

FOR FRAUDULENT USE OF MAILS

Quack Medicine Dealers Simultaneously Arrested in United States.

Washington, Nov. 20.—A nationwide raid, involving 173 persons in the principal cities of the country, was made to-day by post office inspectors and United States marshals upon doctors and drug concerns, charged with misuse of the mails to solicit criminal practice or to dispose of medicines and instruments connected with such practice.

The raid—the most active and far-reaching ever made by any department of the government—was under the personal direction of Postmaster General Hitchcock and Chief Inspector Robert S. Sharp, of the post office department. So carefully had its details been guarded that until the first of the arrests were made at Indianapolis early in the day practically nothing was known of the government's contemplated action. Working with clock-like precision, the inspection force, spread over 22 States, carried out the prearranged plans, and at an early hour to-night the post office department had received word that nearly all of the designated persons had been arrested.

The results of the crusade are still being received to-night by the inspectors' divisions of the post office in the form of dozens of telegrams from various divisional headquarters. In isolated instances it was found for various reasons to be impracticable to effect the arrests, but the suspected persons against whom warrants have been issued are under surveillance and probably will be unable to escape.

Have Been Long at Work.

Chief Inspector Sharp and a large part of the force of 390 inspectors had been engaged for seven months, under the orders of the postmaster general, in working up the scores of individual cases in which arrests were made to-day. Many of those taken into custody were members of prominent wholesale and retail drug concerns or physicians well known in their own communities.

The government will prosecute the cases vigorously, according to a statement by Postmaster General Hitchcock.

"The work of the post office inspectors to-day is the culmination of the crusade instituted more than two years ago against the fraudulent and unlawful use of the mails," said Mr. Hitchcock. "In that comparatively brief time we have wiped out of existence concerns which have mulcted the people of this country out of more than \$100,000,000 by frauds perpetrated through the use of the mails, and the courts have sent many of the promoters of the first fraudulent schemes to the penitentiary, where they are serving time. The wide publicity given to the arrests made to-day will do more to put an end to this sort of criminality than any other process."

Approximately 90 of the persons arrested already have been indicted by United States grand juries in various parts of the country, and the cases of the others will be presented to grand juries now sitting as rap-

idly as may be feasible.

Strict enforcement of municipal and State laws in the East was said by the postal authorities to account for the comparatively few arrests in the large cities in that part of the country. While it was declared that violations of the law are frequent in such cities as Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, the accused persons, it was asserted, have been pursued closely by the State and Federal officials.

Condition on Coast.

Post office inspectors said the hotbed of this class of criminality is in the Pacific Coast States. In San Francisco, it was claimed, a fictitious name was used by several well known physicians, who employed a woman to do the necessary advertising and clerical work. Cases were solicited by correspondence and by printed circulars sent through the mails. Scores of complaints have been received by the department from respectable women, complaining of the receipt of this class of matter.

Approximately 20 per cent of those arrested to-day are so-called "pill doctors"—men who advertised their practice by correspondence or otherwise—and sent to their patients compounds in the form of pills or powders. Careful analysis of these compounds by the government authorities is said to have disclosed that some of them are wholly innocuous, while others are dangerous poisons. Under another section of the penal code, the sending of poisons through the mails is expressly forbidden. One of the men accused is said to have been the secretary of the board of health in the city of his residence. He responded, it is stated, to a decoy or test letter sent to him by the inspectors on the stationery of the board of health. He has been indicted, according to the reports received by the post office inspectors.

Where Arrests were Made.

The number of arrests to be made in the respective cities follows: New York 2, Buffalo 3, Pittsburg 7, Indianapolis 5, Chicago 9, St. Paul 5, Fort Worth 4, St. Louis 3, Omaha 4, Oklahoma City 5, Portland, Ore., 9, Denver 5, Seattle 8, Spokane 5, San Francisco 7, Oakland, Cal., 8, Los Angeles 3, San Jose 3, Mobile 3, Marietta, Ohio, 3, Dallas 3.

Two each in Albany, Washington, Memphis, Birmingham, Cleveland, Steubenville, Ohio; Duluth, Winona, Minn.; San Antonio, Houston, New Orleans, Kansas City, Topeka, Alameda, Cal.

One each in Atlanta, Cincinnati, Toledo, Minneapolis, Galveston, Salt Lake City, Ithaca, Elmira, N. Y.; East Orange, N. J.; Lancaster and Pine Bank, Pa.; Cumberland, Md.; Charleston and Columbia, S. C.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Columbus, Springfield, Mount Vernon, Dayton and Conroy, Ohio; Port Wayne, and Terre Haute, Ind.; Peoria, Ill.; Kalamazoo and Iron River, Mich.; Holden, Mo.; Muskogee, Okla.; Wichita, Kans.; Council Bluffs, Iowa; Bellingham, Crescent and Tacoma, Wash.; Sacramento, Petaluma, Fresno, and Glendale, Cal.

Back to the Farm.

(By Will T. Hale.)

"I'm goin' back to farm life, Bill— I've left the crowded town; If I should want ter leave ag'in, jest take and knock me down! Yes, back among the humble ways, where water, time an' air Don't cost you half that you can make in spite of all your care! Jest like most boys a-growin' up, I thought the farm too slow, An' longed for 'faster' ways, where men's main motto was to 'go'; I found a job—four V's a week, four times what I'd expect, A-jumpin' clouds and splittin' rails, an' cussin' dialect; An' yit I'm goin' back, dear Bill, to where it's 'slow' an' 'cool, An' if I leave ag'in jest set me down a screamin' fool!

"You see I rented me a room upon a seventh floor— Some nearer Heaven, in the town, than I had been before! I patronized the restaurant, and little friendship found, An' paid a porter, or some one else, for every turn around; An' by the time my month was out, this thing is true I speak— I'd done 'blowed in' morn' I had made at eighty-odd a week! An' so the way the money went in this new life of 'go,' I learned the rhyme that fitted best was that 'ere slang word 'blow!' An' so I'm goin' back, dear Bill, where air and water's free, An' bread an' milk and sich make life jest good enough for me!"

Birds Carry Half Ton of Hay.

St. Louis, Nov. 22.—Half a ton of hay which sparrows had transported, straw by straw, to the belfry of the Maplewood Congregational church, was discovered there by workmen who were preparing to put a new roof on the edifice. Search for the aperture through which the hay was brought revealed a small opening between two of the weather boards. The straw had been fashioned into many nests in which numerous generations of sparrows had been hatched.

The worst thing about taking a chance is that you can't always put it back where you found it.

SIGNERS OF DECLARATION.

Poem that Embraces the Names of Famous Americans.

It will not be denied that the men who, on July 4, 1776, pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" in behalf of our national liberty deserve the most profound reverence from every American citizen. By arranging in rhyme the names of the signers according to the colonies from which they were delegated it will assist the youthful learner in remembering the names of those fathers of American Independence.

I.
The Massachusetts delegation That signed our glorious Declaration Were Hancock, Gerry, Robert Paine, The great John Adams, and again Another Adams, Samuel by name.

II.
New Hampshire, called the "Granite State," Sent Whipple, Bartlett, Thornton, great, Alike in counsel and debate.

III.
Rhode Island's delegates, we see, Were Stephen Hopkins and Ellery.

IV.
Connecticut, excelled by none, With Wolcott, Williams and Huntington.

V.
New York as delegates employed Lewis Morris and William Floyd, With Francis Lewis and Livingston, Who died before the war was done.

VI.
New Jersey to the Congress sent Her honored college president, John Witherspoon, with Stockton, Clark, Hart, Hopkinson—all men of mark.

VII.
Though Pennsylvania need not blush For Morris, Mortore, Wilson, Rush, And though most men might seem as dross

To Cylmer, Taylor, Smith and Ross, To Franklin each his tribute brings Who neither lightning feared, nor kings.

VIII.
The men from Delaware—indeed As true as steel in utmost need— Were Rodney, with McKean and Read.

IX.
"My Maryland" is proud to own Her Carroll, Paen, Chase and Stone.

X.
On old Virginia's roll we see The gifted Richard Henry Lee, And, just as earnest to be free, His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, And Wythe and Nelson, patriots true.

With Harrison and Braxton, too; But of them all, there was not one As great as Thomas Jefferson.

XI.
North Carolina's chosen men We know were Hooper, Hawes and Penn.

XII.
And South Carolina's vote was one— By Heyward, Lynch and Middleton.

XIII.
From Georgia came Gwinnett and Hall And Walton, too, the last of all Who signed our precious Declaration, The pride and glory of the nation.

Couplet Maxims.

(C. H. Meiers, in Farm and Home.)
A resolution put in use Is better than a good excuse. Give friends the benefit of doubt; Don't let your faith in them die out.

It does not prove that you are right To beat your neighbor in a fight. If you must cheat to win a game Stop playing ere you come to shame.

The man who hates a bird's sweet song Knows less of virtue than of wrong. Men who perform the greatest feats Look plain and common in the streets.

'Tis better far to try and fail Than to just sit around and wall. Don't scorn the poor man whom you meet;

To-morrow he might own your street. The noblest thoughts and deeds of men Are not recorded by the pen.

Heroes alone, in life's great plot, May scorn the weak; and they will not.

Live each day so no one need weep O'er your misdeeds the while you sleep.

Each jealous thought kill at its birth; True love and faith command their worth.

When dealing think: Would this seem fair? If I were he who listens there?

You have no right to ask of Jim A favor you'd not do for him.

Just when they think they know it all, Wise men, like aviators, fall. Give men the chance that each one needs

To rise above youth's foolish deeds. Despite what others claim, I say: The world grows better every day.

Giving away old clothes is the easiest of all known forms of benevolence.

Some men are never more possessed of a devil than when they are self-possessed.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Charles Wesley's Famous Hymn Was Inspired by a Frightened Bird.

(Kansas City Star.)
Religion has always been wedded to song, whatever the stage of civilization or the form of worship. Rhythm and melody have acted and reacted upon the religious life of the world, until it is easy to understand how the largest and most permanent contribution one can make to the religious life is to write for it a new song which will lift it on the wings of praise and prayer to the higher things.

The greatest hymn written by uninspired man is undoubtedly "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," written by Charles Wesley.

It stands next to and possibly beside the great Song of David, which is called the Twenty-third Psalm—the little brown thrush of all earth scents, homely, but sweet to human hearts: "The Lord is My Shepherd." Wesley's hymn shares with David's the honor of bringing peace and comfort to the largest multitudes; to have been the earliest heard in childhood and the last to linger on the tongue when the singer crosses the bar.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," is one of the noblest expressions of Christian faith and hope in all literature, and so shares with the Twenty-third Psalm the first place in the hearts of thousands as the two voice the prayers of Christendom.

Charles Wesley wrote this hymn at the age of 32, and the story of its origin is that he stood by an open window on a summer day, and a little bird, frightened by a thunderstorm, flew into the room and sought refuge there; this incident inspired the writing of this hymn.

Henry Ward Beecher, speaking of his father's death and his love for this hymn, said: "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's than to have the fame of any kind on earth. It is more glorious. There is more power in it. I would rather be the author of that hymn than to have the wealth of the richest millionaire of New York. He will die and pass out of men's thoughts. He will have done nothing to stop trouble or encourage hope! His money will be scattered by division. In three or four generations everything comes to the ground again for redistribution; but that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band, and then I think it will mount up to the very throne of God."

Mie Takes Owner's Body Home.

Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 21.—William Green, a wealthy farmer living just north of the city, was stabbed to death last night while returning to his home from the city. There are no clues to the murderer.

Green was driving a mule hitched to a wagon and the body of the man was carried home by the faithful animal, where it was discovered lying at the bottom of the vehicle by members of the family.

Revenge is Hinted as a Motive for the Crime and Detectives are Working upon this Theory.

Gaymen's Work.

Westminster, Nov. 18.—Editor Keweenaw Courier: Please publish the following programs:

First Sunday, December 1st. At Cross Roads No. 1—W. M. Lemmons and A. Gaines, speakers.

At Jordania—W. M. Brown and M. M. Cary, speakers.

The speaking at the above places will commence at 10.30 a. m. We hope for good crowds, and each speaker will be on hand promptly. The program will be arranged for the remainder of December, and will be made public later.

J. W. Shelor, Chairman Pro Tem. W. M. Lemmons, Secretary.

Ticked the Buffaloes.

(Kansas City Journal.)

How a Yankee railroad man once tried to protect telegraph poles in Western Kansas from the buffaloes, and signally failed, is related by H. J. Barber, a pioneer of Pawnee county, as follows:

"Barry settlers remember that for miles you could see a white polished ball on every telegraph pole, where buffaloes had scratched their shaggy hides when tormented by buffalo gnats. I was told that many poles were broken by the vast army of searching animals. A certain railroad official, who lived in Boston, where the shoes were made, bought all the pegging awls on the market and had the section men drive them into the posts until they looked like giant sentries."

"The herds came and saw and conquered. They fought for first place at the poles, and ticked their mangy hides with the awls, which were broken by the joyful bulls that still reached on the remnants until the poles fell. Needless to say, the remaining awls were withdrawn from service at once."

A woman is as old as she looks, but not as young as she thinks she looks.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but the dollar is mightier than the cannon.



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IN THE DARK, DARK DAYS.

We find "friends" in the sunshine a-plenty, And friends in the bright, bright ways, But oh, for the friend that holds one fast In the dark, dark days.

We find "friends" that greet us gladly As we bask in good fortune's rays. But, alas! how seldom we find a true friend In the dark, dark days. There are "friends," just "friends," and nothing more, When one's brow wears the laurels—the bays— But, oh, God! keep for me one friend I had In my darkest days.

—John Bailey Adger Mullally.

Mrs. Hetty Green Now 78.

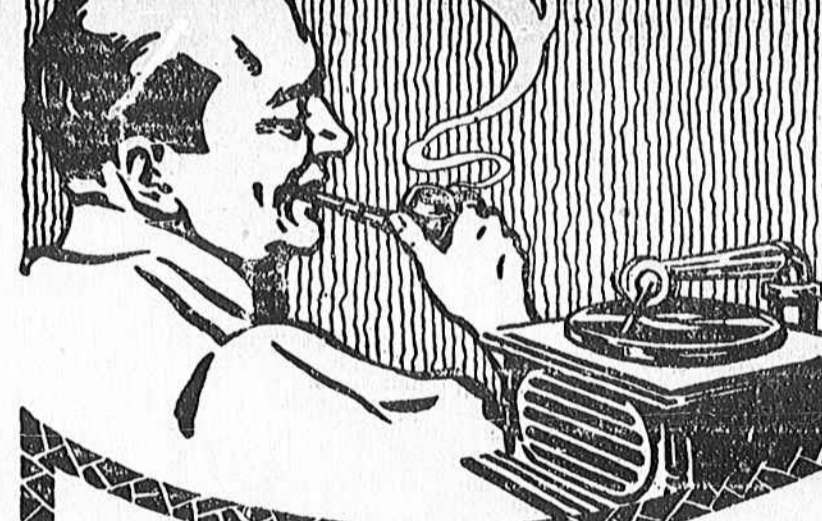
New York, Nov. 21.—Mrs. Hetty Green, "the richest woman in the world," was 78 years old to-day. "It's no holiday, though," she declared at her square little rosewood desk at the head of Wall street. Why should I take a holiday and waste a whole day just because I happened to be born on November 21, 1834?"

Mrs. Green consented to relax just long enough to dictate a series of "don'ts" for girls. They were:

"Don't envy; don't overdress; don't fail to go to church; don't eat anything but good, wholesome food; don't cheat in your business dealings; don't forget to be charitable; don't forget to take a lot of exercise; don't forget the many laws of God."

Suits for divorce are cut bias, discarding yoke neck.

There is trouble ahead of the man who acts as a baby carriage motor.



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Mrs. A. WEDDMAN, of 403 Thompson St., Maryville, Mo., writes: "The nerve in my leg was destroyed five years ago and left me with a jerking at night so that I could not sleep. A friend told me to try your Liniment and now I cannot get to bed without it. I find after its use I can sleep."

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