

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Chicago "Owls" Blink at First Broadway Car



CHICAGO.—Chicago's first Broadway car ran through the loop district the other night, through the La Salle street tunnel, up Clark street, and out Broadway. It was the first of a fleet of 567 varieties of new street names.

The car, with no sign save the unwelcome "Broadway" displayed, swung around the loop at the alcoholic hour of 11:30, just when the most people wanted a car.

"Say, now, where'd that come from?" demanded one night-owl of another on the curb, as No. 219 trundled by. "Lived here all my life, an' I didn't know we had a Broadway, let alone a car like on it."

Nobody could tell him.

"Come on, Bill, here she is!" announced a self-confident man to his friend. He tried very hard to walk straight, and asked as he paid both fares.

"Broadway car, isn't it?"

"Sure," responded Conductor Reid. "Put us off at Herald square."

And he sat down perfectly satisfied. Down Randolph street rumbled the "Broadway" apparition, and drew up in front of the Lamb's cafe just as two chorus girls emerged.

"Ain't this luck, Lill!" exclaimed one as they peered their hobbles just high enough to allow them to reach the step. "The way I remembered it we'd have to beat it two blocks to a car, an' here's one right at the door. Call

us at One Hundred and Nineteenth street, conductor."

Serenely in their belief that they were headed for home, they settled down for a talk.

"Will this car take me to Evanston avenue?" inquired a precise individual as he held back his nickel and eyed the conductor suspiciously.

"Yes, sir."

"But I don't understand—I never saw a car before with that name. Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir—make room, please, for these passengers."

"But how can a car take me where I want to go when it runs on a street I never heard of? And I've lived on Evanston avenue many years."

All the way out the precise gentleman debated with himself where that car would land him.

But there were many voyagers who did not intrust themselves to the piratical-looking craft flying such strange colors.

"Say! Where does that thing go?" asked one of those from the curb.

"Right out Broadway, sir," answered the conductor.

"Where'll that go? Don't know any more 'I did before."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Evanston avenue."

"Come along—this car'll take you."

"Not me. Only got one nickel, an' no strange car don't git that."

And the cautious one sheered off until he could find a car with a familiar sign.

Many, thinking they recognized something familiar about the car or crew or both, came out into the street, looked dubiously at the unfamiliar "Broadway," and, looking like victims of misplaced confidence, stepped back to the curb to wait for the genuine blown-in-the-bottle Evanston car. Nothing less would satisfy them.

Retired? Not So That Anybody Could Notice It

CINCINNATI, O.—Not long ago an aged man presented himself at the "new account" window of a local bank and asked to have his semi-annual interest entered in his passbook. Recognizing him at once, the teller on duty asked: "Are you still retired?"

"I reckon I am, as far as ever I wuz," replied the depositor, smiling grimly.

The little joke dates back a year or two to the day when the account was opened. Accompanied by his wife on that occasion, the aged farmer from Ohio's onion belt tendered the teller a roll of banknotes counting up in the thousands.

"How old are you?" asked the clerk, pursuant to the bank's practice of keeping such bits of information on file.

"Eighty-six."

"Occupation?"

"Farmer."

"Farmer, retired," repeated the teller and began to write it so.

"Retired, nothing!" protested the octogenarian. "If you call working 150 acres of land being retired, then I suppose I'm retired."

The teller made suitable apologies. As it was to be a joint account, the wife also was questioned as to her age.

"Do I have to tell?" she asked.



"No, not unless you wish."

"Well, ladies are a little bashful about telling their age after they pass thirty."

"Aw, tell the man how old you are, Hannah." The husband seemed disgusted with coyness.

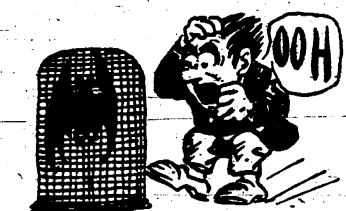
"Well," the old lady made confession reluctantly, "I ain't so old as the old man is, but I'm eighty-four."

"And I suppose you are retired, too?" said the smiling teller.

"That may be your name for it, but what with the cooking and the housework and all, I manage to keep kind of busy."

Both old people are a little nearer ninety now, but seem likely to go on drawing interest on their savings for years to come. It may be that there's something in Ohio's soil or air that strengthens and preserves her children, at least in the onion belt.

Cleveland Firemen and Police in Fly-Trap Race



CLEVELAND, O.—A desire to excel in the manufacture of fly-traps is responsible for "bad blood" between the police at the Eleventh precinct on East One Hundred and Fifth streets, near Euclid, and the firemen at engine house No. 10, next door.

Sergeant Cregan, the Thomas Alva Edison of the force, wearied of "shooting" flies from his face, or pursuing them with a fly-trap, designed and built a gigantic fly-trap. This was placed near the front door, as the transformation of the stable into a garage had eliminated the busy fly from that region. The flies began to buzz around.

Charles Trump, the Marconi of the firemen, chanced to see the police trap and went back to the station with an idea. The firemen contributed to a fund to build the largest and most lethal fly-trap in existence. It was installed near the stable, wherein the

firemen had an immeasurable advantage over the police in the matter of flies.

Then, all confidence, Trump challenged Cregan to a fly-catching contest between their respective traps. Because the firemen had the advantage of the stable, Trump gave Cregan a handicap of 100 flies.

For days firemen and policemen watched their traps earnestly. Waggers were made on the result—and interest grew to a fever heat. Each side accused the other of catching flies by hand and "stiffing" the traps. But strangely enough, the police trap continued to attract more flies.

An approximate gave Cregan a lead of possibly 2,000 flies and the firefighters were in despair. A terrible disappointment awaited the police one morning. With the break of dawn Cregan went out to inspect his trap. He sent in a vocal riot call. The flies were gone and a nervous bat was alone in the cage.

The firemen laughed loudly and long, but the police may laugh last. Cregan took the bat, chloroformed it and performed an operation. Armed with rubber gloves, a nutpick and a reading glass he proceeded to salvage enough flies from the remains to enable the police to make up the lead the firemen are gaining every hour.

Whispered Tip to Cop Wakes Up City Employees

PITTSBURGH, PA.—These are strenuous days for the Coppers-Afracs of Their Jobs. What with the wily thieves active and the public claiming the city is overrun with robbers, pickpockets and other plundering rascals, and Director John H. Daley after these same coppers until they dream of "shakups" and dismissals, the life of a bluecoat or a plain-clothes man is not pleasant.

The other afternoon Lieutenant of Police Charles Faulkner and a couple of "subs" were polishing their buttons in Magistrate Fred Goettman, Jr.'s courtroom at the North Side police station, while the magistrate told funny stories and drew cartoons on a pad (the court not being in session), a wild-eyed "taxpayer" rushed in and whispered to the sergeant in charge that "two suspicious negroes were stinking in an alley off of web street, near the High School building."

The tip was given to Lieutenant Faulkner. Instantly he and the "subs" were busy in making a marathon dash for the scene of action. They found



the suspects sure enough. Both, however, were reclining on the sidewalk, comfortably resting against a brick house, fast asleep in the broiling sun.

When yanked to their feet by the zealous limbs of the law, the darkies rubbed their eyes and gazed in wonderment at the blue coats.

"Whassup you arrest us, boss?" they asked of Faulkner. "We ain't bin doin' nothin' but waitin' for de garbage wagon t' come 'round. We all's city 'playas' we is. We see—"

"Bout face!" shouted Lieutenant Faulkner to the "subs." "Forward, march—straight back to the cooler joint. We've been fooled again."

LIFE'S TRUE HEROES

Valiant Souls Who Have Gained Dominion Over Self Worthy of An Honor.

WHETHER we look upon life as a voyage, a warfare, or a journey, we know that the sailor, soldier or traveler is called upon to endure hardship. There are storms on life's sea, battles on life's plains and sleep and rugged places in life's pathway. In every conception of life the spirit of heroism is demanded.

The great admirals, the great commanders, the great pathfinders in earth's history are not the only heroes, and indeed are not the greatest heroes in life's experience.

The great heroes and heroines are not those who subdue and rule over kingdoms, but those who gain dominion over self and adorn their lives with the princely virtues of courage and benevolence.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." The need of highest praise is due to those whose valiant souls have triumphed over the infirmity of lifelong invalidism, and through years of bodily pain and anguish have ceased not to minister to the wants of others. First on the roll of honor are the heroes and heroines of the sick bed.

A picture rises before me of a room and couch from which for many long years flowed a radiance of loving sympathy and generous service. On that couch lies the frail body incasing the sublime spirit of Miss Jennie Cassady of Louisville, Ky. In her early girlhood she met with an accident that placed her upon an invalid's bed for the remainder of her life. She organized what is known as the "Foyer Mission," and every day for 25 years planned and directed the distribution of flowers to those in prisons and in hospitals.

Strength Often in Weakness

Her life was a beautiful expression of the heroism that may be found in the common, everyday life of men and women. We do not often forget that there may be strength in weakness, and when we forget it we fall to become heroes or heroines.

All may be heroes if they will. It is a question only of devotion and courage in discharging to the utmost limit the obligations of the brotherhood of man.

We all recognize and applaud the heroism of those who devote their time and energy to the uplift, to the comfort, to the cheer of their fellow-men.

Why should we not ourselves do what we commend so highly in others?

When we think of Florence Nightingale in her sublime ministry of love and service to her country's soldiers our hearts glow in appreciation of the gratitude displayed by the English soldier who kissed her shadow as it fell upon his pillow.

We may not have the spirit of consecration to the degree manifested by Jennie Cassady, Florence Nightingale and thousands of others, both men and women, who have been such heroes and heroines in the common walks of life, but we may imitate them by exercising the spirit of helpfulness within the range of our limitations and environments.

Heroes Little Heard Of

Among the heroes of every-day life are those in the home, in the workshop, in the store, in the profession, who are carrying heavy burdens of sorrow, adversity or misunderstanding, yet who toil on uncomplainingly, doing their work faithfully, patiently and bravely bearing their cross and as far as possible keeping its shadow from falling on others.

It is a brave heart that keeps hidden the troubles which disclosure would not help but only add to worries of others. We meet such heroes every day. We do not always, or even often, know them, until years pass and the tragedy of their lives of uncomplaining fortitude is revealed. In such lives human nature is exalted.

Other heroes of every-day life are those who make munificent gifts of money to the causes of benevolence and charity. On this roll are the names of the George Peabodys, James Lenoxes and Moses H. Grinnells, who have given tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to furthering good objects.

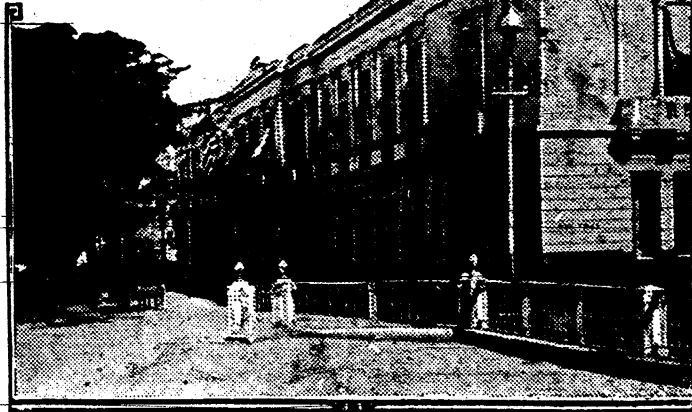
The heroes of benevolence constitute a long and honored roll; but it is not sure that those who have given their thousands or millions stand at the head of the roll. Those who out of pinching poverty give for the help of others are the greater heroes. Those who have not enough to satisfy their own hunger, yet give a portion to others who are hungry, those who have only a day's supply of fuel, yet divide it with others who have none, those who, like the missionary, give up home and his joys and devote their lives amid dangers and great trials to help others to a higher and better life. These are immortal heroes, yet oft little regarded.

Daily Deeds of Proof

Every noble action is the expression of a noble feeling. Back of the deed is the sentiment from which it proceeded. It matters little how persistent a man may talk of his sympathy with the oppressed—or of his enjoyment in the higher things of life, if his daily conduct continually gives the lie to his words; and, on the other hand, a man need say little about his religion or his theory of ethics, when day after day he is evincing the genuineness of his convictions of selfish impulses. If any proof is needed of the existence of good in natures that seem sometimes most given over to evil impulses, the frequent occurrence of deeds of flawless self-sacrifice even there shows that, so long as men cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs from thistles, so long must actions of tenderness and unselfishness proceed from something akin to their own nature.—The Christian Register.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some delicate purpose, and know how much may be accomplished.—William M. Taylor.

SCENES in the ORIENT



GOVERNOR'S PALACE

AMERICANS are solely responsible," said Edgar K. Frank, the globe trotter, the other day, "for the high cost of living encountered by tourists. Especially did we find this the case in Japan. When Germans and English composed the travelers everywhere there was cheap, and even yet, where tourists are from any other country, no attempt is made by landlords, shopkeepers, and the rest, to gouge in the matter of prices. But wherever goods are sold, Americans are asked more than anybody else, and they usually pay it." The hotel man, as soon as he discovers you are an American, will ask you \$10 a day for a room that is not worth more than \$5, and if you get the room for \$5, and if you will get the room for \$5. Everything else the same way.

Baked Beans Surprise Britons.

"At Penang we became acquainted with the durian, a fruit. It is remarkable, because the more you eat of it the more you want. At a delicatessen here we bought American baked beans and gave the English officers on the vessel an American treat. They had never eaten any before.

"You may not know that Penang is known the world over for its tin deposits. Most of our tin comes from there. Both at Penang and at Kuala Lumpur, the capital of the district, are smelters for tin.

"Our next stop was Singapore, known as the Gateway of the East. It is one of the most important and interesting of the eastern cities. It is the distributing and collecting point, not only for the Malay peninsula, but for Indo-China and Dutch India.

"It was at a hotel here that we learned what 'bathroom attached' means in an advertisement. We read the advertisement, went to the hotel, and looked in vain for the bathroom. Upon inquiry we were shown an immense yard, or courtyard, reached by crossing a bridge from the hotel proper, where bathrooms were lined up in a row, and numbered to correspond with the numbers of the rooms.

The Chinese practically own the town. They are the wealthy part of the place and live like millionaires, own autos and have every other comfort. Singapore is but one and one-half degrees (80 miles) north of the equator. Java is only 40 hours' ride from Singapore, but faulty boat connections prevented us from going there.

"Did you ever hear of the traveler's tree? We saw a lot of them around Singapore. They grow probably ten feet high, the branching palm-like limbs spreading out like a fan. By leaning over a branch the thirsty traveler gets from a glass to a quart of water.

"Our next landing place was Hongkong. The real name of the port is Victoria, and it is a free treaty one—no customs regulations to be gone through with.

"All through China you will find Hindu policemen. There are Chinese police, too, but everywhere the peculiarly dressed Hindu seems to be on the force. At the time of the mutiny it was discovered that the Hindu was a man who could take care of himself in a scuffle, and city management has seemed to recognize his worth as an officer of the peace. The Chinese are good people also in business, honest, polite, quick calculators—superior to any other orientals we met on our travels.

Manila Now Healthful.

"Much has been written about Manila, the Pearl of the Orient, and without participating in the political problem of what the United States government should now do with our possessions there, I cannot refrain from saying that our people have wrought a wonderful improvement on the islands. They have cleaned them up. They are now comparatively healthful. All who come from eastern countries are vaccinated before they are permitted to land, so that smallpox is rare and typhoid is practically unknown. There is sewerage, good schools, a better moral tone—in fact no comparison can be made with the old regime.

"Like all other Americans, we went to Clark's, where Americans gather, and decrease the effort. Above all, get away from that pernicious idea that 'kitchen work is drudgery.' So is office work, if a man allows it to work on him, instead of working it.

"The more I see of that type of woman who are so fond of posing as martyrs and calling themselves 'drudges' the more I am convinced that such women are too small for their job." In order to get the best of anything, you must not only fill your position, but fill it and running over. Then it is that you can chase your work, instead of letting it chase you."

Recipe for Happiness.

Do not give up. Do not allow the black waters of melancholia to close over you. Hold your head high. Live your life beautifully in the face of failure, loneliness and contempt. Happiness is high art. Be a great artist.—Helen, Wolfjeska.

Brains and Housework.

"The business man who runs his office as the average woman does her kitchen work soon finds himself not only left behind, but his mentality as becomes so idealistic that when he finally does wake up to things, he finds it next to impossible to adapt himself to the new order.

"You women must use your minds in your work. Use it to shorten your steps; use it to increase the quality

Advertising Talks

GREATEST ASSET OF THE MERCHANT

Power of Reaching People by Human Contact of Inestimable Value.

Your thoughts may immediately turn to the stock of goods on hand, the store you own, the home around the corner or the bonds in the safety deposit vault when assets are under consideration.

Nothing as tangible as any of these will be discussed here, but when you have read this through, see if you don't believe that there is an asset worth more than the things already mentioned.

This asset which cannot be inventoried and yet is worth more to many men than the goods in their store, is the power of reaching people by human contact and interest. It doesn't sound like it is worth very much, does it? But wait.

Here is a small store located near a large department store in a certain town. The department store carries a full line of smaller merchant's goods, yet the latter has been increasing his business each year since the department store started. The reason is only found in the fact that he is a likable, accommodating fellow with good business ability, and the friendliness of his nature has attracted people to his store and causes them to come there whenever the need makes a purchase necessary.

His two clerks have imbued the same spirit of good fellowship and every customer of that store feels that he has a real friend there to wait on him and to suggest different purchases, and to see that he gets the right goods at the right price.

Confidence in this man, in his clerks and in the goods they sell has been inspired by the human interest and the personal contact between them and their customers. As purchasers we all like to buy where there is a feeling of acquaintance and an atmosphere of friendship.

After all the best salesmen are developed under circumstances of this sort and there never has been any better salesmanship than some that is manifested over the counters of the retail stores. It is strange that here can be found the worst features for discouraging business and also the greatest use of that force, the human element in developing business.

An analysis of the reasons for most sales in many successful stores has proven that this element entered largely into the transaction. Its influence is inestimable and it is a wonderful asset to those who use it, a liability to those who do not. Any store whose personal influence is strong can withstand much competition. It will hold trade in spite of the convenient location of larger stores, the ease with which people can send away for goods or even the cutting of prices. These are not as strong factors for drawing customers as a personal relation.

Lots of times it is easier to fly off the handle when a steady customer registers a kick against some article purchased from you, but by controlling one's self, giving the customer a fair deal and always wearing a pleasant smile, you will be known as the "Sunny Jim" of your community, and people will go out of their way to trade at your store.

BOUGHT HOME WITH BERRIES

Maine Woman Has Been Picking and Peddling for the Last Twenty-Three Years.

Paying for a home by picking wild berries is the feat performed by Mrs. Seth Davis of Showhegan, who for the last 23 years has been engaged in this industry. Her major berry crop is blueberry, and she averages about fifteen bushels of these in a year. She picks about eight bushels of the field strawberries in the year and many bushels of wild blackberries.

Besides picking these she peddles them out in Showhegan. She now owns a fine farm and she remarked that she had paid for it by picking berries. She not only picks berries, but she assists her husband in many ways about the farm. In the winter time she will take a load of wood with a pair of horses, go to Showhegan and find a market for it, unloading it herself.

Mrs. Davis is one of the most frequent patrons of the public library, but she believes that life is worth more to be by outdoor air and work than it could be otherwise.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

It Pays to Advertise.

In New York a drygoods merchant had the biggest "ad" that was ever played to win. He played four immense lights in front of his store in such shape that they acted as X-rays. The reflection showed the figures and flesh of all the women who passed between the lights in their diaphanous skirts which is the current fashion.

As a result great crowds assembled to see the show and it was more attractive than the most daring address of a comic opera chorus.

Some of the women who had dreamed of showing themselves so shamelessly pretended indignation and had the merchant brought into court.

Thereupon the wise judge released the merchant, with the remark that he could burn his lights where he pleased and if the women dressed so indecently that they made an exhibition of their persons possible, it was their own fault.

So the lights burn merrily on. And the crowds gather and are inspected and commented upon, and brazen men grow bold and talk disparagingly of womankind and—What are we coming to anyhow?

But clearly, it pays to advertise.

Who's the Town Booster? Why, Here He Is!

The citizen who praises his own town.

The citizen who encourages local enterprises.

The citizen who helps along home improvements.

The citizen who patronizes the home merchants.

The citizen who gets his job printing done in his own town.

That man's THE TOWN BOOSTER.

One Moment, Please! Who's the Town Buster?

The citizen who sneers at his own town.

The citizen who belittles local enterprises.

The citizen who scoffs at home improvements.

The citizen who buys his household goods by mail.

The citizen who gets his job printing done outside.

That man's THE TOWN BUSTER.

TWO WAYS TO PROSPERITY

Successful Competition Means Wealth But United Boosting of Home Town Also Pays.

There are two ways for a business man to become more prosperous. The first is by active competition among his neighbors. If he is a live one, he realizes to the full the law of life, that he must hustle, or young and brighter men will get ahead of him. He must get out after trade, or he will get out of trade.

But an additional prosperity can be acquired, outside of whatever can be realized as the result of successful competition with your neighbors, by united efforts to make the home town grow. The advance of a whole community brings an accretion to every one who owns real estate or a business, or who has an income dependent on the prosperity of his neighbors.

This increment brings a new prosperity without much effort. As your household grows in value the more houses are built around it, so your business grows more valuable as more people read your advertising or pass your door.

No man is doing his duty by his own business, unless he sets apart a certain modicum of effort to be devoted to measures to make his home town grow.

Any town can be made to grow by systematic and common-sense efforts to attract new residents and industries. Communities are like stores, it takes advertising to attract interest and attention.

Often it is not advertising spread broadcast that lands new business. If every community does all it can to help its own young men who have new enterprises to start, it lays the foundation for concerns that will become prosperous and bring people to the town.

A dozen active business men, who have faith in the future of their own town, who will give some time each week to working out plans and taking advantage of opportunities that would otherwise pass unnoticed, can work wonders.

NEWS IN THE ADVERTISING

Test of Effective Publicity—Reduction in Cost of Goods of Supreme Interest to Women.

The test of effective advertising matter is found in the question: "Is it news?" In accordance with this principle, the present is a time when the advertising in these columns is particularly effective.

This is the time of year when things are happening in the retail stores. It is one of the two critical periods of the year's sales. No merchant can forecast six months ahead the currents of trade. He must always buy ahead of his wants. Some of his ventures will go astray, chiefly because he can not forecast popular whims. Consequently, if he is to be a live one through the fall trade, he must clear his shelves and turn goods into cash to pay for more seasonable goods.

The advertising columns of the newspaper tell the story of these doings. They report many bargains sold at prices below their real value, to meet these inevitable conditions of retail trade.

The reader who fails to study the advertising and to follow up the bargain news there reported, is much like the dealer in food stuffs who should fail to read the produce news in the daily papers.

No one can buy intelligently without acquiring information in advance as to what merchants feel the pressure of the season most keenly, are enterprising in keeping their stock fresh, and will make the greatest sacrifices to clean out unseasonable goods.

Fortunately if these high cost of living times few people fail to realize this. To the women particularly, the advertising columns of a home newspaper seem more vital than the story the telegraph brings. The fact that boys' clothing can be had 25 per cent off at a certain store is far more interesting to a housewife than the feverish doings down in far Mexico.

Street Where Sister Looked.

"Say, mister, where do you live?" inquired the small brother of the lady whom Mr. Blank had called to pay his weekly attentions to. "At 455 Grand avenue," replied the young man; "why do you ask?" "Oh, well," returned the young hopeful, "big sister is wrong then, cause she has had ga looking you up in 'Bradstreet'."

Cause of Dull Seasons.

Some people suspend their advertising during the dull seasons. That's what makes 'em dull seasons.



INITIALS ONLY

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
 AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE"
 "THE FILIGREE BALL" "THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES"
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY
 CHARLES W. ROSSER



MAKE A FINE FRUIT PICKLE
 Nothing to Improve on Peach Man-
 goes Has Been Devised by the
 Expert Preservers.

Peach mangoes are one of the most delicious of all fruit pickles. To prepare them select ripe, freestone peaches and put them in brine, strong enough to float an egg, for 48 hours. Then soak them in clear, cold water for 20 minutes. Dry them and remove a small section from each peach. Do this with a sharp silver knife and bruise the flesh of the peach as little as possible in doing it.

Remove the pit through this hole. Sprinkle the cavity where the pit was with celery seed and fill it with freshly grated horseradish moistened with vinegar. Then replace the piece taken from the peach and sew it in place with strong cotton or linen thread. Stand the peaches in glass jars.

Count the fruit and for every sixty peaches boil a gallon of vinegar, a pound of brown sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Pour this spiced vinegar, boiling hot, over the fruit in the jars. These should be standing in a kettle of boiling water, which has been brought to this point gradually.

When the fruit and juice are cold, tie them up or seal them. They will be ready to eat in ten days or two weeks, but, of course, they are better the longer they stand.

MAKE THE DISHES DAINTY
 Many Ways by Which the "Throw-
 Aways" May Be Used to Ex-
 cellent Advantage.

We are so used to the term "left-over" that we can hardly realize that only a few years ago it did not exist. I would like to coin another word, the "throw-away," for those many bits that the unthinking housewife generally puts into the garbage can. Instead of cheerfully peeling the cucumber and serving it in unattractive slices, why not slice a long section from the side of the cucumber and scoop out the contents. This would easily make a cucumber "boat," and the pulp could be mixed with French dressing, chopped onion and topped with radishes. A little more time, but so much more attractive! The same can be done with a half or the top of the pineapple. Scoop out the contents of the half, or a small section, and fill with a gelatin jelly, a pineapple whip, or a salad of cream cheese. There would be almost no extra trouble, and it would be more than repaid by the added attractiveness of the dish. The green leaves of the cauliflower, if not faded, the tops of carrots, the peels of oranges, grapefruit and lemons, have some worth as containers. Instead of being "throw-aways" will add novelty and attractiveness to various dishes.—Exchange.

Mock Olives.
 Mock olives made of green plums are worth making. Get a quarter of a peck of them. Mix an ounce of mustard seed, two quarts of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and boil it. When it is boiling, pour it over the green plums, which should have been washed, sorted and laid out on a board or table to dry. Let the plums stand in the spiced vinegar until the next morning and then drain it off. Wash it and pour it over the plums again. Let them get cold and bottle and cork them.

Honey Vinegar.
 If you want some fine vinegar, pure in quality and very tasty, make it from honey. Add a pound and a half of strained honey to a gallon of water. Then keep it in a warm place for a few months and it will be ready. If it is not strong enough add more honey. Three pounds of honey to a gallon of water is a good proportion. While not suited for all purposes, in the making of salads and for ordinary table uses there is nothing that can be compared to honey vinegar.

Sponge Pudding.
 Scald one pint of milk over boiling water and add one-half cup butter. Add a smooth thickening of one cup of flour mixed with cold milk. Let it cool. When cold add the yolks of four eggs; have the whites beaten stiff, and stir in lightly. Bake an hour in a pan of water.

Cold Cakes.—One-half cup butter, one cup powdered sugar; four-tablespoons of milk may be added and flavored to suit.

When Ironing Linen.
 Various substances are used to give linen a polish. A bit of wax or gum arabic added to the starch when boiling makes a reliable foundation for a good polish. A laundry polish can scarcely be obtained without the use of a polishing iron. The articles to be polished are first ironed in the ordinary way, then damped by laying on them a wet cloth, then placed on a board and rubbed quickly with the polishing iron until they shine.

Beef Loaf.
 Beef loaf, served cold, is an invincible cold meat. Mix a pound of fresh, chopped beef with half a pound of fat salt pork chopped fine. Bind them together with an egg and add salt, pepper, a little grated onion and then half a cupful each of milk and cracker crumbs. Roll into a loaf, and bake for three-quarters of an hour, basting occasionally with hot water and melted butter.

Potatoes Baked on Top of the Range.
 Potatoes may be baked on top of the range. Place an asbestos mat on top of the range, and on this lay the potatoes, previously washed clean and dried. Cover with a deep pan, and in one hour you may eat a potato that is just bursting with meanness. Turn them around occasionally.

How to Clean White Sweaters.
 First powder some lump starch and rub it well the jersey or tighty parts; then roll the jersey or tighty and leave it to soak overnight. The next morning shake and beat out as much of the starch as you will find the sweater will be quite clean.

"One minute to eight," he shouted back.

"This forest was now a pandemonium. Great boughs, split from their parmal trunks, fell crashing to the ground in all directions. The scream of the wind roused echoes which repeated themselves here, there and everywhere. No rain had fallen yet, but the sight of the clouds, hurrying pell-mell through the glare thrown up from the shed, created such havoc in the already overstrained minds of the three onlookers, that they hardly heeded, when with a clatter and crash which at another time would have startled them into flight, the swaying oval before them was whirled from its hinges and thrown back against the trees already bending under the onslaught of the tempest. Destruction seemed the natural accompaniment of the moment, and the only prayer which sprang to Oswald's lips was that the motor whose throbs yet lingered in their blood though no longer taken in by the ear, would either refuse to work or prove insufficient to lift the heavy car into this seething tumult of whirling forces." His brother's life hung in the balance against his fame, and he could not but choose life for him. Yet, as the multitudinous sounds about him yielded for a moment to that brother's shout, and he knew that the moment had come, which would soon settle all, he found himself staring at the elliptical edge of the hangar, in a much terror as joy, for the end of a great hope and the beginning of a great triumph was compressed into this trembling instant and it—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Earth's Journey.
 Our world's journey in space is a long one, if we are to accept the conclusions of Dr. Turner of the University Observatory of Oxford and Prof. H. C. Flammarion, royal astronomer of Ireland. Recent astronomical work suggests that the sun and his planets form a single unit in a vast system, the stars in which, though separated by enormous distances, have a common center of gravity, and in response to gravitation all move in unison like a stupendous machine. The paths of these stars, instead of being nearly circular, like those of the planets around the sun, are much like the calculations of a pendulum. The calculations show that on this elongated course our sun must travel 400,000,000 years before completing a revolution, and that it passed near the center less than a million—perhaps not more than 300,000—years ago, and is now on the outward track.

In an article on the indiscriminate use of drugs the Lancet takes the same position as that of the New York physician who was recently quoted in this column. Speaking of "the shrewd fellow" who suffers from insomnia and purchases veronal as a safe (?) hypnotic, the writer says: "Eight grains have been known to prove fatal and ten grains not uncommonly give rise to alarming symptoms. But the sleep producer is used, nevertheless, by people who feel justified by misleading paragraphs in 'medical columns' blind to the risk of acquiring a drug habit."—New York Tribune.

Nothing in It—But Honey.
 The late Charles Major, author of "When Kighthood was in Flower," was a sincere if not a very subtle writer, and he had no patience with the literary trickster. Mr. Major, at a dinner in Shelbyville, once condemned the literary trickster with the epigram: "You can fool some of the people all of the time—but when you consider what kind of people they are, does it really seem worth while?"

Disproving an Old Belief
 Silly Idea About Career of "Minister's Sons" is Given a Setback by Publication of a Few Facts.
 "Did anybody say anything about 'minister's sons'?" No. Well, anyway, they are coming to their own in spite of the old saw. Three of the last seven presidents of the United States were sons of ministers—Arthur, Cleveland and Wilson.
 Two denunciations have been republished since Mr. Arthur was the son of a minister—the Rev. William Arthur, a Baptist, Mr. Cleveland's father was the Rev. Richard F. Cleveland, Presbyterian, while President Wilson's father, the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, was not only a Presbyterian minister, but also a Presbyterian in a theological seminary. It is estimated that there is one clergyman in the United States to 230 adult men. So the ministers, though their sons are getting much more than their share of representation in the executive chair.
 They are doing even better through their daughters. Mrs. Wilson is the daughter and the granddaughter of Presbyterian ministers. She was the seventh minister of the White House of official descent. The Abigail Adams was the daughter of a Congregational minister. Mrs. Fillmore's

father was a Baptist clergyman. Mr. Pierce came from the family of a college president, the Rev. Jesse Appleton, head of Bowdoin. While Mr. Arthur was president his sister, Mrs. McElroy, presided at the White House, as did President Cleveland's sister, Miss Rose Cleveland, in the first part of his first administration. Mrs. Harrison was the daughter of the Rev. J. W. Scott, president of Oxford seminary.

Altogether, then, three sons of ministers and seven daughters will have lived in the White House, which doing pretty well.—Kansas City Times.
 Choir Invisible Has a Recruit.
 A Kansas man who has lately been abroad reports that this inscription actually appears on an old tombstone in a cemetery at Saragosa, Spain: "Here lies John Cabeca, preacher of my lord the king. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish, and whose will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to his angels, 'Come, ye calves!' and let me hear of John Cabeca, a preacher to the king of Spain!"
 The happiest moments of many a man's life were those in which some girl was fooling him for fun.

little to do with the direction of the weapon, into which he looked. Then an owl hooted far away in the forest, and Orlando, slowly lowering his arm, asked in an oddly-constrained tone: "How long have you been in town?"

The answer cut clean through any lingering hope he may have had. "Ever since the day your brother was told the story of his great misfortune."

"Ah! still at your old tricks! I thought you had quit that business as unprofitable."

"I don't know. I never expect quick returns. He who holds on for a risetime sometimes reaps unlooked-for profits."

The arm and fist of Orlando Brotherson ached to hurl this fellow back into the heart of the midnight woods.

But they remained quiescent and he spoke instead: "I have buried the business. You will never re-encounter it through me."

Sweetwater smiled. There was no mirth in his smile though there was lightness in his tone as he said: "Then let us go back to the matter in hand. You need a helper; where are you going to find one if you don't take me?"

A growl from Brotherson's set lips. Never had he looked more dangerous than in the one burning instant following this daring repetition of the detective's outrageous request. But as he noted how slight was the figure opposing him from the other side of the threshold, he was awayed by his natural admiration of pluck in the physically weak, and lost his threatening attitude, only to assume one which Sweetwater secretly found it even harder to meet.

"You are a fool," was the stinging remark he heard rung at him. "Do you want to play the police-officer here and arrest me in mid air?"

"Mr. Brotherson, you understand me as little as I am supposed to understand you. Humble as my place is in society and, I may add, in the department whose interests I serve, there are in me two men. One you know passably well—the detective whose methods, only indifferently clever, show that he has very much to learn. Of the other—the workman acquainted with hammer and saw, but with some knowledge too of higher mathematics and the principles upon which great mechanical inventions depend, you know little, and must imagine myself to be playing the sawky when I helped you in the old house in Brooklyn. I was interested in your airship—Oh I recognized it for what it was, notwithstanding its oddity and lack of ostensible means for flying—but I was not caught in the whirl of its ideas; the idea by which you doubtless expect, and with very good reason, to revolutionize the science of aviation. But since then I've been thinking it over, and am so filled with your own hopes that either I must have a hand in the finishing and sailing of the one you have yourself constructed, or go to work myself on the hints you have unconsciously given me, and make a car of my own."

"Audacity often succeeds where caution fails. Orlando, with a curious twist of his strong lip, took hold of the detective's arm and drew him in, shutting and locking the door carefully behind him.

"Think," said he, "you told me what you now say, you discovered me, to make any ideas of your own available in the manufacture of a superior self-propelling airship?"

Sweetwater, who had been so violently wheeled about in entering that he stood with his back to the curtain concealing the car, answered without hesitation: "You have a device, entirely new so far as I can judge, by which this car can leap at once into space, hold its own in any direction, and alight again upon any given spot without shock to the machine or danger to the people controlling it."

"Explain the device."

"I will draw it."

"You can?"

"As you see it!"

"Yes. It's a brilliant idea; I could never have conceived it."

"You believe—"

"I know. Let's see what you know."

Brotherson looked and hastily drew back. He did not want the other to note his surprise.

"But that is a portion you never saw," he loudly declared.

"No, but I saw this," returned Sweetwater, working busily on some curves; "and these gave me the fillip I mentioned. The rest came easily."

Brotherson, in dread of his own anger, threw his pistol to the other end of the shed:

"You evade! You thief!" he furiously cried.

"How so?" asked Sweetwater calmly, rising and looking him steadily in the face. "A thief is one who purloins another man's goods, or let us say, another man's ideas. I have appropriated nothing—yet. I've only shown you how easily I could do so. Mr. Brotherson, take me in as your assistant. I will be faithful to you. I swear it. I want to see that machine go up."

"For how many people have you drawn those lines?" thundered the inexorable voice.

"For nobody; not for myself even. This is the first time they have left their hiding-place in my brain."

"Can you swear to that?"

"I can and will, if you require it. But you ought to believe my word, sir. I am square as a die in all matters not connected with my profession," he smiled in a burst of that whimsical humor, which not even the seriousness of the moment could quite suppress.

"And what surety have I that you do not consider this very matter of mine as coming within the bounds you speak of?"

"None. But you must trust me that far."

Brotherson surveyed him with an irony which conveyed a very different message to the detective than any he had intended. Then quickly: "To how many have you spoken, detailing upon this device, and publishing abroad my secret?"

"I have spoken to no one, not even to Mr. Gryce. That shows my honesty as nothing else can."

"You have kept my secret intact?"

"Entirely so, sir."

"So that no one, here or elsewhere, shares our knowledge of the saw points in this mechanism?"

"I say so, sir."

"Then if I should kill you," came in a terse, cold voice, "would you be the only one to own that knowledge. But you won't kill me."

"Why?"

"Need I go into reasons?"

"Because your conscience is already too heavily laden to bear the burden of another unprovoked crime."

Brotherson, staring back, glared with open ferocity upon the man who dared to face him with such an accusation.

"God! why didn't I shoot you on entrance!" he cried. "Your courage is certainly colossal!"

A fine smile, without even the hint of humor now, touched the daring detective's lip. Brotherson's anger seemed to grow under it, and he loudly repeated as he spoke: "It's absurd and mad—!" A moment's pause, then with ironic pauses—"and quite unnecessary save as a matter of display, unless you think you need it to sustain your through-the-ordeal you are courting. You wish to help me finish and prepare for flight?"

"I sincerely do."

"You consider yourself competent?"

"I do."

Brotherson's eyes fell and he walked once to the extremity of the oval flooring and back.

"Well, we will grant that. But that's not all that is necessary. My requirements demand a companion in my first flight. Will you go up in the car with me on Saturday night?"

A quick affirmative was on Sweetwater's lips but the glimpse which he got of the speaker's face glowering upon him from the shadows into which Brotherson had withdrawn, stopped its utterance, and the silence grew heavy. Though it may not have lasted long by the clock, the instant of breathless contemplation of each other's features across the intervening space was of incalculable moment to Sweetwater, and, possibly, to Brotherson. As drowning men are said to live over their whole history between their first plunge and their final rise to light and air, so through the mind of the detective rushed the memories of his past; and the fast fading glories of his future; and rebelling at the subtle peril he saw in that sardonic eye, he vociferated an impulsive: "No! I'll not—!" and paused, caught by a new and irresistible sensation.

A breath of wind—the first he had felt that night—had swept in through some crevice in the curving wall, fanning the canvas enveloping the great car. It acted like a peal to battle. After all, a man must take some risks in this life, and his heart was in this trial of a redoubtable mechanism in which he had full faith. He could not say no to the prospect of being the first to share a triumph which would send his name to the ends of the earth; and, changing the trend of his intention, he repeated with a sanguine

CHAPTER XXXVII.
 Saturday Night at Eight o'clock.
 So the flat had gone forth, with no concession to be made on account of weakness.

As Oswald came from his supper and took a look at the heavens from the small front porch, he was deeply troubled that Orlando had remained so obstinate on this point. For there were ominous clouds rolling up from the east, and the storms in this region of high mountains read abrupt valleys were not light, nor well-planted upon mother earth.

If the tempest should come up before eight!

Mr. Challoner, who, from some mysterious impulse of bravado on the part of Brotherson, was to be allowed to make the third in this small band of spectators, was equally concerned at this sight, but not Brotherson. His fears were for Oswald, whose slow gathering strength could illly bear the strain which this additional anxiety for his brother's life must impose upon him. As for Doris, she was in a state of excitement more connected with the past than with the future. That afternoon she had laid her hand in that of Orlando Brotherson, and wished him well. She in whose breast still lingered reminiscences of those old doubts which had befuddled his image for her at their first meeting. She had not been able to avoid it. His look was a compelling one, and he had demanded thus much from her; and a terrible thought to her gentle spirit—he might be going to his death!

It had been settled by the prospective aviator that they were to watch for the ascent from the mouth of the grassy road leading in to the hangar. The three were to meet there at a quarter to eight and await the stroke and the air-car's rise. That time was near, and Mr. Challoner, catching a glimpse of Oswald's pallid and unattractively drawn features, as he set down the lantern he carried, shuddered with foreboding and wished the hour passed.

Doris' watchful glance never left the face whose lightest change was more to her than all Orlando's hopes. But the result upon her was not to weaken her resolution, but to strengthen it. Whatever the outcome of the next few minutes, she must stand ready to sustain her invalid through it. That the darkness of early evening had deepened to oppression, was unnoticed for the moment. The fears of an hour past had been forgotten. Their attention was too absorbed in what was going on before them for any a glance overhead.

Suddenly Mr. Challoner spoke. "Who is the man whom Brotherson has asked to go with him?"

"It was Oswald who answered."

"He has never told me. He has kept his own counsel about that as about everything else connected with this matter. He simply advised me that I was not to bother about him any more; that he had found the assistant he wanted."

"Such reticence seems unaccountable. You have displayed great patience, Oswald."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
 The Man Within and the Man Without.
 An instant of silence, during which the two men eyed each other; then, Sweetwater, with an ironical smile directed towards the pistol, lightly remarked: "Enter."

But the command passed unheeded; the latch was not raised, and only the slightest tap was heard.

With a bound he reached forward and pulled the door open. Then a great silence fell upon him and a rigidity as of the grave seized and stiffened his powerful frame.

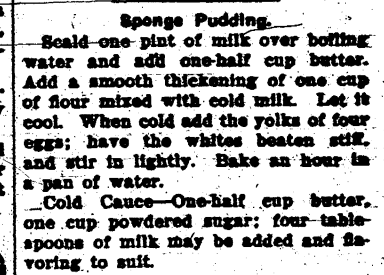
The man confronting him from the darkness was Sweetwater.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.
 The Man Within and the Man Without.
 An instant of silence, during which the two men eyed each other; then, Sweetwater, with an ironical smile directed towards the pistol, lightly remarked: "Enter."

But the command passed unheeded; the latch was not raised, and only the slightest tap was heard. With a bound he reached forward and pulled the door open. Then a great silence fell upon him and a rigidity as of the grave seized and stiffened his powerful frame. The man confronting him from the darkness was Sweetwater.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
 The Man Within and the Man Without.
 An instant of silence, during which the two men eyed each other; then, Sweetwater, with an ironical smile directed towards the pistol, lightly remarked: "Enter."



CHAPTER XXXVIII.
 The Man Within and the Man Without.
 An instant of silence, during which the two men eyed each other; then, Sweetwater, with an ironical smile directed towards the pistol, lightly remarked: "Enter."

But the command passed unheeded; the latch was not raised, and only the slightest tap was heard. With a bound he reached forward and pulled the door open. Then a great silence fell upon him and a rigidity as of the grave seized and stiffened his powerful frame. The man confronting him from the darkness was Sweetwater.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
 The Man Within and the Man Without.
 An instant of silence, during which the two men eyed each other; then, Sweetwater, with an ironical smile directed towards the pistol, lightly remarked: "Enter."

WISE BILLY

by Edward B. Clark

WISE BILLY," they called him up Bowmanville way. He was called this in derision, for Wise Billy was witless. There were some of the Bowmanville people who wouldn't have it that Billy was entirely witless, and it was in the expression of this belief these people showed that they were to be classed with the wiser ones.

Wise Billy had been hit on the head when he was nothing more than a toddler and it was the blow that set his mind groping for things that it could never fully grasp. Bowmanville, while it is a part of a great city, has green fields and great forests yet untouched by the ax of nature's tyrant. Billy roamed the fields and threaded the forests. Like Little Hiawatha he learned of the birds and the squirrels their secrets. They were playmates that never made sport of his mental shortcomings. He loved them and they loved him. The streams beyond the little stream which farther on in its course becomes the Chicago river, were the haunts of bobolinks. It was there that the Italian bird catchers hired by the big city dealers were in the habit of setting their traps to catch rollicking Robert of Lincoln that he might be cooped up in a 7 by 6 cage to pine away a few brief summer months for the supposed pleasure of someone whose ideas of liberty did not include bird and beast.

One afternoon the Italians set their traps all over the meadow with a captive bird in the lower compartment. The men went to a hedge by the roadside to watch results. They saw a boy start on a keen jump across the meadow. His feet were winged. Before the trappers could realize what was up the lower door of the first trap in line was open, a bobolink was freed and the trap itself was a crushed mass of wire and sticks. They tried, but they could not catch this grey-headed of a lad. He liberated twelve birds and smashed twelve traps, and then shot into the budding woods. It was Wise Billy who had done this turn for his bobolink friends.

Wise Billy's father and mother sent him to school. The teachers did not want to receive him, but he was quiet and he showed shortly that impression could be made upon his disordered mind. He knew more about the pictures than he did about the words, but in the course of a year or two he wrote sentences disjointedly. It was poetry that Wise Billy loved, especially the poetry, in which the words sang of birds and trees and flowers. It was an inspiration to hear Billy repeat Bryant's "Bobolink" and the "Lines to a Waterfall." There was a place in his heart seemed to speak to some little sound section of his muddled mind.

Wise Billy reported at the school one morning that he was going to be a poet. He stood at his desk and made the announcement out loud. The pupils laughed and laughed. The teacher tried to look kindly, but there was a bit of merriment on her face. "I'll bring some verses and show you," cried Billy. He was keenly alive to ridicule, witless though he was.

Wise Billy had found a friend. He was a man who tramped the field with a round box in which he put leaves and flowers and with an open glass through which he stared at birds. Billy had come across the stranger near the river's edge just west of the budding wood. The man was picking marsh-marigolds. Billy told him he would show him where there were some prettier ones if the man would promise not to "pick" them. The stranger seemed struck by this appeal from the boy with halting tongue and vacant



eye. "You're a second edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson, my boy," said he a little quizzically. "They're pretty by the water," said Billy, "and the wind whistles to them and they tell me what the wind says."

"You're a poet," said the man with the box. "I wouldn't pick your flowers now were they the real gold they seem to be, but I'm after birds, too."

"Bang 'em and put 'em in a box?"

"No, just look at them."

The man came to the meadows often after this and met Billy. The lad knew where the lark finch, where the vireo placed its paper-lined home and where the oriole swung its cradle. He showed all his treasures to the man who was willing to look and to spare. One day Billy brought some papers to his botanical-ornithological acquaintance. "They're poems," he said, "like what the man with the gray beard wrote about bobolinks and like what the man Shaker something said about the yellow swamp flowers."

Billy's naturalist friend took the manuscript. Rhythm there was none; the spelling would make a lexicographer weep, but there was poetry. The boy said in essence that the marigold didn't die because he thought of it all the year through, and thinking of things "makes 'em live." One of Billy's schoolmates had trapped a shore lark. "The bird sings as it scorns, and in that respect is like unto the lark that 'at heaven's gate sings.'" Billy had fought a good fight for the trapped lark when the trapper was taking it homeward, but a crowd of schoolmates who re-

garded the lark as a bird prey made numbers carry the day.

One day Billy and the stroller, afield were tramping the meadow that edges the Bowmanville road that runs along and crosses the rustic bridge over the north branch of the river. They heard shouts and turning saw that a building facing the road was on fire. It was a frame structure with the two upper stories occupied by families. It was on the ledge of the front window which Billy had tried to save had been imprisoned for several days. The man and boy started for the scene of the fire. The building was a furnace. "Everybody's out," called a man in the crowd that had gathered.

Billy, the witless, looked up. He saw the lark in the cage. The stairway was burning. He eluded a detaining hand and dashed into the entrance and up the stairs. A man jumped after him, but it was too late. He was driven back. In less than a minute the people with starting eyes saw the boy appear at the front upper window. His form was framed with smoke and flame. They saw him fairly tear apart the cage that held the lark. In an instant the bird was free and went soaring heavenward singing.

There was a crash; a floor had given way. A little later a crowd had gathered round the dead body of a boy. The school teacher and Billy's naturalist companion were looking down on the face that the flames had left untouched. "He wanted to be a poet," said the teacher. "Wanted to be?" said the trapper of the fields. "Wanted to be?" His whole life was a poem and his death was a song."

BARN SWALLOW, CHIMNEY SWEEP AND KING BIRD

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL.

When the King bird arrives in the early spring with his bride from the south, he guards her most jealously, and fights most pugnaciously all others of his kind who come near.

Noted for his fighting nature, the King bird is entitled to his royal name, and is also called the Tyrant Flycatcher, and from his epicurean love of insects, he is known again as the Bee Martin, although far removed from the Martin family, being really one of the Flycatchers.

He possesses no noble qualities, as without provocation he often allows "his angry passions" to rise, and makes bold and aggressive attacks on the crow, and often chases away from his field the less offensive small birds. Very like the Indians of the western plains, the King bird never hesitates to meet a foe in open warfare, preferring to swoop down upon some unsuspecting neighbor, giving him a



Cat Bird's Nest.

peck in the back of the head, and then our King bird turns like a flash to his resting place.

The King bird is about eight and a half inches in length. His upper

parts are grayish slate color; on his head is a concealed orange red crest. The under parts are white, washed with gray on the breast. The tail is black, tipped with white. The nest is built at the end of a branch of some low tree, several feet from the ground, and is a compact structure, composed of leaves, string, weeds, grass, fine rootlets, bark and hair. The number of eggs are generally five, and they are creamy white, spotted with dark brown and purple gray.

I suppose that every boy who reads this paper has seen the Barn Swallow, but how many have seen the bird at work building her nest? Some day, if you hide away inside the barn, and keep very quiet, you can witness this very interesting performance.

One day last summer I was out on a farm, and in the barn I heard a great chattering and chirping, and discovered the Barn Swallow were building. As the male of most bird families does not assist his mate in this work, I concluded that it was "he" who was doing the chattering, while the little housewife carried the mud and straw of which the walls of the house were built. Most of the time he was inside the half-finished nest giving advice, while she worked.

There were three nests under way, and they were round in form and the mud and straw were firmly and smoothly plastered together, and the inside of a finished one was lined with soft feathers from the chicken yard.

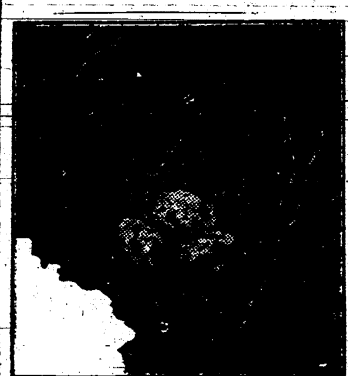
These birds are very graceful, and they go about in colonies, flying low over the meadows and fields while on the lookout for the insects on which they feed.

The male and the female Barn Swallow are marked alike. The upper parts are steel blue throat, upper breast and forehead are chestnut rufous in color, and the under parts are washed with the same, shading to a buff. The tail is very slender, and deeply forked. The female is slightly smaller than the male, and her coloring is paler. She raises two broods of young in a season, from the four to six eggs at a sitting, which are white with spots of purplish brown.

The Chimney Swift is more commonly called "The Chimney Swallow,"

whereas it is no swallow at all, being more nearly related to the humming birds than to the swallows.

These birds congregate about my home in small flocks, and in early morning and late afternoon may be seen rapidly sailing over the house-tops, where they build their nests in unused chimneys. Their nests are composed of twigs glued together with



The Splashed and Sprayed Egg of the Purple Grackle.

a gummy secretion of the birds' salivary glands. When the Swift flies, his movements are more suggestive of the bat

than those of a bird, as he darts hither and thither, and it is often perplexed at dusk, to distinguish the sides of the old birds clinging to the twigs of the chimney, and to rough places, assisted by their spine-like tails, and are never seen to alight on the ground, because they would be unable to arise again, on account of their long wings and short feet. Their song consists of a rolling triller, which is quite pleasant to hear.

The Chimney Swift is about an inch shorter than the English Sparrow, but its long wings make it appear larger. The male and female are marked alike, being of a deep, sooty gray. The tail is even, and has very elastic and sharply pointed quills, beyond which the wings extend an inch and a half. The feet have exceedingly sharp claws.

In country houses, during the summer, I have heard the roar, like distant thunder, of a flock of these birds rising from one of the large chimneys, in the early morning.

The Swift lays from four to six pure white eggs.

Point of View.

The Post—How gracefully Mrs. Jones sweeps out a parlor. The Housekeeper—Yes, but does she take the dirt out of the corners?



Boys and girls may be saved for the agricultural districts by teaching them to love the country and to look upon farming as a noble and profitable occupation.

feel keenly the disadvantages of a lack of clothes.

But such people need no longer despair absolutely. There is in New York city a "Clothing Bureau" that has a professional department devoted entirely to the needs of actresses and actors in exactly this or a similarly embarrassing position. On the first Friday of each month the bureau is set aside wholly for their use, and a sympathetic lady, with an intimate knowledge of the members of the profession—both men and women—and

their need, is in charge of the bureau for the day in order to help and advise them. Almost any kind of dress suit, hat or coat can be procured there; if not immediately, at least within a reasonable length of time. The sole object of the bureau is to perform a kindness to those immediately in need of it.—Dramatic Mirror.

Fine Product of Copper. It is now possible to produce cast copper of high electrical conductivity that is mechanically sound.

Sometimes. "A cigar is like a Christmas present." "Why?" "Because the wrapper's the most expensive part of it."—Judge.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

Quicker Way. "In the dispute, did the defendant strike the complainant forcibly with his argument?" "No, sir; he struck him in the head with a brick."

Misled by Ragtime. "The band is going to play our national air," remarked the host to the distinguished foreign visitor. "Of course you have heard it?" "Er—yes," answered the distinguished foreign visitor. "I don't remember exactly how the music goes, but the words, I believe, are to the effect that somebody or other is waiting for a steamboat."

PIMPLES ON FACE AND ARMS

411 Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.—"About a year ago my face, neck, arms and back were beginning to become afflicted with pimples and blackheads. My pimples would get very large and appear to come to a head. If I tried to open them the pain would be terrible, but nothing could be taken from them. They itched very badly; I suffered terribly from itching. After scratching the pimples would swell and after the swelling was gone my face would become very red and remain so for some time. My clothing caused the itching to be worse. When it was warm it was utterly impossible to sleep. "I used a cream and the more I used the worse they got. Shortly after, I read the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and determined to use them. The itching stopped almost immediately. This was about three months ago and I am entirely cured now." (Signed) Miss Marguerite E. Jacobs, Jan. 13, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

New Argument. Mrs. Hatterston (an ardent suffragette)—Well, I see by the paper this morning that the new banking and currency bill will add about \$500,000,000 to our currency.

Hatterston (pleasantly)—Yes. Wish we might come in for some of it, don't you?

Mrs. Hatterston (savagely)—That's just the point. We would if women had the vote.—Life.

Common Enough History. Mayor Gaynor of New York, as all the world knows from his letters, was a subtle critic, and at a recent luncheon at the Century club, discussing a novelist who had begun well, but had degenerated into the lowest type of "best-seller," Mayor Gaynor said: "This scribbler's whole biography could be put into two questions and answers, thus: "How did he commence writing?" "With a wealth of thought." "And how has he continued?" "With a thought of wealth."

Made the Scogean. M. Jean Homolle, the new librarian-in-chief of the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, was general manager of the national museums of France, and consequently of the Louvre, when "La Gioconda," the celebrated masterpiece of Da Vinci, disappeared. Although M. Homolle was absent at the time, nevertheless public opinion demanded a sacrifice for the departed "Mona Lisa," and he was relieved of office. He is a native of Paris, sixty-five years old, and is a member of the Legion of Honor and of the Institute. The world-famous library over which he presides has 4,000,000 books, 2,500,000 engravings, and hundreds of thousands of medals, maps and manuscripts.

Foley Kidney Pills Succeed because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities, if they are once taken into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 38-1913.

As Good As It Looks and Better

Rouge-Rex shoes have proved their worth to thousands. This one is especially worthy of your consideration, if you are looking for a shoe that is suited to the season.

No. 408 is 12 inches high, with full bellows tongue, and full vamp under the toe cap, giving double wear at that point.

The soles are of three thicknesses of sole leather, the outside being of water-proof stock of extra wearing quality.

Everything about this shoe is solid leather, and it is put together with long service in view.

Ask your dealer for these shoes. If he does not handle them, send for our free Rouge-Rex Book, and we will give you the name of our nearest agent.

HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY
Hirth Shoe Timmers and Shoe Manufacturers
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Erysipelas, Shipping Fever, Catarrhal Fever

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Sactonologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

The Up-to-Date Lighting System for Country Homes

The Improved Jenne Pit Acetylene Generator

Installed in the ground and covered over like a cistern. Far removed from the building. Foot-Floor, Frost-Proof, Safe and Convenient. Permitted by The National Board of Fire Underwriters. Guaranteed absolutely. The best lighting system on earth for the least money. Hundreds of farmers have become agents after installing our generator in their homes. Write for our special instructions to the first purchaser in each locality. Protected by patents. Infringers liable to prosecution. Full particulars for the asking.

The Jenne Acetylene Gas Machine Co., Meridian Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

VALUABLE QUALITY TO HAVE

Busy Trip. "I had a tough time delivering the mail yesterday," declared the postman.

"How was that?"

"Had a bullock and a chunk of liver in the same delivery."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Gift of Taste. Receptor—Hurry! Quick! Throw her a life preserver. Drowning Girl—Haven't you a white one? That—dirty—drab—doesn't match my—blue—sail—Pack.

Smart Compliment. "Our guide tells me that in Morocco men buy their wives." "I've seen his. I'll bet he got her at a rummage sale."

Diminutive Convenience. Knicker—The Smiths have a kitchenette. Rocker—And Jones has indignationette.

The Way of It. "I hear that rascally speculator was caught in a copper corner." "Yes; he ran into a cordon of pelicans."

The Idea. "Why are you trying to keep all this scandalous gossip about?" "Because I want to be in the swim."

Consolation. "I really fear I am losing my mind." "Well, don't worry about it. No one is apt to notice it."

The Food Route To Steady Health

Many people are kept ill because they do not know how to select food that their own particular bodies will take up and build upon.

What will answer for one will not do for another.

If one is ailing it is safe to change food entirely and go on a plain, simple diet, say:

Some fruit
Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream
Soft-boiled eggs
Crisp Toast
A Cup of Postum
no more.

Man! But a diet like that makes one feel good after a few days' use.

The most perfectly made food for human use is

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Get the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in page.

Postum Food Company, Limited, Bath, Eng., M.A.

SUPPORTED HIM
Food That Saved When Everything Else Failed.

The food route is a safe and very sure road back to health.

"For six years I was a serious sufferer from indigestion and general stomach troubles, from the improperly cooked food in boarding houses and restaurants of which I was a victim.

"During three of the six years I was so had off nervous prostration set in and I sought relief of a specialist without success. I had gotten so that I could eat almost nothing and was steadily losing flesh.

"Many different foods and preparations were recommended for a trial, without success, and I had become indifferent to all food.

"Some months after seeing your ad in the daily papers about the scientifically prepared food, Grape-Nuts, and its good qualities, and being driven almost to despair over my plight, I skeptically resolved to give Grape-Nuts a trial as a last resort. And I thank God that I did.

"From my first meal of Grape-Nuts I felt a great change for the better; the knot that arose in the chest after meals disappeared; stomach ceased its uneasiness and gradually the nervousness disappeared.

"For about a year I ate Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and have gained 54 pounds of lost weight and weigh 16 pounds more than I ever did and now do not find any trouble in using my old-time reliables with my Grape-Nuts.

"I expect to be married soon and I do not expect Grape-Nuts to be eliminated from my bill of fare as long as I live. If my testimony will help some poor mortal, place my letter conspicuously where it can be read."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Grape-Nuts contain all the constituents of a complete food and in a highly assimilable state," says the "London Lancet."

GIVES HELP WHERE NEEDED

Unique New York Institution That Provides Clothing for Actors to Make an Appearance.

How many actresses, after a long period of ill-health, when they at last covered an engagement—in stock, let us say—have been at their wits' end to know how they were going to provide themselves with the gowns or evening dresses necessary for the

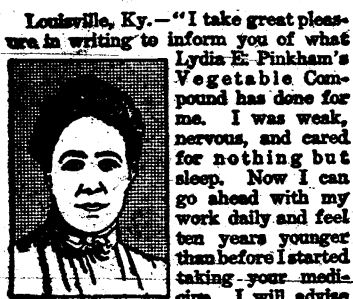
play? And how many actors when, in straitened circumstances, they have had an important engagement with a manager, have despaired of securing the place because they could not make a "prosperous" appearance? The number is discouragingly large. It is not true that when a person is out of work he is most anxious to make a correct impression, and generally at the precise moment is in a position to make the most favorable one. There must be thousands of actors and actresses in New York who

feel keenly the disadvantages of a lack of clothes. But such people need no longer despair absolutely. There is in New York city a "Clothing Bureau" that has a professional department devoted entirely to the needs of actresses and actors in exactly this or a similarly embarrassing position. On the first Friday of each month the bureau is set aside wholly for their use, and a sympathetic lady, with an intimate knowledge of the members of the profession—both men and women—and

their need, is in charge of the bureau for the day in order to help and advise them. Almost any kind of dress suit, hat or coat can be procured there; if not immediately, at least within a reasonable length of time. The sole object of the bureau is to perform a kindness to those immediately in need of it.—Dramatic Mirror.

WOMAN FEELS 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Since Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.



Louisville, Ky.—"I take great pleasure in writing to inform you of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was weak, nervous, and cared for nothing but sleep. Now I can go ahead with my work daily and feel ten years younger than before I started taking your medicine. I will advise any woman to consult with you before going to a doctor."—Mrs. INEZ WILSON, 2229 Bank St., Louisville, Ky.

Another Sufferer Relieved.
Remover, Texas.—"I suffered terribly with a displacement and bladder trouble. I could not walk any distance. I thought I never could be cured, but my mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I did. "I am cured of the displacement and the bladder trouble is relieved. I think the Compound is the finest medicine on earth for suffering women."—Mrs. VERA JASMAN, Remover, Texas.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultant) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read, and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Don't Put Off BEECHAM'S PILLS

How to Move Them.
First Rectal—I am going to preach to the 400. How can I move them?
Second Rectal—You'll have to move them in timeliness.—Judge.

Important to Mothers
Beware carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of **Dr. J. C. Williams** in Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for **Wheeler's Castoria**

Switzerland will soon have a hydroelectric plant using the highest waterfall in the world as harness, the water dropping 5,412 feet.

Uric Acid Is Slow Poison

Excess uric acid left in the blood by weak kidneys, causes more diseases than any other poison.
Among its effects are backache, headache, dizziness, irritability, nervousness, rheumatism, "flashes," rheumatic attacks and urinary disorders. Later effects are dropsy, gravel or heart disease.

If you would avoid uric acid troubles, keep your kidneys healthy. To stimulate and strengthen weak kidneys, use **Doan's Kidney Pills**—the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Wisconsin Case
Mrs. Jane Smith, of Clay St., Milwaukee, could hardly get out of bed. My back ached, my body bloated and my limbs were swollen. I lost 45 pounds in weight. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me. Finally, I was cured. All my troubles disappeared. Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
ROSTER, MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable. Act surely and gently on the liver. Stop after-dinner distress—cure indigestion. Improves the complexion, brightens the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. BOSTON & LYMAN CO., L.L., BUFFALO, N.Y.

HIDES TANNED For Hides and Coats

Send us your Old and New Hides, or any skins you have, and we will tan them for you. We have one of the largest tanneries in the country, and we can tan any kind of hide or skin you wish. We use the best materials and the most skillful workmen. We guarantee our work. Send for our catalogue. **HUGH WALLACE CO.** Custom Department, 200 West 12th Street, Detroit, Michigan.

NOTES from MEADOWBROOK FARM



By William Pitt

Build yourself a silo.
The breed of a cow isn't all.
A poultryman works all the time.
Shade is necessary in the hog lot or corral.

Disease waits at the doors of damp poultry-houses.

No one should expect to get sound colts from unsound sires.

If butter is oversalted or over-worked its delicate flavor is ruined.

If you keep sheep on the same pasture year after year trouble is sure to follow.

When soft shelled eggs are very numerous there is something lacking in the ration.

When in full bloom is the best time to plow under weeds in order to destroy them.

Plenty of bedding in good season will often help materially in saving a litter of pigs.

As a rule hens that lay steadily during cold weather are indifferent hot-weather layers.

Hardiness does not go by color of plumage. Hardiness depends upon the care given to fowls.

Dairy farming is more carefully studied today than ever before—and it pays well for this.

The good cows in the dairy are the ones that make the profit. The loss is with the poor milkers.

When bean vines are wet, let 'em alone. Cultivate or hoe them only when dry, or they'll be rusty.

A mare may be safely worked up to within a week of foaling provided she is never subject to heavy strains.

Cut away all dead branches as soon as discovered and cover the wound with paint to prevent further decay.

Clover has the ability to obtain nitrogen from the atmosphere and incorporate it in its roots, stem and leaves.

Treat the hired man as a human being and furnish him with a cottage home, not a shack stuck behind your big red barn.

The acid of cream unduly sour destroys more or less of the butter fat and if kept too long a bitter condition is set up.

The real test of value in a horse is strength, lively action and endurance and combined in the lightest weight possible.

The amount of limestone to use per acre varies. When soil is acid it requires from one to three tons per acre to correct the acidity.

There is not enough temper in the whole township to conquer a balky horse; so there is no use for you to match what you'd get against one.

Mixed rations are more economical than the feeding of any particular article of food exclusively as some foods assist in the digestion of others.

It is just as necessary to keep the sheep supplied with green crops after the meadows give out, as it is to keep the stock going in the same way.

Charcoal and grit should be kept where the fowls can have access to them at all times. They are a preventative as well as a cure for indigestion.

Look out for the cattle flies when they make their appearance, and by the application of some preventive help to keep them free from these troublesome pests.

The critical period in the young turkey is generally at an end when six weeks of age. Inbreeding, lice, dampness and improper food are the main causes for great mortality.

Scrub poultry may serve a good purpose in the pot, but they should not be permitted to propagate their kind. Scrub hens should be mated to pure-bred males so that the breeding has an upward rather than a downward tendency.

If your poultry yards are bare they no doubt get hard and baked these hot days. Spade up a part of them preferably in some shady corner and see how the fowls will enjoy dusting in the soft dirt. It will more than pay you for your trouble.

Eggs contain four per cent. less protein; and six per cent. less fat than sirloin steak; half as much protein and one-third as much fat as cream cheese; twice as much protein and ten times as much fat as oysters. Fuel value about two-thirds that of beef and one-third that of rich cheese.

There are profits in raising good horses and makes as one of the features of farming. Get a few good horses and let them bring you a good income raising horses and makes.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 28

REVIEW.
Deliverance and Obedience.

READING LESSON ONLY—Nehemiah 1:1-21. See also Acts 1:3-4. GOLDEN TEXT—Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.—Neh. 9:17 (Am. R. V.)

The lessons for the past quarter begin with the deliverance of the child Moses and end with the apostasy of the golden calf and cover a period of approximately 80 years. In almost every lesson there is something prophetic or typical of Christ, but two things may be mentioned with special emphasis, viz., the passover, lesson VI, see 1 Cor. 5:7; and the bread from heaven, lesson VIII, see Matt. 26:26, 1 Cor. 11:23, 24.

For the younger classes a most fascinating story can be told when presenting this review. Describe Miriam watching the ark, Pharaoh's daughter spying the ark, sending the babe to his mother and later adopting it as her son. Tell of the day when Moses made his great choice, of the time he thought he could free his brethren, but failed, not yet having the necessary power from God. Then the 40 years as a shepherd (John 10:14), the revelation at Horeb, the conflict at Pharaoh's court, the passover, and the flight by night, the crossing of the Red sea, the gift of the quails and the manna and that dramatic scene of the giving of the law. Enough is here presented to more than occupy the lesson period.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Exaggerated Report.
Lmstrom—I hear that Billums turned all his property into bonds, disinherited his son, who married a chambermaid, and left everything to a college.

Janiver—O, he wasn't so mean as that! Under the terms of the will, the college will have to employ the son, at a salary of \$7 a week, to cut off its coupons.—Judge.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle at

Cool in Face of Death.
One of the most extraordinary cases of sangroid on the scaffold occurred sometime ago, when Macdonald, who murdered a Miss Holt, paid the penalty of his crime in England. The hangman had forgotten the white cap to place over the prisoner's eyes and Macdonald, noticing what had happened, remarked to his executor: "Put your hand in my breast pocket and you'll find a silk handkerchief. That will do to bind my eyes, won't it?"

A medical journal has an article on "How to Lie When Asleep." Of more value would be an article on how to induce people to tell the truth when awake.

Practical.
"Do you believe in signs?"
"Certainly, when they are to let people know what business you are in."

An Ambush.
"The leaves are turning early. See that clump of red by the wayside?"
"I think them are the local constable's whiskers," declared the chauffeur, putting on extra speed.

His Advantage.
"That real-estate agent is a neat advertiser."
"Yes; he manages to keep his houses in print."

Sharp.
First Hopeful Nephew (proudly):
Aunt says I call her up on the phone oftener than you do.

Second Hopeful Nephew—Did she accuse you of anything else?

On the Beach.
"Anything in that floating bottle?"
"Great find. Had a girl's name in it."

Drinks! I thought maybe it had a drink in it.

The way to become popular with most people is to keep away from them.

The most annoying thing in connection with matrimony is married life.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 28

REVIEW.
Deliverance and Obedience.

READING LESSON ONLY—Nehemiah 1:1-21. See also Acts 1:3-4. GOLDEN TEXT—Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.—Neh. 9:17 (Am. R. V.)

The lessons for the past quarter begin with the deliverance of the child Moses and end with the apostasy of the golden calf and cover a period of approximately 80 years. In almost every lesson there is something prophetic or typical of Christ, but two things may be mentioned with special emphasis, viz., the passover, lesson VI, see 1 Cor. 5:7; and the bread from heaven, lesson VIII, see Matt. 26:26, 1 Cor. 11:23, 24.

For the younger classes a most fascinating story can be told when presenting this review. Describe Miriam watching the ark, Pharaoh's daughter spying the ark, sending the babe to his mother and later adopting it as her son. Tell of the day when Moses made his great choice, of the time he thought he could free his brethren, but failed, not yet having the necessary power from God. Then the 40 years as a shepherd (John 10:14), the revelation at Horeb, the conflict at Pharaoh's court, the passover, and the flight by night, the crossing of the Red sea, the gift of the quails and the manna and that dramatic scene of the giving of the law. Enough is here presented to more than occupy the lesson period.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Exaggerated Report.
Lmstrom—I hear that Billums turned all his property into bonds, disinherited his son, who married a chambermaid, and left everything to a college.

Janiver—O, he wasn't so mean as that! Under the terms of the will, the college will have to employ the son, at a salary of \$7 a week, to cut off its coupons.—Judge.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle at

Cool in Face of Death.
One of the most extraordinary cases of sangroid on the scaffold occurred sometime ago, when Macdonald, who murdered a Miss Holt, paid the penalty of his crime in England. The hangman had forgotten the white cap to place over the prisoner's eyes and Macdonald, noticing what had happened, remarked to his executor: "Put your hand in my breast pocket and you'll find a silk handkerchief. That will do to bind my eyes, won't it?"

A medical journal has an article on "How to Lie When Asleep." Of more value would be an article on how to induce people to tell the truth when awake.

Practical.
"Do you believe in signs?"
"Certainly, when they are to let people know what business you are in."

An Ambush.
"The leaves are turning early. See that clump of red by the wayside?"
"I think them are the local constable's whiskers," declared the chauffeur, putting on extra speed.

His Advantage.
"That real-estate agent is a neat advertiser."
"Yes; he manages to keep his houses in print."

Sharp.
First Hopeful Nephew (proudly):
Aunt says I call her up on the phone oftener than you do.

Second Hopeful Nephew—Did she accuse you of anything else?

On the Beach.
"Anything in that floating bottle?"
"Great find. Had a girl's name in it."

Drinks! I thought maybe it had a drink in it.

The way to become popular with most people is to keep away from them.

The most annoying thing in connection with matrimony is married life.

BY NO MEANS ORIGINAL IDEAS

Gossamer Skirt and Cobweb Waist of Today Are Imitations of Those of Many Centuries Ago.

If learned savants are seeking the origin of gossamer skirt and cobweb waist they need not stop with a Scotch professor and a petty two centuries of antiquity.

Snefru, who was King of Egypt more than 4,000 years ago, before the great pyramid was built, had his royal barge on the Nile rowed by girls instead of men. These chosen oarswomen were dressed in linen so fine and diaphanous that it was no more than a filmy mist, accentuating rather than hiding the brown young bodies underneath. In short, the rowing costume designed by Snefru was much like the dancing costume worn by some beauties who have managed to kick their way into the good graces of Pittsburgh millionaires.

Solomon had considerable experience with the fair sex, and he wrote that there is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps he was thinking of the newest "creations" of some modiste in Jerusalem.—Chicago Tribune.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Exaggerated Report.
Lmstrom—I hear that Billums turned all his property into bonds, disinherited his son, who married a chambermaid, and left everything to a college.

Janiver—O, he wasn't so mean as that! Under the terms of the will, the college will have to employ the son, at a salary of \$7 a week, to cut off its coupons.—Judge.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle at

Cool in Face of Death.
One of the most extraordinary cases of sangroid on the scaffold occurred sometime ago, when Macdonald, who murdered a Miss Holt, paid the penalty of his crime in England. The hangman had forgotten the white cap to place over the prisoner's eyes and Macdonald, noticing what had happened, remarked to his executor: "Put your hand in my breast pocket and you'll find a silk handkerchief. That will do to bind my eyes, won't it?"

A medical journal has an article on "How to Lie When Asleep." Of more value would be an article on how to induce people to tell the truth when awake.

Practical.
"Do you believe in signs?"
"Certainly, when they are to let people know what business you are in."

An Ambush.
"The leaves are turning early. See that clump of red by the wayside?"
"I think them are the local constable's whiskers," declared the chauffeur, putting on extra speed.

His Advantage.
"That real-estate agent is a neat advertiser."
"Yes; he manages to keep his houses in print."

Sharp.
First Hopeful Nephew (proudly):
Aunt says I call her up on the phone oftener than you do.

Second Hopeful Nephew—Did she accuse you of anything else?

On the Beach.
"Anything in that floating bottle?"
"Great find. Had a girl's name in it."

Drinks! I thought maybe it had a drink in it.

The way to become popular with most people is to keep away from them.

The most annoying thing in connection with matrimony is married life.

WINCHESTER

REPEATING SHOTGUNS.

Winchester Repeating Shotguns are not only safe to shoot, but sure to shoot. They are easy to load or unload, easy to take down or put together, and strong and reliable in every way. That's why the U. S. Ordnance Board endorsed them as being safe, sure, strong and simple. Over 450,000 satisfied sportsmen are using them.

Stick to a Winchester and You Won't Get Stuck
Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—the Red Brand—are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere



W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN
BEST BOYS SHOES IN THE WORLD
\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00
\$4.50 AND \$5.00

The largest numbers of Men's \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas shoes. They are made in the U. S. A. and wear as long as shoes costing \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only difference is the price. Shoes in all leather, styles and shapes to suit everybody.

If you could visit W. L. Douglas's large factory at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how our shoes are made, you would find out why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other shoes for the price.

If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your locality, order them to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other shoes for the price.

W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your locality, order them to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other shoes for the price.

BLACKS OPTICIANS

GETTING AROUND IT NEATLY
Peculiarly Subtle Way in Which Girl Softened the Force of Her Stern Rebuke.

Foolishly he asked her for a kiss; naturally she said "no;" bravely he took it, anyway; angrily she put him away; scornfully she told him what she thought of such action, and meekly he stood for the same old bluff.

"I am surprised and mad at you!" she said; and she looked every bit of it. "I don't think a gentleman would do such a thing; and now, if you are going to stay here this evening, I don't want you even to touch me, but let us sit here and talk like sensible people."

Seeing, however, that she had carried her little bluff too far and that she was taking her seriously, she made use of a bright idea.

"Will you promise to be good now?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, let's shake on it." Solemnly they shook hands.

"Now," she said, with a cunning and meaning little twinkle in her eye, "you have touched me already and broken your promise. So, being as you have gone that far, you might as well go ahead and break the rest of your agreement."—Judge.

Different.
Grammercy—So your wife is going to sue for a divorce. Did she meet her affinity while away in the court?

Park—No. When she came back she met mine.—Judge.

Not one man in a hundred marries the girl who first monopolized his affections.

Getting Down to Facts.
Bernard's mother tries faithfully to break the boy of his habit of exaggeration, and every improbable statement is closely questioned. Once, aroused by the sounds of falling disturbance, she asked:

"What is the matter on the back porch, Bernard?"

"There are 40 cats out there," the boy replied from his post of observation at the window.

"You don't mean that there are really 40?" his mother asked.

"Well, then, 20."

"So many as 20?"

"Maybe there aren't more than ten."

"Put 'em you sure there are ten?" mother went on mercilessly.

"Well, mamma," replied Bernard decidedly, "there's our cat, Tompkins' cat—and I won't fall on other cat."

Post Toasties

Bully Good—Breakfast, Lunch or Supper

Ready to eat direct from package with cream and sugar—sometimes add fruit.

A genuine treat that meets favor with guests and home folks.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere!

Post Toasties

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

By WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The first floor plan of this house is exceptionally good. From the central square hall one finds the living room occupying the entire space at the left, while to the right is the dining room, with the kitchen just back of it. The stairway goes up with a single turn, and is so arranged that the front stairway from the reception hall and the back stairway from the kitchen open onto a common landing, thus saving the expense of an extra stairway and the space usually occupied by one.

The living room is designed in accordance with the most modern ideas. It is very large and comfortable, 12 feet by 27 feet in size. In addition there is an alcove containing a wide fireplace. This room would always be the center of the home life, cheery and inviting, and capable of accommodating a large number of persons without crowding.

On the second floor four good-sized bedrooms with an abundance of closet room are provided. The bathroom is conveniently located, the plumbing fixtures there being directly in line with those in the kitchen. This is quite a money saving feature.

The cost of this house is estimated at \$2,000. This is very moderate for a residence of this size, 32 feet 6 inches being the width and 28 feet the length. This figure contemplates the use of good quality hardwood finish and floors for the first floor and yellow pine for the second.

When going into a building project there are three considerations of importance that present themselves. In the first place there is the design or outward appearance of the structure, next the arrangement of the dwelling inside for comfort and convenience, and last the cost of the building.

There is apt to be a wide range of choice in regard to the first factor—the design or outward appearance of the house. This is a matter to be decided according to the taste of the owner and the requirements of the building site. It is proverbial that tastes differ widely, so there can be no definite fixed requirements along that line. Also the needs of different locations vary greatly. It has been said that we plan the outside of our houses to please the neighbors, or to make a brave show from the street.

Accordingly this first factor, that of outward appearance, may at times be of very little real importance, although of course everyone would prefer to live in an attractive dwelling place as possible.

All things considered, the interior of a residence is far more important than the exterior. Real satisfaction in a home comes from the comfortable, cozy and inviting features of the living room, the bright cheerfulness of the dining room, and the conveniences provided not only in the kitchen and pantry, but also in the other parts of the house. It matters little what the outside appearance is—granted of

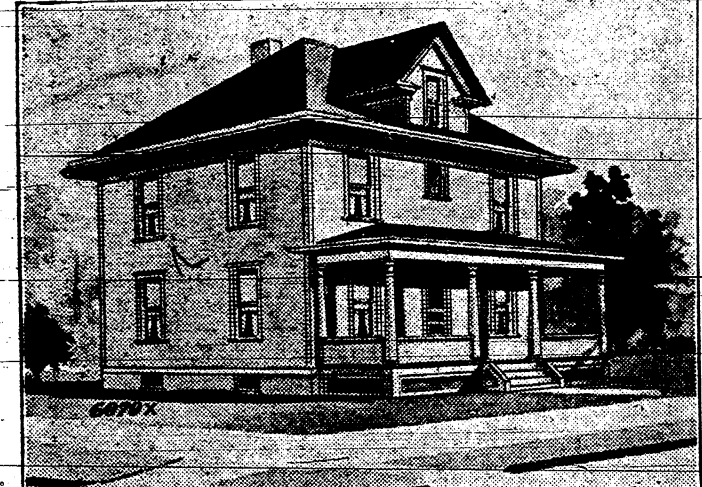
course it is trim and neat—if the interior is comfortable and home-like and so arranged that the work can be done easily.

The third factor, that of cost, very often seems to be, if not most important, the most important of the three. Most home builders have to set a definite figure and make up their minds not to go over it. The outside design can be changed from one style to another, and the interior arrangement is a matter of choice, no one plan being absolutely essential. But with the cost it is different. Most of us have to carefully determine, before building, just what can be afforded; and if the figure decided upon should be exceeded disaster might follow.

It is just as well, too, that this is so. It leads to economy and close figuring and careful attention to the details of the work, and this leads to satisfactory results.

It seems to be quite the habit of many building contractors, and also with the architects, to be too optimistic when quoting on preliminary estimates. The prospective builder is misled, perhaps unintentionally, into believing that a much more elaborate structure can be built for the amount he has decided on than is in reality the case. The little \$2,000 bungalow of the story, which cost \$5,000 to build, is an example.

The fact of the matter is, it is a difficult if not impossible matter to make an accurate estimate on preliminary plans. The little extra features that are not shown, but which are usually included in the specifications as the planning proceeds, amount up to an astonishing total. If all the desirable features that the banker has in his new \$20,000 residence are attempted to be incorporated into the plans for a simple little \$3,000 house it is certain that there will be a wide difference between the preliminary estimates and the final figures offered in the final bids based on the complete plans and specifications.



LETTER FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

STATE GEOLOGIST ALLEN HAS COMPLETED APPRAISAL OF IRON MINES.

COST OF AVERAGE LIFE LOST IN ACCIDENTS.

Figures of Board Show That to Kill a Michigan Workman Costs in Final Analysis More Than \$7,000.00.

[By Gurd M. Hayes.]

Lansing, Mich.—State Geologist R. C. Allen has completed for the state tax commission the appraisal of the iron mines of the state for 1913. The figures for Gogebic, Iron and Dickinson counties have been fixed definitely, but the assessment of the Marquette county iron mines, as, as yet, only tentative. Since the first of the year State Geologist Allen has been engaged in this work for the state tax commission and the appraisal is regarded as the best and most accurate that has ever been made. Two years ago the legislature appropriated \$30,000 for the purpose of securing an appraisal of all mining properties in Michigan and Prof. Finley completed the enormous task in ten weeks. However, his figures were questioned by the commission and were little used and the money spent has been regarded as one of the legislature's poor investments.

It is expected that the appraisal made by R. C. Allen will play a prominent part in the next session of the legislature in the event that an attempt is again made to pass a tonnage tax bill. These figures show conclusively that some of the larger and more profitable mines would pay less to the state under a specific tax of ten cents per ton, which was the figure named in the last tonnage tax bill introduced in the legislature, than they are now paying on an ad valorem basis, which some of the smaller and less productive mines would be practically forced out of business.

In 1911 the valuation of the iron mines of Michigan was \$35,587,325, while the valuation for 1913 is \$37,707,256. In other words there is a decrease in 1913 of 3.36 per cent from the valuation of two years ago. In order to understand why the mines show a decrease in valuation for this year it is necessary to know the methods used in the appraisal of the mines. Each mine has furnished the tax commission a sworn statement of the itemized costs and receipts for each property during a period covering the five years preceding January 1, 1913. From this information there has been figured the profits, or in many cases losses, per ton of ore mined from each property. Royalties are in all cases figured as profits. The value of a ton of ore in the ground in each particular property is thus obtained with great precision. The total tonnage of ore shown up in each property is then figured by State Geologist Allen and there is added to this, in most cases, a certain tonnage designated as prospective or profitable ore. This figure of total reserves is then divided by the average shipment made by the property during the past five years and the quotient is taken as the prospective life of the mine.

In obtaining the actual present value of the mine the total reserves are multiplied by the value of a ton of ore in the ground and this figure is then multiplied by the present worth of a dollar to be paid in equal installments during a period of years equal to the productive life of the mine, figuring interest at six per cent. In some cases it has been found necessary to vary the method of appraisal, but on the whole this plan has been followed wherever possible.

In some classes of property, such as those having ore bodies which have been developed by drilling but which have not been mined, it is not possible to obtain from the records of operating experience the various factors on which the appraisal is based. The factor of tonnage may be obtained with a very reasonable degree of accuracy in most cases, but the remaining factors are assumed by the appraiser. These assumptions are based on the operating experience of the active mines.

From the statistics prepared by State Geologist Allen it is shown that the amount of ore in the ground has increased during the past two years by about 20,000,000 tons, notwithstanding the fact that the state has shipped during that period approximately the same amount. In other words there is more ore found and developed each year than there is shipped. The question arises as to why it is that 189,000,000 tons of ore in the ground are worth less in 1913 than 169,000,000 tons were worth in 1911. The explanation is that the value of a ton of ore in the ground depends on ore prices and the relation of these to the cost of mining and transportation.

During the five year period preceding the 1911 appraisal the mines made profits of about \$54,000,000, while during the five year period preceding the appraisal of 1913 the total profits dropped to approximately \$47,500,000. This shows a falling off in the earnings of 12.3 per cent. State Geologist

Stanley Putney, chief stenographer in the executive office, who was appointed by former Governor Osborn and was retained by Governor Ferris, has tendered his resignation. Putney is planning to attend the University of Wisconsin.

Two old mirrors which were presented to the wife of former Governor Austin Blair by the officers of the tenth and eleventh Michigan cavalry during the civil war, have been turned over to the state and will be placed in the pioneer museum.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

What Have You Done?

You are going to do great things, you say. But what have you done? You are going to win in a splendid way. An other have won; you have plans that when they are put in force will make you sublime; you have mapped out a glorious upward course. But why don't you climb?

You're not quite ready to start, you say; if you hope to win in the spring, the time to be starting is now—today—Don't dally, begin! No man has ever been ready as yet. Now ever will be! You may all cry you reach where your hopes are set—But try it and see. You are going to do great things, you say. You have splendid plans; your dreams are of heights that are far away. They're a hopeful man's—but the world, when it judges the case for you, will think not of what you were going to do, but of what you've done.

What He Deserved. "What," she asked, looking down at the shining tip of her dainty little shoe, and speaking very softly and sweetly, "would you do if at this moment your fondest wish, your highest hope, could be realized?" He started up suddenly, with a gleam in his eyes. Her heart throbbed expectantly; it seemed as if paradise were opening to her. "Yes," he said, "by George, I'd do it! I'd order a carriage when I go home tonight, even if I do live just around the block."

Later, when he looked out and saw that it was raining, and wished he had an umbrella she merely said: "Brrr! What a nasty night," and slammed the door behind him.

WORTH A TIP. "You must be new to this business," said the customer as the waiter was brushing away the crumbs. "Why do you think so, sir?" "I noticed that you didn't have your thumb in the soup, when you served it."

Her Modest Wish. "Sometimes," said the poet, "I almost get to thinking I would rather have been born rich than a genius." "Oh, dear," his wife replied, "I don't go to such extravagant extremes. If you'd only been born with a longing to go out and get a job somewhere I'd be satisfied."

Alice's Limitations. Alice practices with dumb-bells in the college "gym." She can beat her brother jumping. She outclasses him. As a sprinter and a fencer; As for suppleness, She can double up to look like A big letter S. She can chin a pole one-handed. She can vault and leap. But, alas, she isn't Strong enough to sweep.

This May Explain It. "Why is it that women are so strongly opposed to polygamy?" "I dunno," replied Mr. Henpeck, "unless the average woman just considers herself more than a match for any man."

Their Hints. "I notice that nearly all the comedians are playing Hamlet now." "Yes, and you can't deny that some of them are a good deal funnier than they were before."

Frugality. "I thought she was going to marry an English duke." "No. Her father found a Russian prince that he could get for half the price."

A Remedy Suggested. "Dear me!" said Mrs. K. K. Fizzle as she and Dr. Puffer met at the reception. "I have such a cold on my lungs." "Why don't you try having something else on them?" he asked.

Rescued. "But how can I be sure," said the beautiful belle, "that you do not want me merely for my money?" "Darling," replied the duke, "I can have you I think, even were about money any more."

Capt. Ragsdale, the regular army officer who was detailed by the war department several months ago to act as instructor for the Michigan National Guard, returned to Lansing after accompanying the Michigan rifle team to the national shoot at Camp Perry and he declares that the Michigan men made an excellent showing. "Although the Michigan riflemen finished in tenth place, they have reason to feel proud of their showing," said Capt. Ragsdale.

LIST TO THE LAY OF THE OLD SALTS

Tell of Many Strange Happenings on Amazon River.

THROUGH SEA OF RED

Huge Alligator Attacks Ship; Mandolin Music Lures Whistling Monkey on Deck; Big Turtles Hark Vessel and Men Fight Vampire Bat.

New York—Fips all hands on deck, mates, and listen to this gory tale of the sea. It is the tale of the little steamer Javary which recently arrived from a voyage of 2,500 miles down the Amazon river.

Captain Alexander Alexander is master of the Javary and many a trip he has made up and down the Amazon. The first mate is G. N. Duff, the second R. B. Furneaux, and the third, J. L. Williams. All are familiar with the waters of the Amazon, its mosquitoes, its alligators and its blood-sucking vampires.

On the second day out, with just a whiff of breeze to temper the heat, the Javary was coming along slowly, as all ships do in those waters at the start. Mr. Duff they call all officers "Mr." on all well regulated ships was on deck. A huge alligator showed his ugly head above the water near the river bank, then came with a rush on to the steamer.

With a bang he hit the side of the ship, and the force of the shock bounced him back.

Mr. Duff walked forward, looking over the side, and the alligator followed him in the water. When they got to the bow the attacking party renewed the attack. A ledge sashor hung over the bow, for in those waters they have to be ready always to drop a hook or throw it into the keel to warp around a bend. The ledge is let go by withdrawing a steel pin from its fastening. Mr. Duff waited until the alligator was rushing head on at the bow plates, then pulled the pin. With an awful bump the hook smashed down upon the head of the most surprised alligator ever seen in the Amazon.

Third Mate Williams plays the mandolin. One evening, shortly after the alligator episode he was on deck, the vessel being at anchor under the overhanging foliage of the bank. As he played he heard a whistling accompaniment to his playing. He stopped, puzzled, and the whistling stopped, too. He played again and the whistling was resumed. It was eerie. While he was trying to make up his

mind whether the sound was that of a mermaid or a banshee something fell or jumped from aloft and landed on his back.

He screamed in terror as a pair of hairy arms encircled his neck, and rose to grapple with the "whatever" it was. Sailors ran to his assistance and found him tied up with a gibbering, jabbering whistling monkey. It was a species of the whistling monkey of the Amazon, which had been often heard by those on board and never before seen.

It was only a few days after this occurrence that Second Officer Furneaux, who was on deck, noticed the most peculiar phenomenon in the water ahead. The river had suddenly turned black. The officer called the captain and, by and by, through the glass they made out an immense school of turtles. They were thick as logs in a jam in the northwest. The motor boat had to be lowered and the turtles shoved off with poles, just as they handle a log jam, to make way for the steamer. The jam extended for nearly half a mile.

At Aquin, Hayti, the Javary took to a deck cargo of dye wood. The next day it rained and the dye ran out of wood, flooding the sea with a crimson hue, so that the ship appeared to sail with a sea of blood in her wake. The deck was stained with the dye. All was red, red, red.

Reunited Up 14,000,000 Rupees. Carlsville, Ill.—James in Missouri county, Illinois, are making a profit out of a post by taking advantage of a strange "hoax" after. Missouri county business men organized a committee, which offered \$1 a bushel for all such post but it is known in the committee headquarters at Carlsville. The committee of Javary will give the first to whom the money. He shipped 22 bushels of the post. Business estimates there were 35,000,000 bushels in the neighborhood.

Had the Confidence of Gove. Responsible in a word only to be found in the Dictionary of Facts—No person responsible.

HOME TOWN HELPS

WOULD PLANT SHRUBS LATE

Writer Upeats, Widely Held Theory Concerning the Advantages of an Early Start.

One of the results of modern research work, as applied to the garden and allied subjects, has been the proof that the old time theory that planting could be done only in the early spring and late fall is wrong, writes Samuel A. Hamilton in the Country Gentleman. Modern horticulturists plant something almost every month from the time when the snow goes in the spring until it comes in midwinter. There is a distinct advantage in this lengthening of the planting season, for by it the rush and the consequent indifferent work are avoided. It is only lately that we have learned the safe planting of the hardy shrubs may be done in the latter part of the summer. I am of the opinion that under identical care better results will be had than if the planting is done in spring and fall.

The planting of shrubs in midsummer fulfills all the conditions presupposed by the theory of old-time trees and shrubs could not be planted successfully during the season of growth; for this season, in the temperate regions does not cover the time from frost to frost, as it is commonly supposed. A shrub does not grow when it puts out foliage in the spring. Growth of foliage is not growth of the shrub. There is no growth of the shrub until the roots have sent substance to the buds and formed full sized leaves which metamorphose the sap and send it again to the roots, whence it goes into the buds and forms tissue. This takes several weeks and some shrubs require a month before they start to grow. Prior to this it is safe to plant them.

During the succeeding period of growth planting can be done under controlled conditions, and as most of the shrubs have made their growth by mid-August or a week later, it is safe to plant them any time thereafter.

TREES FOR BARREN STREETS

Chicago Raising Many Thousand of Different Varieties That Will Soon Give Grateful Shade.

Young elms of the number of 25,000, ranging from two to four feet in height, are awaiting, gently in the breeze that blows across the city's 250-acre nursery at Harlem avenue and West Twenty-second street, near Riverside. Not many years hence each of the elms will be throwing a circle of shade in streets where boys and girls today seek shelter from the blazing sun between the walls of frame houses. So will the 8,000 white ash now spreading their branches in the air at the nursery; also diminutive Norway maples, lindens, ailanthus, birch, sycamore, catalpa and poplars just beginning to enjoy life in company of thousands of their kind.

"Our of this nursery in time will come Chicago for all the barren streets of Chicago's congested wards," said City Forester Frost, after a tour of inspection of the garden. "Each of these trees will make some circle of youngsters happy and will add joys to the lives of those who live in a swirl of street dust and smoke from the railroad yards. Some of these trees will grow anywhere. We are raising only those best adapted to our climate and soil, and although last year we grew 40,000 trees and 75,000 shrubs, we do not think we have developed the nursery to half its capacity for usefulness."—Chicago News.

New Brunswick Town-Planning Act

A town-planning act passed by the legislature of New Brunswick this year places restrictions upon various phases of city and town development. It provides that any town or city council may prepare a town-planning scheme, but before it is acted upon it must be approved by the government. Thus, all future developments in the towns and cities of this province will be subject to the supervision of the government.

Local commissions whose appointment is subject to the approval of the government, are to be responsible for the supervision of new town areas. The commissions are given important powers in regard to making provision for traffic highways and proper sanitary conditions and may regulate the number and nature of buildings per acre. Private rights when injured must receive compensation.—The Survey.

Toast Limits

A right honorable member of parliament had the first response on the toast list at an English banquet says the Saturday Evening Post. He began cheerfully and talked soggy politics without end.

After he had been on his feet for an hour, the chairman, or toastmaster, sent a note to the man sitting next to the talker, who also was scheduled for a toast. The toast read: "For heaven's sake twixt his coattails and tell him he has long exceeded his time limit!"

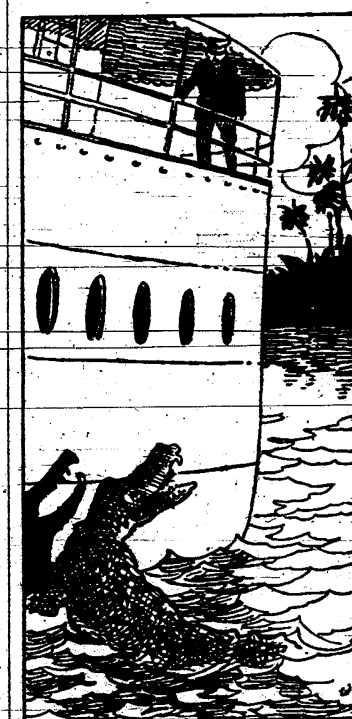
Presently a note from the man who was to talk came back to the chairman. That note read: "I am astonished at your request. If I cannot speak longer than this I must refuse to speak at all."

Science of Deduction

"I'm never stopped at the Palace hotel," says "Boss" X. "I've just inquired the colored man who was playing a fast game on the table, from the railway station to the city."

"No. But what makes you so sure of it?"

"Because you've never seen me."—Puck.



The Alligator Followed Him in the Water.