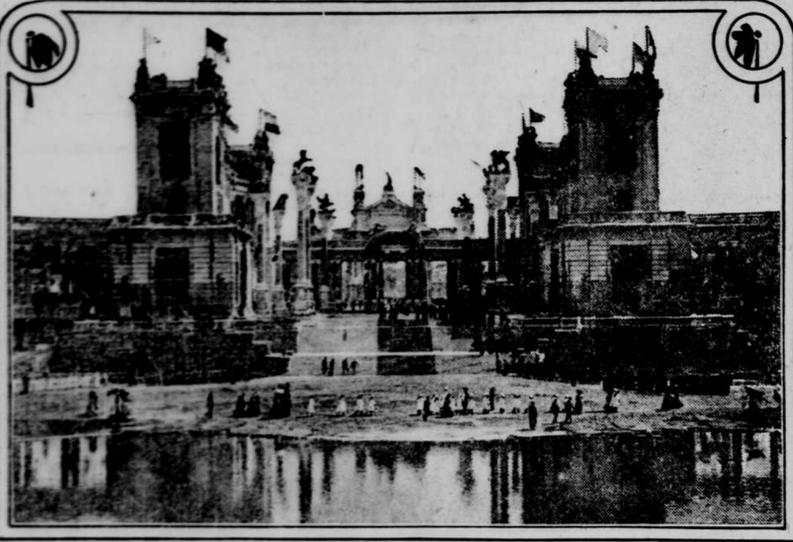


ROMAN EXPOSITION A GREAT SUCCESS



Entrance to the Exposition

TRAVELERS who have attended the international exposition at Rome unite in praise of the big affair. It is being well conducted and its handsome buildings are full of exhibits of the highest degree of excellence.

LADY'S FOOT TINIER

Chicago Shoe Experts Decry New York's Charge.

Prettier, Smaller and Daintier Than Ever, Says Dealer in Reply to Dispatch From Gotham—Report Is Wild Exaggeration.

Chicago.—"Milady's foot growing larger?" "Pooh! Pooh!" "It's smaller and daintier than ever."

New York shoe experts declare that the foot of the American woman is growing larger every year, according to a dispatch received here the other day. When this information was told to Chicago shoe dealers they rose in indignation and support of the foot of the Chicago woman.

"Chicago women's feet growing larger? Nonsense!" they cried. "They are as small, trim and dainty as ever. And the Chicago woman has always worn her shoe a bit larger than necessary, at that. More small sizes were sold in the city this year than for many years previous. If that shows anything it seems to show that feet are growing smaller and daintier, doesn't it?"

That quotation is the composite statement of several men who have been in the business for years. Incidentally the New York report says that the modern woman's athletic activity is causing the growth in size and sets forth that to deceive vain women it has become necessary to invent a marketing code. A. F. Martin, manager of the Michigan avenue shop, was quick in defense of the Chicago woman.

"That report is a bit of wild exaggeration," said Mr. Martin. "In Chicago you will find as dainty and pretty feet as walk any part of the globe. The statement that they are growing larger is wrong. If there was that tendency I am sure I would feel it in the shop. But we have not had to vary our sizes. The cosmopolitan character of the city brings big feet, of course, with the small. This man only founded the vaudeville joke about Chicago feet. Woman may be more athletic, but it hasn't affected the size of her feet. Regarding that marketing code, the majority of people who come into this shop buy shoes to fit their feet, not their notions. I'll wager most of them really don't know what size they wear."

D. F. Mellen, general manager of a State street shoe store, said: "Chicago women's feet growing larger? Why, for fact, we have been selling smaller sizes than ever. It has been the fashion in this city for years for women to wear a shoe larger than she needs. This year they have been wearing shoes shorter."

"Don't worry about the foot of the

VALUE OF HUSBAND \$1,875

Woman Provides in Her Will if Any Daughter Shall Wed She Will Lose Sum Mentioned.

Chicago.—Is a husband worth \$1,875? This question presents itself to four Austin women, daughters of Mrs. Catherine Rousseau, who died April 21, at the age of eighty years. According to the terms of Mrs. Rousseau's will, \$1,875 for probate the other day, the four daughters are to share equally in an estate valued at \$7,500, so long as they are single. If a daughter marries she forfeits her share to the others.

Mrs. Rousseau left only one means whereby the daughters may marry without sacrificing their shares of the estate. She provided that if all four were married, the division should remain equal. Therefore the four unmarried daughters are debating whether to remain single or be principals in a quadruple wedding.

The four daughters, who reside at the family home, 42 North Waller ave-

MICE IN CAR EXCITE WOMEN

Tired Workmen in Pennsylvania Town Secure Needed Seats by Clever Little Trick.

Chester, Pa.—Several workmen employed at the American Viscose company's plant at Marcus Hook, who have been complaining of the practice of women occupying nearly all the seats on the special trolley cars run between this city and Marcus

Chicago woman growing larger," said D. F. McIntosh, president of another big shoe concern on State street. "We still sell enormous quantities of number 1's. That report from New York is part of that jokebook speciality about the vanity of woman regarding her foot."

UNITE TO GIVE HUMAN SKIN

Canadian Society Is Organized in Remarkable Capital to Assist Surgeons in Their Work.

Ottawa, Ont.—Sixty-three persons have enrolled in the Epidermis Supply company, organized to provide human skin for grafting operations. The names of the members are kept secret by Henry Latta, the organizer, but the practical quality of the movement will be tested by calls for strips of skin to be grafted upon the extensive burns sustained by William Thomas, a royal navy veteran, now lying at the general hospital.

It is believed that only about 35 of the volunteers will be required. These men will be honorary members and will not be expected to give any more of their skin for at least a year. Men and youths are still coming forward and expressing their willingness to join this unique club, and with the care that is being taken in the choice of members an established supply of healthy epidermis will be at the command of the hospitals of the city. Mr. Latta was inspired to form the society through his own experience of a skin-grafting operation and his realization of the difficulty of obtaining the right kind of human skin at short notice.

YEAR'S TEST FOR HENS

Spokane Man Arranging First American Egg Laying Congress—Entries From Several States.

Spokane, Wash.—Problems of continental wide interest are to be solved at the first American egg laying congress in Spokane, beginning next November and continuing 12 months. It is free and open to the world. Plans are to have at least two entries of six chickens each from every state and territory in the union and province in Canada. Among other things, this information is sought:

Will 300 chickens support an average family?

What breeds are best for commercial eggs?

What is the actual cost of producing eggs?

What are the prime requisites of successful egg culture?

What state, province or territory produces the best layers?

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ABOUT LAST OF VETERANS OF LONG WHIP

"Billy" Hodges Has Few Compatriots with Whom He Can Exchange Memories of the Overland Stage—How He Blazed the Mail Coach Trail Into the Then Unconquered West.

AKLAND, CAL.—"Billy" Hodges, the last of a band of a hundred men who undertook to blaze the trail for the mail and express coach from the western terminus of the railways to Fort Smith into the unconquered west, is now running an elevator, writes R. Ellis Wales in the New York

World. In the records of the express company will be found the report of this trip of the "100." It was their duty to cover so much ground daily, to record the distance traveled and to establish stations, stocking them and thus paving the way for the civilization which followed at their heels.

The route laid out led them in almost a direct line for El Paso, through the rough Osage country, and crossed the Arkansas river where it divides the old Pawnee nation from the land of the Osage. Skirting the territory of the Comanches they were forced to throw up fortifications hastily to withstand the fierce attacks of the barbarous hordes. They pulled out of that country safely to encounter worse—the land of little water and alkali and dusty sagebrush. Yet with the cry of the coyote ringing in their ears they sang as they went, ending with the accomplishment of their purpose.

In 1857 the completed route, well stationed and equipped, stood a monument to the work of that band. For two years they had struggled and, while their achievement was of wonderful value to east and west, few came out of the scathing well and sound. However, Billy Hodges was young and fortunate. He had made a record as a driver; he had the opportunity thrust upon him and he grasped it. He undertook to drive the mail and express route from Tucson to Pima village.

Run One of Wild Excitement.

The run was about 100 miles, but extremely hazardous. Bandits were born of the rapid development of civilization and hostile Indians were everywhere. Danger was plentifully distributed and six-shooters barked at silent arrows.

On a day early in 1858 Billy arrived at Pima village to discover that the relay driver was long overdue. Fearing trouble, he followed the custom of driving into the other man's territory until the shadows of Apache pass loomed before him. With him on the box was a gun messenger, and in the coach, sitting with the other passengers, were other guards. From the pass there came the yell of the Apaches and in an instant a horde of them were riding circles around the coach.

It was the duty of gun messengers to shoot, and they shot. It was the duty of Hodges to drive and he drove. Lashing out with his whip he sent his leaders down an incline and successfully brought them to a stand close under the shelter of a government fort.

Even there it was precarious. The handful of soldiers were unable to cope with the swarms of redskins ordering round. The relay coach had taken shelter there, not daring to move through so hostile a country. The Indians surrounded the pass, blocking all outlets, and for eight days the small band held out and fought.

On the eighth day Hodges, realizing that if no help came soon it would mean their death, said, "I'll go on to Tucson."

There was a protest from his associates, but before his insistence the others gave way. To go to Tucson for aid meant his passing through the zone of fire. There was scarcely any hope of getting away without being seen and the moon was bright and clear. The only chance lay in a dash.

Then there came one to him in the dead of night and the young driver heard a soft voice murmur, "Will you take me along?"

With One Passenger.

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Billy, "it is impossible. I might take the responsibility of the mails and treasure, but you—"

"I must go," said the girl, her voice vibrating. "I cannot stand this any longer. Let me go, I beg of you."

Time was running short, and young Hodges was not proof against the girl's insistence. The result was that Mary Andros, setting west to join her future husband at Los Angeles, was taken on that memorable ride. That she is living today is due to the skilled driving and nerve of Billy Hodges.

SURELY MAN OF GREAT FAITH

Never Is the Potential Possibilities of the Growth of Hair Allowed to Be Forgotten.

Some time ago the editor of a popular department in this newspaper printed a modest recipe for making hair grow. The writer did not guarantee that the recipe would do it. The writer did not even express an editorial opinion on the merits of the recipe.

In spite of this natural and diplomatic reserve on the part of the writer that hair-growing recipe has made its way from sea to sea with remarkable speed. No editorial utterance of this newspaper has been so widely quoted by other newspapers in months. This hair growing recipe seems to have struck a popular chord.

It is strange the readiness with which people will seize on anything that promises hair. Hope springs eternal in the bald head's breast; also in the breast of everybody with thin



"I got through," said Hodges, with a gleam in his eye as he told the story, "but—"

"The girl?"

Memory Not Cherished.

"Oh, she was landed in Los Angeles all right and married—unfortunately!" said the old man, to whom this was the first romance of his life. This thing of helping girls to marry other fellows seemed to give him a bad taste in his mouth.

Hodges came to California in 1858, continuing his profession as a stage driver, and in time was given the famous Placerville road, running from Sacramento through Placerville to Virginia City, Nev. On this road he drove the mail and express coaches, and on many of the trips carried treasure amounting to \$100,000. As a result he was made the victim of half a dozen of the greatest holdups in the history of the Pacific coast.

Many Times Held Up.

On the famous Geiger grade, about four miles from Virginia City, Billy faced the rifles of six bandits, and the treasure box was dynamited, the robbers carrying away more than \$8,000. Again he was stopped near a Virginia City. This was in 1865, and in Six-Mile canyon below the Gould and Curry mill. The team was forced to stop, owing to a barricade of old sluice boxes which the bandits had placed across the road. The five desperadoes robbed all the passengers save one, a pretty schoolmarm.

By the beginning of 1884 he had saved up considerable money and decided to quit the highway. He had made money on the side by taking orders from ranchers, as did his associate drivers. Frequently, he said, his hat was filled with memoranda, embracing orders from a case of rum to a piece of blue ribbon.

Simultaneously with his quitting the road he bought the Mount Hamilton stage line, running from San Jose to the mountain. Not long after this he was commissioned to haul the great 36-inch lens to the observatory. The wagon was especially built for the trip and the delicate glass was placed in an oaken casket, the whole thing weighing 800 pounds. Later, upon the removal of the body of James Lick from the vault in San Francisco, he hauled the coffin up to Mount Hamilton, and was present when the body was sealed in the sarcophagus beneath the immense telescope.

He tells many anecdotes of the men he has known and associated with, both famous and notorious drivers and robbers. He tells of the time when Horace Greeley was making a tour of the Pacific coast and was scheduled to make a speech at Placerville. He went aboard the stage driven by quaint Hank Monk, and as he stepped in he shouted:

Got Greeley There on Time.

"Mr. Monk, I must deliver a lecture in Placerville tomorrow night. Can you get me there on time?"

Monk assured him that he could, and started off the team along the old "corduroy" road, paved with small saplings, half buried in clay. Miles and

miles they went, with Monk whistling merrily, and Horace Greeley, the only passenger, being plumped about within the rolling coach without being able to help himself in the least. At last the dignified passenger could stand it no longer. When he had been thrown for the fortieth time against the wooden frame of the coach door he cried out: "Mr. Monk, don't you think you are going pretty fast?" Monk let go a mouthful of tobacco juice, and, giving a sharp crack with the whip to the leader, replied musically: "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley, I'll get you there on time!" Greeley got there on time, as he had demanded, and the lecture was jolted clean out of him. He arrived in Placerville seasick and brain-fagged.

Hodges was associated with the famous twin stage drivers, Curly Dan and Curly Jerry, fearless and careful men, whose innocent deception, owing to their extreme likeness, of passengers was the cause of great hilarity. It happened that Dan would start out with the stage in the early morning from Placerville, and at midnight would arrive at the changing station, where he would give his seat on the box to his brother, likewise curly-haired and featured. The passengers being asleep they were not aware of the exchange, and next morning, when they awoke they thought was Curly Dan upon the seat, they supposed he had been driving without sleep since the morning of the day before. Jerry used to have a great time convincing the curious passengers that he was not his brother, but his brother's brother.

Drove President Grant.

When President Grant did a little staging in the west in 1879, there was great rivalry among the stage drivers as to who should handle the reins on the coach that took him from Placerville to Virginia City. Billy Hodges got the honor, which was also a "plum" because of the additional money in the job, and when they started out Grant looked at the frisky six-horse team and then at the driver, who at the time was looking as sporty and frisky as his animals. "That's a frisky team and a frisky driver, but he's got a good eye and a white nose!" exclaimed the president.

Grant marveled at the speed with which they traveled, and the way they dashed into Virginia City on that memorable day just suited the old warrior. He complimented Hodges on his work with the reins.

During the years from 1870 to 1884 Wells-Fargo lost, incidental to robberies, \$927,726.55. There were during this time 313 stage holdups, 34 attempted robberies and four train robberies. More than 15 guards were killed or wounded, while more than two dozen bandits were killed, besides those sent to state prison.

Some of these facts are here published for the first time, for Billy is not much of a talker until he is poked up a bit and quizzed. He manipulates that lever and calls out the "floor," not understanding or caring little for the power that lifts and lowers this strange modern coach.

from his living, breathing pate.

Take a cynical, skeptical sort of man. He may deny everything. He may take a particular pleasure in shocking other people's faith. He may deny the existence of public honor or private virtue. He may be the very incarnation of negation, the fruit and flower of skepticism, a paladin of doubt, a questioner of all things high and low.

But when it comes to hair—how great the change! He believes that if only the proper combination can be found his intellect will once more be crowned with tufted beauty. No certainty, of course. But still a possibility—even a strong probability. Wonderful things have been done in the way of restoring absent hair. A man is foolish to doubt the evidence. It is too strong to be lightly put aside. He will not—cannot do it.

Great, great and mysterious is hair! Present, it is a protection and a joy. Absent, the very nurse of hope and faith and patience. We may not fathom the secret of its power and influence. We can only see and note and wonder, to take away the possibility of hair

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates scrofula and all other humors, cures all their effects, makes the blood rich and abundant, strengthens all the vital organs. Take it.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Old Superstition. It was prescribed by an old superstition that if those who were affected with ague would visit at dead of night the nearest crossroad five different times and then bury a new laid egg, the disease would be buried. If the experiment failed, they attributed it to some unlucky accident that may have befallen them on the way.

FREED FROM SKIN DISEASE

"Our boy was born in Toronto on Oct. 13, 1908, and when three months old a slight rash appeared on his cheek. What appeared to be a water blister would form. When it broke, matter would run out, starting new blisters until his entire face, head and shoulders were a mass of scabs and you could not see a particle of clear skin. Other parts of his body were affected, but not to such an extent. We tried about every advertised remedy without avail, indeed some of them only added to his suffering and one in particular, the Remedy, almost put the infant into convulsions. The family doctor prescribed for him and told us to bathe the baby in buttermilk. This did not do any good, so we took him to a hospital. He was treated as an out-patient twice a week and he got worse, if anything. We then called in another doctor and inside of a week the boy was, to all appearances, cured and the doctor said his work was done. But the very next day it broke out as bad as ever.

"We decided that it could not be cured and must run its course and so we just kept his arms bandaged to his side to prevent his tearing his flesh. We left Toronto and shortly after our arrival in Duluth, the Cuticura Remedies were recommended. We started using them in May, 1909, and soon the cure was complete. You would not think he was the same child for Cuticura made his skin perfectly clear and he is entirely free from the skin disease. There has been no return this time. We still use only Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. Robert Mann, Proctor, Minn., May 3, 1910."

About Marriage.

She—A girl should look before she leaps.

He—She should look pretty or she may not get a chance to leap.

Perhaps.

"Why did Humpty Dumpty sit on the wall?"

"He probably thought he could hold it down."

Showed Tact of King.

It was the order of the day at a late shoot at Sandringham that when pheasants should not be shot, and one of the guests brought down a hen which fell near King Edward's place in the line. Anxious not to hurt the offender's feelings by an over rebuke, the king pointed to the corpus delicti and said: "Ah, Gurney, what a man you are for the ladies!"—Life of Edward VII.

TOOK HER AT HER WORD.



Mr. Benton Holme—Why, where's the new chambermaid?

Mrs. Benton Holme—I told her to dust this morning, and an hour later I found that she had dusted.

WANTED TO SLEEP Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire.

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.

"You will doubtless understand how the suffering from indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden; and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight.

"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me.

"Since I began the use of Grape Nuts the benefits I have derived from it are very definite, I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I no longer to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table.

"I find that by eating a dish of this food after my Sabbath work is done, (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me.

"I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on my table—we feel that we need it to make the meal complete and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the famous booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "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

—Chicago Inter Ocean.