

Got your stove up yet?

As a means of crossing the Alps flying beats walking.

Mother Earth weighs 7,000,000,000,000 tons. Isn't she cute?

The fool-killer ought to open a permanent office at Niagara falls.

Why not issue accident and life policies with the hobbie skirts?

Still, when a woman takes to availing the hobbie skirt may serve a purpose.

We hear of Pisa effects in women's fall hats. May we suggest Vesuvius crater styles next?

Mr. MacVeagh thinks of shortening the dollar bill. Most of us would rather have it stretched.

While bathtubs have gone up in price, bathrooms in St. Louis may be rented at the same old figures.

Aviators are bad risks for insurance companies, but they are splendid insurers of human progress and civilization.

When the speeding motorcyclist collides with the joyriding automobile the innocent bystander is naughty to laugh.

This year's custom yield at New York from returning tourists will break the record. The way to collect is to collect.

Some one has invented a crewless war vessel. Will he now invent a passengerless ship that will take us to Europe?

A Des Moines cat attacked a chandelier hat worn by a young woman. The cat was probably after the rat underneath.

Sanguine persons are offering to bet that Uncle Sam will have his census returns for 1910 all footed up before the year 1911.

A new style in women's wearing apparel is called "Early Christian." This is probably the nearest approach to orthodoxy in women's dress that we can hope for.

The National Council of Persia has decided to employ American financial advisers rather than those of European connections. Another sign of progressiveness in the east.

A hot aerial enthusiast has invented a gas bag to insure the safety from accident to the aeroplanists. Now it is in order for the aeroplanists to invent a sure thing for gas baggists.

The kaiser might as well try to drown the famous Legends of the Rhine, Lorelei and all, as to suppress the traditions of the ballet. What would grand opera be without them?

A member of an old St. Louis family threatens to write a book in which he proposes to expose St. Louis society. Is St. Louis society of sufficient importance to merit exposure?

"The Wash Girl" is the title of a new play that is being brought out in New York. If it succeeds we may expect somebody to follow immediately with a play written around "The Scrub Lady."

That man champion dishwasher ought to feel pretty cheap when he finds that the head of the domestic science movement says the men can take over all the dishwashing for all she cares.

The deaths from cholera in Russia this season according to official reports have now reached the alarming total of \$3,513. No wonder, under the circumstances, that western Europe feels concern.

On the whole, American cities have been growing faster than was supposed. Now for the census of foreign born, to see how many of the million immigrants a year have been going there.

The department of agriculture does not think much of the back to the farm idea unless the city man acquires some practical knowledge of farming; a point the city man with farm yearning is apt to overlook.

"One of the most unique." Stupid characterization, isn't it? Yet one sees it almost every day in carelessly written newspapers. If the reporters would pause to think of what unique means they would not employ a construction implying that any unique thing can be more so than another.

A Japanese paper predicts that the United States will have a great future influence in China. Uncle Sam has not plotted for such a position, but has simply treated the old empire with sincere friendly consideration.

We should be greatly relieved to know whether the American woman is or is not beautiful. Here comes a Russian character, who says she is not. And the last foreigner, who we believe was French, insisted that she is. Take your choice.

Virginia's chief executive told the truth when he said that a man who comes in from a fishing trip is not the same fellow when he is asked to give his tax list to the assessor.

Twins were born to a Russian family in Manitoba the other day and the father was so discouraged that he traded one of the babies for a pig. Then the authorities interfered and made the man take the child back. It is not at all unlikely that that is the worst thing they could have done to the baby.

John Henry's Courtship

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Seven of us were entered in the race for Clara J.'s affections, when I determined to get out my saw and do some heavy ice-cutting.

The other six were society shins, and every time I dropped into Clara J.'s brownstone I found one of these pale boys draped over a sofa, making gurgles with his voice, and handing out Fin glances to my own particular Pattern of Dress Goods.

It was cruel.

Something kept whispering: "John, get your brush and paint a finish for these polishes!" so finally I went after them.

Percy Acton Jones was my pet aversion.

Percy was short and fat, and when he talked he used a blonde voice.

Percy used to be a dramatic critic on one of the mail order journals, and he had the reputation of being able to throw the hammer farther than anyone else in the "Knockers Union."

Percy rejoiced in the fact that he was safe from the retributive slap, because when an actor or an author whom he had toasted went after him for the purpose of handing him one, Percy would always pull a frown down over his fat little forehead and exclaim: "Aren't you the rude thing!"

In soprano—then it was all off.

Clara J. rejoices in a small brother whose company name is Thorndike, but the family call him Tacks for short. Tacks is eight years old, sharp, and hard to sit on. I was his hero, and it only cost me four dollars, mostly in nickels.

So, with the aid of Tacks, I formulated a finish for Percy Acton Jones that was beautiful to the limit.

I had often noticed that the parlor of Clara J.'s camp was threatened with a rush of sofa pillows to the ceiling, and one of these saffron-colored sit-down-easy gave me an idea.

I took Tacks into my confidence and explained my plan. Tacks didn't like Percy. In his estimation the Jones party was a stout parcel of heated air, and Tacks was eager to be up and doing him.

At a candy cave I bought a pound of saffron-colored molasses taffy and had it rolled out flat and square, so that it would just about cover the top of a sofa pillow.

Tacks was with me, going and coming, and when we reached home he went through the basement and let me in the front door. I felt as nervous as an unopened Jackpot, but we finally introduced the saffron-hued taffy to the yellow sofa pillow and placed it carefully in the chair most affected by Percy.

Then I left Tacks on guard and gumbosed away like Raffles, the busy burglar.

When Percy rang the bell that evening the door was opened with a suddenness that made him go, and Tacks, with a heavenly smile on his innocent face, led Little Saucer-eyes straight to the taffy-covered sofa pillow, like a lamb to the mint sauce.

Percy sat carefully down on the sugar-coated pillow, and Tacks, hardly able to suppress his emotion, shrieked hoarsely: "I'll tell Sister you're here!" and went madly on his way.

But Tacks didn't tell "Sister." He ran out in the dining room, put his head under a rug on the floor, and choked for five minutes.

When "Sister" entered the parlor, Tacks was among those "also, present."

The taffy had taken kindly to Percy's lavender pants.

Percy arose to Greet Clara J., and with him arose that yellow soft pillow, clinging tremulously to a background of outraged lavender trousers.

Clara J. was a brave girl. She longed to take the lid off a laugh that would startle the neighborhood, but she was polite enough to renege. So she stood there, biting her lips, while Percy bowed and bobbed, and every time he bobbed the soft pillow went up in the air like the wash on a line on a windy day.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Jones?"

So With the Aid of Tacks, I Formulated a Finish for Percy Jones.

Clara J. said, sweetly; then in a swift aside: "Tacks, leave the room!"

But Tacks wouldn't go—not for priceless gems!

Percy proceeded to part his coat-tails before doing a Society droop, and in that manner he grew wise to the alms attachment in the rear.

An expression of wonderment crept over Percy's face, and with much deliberation he started to pry off the fabric.

Then something ripped. It wasn't the sofa pillow.

Clara J. was painfully embarrassed, and Tacks was busy taking care of a series of internal spasms.

Percy began to back up. Presently he hit a small table on which rested a costly bit of bric-a-brac, and over went the whole plazarus with a smash on the floor.

Percy gave Clara J. the frightened-fawn eye and started to gather up the shells from the floor.

When Percy's shoulders went down, quite naturally the pillow went up in the air, and then Clara J. collapsed.

Tacks was under the sofa. With holes in the carpet.

Attracted by the crash, Mamma and Papa cut in. They stood in the door and watched Percy digging for broken bric-a-brac with a sofa-pillow clinging gaily to his southeastern extremity. He looked like an animated Japanese lantern.

It was too much for Papa. He gave Percy the hoot and ducked.

Mamma teetered over to Percy and said: "Oh, it doesn't matter, Mr. Jones," and then she took a puff at the pillow.

As she did so Percy sat down on the floor with a bump that shook the block, and it was even money who was the most surprised, Mamma or Percy.

Clara J. had left the scene of battle, and Tacks was out in the hall praying for power to laugh just five minutes longer.

Percy arose painfully. So did the sofa pillow. Mamma eyed them both suspiciously.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vanviver!" said Percy, and with both hands behind his back he took another yank at the evil.

"R-r-r-r-p!"

Percy stood up and Mamma exclaimed: "Mercy on us!"

"It's a mere nothing, I assure you!" said Percy.

"Won't you re-seat yourself?" asked Mamma, politely.

"I'm afraid I'll have to when this

comes off," answered Percy mournfully.

"I fear I don't quite catch your meaning," said Mother, and now her signals were out for a cold wave.

Percy blushed and said: "The fact is, Mrs. Vanviver, I'm making a collection of sofa pillows—new, fat, don't you know. A wfully jolly sport! Miss Clara said I could have this one, so—er—that is, I took it. Fad of mine, don't you know?"

"Indeed!" said Mamma. "Well, it must be rather awkward to carry the bottle of mullage that goes with that fat. Good night, Mr. Jones," and with this she brushed by and left him on the ice.

Percy stood there a living picture entitled "Down and Out."

He hadn't a friend in the world except the soft pillow, and that stuck closer than a brother.

His cheeks were all in, and he had just made up his mind to leap through a window, call a cab, and say: "To the morgue, drive fast!" when Tacks jolted him back to life by saying: "Here's Pop's old overcoat. On your way, quick. Send the pillow home by express and all will be forgiven."

With something akin to joy in his heart, Percy dug up a dollar, gave it to Tacks, and said: "Little man, you've saved my life—bless you, bless you! Tell your sister I leave town tomorrow morning very early and may be gone for seven years!"

Then Percy and the sofa pillow went under the overcoat, and the whole package made a rush for the door and freedom.

He never came back.

When I sauntered in a half hour later I overheard Clara J. saying to Tacks: "Here's a dollar, you little henp. Now, don't you dare tell John Henry."

The next day I gave Tacks another dollar for not telling me.

There was only one way to get rid of the other five saucy ones who sat around and spilled words in Clara J.'s parlor, and that was to induce her to walk down the church aisle with me until the minister stopped us.

So I framed up a line of talk that I thought would be strong enough to make her look up the market quotations on freshly-picked orange blossoms.

I figured it out that all I had to do was to talk my lines and the girl would swoon at my feet. With a speech like that the party would play itself there was nothing in it.

But luck wasn't with me.

Unkind Fate gave me the double

cross and my hoodedoo was working overtime.

For two weeks I was out on a side-track with my strong speech locked up in a cold storage car.

The trouble was that the old folks looked upon me as one of the family to such an extent that every evening Clara J.'s Papa used to float in the parlor and cut ice for hours at a time, while Mamma sat in the rocking chair and made faces at herself in the mantel mirror.

It was a fight, and there was a tie-up in the wedding-bell business, but I won out.

Clara J.'s father is a Wall street broker—retired. Every morning for 30 years he went into the street and came home at night with a hat full.

He used to throw what he made in the cellar, and when the cellar wouldn't hold any more he got mad and quit bringing it home.

One evening I brought Papa a book entitled "An Inexpensive Way to Get Rich," written by a chap who is visiting friends in the poor house.

Father went out in the dining room and started to read the book to Mother, and she went to sleep.

Here was my golden opportunity and I cashed in.

I led Clara over to a dark corner and began to talk fast.

"Clara J.," I said, "for weeks and weeks I've been waiting for a chance to place your tiny mitt in mine and give it the silent squeeze—take that! Through all the waking hours of the day and through the lonely stretches of the darksome night I think of you, only you, beloved—look into my lamps and you'll see I'm not kidding you! Are you next, little one?"

Clara J. nodded.

This was the opening scene from my strong speech, and it seemed to be a hit all right; but perhaps I wasn't swallowing my palate and getting nervous! Well, maybe!

"Clara J.," I said, "I braced and began to push the lawn mower again last night—the immortal men—have knelt at the feet of beauty and—er—er—I say, since time-immemorial ken have melt at—er—"

"The wheels were slipping and I had no sand."

"I say, Clara J., since time-immemorial ken have melt at the meet of—that is to say, ben have felt at the keet of—er—"

"Back up!" said she very softly, and my life was saved.

It was the first time I ever heard her use a fancy phrase, but she had timed it just right. It brought me back to earth as no other words could. Isn't she the wise little gazabone, though?

I discarded my strong speech and got right down to cases.

"Clara J.," I said, "months and

months ago your image moved into the only furnished room in my heart, and now I want to collect the rent—are you wise?"

"Yes," she said, and her head dropped a little lower.

"I was out," I went on, "to hand you one of those long, ready-made speeches, full of moonlight serenades and peeping stars nestling in azure skies, and soft sentences tied up in a true lover's knot, but I fell down in the first lap and had to cut it out. Now, the point is this: When can I grab you by the southpaw and lead you off to a minister's, where together we can hear the birdies sing?"

For a moment she was silent, then she looked up and said ever so sweetly: "It's up to you!"

The next minute—well, it's none of your darn business!

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LOCUSTS THICK IN AUSTRIA

American Traveler Saw the Schöck Boys Killing Them by the Millions Near Trieste.

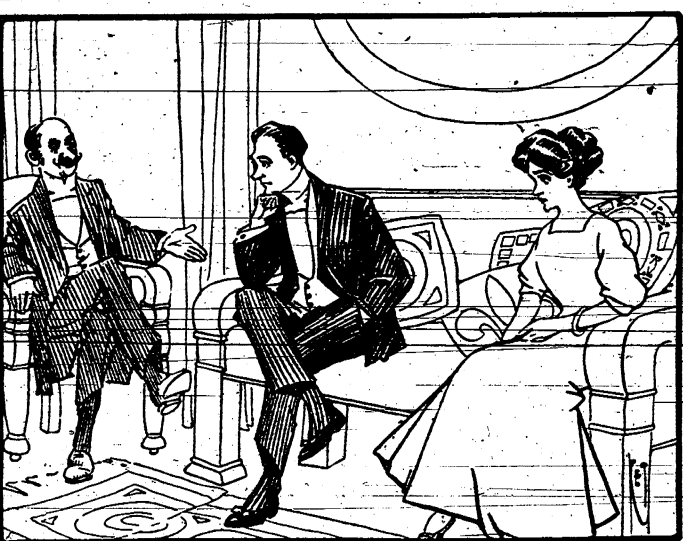
"If the locusts have left the United States it hasn't become extinct. Last year I saw them being killed by the millions in Austria, 80 or 40 miles from Trieste," said Alfred Darter of Des Moines. "We were going through the mountain country on a sightseeing tour. Two or three times during one forenoon our attention was attracted by crowds of boys in the fields. My curiosity got the better of me, and I learned that they were collecting locusts. It seems that the province of Goetz was literally overrun by these insects. The schoolboys had been organized into companies for the extermination of the locusts."

"Each school was under the command of the master. The young locust fighters would scrape up the insects with their queer-looking instruments and dump them into tin receptacles. Then the locusts would be scalded. The boys got about four cents an hour from the government for the work, and prizes were given to the schools which captured the most locusts. I heard that about 11 or 12 carloads of the insects had been killed up to that time in that section of the country."—Washington Herald.

Value.

"Speech is silver," quoted the man with the beveled chin.

"Yes," said the man with the pronounced face; "most of it is worth about 40 cents on the dollar."



Clara J.'s Papa Used to Float in the Parlor and Cut Ice for Hours at a Time.



A VIGOROUS WOOLING.

Young Man—Sir, I have come to demand the hand of your daughter.

Banker—Sir! What do you mean, you young—

Young Man—Her hand, sir, is the price of my silence.

Banker—My! My! This insolence is unbearable. George, call a policeman.

Young Man—One moment, sir. You mistake. I know nothing of your affairs, and do not for a moment imagine that you have been guilty of any wrong-doing. The silence I allude to is of another sort. I am the young man who practices on the cornet in the house next door.

Banker—Oh! Take her, my son, and be happy.

COULDN'T MANAGE IT.

The doctor had looked at the patient's tongue, taken his temperature, felt his pulse, and was at the point of leaving the room, when he paused to say to the sick man's wife: "Madam, in addition to your giving the medicine I have prescribed I wish you would see that every morning your husband gets a shower bath."

The woman looked worried. "But, doctor," she propounded, anxiously, "what am I going to do the mornin's we don't have no showers?"

BENEATH HER.



Grace—Did Gladys marry for love?

Heleen—Oh, no, she is too well bred for that.

The Return Gift.

I met a show girl, blonde and bright. As sleek as a kitten. I gave her one of my acts. hand. But she gave me the mitten.

The Modern Way.

A couple of young men on the Market street viaduct the other evening offered a new version of an old saw. After they had passed a couple of auburn-haired damsels one of the young men took the stand at the curb and gazed up and down the bridge.

"What are you looking for?" inquired his companion.

Pointing to the red-headed girls, the young man answered: "I'm trying to see a white automobile."—Youngstown Telegram.

The Weeds Return.

"Confound these election bets, anyway!" grumbled Harker.

"Lose heavily?" inquired his friend.

"No, I won ten boxes of cigars and they were so rank I sold the whole lot to the corner tobacconist for a dollar."

"Well, you made a dollar, anyway."

"Yes, but that is not the worst of it. My wife saw the boxes in the window marked 'A Bargain, \$2,' and bought the whole lot to give me as a birthday present."

FRIENDLY INTEREST.

Myrtle—Why do you persist in repeating that awful scandal about Grace?

Marjorie—I'm trying to find out if there is any truth in it.

The Milkmaid Explains.

"What are you doing, my pretty maid?" I'm watering the milk, kind sir," she said.

"But isn't that wrong, my pretty maid?" I'm drowning the microbes, sir," she said.

Much the Same.

Little Willie—Say, pa, is there any difference between a trust and a monopoly?

Pa—Not much, my son. When a girl feels that she can trust a young man she is apt to want a monopoly on him.

Perfectly Proper.

"What's the next station, conductor?"

"It's called 'Old Glory, ma'am.'"

"But why is it called 'Old Glory'?"

"It's a flag station."

Invitations to the Party.

"What is the idea of this new political party they are talking about?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Jayenne, "but I suspect it is to be like some of the parties with which we are familiar—gotten up for the purpose of snubbing somebody."

Marry Beneath Them.

Re—Isn't it strange that so many little men marry tall women?

She—It's a good deal stranger that so many tall women marry little men.

MODERN OSCULATION.

Three, only three, my darling. Sterilized, snative, slow. Not like the swift and careless ones. We used to know. When we kissed because we loved each other. Simply to have some fun. And lavished kisses as the summer Lavishes sun. But as they kiss whose lips are sprayed with antiseptic brine; When nothing is left to give except An anodyne.

The first kiss, oh, my darling. Is sprayed with germicide. For many noxious little germs in red lips hide. The second kiss, my darling. Through antiseptic gauze. Is truly in accordance with Hygienic laws. The third kiss, oh, my darling. My love, I cannot see! This fine wire mask is horrible. It seems to me. And though, of course, azotic germs We must forestall— This one last kiss, my darling, is The worst of all!

—Carolyn Wells in Life.

Her Wonder.

"And are you Mr. Scribblington the novelist?" asked the pretty young widow, when he had been introduced.

"Yes, I am compelled to plead guilty."

"I am so glad to meet you. How often I have read your books and been filled with wonder."

"It is very flattering to hear you say so."

"I am afraid you don't quite understand me. You see I have written a novel myself, and I have been filled with wonder at your success in finding people to publish yours. Won't you please tell me how you manage it?"

Fly in the Ointment.

After years of saving they had at last acquired a home of their own.

"Of course," said her husband, with a sigh, "it's nice to have our own little home, but—"

"But what, dear?" queried his wife as he paused.

"I miss our monthly scrape with the landlord about the repairs which he never would make and which we never supposed he would."

"A man needs very little to make him happy," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the habitual kicker, "and when he gets even that it usually turns out to be something that's more than it's worth."

AS TO ENGAGEMENTS.

Cynthia—I call it an automobile engagement.

Camille—What's an automobile engagement?

Cynthia—One that starts off all right, but nobody's quite dead sure that it will be able to keep on going.

His Happy Day.

The suburbanite who has his day— Soon it will come to pass— He'll never have to shovel snow Nor mow the blooming grass.

A Larger Audience.

"Yes," mused the man who seemed to be thinking aloud, "I have noticed it."

"Noticed what?" queried the innocent bystander.

"That after a woman has acquired a good speaking voice from jawing her husband she is apt to turn suffragette and jaw the public," answered the noisy thinker.

A Fellow Worker.

"Fore hands don't look as if yew ever done any hard work," said the old farmer.

"I work with my head instead of with my hands, sir," replied the city boarder, haughtily.

"Hub!" ejaculated the o. f. "I don't want no buttlers 'round here."

Found Guilty.

Lenox—Would you call Tenby an absent-minded fellow?

Bronx—Well, the other morning he thought he had left his watch at home, and then pulled it out of his pocket to see if he'd have time to go back and get it.—Brooklyn Life.

Omissions of History.

Pope Gregory was reforming the calendar year.

"Merely taking a stitch in time," he explained.

As evidence that he did a good job the fabric has held together fairly well ever since.

A Tender Offer.

"Will you, dear madam, consider this tender of my hand?"

"No, sir; your tender is too tough a proposition."

The One Exception.

"Nature never makes a 'mistake,' said the man with the quotation habit. "Oh, I don't know," rejoined the contrary person. "Occasionally she furnishes a man with a jaw that enables him to bite off more than he can chew."

Not Much Use.

Student (to his stony, broke friend in a crowd)—What's the joke?

Stony Broke Friend—Some silly ass is putting his hand in my pocket.—Fillegood Bluetter.

THE ANOINTING OF JESUS

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 30, 1910. Specially Arranged for This Paper.

Lesson Text—Matthew 26:1-14. Memory verse 13. Golden Text—"She hath done what she could."—Mark 14:8.

Time—Saturday, April 1, A. D. 30, the day before the Triumphal Procession. Place—House of Simon the leper, at Bethany, on the Mount of Olives.

The place of the supper was Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper. We have met this family twice before in this in their home. One picture of them is presented to us in Luke 10:38-42. Here we see Martha busily preparing the meal for Jesus' entertainment; a busy and anxious housekeeper. This was in the autumn previous to the present occasion.

The second picture is presented to us by John (11:20-44). Since the first picture their brother Lazarus had died, and been restored by Jesus; and although Martha is even more busy than before, yet she is restful and peaceful in her work. She is not cumbered with her business, nor angry with Mary, nor casting reflections on Jesus. She has learned something in the day of sorrow and darkness. She has not lost any of her power to serve, but the manner of her service has been transformed. Thus the two sisters each gained something of the virtues of the other.

At the present feast Mary and Martha were each serving in the way natural to them. Lazarus sat at the table as a guest with Jesus in whose honor the feast was given. Simon was at the head of the table. As was customary in the Orient the villagers were attracted to look upon the scene, and see the distinguished guests.

It is a great blessing to have such a home as is presented to us at Bethany, as a living picture to be held up before all the homes in the world, especially when we add to it the scene where Jesus takes little children in his arms and blesses them. The star of Bethlehem for morals and religion, for the millennium, stands over the home where Jesus is.

There came into him a woman. This woman was Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus. Having an alabaster box, rather, a cruse or flask. Of very precious ointment, a liquid perfume, more like an oil, as oil of roses, than the thicker compounds we commonly know as ointment. It was so strong that it filled the whole house with its odor. Very precious. Horace offers to give a cask of wine for a very small box of it. Compare the altar of roses made at Ghazipur in Hindustan, and which requires 400,000 full-grown roses to produce one ounce, and which sells when pure, in the English warehouses, as high as \$100 an ounce, or \$1,200 for as much as Mary's pound of Spikenard.

Anointing the head of a rabbi at such feasts was not an unusual honor; but anointing the feet was unusual, and expressed the tenderest, most humble, most reverential, unutterable affection. Mary not only anointed Jesus, but she took "woman's chief ornament" and devoted it to wiping the travel-stained feet of her teacher. She devoted the best she had to even the least honorable service for him. John says that "the house was filled with the odor," as indeed the church and the world have been filled with the odor of this loving deed.

When his disciples saw it, they had indignation. John tells us that Judas Iscariot—was the leader—and the multitude of the indignation against Mary. The plausible arguments of a positive man, wearing a mask of virtue, and speaking in behalf of some of the very principles their Master had confessed, had brought some of the disciples into more or less sympathy with his feeling of indignation. It is easy to see how it might seem a useless waste, as some poor imagine that the money spent upon great churches, and on foreign missions, might better be given to the poor.

She hath wrought a good work upon me. The Greek adjective implies something more than "good," a noble, an honorable work. "The spirit which offers precious things, simply because they are precious."—is a good and just feeling, and as well pleasing to God and honorable to men, as it is beyond all dispute necessary to the production of any great work in the kind with which we are at present concerned. "Costliness is an external sign of love and obedience." "It is not the church we want, but the sacrifice; not the emotion of admiration, but the act of adoration; not the gift, but the giving."

The act was even better than her thought. It was her last tribute of affection. "Jesus was at a crisis of his life when it was of the utmost value to him to know that he had won a place in a human heart."

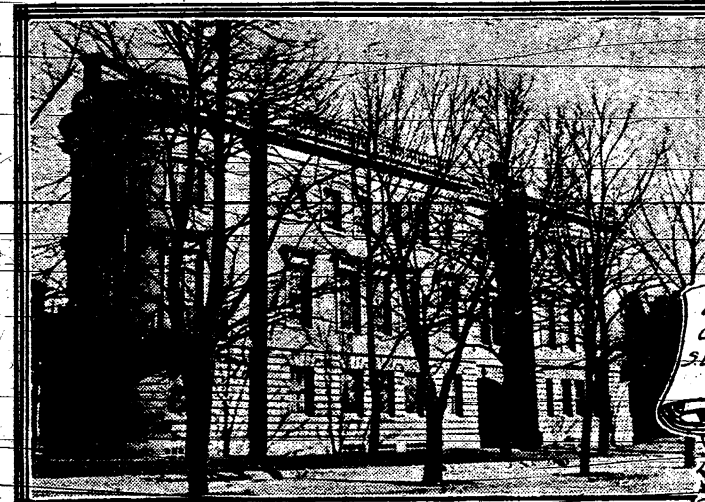
This story has been told in every known tongue, and is now being related in more than four hundred different languages to every great nation on the earth. No monuments, not even the Pyramids, are as enduring as the fragrance of this living stream, the fragrance thereof still is filling human hearts and lives all over the world. Like Abel, "being dead, do yet speak." For a memorial to men. By which her deed shall be remembered; not to glorify her, but to continue her usefulness, to give immortality to her character and influence. She is like the fabled fountain, each drop of whose water was the source of another similar fountain.

We are told in the Britannica that the late Dr. Septimus Piesse, a wealthy man, ordered to show that a certain scale of gamut existed among odors as among sounds, taking the sharp smells to correspond with high notes, and the heavy smells with low. "He asserted that to properly constitute a bouquet, the odors to be taken should correspond in the gamut like the notes of a musical chord—one false note among the odors, as in music, destroying the harmony." So the fragrance from Mary's flask of sand fills the world with a chorus of odors, the many forms in which the fragrance of her deed has been expressed by countless numbers.

NOTABLE NEW MANSIONS AT WASHINGTON

FROM time out of mind the public has been wont to think of the city of Washington as gaining its greatest distinction from being the seat of our national government—certainly honor enough for any community. Within the past few years, however, the city on the Potomac has come to have another significance. It is rapidly taking rank as the foremost residential mecca of the wealthy leisure class in America—even surpassing Newport in that respect. During the past decade wealthy men and women have been flocking to the District of Columbia from all parts of the country, and these wealthy invaders are erecting magnificent mansions that are coming to vie with the government buildings as objects of interest to the tourists and sight-seers who journey to Washington each year.

The moneyed folk who are taking up their residence at the capital of the nation are distinctly of the leisure class. No multi-millionaire would think of settling in Washington for primary business reasons. There is practically no manufacturing and no extensive commercial interests



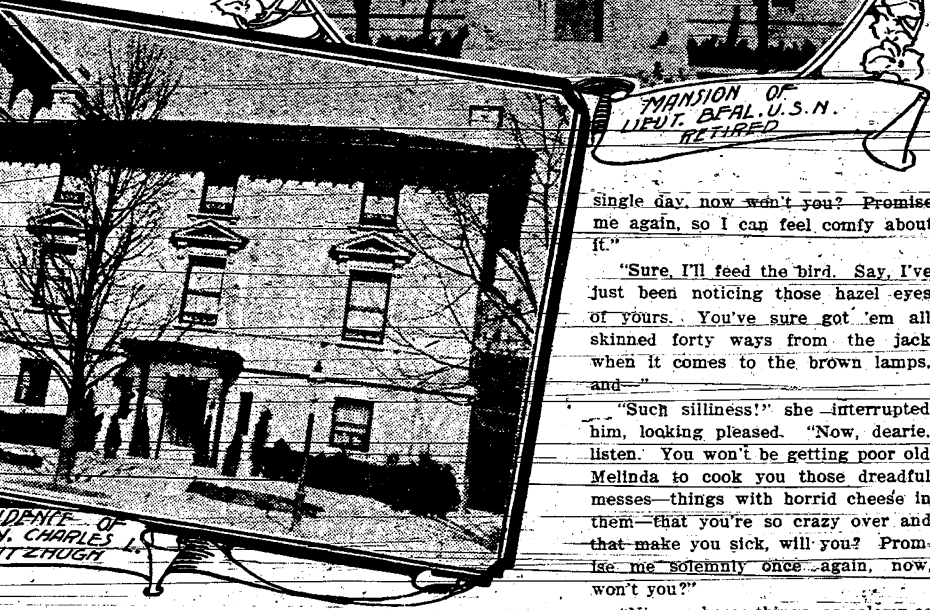
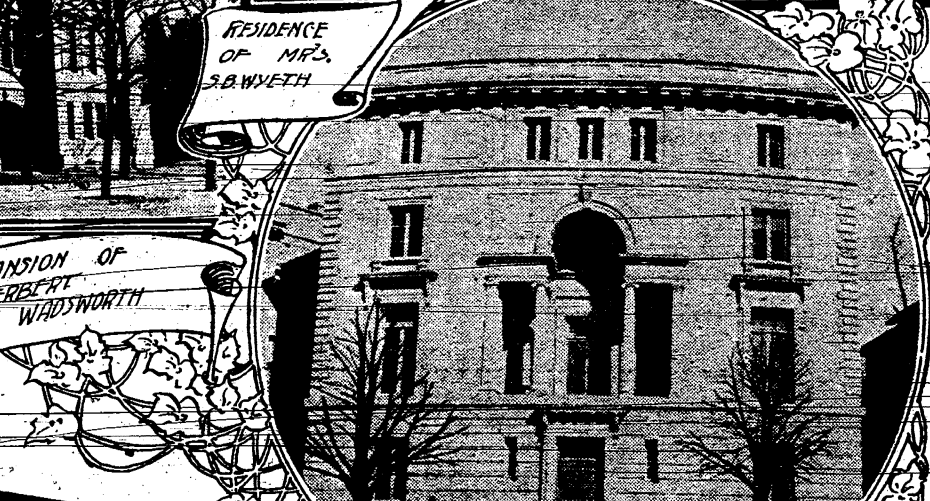
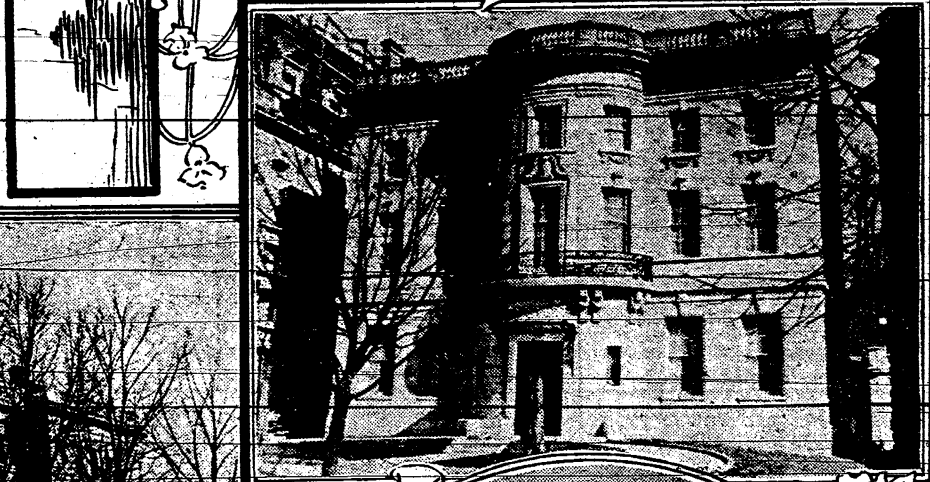
In the city—home of the ordinary channels of wealth production for Americans. However, it is just this absence of the commercial atmosphere combined with the mild and delightful winter climate of Washington that is attracting so many of the well-to-do newcomers. Having made their fortunes, they are eager to enjoy life in a city where almost everybody has more or less leisure, where there are infinite opportunities for amusement, where the climate is conducive to outdoor sport all the year, and where, finally, there is ever to be witnessed the spectacle of official life with its parades, ceremonies and picturesque social functions.

Whole "colonies" of wealthy folk have migrated from different cities to Washington, notably from Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York and Boston, and to some extent these colonies have congregated in certain districts in their adopted city. A most interesting group of multimillionaires, the members of which have lately built handsome mansions in Washington is made up of what is known as the "South African millionaires"—men who acquired the bulk of their fortunes in the gold mines and the diamond mines of the Dark Continent. Among these men who are now enjoying life at Washington are Hennen Jennings, Gardner Williams, who was for a long time manager of the famous De Beers diamond mines, and John Hays Hammond, chairman of President Taft and the highest salaried mining engineer and expert in the world.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the invasion of Washington is found in the number of famous and wealthy widows who have taken up their abode there, most of them purchasing or erecting mansions. Among the well-known widows who have "adopted" Washington are Mrs. George M. Pullman, widow of the founder of the sleeping car company; Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney, Mrs. E. B. Hitt, Mrs. "Phil" Sheridan, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, widow of the Colorado mining king; Mrs. Mary Scott Townsend, who inherited many millions made in Pennsylvania coal and oil interests; Mrs. Slater, who requires 15 servants to minister to her lone comfort in a monster mansion and a number of others.

The influx of wealthy householders has caused the price of real estate in Washington to advance by leaps and bounds in those favored sections of the northwest portion of the city which is being to a considerable extent monopolized by the fashionable. Land that a few years ago sold for \$1 to \$2 per square foot has jumped within a few years to \$10 per square foot and in some exclusive neighborhoods it is almost impossible to secure a large building site for love or money. The mansions which have been erected have cost all the way from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 each and some of them have stables and garages that have cost as much as \$25,000 each.

The two principal hubs of this new moneyed colonization of the most beautiful city in the world are found in the two little circular parks or plazas known respectively as Dupont Circle and Sheridan Circle—so named because statues of these heroes grace these bits of greenland. Around Dupont Circle are grouped the stately mansions of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson of Chicago, the Herbert Wadsworths of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman and their daughter, Miss Mabel of Red Cross fame, formerly of Cleveland. Nearby is the new mansion of Perry Belmont of New York



and the home of George Westinghouse, the famous inventor and manufacturer of Pittsburgh. Encircling Sheridan Circle are the mansions of Hennen Jennings, Mrs. Barney, Mrs. S. B. Wyeth of Philadelphia—another famous widow; Mrs. F. B. Moran, Gen. Charles L. Fitzhugh, Mrs. Sheridan, widow of the general; Lieutenant Beale, a wealthy retired officer of the United States navy; and the new mansions in Washington are notable not less for their magnificent architecture than for their spotless appearance. Washington being the cleanest of cities, it has been possible to make use of marble, terra cotta and delicately tinted mosaics on the exteriors of the residences and to have them retain indefinitely their pristine beauty.

Pathetic Case

Not so long ago the writer heard a little parting talk between a married couple. It wasn't a case of eavesdropping, because the conversation was right there to be necessarily overheard. The man was over forty and his wife was pretty close to forty herself.

"Well, you look pretty good to me, now that you're hiking off, young fellow," he said to her, sort of sneaking his hand over her shoulder.

"Look pretty middling good to me any old time, when it comes to that. It begins to look to me that I'm mashed on you beyond all redemption. If it does you any good to have your man make that kind of a fool schoolboy speech after all our years at the matrimony thing, why, you're welcome, kid, that's all."

"Well, I'll take mine out in thinking, dear," she replied, "and I'll write all of my foolish things in my letters. Now, you're honestly going to remember to feed the canary every day, aren't you? The maid can attend to cleaning the cage, but you yourself will feed little Dickie every

circulated, but quite as true.

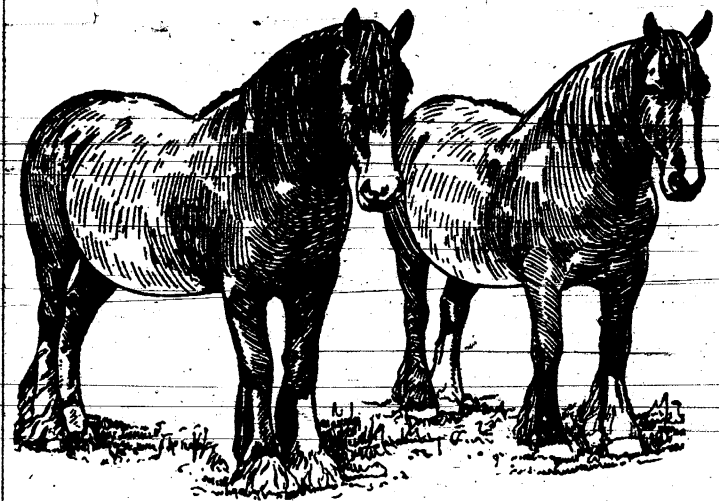
A rather querulous grandfather died, and the small boy of the family was told that he had gone to heaven. The lad said nothing at the time, but later, being warned that if he did not behave better he would never go to heaven, joyously replied that he didn't want to.

"Why?" was the mother's horrified question.

"Because," came the shrewd and illuminative answer, "grandpa's in heaven, an' I got awful tired of mind-

LABOR INVOLVED MAKES DRAFT HORSES PROFITABLE

No Class of Stock Will Give Better Returns Than Animals With Weight and Quality—Care of Coll.



Prize Winning English Draft Mares.

The colt should have a roomy box stall. If you have two colts, keep them together when the mares are at work, as there is no animal that likes company better than a colt, says a writer in American Cultivator. As they get older see that they have plenty of good clover hay and bright oats to eat. It is well to have a little pasture near the barn and let them into this when the mares are at work. Have this fenced with good, woven wire, high enough so they cannot get their heads over it. The pasture should be arranged so they can run into the barn to get away from the mares. Leave the cover to the box open, so they can help themselves. Keep a pail of water in the stall where they can reach it. After a little you can mix skim milk with the water, later give them clear skim milk, but let them have what water they want at all times. Some colts will take skim milk at once, but be careful and not give them too much to commence with, say two quarts at first, and as they get accustomed to it you can give them five or six quarts twice a day. This you can feed all winter, and they will go on to pasture in the spring in fine shape. If they are eating oats and drinking milk at weaning time there will be no setback, which always occurs if they are not.

When they are about a year old and on the pasture, we gradually wean them from the oats and milk, and they get nothing but pasture until fall, when they are again fed grain and hay.

We always stable all of our colts at night, but they have a roomy yard or field to run in in the day, so that they get plenty of exercise.

We always break our colts to harness before they are three years old. Get them used to the harness before spring work begins. Work them only half a day at a time to commence with, and see that their collars and harness fit them well.

When the weather gets warm clip your colts. By so doing you may avoid sore shoulders. If a colt gets a sore shoulder, let him rest a few days and heat it up. If you continue, to work him and the sore keeps getting

PURE BREED IS ESSENTIAL

Good Individuality Will Insure Propensity With Almost Unfailing Certainty—His Make-up.

(By R. G. WEATHERSON.)

In selecting a ram two classes of breeding should be avoided. The common scrub that has no good characteristics to fix, and the "purebred scrub" without individuality, whose purity of breeding only gives him greater power to work ruin in the flock. Good individuality, backed by several generations of good ancestry, will insure propensity with almost unfailing certainty, where the ewes are suitable and the management is correct.

Great attention should be paid to the ram's general contour. His structure should be firm and massive, with a broad, capacious breast, no disproportionate length of legs, and well-formed and fully developed quarters, especially the hind quarters. His loin should be stout and well knit. His features bold and masculine. A firm and muscular neck is desirable; a bold and courageous eye and carriage are indicative of spirit and vigor. His head should be long, but rather small and well molded.

OXFORD SHEEP VERY PROLIFIC



The Oxford sheep originated in England in the early part of the nineteenth century from a cross of Cotswold and Hampshire Downs. They have been known since 1857 as Oxfordshire or Oxford Downs, and are now widely distributed over the United States and Canada. They are the largest and heaviest of the Down breeds. When in good flesh the ram should weigh 250 to 275 pounds and the ewe from 200 to 225 pounds. The wool is rather coarser than any other of the medium wool breeds and the

fleece is heavier, weighing from 10 to 12 pounds unwashed. The face is usually an even dark gray or brown, with or without a gray spot on the tip of the nose. They are best adapted for lands furnishing good pasture, and do not succeed as well under range conditions or on rugged, broken pastures. The ewes are very prolific, triplets being not uncommon. The lambs grow very rapidly and are of good form. The chief shortcoming of the breed is that it is not as hardy as some others.

presses, but an hydraulic machine extracts the very last possible drop of juice to be obtained and leaves very little substance to be thrown away. The first advantage gained by working up unmarketable fruit into cider is that it is converted into a condensed and portable form convenient for handling and storing. The second object is to convert this valuable portion of the crop into a marketable commodity, which would otherwise be wasted and lost. The cost, the time and labor of working up several hundred bushels of apples into cider is only nominal as compared with the value of the cider itself if properly handled. Apples that have been bruised in handling are imperfectly developed, too small and gnarled apples which would not be worth the cost of packing, can be utilized in this manner and the orchardist's revenues largely enhanced. The maximum of successful financial enterprises are applicable to the business of a practical orchardist as to any other. The little things must not be overlooked; all the byproducts must be utilized, for from them is derived much of the profit.

RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all treatments, all doctors and give MURPHY'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all remedies, get and try a bottle of the MURPHY'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY. It will cure you. Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium, no cocaine, no other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act. For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

When the Liver is Out of Tune

the whole system is off the key—stomach upset, bowels sluggish, head heavy, skin sallow and the eyes dull. You cannot be right again until the cause of the trouble is removed. Correct the flow of bile, and gently stimulate the liver to healthful action by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

the bile remedy that is safe to use and convenient to take. A dose or two will relieve the nausea and dizziness, operate the bowels, carry new life to the blood, clear the head and improve the digestion.

These old family pills are the natural remedy for bilious complaints and quickly help the liver to

Strike the Key-note of Health

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.



REMEMBER PISO'S FOR COUGHS & COLDS

Is Suffered with Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Thompson's Eye Water

HOT STUFF.



The Maid—Did the mustard plaster do you any good, Bridget?
The Cook—Yes, but, by gorry, ut doo bite the tongue.

So They Say.
Stranger—I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these links?
Caddy—Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more. Scottish-American.

A man can't understand why a woman who never spends more than 17 cents for her luncheon should think nothing of blowing in \$50 for a hat.

Beware of taking kindness from others as matters of course. Gladstone.

A stitch today may save a patch to-morrow.

When It's "What for Breakfast?"

Try Post Toasties

Serve with cream or milk and every member of the family will say "ripping" good. And don't be surprised if they want a second helping.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

No Heaven for This Boy

"The lonely land," childhood has been called, because of the misunderstandings and uncomprehending restrictions that so often shadow the time that otherwise would be sweet and careless. So intrinsically different are the childish and adult viewpoints that only the most thoughtful and sympathetic of grown-ups can enter into the thoughts and emotions of the developing child mind. To the "growing-

up," it often seems that his dearest, most innocent plans and desires are ruthlessly, unreasonably thwarted. Everyone knows the story of the haughty nurse maid who sent little Annie to "see what Johnnie and Willie are doing, and tell 'em not to!" Everyone has heard of the much governed urchin who, being asked his name, demurely answered: "Jackie Don't." Here's a similar story, not so widely

circulated, but quite as true.

A rather querulous grandfather died, and the small boy of the family was told that he had gone to heaven. The lad said nothing at the time, but later, being warned that if he did not behave better he would never go to heaven, joyously replied that he didn't want to.

"Why?" was the mother's horrified question.

"Because," came the shrewd and illuminative answer, "grandpa's in heaven, an' I got awful tired of mind-

in grandpa while he was here. I'd never get into heaven hardly 'fore he'd yell at me to 'shut that door an' sit down an' be quiet!' No, mother, no heaven for me!"

Every day's steamer arrivals bring back to their old love some hundreds or some thousands of Americans who have been doing the globe-trotting not abroad. Most of them have learned enough French to say "revengeous a mouette," even if the motto be golden in gold.

There are many kinds of cider

With the World's Workers

REVIEW OF PROGRESS THAT IS BEING
MADE ALONG ALL LINES OF ENDEAVOR

FROM A SMALL FARM

ILLINOIS MAN IS MAKING WHAT
MAY BE CALLED A GOOD
INCOME.

BRAIN WORK AND INDUSTRY

Showing What Can Be Done by the
Intelligent Application of the Inten-
sive Principle of Agriculture—State-
ments of the Profits Made.

The site of the historic Leatherman
tavern, in the western part of Cook
county, Ill., has become a poultry
farm, says the Chicago Tribune. No
fact could better illustrate the growth
of the little farm idea than this does.
In a region once given up almost ex-
clusively to corn raising and the dairy
industry, which require large tracts of
land, scores of little places devoted to
chickens, truck, and flowers are being
developed.

Seventy-six years ago Abraham
Leatherman established his famous
tavern on the stage road between Chi-
cago and Galena. In those days the
choicest Illinois land was obtainable
from the government at from \$1.25 to
\$2.50 an acre. Mr. Leatherman, as he
was called, added to his original home-
stead until he owned 1,200 acres, al-
most in a solid body, in that portion
of Hanover township which lies di-
rectly east of the great watch factory
in the city of Elgin. The heirs of this
pioneer have sold most of the land in
tracts of 100 acres each, but R. W.
Hendricks, a Chicago mechanic, has
secured a little corner, embracing ten
acres, on which the tavern stood three-
quarters of a century ago. Some of
the timbers which formed the cele-
brated hostelry have been used by Mr.
Hendricks in the construction of his
dwelling and poultry house.

This Chicago man has taken hold
of his little farm project with the de-
termination to develop an ideal coun-
try residence and at the same time
make the place a source of profit. In
addition to poultry he is putting in an
apiary and will produce fruit and
vegetables in fair proportion. About
one-half of the tract will be planted to
corn each season, with which crop he
will fatten turkeys, chickens and pigs,
especially for the Thanksgiving and
holiday trade. A ten-acre farm con-
ducted on this plan is capable of pro-
ducing an average thing market-
able commodities on this scale:

One acre strawberries.....	\$200
One-half acre cucumbers.....	150
One acre apples.....	200
One acre potatoes.....	100
Five hundred broilers.....	125

HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY

OBSERVATIONS BY THE REV.
EMORY J. HAYNES.

Overlooking the Small Faults of One's
Associates He Declares is a
Cardinal Principle.

Have charity; that is, as a means
of success. The duty of extending
charity in thought about one's fellows
goes without saying. The practical
value of a benevolent forbearance is
not so obvious at first view. To over-
look the small offenses of one's asso-
ciates is absolutely necessary for
economy of time. Life is too short to
notice all the shortcomings that could
be observed, pondered and duly regis-
tered. Gospel is pure burning of time.
There is nothing new in it except
the label of some name of an an-
tiquarian.

All the small faults belong to us all.
If a man of affairs, of ambition, of ac-
tion, wishes for anything it is for a
day of 90 hours. He can hardly spare
his contempt for the man or woman
who takes his hour to detail an un-
charitable story.

He who will only do business with
the perfect man will not do much. He
who is hampered by suspicion will not
act with energy. It is both wise and
humane to throw the mantle of good
will over defects that you know and
do the best you can with such timber
as each man presents. Blacklists do
not pay, for they are founded on an
error.

There is no fixity to character. The
man of yesterday may repent and be

Eggs from 200 hens.....	300
One hundred turkeys.....	100
Twenty hogs.....	250
Totals.....	\$1,450

These are net prices after allowing
for the value of food consumed and
for the wages to be paid out on ac-
count of picking the fruit and caring
for the crops. The figures are con-
servative and are based on the actual
experience of Mr. Hendricks. John
Bateman, and others in the neighbor-
hood who are farming on the inten-
sive principle. Not only are such re-
sults shown in the matter of income,
but the family gets three-fourths of
its living from the products of the
farm.

Worker's Foolishness.
"Glad I'm out of this old mill. Adieu
to the Stix!"
A stenographer who was about to
leave for a better position bubbled
over with ecstasy as she rounded up
the personal odds and ends that filled
her desk. In fact, she was so glad
she couldn't hold on to her emotions.
"Really, girls, it's a nice little place
as an amuseur for a wealthy grand-
ma, who is generous to a fault. Work
only three hours a day, just think!"
She sprayed her enthusiasm right and
left, and suggestively wrinkled her
nose at the back of her division head.

TO WIN SUCCESS IN LIFE

METHODS CALCULATED TO PRO-
DUCE IMPROVEMENT.

Largely a Matter of Practice. Though
the General Health is a Matter
of Importance.

"Committing to memory comes eas-
ier as you get used to it," says the
actor.
"Deliberate, constant practice will
develop most any of the human facul-
ties," psychologists tell us.
"A good memory, when coupled with
clear reason, is one of the greatest
mental assets of the business man,"
says a commercial magazine.
"No man is greater than his mem-
ory," has become a catch phrase in
memory school advertising.
"The height of the pinnacle is deter-
mined by the breadth of the base,"
said Emerson, referring to the fact
that you can't train your mind to do
more anything if you really want to.
There is hope for you of the pe-
riod. No one denies that memory

is forgiven by God himself. If you deny
it, how about your own bad deeds,
for which you ask mercy? The good
man of today may go wrong tomor-
row. One's past record is a guide as
to the probabilities of the present.
Why not, then, take the kinder judg-
ment that this morning at least the
man means to do right.

There is nothing more base than to
exploit the vicious points in a man's
character. No lasting success can
come from working the evil side of
another. Therefore we are compelled,
by the very nature of things, to see
the good and employ that for good
there is in nearly all men. The chari-
table outlook detects the good, rates
the man as to what he is worth as a
business correspondent, and extends
trading where the sour and suspicious
mind would never venture.

Bounty is attractive, meanness re-
pels. The cheery good will which in-
sists on taking mankind at its best and
believing rather than doubting, is
always welcome in the market. The
day's work is so hard that there is
little strength to spare for overcoming
frowns and cold stares. The smile is
the best of advertisements. Men hate
to be preached to while they are at
work.

Who ever forgets some charitable
remark, some good-natured excuse
that he hears some one made for his
faults? "Did he say that for me?"
Heaven bless him, for I did not expect
it." And for years that behind-the-
back kind word is cherished, the
speaker is secretly and sincerely liked
—Rev. Emory J. Haynes in Chicago
Journal.

The Brain is Very Adaptable.
Each vocation makes a different
call upon the brain and develops fac-
ilities and qualities peculiar to itself,
so that as the various professions,
trades and specialties multiply, the
brain takes on new adaptive qualities,
thus giving greater variety and
strength to civilization as a mass,
says Orison Swift Marden in Success
Magazine.

When the world was young the
brain of man was very primitive, be-
cause the demand upon it was largely
for self-protection and the acquisition
of food, which called only for the de-
velopment of its lower, its animal
part. As civilization advanced, how-
ever, there was a higher call upon the
brain and a more varied development
with today, in the highest civilization,
it has become exceedingly complex.

Memories of a Famous Preacher.
The parson as a good story teller—
except in one or two notable instances—
is not very often heard of. But a
book of memories, written by that
well known Wesleyan Methodist, the
Rev. Charles H. Kelly, is a volume

who was quite well advanced in the
art of snubbing.

The noisy joy of her exodus carried
clear round the office. All the girls
watched her. Some drew down the
corners of their mouths when she put
it too plainly that those left behind in
the "old mill" were really to be pitied.
Some felt that she deserved a jolt, or
two in her new position because of
her high headed pretensions and her
braggadoocio style of certainty.

She let the manager and all con-
cerned understand that she could snap
her fingers at them now, and if
occasion had offered she would have
sassed any "old critic in the neighbor-
hood," as she herself put it.

Of course it's the wrong way to
leave a position.
First, what profit is there in let-
ting others know of her chances. What
if the chance proved a chimera after
all, and caught on the horns of that
old old dilemma of being out of work
with a lot of pressing wants staring
you right between the eyes, she must
return to her old place as a suppliant?
Think of your pride coming down with
a thud!

Good Hard Common Sense.

The best way to leave a good posi-
tion is to leave it in such a way that
they will welcome you back any time!

A Little Learning.

Waiter—Will you have coffee, sir?
Diner—Sure. Bring me a large demit-
tasse.

is a matter of health, poise, will and
practice.
When you are dull, apathetic, unen-
thusiastic, your senses aren't open to
impressions. Nothing strikes you hard
enough to leave an impression. Re-
sult—a slack memory.
When you are one of those object-
less, motiveless individuals who take
no pleasure in their work, your mem-
ory can't be of the brilliant sort.
When your health is poor—your
blood too thin to move your thought
mill, you complain of forgetfulness.
When engaged in certain pursuits
where one's ingenuity is used or over-
used, to the exclusion of others, the
memory lobe of your brain may lie
fallow and inactive. "Dear me," you
say, "how things slip my mind."
These are most of the conditions
that create poor memory. Here are
a few ways to counteract them.

If you have found the work for
which you are fitted and in which you
take pleasure, select certain particu-
lar facts, names or dates, and by con-
scious effort inscribe them on your
memory tablet. Do this each day. Re-
view them once, twice or three times
before you leave in the evening or
when you return in the morning.
If you have considerable leisure and
are fond of reading, each day commit
to memory a line or so of poetry,
some aphorism, engraving or like.

At the end of the month you'll be
surprised to note how your efforts to
memorize have enriched your mind.
Some might even think you a prodigy.
When your whole brain acts like a
balky horse, and memory suffers with
the rest of it, the only thing to do is
to call a halt and rest. Overwork
always results in poor memory. If
you try to memorize too much you for-
get more than you can remember.
If you let every little disappoint-
ment settle in your heart or in your
temper, your memory will be less re-
ceptive and less retentive. A pleas-
ant mental attitude will help you all
around.

Do not try to become a memory
marvel. Because some people can re-
peat verbatim whole chapters of
books they have read, don't expect
that you can do the same. Perhaps
you could with practice, but you need
some of your time to develop other
faculties. Memory privileges seldom
make their mark as great thinkers.
Don't read too much. It is much
better to read a little of the best and
select a few facts for your memory
tablet than to wade through jungles
and morasses of reading matter with-
out any definite impressions at the end.

This is old, old advice, but it's good
for you of the poor memory.

Makes Change Easier to Handle.

To facilitate the handling of change
a Washington man has patented a
tray, hinged in the center, to enable
it to tip either way, so that coins
will slide from it.

One Cause of Forest Fires.
Cattle ticks are declared to be in-
directly responsible for the numerous
forest fires in the west, which al-
ready have cost scores of lives and
property loss amounting into millions
of dollars.

The bite of this particular species
of pest is believed to produce a ri-
dignant fever, and in an effort to rid
the forests as well as their stock of
these insects the settlers have been
setting fire to woodlands, according
to H. H. Chapman, assistant profes-
sor of forestry in the Yale forest
school, who called at the office of the
forest service the other day.

Made a Beginning.

Rev. De Goodie—My young friend, do
you ever go to church?
Young Man—Um—er—not exactly,
sir; but I've mixed with the soprano,
London Tivoli-Stra.

"If you refuse me I will do some-
thing that will cause the world to
shudder when it reads about it."
"Huh! I know what you mean;
you're going to marry Susie Jones."

Advice is so cheap that people no
only won't take it, but will feel that
you are trying to "upset" something
on them.—*Atchison Globe.*

The American Home

WILLIAM A. RADFORD
Editor

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 expe-
rience as Editor, Author and Manu-
facturer, he is, without doubt, the highest
authority on all these subjects. Address
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28 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only en-
close two-cent stamp for reply.

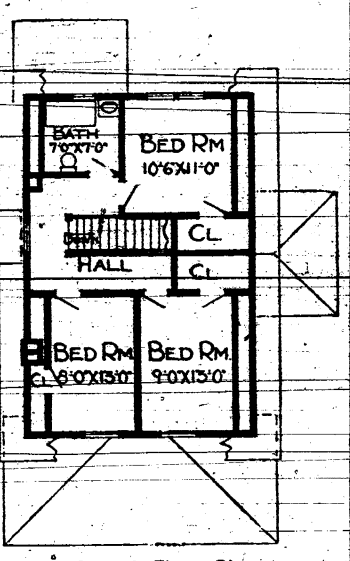
With the approach of cold weather
there is one feature of home building
that comes into new prominence. We
hear the question asked, "How is the
house heated?" or, more often, "Is
this a warm house?" These are im-
portant questions; not more impor-
tant now, it is true, than in the hot
summer weather, for even then the
wise home builder looks forward to
the wintry days and provides against
them by proper construction, but now
that cold weather is upon us the ques-
tion of adequate heating seems to be
more present and absorbing.

With modern heating equipment
there is probably no form of dwelling
that cannot be adequately heated.
Some, however, are very difficult to
heat and require a much larger heat-
ing plant and much more coal than
they should. This is due sometimes
to faulty construction, sometimes to
unwise design.

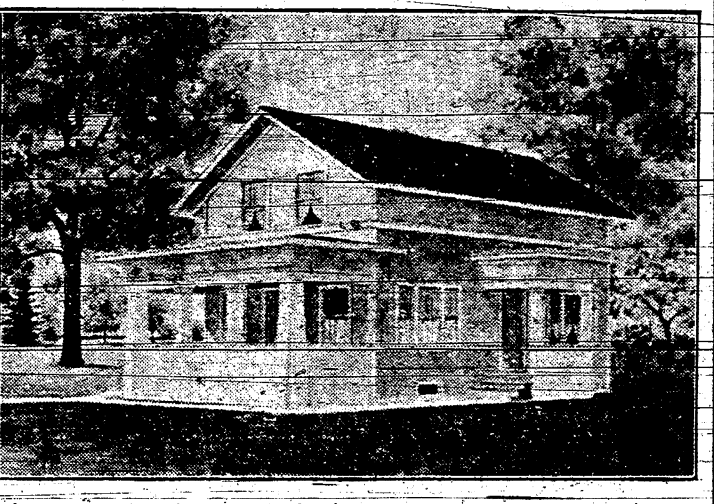
In the first place every home build-
er should know that there is no money
so well spent as that put into insu-
lating felts and high grade sheathing
papers; which, combined with thor-
ough construction in other ways, will
go very far toward making a resi-
dence frost proof. A house so made
can be kept thoroughly warm with
from one-third to one-half the amount
of coal required to heat the same
structure if not properly insulated and
put together.

Insulating paper does not cost very
much and it should be used freely.
The entire exterior walls should be
covered between the rough sheathing
and the clapboards and care should be

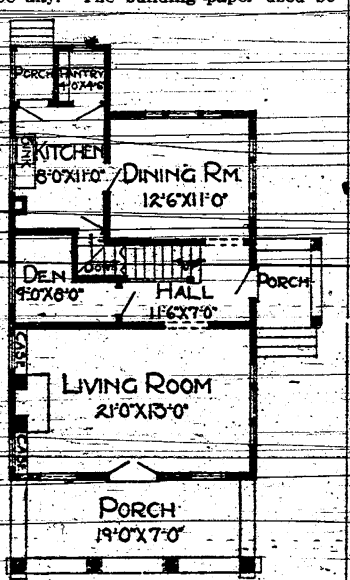
warm-air furnace, steam or hot-water
systems very good results can be had
with this house. Being rectangular in
outline, there are no exposed posi-
tions. The solid porch at the front
will be found a great protection, as it
will blanket to a certain extent the
broad exposed side of the living room.
In other ways, too, the arrange-
ment of this house is desirable. It is
well suited for a narrow building site,
its width being but 22 feet 6 inches.
Even counting the side entrance porch,
it doesn't require more than 25 feet.
The side entrance is very popular at



the present time and this is a good
example of the possibilities of this
kind of arrangement. The living room
extends clear across the front of the
house, the reception room and stair
hall occupy the middle of the side
and at the rear are the dining-room



taken to see that the paper is fitted
snugly around all openings, both doors
and windows. The workmen are some-
times careless in this regard and it is
well to keep pretty close watch of
what they are doing when it comes to
this part of the work. Good oil pa-
per should also be used in the floor-
ing between the rough and finished
floors. This serves a double purpose,
as it not only makes the house warm-
er, but shuts out all furnace dust from
the cellar, or dampness if there should
be any. The building paper used be-



tween the floors should be turned up
six inches behind all the base boards.
Another trivial expense while build-
ing that proves a very great economy
in the long run is to have the base
ment lathed and plastered. Twenty-
five or thirty dollars will do this on
the average job, while the satisfaction
and comfort resulting will be worth
many times that amount in after
years.

Also great care should be taken that
what are called the rough sheathing
boards for the exterior walls should be
good matched lumber. Ship-lap is
very good for this and costs very
little more than the ordinary un-
matched boarding. Very often large
knotholes in such boarding are al-
lowed to go unnoticed, but this is a
grave mistake. Much cold can find its
way in through even one large knot-
hole. They should all be hunted out
and carefully plugged before the
sheathing paper is nailed on.

And in addition to thorough con-
struction much can be accomplished
in the way of easy heating by hav-
ing the house properly designed. A
long, rambling structure is much more
difficult to heat than a square, com-
pact house. The accompanying design
is a good example of a residence that
is very easily heated. With other a-

Restoring Garden of Eden.
Though theologians and geologists
may disagree as to the exact location
of the garden of Eden, the average
historian recognizes that Mesopotamia,
between the River Euphrates and the
River Tigris was once a garden spot.
It is quite probable that the ancient
Babylonians and Persians, and Chal-
deans, and even their ancestors, uti-
lized the principles of irrigation to
make their country blossom like the
rose. But it is certain that Mesopo-
tamia, for a number of centuries, has
been a barren, desert-like land.

A. A. Englishman is now engaged in
the task of carrying the gospel of irri-
gation into Mesopotamia under the
auspices of the Turkish government,
which provided \$150,000 for the pre-
liminary work in the 1910 budget. Sir
William Willcocks is the man. In
1908 he was asked by the Turkish gov-
ernment to make a report on the sub-
ject of irrigating Mesopotamia, and
then engaged for five years as adviser
and instructor to carry out the neces-
sary surveys, etc. Sir William reported
that 3,200,000 acres of desert land
could be turned into garden by the
expenditure of \$37,500,000 on twelve
projects. In his investigations Sir
William has discovered certain depres-
sions in the country which he believes
to be the site of ancient irrigation
systems and that can be utilized in the
modern work. He expects to be able
to complete the work to irrigate more
than 3,000,000 acres in three years.

Lightening One's Load.
If your load is heavy don't waste en-
ergy in wishing about it! Expend
your strength in carrying it! Lift it
to your shoulders, and, though it
hurts, carry it with a smile on your
face to the end of the way.

NEED MONEY FOR GOOD WORK

Plans of the National Association for
the Study and Prevention
of Tuberculosis.

What "A Million for Tuberculosis
from Red Cross Seals" will do in pro-
viding some of the 275,000 beds need-
ed at once in the United States for
consumptives, is explained in a recent
bulletin of the National Association
for the Study and Prevention of Tu-
bererculosis. There is just about one
bed for every ten indigent consump-
tives, and if all tuberculosis persons
in the country are counted, both rich
and poor, hardly one for every 25 or
30. If sufficient hospital accommo-
dations are provided only for those
who are too poor to pay the full
price for their treatment fully 275,000
more beds in special institutions for
tuberculosis will be needed at once.
The immense outlay necessary to pro-
vide and maintain so many beds in
hospitals, makes it imperative, the
National Association for the Study
and Prevention of Tuberculosis de-
clares, that such institutions be erect-
ed from public money, either mun-
icipal, county or state. In order to
get appropriations for public hospitals
for tuberculosis, agitation is neces-
sary, and in order to create a sense
of agitation, organization is de-
manded. But in order that an orga-
nization may carry on an effective cam-
paign, funds are needed.

These funds it is proposed to secure
in as many communities as possible
from the sale of Red Cross seals.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn
that there is at least one dreaded disease that science
has been able to cure in all its stages. That disease
is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive
cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh
being a constitutional disease, requires a constitu-
tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a rare and
valuable remedy, acting directly upon the blood and
mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the
foundation of the disease, and giving the patient
strength by building up the constitution and stimu-
lating nature in doing its work. The proportions have
been made in its curative power that they offer
One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to
cure. Send for the book, "Hall's Catarrh Cure."
Address: J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold everywhere. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

At the First Try.

"What do you think of my dough-
nuts, George?"
"Dear, you are a wonder!"
"Do you think so, really, darling?"
"I certainly do. Scientists have
been trying for years to produce arti-
ficial rubber, and here you do it the
first rattle out of the box."

Important to Mothers.
Bramble-Carefully bottle of
CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for
infants and children, and see that it
Bears the
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Jackson*
In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

An Exacting Personage.
"I suppose you find life easier
since the summer boarders have
gone?"
"None," replied Farmer Courtisot,
"we're workin' an' worryin' just as
much as ever tryin' to keep the hired
man contented."

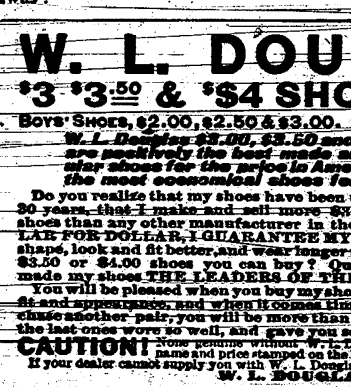
TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
for Red, Watery, Weak, Watery Eyes
and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't
Smart—Softens Eye Pain. Druggists
Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c,
50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in
Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books
and Eye Advice Free by Mail.
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Now He Knows.
"On what grounds does your father
object to me?" he asked.
"On any grounds within a mile of
our house," she answered.

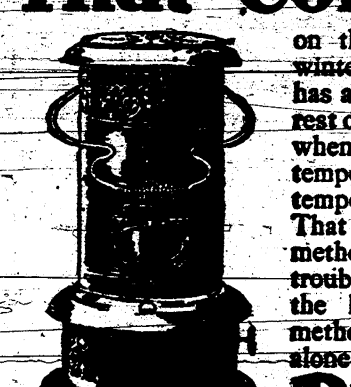
Mrs. Whitlow's Soothing Syrup.
For Children's Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping
Cough, Croup, and all the ailments of
infants and children. It is a sure cure.
Bottle of
Whitlow's Soothing Syrup.

Don't you notice how the man who
always wants to bet, and who says he
has a roll in his hand, invariably rolls
away?

W. L. DOUGLAS
"3" 3.50 & "4" \$4 SHOES FOR MEN
Boys' Shoes, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. **Best in the World.**
W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00 shoes
are made by the best workmen and are
made in the U. S. A. and are the
most comfortable shoes for men and boys.
Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over
30 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00
shoes than any other manufacturer in the U. S. A. and that I
LATE FOR DOUGLAS, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their
shape, look and feel better and wear longer than any other \$2.00,
\$2.50 or \$3.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has
made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.
You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because they
are so comfortable, and when I come to them because they
cost another penny, you will be more than pleased because
the last ones were so well made and gave you so much comfort.
CAUTION! I have no agents without W. L. Douglas. Do not
if your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalogue.
W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 N. 7th Street, Brockton, Mass.



That Cold Room



on the side of the house where
winter blasts strike hardest always
has a lower temperature than the
rest of the house. There are times
when it is necessary to raise the
temperature quickly or to keep the
temperature up for a long period.
That can't be done by the regular
method of heating without great
trouble and overheating the rest of
the house. The only reliable
method of heating such a room
alone by other means is to use a
PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER
Absolutely smokeless and odorless
which can be kept at full or low heat for a short or long time.
Four quarts of oil will give a glowing heat for nine hours,
without smoke or smell.
An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font.
Filter-cap does not screw on; but is put in like a cork in a bottle,
and is attached by a chain and cannot get lost.
An automatic locking flame spreader prevents the
wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to
remove and drop back so that it can be cleaned in an instant.
The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, and can be un-
wound in an instant for reworking. Finished in Japan or nickel, strong, durable,
well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental. Has a cool handle.
Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for description and price
to the nearest agency of the
Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

Black Duck, Minn.—"About a year
ago I wrote you that I was sick and
could not do any of my housework. My
sickness was called Retroflexion. When
I would sit down I felt as if I could not
get up. I took
Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound and did just
as you told me and
now I am perfectly
cured, and have a
big baby boy."

Mrs. ANNA ANDERSON, Box 19, Black
Duck, Minn.

Consider This Advice.

No woman should submit to a surgi-
cal operation, which may mean death,
until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound, made exclusi-
vely from roots and herbs, a fair trial.
This famous medicine for women
has for thirty years proved to be the
most valuable tonic and invigorator of
the female organism. Women residing
in almost every city and town in the
United States bear willing testi-
mony to the wonderful virtues of Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
It cures female ill-health, restores ran-
dant, buoyant female health. If you
are ill, for your own sake as well as
those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass.,
invites all sick women to write
her for advice. Her advice is free,
and always helpful.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the
stomach and bowels are right.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
gently but firmly com-
pel a lazy liver to
do its duty.
Cure Cat-
arrh, Bilious-
ness, Indi-
gestion, Sick
Headaches, and Distress after Eating.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
Genuine makes Signature
W. D. Wood

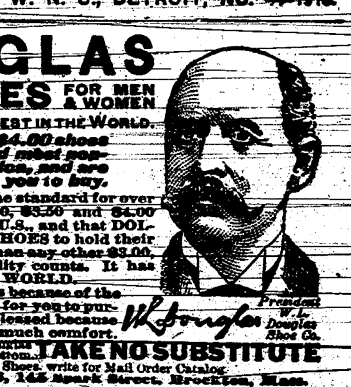


The par excellence of all razors
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

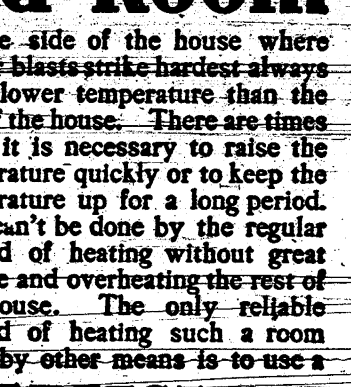


Do It Now

Tomorrow A.M. too late. Take
a CASCARET at bed time, get
up in the morning feeling fine and
dandy. No need for sickness
from over-eating and drink-
ing. They surely work while you
sleep and help nature help you.
Millions take them and keep well.
CASCARETS are a box for a week's
treatment, although they are worth
in the world. Millions have a
W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 44-1016.



That Cold Room



on the side of the house where
winter blasts strike hardest always
has a lower temperature than the
rest of the house. There are times
when it is necessary to raise the
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SMOKELESS
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Absolutely smokeless and odorless
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