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Presbyterian Family Newspaper

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OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION.

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TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say,
Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good;
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's
wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and
health;
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man;
Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No! the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Where'er you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes;
And, oddly enough, you find, too, I wean,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have entered upon a new road. It is strangely familiar and still it is strange and entirely unknown. We have taken a few steps upon it, but we know not whither it leads. It is a winding road with many strange turnings, with breezy uplands, and low, with dark valleys, with smooth going in places, and rough, rocky stretches in others. So much we know by past experience. But no one can tell us where it will end, what thrills or horrors it will bring us, whether our burdens will be eased by the way or measurably increased, all this is hidden from our view. If we walk this way to the very end, we know we will have made three hundred and sixty-five days' marches, but no one can tell us whether we will go to the end or be called to stop march long before the end is reached. The way is the "New Year."

There is something solemn in the change of the figure on the calendar, something that grips even the least imaginative. It is so final, so hopelessly irrevocable. It is true that this happens every day and every week and month, but we are not so deeply sensible of it. The world counts its history, not by weeks and months, but by years.

As the figure on the calendar slips and changes, it brings to thousands hopeless regrets. The past cannot be undone or changed as is the symbolic figure on the calendar. And many a deep-dyed sinner is sensible of the totality of the loss which comes to him when the clouds fall on the newly filled grave of the old year. He feels that the gate is down; the way back is closed; what has been done cannot be undone; the record is finished and the book is sealed.

And so we who are Christians would feel, if we had no Father in Heaven who knows us and remembers how frail we are; if we did not know that "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions away from us," if we did not know that God remembers, but that God also forgives. And so we are sobered beyond measure by the sense of the change of the passing years, but we also are sensible of the fact that a changeless God rules over the changing years.

Knowing this, what are your plans for the journey that stretches before you? Have you started the "New Year" with new resolves and high plans? Have you confessed the sins of the past way, its wasted hours, its mistakes and lack of zeal? If terrible mistakes were made in the past year, will you willingly repeat them in the new? Many of us would lack the courage to advance at all, if we knew what sad surprises lie hidden in the mist which covers the distant scene. There will be losses and griefs and cruel separations, bitter disappointments and for some of us the deep chilly waters, which will sweep us away from the environment we have learned to love so well.

But what of it? If only the Father's hand grips ours, what have we to fear? If He be for us, who can be against us? Is there a

load He cannot help us carry, or a valley so deep that with Him we dare not traverse it? Let us cheer each other on the way and let us have the boundless courage of a world-conquering faith.

This old world of ours has groaned long under the intolerable burden of wars and rumors of wars, of broken hearts and countless graves. For more than two years we have seen wherever we looked nothing but bloodshed and smoking villages and pillaged homes, until the cry of our anguish has gone up to God. Will He, whom we have shamefully forgotten, hear us and have mercy upon us? Will the dove of peace settle at last on the ruins of a broken civilization? We pray and hope. There is a cloud as large as a man's hand, and we almost feel the assurance that God will be gracious and, before we have traveled many leagues of the new way, our eyes will behold the march of the troops returning home to be met by the ringing of the glad bells of a jubilee of peace. If so what a "New Year" this year 1917 will be!

With this issue the "Christian Observer" begins its one hundred and fifth volume. This may seem somewhat strange to our readers in view of the fact that the "Observer" will not have completed one hundred and four years of continuous publication until September 4, 1916. The explanation is found in the fact that in 1896 the volume number carried at the head of the "Christian Observer" was made to begin with the first issue in January instead of the first issue in September, in order that each volume thereafter might coincide with the calendar year. As the "Christian Observer" was founded on September 4, 1813, Volume 83, which began on September 6, 1895, was closed with the last issue in December, 1895, and consequently is a smaller volume than the others, including only the issues from September 1, 1895, to January 1, 1896. It will thus be seen that Volume 105 begins with the first issue in January, 1917, but the full one hundred and four years of the history of the "Christian Observer" will not end until September, 1917.

The Church awaits with intense interest the final report of the amount secured for the Endowment Fund of Ministerial Relief in response to the generous offer of a ruling elder, who agreed to give \$68,000 provided the Church raised \$136,000 during 1916. This ruling elder has kindly extended for a few days the time for securing the entire fund. It is impossible as this issue of the "Christian Observer" goes to press to announce editorially the exact amount received, but, as the year 1916 came to a close a little more than \$111,000 had been received. On page 24 of this issue the last general call from the Executive Secretary, Rev. Henry H. Sweets, D. D., will be found. Even if remittances are made now within the next few days, before January 10, they will apply on the Fund. Surely the Church will not allow any part of the generous gift of this Christian man to be unclaimed under the terms of his offer. Send all remittances to Mr. John Stites, Treasurer, Fifth and Market Streets, Louisville, Kentucky.

Home Circle.

For the Christian Observer.

"Uck," the Gray Gander.

A Story From the Chinese.

BY REV. THOS. B. GRAFTON.

(An article of recent date in the "Christian Observer" concerning the farm of a man who was friendly to wild geese prompts me to write something of a quaint belief of the Chinese regarding the habits of this splendid bird. I have put it into story form in order to make it more readable to young folks.—T. B. Grafton.)

The November wind was blowing sharp and keen. The air was damp with the mists from the sea as the sun set in a dull haze. As it sank out of sight in the edge of the endless western plain, a long line of wild geese appeared north of the Tung Hai river, their long necks outstretched, their powerful wings rhythmically beating the air at a rate that was sending them south with the speed of the fastest express train.

The formation was perfect. They flew in a long wide "V" and a sharp eye could count thirty-seven birds to each side. At the point of the "V" flew the lead gander slightly higher than the line, and as they neared the earth his imperious commands could be heard to his following flock.

"Quock, quock, see-quockle!" he shouted sharply and from thirty-seven pairs of throats came the glad answer: "See-quockle."

The front birds slackened their speed a brief moment and the V became a long line, the magnificent gander rising a dozen yards above and glancing down in proud approval of the well-executed maneuver.

"Izzle, izzle, Gee-izzle!" he called again and the chorus was a happy and oft repeated "Gee-izzle." Gray Uck dropped to one end of the line, stopped short in the air and the whole line swirled around him as a pivot. Closer and closer they packed together; old Uck meantime leading the whirl towards the shadows of the great Haichow mountain.

A sharp cliff, hundreds of feet high with a broad ledge half way from the top offered a tempting landing to the tired birds and a young white goose dipped as if to land, but was halted by a stern command from old Uck.

"Honkle! Honkle!" he ordered and the young thing rose up again into the flying mass, not without a hiss of discontent. "Such a good place," she sighed to her mate in goose language, but old Uck knew better. His keen nose had caught the whiff of smoke; with a honk that no goose or young gander dared disobey, he rose above the cliff and struck straight for the line of reeds at the far bend of the river. He was not satisfied but he knew that when the young geese of the flock began dropping earthwards it was the best generalship to make camp for the night. And so he gave the camping signal and sailed sharply downwards.

It was the only signal of the day that had been unanswered for long ago before they left the north old Uck had given his army the one inviolable rule. "Make camp in silence. No honking or squawking as we come close to the earth. Don't even flap your wings, but glide down gently and noiselessly as you see me do." For old Uck was the wisest of all the ganders.

Over a village they glided, not attracting the ear of even one small boy, across the marsh, over the river and up to the first high ground beyond. For it is a peculiar trait of the Chinese wild goose that while they love to fly along the edge of streams and shape their course thereby, they have never been known to alight in any of the rivers, lakes or canals around Haichow, invariably choosing the dry land and

not infrequently the cliffs of the mountains. In this they differ from the wild duck which is never seen except in the water or at its very edge.

With a single soft "Keek" old Uck designated the landing place by turning a sharp angle and letting the line wind itself up again into a spiral and drop gently to the ground. Old Uck was the last to land; before his feet touched the earth he had circled his flock several times "milling" them close together. When the old and wise gander had seen that the camp was in order he majestically stalked to the little mound of earth on the exposed side of his camp and took up his position of sentinel.

The old gander looked at the compact camp of happy geese and pompous ganders and sighed a long sigh, for the history of old Uck is a sad one. These were his adopted children, and to none was he bound by the tie of blood. A close inspection would have shown that none of the flock had his breadth of wing nor his superb reach of neck. His coloring was subtly different, a blending that in the early or late light made him nearly invisible. But most of all was his proud carriage. He looked at the waddle of the young ganders of the flock with proud disdain. His walk was not the free stride of the land bird to be sure, but he had watched from his high flights the swing of the Confucian scholars on the earth below, and his step was a stately imitation of their own.

A mist came in from the sea breaking at last into a cold rain. Each goose snuggled up more closely to her mate, but they slept soundly and noiselessly. But there was no sleep for the watchful Uck.

The rain came full in his face but he disdained to turn his back to it. Not even did he lower his proud neck, but kept an upstanding, unflinching guard all the night long. Near midnight an affectionate young goose shoved her mate off his clumsy feet and he awoke with a squawk. A wrathful hiss from old Uck rebuked the pair to silence. "Goslings," he sneered at them, but the heart of the old gander was very soft towards his followers.

Years ago, a great many, many years ago, the majestic gander had been young—and he smiled to think of it—as foolish as any of the young ganders in his train. He too had his love affair. In his first great flight from the north, as the long lines of fat birds had begun to form in companies, a gray flash of light had crossed his path and challenged him to a race down the wind. In spite of the warnings of his parents, and the rebuke of his commanding officer, young Uck broke from his place and followed the young and merry goose. What a chase she had led him. Straight out to sea she put with never a look behind, her beautiful neck lightly stretched out slightly above her graceful body. Young Uck had flown many a race before, but never had he been led like this. Drawing his lungs full of the cold northern air, he had tried his best to pass the beauty in his front. Faster he sped, now sixty, now seventy-five, now eighty miles an hour he was making, and his heart was thumping heavily. Still ahead of him sailed the beauty, her long slender form like a streak of light. Then the young gander got down to business; he drew his legs under him more tightly, lowered his proud neck till it formed a straight line with his heaving back, tightened up his tail feathers and called on his glorious wings for more power. It came. Slowly he crept up to her side, keeping out beyond the reach of her air waves till he was full abreast. For the first time he turned his head towards her and she had winked at him a saucy



For the Christian Observer.

An Organized Class Learns Shorter Catechism.

The above group is an organized class in one of the Sunday schools of Alpine Presbyterian church, Menlo, Ga. Every member of the class recently received the diploma awarded by the "Christian Observer" and the Bible presented by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication for the perfect recitation of the Westminster Shorter Catechism. Not only did they learn the Shorter Catechism themselves but they each one taught one of the other Catechisms of our Church to some smaller child; and on the same Sunday that the pastor, Rev. Charles R. Bailey, delivered the diplomas and Bibles to them, they saw the children they had taught, each one, receive a prize for the perfect recitation of a Catechism.

The inspiring force in this work was

their able teacher, Miss Rosa L. Wyatt, who was untiring in her labors to bring the work to a successful termination. The whole Sunday school, of which Mr. O. L. Cleckler is the superintendent, is proud of the faithful and diligent work of these girls and has received from it quite a strong impetus to growth and efficiency. The girls are: Myrtle Wyatt, Rubye Orear, Daphne Ransom, Lucile Agnew, Rilla Story, Rubye Thacker, Sue Kennedy, Clyde Lawrence, Ethel Mustoe, Nell Lawrence, Mildred Lawrence, Ruth Wyatt, Leah Story, Martha Mobley, and Dorothy Garvin. Four were not present when this picture was taken: Jessie Stephenson, Mary McWhorter, Willie Mobley and Annie May Holcombe.

Menlo, Ga.

wink. In the thrill of emotion that followed he had made a final burst of speed and shot out beyond her. She capitulated with a squawk and back they turned. She accepted his leadership and slightly behind him had flown back to camp. Down the line they had sailed and the cackling of the gossips told of a new love match. He had found her the choicest bugs and worms, and always in camp he had stretched out his broad wings as a kind of covering under which she could rest.

And then had come the awful tragedy. 'Twas on a wintry day like this a dozen years before that they had landed under the leadership of old Guzz on the face of a cliff of this same nearby mountain.

Tired and happy they rested through a long night and ere the day began to break they heard the soft morning call of old Guzz. The air had chilled in the night and young birds were reluctant to leave their warm sheltered place, and soon the east was growing bright and pink. Then suddenly had come the warning call, a shriek of terror from their guard. With a roar of wings the sleeping birds awakened and fanned the air for flight when there was an awful boom and a choking smoke. Old Guzz had stumbled limply and settled down as their old enemy, man, leaped out from behind a rock with a blunderbuss. In terror the birds ducked and scattered, but there was another awful boom and more blinding smoke. Uck's mate had screamed loudly and fallen from his side. As the flock sped away he looked back to see his love standing by the dead Guzz, one matchless wing crumpled and useless at her side. The man was running towards her and a cloud hid them from sight.

Raggedly the flock had flown all day and flew till far into the night when they dropped breathless and exhausted in a field a thousand miles south. A census was quickly taken. The commander was missing and the wife of young Uck. Without a vote, without discussion, Uck mounted guard as sentinel, and from that day forth was commander in chief, with undisputed authority.

That is the way of the Chinese wild goose. Of all the birds that come

and go none has the deep heart love of the wild goose. Once and once only are they mated. If they escape the accidents of a wild life they live to a happy old age together, raising family after family as the years go by. For them there is no divorce, no separation, and most sorrowful of all no mending of a broken heart. From this time on the bereaved one never sleeps. Most birds are light sleepers, but the sorrow of a lost love forever drives sleep from the eyes of the one that is left behind. So the lone goose or gander becomes a guardian of the young. All their cunning and skill and knowledge of the great wide world is bestowed unselfishly upon the young and inexperienced. With no complaint of weariness, with no chidings for the disobedient and unappreciative of their adopted families these splendid birds live their noble lives.

In fact the best of the Chinese regard it sacrilege to kill the wild goose. They claim that such an example of conjugal devotion elevates this bird to a position of nobility which man should recognize with uplifted hat. Wild ducks and other birds of fickle natures may be slaughtered, but the killing of one of these is a reproach.

But to return to old Uck. A sharp-eyed hunter had watched their flight in the dusk of the evening and had said to his small boy, "If we rise very early and can get to the high land beyond the reeds west of the river, we may get a shot."

The east was getting its first touch of gray as a man and a shivering boy crept out of the cover of the reeds and waited for the light—the boy was shivering not from cold but from the excitement of the hunt. He was to have his first shot. Hugging the edge of a large grave they waited for the light. "Listen for the gander's morning call, son, and then make your way in that direction. You will have maybe three minutes before they get up and going," was the whispered advice.

Suddenly came from the west a commanding but gentle note. With tense nerves the boy seized his gun and bending low walked swiftly and silently towards a distant group of graves. The east grew suddenly brighter as the wind swept away the mists and a huddle of gray forms ap-

peared a hundred yards ahead. The boy stooped lower still and began to crawl but the silence was broken by the loud alarm scream of the great gray gander, and with a roar of flapping wings the flock took flight. A most disappointed boy walked slowly back. "It was that old gray gander there on guard," he complained bitterly. "If it hadn't been for him I

could have crept up close enough for a fine shot." But the boy's father smiled in admiration. "Just look at the gait he is leading those geese," he exclaimed. For old Uck, head straight before him, was beating south at seventy miles an hour, a long line of startled geese strung out behind him. Haichow, China.

fectly to our sister. Please put our names on the Roll of Honor and send us a certificate. We enjoy the little letters and stories in the "Observer" very much. Please publish our letter as we want to surprise our sisters, Lula and Pattie, who are attending school at French Camp. Your little unknown friends, Enoch Ward and Bradley Ward. Bay Springs, Miss.

SANTA CLAUS SURELY LIKES CAKE.

Dear Mr. Converse.—I am six years old. I go to school and my class will soon finish the primer and enter the first reader. My two brothers and I are so glad Christmas is near. We have just written letters to Santa Claus. Last Christmas a little friend of mine left a plate of cake by her stocking for Santa Claus and he took plate and all. He must have been in a big hurry. Our Sunday school is to have a Christmas tree on Christmas eve. I hope another story will be published soon as good as the one of "Trudy and Timothy." Your friend, Sumner, Miss. Grace McLellan.

"MEASLES."

Dear Mr. Converse.—I am a little girl ten years old. I go to the First Presbyterian Sunday school. I am a member of the church. I have not missed but one Sunday in 1916. Our minister is Rev. Mr. Paisley. I have a dog named Buster. He is a smart dog. I have a pet hen. When I had the measles, an old hen had a gray chicken. The old hen pecked it, so mother said, "You may have it." I named it "Measles." I have enjoyed the story of "Trudy and Timothy." I want to surprise my father. I hope my letter will not reach the waste basket. Your new friend, Mildred Storey. San Marcos, Tex.

A COLLECTION OF BIRD EGGS.

Dear Mr. Converse.—I am a little boy eleven years old. I am in the fifth grade at school. I have recited the Child's Catechism to my mother, so please put my name on the Roll of Honor and send me a certificate. I have a cat named Gyp. He will roll over for something to eat. My little brother and I started a collection of bird eggs last spring. We have thirty-five different kinds. The smallest is the flax-seed bird's egg which is not much bigger than the end of my little finger. It has a beautiful little band around it that looks like a little vine. The Turkey Buzzard's egg is as large as a turkey's egg and has brown spots on it. Your friend, John Jacob Frantz. Troutville, Va.

LIKES "TRUDY AND TIMOTHY."

Dear Mr. Converse.—I thank you for the pretty book you sent me. My mamma has read it to me over and over. I have a little brother five years, and a little sister three years old, and we all love to read "Trudy and Timothy." We read the "Christian Observer" every week and enjoy the little letters from your little friends. Hoping you will publish this letter in your paper, I am Your little friend, Susie Farley Goodwin. Anniston, Ala., 1100 Leighton Ave.

ROLL OF HONOR FOR 1917.

For the benefit of new comers among our readers, we would explain that we have offered in time past, and offer again this year, to make honorable mention in the columns of the "Christian Observer" of all those who shall have perfectly recited at one recitation to pastor, parent, or teacher, either—
I. Westminster Shorter Catechism; or
II. Introduction to Shorter Catechism, or Child's Catechism; or
III. As many Church Hymns as the years of their age; or
IV. As many Psalms or Bible chapters as their years.

To those children in "Class I," we give a diploma; to those in "Class II," we give a certificate. These certificates and diplomas are sent out, from two to four weeks after the names are received, as it takes this long to have them printed. Bibles and Testaments are not given by the "Christian Observer" for memory work; "The Presbyterian Committee of Publication," Richmond, Va., gives a Testament to any child memorizing the Child's Catechism, and a Bible for memorizing the Shorter Catechism. Write direct to them for Bibles and Testaments.

OUR LITTLE ONES



Polly.

When Polly Picks the Peas.

When Polly goes a-picking peas,
She wears a white sunbonnet,
And on her arm a bright tin pail
With "Pure Leaf Lard" upon it;
She has her mother's apron, too,
It hangs from neck to toe;
She wears it hind-side-'fore because
It's more becoming so.
When Polly goes a-picking peas,
She takes her eldest daughter,
For every doll should learn to work—
It can't be too soon taught her;
If dolly doesn't want to go,
She sometimes drops behind;
This hinders Polly, picking peas,
She takes so long to find.
When Polly goes a-picking peas,
She carries bread and butter,
And many little bugs and flies
Around her luncheon flutter;

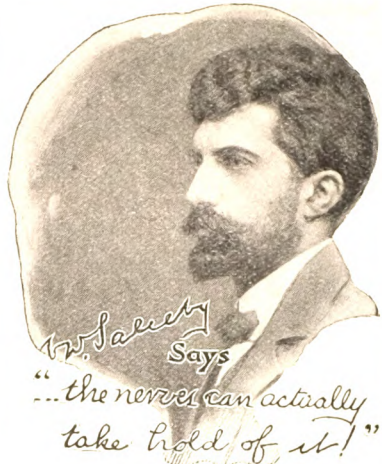
And one big toad, beneath a leaf,
Looks on and takes his ease;
He likes not sun, and never helps
Our Polly pick the peas.
When Polly goes a-picking peas,
She sometimes comes back running;
"I put the cover on my pail,
'Cause there's something cunning
That walked right in! Don't joggle me,
Nor shake the pail, nor shout!"
She lifts the cover up, and lets
A gran'ther-long-legs out.
When Polly goes a-picking peas,
It really is quite funny
That though the garden's full of vines,
And though the day is sunny,
She only brings back dusty hands,
Torn apron and scratched knees,
And in the little shining pail
Four peapods and five peas!
—Eleanor W. F. Bates.

Our Young Folks

FOUR PUPPIES.

Dear Mr. Converse.—We are little brothers ten and seven years old. We go to school and are in the first and third grades. We have four sisters and one brother. Our mamma went to Heaven nearly two years ago, and

we miss her very much. We help papa feed and water the horses and hogs, and also get in wood after school. We have four pretty little puppies and two calves. We play on a nice hillside covered with pine straw, and also go there to study our Sunday school lessons and Catechism very often. We have recited the "Introduction to the Shorter Catechism" per-



Dr. C. W. Saleeby Says
"...the nerves can actually take hold of it!"

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the widely quoted authority on eugenics, physiology, etc.

YOUR doctor will tell you this: Broken-down nerve tissues require not a stimulant but a builder, like organic phosphorus. To get this essential food actually to the nerves—that has been the problem. And now the well-known medical authority, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, of London, says:

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