

Libby's SOUPS

Tomato Chicken Vegetable

and ten other kinds. Delightful natural flavor and made from the very best materials, with the care of experienced chefs, in the great White Enamelled Kitchens.

Libby's Soups are ready for immediate use by adding an equal portion of hot water.

Ask your grocer for Libby's Soups

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

While a Baltimore society girl was making a speech on woman suffrage her hair caught fire. Hot-headed people, those suffragists.—Washington Times.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 23c a bottle.

Best Sleeping Hours.
The first sleep is said to be the soundest—after the first hour the intensity of sleep slowly diminishes—hence the value of 4 winks after dinner in quickly recuperating shattered powers. Temperature and vitality are lowest at about 2 a. m., so that two hours' sleep before midnight are worth four thereafter. Nature has no rule as to the amount of sleep it requires, except that men can get along with less than women. Women are the more sensitive creatures of the two, and a woman's heart beats five times oftener per minute than a man's. Our sleep should be just so long that when we wake in the morning a stretch and a yawn only are necessary to land us in a daytime of bounding vigor. As early rising, it is comforting to come from an eminent physician that his habit has gone far to wreck the constitution of many a growing youth.—Washington Herald.

More than three million pairs of blankets are woven in the United Kingdom annually.

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Hudson, Ohio.—"If mothers realized the good your remedies would do delicate girls I believe there would be fewer weak and ailing women. Irregular and painful periods and such troubles would be relieved at once in many cases. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is fine for ailing girls and run-down women. Their delicate organs need a tonic and the Compound gives new ambition and life from the first dose."—Mrs. GEORGE STRICKLER, Hudson, Ohio, R. No. 5, Box 32.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This.
Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.
If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Many a headstrong man is weak minded.
No, Cordelia, rain checks never check the rain.
Flytime is responsible for a good many elopements.
And much is done in the name of charity—also many.
He is a cheap man who lets his actions give him away.
Woman is a thing of beauty and an expensive joy forever.
Doesn't a chicken fight come under the head of fowl play.
A man always tries to conceal his virtues under his virtues.
The smaller the man the bigger the horn he tries to blow.
The proper place for low-cut gowns is on the bargain counter.
He's a poor house painter, who is unable to put on a good front.
Some people try to demonstrate their intelligence by finding fault.
Make your own footprints instead of following in the other fellow's.
A fool and his money are seldom parted by the same method twice.
Money is about the only thing that can get tight without taking a drink.
Men love goodness, but marry beauty—and the divorce mill continues to grind overtime.
Women like to do things out of the ordinary, but they never hold their tongues for that reason.
Even the girl who gets angry because a young man tries to kiss her can't help but admire his excellent taste.
Pessimists tell us the world isn't growing better—even though the "coon song" craze has bumped the bumps.—From "Pointed Paragraphs" in the Chicago News.

WOMEN OF BURMA.

Gentler Sex in That Land Enjoys General Freedom.
For woman Burma is a veritable heaven on earth. No country elsewhere furnishes her more freedom, more opportunity. Even occidental countries cannot vie with Burma in this respect. Mrs. Burnman outshines everybody and everything. Moreover, she is ubiquitous. You find her here, there and everywhere. You stop at the jewelry store containing millions of dollars' worth of pearls and rubies and precious stones, and the person in charge of the establishment is a woman. The salespeople are also women. You go to a fruit stall and it is a woman who owns and conducts it, and sells you a banana or a mango.
At railroad stations a Burmese woman sells you the tickets, and a fair daughter of the land is ready to take your dictation and do your typewriting if you are looking for an amanuensis. The Burmese woman is not only an efficient business woman, but a good mother. Her duties as mother and merchant do not interfere with each other in the slightest degree. Added to her superior intelligence, the Burmese woman has good looks. She has eyes of a deep, liquid black or brown bordering on black. The forehead is usually high and well filled out, and there is a purity of expression about the face. Her head is oval and shapely, this effect being heightened by the manner in which she dresses her hair in a big knot on top of her head. Her dress is white, with a tight-fitting jacket, with large sleeves; the lower part of the body is covered by a single bright silk petticoat, which also is tight-fitting and displays the figure like a modern sheath skirt. The woman of Burma is cautious about wearing jewelry. If she wears any at all it must be of gold. She powders her face sparingly and adorns her hair with a few flowers, usually artificial ones.—Southern Workman.

Chivalry in Georgia.

A placard in an Atlanta office building's elevator says that men passengers (in the elevator) need not pull off their hats because women are present. "Men of Atlanta," shouts the Georgian, in holy terror, "shall a foolish placard sound the death knell of a custom which has been for three full centuries one of the distinguishing traits of the gentle South?" We fear that undue excitement has got the Georgian a little mixed as to facts. We do not believe that it has been the custom in the South "for three full centuries" for men to pull off their hats in elevators when women are present. "Three full centuries" would take us back to the year 1610, and we are satisfied that at that time no man, in the South or elsewhere, ever took off his hat in an elevator.

We'll go further and risk the assertion that George Washington himself never took off his hat in an elevator, because there were women passengers, and he was certainly a typical Southern gentleman.

We might venture to risk deducting two full centuries from the Georgian's figures and assert that even at that time it was not the custom of Southern gentlemen to uncover their heads in elevators, for the very simple and sufficient reason that there were no elevators. "Atlanta sets the pace for the South," says the Georgian. If that were true, one might well say, "God help the South!"

Atlanta is the least Southern city in the South. It has less of Southern manners and customs and courtesy than any of its neighbors. No Southern city takes its manners from Atlanta. Each of them has just as good manners of its own.—Savannah News.

OIL DISTRIBUTION AN EXACT SCIENCE

Fully a Million Dollars a Week in Foreign Gold Comes to This Country to Pay For Standard's Product That is Peddled to the Doors of Hut and Palace, According to the Rockefeller Plan of International Barter.

This Rockefeller Foundation, to make a story of it, is in reality just this—it is the dream of a poor boy come true. It is the happy ending of an American novel of real life. It is the climax of one of the most dramatic and impressive careers that this country, or any other, has ever known.
The dream—or the novel or drama, whichever you like—began more than half a century ago. It began in a shabby little boarding house in Cleveland, in the brain of a lad of eighteen who was clerking for a shipping and real estate company. There were at that time about a million other American boys of the same age, and not many of them had received fewer privileges than this one. He had been educated partly in the public schools, but mainly at home, by his mother and father. His pay, at this time, was sixty cents a day. His hours of labor were from breakfast until bedtime. For his room and meals he was paying \$1 a week, so that his net income—the basis of his dream of fortune and philanthropy—was not more than \$135 a year.

Even at this time, and with this income, he built a tiny little foundation of his own. Out of the sixty cents a day, he set aside a few pennies for the church, or for some hungry family, or to drop into some hat that was passed around in the office.
The notebook in which these little philanthropic entries were made is still in existence. It is known by the name of "Ledger A" in the Rockefeller family. It is a completely worn out little notebook, with broken cover and tattered pages of faded writing, but it is one of the most precious treasures in the Rockefeller vaults. It has more than a personal interest now. It has suddenly become historic, because it records the origin of "the most comprehensive scheme of benevolence in the whole history of humanity."

The managerial instinct was so strong in this boy that he was not satisfied with merely paying his share into the contribution boxes. By the time he was nineteen he had risen into an organizer of benevolence. He was a member of a mission church, which was fast breaking down under the weight of a \$2000 mortgage. This sixty-cent-a-day youth undertook to collect the money, and he did it.

"That was a proud day," he said in later years, "when the last dollar was collected."
Little as he knew it, the boy was then at work upon the fulfillment of his dream to become perhaps the greatest getter, and the greatest giver, of his generation.

Later, when he became a prosperous man of business and large affairs, he still retained the habit of organizing his giving as well as his getting. He even went so far as to organize his family into a sort of foundation. At the breakfast table he would distribute the various appeals for help among his children, requesting them to investigate each case and make a report to him on the following day. In this way his children, and especially his son and namesake, who is destined to distribute the revenue of the Rockefeller fortune, received a Spartan training in "the difficult art of giving."

The whole bent of the Rockefeller mind seems to have been inclined from the first toward the working out of this problem of distribution. The business of the Standard Oil Company itself is much more a matter of distribution than of production. It was unquestionably the first company that undertook to sell its product directly to the users on a worldwide scale. For the most part, it delivers its oil, not to wholesalers and middlemen, but to the family that burns it, whether it be in the United States or in the uttermost parts of the earth. It has, for instance, no fewer than 3000 tank wagons traveling from door to door in the twenty countries of Europe, selling pints and quarts of liquid light to whosoever demands it. Fully \$1,000,000 a week, in foreign gold or its equivalent, comes to this country to pay for the oil that is peddled to the doors of hut and palace, according to the Rockefeller plan of international distribution.

Consequently, both by natural aptitude and business experience, Mr. Rockefeller was well prepared to work out the problem of distributing the surplus money of the rich in a systematic and efficient manner. His new foundation is no afterthought. It is no sudden change of mind or change of heart. It is the natural result of fifty years of experience and experiment. What he began to do as a poor boy in a Cleveland boarding house, he is now about to complete on an international scale—that is the explanation of the new plan that has excited so much comment and so much curiosity.

A Sure Shot at Livers.
"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.
"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Revolutionary War.
As time goes on it becomes, more and more apparent that the American Revolution was a great mistake both from a legal and an ethical standpoint. We belonged to England just as fairly and squarely as anything—just as fairly as we now belong to the trusts, or as fairly as the Philippines belong to us. England was in the business of owning us and making us pay for the privilege. We had no right to interfere. Many a widow and orphan had an interest in us. It may not be too late to make restitution.—Puck.

MEESTER MARKA TWAIN.

Dey say eet was hees job for Jocko An' poka fun at seempia folk. I don'ta ondrastan'. I neva read w'at's een hees book; I only see da way hee look—I only know da man.
An' evra time hee passa by I show to me so kinda eye Eees beautiful to see; For dough I'm domba Dago man, So strange, so queer, een deesa lan', He neva laugh at me.
And dey dat say hee only joke An' make fun weeth seempia folk Eees mebbe so dey lie. Ees mebbe so dey no could see How moecha sweeta charity Ees smile from hees eye.
An' now dat hee ees gon' an' change For 'nudder land dat eesa strange To heem as eet can be. I can baylieve dey dese are kind To heem, poor stranger, as I find Dat here hee was to me.
—T. A. Daly, in The Catholic Standard and Times.

SHEAR NONSENSE!

"Do you eat onions?"
"Only in self-defence. My wife is very fond of them."—Detroit Free Press.
"Scribble has started to writing poetry." "He ought to take something for it." "He would, but nothing's offered."—Birmingham Age-Herald.
"Please take a chance? We're getting up a raffle for a poor old lady." "Excuse me. Have you any chances on some rich young ones?"—Cleveland Leader.
"Ma, what is self-abnegation?" "It is when you see something you don't need that is marked down, and you don't buy it, my dear."—Chicago Record-Herald.
"The Grovers have lost their cook." "What was the matter?" "Grover listed himself as the head of the family when the census man was there."—Chicago Record-Herald.
"I shall never marry!" said the girl in blue with decision.
"Oh, my dear," replied the girl in gray, "you are really not so bad looking as all that!"—Home Notes.
"You say she is no longer editor of the Women's Corner?" "No. She wrote so many articles on how to make over last year's hats that her readers began to suspect she was a man."—Puck.
"Poetry," said the literary girl, "is the art of expressing intense feeling in figurative speech." "In that case," replied Miss Cayenne, "the man who writes baseball news is sure a poet."—Washington Star.
"Did they do anything to make the family and neighborhood safe after your daughter had the diphtheria?" "Oh, law, yes'm. The doctors came and we had the house variegated."—Baltimore American.
The Widow—Oh, sir! My poor husband has died, and I've chosen you to officiate at his funeral." The Preacher—But, madam, I never knew your husband. The Widow—That's why I chose you.—Cleveland Leader.
Shopman—Whose badge is that you're wearing, missy? Missy—It's Hoskins's. He's up for the election for the District Council. Shopman—But it's the wrong man. Missy—Yes, I know; but it's father's.—Punch.
First Horseman (bringing up the rear of a large field)—I thought you were going to make the pace for us? Second Horseman—No fear, old chap! If one of that crowd in front comes down, I'd rather be on top than at the bottom, thank you.—Punch.
"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you're thinkin' right now that I'll chop some wood or cut de grass you'll give me some lunch." "Correct! You can go right to work." "Oh, I ain't choppin' or cuttin'." I'm a mind reader an' was practisin' a little."—Washington Star.
"What I want," said the man who was looking for a home, "is a place with a fine view."
"Well," replied the real estate agent, "I've got what you want. But it'll cost you several thousand dollars extra."
"You're sure the view is all right?"
"Couldn't be better. By climbing on the roof you can see the baseball games."—Washington Star.
Their Joint Knowledge—Freshley—In the class this morning the professor of English literature said something about Beaumont and Fletcher. I know who Beaumont is, of course; he's the new outfielder for the Cubs. But who the Saf Hill is Fletcher? The Other—Why, you bonehead, he's the guy that says you must chew your victuals 136 times before you swallow 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

Morse Worth Only \$1,000.
Justice Blanchard, of the Supreme Court, in New York City, has appointed Frank Hendrick as receiver of all the property of Charles W. Morse, who is serving a fifteen-year sentence in the federal prison at Atlanta. According to the application to the court, the property of Morse, whose fortune was once estimated at \$22,000,000, now amounts to \$1,000, and the receiver's bond was fixed at the latter amount.
The application for the receivership W. Houck, a creditor, to collect a judgment for \$28,525 obtained against Morse in the Supreme Court in December, 1908. A sheriff's execution against Morse's property on Houck's judgment was returned unsatisfied last December.
The house at No. 835 Fifth avenue, formerly owned by Morse, was damaged by fire recently to the extent of \$5,000. Two weeks ago it passed into the hands of John Huber, at No. 2 West 70th street. It was in charge of a caretaker.

A Poor Weak Woman

As she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.
Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most experienced medical advice free of charge and in absolute confidence and privacy by writing to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.
The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak and delicate women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.
IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG.
SICK WOMEN WELL.
The many and varied symptoms of woman's peculiar ailments are fully set forth in Plain English in the People's Medical Adviser (1008 pages), a newly revised and up-to-date Edition of which, cloth-bound, will be mailed free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only. Address as above.

Cool Kitchen—Perfect Cooking



The housewife with years of experience—the woman who knows how to cook—finds, after practical tests and hard trials, the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is her idea of what a good cook-stove really ought to be.
She finds it requires less attention, costs less to operate, and cooks all food better than any other stove she has ever tried.
She finds the New Perfection oven bakes and roasts perfectly. The

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. There are drop shelves for coffee pot or saucepans, and nickled towel racks. It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.
CAUTIONARY NOTE: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the
The Atlantic Refining Company
(Incorporated)

MAPLEINE

Standing Room Only.
A New York woman had her father committed to an insane asylum because he babbled of baseball. If this precedent is to be considered as established every State should begin to enlarge its asylums right away.—Denver Republican.

Ask For Allen's Foot-Ease.
"I tried Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable. I would not be without it now."—W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J. Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

How Blase We Are Now!
Passing through the tail of a comet is nothing when you get used to it.—Chicago Tribune.

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Cysts, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care, Try Murine Eye Salve. Aseptic Tubes, Trial Size, 25c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Great Britain ranks second in the total number of patents issued.



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Made of Steel
For Miners, Quarrymen, Farmers and All Men Who Do Rough Work
Save money. Outwear shoes. Lighter than leather. Easily attached. Support the ankle. Any cobbler can put them on. Your shoe dealer has shoes already fitted with them. Send for booklet that tells all about them.
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DAISY FLY KILLER
placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Not sticky, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Made of metal, cannot rust or warp. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers of pest preparat for 50c.
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Candy tablets, vegetable and mild. Yet just as effective as salts and calomel. Take one when you need it. Stop the trouble promptly. Never wait till night.
Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. Each tablet of the genuine is marked C.C.C.

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Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.
A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c a large box at druggists or by mail.
THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.