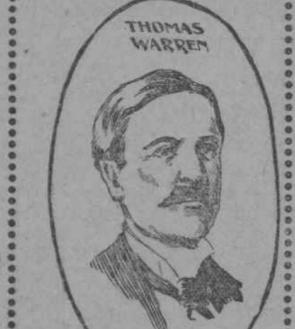


SHREWD FORGERS ROB ON RACE TRACK

They Reproduce Identification Tickets and Collect Money. CAUGHT BY DETECTIVES. On Them Were Found the Rubber Stamps Which They Cleverly Used.

A clever race track swindle was brought to light by the arraignment in the Coney Island Court yesterday of Thomas Warren, who said he lived at Rutherford, N. J., and



Joseph Gardner, who claimed Montreal as his home. They had been arrested on Thursday at the Brighton Beach track on a charge of swindling by means of forged betting tickets. Both men went to jail, in default of \$1,500 bail.

Each man who enters the track has issued to him a paper disc, upon which is printed in large red figures the number of the day of the racing season. Thursday's number was 28. The tickets are numbered consecutively, in figures of blue, beneath the red figures.

When a man makes a bet he shows the bookmaker his paper disc, and the bookmaker records the consecutive blue-figured number, and with it the name of the horse and the odds. The disc is for identification only, and when a race is over the winner shows the disc, and the bookmaker, after comparing the number with the one on his record, pays over the money.

There have been complaints of late on the part of successful bettors that when they called for their winnings they were told the money had been paid to another corner, and a watch was set for the swindler. It was supposed that the swindling was done by two men, one of whom would come close to a bookmaker, hand to him and write down the numbers of cards with the particulars of certain bets. Then, with a rubber stamp, the requisite blue number would be printed on the disc, already printed with the red figures.

Edward Schultz, of New York, won \$30 on Woodman's race, and went to collect it. It had just been paid to another, and the detectives, at a call from the bookmaker, arrested Gardner. When searched an outfit of pads, ink, discs and stamps were found. Warren was arrested a little later.

VETERANS WANT NO HELP FROM WORLD.

At a special meeting of the Relief Committee of the Veteran Association of the Seventy-first Regiment, held at the Army navy last night, the following resolutions relative to the attempt of the World to outrun out of the position in which it has placed itself through Pulitzer's attack on the Seventy-first, by raising a monument for the Santiago heroes, was adopted:

Resolved, That we repudiate the course now being pursued by the New York World in soliciting subscriptions to be used for the building of a monument in memory of the heroic dead of our grand old regiment.

Resolved, That at the proper time the veterans of the Seventy-first Regiment and their friends will erect a suitable memorial to our dead boys without the aid of the World's scheme.

EUGENE H. CONKLIN, H. L. PRIGY, H. L. BARNETT, CAPTAIN GOSS, C. R. HOMER, CHARLES E. BROWN, D. W. E. WARD, Chairman of Committee.

STARVATION FACES 1,600 POOR PEOPLE. Terrible Suffering Along the Coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador.

INDIANS TO FIGHT FOR MONTAUK CAMP

The Tribe Serves Notice on the Government That It Claims the Land. WILL GO TO LAW ABOUT IT. Protests Against Any Deal with the Long Island Railroad Company.

There is the likelihood of a legal contest growing out of the establishment of the new camp at Montauk Point, L. I. Scott & Treadwell, of No. 13 Nassau street, attorneys for the Montauk tribe of Indians, have served notice on United States Attorney-General Griggs that they claim ownership of the land, and protest against any dealings for possession of the Point by the United States Government with the Long Island Railroad Company.

Former Judge Scott said last evening that the notice was served because his clients did not wish to be held guilty of inches by failure to assert their right at all times when their rights were ignored. "If the United States Government fails to recognize the right of the Indians," Judge Scott says, "proper proceedings will be instituted to compel it to do so. The railroad company has no title to this land, has been from the beginning a trespasser, and so will be the Government also if it occupies any part of Montauk Point covered by the Indians' title. The occupancy is authorized by the Montauk tribe."

General Young Inspects the Camp. Major-General S. M. B. Young, who will



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The passengers were landed in the afternoon at Pier 3, East River, from the tug C. R. Stone, and Colonel Weston went at once to the Army Building, where he made an emphatic denial of the report that food supplies were not landed in Cuba as expeditiously as possible. "Lotions could not have been landed in Cuba any quicker than they were with the facilities we had," said Colonel Weston. "Our transports reached Cuba June 21, and that night I landed supplies for Colonels Rahl and Costello, of the Cuban army, at Aceradores. The next day we reached Haquirit, where we landed 100,000 rations, in rations, as you know, is one day's food for one man."

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Can such things be? Such things are every day in this greedy world of ours. Weak and suffering women, blind as to their own needs, put their hands in confidence into the hand of some self-styled leader, with the result that both fall into the ditch of failure, and she, poor thing, stagers on a few more paces only to fall into the last ditch, the "house appointed for all living."

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There is, always ONE LEADER IN EVERYTHING, who, by superior talent, gains and holds the foremost place.

There are a thousand good artists and only one in a thousand can be named a leader. Somebody desirous of finding out how he achieved his wonderful color effects, asked Oplie: "What do you mix your colors with?" "Brains, sir," says Oplie's reply. The same thing might be said of the mixing of medicines. One man with the same pharmacopoeia at his disposal prepares remedies that outrank all others. What does he mix them with? Brains! It is the fine ability to combine and concentrate and graduate to the need of the human system that makes the specialist.

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WESTON SAVES ARMY HAD ENOUGH FOOD.

Chief Commissary Arrives on Iroquois and Denies Famine Report. RATIONS SOON LANDED. Did the Work with a Single Lighter and Surf Boats.

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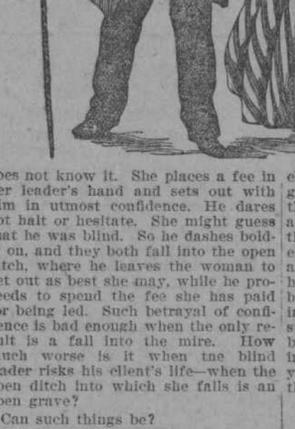
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BLIND GUIDES.

Where Blindness Becomes a Crime. THE SAFE GUIDE, AND HOW TO RECOGNIZE HIM.

Blindness is one of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a human being. To be shut out from the colors of the sunset, to hear the rustle of Autumn's gay robes and miss their changing sheen, to inhale the odor of the rose and fail to see its fairness—these are losses that only dimly shadow the case of the prisoner of perpetual night. But there is a time when blindness stamps the blind as a criminal. That time is when the blind man undertakes leadership. Imagine the situation. Here comes a woman, groping feebly along the path, and saying "Oh! if somebody would only lead me."

And this blind man says "take my hand and I'll lead you in perfect safety." He is blind himself, but she



does not know it. She places a fee in her leader's hand and sets out with him in utmost confidence. He dares not halt or hesitate. She might guess that he was blind. So he dashes boldly on, and they both fall into the open ditch, where he leaves the woman to get out as best she may, while he proceeds to spend the fee she has paid for being led. Such betrayal of confidence is bad enough when the only result is a fall into the mire. How much worse is it when the blind leader risks his client's life—when the open ditch into which she falls is an

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There are two elements in the successful guide, whether he be the Alpine guide, the city guide or the medical guide who leads to health. First he must have experience; he must know his territory perfectly. And then he must have a natural talent for the work. He must thoroughly understand the short cuts, the safe pathways through which he may lead those who trust him. Dr. Pierce has the qualifications that make a perfect leader or guide. An experience of thirty years as chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.; the successful treatment of a quarter of a million cases guarantees him to be familiar with every phase and form of a disease. His special talent is marked by the remarkable cures effected in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., of which Dr. Pierce is founder and chief adviser, and in the fact that he has cured 98 out of every hundred cases, a large proportion of which were denominated hopeless by other physicians.

But consumption! Is that cured, too, by Dr. Pierce's Medicines? Among the hopeless (so-called) cases were those who had the night sweats, the hectic flush, the hacking cough, the racked lungs, and the emaciated, or wasted body, which are accepted symptoms of consumption. Their home physicians said they had consumption. They also said that their days were numbered. Yet these same people, treated years ago, have lost the night sweats, lost the lung pains, lost the cough, have regained their normal weight, and are living right along in the hearty enjoyment of a healthy, happy life. They eat well, sleep well, and enjoy life. Perhaps they are not cured. Perhaps their days are numbered. But if the number is threescore and ten and they live a life

FULL OF HEALTHY ENJOYMENT. life might as well end by consumption as any other disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has produced such results in thousands of cases. All over the land are scattered those who were without hope in the world until they found it in Dr. Pierce's remedies, and the gradual coming of the tide of health, which came surely wave by wave with every hour until it reached the high tide of a perfect cure. Women distressed by

does not know it. She places a fee in her leader's hand and sets out with him in utmost confidence. He dares not halt or hesitate. She might guess that he was blind. So he dashes boldly on, and they both fall into the open ditch, where he leaves the woman to get out as best she may, while he proceeds to spend the fee she has paid for being led. Such betrayal of confidence is bad enough when the only result is a fall into the mire. How much worse is it when the blind leader risks his client's life—when the open ditch into which she falls is an

grave?

Can such things be? Such things are every day in this greedy world of ours. Weak and suffering women, blind as to their own needs, put their hands in confidence into the hand of some self-styled leader, with the result that both fall into the ditch of failure, and she, poor thing, stagers on a few more paces only to fall into the last ditch, the "house appointed for all living."

AN EXPERIENCED EXPERT NEEDED. Let us drop all figures of speech and face the facts frankly. Here are thousands of people suffering from disease of one form or another. Sometimes the seat of disease is in the kidney, sometimes in the liver; sometimes it is the heart that is affected, and at other times the lungs or the stomach. And sometimes there is that general decay, that slow wasting, which we call consumption. The cry of the sufferer is for some one to lead him out of this desert of disease into the promised land of health. A hundred leaders rise up in response to the cry. "Do you know the way to the land of health? Can you lead me there? Are you familiar with the road? Can you see plainly which is the easiest path for my falling feet?" All these questions the sufferer showers on the "leader." And to all of them he answers with a satisfied "yes." And so he puts his hand into the hand of a blind guide and they start on the journey. Not once in a hundred times do they reach the land of health. The result is failure, most disastrous and most terrible. Do we want to discredit the medical knowledge and ability of the "guides" of the land who treat disease—the doctors who are the leaders to whom the sick intrust their lives? By no means. We only want to call attention to a fallacy that is behind all these failures, and that is, that a guide, must not only be a guide by profession and license, but he must be familiar with the territory in which he works. You wouldn't go on Broadway, New York, and select a man to guide you through the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky because he was the most expert guide to the sights and scenes of New York that money could hire. You wouldn't go to London and pick out a man who knew every street and turn in the vast city as the most capable man to guide you across the trackless Sahara. You recognize that in these things a man must be a specialist. A man may be perfect New York guide and be an utter failure in London. It isn't the guide's badge that makes a man a guide, it isn't his license by the city, it's his practical experience in the locality in which he works. Apply this to medicine. Any physician is considered a safe guide out of the condition of disease, because he is an accredited physician. But is he safe? Does he know this particular disease? Does he know it thoroughly, intimately, closely? A man may know London in a way. He may be able to follow the broad thoroughfares of Oxford street, Piccadilly, Trafalgar Square, The Strand; but take him a few blocks outside of the main arteries of travel, put him into the network of streets and alleys that lie barely out of sound of the roar of travel on these great thoroughfares, and he is hopelessly lost. So it is in the treatment of a disease. Many a physician knows its broad symptoms. He is all right while it follows the general lines he is familiar with. Let it take him out of the beaten path, into the labyrinth of symptoms that lie close by, and he is utterly lost. The only safe guide in disease is the man that can't get lost; the man who knows the alley and the

col-du-sac as well as he knows the main artery of travel; the man who knows not only what a disease is doing but what it can do, and can keep up with it in every turn and twist of its windings through vein, artery and nerve, or blood and brain.

IS THERE SUCH A MAN? Is there such a guide? There ought to be. Every city has its man who knows each street and building, who is thoroughly conversant with every house and alley of the town. The seas and rivers have their pilots, who know every rock and shoal, every eddy and every current. The pathless prairie and the dusty desert have their guides who have lived their lives on these expanses, and go as straight to a given point as a homing pigeon to its cote. Why should one fall of a safe guide in disease? There should be one and there is. But how shall we know that the guide is safe? Just as you'd know the safety of any guide by his success. The men who guided the great Cunard liners across the Atlantic Ocean achieved a record that in about a quarter of a century they had never lost a man or letter. People who put safety before show trav-

elled by the Cunard. The Alpine guides that are chosen for traversing the slippery slopes of the mountain and crevasse are chosen by the record they have of the safe conduct of travellers. What sort of business would an Alpine guide do, who, out of every hundred travellers he led, brought back only one alive—the other 99 lost in chasm and crevasse? How would such a man compete with a guide who brought back 98 out of every hundred in health and safety? That's how you can tell the right guide. Here are the

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