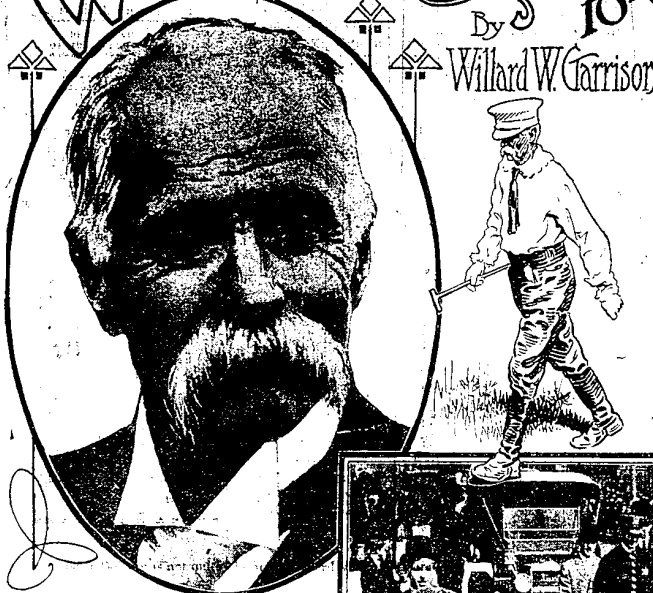


WESTON'S Case to Coast TRAMP

By Willard W. Garrison



E HOWARD HANSON WESTON, aged 72 years, is the youngest old man in the world. Not content with a mere statement of this fact, Weston has proven it by walking from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 4,600 miles, in 73 days Sunday included.

His arrival in Toledo just the other day is proof enough that there is only one wonder in this world, and that is the power of the human body.

With the chilly March winds making walking a difficult task, Weston, on the fourth of the month started his long, tedious, coast-to-coast trip, and the biggest pleasure of his life came when the cool afternoon breeze, as if in greeting, seemed to rise up of Golden Gate, San Francisco, and make the home stretch to the "Prison" very much more pleasant.

Created by the people of San Francisco with even more hospitality than he had experienced along the route, such a condition were possible, this interesting old man was indeed at the height of his glory.

Think of it—any one brag about a ten-mile feat of pedestrianism—this 72-year-old New Englander during his years of walking, had traversed more than 2,000 miles, which is the distance around the world, land and water included.

His latest achievement was accomplished at a rate of 40 miles each day, a hard proposition in consideration of the fact that Weston returned to his little cot in the city of San Francisco after his journey.

Some days over level country where fast time was possible, he would average 50 and 60 miles. The record was set when on his walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago a year ago, he accomplished a stretch of 60 miles in a day. Then, however, he walked the entire 24 hours.

Always carrying a regular breakfast food made this quiet old character, who, by the way, can address an audience as well as he can walk long distances, never lost sight of the optimistic side of his venture. Happy, hale, hearty and a picture of color, he laughed gaily at mention of the distance which he was compelled to undergo in making good his determination to span the continent afoot.

Facing the sun-baked western deserts, he wore the same typical Yankee smile. Only once did the relentless heat of the sands cause him to falter. That was when in crossing the Great Salt Lake desert, on the twenty-second of June he was forced to stop and rest almost two hours at Lemay, Utah. He rested almost against his will, but he realized that the little stretch of sleep at Lemay was for the best.

Leaving Hopsgut, Utah, at 6:30 that morning, he started his desert tramp. That night he was at Lucin, 41 miles away. At four o'clock the next morning he saw dawn break over the town of Lucin, and he was several miles to the west, walking, with the same steady stride, which marked his progress along better roads in the east.

He suffered a slight injury from a fall in the west, and this hurt augmented by the effects of the heat, promised to make his daily walks shorter. However, persistence kept him at his task, and his will power overcame his ailments. Consequently, when he crossed the west state line of Utah, he was in splendid physical condition.

All was not milk and honey for the pedestrian. At Laramie, Wyoming, his manager forced him to stay indoors for an entire day in order to conserve his energy.

Perhaps the states east of Illinois which greeted Weston a year ago when he made his memorable trip from Portland, Me., to Chicago, were not quite as enthusiastic over the aged pedestrian as they were in 1908, but it was the case young Mr. Weston failed to see the lack of hospitality.

One of the speediest "taps" which the walker accomplished before entering California, was that from Ogden to Hopsgut, Utah. Leaving Ogden one hour after midnight he reached the smaller city late in the afternoon of the same day. It was a tramp of 61 miles, and he

reached Denver from New York, leaving him 27 days for the trip from the Colorado metropolis to the Golden Gate.

Even when Weston had so nearly completed his journey as to safely traverse the Great Salt Lake desert there were some people in the great cities who were skeptical as to the walker's ability to reach his destination.

"Can't reach Frisco, eh?" queried Weston with an arching of the eyebrows which seemed to echo itself all over his wrinkled visage. "Why, I'll reach the coast with time to spare." And the square Weston jaw seemed to augur well for the success of his resolve.

In every big city through which the New Englander passed on route to the Pacific ocean, police protection from the over-enthusiastic public was necessary, and he declared that of all the friends he made the city millions were heartier in their wishes for his ultimate success than the thousands and thousands who were interested in his long tramp.

It was 40 years ago and more that Weston carried the country by one of his especially long walks. When passing through Illinois on his last venture, he encountered an aged farmer who was sunning himself to front of his farm home.

Hard work had told on the Illinoisan's physique. He looked little like the young man who had stopped his plowing one morning back in the nineteenth century to offer the then 30-year-old Weston a meal at the farm

house. It was 40 years later, yet Weston recalled the meal, and the old man's eyes sparkled as if in memory of the good things the young wife had put before him.

Weston inquired after the man's wife and was told that she had been dead 20 years. Tears came into the eyes of the aged Illinois farmer.

Then the pair, like two old cronies, set out, down the road together, Weston abandoning his long, sweeping stride on abandoning his long, sweeping stride.

for shorter, slower steps, more in keeping with the physical condition of his friend of four decades ago.

Their goodbye at the crossroads, a quarter of a mile from the farmer's abode was touching, and for the first and last time during the entire trip, tears appeared in the pedestrian's eyes.

It was the recollection of the old days when Weston was comparatively a youngster, and was befriended by the big-hearted inhabitants of the

country through which he had journeyed. Weston and Dan O'Leary were youngsters as well as pioneers in the business of pedestrianism years ago. Then the O'Leary "walk" was a distinct rival of the Weston "walk".

Their feats on the thoroughfares of the country attracted far more attention than they do in these busy days, and people were getting up early in the morning to tear off a journey of from 15 to 20 miles before breakfast, using the stride of their favorite walker.

The O'Leary stride then, consisted of executing motions with the hips, shoulders, as well as limbs, along with a good deal of arm swinging, while Weston's New England style consisted of a straight swinging step, with the head, shoulders and hips moving in harmony with the lower limbs.

"What does he get out of it?" "What good does it do him?" the practical matter-of-fact twentieth century man will ask.

In answer, Weston's friends declare that in the first place every man has some hobby or other. Weston's hobby is long distance walking. In the second place it may turn itself into a financial venture some day.

But at the same time the pedestrian is said to be comparatively a poor man. On his walk in 1908 from Portland to Chicago, he earned almost immediately, of a firm manufacturing shoe device. He could have turned his journey to the company's testimonial into several thousand dollars on the spot, had he chosen to sign a paper, stating that he had won the shoe contrivance on his journey and it was satisfactory. He had not worn it, and refused the offer without a second's hesitation.

For him pedestrianism is one great round of pleasure. He likes to walk and the agreement he made to traverse the continent in 73 days simply furnished more than three months of enjoyment.

That was Weston's idea. The agreement was in a sense, a secondary matter. His vigor, vitality and recuperative powers are declared wonderful by physicians who have studied him. He is probably the greatest athlete of his age, everything considered.

It was declared that the automobile which was following Weston deserted him in the west because that particular make of car failed to get the amount of publicity desired. This was something of a setback for the old man, because the machine carried provisions, refreshments and other necessities.

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TIRED ALL THE TIME.

Languor, listlessness, dullness of spirits are often due to kidney disorder. Pain and weakness in the back, sides and hips, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders are sure signs that the kidneys need immediate attention.

Delay is dangerous. Alfonso Adams, Ocedia, Iowa, says: "My kidneys failed me. I suffered awful pain and was so weak I could not work, and often had to take to bed. I was dull and exhausted nearly all the time. I consulted doctors and used medicines, but only Doan's Kidney Pills helped me. Soon I was permanently cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



"I think she's double-faced!" "Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"

Hospitals a Benefit to Property. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has recently concluded an investigation, which shows that 77.5 per cent of the tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals of the United States have been a benefit to the property and health of the communities in which they are located. In the case of more than 92 per cent of the sanatoria the presence of the institution has helped to increase the assessed value of surrounding property.

Burning String in the Back Room. Doctors speak in a sick room. Have taught the many things for the comfort of an invalid, one of the simplest and most effective of which is turning a string to pull the patient's head, a pin to the back of a chair, after lighting, blow it out gently, leaving the tiny spark, which will create smoke enough to make a decided difference in the atmosphere—Harper's Bazar.

Neat and Appropriate. "How shall we print this essay on liberty?" "I think it ought to be in Roman caps."

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N.J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to try this valuable medicine."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it cured me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."

Mrs. W. D. VALENTINE, 602 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N.J.

Gardner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months. Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 38, Gardner, Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ill, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, irregularities, and all the various pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the cure will save millions to many suffering women."

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by Little Liver Pills. These Little Pills. Cure all the troubles from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating, a perfect remedy for Flatulency, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Breath, and all the troubles of the Liver and Bowels. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Face-Smile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.