearance," says Mr. Pepper, "as the animal bones broken open for the extraction of the marrow. There was evidence of human bodies having been buried in rooms above the first floor, nor was there any evidence of a fire in the room." Whether this ghastly feast was the habit of some Russian-like famine or of ghastly religious rite is a mystery to which there is as yet no answer. This pueblo was built years before the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and investigations show conclusively that it was occupied for some years.

perhaps centuries. The later architecture is clearly superior to the older portions and shows that these Indians had reached a high plane of development. Nowhere in the Southwest have there been found such masses of turquoise beads, pendants and inlays as were discovered among these old Bonito people, whose aesthetic attainments are further shown by the elaborately decorated stone mortar and the designs in colors on the various skillfully wrought ceremonial articles found in the council chambers of these cliff dwellers.

A good dinner deserves a good cigarette, a bad dinner needs one. Let your choice be CUB.

**Swiss Successful in Use of Rain Guns.**

It is interesting to watch the rain-makers at work in the wine-growing districts around Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. Dotted around the country are numbers of little sheds from the roof of each which protrudes a great bell-mouthed funnel. If you could examine these sheds from an airplane, you would find they are arranged in great circles. Inside each is a gun, the muzzle of which is connected with the bell-mouthed funnel. Charges of noisy black powder are used. The funnel, acting in the same way as a gigantic gramophone horn, magnified the sound of the discharge enormously. When rain is wanted, a man is placed in charge of each hut. Presently a small dark cloud drifting across the sky comes into the circle of the gun. Bang! the cloud shaken by the noise and the shock of the discharge, begins to float to the other side of the circle, Bang! bang! The cloud is chivvied about four a time inside the circle, and eventually the shaking up which it receives causes it to break up into rain. The writer has seen these rain-guns used with success on dozens of occasions.—T.H.B.

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There are certain things for which I deeply admire the members of the medical profession—their self sacrifice and courage in times of epidemic and the vast amount of charity work they do. There is one respect in which I think the medical profession needs a good overhauling. I refer to some of the conventions that go under the head of professional etiquette. They Don't Have To Be Right. "Why," says a friend of mine, "do you have such faith in doctors? They aren't always right. They can't be."

They don't have half the incentive men in other jobs have to be right because it's professional etiquette that one doctor does not say anything about another doctor's work. If a lawyer, or an architect, or a manufacturer makes some big mistake people know about it and he gets come up with. So he's everlastingly careful to make as few mistakes as possible. But if a doctor makes mistakes, all the rest of the profession are supposed to help him cover them up so he will help them when they make mistakes. Of course that's putting the case pretty harshly. But there is some reason for his strong feeling, surely. A doctor told me the other day of a patient who was brought to him for

his eyes in a frightful condition which at once made him suspect some serious trouble with the ductless glands. "It was against professional etiquette," he said, "but when I found that the doctor was treating her for some other trouble altogether I felt so badly for the family that I couldn't help suggesting they get a specialist on glands." They got such a specialist and the boy who had been on the verge of idiocy was restored to normality. "Most doctors," he said, "wouldn't have done that because it was against professional etiquette."

Let the Boy Become An Idiot. In other words, professional etiquette would have had them see the child become an idiot rather than interfere. In the story of hospital life by an author who has good reason to know whereof she writes, the hospital staff stand by and see a child in the hospital slowly dying for lack of an operation just because he is the patient of an old school doctor who does not believe in that operation and it is not their place, in spite of all their knowledge of modern methods, to urge it. In the story, an accident makes the doctor realize his mistake, and the child is saved by the operation. In real life the terrible why of some of our unfortunates.

Women's Eyes Are Opening. Professional etiquette used to forbid any doctor to tell his women patients the terrible why of some of their unnecessary suffering and individualism. I am thankful to say there is a swing away from that convention. In these days the very poor and the very rich get the best medical attention because the very poor are given it free at clinics and public hospitals where the greatest men in their profession give their time; and the very rich can pay for it. But I have heard it stated on good authority that the very poor are more fortunate than the very rich. Why? Because the fact that the rich can pay so much

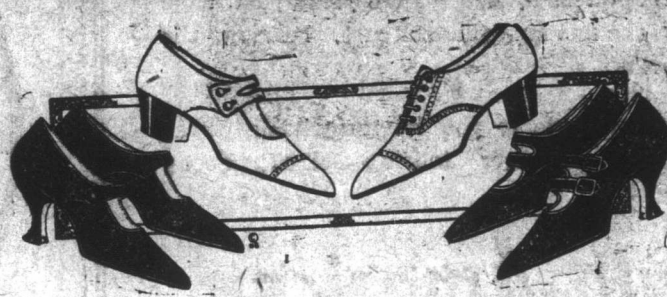
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By Ruth Cameron.

**CAN'T WE HAVE A LITTLE LESS?**

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makes doctors careful about trespassing on each other's property. It's professional etiquette and for once it is the rich who suffer. Of course professional etiquette has many usages. Without it we should doubtless have many evils that it prevents. But it does seem to me that if it were somewhat modified the public would be better off.

**Just Folks**  
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

**SHE NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE.**  
It happened that I came along an school was getting out. And laughing boys and smiling girls raced everywhere about. But two there were who walked along the road in front of me. And one young head was bowed to earth, a troubled lad was he. And as I stepped around the pair to hasten on my way, "She never gave a chance to me!" I heard the youngster say.

Oh, I have been a boy myself, and I have been to school. And I have suffered punishment for breaking many a rule. I've worn the brand of mischief and been written down as bad. So I could reconstruct the scene—the teacher and the lad. The swift avenging punishment, the stern and angry glance. The blot of shame upon the boy, sent home without a chance.

I did not stop to ask the boy his little tale to tell. There was no need of that because I knew the story well. "She never gave a chance to me!" that sentence had it all. A hundred times I've lived the scene in days when I was small. A broken rule, a teacher vexed, hot rage where calm belonged. A guilty judgement blindly made—a youngster sadly wronged.

I still can see that little chap upon his homeward way. "She never gave a chance to me," I still can hear him say. And so I write this verse for him, and all the girls and boys. Who shall their tutors now and then disturb with needless noise. Be fair, you teachers of our land, in every circumstance. Don't let some little fellow say he never had a chance.

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By Bud Fisher

**MUTT AND JEFF**

MAYBE THE OTHER GUY CONCENTRATED TOO.

