

Former Official Among Them Testifies to Their Possession of Some Fine Qualities.

The father-in-law of 300 Indian children! This is the remarkable task which Dave Guyette, a former Indian, but now a resident of Muskogee, Okla., has faced.

Prior to the granting of statehood to the combined territories of Oklahoma and Indian territory under the name of Oklahoma it was necessary under the law for all minor Indians to have a guardian who could give bond, make contracts, leases, etc.

Mr. Guyette, after failing to obtain a farm at the opening of the Cherokee Outlet, settled at Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation, in 1893. Acting as the fiduciary officer of a trust company, Mr. Guyette was appointed by the federal court the guardian of more than 300 Cherokee children.

Speaking of his experiences in his parental capacity, Mr. Guyette, who is visiting in Des Moines, said: "Until the advent of statehood I was about the busiest individual in these United States. A family of 300 children with their mothers can lead a person a rather strenuous life. I was necessarily often in the homes of these people and must commend one feature of the life of the Indian woman to her white sister, and that is the fact that children are never given corporal punishment.

"I never saw a Cherokee mother strike her child, scold or punish it in any way. She might neglect the child, but she never scolded. She couldn't possibly swear at the child, whatever the provocation, as there are no swear words in the Indian language. Even when they learn English, Indians don't swear."—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Evidently Unused to Traveling. At the Pennsylvania railroad station in Philadelphia a tall, raw-boned youth created considerable merriment. He tried to pass through the gate to reach his train and was stopped and his ticket demanded. It took him some time to search his clothes and find his ticket, but he finally succeeded, while the crowd behind him grew larger and more impatient. When he handed the ticket to the gate keeper he walked away. "Come back and get your ticket!" was shouted. "Oh, I guess I don't want it," he replied. "Yes, you do!" cried the gate keeper. But the youth smiled sheepishly and kept on walking. The crowd had now become interested and joined their voices in an entreaty to return. But he insisted that he didn't really care for the ticket, until two train officials seized him and marched him back to the gate. "Really," he stammered, "I hate to give you all this trouble!"

Increase in Alien Convicts. One prisoner in every four prisoners in the state prisons of New York today is an alien, and the situation has been growing more and more serious for several years past. From 1906 to 1909 the population of these prisons increased 939, and over one-half of the increase were foreign born. Parenthetically it may be stated that Italy contributes 473 of the 1,901 aliens now confined in these prisons.

But this is not the problem of New York state alone. In the 1908 report of the United States commissioner general of immigration it is to be found the interesting fact that in the penal institutions of the United States there were, according to this latest census, 15,323 criminals not naturalized.—Metropolitan Magazine.

The First Threshing Machine. The threshing machine is so familiar a feature of country life that it comes as a surprise to know that the inventor, John R. Mott, who first put the instrument before the world while living on his father's farm near Canton, O., has just died. It was exhibited at various cities in the east and pronounced successful. This emboldened the young inventor to take it over to England, where it was shown at the World's Fair in London in 1851. The queen was much interested in the machine, and requested that the inventor should be presented to her. Success was thereupon assured, and the thrasher soon became the supplier of the old-fashioned mill, which today is almost extinct.

The Result. Gladys Beautiful—We girls of the Lotus coterie discussed Hamlet last night. Maud Brisk—What was the result? Gladys Beautiful—Oh, after a spirited debate lasting an hour and a half, it was unanimously decided that a chaplain is not a necessary adjunct to a motor car.—Puck.

Measuring His Abilities. "Does your husband play cards on a wager?" "For hours at a time," replied the woman with a tired expression. "I fancy he might win something if the game could be played as an endurance test."

College Style. "Sometimes a man has to be sensible in spite of himself." "How now?" "Some of us old-timers haven't enough hair to brush back."

GIRLS WHO WIN

"It isn't so!" declared the man. "You're just saying it to try to get a rise out of me! You really don't believe it!"

"Indeed I do!" asserted the girl in the green foulard gown. "It is, as I say, perfectly true that all a man cares about is being entertained and amused. What difference does it make to him if a girl has a kind heart and is angelic to her mother? All that appeals to him is her ability to make an idle hour pass pleasantly!"

"Do you suppose," she demanded, "that he cares at all if she gives up a bridge party to visit the sick? Is he possessed of passionate admiration for her if she can broil a beefsteak or if she always keeps her clothes mended neatly and the buttons sewed on her shirtwaists? Not he! He would walk straight past her in his eagerness to get to Lottie Giggler under the willow plume hat which shades her sparkling eyes!"

"Fiddlesticks!" scoffed the man. "How absurd! Don't you give me credit for any sense?"

"Not much," admitted the girl, with calm frankness. "If you men had any sense you wouldn't be so taken in as you are nine times out of ten."

"I knew a man once who was perfectly crazy about a girl because she always was in such bubbling good spirits and simply effervesced with fun and life," went on the girl in the green foulard. "So he married her. It took him about a year to discover that Betty had been so carefree because she absolutely refused to be bothered with anything. She kept her good spirits because she shouldered responsibility off on anybody who happened to be handy, and she effervesced because she wasn't capable of a serious thought. It is kind of wearing on a man when he comes home and says that the bank has failed and they are penniless if his wife yawns languidly and says, 'Dear me! Well, let's not think about it. Let's go to the theater and cheer up. And, darling, get box seats, because I like them better!'"

"This man stood it till his wife gave a big card party when he was sick with pneumonia, because she said she positively could not stand the dullness of the house. What did he do? Oh, he just died. Evidently he thought that was the quickest way out."

"All girls who are cheerful and amusing are not heartless," insisted the man. "We men can tell the real thing! We appreciate real worth—"

"Bosh!" interrupted the girl in the green foulard gown shortly. "Excuse my rudeness, but I couldn't help it. Real worth, you know, is terribly trying, because it is generally quiet and serious, and nowadays everybody runs from seriousness. When you are picking out a girl on whom to call you don't choose one because she has collected more money for the heathen than anyone else or can manage a downtown business, do you? I should say not! You run over the list of your acquaintances and murmur, 'Gracie! I'll go see her because she's such a jolly girl and a fellow doesn't have to think! She just rattles on and all I have to do is murmur 'Yes' and 'No' and be comfortable. I'll go and see Gracie!'"

"Meanwhile the young person of sterling worth sits at home alone with a book—which she has bought herself—and if she eats candy it is sure to be fudge that she has made herself, for nobody ever squanders money sending her violet-trimmed boxes of chocolates from the confectionery stores. But I'll warrant that Gracie could build a fair-sized cottage out of her discarded candy boxes!"

"Well, a fellow doesn't like a stick," protested the man. "You are unfair. It quite irritates me! You know it isn't so! Why, just let me tell you—"

"I know precisely what you are going to say," interrupted the girl in the green foulard gown. "You are going to burst into a rhapsody on the intense feeling a man has for the splendid girl who does things, who is capable and sensible and how he always pleks her out to marry! It is awfully funny, but do you know I believe men actually think they do pick out sensible girls to marry. Even when a man is marching down the church aisle with the organ playing Mendelssohn and a girl on his arm who doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain, but whose eyelashes curl in a distracting way! Oh, you can't blame a man for being so foolish. Curling lashes are lots nicer to have than the straight, thin kind."

"If you'll keep still a minute," said the man, "I'll demolish all your arguments and show you that you are entirely wrong and—"

"Don't bother," said the girl in the green foulard gown. "I'm through—I have just demonstrated my point! Here I've kept you chained to my side for a whole three-quarters of an hour when you should have been across the room talking to the guest of honor. She's such a capable girl—she has invented a patent door hinge and has brought up a family of nine brothers and sisters—and I never did anything in my life—except amuse people!"

"You win!" said the man after he had glared at her a minute. "Keep it up! Anyhow, I never was much interested in door hinges!"

The number of wireless stations on the coasts of the maritime nations of the world is placed at 418.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

"Practical" Queries That Puzzled Dad



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Was education more practical a generation ago, or did John's father study his books more thoroughly than John does? John is a seventh grade student in the public schools. He asked his father one day to help him solve the following problem:

A, asked how much money he has in the bank, replied: "If I had \$10 more I would have \$1,000 more than half what I now have." How much money had A?

"Such a fool problem," said the father. "Tell that teacher to ask the cashier. You have been pestering me with problems like that for a week. Suppose your teacher asked you how old you are. Would you tell her?"

"If I were ten times as old as I am, diminished by 42, I would be 30 years older than dad, and if dad were one-fourth as old as he now is he would be my age?"

"What would your teacher do if you answered in such a manner? In my days we had practical problems in our arithmetic."

In order to investigate his father's statement John went to the public library and asked for an old arithmetic. The librarian gave him "Richard's Natural Arithmetic." He turned to the page marked "Practical Exercises" and read:

A puts his whole flock of sheep into three pastures; half go into one pasture, one-third into another and 33 into a third. How many in the flock? "That's queer," said John. "Practical exercises, too. Here is a man who wants to find how many sheep he

has. He counts them so he will know when he has half of them. This half he puts into a pasture. Then he counts out a third and puts it in another pen. Next he counts what's left and finds he has 32. After a little figuring he finds how many in the whole flock. Very practical. I guess dad didn't study that book."

The next book he examined was "Milne's Inductive Arithmetic," edition of 1879. In miscellaneous examples he found the following:

Two ladders will together just reach the top of a building seventy-five feet high. If the shorter ladder is two-thirds the length of the other, what is the length of each?

"Why didn't he measure each ladder separately?" John asked himself. "That problem is not practical. I guess dad is older than I thought. I want an older book."

The text book written in 1868 was handed to him. The book was evidently influenced by the Civil war, for it was filled with problems dealing with battering down fortifications and the sustenance of soldiers. One problem was:

"If twelve pieces of cannon, eighteen pounders, can batter down a fortress in three hours, how long will it take for nineteen twenty-four pounders to batter down the same fortress?"

"That's fine for a general," John reflected, "but dad says that I am going to be a captain of industry."

Another arithmetic of the same date had the famous fish problem, with which John's teacher had troubled him for six weeks before he himself finally explained it to the class. The fish problem is:

"The head of a fish is ten inches long. Its tail is as long as its head and one-half the body. The body is as long as the head and tail both. How long is the fish?"

Very handy problem for a butcher.

Partners for Years But Never Speak



NEW YORK.—In one of the large wholesale houses in this city there are five partners. Two of them have not spoken to each other except over the telephone for twenty years. Their private offices are not more than twenty feet apart and they see each other a score of times a day, but they meet and pass without the slightest sign of recognition. If it becomes necessary in the course of business for them to communicate with each other they do so either by calling a stenographer and dictating a memorandum or else by being connected on the telephone over their private line. They never speak face to face.

A quarter of a century ago these five partners were young men with small capital. All of them had been employes of the same concern, but they had their own ideas and believed in them. So they put their money together and formed a partnership. The new business was successful from the very start. Each man had his own particular branch to look after and

each was a specialist who did his part to perfection. Their separate interests in the firm so interlocked and they worked together so harmoniously that within five years they were on the high road to fortune. It was just at this time that these two partners fell out. It arose from a trifling difference their wives had. Naturally each partner, through loyalty to his spouse, took her side, and the quarrel grew so bitter that it culminated in blows being exchanged. Then they vowed they never would speak to each other again. The other three partners saw that if this course were pursued it would spell ruin. After a lengthy conference, in which the two disputants were called in separately, the proposition was put to them that they should agree to remain with the firm, of which they were essentially important parts, and should hold communication with each other only on business matters and then either in writing or by telephone.

This is the plan that has been followed to this day and is likely to be pursued to the end. When these two enemies talk over the telephone they converse with all the polite amiability of old business associates; they discuss prices, business propositions and the various problems with which they are mutually concerned.

"Old Rags, Old Iron" Set to Music



BOSTON.—An outdoor school for making musical rag men, hawkers and street vendors is the latest educational novelty established in this city. Miss Caroline E. Wenzel, a fair settlement worker and a graduate of Vassar, is the originator of the idea and sole instructor. Miss Wenzel believes that if the voice of the rag man and peddler must be tolerated it should issue forth from the throats in flute-like tones. She confidently believes that once her method becomes a fixture a person, instead of feeling obliged to slam down the window on

a hot summer day or fret and fume over the guttural cries of the merchants of the thoroughfares, will throw open the window and be lulled into peaceful slumber through the melodious strains of "Rags and Bottles," "Old Iron," "Soap Grease" and "Juicy Lemons."

Miss Wenzel has established her outdoor school at Washington street and Massachusetts avenue and has nearly a score of pupils. The young woman is popular with the vendors.

She got her idea from a trip abroad last year. Her method is simple. She finds out a man's business and instructs him accordingly. She suggests expression to fit his wares and teaches the correct pronunciation of these expressions.

Her musical instruction is similar to what the musical teachers advocate for the production of a good ringing "head tone."

Expected Twin Babies But He Found—



CHICAGO.—"Come home—twins!" A mandatory order to a policeman of the Hyde Park station flashed from his home to the station at midnight. The policeman obeyed, just as he has done each year at the summons to "come home" upon the arrival of new members of the family—ten of them—during the last ten years.

Sergt. Bartholomew Cronin, the father, left his desk duties at the police station and rushed to his house at 7019 Indiana avenue. Within were signs of activity; lights flashed and above the din of excitement could be

heard the wail of several of the small Cronins. Even Polly, the red Durham cow, which furnishes milk for the group, seemed affected and moored in unison with the crying children.

The police sergeant hesitated at the threshold—then doffed his helmet and entered. He sought first the physicians, two of them, who talked disinterestedly with some of the children. One of them said:

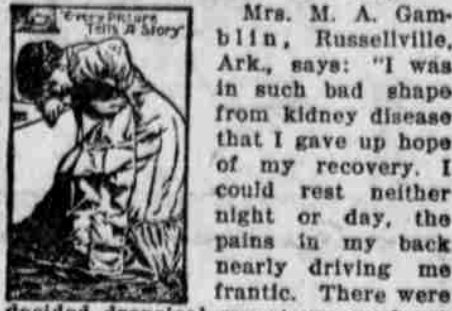
"Sergeant, this case is one most unusual. It should be brought to the attention of dairymen throughout the country. A full-sized male and female. Mother and offspring doing nicely. You might drop a word to the farm journals."

Then a veterinary surgeon appeared and joined in the congratulations.

Polly, the red Durham cow, had given birth to twin calves.

DANGER SIGNALS.

Sick kidneys give unmistakable signals of distress. Too frequent or scanty urinary passages, backache, headache and dizzy spells tell of disordered kidneys. Neglect of these warnings may prove fatal. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cure sick kidneys.



Mrs. M. A. Gambelin, Russellville, Ark., says: "I was in such bad shape from kidney disease that I gave up hope of my recovery. I could rest neither night or day, the pains in my back nearly driving me frantic. There were decided dropsical symptoms such as swelling of my feet and ankles and my heart palpitated violently. After doctoring without benefit, I began with Doan's Kidney Pills and when I had used two boxes I was as well as ever."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NECESSARY.



Swellington—Who did Miss Careless have in her auto party? Wellington—A lawyer, a surgeon, a nurse and a doctor.

SKIN HUMOR 25 YEARS

"Cuticura did wonders for me. For twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, so even to my wife, I became an object of dread. At large expense I consulted the most able doctors far and near. Their treatment was of no avail, nor was that of the Hospital, during six months' efforts. I suffered on and concluded there was no help for me this side of the grave. Then I heard of some one who had been cured by Cuticura Remedies and thought that a trial could do no harm. In a surprisingly short time I was completely cured. S. P. Keyes, 147 Congress St., Boston, Mass., Oct. 12, '09."

Face Covered with Pimples. "I congratulate Cuticura upon my speedy recovery from pimples which covered my face. I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent for ten days and my face cleared and I am perfectly well. I had tried doctors for several months but got no results. Wm. J. Sadler, 1814 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, May 1, 1909."

The Juvenile Buster. The famous Champ Clark, at a dinner at Bowling Green, said of the trusts:

"The feeling against monopolies has reached even to the nursery. I saw a little girl the other day slip something beneath her plate. Then she murmured angrily: 'I wish there was an anti-trust law.'"

Casey at the Bat. This famous poem is contained in the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910, together with records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. This interesting book sent by the Coca-Cola Co., of Atlanta, Ga., on receipt of 2c stamp for postage. Also copy of their booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola," which tells all about this delicious beverage and why it is so pure, wholesome and refreshing. Are you ever hot-tired-thirsty? Drink Coca-Cola—it is cooling, relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—6c everywhere.

The Modern Youth. Uncle Henry—So you are going to school now, Willie. Do you love your teacher? Willie (aged seven)—I should say not. She's too old for me.

Valued Assensus. "Always speak kindly of the absent," said young Mr. Primly.

"I would," replied Miss Cayenne, "if I thought it would be an inducement to some tiresome people to remain so."

BUSINESS CONDITIONS

The only unfavorable element in the situation is the unfavorable attitude of federal lawmakers and state officials towards the railways and the spirit which would prevent the companies from moderately advancing their charges to offset the increased cost of operation. When the manufacturer is obliged to pay higher prices for raw material and increased wages he does the only possible thing in the circumstances and correspondingly raises the charge for his product. The railways are obliged to pay increased prices for supplies and higher wages, and it is only reasonable that they should get more for what they sell, namely, transportation.

That they are Lupine-1 to raise their charges is plain from current traffic returns showing increased gross takings, while costs of operation have increased in still greater ratio, with resulting decrease in net earnings. Unless the greatest of all industries is permitted to prosper the country cannot be prosperous. (New York Herald.)

TAKE A FOOT-BATH TONIGHT

After dissolving one or two Allen's Foot-Tabs (Antiseptic tablets for the foot-bath) in the water, it will take out all soreness, smarting and tenderness, remove foot odors and freshen the feet. Allen's Foot-Tabs instantly relieve weariness and sweating or inflamed feet and hot nervousness of the feet at night. Then for comfort throughout the day shake Allen's Foot-Tabs in the antiseptic powder into your shoes. Sold everywhere 25c. Avoid substitutes. Samples of Allen's Foot-Tabs mailed FREE or our regular size sent by mail for 25c. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. "Foot-Tabs for Foot-Tubs."

Let your recreation be manly, moderate, reasonable and lawful. The use of recreation is to strengthen your labor, not to sweeten your rest.—Steele.



Are Best For Your Table

Because they are made of the choicest materials and guaranteed to be absolutely pure.

Libby's Veal Loaf makes a delightful dish for luncheon, and you will find Libby's

Vienna Sausage, Corned Beef, Pork and Beans, Evaporated Milk

equally tempting for any meal.

Have a supply of Libby's in the house and you will always be prepared for an extra guest.

You can buy Libby's at all grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Get rid of catarrhs and dysenteries. They are cured—harmless—unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: A. Wood

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Booklet free. High class references. Just receive

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so? The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in "Favorite Prescription." Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. Every letter is held as a sacredly confidential and answered in a plain envelope. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

