

THOUGHT SHE HAD PRACTISED

Frenchman's Suspicious Really Something of a Compliment to the Men of America.

Claude Grahame White, the English aviator, praised, at a dinner in New York, the good fellowship of Americans.

"The American woman is regarded abroad as an angel," he said. "The man is admittedly a good fellow, but an angel he is far from being."

"You've heard of the Frenchman, perhaps, whose sweetheart spent the summer in America? After her return the poor Frenchman seemed quite blue."

"What's the matter with you?" a friend asked.

"I am worried," the other muttered, "about my fiancée. You see, since her return from America she kisses so much better than she used to."

On Authority of Teacher.

A quick-witted boy, asking food at a farmhouse too recently ravaged by other hungry fishing truants, was told that he was big enough to wait until he got home.

"Of course, if you have children with you—" hesitated the kindly woman of the house, and was immediately informed that there were six children in the party.

"No, I don't tell a fib, neither," was the indignant protest later drawn forth by the condemnation of one who had shared the good bread and butter thus secured. "Fib nothin'. We're children six times over. We're children of our father and mother, children of God, children of our country, children of the church an' children of grace. Teacher said so last Thursday, and I guess she ought to know."

Lover's Wedding Cake.

Four pounds of flour of love, half a pound of buttered youth, half a pound of good looks, half a pound of sweet temper, half a pound of self-forgetfulness, half a pound of powdered wits, half an ounce of dry humor, two tablespoonfuls of sweet argument, half a pint of rippling laughter, half a wine-glassful of common sense.

Then put the flour of love, good looks and sweet temper into a well-furnished house. Beat the butter of youth to a cream. Mix together blindness of faults, self-forgetfulness, powdered wits, dry humor into sweet argument, then add them to the above. Pour in gently rippling laughter and common sense. Work it together until all is well mixed, then bake gently forever.

A Complaint.

We're for women, first, last and all the time. We like her beautiful or plain, clever or just ordinary; witty or not; shapely or pudgy, but confound it we do wish that each and every one of them would get over the notion that a man has no right to turn the pages of a newspaper just because he's wedged against her in a street car. We've been frozen by a look, stabbed by a sneer and wounded to the quick by a sigh just because we've tried to read the story continued on page seven, column five, and the thing that hurts the most is that we still think that we had a perfect right to do so.—Detroit Free Press.

A Condition, Not a Theory.

A sociologist in conversation with a practical person from the middle west concerning the labor problem in her part of the country thereby learned the lesson of the situation.

"Are there many men out of work?" he asked.

The lady admitted that there were quite a number.

"What," said he then, "do the unemployed do?"

"Nothing," said the lady. "That's the trouble."—Youth's Companion.

When a woman begins to tell a man how nice looking she thinks he is he immediately develops unlimited faith in her judgment.

STOPPED SHORT

Taking Tonics, and Bullt Up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, at illness in the family," writes a Wisconsin young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day, with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 pounds in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh has changed from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

The ONLOOKER

by WILBUR D. NEBBIT

The ANNUAL PROBLEM



He leaned his head upon his hand And thought with deep dismay About the things that he must get To give on Christmas day. "The cook," he sighed, "must have the beat I know how to select, Or otherwise she'll quit, and then Our household will be wrecked.

"The second girl must have a gift That will delight her heart Or she will frown upon my wife And say that they must part. The man who tends the furnace—he Must be upon the list. Or else some frigid dawn the heat That cheers us will be missed.

"My office boy must have a watch Or a ten dollar bill— If I should fall in this I'd have A vacant place to fill. The janitor, the engineer, The elevator boys Will call for tribute—and I must Add something to their joys.

"The waiter at the club; the chef; The man who brings the milk; The garbage man; the faithful cop, And others of that ilk Must all be borne in mind, so that None may be overlooked." And so the names of each and all With what to give, he booked.

He ran his eyes down the list And found it was complete, And thought about the Christmas bills That would be his to meet. "Alas!" he wailed, "It is too bad!" He shed a bitter tear. "I find I can afford no gifts For wife and children dear!"

Wind.

"Did you ever get any dividends on that tunnel stock you bought of the man who was promoting a scheme to bore a shaft under the river?" asks the mildly interested friend.

"No," explains the other. "That tunnel never was dug."

"O, then it was merely an air shaft—a hot air one, I mean."

Optical Delusion.

"Have you ever noticed how fat women like to go about in crowds?" asks the man with the thoughtful eyes.

"You're mistaken about it; that's all," explains the man with the uncertain whiskers. "When two or three of them get together it just looks like a crowd to you."

Kindly Remembrance.

"Do you suppose Cook and Peary will send Christmas remembrances to each other?" asks the man who is always wondering about the most unexpected things.

"Certainly," replies the man who wants to finish his paper. "I don't know what Peary will send Cook, but I should think Cook would send Peary a set of instructions how to play that old game of Copenhagen."

At the Spring Meeting.

"I am so happy. My husband didn't want me to pay \$200 for a dress, but he has won \$100 on a race this afternoon and says I may have that."

"So you will get the dress?"

"No. I can get a \$300 dress now, you see."

Padding.

"Yes, it is a fairly good poem," says the carping critic, after a hasty perusal of one of Longfellow's efforts. "It is really of merit, but the trouble with it is that it is so greatly padded."

"Padded? Why, it doesn't appear to me to have an unnecessary word in it. I don't see where you could omit a line or a stanza without spoiling the sense of it," replies the other person.

"But can't you see that it is filled out with 'Excelsior'?"

The Back Fugue.

"What is that you are playing?" we ask of our friend, who is pumping his pianola.

"That's a Back fugue," he says. "It doesn't sound much like Bach."

"I didn't say Bach. I said Back."

"Back?"

"Yes, Ba-c-k, Back."

"Never heard of such a—"

"Of course not. It's my own idea. I do it by running a porous plaster through the pianola."

Michael Nesbit

COUNTRY AWAKE TO DANGER

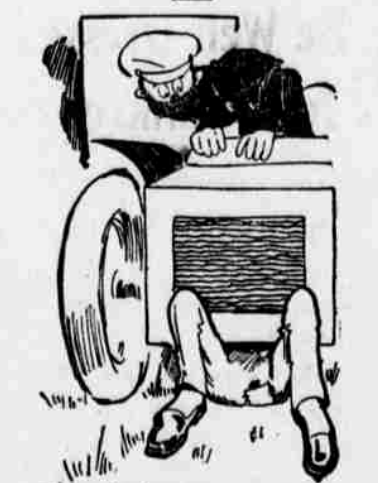
Increase of Sanatoria and Hospitals for Consumptives is Most Gratifying.

The growth of the crusade against tuberculosis in the United States is shown to good advantage in the two directories that have been issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and the one in preparation. The first tuberculosis directory published in 1904, by the tuberculosis committee of the New York Charity Organization Society and the National Association listed 133 sanatoria and hospitals for consumptives in the United States, for some of which preliminary provision only has been made. The combined capacity of these institutions was only 8,000 beds. Thirty-two special dispensaries and thirty-nine anti-tuberculosis organizations summed up practically all of the fighting force enumerated in the first directory. The second directory was prepared by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and published under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation in August, 1908. This directory listed 240 sanatoria and hospitals, an increase of 107 from the former directory; 158 dispensaries, an increase of 126; and 195 associations, an increase of 156. The number of hospital beds listed in 1908 was 14,014.

The new directory that will be issued soon, will list over 400 sanatoria and hospitals with a bed capacity of nearly 25,000; more than 300 special tuberculosis dispensaries; and fully 450 anti-tuberculosis associations and committees. Since the first directory was issued in 1904, the increase in the number of agencies fighting consumption aggregates nearly 500 per cent.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis would like to get in touch with all agencies engaged in the fight against tuberculosis, in order that they may be listed in the new directory.

RATHER FAST.



"What is the fastest run your auto ever made?"

"It ran me \$200 in debt the first week I had it."

SICK, SOUR, UPSET STOMACH

Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn or Dyspepsia Relieved Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

Here is a harmless preparation which surely will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach within five minutes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of Indigestion.

Get from your Pharmacist a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store here in town.

These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure almost any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disorder.

Strong Preaching.

The minister's eight-year-old daughter was returning with her parents from church, where the district superintendent had that morning occupied the pulpit.

"Oh, father," asked the little girl, her face alive with enthusiasm. "Don't you think Brother C. is a very strong preacher? I do."

Gratified by this evidence of unusual intelligence on the part of his offspring, the minister eagerly inquired into her reasons for her statement.

"Oh," replied the little miss, artlessly, "didn't you see how the dust rose when he stamped his feet?"—Judge.

Good Arrangement.

A genial looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked the shopman how much it would cost.

"Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing." "Well, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."

AN AWFUL BLUNDER

BIGLEY'S HASTE TO SAVE HIS SUIT WAS DISASTROUS.

His Wife's Curiosity is Aroused When He Telephones Her Not to Give His Wearing Apparel Away.

"I never did like that suit." Bigley jumped up from the breakfast table with a show of impatience. "I can't help it if you don't," he exclaimed. "I paid \$50 for it, and I can't afford to throw it away."

A pause. "But I'm going to," he added, savagely. "I've suffered enough in it. It is too small, and I simply can't stand it. I put it on this morning for the first time in weeks. But I'll take it off and never wear it again. You can throw it away."

"Well!" cried Mrs. Bigley, "imagine what you would say to me if I should throw away any of my clothes because they didn't turn out well."

"Nonsense! I wouldn't mind a bit. What's the use of making myself uncomfortable? It doesn't pay."

"That's the difference between us. You can afford to make those experiments, but I can't. I'd never hear the last of it."

"I should want you to do just as I am doing. Well, I can't wait to get this off."

He was gone ten minutes. He reappeared in another suit.

"I left it on the chair," he said. "Give it away. Throw it out. I never want to see it again. Goodbye. I've just got time to catch that train."

He kissed her and hurried off.

When he got to the train he suddenly put his hand in his pocket and remembered that he had forgotten his purse, which was in the pocket of the waistcoat he had discarded. Was there time to go back? No. He had enough to get him to his office.

But that \$50. Ah! His wife might give away the suit to some one, and forget to go through it.

He hurried to the phone. She answered almost immediately.

"Say! I've been thinking about that suit. Perhaps you would better not give it away. I may be able to have it altered."

"Did you think—"

"O," carelessly, "I didn't know but some one might come around today. Just hold it till I come home. Put it in a safe place, and I'll see about it."

"All right."

Bigley smiled to himself all the way in. He congratulated himself on his presence of mind. He might have mentioned that \$50, and his wife—?

When he came home that evening he was met in the hall by his wife. She had on her street dress. She had just come in.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "Shopping."

He turned pale.

"What did you get?"

"A lovely cape—for \$50."

"Where did you get the money?"

"Out of your clothes. Do you know, my dear, I shouldn't have thought of looking there if you hadn't telephoned."

—Harper's Weekly.

Shrinking Glaciers.

Scientists aver that, save over a small area, the glaciers of the world are retreating to the mountains, says the Dundee Advertiser. The glacier on Mount Sarmiento, in South America, which descended to the sea when Darwin found it in 1836, is now separated from the shore by a vigorous growth of timber.

The Jacobshaven glacier, in Greenland, has retreated four miles since 1860, and the East Glacier, in Spitzbergen, is more than a mile away from its old terminal moraine. In Scandinavia the snow line is further up the mountains, and the glaciers have withdrawn 8,000 feet from the lowlands in a century. The Arapahoe glacier, in the Rocky mountains, with characteristic American enterprise, has been melting at a rapid rate for several years. In the eastern Alps and one or two other small districts the glaciers are growing. In view of these facts we should not be too skeptical when old men assure us that winters nowadays are not to be compared with the winters of their boyhood.

A Boy's Preference.

Little Roger McBride stood by the highway that led down to Chardon and waited for the big threshing machine to go by. The big thrasher rumbled a good deal and was heavy and unwieldy, and if you got a chance to ride you had to hold on tight.

And while Roger was waiting there in the yellow highway a fine automobile came by and slowed down, and the voice of the rich set man in the world hailed him.

"Don't you want a ride and a handful of candy, little man?" said the voice.

Roger had seen the richest man and knew who he was, and he shyly smiled at the greeting.

"If you please, sir," he answered, "I'd rather ride on the thrasher."

So the richest man laughed and whirled away and the boy waited by the roadside.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Pun From Punch.

No society sanctum in Washington, contemporary tells us, is now complete unless it contains an image of Buddha. The new name for a room furnished in this style is a Budd boir.—Punch.

WOULD BE OF MORE VALUE

Father O'Leary's Facetious Rejoinder to John Philpot Curran an Example of Real Wit.

One day the famous John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honor to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talent, and, as it may easily be imagined, O'Leary versus Curran was no bad match.

One day after dinner Curran said to him: "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter."

"And why, counselor, would you wish that I were St. Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, reverend father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys to heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honor and conscience, counselor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, then I could let you out."

Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it.—From Kelly's Reminiscences.

WHAT?



Weeks—Why are you stopping? You didn't run over that man.

Swiftly—I know it. I just want to see what all the steering gear.

AN INTOLERABLE ITCHING

"Just about two years ago, some form of humor appeared on my scalp. The beginning was a slight itching but it grew steadily worse until, when I combed my hair, the scalp became raw and the ends of the comb-teeth would be wet with blood. Most of the time there was an intolerable itching, in a painful, burning way, very much as a bad, raw burn, if deep, will itch and smart when first beginning to heal. Combing my hair was positive torture. My hair was long and tangled terribly because of the blood and scabs. This continued growing worse and over half my hair fell out. I was in despair, really afraid of becoming totally bald.

"Sometimes the pain was so great that, when partially awake, I would scratch the worst places so that my finger-tips would be bloody. I could not sleep well and, after being asleep a short time, that awful stinging pain would commence and then I would wake up nearly wild with the torture. A neighbor said it must be salt rheum. Having used Cuticura Soap merely as a toilet soap before, I now decided to order a set of the Cuticura Remedies—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills. I used them according to directions for perhaps six weeks, then left off, as the disease seemed to be eradicated, but toward spring, eighteen months ago, there was a slight return of the scalp humor. I commenced the Cuticura treatment at once, so had very little trouble. On my scalp I used about one half a cake of Cuticura Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment in all. The first time I took six or seven bottles of Cuticura Pills and the last time three bottles—neither an expensive or tedious treatment. Since then I have had no scalp trouble of any kind. Standing up, with my hair unbound, it comes to my knees and had it not been for Cuticura I should doubtless be wholly bald.

"This is a voluntary, unolicited testimonial and I take pleasure in writing it, hoping my experience may help someone else. Miss Lillian Brown, R. F. D. 1, Liberty, Me., Oct. 29, 1909."

And many a man's reputation for honesty is due to his having put aside temptations that didn't tempt.

Many a man who put his money in a mine comes out minus.

W. L. DOUGLAS

'3 '3.50 & '34 SHOES FOR MEN BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00, and \$4.00 in the World.

W. L. Douglas \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.

Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other \$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.

CAUTION! Name and price stamped on the bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 285 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

Household Lubricant

THE ALL-AROUND OIL IN THE HANDY, EVER-READY TIN OILER

Is specially selected for any need in the home. Saves tools from rusting. Can not break. Does not gum or become rancid.

MANUFACTURED BY Standard Oil Company (Incorporated) FOR SALE BY ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY (Incorporated)

A Realist on Hope. William Dean Howells, discussing realism at one of his Sunday afternoons in New York, let fall a neat epigram on hope.

"Hope," said the famous novelist, "is not, really, an angel in a diaphanous robe of white, but only the wisp of hay held before a donkey's nose to make him go."

Capacity. Knicker—How many will your motor car hold? Bocker—Five and a cop.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."

Another Operation Avoided. New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. Lily Peyroux, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner. Disturbance cured in a few days.

Question—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine member Signature

Beaumont

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

Constipation

"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascarets, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascarets I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity." B. F. Fisher, Roskoe, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 500

If afflicted with weak eyes, use

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C., Books free. High class references. Best results.