CARNEGIE'S MIVAL

"He's a regular philanthro-what

"Why, in de last week he's give

way two dozen 'Deadwood Dick' an

TWO CURES OF ECZEMA

"In 1884 my grandson, a babe, had

an attack of eczema, and after trying

the doctors to the extent of heavy bills

and an increase of the disease and suf-

fering, I recommended Cuticura and in a few weeks the child was well. He

is to-day a strong man and absolutely free from the disease. A few years

ago I contracted eczema, and became an intense sufferer. A whole winter

passed without once having on shoes, nearly from the knees to the toes be-

ing covered with virulent sores. I tried

many doctors to no purpose. Then I

procured the Cuticura Remedies and

A Mere Fad.

to a member of the famous Bible class

may be carried to extremes-may be made a mere fad of," said Mr. Rocke-

When, at noon, the farmer lunched

under a tree he gave his mare a feed

from a nosebag. The hen, set on the ground, ate all that the horse spilled

from the bag, and thus there was no

Couldn't Fool Him. A custom house clerk, who, prior

to his entry into Uncle Sam's service, was a schoolteacher "a good many

years yet," as he proudly informs his

associates, was standing on the corner

of Fifth and Chestnut streets one cold

day last winter, deeply engrossed in

studying a legend which appeared on a dairy man's wagon, as follows:

"Pasteurized milk," etc. His face wore a puzzled expression,

but finally betraving evidence of dawn-

ing intelligence he remarked to a by-

men a-gettin' to be just as deceitful as anything! Pasturized milk, eh? But they can't fool me, 'cause I lived

in the country, and know you can't pasture cows in winter."

A Man's Tact.

Nobody but Mr. Henley would have asked such a question in the first

could make yourself over what kind

"If I could make myself over," said Miss Fairley, "I would look just ex-

place. "Miss Fairley," he said, "if

of hair and eyes would you have?"

"Ain't these here Philadelphia milk-

"But economy, like everything else,

about economy.

feller

waste."

stander:

Torments with It-Owe Recovery to Cuticura.

do you call it?" "Wot's he did?"

Suffered

dozen 'Nickel' libraries!"



The wiseacres of the neighborhood were discussing the question of common sense, sitting about the blacksmith shop, waiting for their horses to be shod, when a silence that had suddenly fallen warned old Limuel say something.

horse sense is of so rare a quality that It is pearly always taken for genius, and repeat every word of it, but he All that most any man needs is a didn't have ability enough of his own little jedgment, the very governor on to write a notice and tack it on a tree the machinery of this life; and bein' so needful it is what we seem to be sale. He was like a blanket that is a thing isn't much more inportant him any more moisture than fell on than knowin' what not to do. Knowin' him. Yes, sir, common sense is mighty when to do it is real genius. If nigh everything. And when it rises you cut your wheat before it's ripe into a sort of enthusiasm it is inspirayou get sappy straw for your labor. tion. Sometimes ignorance takes fire If you wait too long you get but dry Jedgment comes from experistraw. ence, and common sense is the wis-dom beat into the heads of men that have gone before."

'You leave out education," spoke up a schoolmaster.

"Oh, no, I don't, for education is the experience of the mind. It goes back beyond all books, and the first book must have been written out of experience. But to read of the common sense of the other men don't always give us common sense of our own. In my house is a book written by a man named Kant; he calls it the 'Critique of Pure Reason.' Well, since I have more or less let up on hard work I've given a good deal of attention to the forward and I tried it backward, up to throw it away and eat a boiled dineat, but all the time I was thinkin' about that thing all set out there in words plain enough, but what didn't appear to have any meanin'. After dinner I took it up again and fought with it, holdin' it this way and that, up and down, in the sun at the window and in the shade; but I'll be hanged if I could get at the juice of it. Finally, however, I struck one thing that paid me for all my trouble, and it was this, as near as I can remember it: "A man may read all books and understand them, and he sity." be able to speak all languages, and yet all this cannot atone for a lack of what we know as mother wit. Mother wit-horse sense-you understand.

"But how are we to get or rather I should say, after maturer consideration, how are we to proceed toward the acquirement of that quality denominated by the great German phil- but it would enable us better to enschoolmaster, and old Lim replied: Neve in this fool idea that ignorance

ive been

"I'll be blowed if I know." "Then education is veeless," said the

schoolmaster. no, but sometimes it does "Oh, seem like an experiment. There are two sorts of education, you know-Jucklin that it was time for him to one of memory only and one that "Yes," he remarked, "good, hard self. I knew a feller that could hear a sermon once and could come away announcin' that he had a mule for most lackin' in. To know how to do rained on. You couldn't wring out of and in its light we see beautiful pic-tures. If the man is altogether unlettered we call him crazy. But if he can write he may prove to be a genius. It is a sudden lurch of common sense, an overbalancin', as it were.'

"Then you call genius insanity,' said the schoolmaster.

"No, not that, but it is a sort of passion that don't halt to reason by slow means, but that sees all reason in one flash. Now there was Shakes-

peare-" "Written by Bacon; but proceed," broke in the schoolmaster.

"I don't care if it was written by ham, lard or soap grease, its senten-ces are staked off with stars, snatched out of the sky on a June night. It books that fortune and a little lookin' took the world several hundred years around have thrown in my way, but this here one stumped me. I read it train nor these pantin' wagons that, bull-eyed, plunge across the country and down, and it seemed like I wa'n't has of stripped that book yet. And soin' to get a thing out of it. My wife, what it? A torch held high by com-seein' how I was bothered, begged me mor sense. A lantern ray flung into the black face of human nature. Up ner that she put on the table. I did shows a grim countenance, and then we wonder how a man could have been so smart. Of course, the man wrote that book had to have that words, but common sense finds all the words that are needful to its purposes, all the words there is if there should be a demand for them, and then make a few."

The schoolmaster shook his head. "Those immortal plays were written by a man of the world, and a world man, of that day, could have come from no place other than a univer-"That's all right and it may be true,

but the university is a premium put on common sense. It's a flower bloomin' on the top of the buildin'. And I believe that it would be better for every man and every woman to go through a university. It is the warehouse of the ages. It might not teach us how to make a better livin',

what the sayin' is, where ignorance is bliss, and so on, but the world got it wrong and thought it was a plea for ignorance. And neither do I think that a little learnin' is as dangerous as much ignorance. If a man's gc. little the chances are that he'll get

more. If we've got mother wit, and it has come out of nature, let us thank nature for it and try to improve it. But trace it on back and mebby you'll find that it comes from some care that our forefathers took of themselves. One of these days we'll be forefathers, and right here, I want to say, rests somethin' of a responsibility. Let us all try to light up the future with common sense."

Old man Brizintine said that he was willing. He was sure that he was indebted to his forefathers. His great grandfather had been noted as the best horse trader in the state, he added. "if it hadn't been for him I might not have been such a good judge of a colt." "Yes, might not have been here at

Limuel spoke up. "But, not all " wishin' to do the old man an injustice. I may remark that horse sense don't particularly lend itself to horse swap-

Brizintine had begun to swell with a resentful reply when the schoolmas ter spoke. "But giving genius the place of high common sense, undergoing, I might say, some of its own and peculiar evolutions, don't you believe that it sometimes goes through this world unappreciated?"

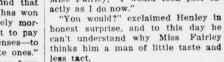
"Well. I have heard folks say that they wan't taken at their worth. I some that haven't been know taken at their word. Recollect old Gabner Hightower, over on the creek? He had a son that was a born genius. His name was Elihu and he booked it all right. They didn't want him to soil his hands for fear that it might smirch his genius. His mother wanted him for the church because he wan't strong in body, and his dad wanted him for the law, because his habit of silence would prove him a good edge. In the meantime Jim, Elihu's brother, worked in the field. Well, they first tried the pulpit and then they tried the law, but Elihu had too much genius for either one. Then they thought he was designed by nature to write hymns, and he tried his hand at it, but failed. They tried many things before they found out what he had a genius for."

"And what was it?" the schoolmaster inquired.

"Well, nothin' but for just lookin' like a genius. And Jim, his brother, invented an evaporator for makin' sorghum molasses and now owns about a third of the county. Yes, sir, hoss sense.

(Copyright, by Opie Read.)

There came a day in my own life when I gave up all thought of being president. I said to myself: "It will be hard work to get the attention of the public in this thing. Many will not know who I am or where I came from, and perhaps if I do get the nomination on the independent prohibition or labor ticket I will wake up the day after election and find that some totally different person has won the prize, and I'll be extremely mortified and absolutely put to it to pay my legitimate election expenses—to say nothing of the illegitimate ones." So I put this possible honor from mation of the say, my boy, it's a lottery, and this me. Heavens! it wasn't that I did United States country of ours is opposed to lotter. not appreciate the honor. A man has



DIFFERENT NOW

Athlete Finds Better Training Food.

HADN'T WALKED ALL THE WAY.

Prisoner at Least Had Change While Crossing River.

"Down in Alabama," said John D. Fearhake, "there's a deputy marshal who doesn't let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. Term of court was about to begin at one time, and a gentleman who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. Deputy Jim went after him. Next day he telegraphed the judge: 'I have persuaded him to come.' A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading his prisoner, tied up snugly with a clothes line. The prisoner looked as if he had seen hard service.

"Why, for heaven's sake, Jim,' said the judge, 'you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia, did you?"

"'No, sir,' said Jim. "'I hoped not,' said the judge. "'No,' said Jim, 'part of the way 1 drug him, and when we come to the Tallapoosa river, he swum.'"-Wom-

Baby Had Severe Attack-Grandfather an's Home Journal. NOT EVE'S FAULT THAT TIME.

> Childish Realism Instilled Into Story of Garden of Eden.

Realism rules the nursery. A cer-tain Philadelphia matron, who had taken pains to inculcate Biblical stories as well as ethical truths in her three children, heard, the other day, long drawn howls of rage and grief filtering down from the playroom. Up two flights she hurried, to find on the floor Jack and Ethel, voices uplifted. Thomas, aged nine, sat perched upon the table, his mouth full and his eyes guilty.

ound immediate improvement and "Whatever is the matter?" asked finalcure. M. W. LaRue, 845 Seventh St., mamma. Louisville, Ky., Apr. 23 and May 14. '07.'

"Bo-o-o!" came from Ethel; "we were playing Garden of Eden. Bo-o-o!" "But what is there to cry about?" John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was talking

Then Jack, with furious finger pointing at Tom, ejaculated through his tears: "God's eat the apple!"—Bohemian Magazine.

A Sure Remedy.

A young man who experienced much trouble in managing a head of "There is a farmer out near Cleveland who makes a fad of economy. Every time he drives into town he hair which manifested an unpleasant inclination to stand on end, wrote to Every time he drives into town he carries a hen with him tied to the seat of his buggy. "A friend rode with him one day and found out the use of the hen. a weekly paper for a plan by which his troubles would be at least lessened.

He was given the following recipe: "One part molasses, three parts beeswax, four parts india rubber, four parts glue, 12 raw eggs; boil on a slow fire for two hours and 15 min-utes, and while cooling stir in enough cod liver oil to make the mixture slab and good. Apply hot, and while gradually cooling pass a lawn mower back and forth over the head."

Unpoetic Feet.

He didn't take it.

Josselyn was feeling blue. He had come home from his visit to a New York manager with his drama-"in rimed hexameters or something like that," in his wife's phrase-under his arm.

As he sat gloomily turning the pages of his rejected manuscript, his wife fixed her eyes on him somewhat critically. He looked disheveled and untidy as well as dejected, and she could not help noticing it. But she was ready to do the wifely part and encourage him to fresh efforts.

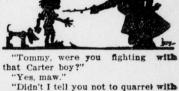
"If only you would pull up your socks a bit," she said, "you might easily make a hit."-Youth's Companton.

The Expensive Part.

"Does it cost much to live in the city?" asked the old lady from the small village.

"O, no," replied her city nephew, "It doesn't cost any more to live in the city than it does in the country, but it costs three times as much to keep up appearances."-Chicago News.

The Mean Thing. She (eyeing the refreshment booth) -Dearest, while we are waiting for the train, don't you think it would be a good idea to take something?



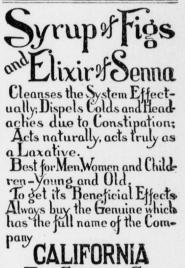
CAN'T BLAME TOMMY MUCH

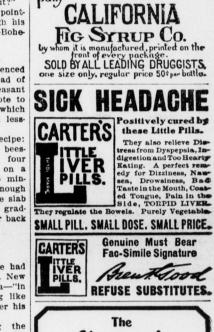
anyone?" "Yes, maw: but I thought all bets were off since you quit speaking to the Carter boy's maw.

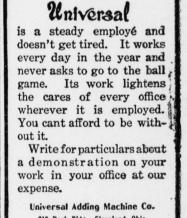
Opposites Cause and Effect. "They say that there is more crime committed in hot weather."

"Yes; heat seems to conduce to wickedness."

"Now that's strange, that a close atmosphere should cause loose principles."







210 Park Bldg., Cleveland, Ohie 3898 La Clede Avenue, St. Louis



7



somewhere back les-officially. in the century be-"Emerson," I would say, continuing of his fellow citizens, many of them fore the last, only the conversation—for you to under unable to read or write or think, elect 26 Americans stand that this is a hypothetical case him to the proudest position in the have become pres-ident—and not \mathbf{a} and that therefore the boy has got to ident—and not \mathbf{a} stand still and listen—"Emerson said, whole thing pro and con and then I 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' but you said, deliberately and firmly: "No, may make a mistake and hitch it to sir, I am going to lead Wagner's single foreigner. Doesn't this fact may make a mistake and hitch it to sir, I put parents and a comet and then, where is your wagon? simple life. I'm going to get simpler teachers in rath. "There are plenty of likelier horses, and simpler and perhaps I'll die coner an unenviable my son, and in these days of auto-tented." position as re-gards sincerity? wagon to anything. Just make up your position

And there's Andrew John-

and

By Charles Battell Loomis

OME one with a the former cowboy and literary man

taste for figures the hero of thousands of young men, was telling me is president of this mighty people and

the other day might be yet again if he were to al-that since the for-low his name to be used?' But, as I

Here we have to- mind where you want to go, be sure day at least ten you have motive power enough to get million innocent there, and then turn on the current.

children in this broad land of ours, and nearly every mind once and for all." one of them has been told that he has The presidency-I am not talking a chance to become president if he to my son now, but just to you, dear his book and be a reader-the son escaped after all, hywill only regard wrong.

For my part, I think we ought to lent to a life sentence. Few there be take our children aside and tell them who survive its term of office many take our children aside and tell them who survive its term of once many preserve ago if I had said frankly that they have mighty little years. There have been solid exceptions and that many people would have frothed that many people would have frothed that many people would have frothed and have passed through four years at the mouth. Many people still froth is aproposed to the mouth of the mouth of the froth is aproposed to the mouth of the mouth of the froth is aproposed to the mouth of the froth is aproposed to the mouth of the m burning the midnight oil and his of hand-shaking and politician-shaking at the mouth, but the froth is apropos brain as well—for there's much con-sumption of brain as there is of mid-his couch around him as Bryant did ot that—froth. night oil in these nocturnal studyings the age of 19. Bryant lived for some --think of his pushing on in every 70 years after, but no former president state in the union hoping for the ever did. Not one. -think of his pushing on in every the next 50 years we can't expect to never became president. There's Bryput more than five of the children of ant who could and who did write to-day into the great position. "Thanatopsis" at the age of 19 and

For my part I'd say to my child: "Rollo, there's the presidency. It's a United States who ever wrote it, and lottery. No man ever knew from the he never became president, never in beginning that he was going to get it. his life. Washington was real surprised, Hayes son, who at the same age could neith-had his doubts even after election day, or read nor write, and he became preshad his doubts even after election day, and Roosevelt often goes off by himident. Of course it's a lottery. uelf and says, 'Is it really possible that I'm opposed to lotteries on principle.

Look at Horace Greeley. He was not content to be the Nestor of American journalism; he must try to be president. Said he'd rather be president than write.

The result was too lamentable est about. I was a mere boy at the time, but it saved me from the presidency. It was the turning of the ways Like Rutherford B. Hayes, I went into the egg business; but unlike himor maybe it would be more accurate

to say that like him-I never was of other matters. Significant name

No. fellow countrymen, let us be contented. It is not likely that over 20, at the outside, of those Americans who are now living will ever add ins. ter to the presidential chairsit in it. Let the rest of us go about our business with contentment, and every four years let us elevate one of the 20 with a good grace, and for four years thereafter let every man mind his own business-and see that he has a business to mind-and this country will stride forward as it has not yet stridden-or is it strode? (Copyright, by James Pott & Ca.)

It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, and cut the meat down to a small portion once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Mich. an, "having become interested in in athletics. I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food.

"I got some Grape-Nuts, and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track, I felt more lively and active. "Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee, and the way gained muscle and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 On the opening of the football lbs season in Sept., I weighed 140. I at. tribute my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts.

"Before I used Grane-Nuts I never felt right in the morning-always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human Interest.

He-Yes, darling; and since it is such a beautiful moonlight night, let's take a walk.

Try Murine Eye Remedy For Red. Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Murine Doesn't Smart-Soothes Eye Pain. All Druggists Sell Murine at 50cts. The 48 Page Book in each Pkg. is worth Dollars in every home. Ask your Druggist. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

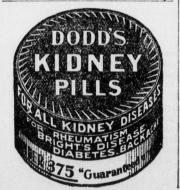
Comfort in That. "I see there's a new weather prophet out west who declares all the rivers in the country will dry up in time "Well, so will he, thank goodness."

Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup. fidren teething, softens the guns, redu ation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a

The prettiest flowers are not necessarily the most fragrant.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease Curestired, aching, sweating feet. 25c. Trial package free. A.S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

The romance of a spinster is apt to be one sided.

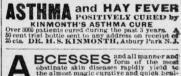






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A. N. K.-C (1908-29)