

SIX KILLED WHILE GOING TO EARLY MASS

EXPRESS TRAIN CRASHES INTO LIGHT STATION WAGON.

FIVE OF VICTIMS WOMEN

Other a Man Who Was Taking Them to Services When Crash Occurred on Grade Crossing.

Philadelphia, Pa.: Six people, five women and a man, were killed when an express train on the New York division of the Pennsylvania railroad crashed into a light station wagon at the Linden avenue grade crossing in Torresdale, a suburb. The dead are: Charles Davidson, Nellie O'Connor, Briget Malloy, Agnes Garrity, Rose Gallagher, Mary Roddy.

The dead women were all employed as servants in the fashionable homes in Torresdale and were being conveyed to church for early mass when the accident occurred. Davidson was the driver for a local liveryman and had been making the trip every Sunday for the last two years.

The Linden avenue grade crossing is usually guarded by a watchman, but the regular man was on leave of absence and his substitute had not appeared when the coach reached the crossing. Davidson waited for a freight train to pass and then drove directly in front of the approaching express.

Davidson and Agnes Garrity, on the front seat, were tossed to the side of the track, but the four other women were thrown directly under the wheels of the train and when their bodies were recovered they were so badly mangled that it was necessary to identify them by their clothing.

SPANISH CABINET RESIGNS.

Divergence of Views With King Alfonso Leads to Action.

Madrid: The Spanish Cabinet of which Canalejas Y. Mendez was Premier, resigned Sunday.

The cabinet resigned as the result of a divergence of views with King Alfonso as to the advisability of commuting the death sentence of one of the rioters who murdered a Judge and wounded several court officials in the town of Cullera, province of Valencia, last September. The general strike at that time in Valencia and other provinces involved a plot to assassinate Gen. Weyler and the King was compelled to suspend the constitutional guarantee. The trial of the strikers concerned in the Cullera murder has engrossed public attention to the exclusion of all else for some time past, thanks to the skillful campaign of the radicals, who seized upon the affair as a weapon to attack the Government in the same way as they utilized the refusal to reprieve Francisco Ferrer, director of the modern school, who was executed in 1909, to bring about the downfall of the Maura Cabinet.

ICE-BOUND VESSEL LIBERATED.

Steamer Freed After Forty-Eight Hours of Constant Work.

Chicago, Ill.: The passenger steamer Indiana, which had been ice-bound several miles out of Chicago harbor for three days, was liberated Sunday afternoon, after a stiff fight against the ice floes, reached port. Nine passengers and fifty members of the crew were nearly worn out by the protracted struggle.

The crew, after forty-eight hours of almost constant work with saws, axes and steel bars, freed their craft shortly after noon. The Indiana, however, had proceeded but a short distance when it again became fast in the ice. It required six hours to traverse the few miles to harbor. Other boats are having similar trouble.

ICE SINKS STEAMER IN LAKE.

Two Passengers Drowned and Fourteen Others Saved.

Little Rock, Ark.: While en route from Marianna, Ark., to Helena, the passenger and freight steamer Nettie Johnson struck heavy ice in Lake Sanguille and sank in twenty-five feet of water. Two passengers were drowned and fourteen others were rescued by relief parties from Marianna. Those rescued were badly frozen and are in a serious condition, and fears for their lives are entertained.

The loss of the steamer is estimated at \$16,000, without insurance. The names of the two passengers drowned are unknown. They are said to be negroes.

SEVEN REPORTED FROZEN.

Relief Expedition Sent from Higgins into Beaver County.

Higgins, Texas: A relief expedition was started here Sunday after hearing that a family of seven had frozen to death. Over \$300 was made up in a few minutes and six four horse sleds were loaded up with coal and provisions and sent to the relief of several families in the lower portion of Beaver County, Okla.

FORT WORTH KILLING; A. G. BOYCE SR., DEAD

FIVE SHOTS FIRED FROM AUTOMATIC PISTOL INTO BODY.

I. B. SNEAD WAS ARRESTED

Both From Amarillo and Were in City Regarding Recent Elopement of Couple to Canada.

Fort Worth, Texas: A. G. Boyce, Sr., of Amarillo, was shot and fatally wounded while in the rotunda of the Metropolitan Hotel here at 8:30 o'clock Saturday. Five shots were fired from an automatic pistol of small caliber at short range and all took effect. Death was not instantaneous, but Boyce died at St. Joseph's Hospital an hour after he was wounded.

J. B. Snead, a ranchman and banker of Amarillo, and Boyce's neighbor, was arrested by the police several blocks from the scene of the shooting. When taken into custody he had no weapon on his person.

Boyce was seated in a chair not far from the front door on the north side of the rotunda, talking to a friend when Snead entered, unexpectedly from the street. Snead walked up to Boyce and, according to eye-witnesses, a few words were quickly exchanged in a low voice. Snead then drew a pistol and opened fire. Boyce sprang to his feet, but the shots continued and at the fifth, after taking a few steps, sank to the floor. He was conveyed to the hospital and died an hour later, retaining consciousness almost to the last.

Boyce came here to appear in the Forty-Eighth District Court Saturday with his attorney, W. A. Hanger, to have the indictment against A. G. Boyce, Jr., charging him with abducting Mrs. J. B. Snead, dismissed. He was successful in his mission.

Snead came here Saturday evening and placed his wife in the Arlington Heights Sanitarium, from which she fled to Canada last fall with A. G. Boyce, Jr. The meeting at the hotel between Snead and Boyce, Sr., is believed to have been accidental.

Water Does Heavy Damage.

Dallas, Texas: The bursting of valves on an automatic sprinkler system installed in the wholesale department of Sanger Brothers as a protection against fire caused about \$20,000 worth of damage Friday night. The occurred between the ceiling of the fifth floor and the floor of the sixth floor. All of the floors of the wholesale department from the fifth floor down, including the basement, were flooded and a large proportion of the dry goods and furnishings included on these floors were soaked with water.

TRAGEDIES NEAR SANDERSON.

W. T. Fuller Sets Fire to House and Kills Himself.

Sanderon, Texas: Friday night W. T. Fuller, who lived about fifteen miles from here, drove his wife and two step-children from home dressed only in their night clothes, then set fire to the house and killed himself. The Fuller home was about five miles from the Canyon ranch, and this morning a Mexican employe of the ranch found the dead body of Mrs. Fuller about a mile from the ranch. Evidently she had been trying to reach there during the night.

Tuesday night was the coldest of the winter, the thermometer registering 10 degrees above zero. It is supposed that the woman froze to death. The two children, one a boy of about 14 years and the other a girl about 20, were found within a few hundred yards of the Fuller home, where they had taken refuge in a canyon. They covered themselves with grass, but were in a critical condition when found and have been unable so far to give an intelligible account of the tragedy. It is thought they will recover and more light will be thrown on the affair.

Fifteen Claims Are Sent in.

El Paso, Texas: Senator Claude Hudspeth has completed and forwarded to Gov. Colquitt at Austin a list of claims of El Paso citizens against the Mexican government for damages done in this city during the battle of Juarez last May. The total list of claimants number fifteen and the amounts asked for run from \$50,000 in three cases of death, down to \$5,000 for property damages. Copies of the list will be sent to the State Department at Washington, to the Texas Senators and the Governor will take the matter up in a friendly way with President Madero in an effort to obtain a prompt settlement.

FROZEN BODY OF UNKNOWN MAN

Find Covered with Driftwood in White Oak Bayou.

Houston, Texas: Frozen stiff and covered with driftwood, the body of an unknown man, supposed to be the unidentified man who plunged from a pulman car attached to a New Orleans train on Dec. 12, was found in the waters of White Oak Bayou Saturday morning. The discovery was made under White Oak bridge by three boys who were searching the bayou bank for driftwood.

GAS CAUSES BIG EXPLOSION

W. F. Brittain, Engineer, Huried Against Ceiling and Hurt—Damage Is Estimated at \$25,000.

Dallas, Texas: A terrific explosion of gas wrecked the Jungeland Theater, 1505-07 Elm street, Thursday morning at 9:15 o'clock, injured five or more persons, none of them fatally, damaged buildings on both sides of the street for half a block and entailed a total property damage of about \$25,000.

City Electrician Taylor held an investigation immediately after the explosion and reported that it was caused by a leak in a pipe from the gas of the Dallas Gas Company. The leak was just inside the moving picture side of the theater and was about one and one-half inches by a quarter of an inch in size. The explosion seemed to affect all parts of the theater equally.

All of the losses are covered by insurance except that of E. W. Copley, who had only \$4,000 fire insurance on his entire establishment.

W. F. Brittain has been employed in the theater erecting a gas engine and generator for a private lighting plant for the theater. He noticed that there was gas in the house and went through to the moving picture compartment and opened the front door to let in some air. As he was standing there the explosion took place. Brittain was hurled against the ceiling and lodged in the wreckage of the big electrical organ, and falling from this, was rendered unconscious. Frank Whitley, a negro watchman, had been in the building all night and had kept a coal stove heated. It is the theory of many that the gas leaking from the pipe under the floor filled the house with pockets of gas, which were ignited from the heat of the stove, thus causing the explosion of the gas in the house at the same time.

The scene at the theater after the explosion was one of devastation. It is hard to understand how the two men who were in the building escaped alive.

It is probable that the flying glass cut and scathed many persons who did not report their injuries. Of the known injured, only Mr. Brittain is seriously hurt.

CHURCH IS DAMAGED BY FIRE.

Loss of \$10,000 to Edifice of First Baptist Congregation.

Fort Worth, Texas: A fire of unknown origin caused a damage to the First Baptist Church, that is estimated at the least figure at \$10,000, by the pastor, Rev. J. Frank Norris. The fire started just back of the large organ, and the back of that was burned out. A stairway leading to the second floor, where are located the library, the parlors and the reception rooms, etc., were all materially damaged by the fire. The exterior of the church seems to have entirely escaped injury.

REYES' FURNITURE TO BE SOLD.

Household Goods of Mexican's Veteran War Leader to Be Disposed of.

San Antonio, Texas: An advertisement appearing in an afternoon paper Saturday, says that the furniture in the house of 701 San Pedro avenue will be sold at public auction. This house was formerly occupied by Gen. Bernardo Reyes and the sale of the furniture writes the closing chapter in the "man on horseback" dream for the Presidency of Mexico.

Brass beds, sitting room, dining room furniture, silverware and all the necessities of life are to go under the hammer, for their former owner couples a new residence—the military prison in Mexico City.

Battleship Texas Half Finished.

Washington: According to the latest reports on construction of battleships, the Secretary of the Navy is advised that battleship Texas, which will be one of the greatest Dreadnoughts of modern times, with its even dozen fourteen-inch guns, was 48.1 per cent completed on Jan. 1. The Texas is building at a private navy yard at New Port News, Va.

Whitecapers are operating in the extreme end of Madison county, according to a letter received by the governor from A. H. Menefee, county attorney of that county, who requested the governor to offer a reward or the apprehension of the whitecapers.

The governor offered a reward of \$50 each for such unknown parties. County Attorney Menefee says that during this month notices were posted on the doors of negroes ordering them to immediately vacate that section of the state. The negroes are greatly alarmed.

900 MARINES SENT QUIETLY TO CHINA

AMERICAN DETACHMENTS DISPATCHED FROM PHILIPPINES.

ARE ABOARD NAVAL VESSELS

Nearly Full Regiment Gathered At Seat of Trouble in Far East Without Publicity.

Washington: Nine hundred men of the United States Marine Corps, it was learned Saturday, now are in China dispatched there from the Philippines in small numbers since last October. The United States as early as that date was moving quietly in preparation for any eventuality in China. With this marine force and the battalion of 500 infantrymen now on its way the United States will be well equipped or its share of the international work in China.

Little by little, reinforcements were sent forward. Only one detachment was large enough to attract any attention. That was composed of fifteen officers and about 400 marines commanded by Major Bannan, which quietly slipped over from Manila to Shanghai, where the men now are quartered aboard a naval vessel ready to be landed at a moment's notice.

Altogether almost a full regiment of marines have been gathered in China without publicity and marine officers of checking over their success in having at the seat of trouble twice as many men as the army will have, even after the transport Logan, with the detachment of the Fifteenth Infantry aboard reaches Chin Wang Tao.

GAS EXPLOSION IN SHREVEPORT.

Two Negroes Blow Into Street and One Out on Head.

Shreveport, La.: The brick store building of the Bell Shoe Company, was partially wrecked shortly before noon by an explosion of natural gas that had accumulated under the front of the building as the result, supposedly, of defective piping. A match pitched into the doorway by a smoker presumably, caused the explosion, which was heard several blocks away, and which resulted in damage amounting to several hundred dollars, and the injury of one person, a negro bootblack.

The escape of the bootblack and a negro whose shoes he was polishing was narrow, as the scene of the explosion was only a few feet from where the shoeshining chair stood. Both negroes, with the front doorway of the building, including lots of glass were blown some distance.

The bootblack landed in the street, but a gash on the head was his only injury.

FIVE MEET DEATH IN ACCIDENT.

Machine Plunges Into Waterway Near Trenton, N. J.

Trenton, N. J.: When darkness fell upon the scene where three young women and two men of a "joy riding" automobile party plunged to their death in the artificial waterway connected with a power plant above this city Saturday, two of the victims were beneath the ice that covers the water.

Frederick M. Foster, driver of the machine, was the only survivor, and he is in a very serious condition as a result of the exposure. He said he was familiar with the road, and knew the curve at the point where the accident occurred. As he reached the bend, he continued, the machine began to skid and he put on the brake. The machine kept on, however, plunged over the bank, broke through the ice and was submerged.

Foster said he climbed out of the automobile and got on top of the ice. He waited what he thought was three or four minutes, hoping to see the others come to the surface, but they did not. He got to the shore, he said, and ran to the roadhouse and told what happened. Both of his hands and feet are frosted.

\$200,000 Fire in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa.: Fire which for a time seriously threatened the center of the city damaged property Saturday to the extent of about \$200,000. The temperature was at zero.

The fire began in the building occupied by the General Film Company, manufacturers of moving picture films, and by a moving picture theater. An explosion started the fire, which soon enveloped the place and spread to the department store of Berg & Berg and the furniture store of Stern & Co. adjoining. The General Film Company building was destroyed and the other buildings were damaged. Several firemen were injured.

BLUE TAKES OATH OF OFFICE.

New Surgeon General Inaugurated at Washington.

Washington: Dr. Rupert Blue was inaugurated surgeon-general of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, succeeding the late Dr. Walter Wyman. He took the oath of office in the presence of Secretary of the Treasury MacVear, Assistant Secretary Bailey and all of the chiefs of division of the Treasury Department.

ITALIANS SINK TURK SHIPS

Mohammedan Shots Fail to Strike Vessels of Enemy, Guns Being Fired Wildly.

Rome: Seven Turkish gunboats were sunk and large numbers of Turkish tars were drowned or killed in the first important naval engagement of the Turko-Italian War on Jan. 7, according to an official account given out here Friday.

The battle was fought out on the Red Sea. The Turks were preparing to convoy a military expedition which was to cross Egypt and join the Turkish forces in Tripoli.

The number of Turkish sailors who were drowned was not given out. After the Italian ships had battered the Turkish war vessels with broadsides of shells and projectiles, the Turkish tars swarmed into the sea. Great numbers of them were picked up by small craft from the Italian gunboats.

A Turkish yacht in convoy was not fired upon. She is being sent to Rome.

As soon as the Italian warships Piemonte, Garibaldi and Artigliere encountered the Turkish gunboats, a short distance out of the bay of Kundha, they sent shots across their bows and called on them to surrender.

The Turkish vessels gave no sign of compliance. The Italians immediately opened a terrific fire, throwing in a hail of shells from their broadsides.

The Turkish gunners replied feebly, but did not succeed in striking the Italian vessels.

All seven of the Turkish boats were soon on fire and in a few minutes began to sink.

During the brief combat the Turkish gunners displayed utter incompetence, their small guns being fired wildly.

55 ON ICE BOUND VESSELS.

Two Lake Steamers Imprisoned Five Miles Out of Chicago Harbor.

Chicago, Ill.: Fifty-five passengers were icebound on two lake passenger steamers five miles out of the Chicago harbor Saturday night, seventy-two hours after they ran afoul of floating ice which made further progress impossible.

Neither immediate danger nor immediate escape from their position appeared likely when tugs gave up the second day's effort to reach the imprisoned boats with lines.

Wireless reports from the Indiana, one of the boats, indicated that there was enough food and fuel aboard that craft, and the other, the Kansas, to last a week. A smooth sea has given the ice blocks an opportunity to freeze together and to clog the screws of both boats.

MRS. McMANIGAL MAY TESTIFY.

Reason for Presence of Confessed Dynamiter's Wife in Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind.: One reason why Mrs. Orrie McManigal, wife of the confessed dynamiter, was brought here from Chicago to testify in the Federal Grand Jury investigation of the dynamite conspiracy, it was learned, pertained to the manner in which John J. McNamara was arrested.

While McManigal was being kept secretly in a room at the home of a detective in Chicago last April plans were laid to see what McNamara would do if he heard the dynamiter in trouble. Mrs. McManigal, accordingly, was sent to visit McNamara at the office of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers in Indianapolis and to ask him for financial aid for her husband. According to the woman's story McNamara gave her \$50 and said: "Tell him to keep his mouth shut and everything will come out all right."

McNamara's arrest followed three days later.

STEAMER BURNS IN BELL RIVER.

The steamer F. B. Williams, owned and operated by Joseph Chotin of Berwick, was burned and sunk in Bell River, about thirty miles north of Morgan City, La., Friday night. It was valued at about \$15,000 with insurance of \$8,000.

GOVERNMENT ALLEGES FALSE COST PRICE

FIRST DIRECT EVIDENCE OFFERED IN TRIAL OF PACKERS.

ACCOUNTANT WAS WITNESS

Figures from Books of Morris & Co. Are Read Into Record by Attorney.

Chicago, Ill.: Government attorneys prosecuting Chicago meat packers on charges of violating the Sherman anti-trust law, brought out Saturday the first direct evidence by which they expected to show that the packers concealed profits and set up a false cost price upon which to base the price at which retailers got their supplies.

The government accusation is, that the packers, in making up this arbitrary "test cost" price, overstated the actual cost and subtracted from it only substantially half the actual profit from by-products, thereby compelling the retailer and consumer to pay prices based on a cost much greater than the actual cost.

The chief accountant, H. A. Timmons, of Morris & Co., in testifying, stated that since 1907, on certain large purchases of live cattle only four to six cents a pound were allowed for hides, and three cents a pound for fats. The government contends, in this instance, that in making up the test price on which a selling figure was based the packers would add to the price per pound paid in the yards and on the hoof a certain killing cost, from that figure would be subtracted an allowance for hides at from four to six cents a pound and for fats three cents a pound, while in reality the hides realized from nine to eighteen cents a pound and fats up to six cents a pound.

By this system, the government tried to show a false cost price was set, a hidden and excessive profit obtained and the retailer and consumer made to pay for it.

When court closed attorneys for the government were reading into the record figures from the account books of Morris & Co., showing purchases and sales since 1907, and other figures in which the "test" cost prices, which are attacked, were a part. United States District Attorney James Wilkerson said that it might take three weeks to read into the record the figures from the accounts of all the defendant companies.

BURNS RELEASED BY COURT.

Charges of Kidnaping McNamaras Are Held Null and Void.

Indianapolis, Ind.: Complimented by the Federal Court for having "rendered a great service to his country," William J. Burns, the detective, was released from the charge of having kidnaped John J. McNamara, the convicted dynamiter. All charges in indictments against Burns for having captured the labor leader in Indianapolis last April and taking him to California for trial were held to be null and void.

The Court held that when Burns and James Hosick, a detective of Los Angeles, arrested McNamara on a requisition from the Governor of California and honored by the Governor of Indiana they acted legally under the Federal statutes, and any conflict in the State law with the Federal law which made it possible to bring an indictment was not constitutional.

ZAPATA ROUTED BY FEDERALS

Rebel Commanding in Person, is Defeated by Gen. Lopez's Troops.

Mexico City: Emiliano Zapata himself is reported to have been at the head of a force of some 300 of his men Friday, when they were routed by the heavy column of Gen. Cass Lopez at a point about eight miles from Cuernavaca. Zapata had placed his men on two hills between which the Federal column was expected to pass. Learning of the plan, Gen. Cass Lopez routed it by flanking forces, who used machine guns and mountain artillery effectively.

The Zapatistas made three stands before a general retreat was begun. The Federal loss was only four wounded. The Casualties among the Zapatistas were not known. Many were seen to fall and pools of blood furnished additional evidence of the Federal's work, but the fallen were carried away by the retreating force.

Former Governor Exonerated.

Jackson, Miss.: Former Gov. James K. Vardaman was exonerated of all blame in connection with the alleged irregularities concerning the handling of the executive contingent funds during the joint legislative committee, after a week's investigation of this funds records during Vardaman's administration made report. Both houses adopted the report by large majorities.

HOME TOWN HELPS

FACTORY WORKERS' PARKS

Pennsylvania Manufacturer Lays Out Permanent Grounds About His Buildings.

In a large town in Pennsylvania the owner of a factory started to lay out ornamental grounds about his buildings and everybody marveled. Flower beds and green lawns made their appearance, vines clambered over the buildings and shade trees reared their heads in places needing shade. And still the people marveled. Soon afterwards a new lot was bought, an office building erected, the upper story was fitted up for a recreation room, tables, a hundred chairs, magazines, newspapers, etc., were furnished, and the announcement made that the room would be kept open Sunday afternoons. At this stage the curiosity of the people was so aroused that they asked for an explanation.

The factory owner stated that his business was prospering, enlargement contemplated and so he had recently made a tour of inspection to factory districts noted for business success, no strikes or labor disturbances and the improvements to be seen resulted from that trip to the best industrial centers. To be brief, satisfied employees are a business man's best asset, for without a certain amount of loyalty no concern can endure. This view has evidently come to be the general one, for factory owners for the comfort of employees is now looked to both indoors and out. Some firms, and even some cities, are noted for the landscape beauty on their factory grounds. Some have gone so far as to plant grapevines as ornaments so employees may enjoy fresh grapes in season. Everything for beauty and comfort is provided in summer and fireplaces, games, etc., take care of idle moments in winter.

ADD BEAUTY TO THE STREET

Park-like Effect Is Easily Given by Using a Little Care in Planting.

With informal planting in a wide parkway a park-like effect could be given on each side of the street that would go far toward counteracting the harsh, monotonous lines of formality in curb, sidewalk and property line. Also the fitness and insufficiency of it all from a standpoint of beauty of outlook. Street trees could be planted at various distances between curbs, singly, in twos and in threes, interspersed with clumps of shrubbery. This would give a narrow park-like effect on each side and could be rendered still more beautiful and picturesque from near one side to the other; the curves not so abrupt or pronounced as to deter the hurrying pedestrian from covering the shortest distance between two given points, yet enough to give beauty and variety to the whole that would prove very satisfying to all observers. All herein outlined has been carried out in many places, not all abroad, but in our own country—in Chicago, for example—therefore there is nothing impracticable about it. The chief drawback is that the returns are not quick enough for our wild-cat real estate boomers. Fans can be found sufficiently unselfish or generous enough to plant for future generations and nothing worthy of emulation in this line may be built on a less stable foundation.

Philadelphia Park Development.

The trend is altogether for a more widely diffused city with many open spaces and green areas freely distributed. Public-spirited citizens have contributed to this by their gifts. The City Parks association is a development of this movement and is a most active agent. Its twenty-third annual report, just issued, presents us with the conception of a greater park system, which shall checkerboard with green parkways and wooded ravines in twenty miles or more of Philadelphia. Highways which were once regarded merely as a means to get somewhere are now viewed as important in themselves, a source of pleasure and comfort to those who use and enjoy them.—Philadelphia Press.

The Poet's Mission.

"I can't see," the poet's wife complained, "why you don't give up writing poetry and go in for something that might be more profitable."
"My dear, you don't understand the poet's mission."
"I suppose I don't. I wish you'd tell me what it is."
"Can't you see how great a boon I am conferring upon posterity? A hundred years from now orators will be quoting my lines without mentioning me, and it will be supposed that they themselves are the authors of them, just as orators of the present day embellish their speeches with quotations from poets who have long been dead, without taking the trouble to mention the fact that they were borrowing."
"But how will that help you?"
"It won't help me at all. But do you want oratory to become a lost art?"

He Taught Mathematics But His Wife's Problem Put Him to Ignominious Flight.

One day a teacher of mathematics went shopping with his wife. He tagged along listlessly from counter to counter until they came to the dress trimmings department, and there he found something in his line. Said his wife to the saleswoman: "How wide is that gold-spangled black crepe?" "Three-eighths of a yard," said the girl. "How much is it a yard?" "Three dollars."

"Well," said the professor's wife, "how much of three-eighths wide material will it take to put four six-inch strips around a two and three-quarter yard skirt that is seven inches narrower at the knee than it is at the bottom, and how much will it cost?" At the first mention of those figures the professor's head began to reel, and it reeled still more when his wife and the girl got out pencils and paper and began to do their sum. Presently his wife said:

"Here, dear, you know all about mathematics. Help us solve this problem, won't you?"

But the professor said: "Excuse me, I feel faint. I must get a little fresh air," and ignominiously fled.

His wife came home with exactly the amount of material required, and the professor took her word for it that she didn't pay a cent too much.

En Route With Fabius.
The astute Fabius, inventor of the justly celebrated Fabian policy, was being asked about it by a committee of the Roman senate sent out to investigate the conduct of the campaign.

"Why," the latter inquired, "do you shift your position every day?"

"Well, this is the theater of war, is it not?" rejoined Fabius.

"Precisely!" assented the committee, endeavoring to look wise.

"And who," the famous captain thereupon exclaimed, "having any practical experience with theaters doesn't know that filling engagements at one-night stands will wear out an eminent star performer like Hannibal sooner than a mere barnstormer like your humble servant!"—Puck.

Poverty!
Poverty has always existed. There is no remedy. It can be alleviated, but not abolished. No matter who preaches any other doctrine, it is a false and not a true preaching. It is against the inexorable logic of all ages. Statesmen have sought a remedy and failed; demagogues have offered their quick medicines and they have been eagerly accepted, only to be finally rejected, one after the other. Philosophers, students, teachers and preachers have all had their say, and all sought their remedies, but poverty still exists. When there is no more sin we shall have no more poverty.—Leslie's Weekly.

Young America.
A little five-year-old of Los Angeles knelt at his mother's knee saying his evening prayer.

The child's father has recently made a good many political enemies, but has in his little son a staunch admirer and defender.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

UNCLE SAM'S MAN IN CHINA



In the present critical Chinese situation it is reassuring to know that the very heart and brains of America's China policy is now on guard in the capital of that nation in the person of Edward Thomas Williams, secretary of the American legation in Peking, and chargé d'affaires during the visit home of Minister Calhoun for conference with the heads of the state department.

Mr. Williams is a specialist in the history and languages of China, and on familiar terms with its statesmen. It is common report in the inner circles of diplomacy that all the astute moves which blocked Japan and Russia in Manchuria, maintained the open-door policy of John Hay, and prevented the dismemberment of China have been of Williams' devising when he was "Chinaman" of the state department.

The famous "four-nation loan" of \$50,000,000 was the cleverest bit of diplomacy that the far east has witnessed for a generation, and was only made possible through the intimate understanding of eastern conditions and finesses which Mr. Williams possessed. Japan and Russia had buried the hatchet and secretly intended to work their own will in Manchuria.

The howl that came from the Japanese and Russian press was not exactly a psalm of rejoicing. Publicly and officially, however, after a rather embarrassing delay, the two governments gave their formal assent to the loan, their foreign offices meanwhile scratching their heads for ways of thwarting the game of these—umh!—blessed Yankees.

Mr. Williams was born in Ohio, and served as a missionary in China for ten years, obtaining a perfect command of the language, and an equal knowledge of Chinese character. At Shanghai he was interpreter for the American consulate, and translator for the Chinese government, afterward acting as secretary of the American legation at Peking from 1901 to 1908.

LOEB MAY BE CHAIRMAN

It is the generally expressed opinion among wise politicians that if President Taft is renominated as the candidate for the presidency on the Republican ticket, Collector Loeb, of New York, will be chairman of the Republican National committee.

The story of the rise of William Loeb Jr., is one of hard work, an unconquerable determination to succeed, backed by a love for the political game, combined with keen insight into character.

Mr. Loeb is of German descent. The straitened financial circumstances of his parents forced him to leave school before he had finished the course and prohibited any thought of a college education. He took up the study of law, but finding that slow and unprofitable he studied stenography between times and later branched out into shorthand reporting.

From the start he was interested in politics and worked hard for his district chief. In 1888 he was so well known in local politics at Albany that he succeeded in having himself appointed official stenographer of the assembly. For years he remained around the capitol acting as stenographer for various committees.

The making of Mr. Loeb, however, occurred shortly after the election of Col. Roosevelt as governor. Mr. Loeb by chance was called on to take some dictation from the newly elected governor, and impressed him so much that he soon became his private secretary. When Mr. Roosevelt was elected vice-president he took Loeb with him in the same capacity.

As president, Col. Roosevelt relied largely upon Mr. Loeb's advice, so much so that the latter became known in Washington as the "Assistant President." Just before the colonel's term of office expired he appointed his private secretary collector of the port of the Port of New York. It is in this position, which Mr. Loeb still holds, that he has perhaps made his greatest reputation.

After spending a night in prison to observe the condition of the convicts to investigate conditions there, Gov. B. W. Hooper has announced that the stripes should come off all but the worst prisoners in the spring and that thereafter the stripes should be used only as a means of punishment. As soon as the new chaplain took charge, he stated, schools would be started. As a result of his investigation he issued pardons to 25 prisoners as Christmas gifts. During the night he spent in the penitentiary he mingled with the convicts and learned from many of them the story of their lives.

"The prison," he afterward said, "is a terrible place however humane the management and conditions. Heretofore Tennessee has thought of only two things in connection with the state prison. One was to get some one into the penitentiary, and the other to get him out. It shall be my purpose to reform convicts and turn them out better citizens."

Gov. Hooper understands the under side of life. He was born in Newport and as a child was a waif on the streets of Knoxville, nameless, answering only when some one called "Ben," knowing nothing of his parentage and penniless. He roamed the streets of the city selling papers until some one attracted by his brown hair and bright eyes picked him up and placed him in an orphanage. Later a physician of Newport, Dr. L. W. Hooper, took him into his home and gave him his own name—a name to which, by the way, he was entitled.

Young Hooper proved one of the brightest boys in the public schools of Newport and later was sent to a Baptist college, from which he was graduated with honors before he had attained his majority. In Newport he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar on attaining the age of twenty-one. He was elected to the legislature and he served his constituency so well that he was re-elected.

SMOOT BACKS WOOL FIGHT

Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, one of the most unrelenting reactionaries in public life, is to direct the administration tariff on the floor of the United States senate.

That Smoot is to be the administration spokesman in the contest over the revision of the wool schedules, around which the entire tariff discussion will center, is a matter of keen satisfaction to the woolen manufacturers of the country in general and to the directors of the so-called woolen trust in particular.

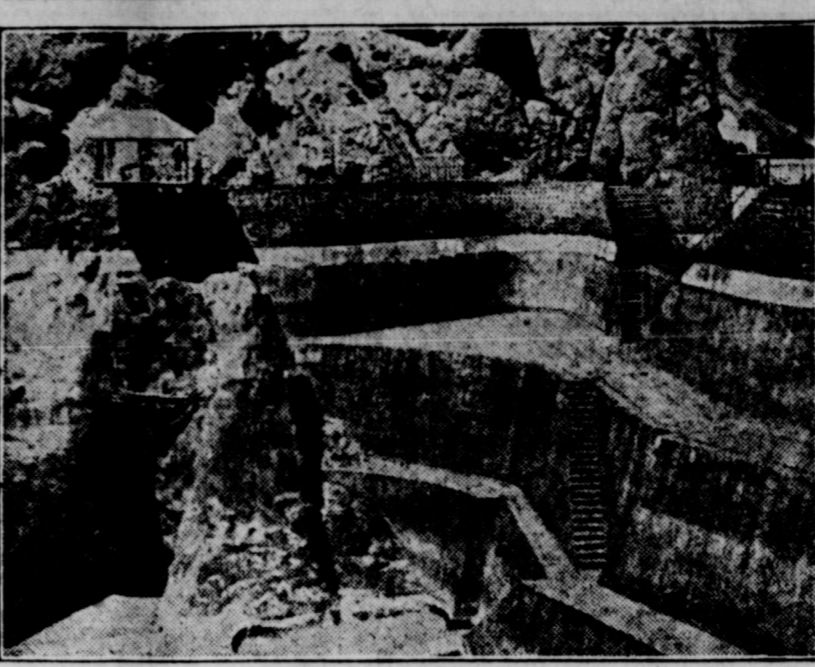
Smoot, a member of the powerful Senate Finance committee, had his training for the important part he has been designated to play during this session, under the tutelage of former Senator Nelson W. Aldrich.

The Mormon church, of which Smoot is an apostle, is understood to be interested in the manufacturing as well as the sheep raising end of the wool industry. This bill, as Washington now recognizes, was a reduction in the extortionate woolen rates fully justified in the light of the tariff board report just filed with congress.



OUT OF THE ORDINARY

One of Aden's Famous Tanks



The climate of Aden, the Red Sea port, is dry and intensely hot, and water there is a valuable commodity. The famous tanks of Aden are natural rock caverns situated in a deep gorge behind the city and were used in the days of medieval prosperity. They have since been greatly improved by masonry additions and are connected by aqueducts to prevent overflow. When an appreciable quantity of rain water is collected in the tanks, it is sold by auction by the authorities and the purchaser retails it to the public.

ELECTRICITY AND CROPS

Mr. Priestly of Bristol university has again drawn attention to the remarkable results of the application of high tension electricity to growing crops. Not only is a larger yield obtained, which is important to the farmer, but in the case of fruit crops, such as strawberries, the fruit ripens some days earlier, a matter of the utmost importance to the market gardener. The present method of electrification is by means of wires stretched some distance above the growing crops. The effects may be described as an intensification of the action of the thunder cloud, and might be equally startling to the heedless investigator. The original method of electrification was to water the crops from electrically charged cans, and the effect of this, says the University Correspondent, was similar to that of the thunder shower.

SEA-DRAGON OF AUSTRALIA



Here is one of the wonders of the deep sea, the sea-dragon of Australia. It is so richly ornamented with loose and flapping ribbons of skin that it reminds one much of the fearsome creature that has been adopted as the national emblem of China.

NUMBER 16 SHOE TOO SMALL

A negro of tremendous proportions is reported to have passed through Winchester, Ky., the other day and aroused the interest of the shoe merchants in the eastern bluegrass city by attempting to secure a pair of shoes. He was on his way to join a traveling show and certainly merited a high position, for his altitude was seven feet one inch and weight 277 pounds. When the Seneagambian Hercules tried to get a pair of kickers there was nothing doing. Size 16 proved too steep for the Winchester footwear fraternity to furnish, so the showman trudged on with sizable bits of carpet about his feet.

WHERE LADIES SHAVE

Some of the East African ladies shave their heads with small, sharp, razor-like knives, first softening the hair with goat's milk. Other Africans keep it cut off to about two inches in length and slick down with vegetable oils. Girls of Fiji stiffen their locks with tree gums, and soft, fluffy hair is considered a curse. Somehow some of the races that have the stiffest hair try to make it stiffer, and those that have the softest try to make it like down, and still other races do just the opposite.

NOT SO MANY BLONDES

Scientists are taking a gloomy view of the future of the blonde. Not only are fair people becoming fewer, but, if this is not a paradox, they are also becoming darker. The future promises to bring us nothing more interesting than the "whiter browns" of humanity.

To preserve our blondes is scientifically possible, but their continuance would make an end to the progress of civilization. All or nearly all, the conditions of modern life tend to encourage brunettes. Before many decades there will probably only be rare examples of women who are divinely fair, and their position may not be as enviable as the charitable are inclined to expect.

TELEGRAPH POLES TAKE ROOT

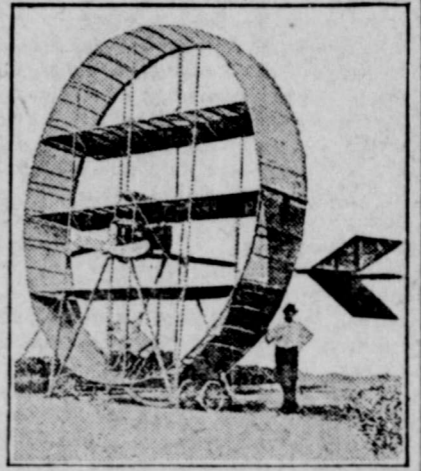
Telegraph poles that live and grow are a curiosity of African engineering. In Uganda a species of wild fig, locally known as the barkcloth tree, is used for poles, and ten years or more

"CASTLE" ON PUGET SOUND

On the summit of a high hill back of Port Townsend, Washington, the state's port of entry, and overlooking the town, stands a unique building, much resembling a castle. In the early days, when there were no neighboring residences, the structures often underwent searching scrutiny by eyes aboard ship peering through binoculars or field glass, as it does to this day when some sharp-visaged tourist picks it out as something distinct from the ordinary type of building. The "castle," as the structure is called by the people of the town, was built many years ago, in boom times, by an eccentric Englishman, who through his habits and eccentricities was known as a hermit. There are, perhaps, few building locations in the United States affording views as grand as the one where this freak in architecture stands. It stands nearly 300 feet above sea level, immediately overlooking a beautiful little bay with numerous inlets, and beyond great stretches of America's fir-fringed and greatest inland water way, Puget Sound. In the distance are the green foothills, and beyond the majestic Olympic range, snow-capped the year 'round, and behind which old Sol sinks from sight amid a wealth of color month in and out.

"After the old Englishman's death, the 'castle' passed to the United States, acquired by purchase of land for use as a military reservation. The building is of brick, and is substantially built and well finished within.

QUEER AMERICAN AEROPLANE



With a view to solving the problem of stability, an American aviator, William P. Gary, has constructed a new three-decker aeroplane which, as our photograph shows, is enclosed in a circle. The motor is between the second and third planes, and the pilot's seat under the third plane. Both engine and seat are attached to a framework. The patent is in the hands of the Brothers Wright, and the machine is said to have gone through its trial trips very well.

"YANKEE DOODLE HOUSE"

Old Fort Cralo, at Rensselaer, N. Y., is better known as the "Yankee Doodle House." It is situated on the east bank of the Hudson river, and was erected in 1772. It was in this building that the song, "Yankee Doodle," was composed. In the hall of this building an arrow-head is imbedded in the staircase. It is said to have been fired by an Indian when this building was used as a fort.

Queer Rice Mill of Siam



Siam is a country of curious things to western eyes, one of which is here illustrated. It is a peculiar hand-mill, used especially for grinding rice into flour.

FOSSIL SEA TORTOISE

The perfect fossil of a huge sea tortoise 30 inches in diameter has been found in Mount Baldy, 3,000 feet above the present sea level, near Los Angeles, Cal. It is thought that this is a relic of a geological age 400,000 years ago, when all the western part of the country was still under the sea, and the Rocky mountains were either submerged or only showed their tips as jagged islets.

WORE MANY PETTICOATS

The French manufacturers who have petitioned the minister of commerce to wage war on tight dresses would probably welcome a revival of the fashion of 70 years ago. According to a German historian of nineteenth century costume, H. Carré Planché, "about 1840 as many petticoats were worn as possible. Over one of flannel came another padded with horsehair, above that one of Italian calico stiffened with cords, then a wheel of thickly plaited horsehair, a starched muslin petticoat and at last the dress itself. A few years later fashion pre-

STAGS KEPT FOR HORN

One of the strange industries in China is the keeping of very large stags, reared for the sake of their horns, which are cut off every summer and sold for as much as \$35 gold for use as medicine.

The Onlooker

The Dream of the Speaker



Professor Lycurgus P. Jones was a man with nothing to sell but his thoughts. A product that's oftener given away than ever 'tis bartered or bought. Each week a committee would call on friend Jones, and ask the professor to dine. And say they'd be glad if he'd make a brief speech—they'd really think that was fine. One day he, quite mildly, suggested a check to pay for the speech he should make. "Entirely commercial!" they cried in dismay, as each for the door made a break.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.



"Cheer, you've t I don't t six mont restored. I hit Private J ever a n in the ar you, and 'bobtail' the inst years' se Part c ahead o Kavanau hours h under hi and the day and leave fo the c man an his fanc Kavar the tra' was so self." "That ins making man ar led his "Jack, e hour or say no, his fri to walk trot in street. clerk s astoun' apartm "Jael' you lo Norah thi g First i showed bolted on t with t the ida tri in t flat ra in rus side h skippe next i then but m gone." Bob pale, marti catch of du doesn all u say no, his fri do. willi catch say t

He was and He Wasn't. The answers-to-correspondents editor was taking a day off when this question came in: "I am engaged to Kate Murphy, but my former fiancée, Kate Dooley, threatens to sue me for breach of promise. Can you advise me how to extricate myself from this difficulty?" The financial editor and the football critic were responsible for the answer, which read: "It would appear that you have already extra-tackled yourself."

A Well-Bred Remark. The Actor—"I'm going out next season with 'The Mystery of the Bakery' company. I take the leading role." The Other Man—"I'll bet that will be a hot role."

Another Kind of Ring. Mr. Long—Do you think the diamond ring has anything to do with the trouble in the Transvaal? Mr. Short—I have known instances where diamond rings caused trouble—at least, a great many engagements can be traced to them.

Wise System. Saloonist (to new bartender)—One rule of this house is never to sell any liquor to a man after he has had enough. Bartender—How am I to know when he has had enough? Saloonist—As soon as his money gives out.

Pride. "Say, Weary, I see that some fellow in congress is going to ask th' government to give work to everybody." "Say, what do you think of that? Well, you can tell th' fellow if you see him that I've got a little too much pride to depend fr'm livin' on th' bounty of anybody's government."

change of First Lieut was pacing in Port Gra in his hand but at every the read it Chicago, it Thursday f definite. Lieutenant mond were ried as soo officers wou in their be to write of his name o had fixed t year. "Norah's himself." Uncle Fra dies and r down there her go. St Old Muggs saying a K had too n would like And Lieut scribed. Kavanau self, and goes to C lery corp- yard. "Mr oner thro stand trial in charge. If you'll you, and from Chic- Chicago— fore she g Twelve rough wa cago bou strapped with a do Bob Kava had his sid had never assaulted in the ar "Cheer 'you've t I don't t six mont restored. I hit Private J ever a n in the ar you, and 'bobtail' the inst years' se Part c ahead o Kavanau hours h under hi and the day and leave fo the c man an his fanc Kavar the tra' was so self." "That ins making man ar led his "Jack, e hour or say no, his fri to walk trot in street. clerk s astoun' apartm "Jael' you lo Norah thi g First i showed bolted on t with t the ida tri in t flat ra in rus side h skippe next i then but m gone." Bob pale, marti catch of du doesn all u say no, his fri do. willi catch say t

WHEN CUPID MEETS MARS

By EDWARD B. CLARK

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T army headquarters in the capital it is always possible to pick up stories of the service, and let it be said that they are not always stories of war. Cupid was armed, even though his weapon was only a bow, and Mars takes kindly to Cupid.

Two of these army tales made a listener take the liberty of asking the right to reproduce, and so here they are given with some slight change of name, but with no change of circumstances.

First Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh was pacing up and down his narrow quarters in Fort Grady, Michigan, holding a telegram in his hand. He had read it twenty times, but at every second turn in his nervous walk he read it again. The telegram was dated Chicago, and this is what it said: "Leave Thursday for Florida. Uncle Frank III. Stay indefinite. Norah Desmond."

Lieutenant Bob Kavanaugh and Norah Desmond were engaged. They were to be married as soon as a few accommodating superior officers would consent to be killed off or die in their beds and thereby give Bob a chance to write captain instead of lieutenant before his name on official papers. The young officer had fixed the limit of his waiting at about a year.

"Norah's going to Florida," he muttered to himself. "I haven't seen her for three weeks and won't see her for six months to come. Uncle Frank is one of the kind who never dies and never gets well, and Norah'll stay down there until the old man is willing to let her go. She's more of a stickler for duty than Old Mugs, the commanding officer, and that's saying a lot. He won't give me a leave. I've had too many. Great Winfield Scott, but I would like to see Norah before she goes." And Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh sighed.

Kavanaugh couldn't keep anything to himself, and in five minutes he was selling his woes to Captain Percy Langard of the artillery corps. "Braed up, Kavanaugh," said Langard; "Mugs is going to send a general prisoner through Chicago to Fort Sherman to stand trial. He was going to send a sergeant in charge. It isn't a very pleasant duty, but if you'll volunteer, I think Mugs will send you, and you can stop on your way back from Sherman—it is only a few miles from Chicago—and see your blue-eyed Norah before she gets on the Florida 'limited'."

Twelve hours from that time Bob Kavanaugh was sitting in the smoking car of a Chicago bound train, with a big Colt revolver strapped around him and an enlisted man, with a downcast look, sitting alongside of him. Bob Kavanaugh had a soft heart. The soldier at his side had seen eight years of service and had never been in trouble before. He had assaulted the "top" sergeant, a serious offense in the army, as may go without saying.

"Cheer up, Spencer," said the lieutenant; "you've been a good soldier, as I know, and I don't think it will be very hard with you—six months at the most—and then you'll be restored to duty."

"I hit him, all right, lieutenant," answered Private James Spencer, "and he deserved it if ever a man did, but you can't do such things in the army, no matter what the 'top' says to you, and so I am good for two years and a 'hotted' discharge. It's tough. I never saw the inside of the 'mill' before in my eight years' service, except when I was in guard."

Part of a freight train went into a ditch ahead of the Fort Grady passenger train. Kavanaugh and his prisoner were delayed five hours. The lieutenant fumed and said things under his breath. Finally the way was cleared and the train ran on to Chicago. It was Thursday and in four hours Norah's train would leave for Florida. It was utterly impossible for the officer to get his prisoner to Fort Sherman and to return in time to say good-by to his fiancée.

Kavanaugh and his charred steppod from the train into the Chicago depot. Bob's heart was sore. "I must see her," he said to himself. "I can't stand it for six months." At that instant he saw at the depot cigar stand, making a purchase, Jack Bacon, a Chicago club man and an intimate friend. Kavanaugh hurried his charge over toward the young fellow.

"Jack, old man, glad to see you. You have an hour or two to spare, I know you have. Don't say no," and with that the lieutenant grabbed his friend by the arm, motioned his prisoner to walk ahead, and the three went on a half trot into the office of a hotel across the street. Kavanaugh threw a \$2 bill before the clerk and ordered a room. He hurried the astounded Bacon and the prisoner into the apartment on the second floor.

"Jack," said Kavanaugh, in a low tone, as you love me, watch this man. I must see Norah Desmond. She's off to Florida. Take this gun and don't fall me," and with that First Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh showed a revolver into Jack Bacon's hand, bolted through the door, out of the hotel and on to a trolley car. In twenty minutes he was with Norah Desmond, who was in the midst of the last hours of preparation for her Florida trip.

In twenty minutes more the doorbell of the flat rang violently. The maid opened it and in rushed Jack Bacon, flushed and fairly beside himself. "Bob," he yelled, "your prisoner skipped. He kicked open a door into the next room and jumped onto a low roof and then into the alley. I took a shot at him, but missed, and when I got down he was clean gone."

Bob Kavanaugh sank into a chair, his face pale. "Norah," he said, "this means court-martial and dismissal for me unless I can catch the fellow. It's a clean case of neglect of duty, awful neglect of duty, and Old Mugs doesn't love me any too well, anyway. It's all up, dear, if I don't get him, and if I am kicked out of the army I don't know what I'll do. I can't even dig a ditch, though I'd try willingly enough for you. But this won't catch him. I'm off, but I'll be at the train to say good-by," and Kavanaugh was out of the



"Halt, friends"

door and down the stairs four steps at a time. Over on Halsted street in a room above a store a pretty, pale girl sat talking to a soldier in uniform. "It's all up, Polly," he was saying. "I hit the 'top' sergeant. He deserved it, but I was put in arrest and was to be tried, and it meant two years. I just cut away from a 'cit' whom the officer who had me in tow left me in care of. The officer went to see his girl. I guess he's in love or he wouldn't have done such a fool trick. Well, I'm in love, too, Polly dear, but I've got to get out of this as soon as I can get other togs on."

"Oh, this is awful, Jim," said the girl, "and you'll be a deserter, too."

"I won't get any more for that than I'd get for the other. I don't like the idea any better than you do. I guess the officer will get it harder than I will. It's neglect of duty with him and that'll kick him out of the service. I'm sorry for him, for he isn't half a bad sort."

Then suddenly changing the subject the soldier said, "How's your mother?"

"Better, Jim, but she'd have died if it hadn't been for Miss Norah Desmond. She's an angel. I had to stop work to nurse mother, and the money gave out and I got sick, and Miss Norah gave us a nurse and a doctor and did lots else. I think she saved my life, too."

"Norah Desmond, Polly? That's the name of the girl the lieutenant I cut from is to marry. He'll be disgraced and the girl will suffer. She saved you and your mother, did she, Polly? Get on your things, quick. She leaves for Florida. I know the train. The lieutenant'll be there, I know that. Hurry, girl."

Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh was kissing Norah Desmond good-by. His face was pale and anxious. "I'm afraid it's all up with me, Norah," he was saying, "but keep up a good heart."

Just then from behind him came a voice loud and with something of a ring of humor in it. "Sir, all are present and accounted for. Kavanaugh turned like a flash. There stood Private Spencer saluting with his right hand, while his left was holding that of a very pretty girl.

"Spencer, you're a brack," said Kavanaugh, and nothing but army training kept him from slapping his inferior on the back. "I'll use every official friend I have to get you out of your scrape."

A year later in pleasant quarters at Fort Grady sat Captain Kavanaugh and his wife. "Norah," he said, "First Sergeant James Spencer has applied for a furlough to go to Chicago to get married. Shall I approve the application?"

"Bob, if you don't," said Norah, with her eyes dancing, "I'll get a divorce."

The story of Robert Emmett Kavanaugh and Norah Desmond was told by an "ancient" just about ready to take his place on the retired list. The second story of West Point life came from the lips of a striping soldier who perhaps had recent and keen memories of the matter in hand.

"Do your duty though the heavens fall," said the commandant of cadets to the battalion of striping soldiers. The commandant had a curious way of mixing his aphorisms, but he meant well.

Obedience and devotion to duty are the keynotes of the scale of life's harmony at West Point.

Billy Lang was a first classman. Billy was a private. He probably would have been a cadet officer if he hadn't been caught the previous winter taking a trip to Cold Spring over the frozen surface of the Hudson.

It was in Billy's "yearling camp" that he met Frances Curtis.

Billy Lang was the oldest man in his class and consequently was called "dad." He was just under the age limit when he entered and would be within a month of 26 when he graduated. Now Billy was in love with Frances Curtis.

He was sitting with her now under the trees near the camp guard tents. Billy was on guard, though off post for the time being.

"You see, Miss Curtis," he said, "the second class being on furlough and the 'plebes' not being military enough yet to do duty, we first classmen have to walk post to help the 'yearlings' out. When the plebes are turned in to the battalion we will do guard duty only as officers."

"It must be hard work, this walking up and down all night long, Mr. Lang," said Frances, "but then it's duty and I always did admire a soldier's devotion to his duty."

"Yes, duty is everything. I was always a great stickler for it," answered Billy. "One should always do his duty up to the hilt, no matter what direction it takes nor whom the doing of it hits."

"I think you are right, Mr. Lang. There's a certain nobility about it that appeals to one."

Billy Lang was hugely pleased to find that on the subject of duty Frances Curtis' ideas coincided with his own. He changed the subject, however, abruptly. "I see that Mr. Jackson is here," he said, looking at Frances in a half-curious way.

"Yes," answered the girl, a touch of color coming into her cheeks, "he came up on the Powell yesterday and is to stay here until tomorrow."

Frederick Jackson was a civilian admirer of Miss Curtis.

"I'm sorry I'm on guard tonight, Miss Curtis," said Billy, "for there is a hot tonight in the mess hall, and I can't be there. I shall think of you waiting while I am walking my dreary post."

"What number are you, Mr. Lang?"

"Number four," answered Billy. "It's just back of the commandant's tent and runs parallel to the road leading along the bluff to the hotel. I go on post at taps and walk until midnight. I'll be there just at the time the hot is over."

"Hurry up and turn out, first relief," yelled the corporal of the guard, and Billy Lang said a hasty good-by and dug out at double time for the gun rack outside the first guard tent.

"It's duty," he sighed to himself, "a hard duty, but still duty even if it does take you away from the girl you love."

It was eleven o'clock at night. Taps had sounded an hour earlier. Billy Lang was pacing up and down number four between the trunks of the great elms, which, with the sentinels, guarded the camp. It was the blackest kind of a night. Up on Crow's Nest mountain and to the northward toward the Catskills Hudson's crew was playing tennis. It is a long bowling alley which Old Rip's friends use when they begin their favorite game. The thunder came nearer and the lightning played overhead. This is a time when the sentinel, with his steel bayonet pointing skyward, feels more nervously apprehensive than when in the face of a human enemy. Patter, patter, patter, the rain began to fall on the leaves of the elms. The sentinels on number four knew that in a minute the gates would be open and then deluge.

The flickering oil lamp at the south end of the post sent a feeble gleam out into the darkness. Forty yards down the roadway Billy Lang saw someone approaching. "Who comes there?" rang out the challenge.

"Friends," came the answer in a man's voice.

A flash of lightning lit up the roadway and Billy Lang saw Frederick Jackson and Frances Curtis held motionless by his challenge. At that instant came the deluge. Umbrellaless and unprotected in any way stood the young couple, straining their eyes toward a place where they knew was a young fellow with a bayonet-tipped rifle.

Billy Lang knew that he could strain a point and let the two pass. Any cadet in the corps would have done it on recognition as certain as his. But Billy was a stickler for duty. He knew his orders. "Halt, friends," he said, and then raising his voice, he yelled, "Corporal of the guard No. 4."

How the rain did come down. Frances Curtis' light ball dress was a rag. She was chilled through and she stood holding the arm of her escort and shivering from her light slippers to the bedraggled rose that crowned her hair. Frederick Jackson was in as bad a plight, though he didn't allow himself to shiver.

"It's my duty," said Billy Lang to himself, "and Frances is a stickler for duty; she'll like me all the better for it."

The corporal came at last. He allowed the shivering couple to pass on to the hotel. He saw the plight they were in, and if he hadn't been a "yearling" corporal and Billy Lang a first classman he would have told No. 4 that he was an ass for not using a little common sense and allowing the storm-stricken pair to pass.

Frederick Jackson left for New York the next morning. When he was relieved from guard Billy Lang called at the hotel. Miss Curtis could not be seen that day. She was slightly indisposed. The next afternoon Billy Lang received a note. It was in Frances Curtis' handwriting. It read like this: "A telegram from New York tells mother that Mr. Jackson is dangerously ill with pneumonia as a result of exposure in the storm. He has no relatives nearer than England. I am a great stickler for duty and so mother and I are just leaving for New York to nurse Mr. Jackson. You will doubtless applaud my course, for you are one of duty's own disciples."

Frances Curtis did not return to West Point that summer. It was late in the fall when the postman one day handed Billy Lang an envelope postmarked New York. It contained wedding cards in which the names of Curtis and Jackson were prominent.

A "yearling" corporal stuck his head in the door. "Tomorrow, Lang," he said, "you are on special duty."

"D—n duty," said Billy.

And the officer of the day who was passing "skinned" him for profanity.

Bolted through the door

Walters

Miss Curtis

Where the Fruit Grows.

Michael Casey, a politician in San Francisco, who has been in office and on the city payroll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow-citizens. It was a labor meeting.

"You men must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the great body politic in this city. You are the roots and trunks of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"True for you, Mike," piped a man in the back of the hall, "but did you ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts directly and peculiarly on the blood; purifies, enriches and revitalizes it, and in this way builds up the whole system. Take it. Get it today.

In usual liquid form or chocolate coated tablets called Sarsatabs.

MILLIONS of FAMILIES are using SYRUP of FIGS and ELIXIR of SENNA

FOR COLDS AND HEADACHES, INDIGESTION AND SOUR STOMACH, GAS AND FERMENTATION, CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS, WITH MOST SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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THE WONDERFUL POPULARITY OF THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA HAS LED UNSCRUPULOUS MANUFACTURERS TO OFFER IMITATIONS, IN ORDER TO MAKE A LARGER PROFIT AT THE EXPENSE OF THEIR CUSTOMERS. IF A DEALER ASKS WHICH SIZE YOU WISH, OR WHAT MAKE YOU WISH, WHEN YOU ASK FOR SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA, HE IS PREPARING TO DECEIVE YOU. TELL HIM THAT YOU WISH THE GENUINE, MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ALL RELIABLE DRUGGISTS KNOW THAT THERE IS BUT ONE GENUINE AND THAT IT IS MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY.

NOTE THE NAME

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE, OF THE GENUINE ONE SIZE ONLY. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE NEEDS OF LADIES AND CHILDREN, AS IT IS MILD AND PLEASANT, GENTLE AND EFFECTIVE, AND ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM OBJECTIONABLE INGREDIENTS. IT IS EQUALLY BENEFICIAL FOR WOMEN AND FOR MEN, YOUNG AND OLD. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

THE ONE TO BE PLEASED.

A Golf Story.

There's another story of a man who rang the bell at the gates of Paradise and asked Peter if he might go through.

"What were you on earth?" asked the saint.

"Well," was the response, "during the latter part of my life I didn't do much but play golf."

"Got a golf ball on you?"

"Yes; here's a 'Chancellor.'"

St. Peter took it and threw it over his shoulder, where it rolled away.

For a minute or more he looked critically at the applicant, then shut the gate in his face and locked it.

"What's the game?" said the man.

"You are no real golfer," said St. Peter. "You don't even know the first rule of golf—to keep your eye on the ball and follow through."

"And Again My Brethren."

A certain small girl, wearily listening to a long sermon by a renowned cleric who had an odd habit of drawing in his breath with a curious whistle, whispered to her mother that she wanted to go home. The mother, expecting the discourse to end momentarily, refused permission. The third time this happened the mother murmured in the child's ear that the preacher would soon stop now. But the child, nervous and despairing, answered her in a high falsetto:

"No, mother, he is not going to stop. I thought so now for three times, but he has gone and blowed himself up again!"

Walking for Nerves.

The nerves suffer from want of pure oxygen. They run like a network all through the skin and when they are overwrought the skin is apt to be dry and colorless. Walking is an excellent tonic for the nerves. It gives them strength to control themselves.

If one has means or leisure, there are plenty of other more enjoyable exercises. But few forms are so beneficial as the regular daily jaunt of four or five miles for obtaining a good complexion.



De Jaw—No, we never have roast pork at our house any more.

De Paw—Why, I thought you were very fond of it?

De Jaw—So I am, but my wife's pet dog won't eat any of it at all.

Eager to See.

"I have a poem here entitled 'Alone with Nature,'" said the sallow young man with the long hair and the frayed trousers. "It is a personal impression."

"Is it?" replied the editor of the Chicago Record-Herald, as he hastily glanced at the opening lines. "Have you ever been alone with nature?"

"I have, and oh, it is glorious—glorious!"

"Here's a dime. Get on a trolley car and ride as far as you can. Go back to nature and spend another hour or two alone with her. You say you plucked the hazel blossoms by the stream. If you are able to find any place where you can do that let me know. I want to watch you while you do it."

The annual per capita fire waste in Europe averages 33 cents, while in the United States it amounts to \$2.51.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Wm. A. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed - 1/2 lb
 Balsam Tolu - 1/2 lb
 Licorice Root - 1/2 lb
 Sassafras - 1/2 lb
 Cloves - 1/2 lb
 Nutmeg - 1/2 lb
 Mace - 1/2 lb
 Wintergreen - 1/2 lb

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Wm. A. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

40 months old

35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Couldn't Stand the Loss

Uncle Isalah Saunders Did Not See His Way Clear to Selling the Stale Crackers.

On the "depot road" in a little seaside town in Massachusetts, Uncle Isalah Saunders keeps a small grocery shop. It used to stand near the dock and supply the small schooners along the sound, but thirty years ago it was moved up a mile into village.

"How much are milk crackers a pound, Uncle Isalah?" the young daughter of one of his regular customers asked him one morning.

"Was-al," Uncle Isalah replied, after some deliberation, "that depends on which lot you want them out of. If you want them over there," pointed to a box on one of the nearest shelves, which showed through its glass face that it was somewhat less than a quar-

ter full of not very fresh-looking biscuits, "they'll cost you twelve, because they cost me ten cents and a half a month ago."

He paused persuasively.

"But if you want them," and he indicated with some reluctance a new tin box of crackers in perfect condition, "you can have them for ten cents a pound. Crackers went down last week, and then there only cost me eight."

"I'll take the fresh ones," the girl said; then, seeing a shadow fall on

the face of the old man, who had been waiting her decision with some anxiety, she cried, "You couldn't think I would rather pay more for stale crackers than you are offering me fresh ones for, now could you, Uncle Isalah? But I'll take the broken ones if you'll let me have them for ten cents. It really doesn't make much difference to us, and I suppose you want to sell the stale ones."

The pennies count in little old grocery stores in New England, where the profit of a year's often not more than three or four hundred dollars.

"I can't let you have them crackers for ten cents, Nellie. I'd like to do it, but I can't," Uncle Isalah replied, firmly. "They cost me ten cents and a half!" he sighed. "You'd better take the new ones."

And Nellie did.—Youth's Companion.

Exact Description.

"My brother has just got a snap of a job."

"What is it?"

"Setting traps."

Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

W. F. Kellis, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered Nov. 10, 1902, at the Sterling City postoffice as second class matter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT STERLING CITY, TEXAS.

Subscribers failing to get their paper on time, will confer a favor by reporting same to us.

If you want to live in a town with a present and a future to it, come to Sterling. We have the best schools, churches, lodges and people of any town twice its population.

Get you a piece of land young man and put your extra dollars into its improvement. You cannot make a mistake in this sort of investment. Then again it makes a better citizen of you and rates you along with the solid citizenship of your country.

The irrigation possibilities of Sterling City will one day make her the orchard and garden of Texas. When once the vast underground supply of water is brought to the surface and made to nourish the crops which the soil is capable of producing, Sterling will be coming into its own.

The boys are still dropping in and paying up their subscriptions. Only a few that are behind and they are as good as a bank account. Our subscription list is made up of first class people and only such are desired for our readers. This is the reason we don't have to tease and beg for our dues.

Let us make this a good roads year for Sterling. Horseflesh, vehicles and time are too valuable to squander on bad roads, besides good roads are a sure sign that we are civilized. Crooked trails were all right for hogs, varmints and Indians but white people should be above such things.

It looks like we could have a bridge across the river on the Lacy road. The bridge is badly needed and the county is amply able to build it. The time is here when such things ought to be done without further delay. If any man can give a sane and valid reason why there should not be a bridge across the river on the Lacy road, we will present him with a sack of flour.

Cactus has a great food value at this time of year, especially to cows that are kept for milk and fed on dry feed. The thorns should be burned off thoroughly and only a small amount fed to begin with. In about three days it is safe to give the cow a full feed when it will be found she will have greatly increased in milk flow. Of course she must have other feed in connection with cactus.

We don't know when the jail building will be started. It will soon be a year since we voted the bonds and your taxes are now due on the first payment of the interest and sinking fund of these bonds, but when the building will begin, we have not the least idea. Of course it takes time to do these things and you might think a year was a long time to wait, yet those in authority may have a very just reason for the delay, so there is no use kicking and blaming them until you are certain that they are not "soldiering".

Advertisers often make a mistake in not giving the prices of the things they offer for sale. A seed house sent us a catalog of the seeds they had for sale. It gave a list of several varieties and described their virtues, but requested the prospective customers to "write for prices."

Another house sent its catalog with prices and this is the house that got the order.

This is one of the secrets of the mail order house. An article is illustrated, imputely described and the price is given so that the buyer can make out his order without having to dick through the mails a month or so before he gets his goods.

I have an abundance of 8 percent money to loan on ranch lands in this section. If interested write me. This ad will not appear again. G. B. Herness, Colorado, Texas.

If you have flowers to give me, give them to me while I am living, for then I can enjoy their delicate perfume, my eyes behold their ravishing beauty and my heart appreciate your generous intentions. If you have good words to say about me, say them while my reason sits on its throne so that my soul may go out to you in gratitude and feel that my good deeds have found a lodgement in your memory and an expression on your lips.

Do not wait until I am dead to do these things, for then my soul will be far away and my body as so much earth. When I am dead, I cannot smell the roses you would lay on my grave, nor can I see their splendid colors, or appreciate your good motives. I cannot then even hear the words of praise which you would bestow on my cold, still form nor can I rise up and thank you for your goodness and appreciate that which you would, but cannot do. No, no, give the flowers to the living and the praise to him that can hear, for when I am dead, I will not need them then.

The Arbor

A discussion has arisen about the old bush arbor. Some are in favor of going to the trouble and expense of removing the old brush and when summer comes replace it with fresh brush. We object to this for several reasons: First, that it would be destroying an ancient landmark by changing the looks of the old thing. Secondly, it would cost not less than seven dollars and six-bits to have it done. Thirdly, it would be an act of cruelty to expose the poor little mites and fleas which abide there to the bleak northers. Fourthly, where would the old town cow find a refuge from heeldies if the top of that arbor was taken off? Fifthly, what would the neighbors chickens do for a place to roost if the brush was removed? Vanda, spare that arbor. Let not thine ruthless hand touch a single stick. Let it stand as an eyesore to the town and a monument to tell the world that we don't want a better shelter under which to worship God. Leave it alone. Let the mites, fleas, cows, chickens and tom-cats enjoy the hospitality of its protecting roof. Selah! Shoo! Shoo! Scat!!!

The School House As a Social Center

In many of the states the public school house has become the public social center of the community in which it stands. The people of these localities are beginning to realize that reading, writing and arithmetic does not entirely fit the student for the duties of life and the things that are incumbent upon him as a unit of a great commonwealth, but to make education practical, these must be injected other practical things in the curriculum.

Here the cooking, sewing and other clubs meet and make use of the knowledge which experience and science have taught them by imparting it to others. Here the debating clubs meet and discuss vital questions. Here the people assemble for their amusements. The local band, the theatrical club, the lyceum lecturer, the demonstrator of science all have their headquarters at the public school house.

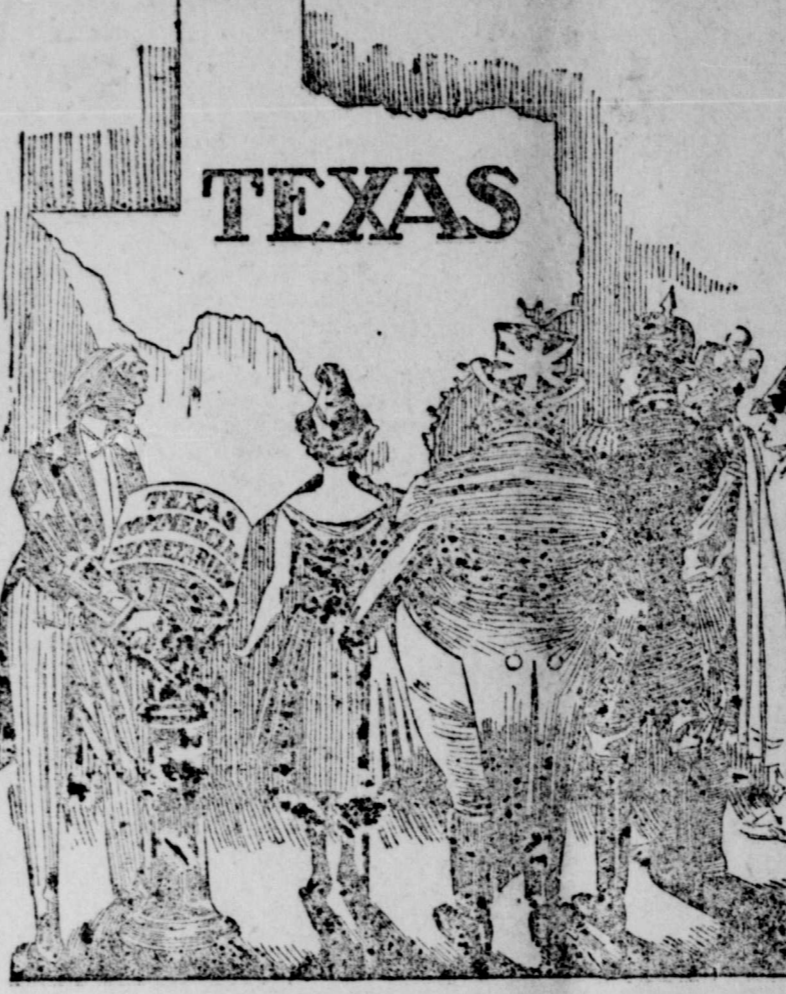
Here, [please don't faint] the boys and girls accompanied by their parents assemble and have their Christmas parties and New Year's dances. The old folks take the lead and direct the amusement of their boys and girls in elevating channels.

It is said these things are working a world of good, for the youngsters not only learn of the great problems of life, but they understand each other better, get new ideas, live more harmoniously and make better citizens.

As Sterling City is vitally interested in the educational and moral uplift of its rising generation, might we not suggest the scheme be given a trial and make its public school building serve the high and noble purpose of educating its boys and girls in the things that are good for their souls and bodies as well as mind. It would be well to try the scheme, and if it proved detrimental, it could easily be abrogated.

ROMER sang the praises of the Greek heroes, and Greece became the flower of civilization. The ancient Egyptian kings proclaimed the fertility of the valley of the Nile, and Egypt became the granary of the world.

Prosperity always comes to countries that advertise. The Commercial Clubs of Texas are getting out literature that is shaking the continent and charging the atmosphere with progress, and the Commercial Secretaries are throwing the resources of Texas like a searchlight across the pathway of civilization.



UNCLE SAM TALKING TEXAS

When Uncle Sam wants to boast to other nations of his power and resources, he tells them about Texas. To give them a bird's-eye view of our valleys—we can feed and clothe the world; to show them through our barnyard—16,000,000 head of live stock; and to look at our mineral vaults—nature's crucible—makes all nations tremble with astonishment. Texas needs great men.

TYPEWRITERS GIVEN AWAY

The Emerson Typewriter Company of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible Emerson Typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away every where to men, women, boys and girls, over 18 years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

If you can make any use of a \$100.00 typewriter, providing it did not cost you even one cent, then in a letter or on a postal card addressed to Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill., simply say, "Mail me all your free offers," and by return mail you will receive their Free Offers, the names of over 400 who have recently received typewriters free, and you will learn on what easy conditions you can get one of their typewriters free right away.

The Emerson Typewriter is one of the highest grade, wholly visible typewriters made in the world. Many who have used the "Emerson" and other makes have pronounced the "EMERSON" superior to any \$100.00 typewriter on the market. It is a wholly visible machine, has every new, up-to-date feature, looks like other high grade \$100.00 typewriters, though it sells regularly for less and on terms of \$1.00 down and 10 cents a day until paid for. The "EMERSON" has every new improvement, universal keyboard, back-spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, everything the best; is the ideal machine for beginners as well as for the most expert typists and stenographers; just the typewriter for the smallest or largest office.

If you could possibly make any use of a high grade typewriter, even though it did not cost you one cent of money, then be sure, on a postal card or in a letter addressed to "Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill.," say, "Mail me your Free Offers."

TRESPASS NOTICE Any person hauling wood, fish, hunting, or in any way trespassing on any lands owned or controlled by us, will be Prosecuted. W. R. McENTIRE & SON

Paying The Fiddle

Yes, taxes are high; but it don't do any good to ring and jar about it.

It is a wonder that we are getting off as light as we are, when we come to consider that we have had to protect our frontier against two Mexican revolutions, that we have had the luxury of a State prohibition campaign, that we have had to did up the expense of a legislative investigation and such other things resultant from wildcat agitation. Then we have had three destructive fires in two of our State institutions the loss of which must be met by the taxpayers.

Don't blame the Governor with it, for he couldn't keep the Mexicans from fighting. It wasn't his fault that we indulged in a free-for-all prohibition scrap, nor could he have kept that bunch of assinine yawpers from blowing in money on that investigation with an elm club. He tried to hold things down the best he could. He kept the veto ax swinging every day chopping off a bunch of expense here and a wad of graft there; still they piled it up so thick and fast that he could not chop it all off, but he got rid of much of it and we tax bearing animals should be thankful that it is no worse.

Last summer Governor Colquitt and the conservative press tried to tell the folks that if they danced, the Fiddler would get his wages, but they said "on with the dance," and they cut the pigeon wing from Cameron to Dallam and from Newton to El Paso. At every point where two pig trails crossed, we kept the dance going until we wore ourselves to a frazzle and did not get home in time for breakfast. The floor managers are now making us dig for the fiddlers want their money and are going to have it. So if you were one of the dancers last summer, pay up and take your medicine like a man, for while the dance was going, you said you didn't care for expenses, now stick to it and when you want to play dervish again remember the fiddler is not out for sanitary purposes alone.

NOTICE Any person hauling wood, fish, hunting, or in any way trespassing on any lands owned or controlled by me, will be prosecuted. W. L. Foster

The Myers-Brooks alleged Elementary Arithmetic now used in the fourth grade of our public schools is one of the greatest jokes ever unloading on the State Text School Book Board and the public schools.

The authors of this freak assumes that boys and girls are born with a full working knowledge of how to reduce denominate numbers, how to reduce fractions to a common denominator, how to find the least common multiple or the greatest common divisor and all other basic principles that are common to a text book on arithmetic.

The authors assuming that children are born with a knowledge of these things, proceed to give problems for the child to solve which involve these principles without informing the student that such things really exist, and only for the help of the teacher and others, a child had as well have a Hostetters Almanac for the good this book will do him. The student has no show to learn anything by reading the book, and the only chance he has to learn arithmetic is through the aid of his teacher or others. The whole work is a catalog of problems without any attempt to lay down any rules or suggestions of how they should be solved. Had just as well expect a boy to learn Greek without a vocabulary and grammar as to expect him to learn arithmetic without first learning something of its principles.

The book was gotten up to sell only for surely no sane minded person would ever expect anyone to learn anything from it. It is a big joke on the teachers, for they must show their pupil how to solve each problem as it comes.

Surely it must have been an oversight in the board to adopt this freak, but the sooner teachers send up their protest against this imposition, the sooner we will get rid of a fake.

Announcements

We are authorized to announce Dee Davis a candidate for the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sterling County subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. Allard a candidate for the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sterling County subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. B. Oliver a candidate for the office of County and District Clerk of Sterling County subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Lewis E. Alexander a candidate for the office of County and District Clerk of Sterling County subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. E. Allen a candidate for the office of Tax-Assessor of Sterling County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. R. Lane a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Sterling County subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Ed L. Gilmore a candidate for reelection to the office of Treasurer of Sterling County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce R. B. Commins a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Sterling County subject to the action of the Democratic party.

TRESPASS NOTICE Notice is hereby given that any person who shall hunt, fish, or haul wood, or otherwise trespass on any of the lands owned or controlled by me will be prosecuted by the full extent of the law. 4-5-01 A. F. Jones

NOTICE TO SHEEPMEN

Notice is hereby given that I forbid, and will not allow any sheep herded on or driven across any lands owned or controlled by me, under pain of prosecution. Take notice and keep out. 4mpd F. M. Aspy

WANTED—AN IDEA If you can think of some simple thing to patent, protect your idea, I will give you wealth. Write JOHN WILDER, BERRY & CO., Patent Attorneys, Wash. D.C. or to the local office in your city.

The Only Writing Machine in the World That Successfully TYPEWRITES PRINT

17 Cents A Day

The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which has crowded ten years of typewriter progress into the space of months, is now offered to the public for 17 cents a day! Offered at the same price as an ordinary typewriter—payable in pennies! The commanding importance of Printype is everywhere conceded.

For who does not see what it means to make the world's vast volume of typewritten matter as readable as books and magazines! The Printype Oliver Typewriter is equipped with beautiful Blok Type, such as is used on the world's printing presses.

The complete story of Printype has never before been told. Here it is.

The idea from which "Printype" sprang resulted from the success of our type experts in equipping a typewriter used in our offices to write "The Oliver Typewriter" in our famous trade-mark type just as the name appears on the outside of the machine and in all Oliver publicity.

The beautiful appearance and the marvelous clearness of the reproduction of our "ebony" trade-mark type, disclosed the possibilities of equipping The Oliver Typewriter to write the entire English language in shaded letters!

We worked for years on the plan and finally succeeded in producing, for exclusive use on The Oliver Typewriter, the wonderful shaded letters and numerals known to the world as "Printype."

THE PUBLIC'S VERDICT That the public is overwhelmingly in favor of Printype is impressively shown by this fact: Already over 75 per cent of our entire output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

The public is demanding Printype in preference to the old-style type. Within a year at the present rate, 90 per cent of our total sales will be "Printypes."

Thus The Oliver Typewriter, which first successfully introduced visible writing, is again to the fore with another revolutionary improvement—Printype, the type that prints print!

TO CORPORATIONS: The Oliver Typewriter is used extensively by great concerns in all sections of the world. Our "17-cents-a-day" Plan is designed to help that large class of typewriter buyers who want the same typewriter that serves the great corporations, but prefer the easy system of purchase.

The masses want The Oliver Typewriter because it stands the test of the largest corporations. Meet "Printype"—You'll Like Its Looks. Ask for Specimen Letter and "17-cents-a-day" Plan.

Make the acquaintance of Printype, the reigning favorite of typewriterdom. Ask for a letter written on The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which will introduce to you this new type. We will also be pleased to forward the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan on request.

Address Sales Department.

The OLIVER Typewriter Company OLIVER TYPEWRITER BUILDING, CHICAGO Agencies everywhere.



New Furniture NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, VARIETY AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS, TRUNKS AND VALISES, ETC.

GLASS, TIN AND ENAMEL WARES S. R. WILLIAMS

San Angelo Business College

Trains young men and women thoroughly for business. Civil Service and all Commercial Branches. Positions paying \$50 or more GUARANTEED to Graduates of complete Commercial Course. Write for catalog and terms.

ALUMET

BAKING POWDER

SEE how much better it makes the baking
SEE how much more uniform in quality
SEE how pure—how good
SEE how economical—and
SEE that you get Calumet

At your Grocer's

Chest Pains and Sprains

Sloan's Liniment is an excellent remedy for chest and throat affections. It quickly relieves congestion and inflammation. A few drops in water used as a gargle is antiseptic and healing.

Here's Proof

"I have used Sloan's Liniment for years and can testify to its wonderful efficiency. I have used it for sore throat, croup, lame back and rheumatism, and in every case it gave instant relief."

REBECCA JANE ISAACS,
Lucy, Kentucky.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is excellent for sprains and bruises. It stops the pain at once and reduces swelling very quickly.

Sold by all dealers.

Price, 25c., 50c., \$1.00

Sloan's Liniment on the Horse sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY

They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.

GILT EDGE the only shoe dressing that positively contains oil. Blacks and Polishes shoes and all their boots and shoes without rubbing. French Gloss, the most brilliant and lasting of all shoe polishes. It is also the only shoe polish that is non-toxic and safe for the hands.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-25 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

For HORSES and COWS.

Mr. F. Ulrich, Georgian, Fla., writes: "I have been using Mustang Liniment for horses and cows many years and there is no better remedy, in particular for red legs on horses. When a horse starts rubbing his head he generally has red bugs. Try the Mustang and it will stop it."

25c., 50c., \$1 a bottle at Drug & Grocers

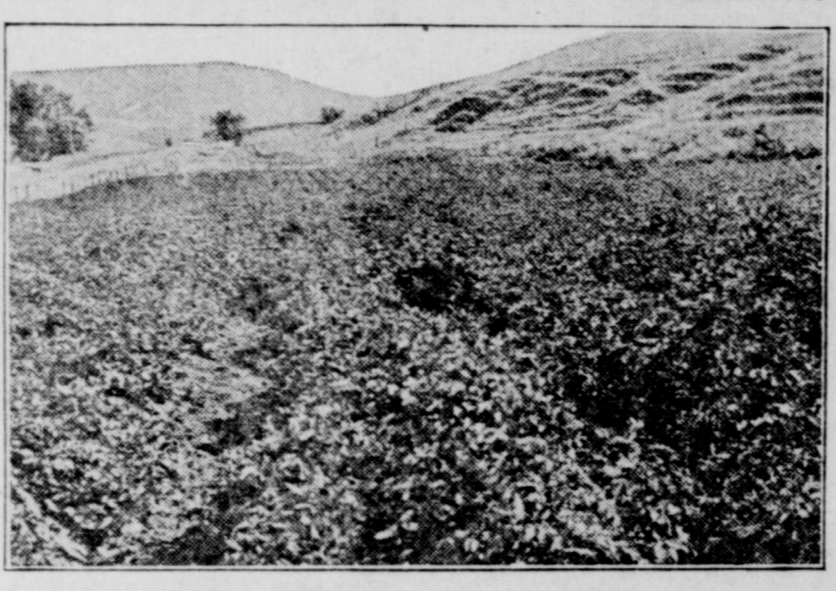
Brown's Bronchial Troches
Manufactured by Charles and Sons, Boston, Mass.

TO RETAIN MOISTURE

Question of Conservation Is of Prime Importance.

Cultivation Not Only Aids by Preventing Evaporation But Also Keeps Broken Surface That Catches Snow and Rain.

Agricultural college men tell us that it takes 45 tons of water to grow a bushel of wheat. Thirty bushels will use twelve inches in depth over an acre of land. For very obvious reasons, a twelve-inch rainfall would not be enough moisture to mature a 30-bushel crop if there were not some moisture already in the ground. During the hot and windy days of summer evaporation might amount to three inches or more in a week, if no means were used to prevent it. At this rate the whole year's precipitation might be lost in a month or two. At the very best, some of the soil moisture is bound to be lost through evaporation, a rainfall of, say, twenty inches, during the year does not guarantee that the crop will have that amount upon which to grow. Plow, harrow, and pack as we may, the air will pick up a good deal of the moisture that falls. When this work is done poorly, a much larger percentage of the precipitation escapes. The question, then, of conservation of soil moisture is of prime importance. Practical conservation of the precipitation that reaches the soil in one



Excellent Potato Field in Semi-Arid Region.

form or another consists of preventing its escape through evaporation by obstructing this process at the soil surface. Surface tillage that forms a dust mulch is the most practicable means of doing this. This movement of soil moisture to the surface, from which point it is evaporated into the air, is accomplished by means of a physical law called capillarity. The disturbing of the soil at the surface breaks up the capillary connection and stops evaporation to a large extent. Hence, the value of surface cultivation. Numerous tests have shown that frequent cultivation of the soil in summer will prevent the evaporation of from seven to ten inches of water where the rainfall is not over thirteen inches. Thus, moisture that otherwise might escape into the air is kept in the soil where it can be used by the seed in hastening germination and in supplying water to the growing plant. Cultivation not only aids in conserving this moisture by preventing its evaporation, but it also prevents a broken surface which catches the rain and snow. It performs the double service of both gathering and retaining the rainfall. If we are to have thirty bushel wheat crops, there are many sections in the west where the question of moisture conservation must be given more careful attention.

SHELTER BELTS ARE USEFUL

Do Much to Prevent Soil Blowing Because They Interfere With Movement of Wind Near Surface.

In dry farming areas many farmers are troubled with soil blowing, sometimes to the extent of losing their entire crop. In many sections water comes within six feet of the surface so that the roots of most crops can reach moisture. While there is a scarcity of water, it seems almost necessary to follow dry farming methods to be successful. In areas where soil blowing occurs various methods might be followed to mitigate the bad effects. But it is almost impossible to eliminate them altogether. Shelter belts do much to prevent soil blowing because they interfere with the movement of the wind near the surface of the ground. While it requires time for shelter belts to develop it is possible to get the same effect by plowing small fields and leaving the surface somewhat rough. It has been found that sandy soils blow more easily than heavier soils and those that contain a considerable amount of organic matter. The practice is followed in some sections after seeding the crop, to plow a furrow at two or three rod intervals across the field. These counteract the movement of the air near the surface and will do much to catch drifting soil and prevent more from starting. It is also a good plan to grow a border of corn rather thickly and let it stand. It will act as a grove or hedge and will prevent, in a measure, soil blowing.

Peach Varieties Improving.

Many changes in varieties of early peaches have occurred in our orchards in the past 15 years. The leading market varieties, ripening in May, June and early July, in our planting in 1892 were Alexander, Early Rivers, Early Tiltonson and Yellow St. John. In 1896 they were Sneed, Greensboro, Triumph and Carman and in 1907 Mayflower, Early Victor, Yellow Span and Carman. The latter varieties have not changed so much, but one can see improvement in varieties.

RAISING CROPS ON SOD LAND

In Normal Seasons, Flax is One of Best First Crops—Corn Will Make Fair Yields Ordinarily.

(By ALVIN KEYSER, Colorado Agricultural College.)

Not all crops do well upon such a seed bed as sod land. Corn if a variety adapted to the locality, will make fair yields in ordinary seasons. The disk planter is better than the shoe planter, as it easily penetrates the soil. Thus it plants the seed in moist soil at a uniform depth. The corn is best planted in drills 18 to 22 inches apart in the row and three and one-half feet between the rows. Sod corn needs little further cultivation. It may be harrowed at first.

In normal seasons, flax is one of the best first crops for the sod land. The soil is prepared the same as for corn. The flax may then be drilled in with a press, single disk drill using from 25 to 35 pounds of seed according to quality. Usually flax should be planted about the middle of May.

Milo is a good feed crop for sod land at altitudes below 5,500 feet. It is planted in drills six to eight inches apart in the row. If the corn planter is not provided with proper plates, blank plates furnished with the planter may be used by drilling holes properly sized and spaced.

For fodder, cane and Kaffir do well. They are planted with the grain drill. The holes not wanted must be covered or stopped.

Stock melons and other melons grow well as sod crops. When properly handled, potatoes will do something. Where milo does well broom



Excellent Potato Field in Semi-Arid Region.

corn will grow and is a good crop for those understanding its management and culture.

If the sod has been prepared as for corn and properly handled later by giving a light disking and harrowing, winter wheat may be seeded with fair prospects for fair returns.

After the sod crop the sod is back-set. On the "hard" lands this should be done deeply, 8 to 10 inches or more for best results. The plow is then followed the same half day with the disk and harrow. The disk should be used vigorously enough to compact the soil, destroy all large open spaces and reduce any lumps or sod chunks. The harrow will pulverize the surface. After this treatment the soil is ready (if sufficiently moist) for adapted crops. One of the largest items of success lies in keeping the soil moist.

Separate Hens and Pullets.

Hens and pullets will do better kept in separate yards, for they require different feeding or different quantity. An amount of food that will fatten a mature hen will just keep the still growing pullet in good laying condition. One of the best provisions for eggs through November and early December, when it seems harder to get eggs than in the dead of winter, is the light, cozy scratching shed where they should be kept on cold, frosty mornings until all the frost is gone.

DAIRY NOTES

In the dairy herd it pays to milk a dairy cow—not a beef animal.

The dairy cow never tires ofilage. Palatability is one of its strong points. Comfort is necessary for the cow if one would have her give the best returns.

The cow that is poorly fed and abused can never do her ancestry justice.

The dairy cow is an economical user of grains, hays, root crops, forage crops and pasture.

The best kind of cow for any farmer or for any section is the one that makes the most money.

A wooden pail should never be used as a milk pail. It is impossible to keep it as clean as it ought to be.

Never be stingy in the use of bedding. It adds comfort to the stock and improves the condition of the land.

The amount of butter-fat a cow produces depends on the amount of milk as well as upon the quality of the milk.

The calf that is expected to develop into a profitable cow must have the best chance to grow from the time it is born.

Many a common farmer who does not appreciate the possibilities of dairy cows is satisfied with just common cows.

Some farmers stand in their own light by selling off the thrifty young stock that is worth just as much to them as to the buyer.

By clipping the hair from the flanks and thighs of the cow and cutting off the switch just below the bone it will be easier to keep her clean.

There are many separators throughout the country that are not kept in the best surroundings. The barn is not always the most suitable place.

STAINPROOF TOP FOR TABLE

Suggestion That Will Relieve Hostess of Much Worry While Presiding at Tea Table.

"At a formal afternoon tea," remarked the woman who keeps bache-edge that you were admiring on this one, for a scallap with a design of maidenhair ferns above on a second and for a little running pattern of clover leaves and an occasional blossom that secures the deep hem of the third one. The dull gray-green of the material and the clearer fern and clover colors make a thoroughly artistic setting for my white china and bits of old silver, to say nothing of the antique candlestick, and I have no more nervousness when somebody's hand shakes while lifting the freshly filled teapot."

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE

A clothes tree on which to hang unfinished garments is a great convenience in a sewing room.

Do you know that by turning a cauliflower head downward it cooks more quickly and improves in flavor?

A favorite dish at a certain tea room consists of pate shells filled with a mixture of chicken livers and mushrooms in a cream sauce.

When powdered sugar gets hard run it through the food chopper. This is an easier way of breaking up the lumps than using a rolling pin.

To thicken gravies for pot roasts or stews put a piece of brown bread in with the meat. When you go to make the gravy rub it up for the thickening.

Clotheslines may be washed by winding them on a long board, then scrubbing them with a brush. This prevents them from tangling and makes them easy to wind once they are dry.

TO MAKE MARSHMALLOW LOAF

Served in Slices With Whipped Cream, It Makes a Most Delicious Light Dessert.

Beat the whites of four eggs until stiff. Into them stir a tablespoonful of gelatin dissolved in one-half cupful of hot water. Add one-half cupful of cold water and one cupful of granulated sugar. Beat well and divide into three equal parts. Flavor each part differently (or with the same flavoring if preferred) and color one part with melted chocolate, one with beaten yolks of two eggs (or leave it white) and one with pink coloring. Let it stand until you are sure the colors will not run into each other, beating it now and then. Dust a breadpan with powdered sugar, put in the chocolate part and sprinkle with chopped English walnuts, add the white part and more nuts; lastly, the pink. After standing for a few hours the brick will turn out like ice cream. Serve with whipped cream.—Delineator.

Meat Mash.

Just plain, plebeian hash. Few can make it good. Chop meat with a fourth its quantity of fat—corned beef is best; put in frying pan and fry slowly while you chop equal amount of potatoes. Then add to meat. Salt if necessary, pepper a little and stir well until the whole has really fried a little. Then add a little boiling water; stir all well, and make it into a nice flat cake, straight on one side. Set on moderately hot part of stove to crust one side. Turn out carefully, so as not to break it, with crust side up. Two beets added when potato is put in make an improvement.

Toad in the Hole.

Cut into dice one pound of round steak or cold cooked meat. Beat one egg very light and add to it one pint of milk. Add this a little at a time to one cup flour, being careful to rub out all lumps. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt, butter a dish, put in the meat, season with salt and pepper; pour the batter upon it and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Tomato Catsup.

Boil half a bushel of tomatoes until soft, force them through a fine sieve and put a quart of white wine vinegar, one pint of salt, two ounces of cloves, two of allspice, one-half ounce of cayenne pepper, one tablespoon black pepper, two heads of garlic skinned and chopped fine. Mix together and boil four hours.

Crystal Icing.

All one teaspoonful vanilla to two teaspoons boiling water, stir in one cup confectioner's sugar and use as soon as it will spread. This icing is quickly made and has a sparkling appearance. A little coarse sugar dusted over gives it brilliancy.

Cream Sauce.

Mix to a paste one tablespoon butter and half a teaspoon flour, with salt and pepper, and add to the juices in the pan. Gradually add half a cup milk.

Husband Got Even.

In Austria a woman was recently sent to jail for opening her husband's mail. She began a suit for divorce on evidence obtained from the letter and her husband retaliated by sending her to jail for opening the letter.

RECOGNIZED THE ACTION.

Little Nell—I didn't know that they played "I Spy" in church, mamma.

Mamma—What do you mean, my child?

Little Nell—Why, the preacher said "Let's Play," and everybody held their hands up to their faces.

Swallowing Glory.

The little daughter of a well-known Baltimore clergyman recently started the family while at breakfast by suddenly exclaiming:

"I'm full of glory!"

"What on earth do you mean, child?" the father hastened to ask.

"Why," exclaimed the youngster, "a sunbeam just got on my spoon, and I've swallowed it."

High Aim.

"Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry."—Mark Twain.

The trouble with a good bit of reform is that it is badly in need of reforming.

LAW'S INJUSTICE MADE PLAIN

Farmer's Grievance Was That Story Once Accepted Should Not Remain Good.

A story is being told at the expense of an old English farmer who was recently called upon to explain why he had failed to take out a license for a favorite fox terrier dog. "E's nobbut a puppy," the defendant remarked, in response to a question as to the animal's age. "Yes, yes! So you say. But how old is he?" "Oh, well, I couldn't tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at remembering dates, but 's nobbut a puppy." On the other hand, it was maintained that the animal in question was a very, very old-fashioned puppy, and the magistrate inflicted the usual fine. Shortly afterward the farmer was met by a friend who wanted to know how he had fared at the police court. "Nobbut middlin'," was the reply. "Did they fine you?" "Yes," responded the victim; "an' lang me if I can understand it! Last year 'an' the year afore that I told the same tale about the same dog, an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's been tamperin' w' the law sin' last year?"

No Jury.

"Didn't you give that man a jury trial?"

"Look here," said Broncho Bob, "there ain't a big lot o' men in this settlement. We couldn't possibly get 12 of 'em together without startin' a fatal argument about somethin' that had nothin' whatever to do with the case."

A Fright.

"Lad," said Meandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got de dicups an' I want to scare him."

TAKING CHANCES OTHERWISE

Hoax—He is exceedingly ill, but he is still holding his own.

Joak—He has to. There are no doctors with him all the time.

The Boy—The Girl.

He—Crime seems in a pretty low way. Only last week some woman kidnaped a baby—photographs of it in all the newspapers.

She—What did she take it for?

He—Nothing else to take, I suppose. I should have thought myself that anybody who kidnaped a baby would want an earthquake or borrow an attack of Asiatic cholera.

She—Babies are not so hard to get against them is that if you leave them long enough they grow up into human beings.

Pessimism.

A pessimist is one who receives a pair of gloves as a present and worries because they will soon wear out.

There are two kinds of suffragettes—the unhappily married and the happily unmarried.

A Hold-Up

An Oppressive Trust.

Before the Coffee Roasters' Association, in session at Chicago on Thursday, Thomas J. Webb, of Chicago, charged that there is in existence a coffee combine which is "the most monstrous imposition in the history of human commerce."

There is very slight exaggeration about this statement. It comes very close to being literally true. There is a coffee combine in Brazil, from which country comes the bulk of the coffee used in the United States, which is backed by the government of Brazil and financed by it, which compels American consumers, as Mr. Webb said, "to pay famine prices for coffee when no famine exists."

The worst thing about this is that the consumers of the United States have been compelled to put up the money through which this combine, to further cinch them, has been made effective. There were formerly revenue duties imposed upon all coffee entering the United States. Those taxes were denounced as an imposition upon the people; as taxing the poor man's breakfast table, and the like. The taxes were removed. Immediately thereafter Brazil imposed an export duty upon coffee up to the full amount of the former customs taxes in this country. The revenue which formerly went into the treasury of the United States was diverted to the treasury of Brazil. The poor man's breakfast coffee continued to cost him the same old price.

But this was only the commencement. The "valorization" plan was evolved in Brazil. Through this plan the government, using the revenues derived from the export duties for the purposes, takes all of the surplus crop in a season of large yields and holds it off the market, thus keeping the supply down to the demands of the market and permitting the planters to receive a much higher price than they would otherwise have done.

The United States consumes more Brazilian coffee than does the rest of the world. We are the best customers of Brazil, and Brazil buys little from us. Now Brazil is promoting, financing and maintaining a trust designed, and working effectively for the purpose, to compel American consumers to pay an exorbitant price for the coffee they use. What is the remedy?—Seattle Post-Intelligencer—Nov. 19, 1911.

Standard statistics of the coffee trade show a falling off in sales during the last two years of over two hundred million pounds. Authenticated reports from the Postum factories in this city show a tremendous increase in the sale of Postum in a like period of time.

While the sales of Postum invariably show marked increase year over year, the extraordinary demand for that well-known breakfast beverage during 1911 is very likely due to a public awakening to the oppression of the coffee trust.

Such an awakening naturally disposes the multitude who suffer from the ill effects of coffee drinking to be more receptive to knowledge of harm which so often comes as a result of the use of the drug-beverage, coffee.—Battle Creek Evening News—Dec. 19, 1911.

POSTUM

is a pure food-drink made of the field grains, with a pleasing flavour not unlike high grade Java.

A Big Package

About 1 1/4 lbs. Costs 25 cts.

At Grocers

Economy to one's purse is not the main reason for using Postum.

It is absolutely free from any harmful substance, such as "caffeine" (the drug in coffee), to which so much of the nervousness, biliousness and indigestion of today are due. Thousands of former coffee drinkers now use Postum because they know from experience the harm that coffee drinking causes.

Boil it according to directions (that's easy) and it will become clear to you why—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Handwritten notes: He did, "Compels", tax Americans, Get this deal, Then this

PAPER BAG COOKING

WONDER-WORKING SYSTEM PERFECTED BY M. SOYER, WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING CHEF

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR PAPER BAG COOKING.

By M. Soyer, Chef of Brook's Club, London.

I do not claim for the paper-bag system of cookery that it can cook everything. It is evident that tea must still be made in the teapot. Generally speaking, we may value our claim to having mastered the difficulty with respect to soups, although I have made beef tea with excellent results. The following is a list of articles that may in the meantime be avoided:

Soup (except beef tea), omelette, scrambled eggs, jam (except in small quantities), Scotch cake, bean cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, artichokes, macaroni or kindred Italian pastes. The success of the system depends entirely upon how it is carried out. Good cooking requires time, care, attention to detail, taste and a temperature suited to the particular dish being cooked. While the paper-bag system is labor and time saving, as well as affording more nutritive and appetizing effects than the present, it does not abrogate any of the rules that apply to efficient work at the kitchen-table.

The Bag. Specially prepared bags should be used. Without them the method cannot be practiced with assurance of success. The bag should be made of materials that guarantee its purity. It should be odorless, and its purity a guarantee that nothing injurious can possibly be imparted from it to the food cooked in the bag.

Before using the bags—
(1) Select one that "fits" the food intended to be cooked.
(2) Grease slightly the inside of the bag, except in the case of vegetables or when water is added. For beginners it is advisable. Butter, lard or dripping may be used.
(3) When the food has been prepared for the bag, place the same on the table and lift the uppermost edge of the bag while you insert the contents.
(4) Fold the mouth of the bag two or three times and fasten with a clip, iron wire paper-clips, obtainable of any stationer, answer the purpose. It is desirable to fold the corners of the bag so as to secure as near as possible a hermetical closing.

The Oven. Practically any oven will do. Paper-bag cookery is well suited to a gas stove as it is to a coal oven, always provided the necessary heat is secured. The size of the oven makes no difference to the cooking, only to the size of the article.

Before placing the bag with its contents into a gas oven, the gas should be lighted at least eight minutes beforehand. The average oven heat should not be less than 200 degrees Fahrenheit, and when the bag is put into the oven this ought to be reduced in eight minutes after to 170 degrees. To find out the correct degree a thermometer, of course, is the

My Paper Bag Cooking Experiments

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

When Soyer's paper bag method of cooking was first brought to my attention by friends, who, rightly or wrongly, seem to have a high opinion of my abilities as a cook, I admit that I was skeptical of its practicality. Indeed, I was more than that—I was rather firm in my belief that it could not prove out. But I was induced to put the system to a trial, and, lo! and behold!—the very first trial made me an enthusiastic follower of M. Soyer. Since then I have been doing all my cooking by the Soyer method, and each succeeding day more than ever convinces me that any woman, simply by following Soyer's general directions, and using that good common sense and care which are essential to all good cooking, can master the Soyer paper bag method of cooking in a very short time, and will find it a great boon both to herself and to all the members of her household.

Following M. Soyer's general directions for paper bag cookery, I speedily learned that there are sundry commands to be observed while pursuing his method of cooking:—
The first and greatest of these is to get the right bag, which is made specially for cooking, is paraffined, odorless even when crumbly-crisp,

British Birth Rate Falling

Decline in Natural Increase of Population Such as to Cause Grave Concern.

There has been a striking falling off in the natural increase in the population of England and Wales this year. In a report issued by the registrar general of the United Kingdom, it is shown that in the quarter ended September 30 births exceeded deaths by only 81,645, as compared with 122,022 excess of births over deaths in the corresponding quarter of 1910 and 123,309 and 124,054 in the third quarters of 1908 and 1909, respectively. The number of births registered in England and Wales in the third quarter of 1911 was 222,601, a rate of 24.4 annually a thousand population, or 2.9 a thousand below the average birth rate in the third quarter of the ten preceding years. It was the lowest birth rate ever registered in any third quarter since the establishment of official registration, in four large cities of the United Kingdom outside of England and Wales the birth rate to the thousand of population was 20.4 in Edinburgh, 26.6 in Glasgow, 28 in Dublin and 28.3 in Belfast. The death rate in these places was: Edinburgh, 14.2; Glasgow, 16.2; Dublin, 21.5, and Belfast, 16.9.

The Forgotten Zero. Miss Mary Garden was a guest of honor at a concert in Philadelphia when a collection was taken up for a poor folks' Christmas.

In the course of the collection it was announced that a certain millionaire had contributed \$500. At this announcement Miss Garden leaned toward her neighbor and said: "Oh, isn't that splendid! Think of it! Five hundred dollars!" "Yes, it's not bad," her neighbor said, "but with a rich man like that, you know, it ought to have been \$5,000." "I suppose," said Miss Garden, smiling, "he forgot the ought."

most accurate method; but experience will soon teach the cook what is required, and the color assumed by a piece of paper placed in the oven will at once tell whether it is too hot or too cold.

In the case of coal-heated stoves with solid shelves a wire broiler should be used. This should be placed on the shelf with the bag containing the food. It is necessary to emphasize the fact that, except in the case of pies, no dish should be used.

How to Know when the Food is Cooked.

If the time-table is adhered to, the bag may be taken out of the oven in confidence that the food is well cooked. But if from any cause the heat declines, it is very easy to find out whether the food is properly cooked. Except in the case of vegetables, a little hole can be made in the bag by which the food can be seen and judged as to whether it is cooked or not. This will not militate against the cooking of the food in the slightest. In many articles, however, a slight touch of the bag will indicate to an ordinary cook whether the bag is ready to be served.

Dangers to Be Avoided. Cooking generally has its dangers, like other occupations. It is the beauty of this system that the dangers are reduced to a minimum. One does not require every now and then to open the oven door "to see how the roast is getting on." The oven is doing its work, because the whole force of the heat is playing upon the bag and ensuring every part of the food being properly penetrated. Nevertheless, care should be exercised when opening the oven.

Care, again, should be exercised in taking the bag out of the oven. A plate should be placed gently under the bag about a couple of inches, and the bag drawn completely on to the plate with the fingers. The bag should be ripped open from the top and the fragments thrown at once away.

A PAPER BAG DINNER.

Roast Beef, Round, Ribs, or Sirloin.—Grease well with drippings, but do not season. Put in bag, lay on a wire broiler, and cook in a moderate oven. For a three-pound joint allow forty-five minutes; for seven-pound, one hour and twenty minutes.

Lima Beans.—Take a quart of Lima beans, add two ounces of butter, four ounces of diced ham, a little sugar and salt, a good teaspoonful of flour, and a few sweet herbs to taste. Put in a paper bag with half a pint of water, seal up, and cook for an hour in a moderate oven.

Baked Potatoes.—Thoroughly wash twelve good-sized potatoes. Make a few small slits in them, but do not peel. Place in a paper bag, with one tablespoonful of water. Seal and cook thirty-five to fifty minutes, according to size.

Tomatoes.—Place six tomatoes in boiling water for twenty-five seconds. Peel, butter your paper bag, put in tomatoes with salt, pepper, a suspicion of sugar, and a small piece of butter. Put the bag on the broiler after sealing, and cook for twelve minutes in a hot oven.

Apples à la Duchesse.—Wash and dry ten large apples. Core them, put stick-cinnamon—only a bit—in the place of each core, and pour over them a tablespoonful of rum. Put in a buttered bag, and bake on the broiler thirty minutes. When quite done, dish up, remove the cinnamon, and fill the centers with jam—strawberry, raspberry, or apricot. Cover with a stiffly whipped cream, sprinkle with chopped nuts, and serve, or set on ice till wanted. Use sweet apples and let them cool before adding the jam and cream.

(Copyright, 1911, by Nicolas Soyer.)

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. EDWARDS

Helped Expose Standard Oil

Samuel Andrews, Once Indispensable to the Company, Had Been Discharged, So He Told Many of the Trust's Secrets.

I told recently the story of the reception I received at the offices of the Standard Oil company at Cleveland in 1878 at a time when I had been instructed by the late Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, to make a thorough investigation of the origin, growth and methods of the Standard Oil company. That was in 1878, and the report which I then made was the first of any length that was ever printed on the oil trust.

I had met a perfect Chinese wall, at the offices of the Standard Oil company, the sentry of which was one of the blandest and politest young men whom I had ever met. I told him that as I could not get my information at first hand I would undertake to secure it at second hand. So I turned to Samuel Andrews. I had received an intimation that if I would call upon Mr. Andrews at his home in the suburbs of Cleveland I would probably find him ready to talk.

Mr. Andrews was the practical man of the first Standard Oil combination. He was an experienced, in fact, a very able, refiner. He was of English birth and had, I believe, learned his trade in that country. He was the man who made it possible for the Rockefeller brothers to manufacture and market a very high grade of kerosene oil. As he was at first indispensable, he was carried along in the various promotions out of which the Standard Oil trust, so-called, was perfected.

In reply to a note, Mr. Andrews wrote me that if I would call at his house at a certain hour some morning he would be glad to see me. His home was a beautiful one perhaps two miles from the center of Cleveland. I found him in his library. Although of quiet manner, dressed in immaculate taste, and surrounded by luxurious furniture and adornments, yet it was apparent that Mr. Andrews had known hard labor and labor with the hands. There was no vanity or false pride about the man, and I thought that he was enjoying the riches that had come to him in a most reasonable manner. If there were any ostentation it was not for his sake, but for the sake of his family.

"You know I am no longer connected with the Standard Oil company," Mr. Andrews said, by way of preface. "I am out of it. I have

been used for all the value that is in me and I presume that I am no longer useful."

I thought I detected a hint of resentment or chagrin in Mr. Andrews' manner, and I told him frankly that I had heard that he had been recently frozen out of the Standard Oil company.

"Not exactly that," he replied. "No, it wasn't that; but that has been brought out. I don't suppose the Standard Oil company would have been any success at all if it hadn't been for the fact that I showed the company the way to refine oil economically and to market it in successful competition. I thought my ability of that kind was worthy of equal recognition with that of the men who looked after the financial end of the business. But the practical man, unless he has plenty of money, is the man who is of least consequence, and when others have been taught all he knows, then he is not of any more use and is let out. It is always so.

"I shall be very glad to tell you all I know about the organization and growth of the Standard Oil company," Mr. Andrews went on to say. "I

don't know it all, but I know some things. But I must ask you to be careful not to suggest in any way that I feel that I have not been rightly used."

He then went on to give me much of the information which I had unsuccessfully tried to obtain direct from the Standard Oil company—information that subsequent investigations, conducted in the name of the law, proved to be absolutely correct. Occasionally, there crept into what he said some hint of the strong feeling of resentment which he apparently entertained that he had not been treated fairly by his old associates. Afterwards I learned that Mr. Andrews had received for his interest in the Standard Oil company something like \$5,000,000, an immense fortune for that time. So it was apparent that the resentment he felt was not due to any sense of poverty, but rather to irritation that, after the service which he had given to the Standard Oil company, there should have been, as he thought, a disposition to cast him aside. And because of this resentment many of the things that the public was anxious to find out about the organization and the methods of the oil trust were for the first time made known to it in the printed page. (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

"I Don't" Blasted Expectations

How Governor Hoffman's Refusal to Prevent a Great Tweed Fraud Utterly Ruined Political Futures of Himself and Others.

One of the ablest Democrats of his time, a man, too, who possessed a personal magnetism that has gained for him great popularity, was John T. Hoffman. He was twice elected governor of New York state and before his election as governor was mayor of New York city.

Mr. Hoffman was first elected governor in 1868, and it was then said that this election would undoubtedly lead to his nomination for president in 1872. Governor Hoffman was fully aware all along that influential politicians of his party in the state were planning the capture of the Democratic national convention of that year, so that his nomination would be assured, and felt convinced that they could, with him, carry the state of New York even though General Grant was again candidate for president. These politicians of influence, who had already brought about the election of Mr. Hoffman as mayor of New York and as governor, were the leaders of

the Tammany Hall of that day, and their leader was William M. ("Boss") Tweed.

In the senate in the state legislature of 1871, which was controlled by the Democracy, Mr. Tweed caused to be named a committee on cities whose members he himself selected. He was himself a member of that committee. That was the committee which had authority to report favorably or otherwise measures relating to the government of New York city. Shortly after the session began Tweed offered a resolution which authorized the commissioners who had authorized over the construction of the new courthouse in New York city to audit bills without limitation of expenses incurred and to add the same to the tax levy, which was then made up in Albany. It was the measure which made possible the gigantic county courthouse fraud. All of the wise politicians realized that there was some important joker behind this resolution, and although some effort was made to limit the amount permissible for the county court house commission to audit, nevertheless Tweed forced the resolution through the committee by four votes out of five.

After that was done came the crucial and what proved to be the fatal moment for Gov. John T. Hoffman. A senator, who was a member of the committee and urged him to use his influence to have this measure defeated.

Governor Hoffman looked steadily and sternly at the senator for a few moments. He took the resolution up and read it over and over again. Then, turning to the senator, he asked: "Do you mean to impute dishonesty to the county courthouse commissioners of New York, who are sworn public officers?"

The senator replied that it seemed to him unnecessary to impute any dishonesty since the measure on its face was a dangerous grant of financial power.

Again Governor Hoffman asked: "Do you mean to impute dishonesty to these public officers?" The senator was silent.

"Well," said Governor Hoffman, rising from his chair, "I don't; and because I don't, I won't interfere in this measure."

How different his own history and that of the Tweed ring would have been had Governor Hoffman said: "I impute dishonesty to the public officers!" For by reason of this measure, which the legislature passed and Governor Hoffman signed, bills largely fraudulent to the amount of six million dollars passed the county court-house commissioners, and it was the disclosure of these frauds that led to the overthrow of the Tweed ring in November, 1871.

Governor Hoffman's "I don't" cost him all his political future. It cost Tweed his leadership and his liberty and brought him to a prison cell. It cost Richard B. Connolly, the comptroller of the city, his residence in the United States—for he fled to Europe. And it cost A. Oakley Hall, who was mayor of New York when the Tweed lottery was going on, the United States nationality, which it had long been his ambition to secure. (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Thackeray's Window Light

It Was a Signal for James W. Wallack, the Actor, to Drop in After the Theater, When Both Were in New York.

In the same year—1853—that William Makepeace Thackeray came to the United States on his first lecture tour, James W. Wallack settled in this country and took control of the theater known as Wallack's in New York city. The actor and Wallack, an electrical manager had for one of his great admirers the novelist Thackeray. While Wallack was a favorite in London he and Thackeray became so well acquainted that the latter felt privileged at any time to visit the actor in his dressing room, where Thackeray always received a cordial welcome.

Some time after Thackeray had landed in America for the first time he called on James W. Wallack at the latter's theater. There Lester Wallack, who was stage manager for his father, was introduced by his parent to Thackeray.

"For a few minutes I took an instant dislike to the man," said Lester Wallack years after. "I thought he was about the most supercilious appearing man who had ever come to New York. All of that first impression soon passed away and I speedily found myself in intimate companionship with the novelist. In turn, Thackeray seemed to take to me, and was delighted when he discovered that my lodgings were only a few doors distant from his.

"Every night that I am home," he said enthusiastically, "I will put a lighted candle in the window of my sitting room. When you see it there on your way home from the theater you are to come in. That will be my signal to you that I shall be glad to see you every evening I am not away at a lecture or a dinner—that you are wanted within."

"Perhaps two or three times a week I would discover the signal in the window, and whenever I entered Thackeray's sitting room he would bound from his seat and literally embrace me. There were always two or three other friends of Thackeray present, and we had good cigars. Thackeray was a great lover of a good cigar."

"Now, curiously enough, during all those sessions, which were prolonged some times until three o'clock in the morning—for Thackeray was the greatest night owl I ever saw—his guests had to do all the entertaining. Thackeray would lie curled up on the sofa, from the end of which his long legs hung over, and call upon one of us for a story, another for a song, still another for a song and dance. I remember one night singing a duet with George William Curtis, and the tears rolled down Thackeray's cheeks as he listened to our sentimental ballad. But try as we would, we were never able to persuade him to sing a song or tell a story or do a dance. He entertained us with good cheer, and we were bound to entertain him with song and story and dance."

"Ah, those were rollicking nights with Thackeray. He seemed to me like a magnificent overgrown boy. And after his departure for his home in England, as I passed the lodgings every night I looked yearningly at the window, still hoping that I might see there the familiar light beckoning me to enter into his jovial company."

"Every night that I am home," he said enthusiastically, "I will put a lighted candle in the window of my sitting room. When you see it there on your way home from the theater you are to come in. That will be my signal to you that I shall be glad to see you every evening I am not away at a lecture or a dinner—that you are wanted within."

"What is the name of that species I just shot?" inquired the amateur hunter.

"Says his name is Smith, sir," answered the guide, who had been investigating.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Way Out of the Hole

Golf Hazard Overcome by Player Especially Designed for the Occasion.

William W. Price is one of the biggest newspaper correspondents in Washington. His physique is equivalent to that of President Taft. The two frequently compare notes on avoirdupois, and whenever the president reduces a few pounds Price is spurred to emulation. The president is an expert golfer, while Price is somewhat of a novice at the game. A day or two ago some newspaper friends invited Price out to the Columbia County club links, and he proceeded to astonish them by getting away some terrific drives.

In driving from the 16th tee, however, Price landed his ball in a pool of mud and water, where it lay completely submerged. He viewed the situation with disgust.

"Throw it out, Bill," said one of his friends. "It's unplayable. You may as well lose a stroke."

"Never!" said Price.

He boldly straddled the puddle, took a maul from his caddy and poised himself for a stroke. At that instant his feet slipped and Price sat down. With great composure he arose again and remarked: "An unplayable ball, eh? Oh, I don't know."

There was Price's ball, balanced neatly on a little tee of mud. The puddle, under the impact of his presidential figure, had vanished in fine spray over the nearby landscape.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not So on Any Rata. "With Maroon able to send a message 4,000 miles across the ocean and direct communication by wire to be established between New York and Tacoma, talking around the world will soon be a comparatively simple matter."

"No doubt. Still, I don't believe that sort of talk will ever be cheap."

The Kitchen Cabinet



AN EASY thing to power down. To thank "her" for these gifts of mine; But when shall I attain to this; To thank thee for the things I miss. —F. W. Higginson.

HOUSEHOLD SANITATION.

We hear much of the dust enemy and we should hear and heed the repeated warnings given us in regard to the evils of dust. The children in our schools today will know much better how to keep clean, sanitary houses than did our grandmothers, providing they follow the teaching. A grain of dust too small to be noticed by the unaided eye may be the abode of hundreds of microbes which can cause us trouble. The vacuum cleaner is doing good work to wipe out dust and keep us free from such exposure to disease, but where one may have the advantage of a cleaner hundreds of thousands are obliged to wield the broom and dustcloth.

When sweeping, it is best to have a damp broom and something like dampened paper or tea leaves to keep the dust from flying. One can by a little planning keep and dry the tea leaves, moistening them as needed.

In sweeping a carpet, a good plan is to sweep and take up the dust from each breadth or two, instead of spreading it all over the room.

It is much more sanitary, besides much easier, to have rugs and bare floors. The rugs can be taken outside and cleaned and the floors wiped, so that the room is free from dust.

The dust cloth is another useful article to consider; those patented affairs that have some kind of oil in the weave are good because they hold the dust and keep it from scattering back to the floor. When using an ordinary cloth, it may be dampened slightly with fresh water and it will hold the dust much better.

Ventilation of the home is another important matter. Cold air is not necessarily pure, and our lungs need fresh, pure oxygen in order to make and keep pure, good blood. Those who sleep in unaired, unventilated bedrooms to save the fuel bill are piling up a good fat bank account for the family doctor as well as making future suffering for themselves. No body used by fresh air can withstand disease, and the little busy microbes get in good work on such a host.

AS PRECIOUS perfume comes from close-crushed flowers. And fruits give out their wine within the press. So human souls shine out, in darkest hours And blossom in distress. Above the tide of suffering and pain, Their spirit's song leaps upward, sweet and clear. Telling of summer sunshine after rain, Of trust and hope and cheer.

A FISH DINNER.

The favors for a fish dinner may be especially attractive, and one who is at all ingenious can originate many new things. Pretty bon-bon boxes may be had of paper in the form of fish, and candies of fish forms may be purchased for those small boxes. The little Japanese water flowers in the form of fish may be dropped into the finger bowls to unfold and delight young and old.

Favors of fans decorated with fish and a place for the name may be made on them; ideas will come as one plans for the event.

The center piece may be a low dish of ferns or small flowers with rushes.

Fish Timbales.—For these choose a firm white-fleshed fish, free it from bones and chop fine, then pound to a pulp. Press the pulp through a fine sieve, and to each cupful add a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and the white of an egg. Stir in enough thick sweet cream, about a tablespoonful, to make of the right consistency; test by dropping a small bit into boiling water and cook gently for three minutes; break open, and if too dry add a bit more cream. Have ready some buttered fish molds, fill and stand them in a pan of hot water to cook in the oven. Cover with buttered paper and cook from fifteen to twenty minutes. Turn out and garnish with parsley.

Grape Ice.—A delicious grape ice is made by boiling together a pint of water and a pound of sugar for five minutes. Cool and add a pint of grape juice and the juice of a lemon. The juice is sweet less sugar should be used.

HYMES temptation but for master and make crouch beneath his feet And so be pedestaled in triumph? —Browning.

LEFT-OVERS OF ALL KINDS.

There are many people who have a strong objection to have anything served to them that has appeared on the table before. Anything hashed or reheated seems especially objectionable.

Mines of Meerschaut.

Meerschaut (a silicate of magnesia) is mined at Eski-Chehr, on the Anatolian railway, in the province of Brussa. The deposits now being worked are in the vicinity of the villages of Sepetdji, Kemikil and Saribou, around Eski-Chehr. The pits vary considerably in depth. The first evidence of the presence of feet thick of Fuller's earth. This reddish-brown earth is met at depth varying from a few yards to ordinarily 20 yards be-

lie. All housekeepers who have counted the pennies in their household expenses have to use up the remainder, and the manner of so doing makes them as artists or otherwise. Once a dish may be made over and be made its first appearance.

A few tablespoonfuls of canned preserved fruit, too little to be used on the table, may be combined with orange or lemon, milled by adding gelatine and served as a dessert or salad. Such a dish may be made especially dainty with a little cream and the expense is scarcely noticeable.

A pint of boiled custard left over from yesterday's dinner, a sauce of canned pears, an equal quantity of other fruit and a half cup of cream sweetened and flavored more if necessary, may be frozen into a delicious dessert.

Many such combination will suggest themselves to the thinking, saving woman. Scraps left from frying green fat, if put through the meat grinder may be added to cornmeal mush, and this is scrapple, and makes a highly nutritious dish.

Mince meat is a splendid recipe for saving little bits of preserves, orange marmalade and such fruit, added to the mince meat, they make a vast improvement.

Oatmeal, rice and farina when added to griddle cakes and gems or added to the plain dough.

Pieces of beef steak cut in small pieces and onion added, with water, make an acceptable stew, which may be placed out with dumplings and be sufficient for the main dish of a meal.

It is the wise housewife who watches for the little wastes, and is able to make good things out of food that others throw away.

CAKE MAKING.

The making of cakes as well as the making of bread has passed through a period of evolution. For the busy housewife who finds it necessary to do the bulk of the work and in most cases all of the household work, besides sewing, it seems expedient that she use the utmost economy of effort in accomplishing her duties. The process of cake making has become one of much time. During recent years of experiment in our cooking school laboratories, we find that good cake, as good as the old method, may be made with much less expense of time, and materials. When butter is 40 cents a pound it is some comfort to know by actual test that we may have cake on our tables without mortgaging the farm. Except when used warm, cakes that are shortened with lard, snowdrift of other pure and odorless fats cannot be told from those made with butter. It is always necessary to remember that the required amount of salt should be used, otherwise the taste of the cake will be flat, stale and unprofitable.

The amount of shortening to be used depends upon the cake, a half to three-quarters of a cup is sufficient. When using butter the old method was first to give the butter a good creaming until soft and waxy the add the sugar gradually, a process exceedingly slow. Now the up-to-date cook when it is extravagant enough to use butter warms it by gentle heat until it is melted, then adds powdered sugar which costs just a cent more for a cake, and she has a cake which should be compared favorably with any creamed butter cake. The fact that the butter can be melted and the sugar added saves much time in the making.

A portion of cake in a serving is equal to a glass and a half of milk or three eggs in food value, so that cake is not entirely a food accessory, but a real food in the menu.

In melting butter for cake use should be taken that it does not get too hot as butter fat decomposes when heated and is thus less digestible.

Nellie Maxwell

Devotion. "When the doctor called to see the baby, its mother, says the Baltimore Telegram informed him that the medicine left for the infant the day before was all gone.

"Impossible!" declared the surprised physician. "I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour."

"Yes, but John and mother and I and the nurse have each had to take a teaspoonful, too, in order to get baby to take it."

When He Quit.

"Somebody really ought to get out the society vote." "I once tried to campaign among the Four Hundred, but I heard one woman tell her maid not to let any strange politicians kiss Pido, and then I quit."

In Praise of Frugality. "Men know not how great a reversal frugality is."—Cicero.