

## A PAN AMERICAN MEETING PLANNED

Commercial Congress of All American Republics Held Next February.

(American News Service)

Washington, Jan. 2.—A Pan-American commercial conference more practical and comprehensive than any trade gathering ever assembled in the national capital, will be held during the week of February 13-18, 1911, under the auspices of the Pan-American union, formerly known as the bureau of American republics, in the auditorium of the new building of the union in Washington, D. C. Its purpose and plan as announced by Director General John Barrett, will be the awakening of the commercial organizations, representative business men and general public of both North and South America to an appreciation of the possibilities of Pan-American commerce and the necessity of preparing for the opening of the Panama canal.

Through the cooperation of the department of state, diplomatic and consular officers of the United States accredited to Latin America, either home or leave or detailed for this purpose, will deliver addresses describing trade conditions and opportunities based upon their official investigation and observations. The diplomatic and consular officers of the twenty Latin American nations accredited to the United States will, on the other hand be invited to discuss the subject from the standpoint of their countries, particularly with reference to the exchange of commerce and the extension of the market for their products in the United States. The practical side of the meeting is further shown in the fact that the best export and import trade experts, both official and private aside from diplomatic and consular officers, will give talks on those particular subjects which manufacturers, exporters and importers not yet familiar with the field wish to hear discussed, such as "Credits," "Trade Marks," "Tariff Regulations," "Banking Facilities," "Packing," "Advertising," "Catalogues," "Freight Rates," "Steamship Routes," "Laws Governing Salesmen and Samples," etc.

### To Send Invitations.

Invitations to participate in this conference will be sent to the principal commercial organizations in representative cities and to such other business organizations, individuals, companies and firms as may desire to attend. Colleges and schools having special commercial courses including foreign trade will also send specialists to take part.

It will have a novel feature in that it will consider the exchange of trade—imports as well as exports—and the opportunities not only of the United States to extend the sale of its product in Latin America but of Latin America to sell its products to the United States, for only upon the basis of reciprocal exchange of trade can a permanent large commerce and lasting good relations be built up between the United States and her twenty sister American republics. Heretofore all discussions and meetings have considered only the export field, with a corresponding unfortunate effect on public opinion in Latin America and its attitude towards the efforts of the United States to increase its commerce with that important part of the world.

Another special feature will be careful consideration, from the standpoint of the business interests of all the American countries interested in the Panama canal, of what should be done to get ready for greater exchange of trade though that waterway and to gain practical advantages to their commerce from the day it is opened. Heretofore most of the discussion has been about the wonderful good that will come from the canal, without consideration of what should be done now to secure that good.

The conference will also be unique in that no platform or resolutions of a controversial nature will be considered. It will be absolutely nonpartisan and non-political, devoted solely to educating and informing those present about the conditions and opportunities of Pan American commerce so that they may return to their respective cities, companies and institutions, and become centers of knowledge and information to develop new and practical interest in what Pan-American trade and the Panama canal mean to the United States and its sister nations.

## Are You Deaf?

Catarrh is Probably the Cause. Get Rid of the Cause.

If you have catarrh and have constant ringing noises in your ears look into the matter at once.

It's a pretty sure sign that catarrh is spreading and is making its way through the Eustachian tubes that lead from the nose to the ears.

When the catarrh gets to the ears partial deafness follows. If you have ringing noises in your ears go to Leo H. Flie today and get a HYOMEI outfit and drive out your catarrh.

To cure catarrh HYOMEI should be breathed through a pocket inhaler for a few minutes, four or five times a day. Just pour a few drops into the hard rubber inhaler and breathe it.

It kills the germs; soothes the irritation; heals the inflammation; stops hawking, spitting and snuffing.

HYOMEI keeps the throat free from mucus and prevents crusts in nose.

The complete HYOMEI outfit which includes the little indestructible hard rubber inhaler, a bottle of HYOMEI and simple instructions for use, costs \$1.00. Separate bottles of HYOMEI costs 50 cents at Leo H. Flie's and druggists everywhere, or money back.

## HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN LOGOS COUGH SYRUP

To make this excellent cough syrup take one pound of granulated sugar, one-half pint of water and one bottle (2 ozs.) of LOGOS cough remedy (the extract for making cough syrup) this will make one pint of exceedingly good cough syrup, free from opiates, at a very small cost, good for every member of the family.

The next time you have a cough, try this, make it yourself, see if you don't say it is the best cough syrup you ever used.

The LOGOS extracts are for sale at all First Class Drug Stores.

### At Local Theaters

#### At the Murray.

The great Wilhelm, a master impersonator, assisted by his Imperial Yacht band heads the program at the Murray this week. M. Wilhelm gives realistic impersonations of famous composers and musical directors of the past and present in directing his Imperial Yacht band. Henry Bobber plays "The Man Behind the Suitcase" to perfection. He sings songs of his own composing and makes clever character changes without the aid of anything except the contents of a mechanical suit case. The Sloane Duo, a pair of singing and comedy artists, sends the audience off in spasms of laughter. The Lombards, a team of gladiators and equilibrists, do few unusual stunts in the air that are really wonderful. The bill will open and close with motion pictures.

## REFORMATION OF MR. JONES.

JONES' recollections of the previous night were indefinite indeed. Faint gleams of intelligence, fugitive as a summer zephyr, came to him as he sat up in bed, but his efforts to retain and formulate them into entities of thought were futile. He remembered having heard whistles, canons, firecrackers and the horns blended in discordant harmony, while a large gentleman with a flush on his face like the aurora borealis lay over a table and, grasping his hand, exclaimed with husky effusiveness, "Hail New Year, ol' chap!"

"D—!" said Jones as he overtook the hat and stamped on it with the force and vigor of an enraged human being. "D— hats! D— old gentlemen! D— pretty girls! D— New Year's resolutions! D— a man that'll make an ass of himself running after his hat! If I'd waited some bloomin' idiot would have chased it for me. Good resolutions with a mashed hat and a wind like this! I'll look up my fat friend."

• • • • •

"All right, boss; wait a minute," said the negro cabman late that night.

"Yes' gib me de key. Ah'll git yo' in de house all right, an' we won't sturb nobody. Reckon yo' better let me put yo' t' bed."

"Wha's r'mazzer—wh-wherez Thom-

as?" demanded a voice as the owner of it got unsteadily out of the cab on the arm of the driver and, caromed with a six inch balk line he seemed to be steering clear of to the front door.

The voice was Jones'; the man was Jones. But, oh, how different! His overcoat was buttoned on a bias; his hat was crushed in; his toes turned backward when he tried to go ahead; his face, whose image had reproached him twelve hours before, was flushed, but it was Jones, and he had met his fat friend.

"Look him up!" Jones thought a moment while both hands pressed tightly against either side of his aching head. "Look him up? Well, I guess not. This is New Year's. This is the day I've been looking for. Will I look him up? Sit still; stay where you are, my beating, throbbing head. I shall treat you as tenderly in the future as a father does his only twin. No longer; never again shall my stomach rule your brain. Bide with me yet but once, and no more aches shall ride roughshod from frontal bone to base. Look him up? This is the day of good resolutions, the dawn of reformations, the moment of reason with a mind that sorrows. Look him up? Oh, Thomas!"

Thomas responded. Jones was provided with a bath, shaving water, towels, rearranged clothing and breakfast. A modicum of the latter sufficed to stay his appetite, not at all ravenous, and make his head fit the hat he had worn the night before.

"Brethren," he began, his face flushing and his knees beginning to quake, "br-br-br-brethren (pause), br-br-brethren (in despair), will you? If any of you want to eat humble pie just step up!"—Newark Star.

It was enough. His own image, his face, his eyes, reproached him for the excesses of a year. His reformation should be complete. He would not:

#### Cures Coughs

After Ordinary Preparations Fail—Wonderful New Mixture Made at Home.

An Unexpected Invitation.

A clergyman once heard an address, or what promised to be, turn unexpectedly into a challenge to a pie eating contest.

A young man, it seems, believed he could air his views upon certain subjects in a convincing manner if allowed to go before the multitude. He was given the chance and took the floor.

"Brethren," he began, his face flushing and his knees beginning to quake,

Then he stood before his dressing case, gazing at his reflection in the mirror.

It was enough. His own image, his face, his eyes, reproached him for the excesses of a year. His reformation should be complete. He would not:

drink or smoke. He would not date his letters 1910 for the first two weeks in 1911. He would return all the books he had borrowed and retained during the year. He would make no calls, accept no eggs, no seductive punches. He would refrain from smiting on both sides the man who squeezed his hand on the street and shouted "Same to you" or "Hoss an' hoss." All of those things he would let go by, for he was to be a better man.

Full of his good resolutions and arrayed in his finest, Jones started downtown. The hat he had worn the previous night he discarded. In its place

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year's day? Why shouldn't he feel good? He was going to be good. These and other things passed through the mind of Jones before he discovered that the wind was blowing a gale. Then he stopped thinking and devoted his entire attention to keeping his hat on.

On the block going in the same direction were seventeen old gentlemen bent on paying calls on boyhood friends. Thirty-three pretty young ladies were also going downtown. Ninety-four small boys and girls, some with old gentlemen, some with the pretty young ladies, some with newsboys to sell and some with mind intent upon mischief, were scattered around. The

was a derby of the latest block. He felt good. Who hasn't felt just that way on New Year