

All women are born reformers and they want to begin on some man.

Men who go to law are sure to get satisfaction—if they are lawyers.

A woman's favorite writer is a husband who is capable of writing checks.

A man may be as honest as the day is long and still have a bad record at night.

An Irishman says that being an ancient must have been a healthful occupation.

All married women are good listeners—when their husbands talk in their sleep.

Henry Watterson's duel against the "pert paragraph" threatens to result in a draw.

The lay of the average poet would be more valuable if he could exchange it for the lay of a hen.

John Kendrick Bangs, humorist, has been made editor and general manager of Puck, and that's no joke at all.

Aunt Hetty Green denies that she has given away the sum of \$500,000. The denial is perfectly superfluous.

In a recent decision the United States Supreme Court splits two infinitives; but this will make no split in the ranks of the purists.

Russell Sage's life seems to have been one long vacation, from the viewpoint of the man who has never been able to make both ends meet.

However, it is doubtful if Rockefeller could hold a crowd on a street corner if he had no money and depended solely on his ability as an orator.

According to the Progressive Health Club, "if a man loves his wife he will eat her cooking." But he will do the same thing if he is afraid of her.

Now that we know what Rev. George W. Brownback thinks of his new wife, it might be highly entertaining to be told after a time what she thinks of him.

Ants that are fierce enemies of the boll weevil are being brought to this country from South America. In a few years there will be wild appeals for somebody to discover how we may get rid of the ants.

"The great sphere of woman is the home," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The great sphere of woman is the big round world, and she is going to have just as much of it to move around in as she wants. Don't try to fence in woman and her activities, unless you're hunting trouble.

London and Manchester are still disputing as to which is the greater European center of population. Most people would suppose that London owns the title beyond peradventure. Even if one draws a circle with a radius of thirty miles about Charing Cross station one gets a population of more than 6,000,000, as against 5,500,000 within a similar distance from the Manchester exchange. But protruding a circle with a forty-mile radius one gets a greater Manchester that shows a population of more than 8,000,000, as against a greater London of only about 7,000,000.

"Leprosy is as curable as typhoid or yellow fever," says Dr. Isadore Dyer, the physician in charge of the lepers' home in Louisiana, and one of the most distinguished leprosy experts in the world. Before the last Berlin conference on leprosy, which Dr. Dyer attended, a few cases of the disease were known to have been cured. That there were no more is due, in the opinion of the Louisiana expert, to the lack of proper treatment, which consists in taking the case early and following it persistently and unrelentingly for years. During the last two years every case in the Louisiana home, except those in the last stages, has been improved, and three patients will soon be discharged as cured.

A more or less careful scrutiny of the references to the insolvent Georgian banker who shot himself a while ago in order that his life insurance money might be used to pay his debts, show that the general trend of the comment is that his ending was rather praiseworthy than otherwise. He is shown to have carried something over \$1,000,000 insurance and the idea that the companies were not undeservedly "stuck" seems to prevail. There is nothing yet to show that his heirs have any notion of using the windfall to make good his defalcations and it may well be asked why their standard of honor should be any higher than his

own. It is claimed he killed himself, with a score of probable years yet to live and pay premiums, in order that the money of his fellow members in the insurance organizations might be used to square his liabilities. Why should his heirs be expected to give up the million, thus dropped into their laps, or any part of it, for that purpose? This whole idea that a man may make way with himself with impunity if he only has a fine line of life insurance is coming to be viewed with a strange tolerance. The fellow insurers of the suicide, they who work right along under trials just as great as those of the weakling who kills himself, and whose payments must help make up the untimely demand for the amount of his policies, are the real sufferers. They continue to live, work and contribute their premiums in order that his heirs may thrive, and maybe some of his debts be paid, after he has snuffed out his cowardly life. To commend him, directly or indirectly, by word, thought or implication, is dangerous and anything but moral. There is nothing meritorious in suicide even if the perpetrator does add the robbery of an insurance company to the crime of self-murder.

John Kennedy was starving. He struck New York hoping to get work on the subway, and found that men were being discharged by the hundreds as that great project neared completion. So he walked the streets, and slept in the park and thought about suicide and was a desperate man. Finally he stole a package out of an express wagon, and the law immediately took notice, and John soon found himself behind the bars. So far this seems very commonplace. Miles away in Philadelphia a loving wife read of her husband's arrest. There were two babies in the Kennedy home, and no money. Mrs. Kennedy started for New York on foot, carrying a baby on each arm. She didn't know what she could do in that great city. She simply realized that the father of her children was in trouble, and was sure that his wife should be at his side. So she trudged along the railroad track. Sometimes she sat under a tree and hushed the cries of a child. Most of the time she was walking. She found kind people along the route who gave her food and wished her godspeed on her mission. Once she had a ride of several miles, and finally, footsore but undismayed, she found the court where her husband was on trial and entered the room, still carrying her babies. She told her story to the Judge and pleaded for her husband. "He was starving and just couldn't help," she said. "I wanted to save him, so I took the babies and walked." "Garver," said the Judge to the court constable, "pass the hat," and the trial ended with a fine contribution to Mrs. John Kennedy. That was a miscarriage of justice. If the law is to be administered impartially there should have been a conviction, for John Kennedy was a thief. But let's be thankful that there is a humanity and a sense of appreciation even greater than mere statutes; that men's hearts are so molded that love and devotion and self-sacrifice touch the tender spot in their breasts and make them kind. The love of a woman is as wide as the world and as deep as the ocean.

MANY MEN DIE YOUNG.

Most Irregular, Intemperate, Irritable and Hard Working of Animals.

It has been said that few men die of old age and that almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental or bodily toil, or accident, says Health Culture.

The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with rage," has little exaggeration in it, for, even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young, weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use—the latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and the temper; the strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. Thus the horse 25 years, the ox 15 or 20, the lion about 20, the hog 10 or 12, the rabbit 8, the guinea pig 6 or 7.

The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live 100 years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are 100; but instead of that he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard working of all animals.

He is always the most irritable, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

Egotists haven't much to boast of.



Women who work, whether in the house, store, office or factory, very rarely have the ability to stand the strain. The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women, and adds further proof that woman's great friend in need is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restless sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—Miss FRANKIE ORSER, 14 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass.

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged, and exhausted with each day's work. Some derangement of the feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as it has thousands of other women.

The case of Mrs. Lennox, which follows, proves this.



I had for years. I gratefully acknowledge its merits. Very sincerely yours, Mrs. BERT E. LENNOX, 130 East 4th St., Dixon, Ill.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

For bruises and sprains take the white of an egg and mix to a paste with common salt. Apply liberally to the affected part.

LAND SCRIP. Sale, open, successful method, acquiring Government Land. Hugo Seaberg, Boston, N. H.

For premature gray hair massage should be given: such a condition shows lack of vitality and nourishment of the scalp.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFULIZER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Itch, and all skin diseases, and every blemish on the face. It restores the complexion to its natural beauty, and has cured the most obstinate cases of skin disease. It is the only preparation that will give you a skin of beauty. As you know, I will tell you, I recommend it to all who desire a skin of beauty. It is the most beautiful of all the skin preparations. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe. F. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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DISHRAGS FROM THE SOIL

California Industry With Odd Features Is in a Flourishing Condition.

In California the housewife is not compelled to use her old towels for dish rags. She simply goes to the grocer's and buys as many as she needs—purely vegetable dish rags they are, but admirably suited for her purposes. The raising of these necessary articles is being exploited by a number of southern California horticulturists, who received the inspiration for the scheme from Charles Richardson, whose gardens in Pasadena are becoming famous for their remarkable productions. Mr. Richardson has successfully raised many growths new to American soil, and this year is exceeding all his previous triumphs by raising thousands of dish rags.

Last year Mr. Richardson's string beans, which measured forty-three inches in length, created a stir, but dish rag vines, which, with their pendant dish rags—twine about orange trees, palms, evergreens and peach trees, and peek in at the top story windows, bid fair to win the championship from the beans.

These dish rags, or vegetable sponges, as they are sometimes called, are indigenous to Africa, but now it has been demonstrated that they will thrive in this country they are bound to become a popular production.

The graceful, well foliaged vines are not only ornamental, but they bear in profusion a fibrous sponge that is eminently useful for bathing, as well as for scouring pans and kettles. Imagine picking dish rags in one's garden just as one would pick blackberries or imagine having vines all laden with dish rags clambering over one's kitchen windows, so that all one needs to do is stretch out an arm and pull one in. Such an arrangement would be much easier than going to the ragbag or buying dish rags at stores.

These curious vegetables assume the form and appearance of cucumbers, and hang on the vines until their green coats become brown and dry like parchment. At this stage they are ready to harvest. After they are picked the brown coat is removed and an extremely strong and compact fibrous sponge is revealed. Through the center of this sponge, in three lengthwise compartments, are many black seeds which shake out easily. In the Pasadena garden these sponges have averaged eight inches in length.

WANT COLORED SILKS SPUN.

Experimenters Try Their Hand at Breeding Variegated Caterpillars.

Some audacious experimenters have been endeavoring to make the silk worm spin colored silks. Primarily they were endeavoring to ascertain if the green color of some natural silks is produced in any way by the leaves upon which the worms feed, but the work suggests the possibility of securing beautifully tinted raw silks.

Several lots of caterpillars were fed from their birth upon leaves impregnated with a red dye. They ate their livid meals without any show of repugnance, and soon began to take on a reddish tint throughout the body. When allowed to spin on freshly collected natural branches these worms produced a red-tinted silk, the whole cocoon presenting a beautiful red coloration. Certain colors, notably blue, were not so apparent in their effects and the worms did not seem to relish the blue leaves as well as the red ones.

One of the questions that naturally presents itself to the inquiring mind is whether selective breeding of such artificially stained caterpillars would not result in a race in which the coloration became permanent. The fact is clearly established that the digestive tube has a marked influence on the silk. As a French writer declares in green silks it is the chlorophyll of the leaves that we observe, and in yellowish silks the pigment comes directly from the mulberry leaves, with which it is identical.

Submarine Beauty.

The old theory scarcely holds water in these days that only those objects in nature and those creatures are beautiful which are intended to gladden the eyes of man. Some of the most beautiful objects in the whole range of animated nature are found amid the mud of the ocean bottom. Professor Arnoldo Lang, of Zurich, gives it as his opinion that nearly every creature inhabiting the bed of the sea is beautiful. In color especially they are gorgeous. The reason which he assigns for this is singular. It is that creatures of the ocean bed are sedentary and have some of the characteristics of plants. In short, they "vegetate" in mud and become beautiful.

Turning Him Down.

Ernestine—Yes, I think it best that I should discourage him from calling so often.

Edna—But he says he is wearing his heart away.

Ernestine—Well, that is better than wearing mamma's sofa away.

Too many men seem to have forgotten that their wives were once their sweethearts.

Never judge the cook in the kitchen by the cookbook in the library.