

HARMONY IN COLOR.

There is a horror that men have not yet got out, and that is the discord of colors. A man will put green and yellow and crimson and gray and blue together, in any variety of combination, and think it is all right, but if there are two colors that don't accord to a woman it is a painful sight, says the Ohio State Journal. A woman in town suffered a pang when her husband's skin did not tally with his necktie. But the most emphatic of all events in this line was that which occurred at the Martha Washington hotel, in New York, when a woman had been assigned to a room, but immediately repaired to the office, where she complained that the green foliage on the wall paper did not match her complexion, which was an olive hue. "I want a room," she said, "with a decoration that will harmonize with my skin, and must have it right away or I'll leave." That is a woman's hotel, and she got what she wanted. If it had been a man's hotel she would have been told to go to bedlam. Men are not up on harmony; but they might compromise on a Brindle wall paper.

The fact that good roads increase the value of farm lands is not the potential argument in favor of good roads. Good roads make farm lands more valuable only because they make farm products more valuable by bringing the market closer to the farm and because they keep the markets accessible to the farm every day in the year. That is the reason why farmers should have good roads. To the man who does not want to sell his land at any price, the value of that land is a matter of secondary consideration. But good roads give the man who does not want to sell his farm the same advantage that they give the man who does want to sell. They give him an increased value for his products and pay a dividend every time he needs the market.

The Empress Eugenie, a French contemporary says, intends to set up a small museum in the house at Ajaccio, where Napoleon was born. At present in spite of the fact that there is little enough to attract, no visitor to the town fails to make a pious pilgrimage to the house. With its green window shutters and yellow painted front there is nothing to distinguish it from the neighboring houses except a marble slab announcing the birth on August 15, 1769, of the man who afterward became Napoleon I. The best preserved room in the building is that which Napoleon, then a young and unknown officer, used to occupy when he visited his family at holiday time.

Ocean travel has now all the comforts of home, combined with all the luxury and pleasure of travel, with danger and discomfort reduced to a minimum. Less than a week's time separates the old from the new world, and the wonderful inventions of wireless telegraphy keeps travelers in touch with the rest of the world in midocean. And it may not be very long before our present wonderful progress, which would seem miracles to Columbus and his codiscoverers, may lapse by succeeding inventions into the class of old-fashioned methods, for progress in this age is going ahead by leaps and bounds.

Thackeray was the gentlest satirist that ever lived. As an editor of the Cornhill he could hardly bring himself to reject a MS. for fear of hurting his would-be contributors. The story of his actually paying for contributions that he never printed, in order to conceal the fact that he had rejected them, may be true or false. We do not remember exactly how the evidence points, says the London Saturday Review. But even if it be a story, such stories are not told of men made of the stern stuff of the Thackeray commonly mistaken.

A New York judge found it difficult to understand how a plumber became so financially embarrassed as to necessitate his stealing a ride on the cars. And so will most other people. Still, strange things are happening all the time, and it is conceivable that this inexplicable thing might occur.

If Germany has done nothing else for Morocco it has put Agadir on the map.

A Boston man has written to the Kansas City Star to say that "the eastern magazines print no real witty verse, while the western papers contain rhymed humor of merit." Now is the time for Boston people to subscribe for some good western paper.

It appears that the Ascot races are held in England for the purpose of giving the king a chance to meet people whom he doesn't wish to invite around to the palace.

A St. Louis man wants a divorce because his wife smoked his cigars. She should have had the decency to select her own brand, yet she does not seem to have been wholly taid. She didn't use his razor.

There is in Missouri a woman who claims that she is able to keep young by writing verses. If you write asks you for a pencil and a pad of paper you may know that she has heard of the Missouri bardette.

SUICIDE AND PUBLICITY

Dr. Antonio Stella Approves Report Adopted by American Academy of Medicine Deprecating the Printing of Particulars of Self-Killing. Because Others Go and Do Likewise.

THE TWENTY LEADING CAUSES OF DEATH

In this table, from a Census Bureau bulletin, is shown the twenty leading causes of death, suicide being seventeenth in the list.

Twenty Leading Causes of Number of Deaths:	
all ages, 1909	
Tuberculosis (all forms).....	51,720
Heart disease and arteriosclerosis.....	44,283
Diarrhea and enteritis.....	22,210
Pneumonia (lobar and unqualified).....	19,907
Nephritis and Bright's disease.....	18,430
Accidents.....	14,283
Cancer.....	13,717
Apoplexy.....	12,465
Broncho-pneumonia.....	12,150
Premature birth.....	11,728
Congenital debility.....	11,688
Old age.....	11,455
Bronchitis.....	11,317
Typhoid fever.....	10,722
Diphtheria and croup.....	10,285
Diseases of arteries.....	10,174
Suicide.....	8,402
Other diseases of stomach.....	8,171
Meningitis.....	7,283
Childbirth.....	7,271

By WILLIAM S. COUCH.

Is suicide a private, personal affair?

The American Academy of Medicine says it is in an official report of a committee unanimously adopted in a recent San Francisco convention of the country's best-known physicians and surgeons.

"Suicide is a private and personal affair," the report reads. "There is no more justification for the publication of suicide accounts than for publishing other private matters. If, however, the members of the press are still skeptical of the fact that they are now accessories to the crime, we suggest that they assist in the study of the conditions that promote it. The committee emphatically requests the American press to refrain from further publication of suicide reports, because:

(1) The rapid increase in the suicide death rate in the United States is due to the suggestion inculcated by newspaper stories of other suicides. (2) Your committee finds alienists practically unanimous in the opinion that suggestive published details of suicides are a powerful factor in the causation of suicides among susceptible men. (3) Newspapers reply that it is their province to publish the news. Attempts to prevent such publications are invasions of the liberty of the press. They say the people demand the news and it must be given them. (4) Attempts at reform legislation are practically useless, unless preceded by popular education. (5) We must appeal, then, to the doubtful conscience of American newspapers, if they have one, in the present decadent condition of the press of the United States."

"I am frank to say," said Judge Warren F. Foster, New York's bench expert, criminologist, "that there would be no profit to any man taking sides in any controversy between medical and news writers. His would be the fate of grain crushed between two millstones. "Out of my study of crime I have concluded that the press would better help social reform by playing up discoveries of new means to it than by emphasizing crime itself. Still, I have no press experience on which to base advice as to how newspapers should be run."

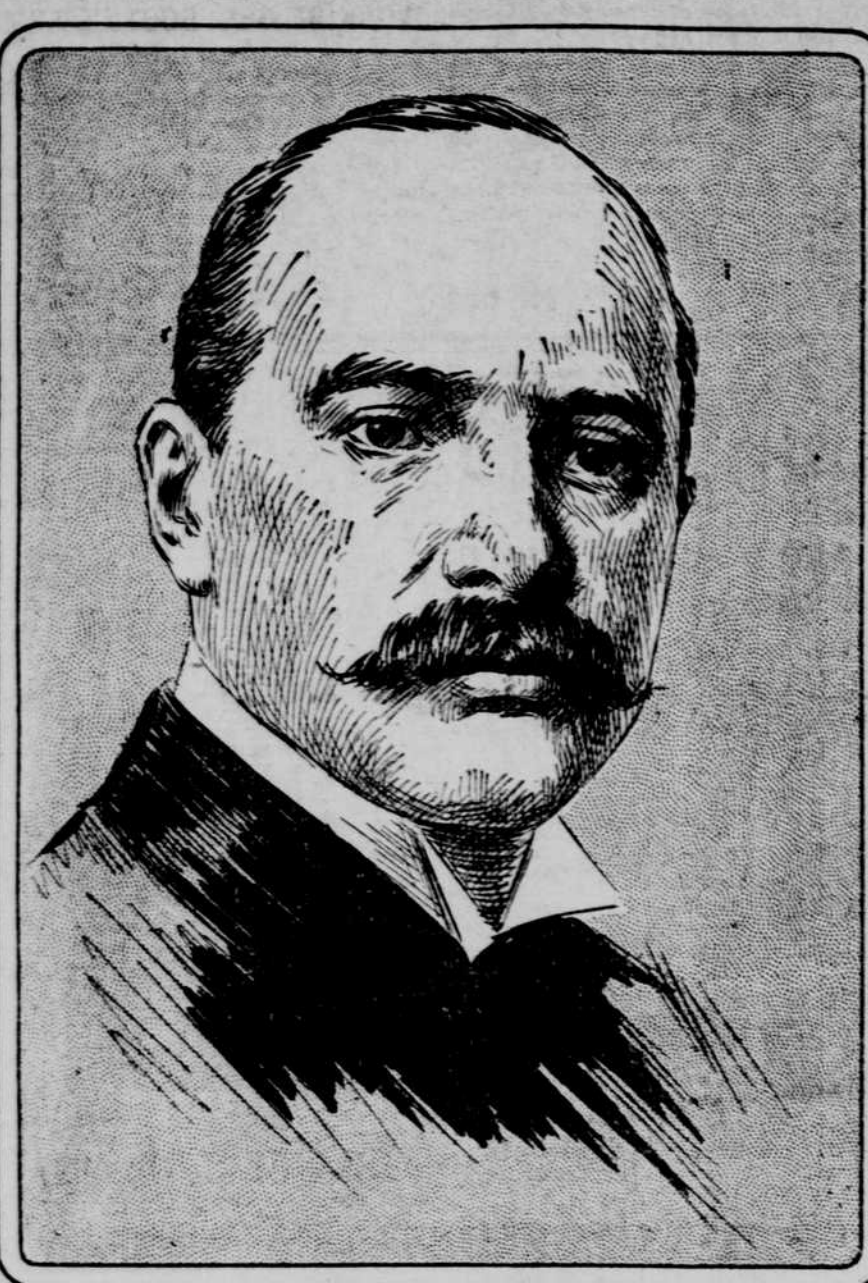
In the homicide bureau of District Attorney Charles S. Whitman's office it was said: "Suicide cases are not so important a problem in this office as you might think. We get a few suicide reports each year, but the numbers are insignificant and almost unnoticed by us as compared to more important crimes. A discussion of whether suicides are suggested by newspaper reports of other cases would require a careful study of our books and the newspaper reports for many years. We are frank to say that we couldn't help your controversy on either side if we dug through our books. Severe and successful prosecutions of attempted suicides, or their accessories, when 'played up' in the press, have usually reduced suicide reports. A poll of our staff would probably show that most of us believe prosecutions to have a deterrent effect. It is for the alienist to say whether press suicide reports tempt others. But if we were

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

A Philippine Hero was a Poor Fighter in Boyhood, but a Warrior as a Man.

Up about Leavenworth about a thousand years ago—no, it was really more than that; say, twenty—there was the usual neighborhood crowd of boys, good, bad and indifferent. Among them was one with the reddest of hair, who led in all the boyish sports except one that brings the greatest distinction in Boyville—plain everyday knockdown fighting. When it came to the fighting point Jack—Jack Murphy—was all for turning it off with a laugh, even if he himself had to be the butt of the jest. He simply wasn't the fighting kind—didn't believe in it, and acknowledged it. It seems he had been reared by elder sisters. So every young bandit who had suffered defeat or milder humiliation from one of the more ruffianly young pirates, tried to retrieve himself on Jack.

When the Spanish war came on Jack enlisted, and all of his old com-



ANTONIO STELLA, M. D.

not so modest we might suggest that bank looting is a much less popular pastime in New York today than it was a few months ago. Well advertised punishments for suicide might effect a similar distaste in those tempted."

Suicides Decreasing.
The 1910 United States bulletin on the suicide death rate put suicide at No. 17 in its list of "Twenty Leading Causes of Death." Such diseases as tuberculosis, pneumonia, heart disease and fevers head the list, with cases running from 10,000 to 51,720 deaths in 1909. The census report shows 8,402 suicides in the country in 1909, with 3,322 cases for 1908.

"This merely numerical increase in 1909 is due to the greater accuracy shown in the 1910 census taking," the report continues. "The wide disproportion between our large population gain in 1900 and this small three per cent. increase in suicides reported proves a steady and real decrease in self-murder in the United States."

The Chicago Tribune's annual poll of the country, published on January 1, 1910, cited 10,852 suicide cases in 1909, and 10,230 in 1908, or a decrease. "The suicide death rate has decreased in cities," admits Frederick Huffman in his annual careful Spectator report for 1909. Huffman has collected data for 15 years in America's 65 largest cities, based on the suicide percentage in every 100,000 population unit. He found the suicide rate for every 100,000 population unit in 1894 to be 16 per cent. His 1909 report, which tallies closely with the census bulletin on city suicides, shows the decrease in the 65 cities to be 19.7 for 1909. New York city had the still lower rate of 18.9 in 1909, the greatest city of the country having reported 116 cases less in 1909 than in 1908.

Suicides in Election Years.
The Huffman statistics for the 15 years covered show a suicide percentage which rises and falls, the highest figure being 21 and a fraction. Several years saw it rise higher than 1909, and these were notably the years of presidential elections. The Huffman report explains the city suicide as "produced by the intensity of modern life and generally attempted by sane but desperate men, because they think death is better than life. Our figures show the above cause to be more common than mental diseases or by any industrial pressure on labor. Generally speaking, the American leisure class produces more suicides than the working and middle classes. Bankers and brokers, after careers of fraud and dissipation, consider suicide as the only alternative. So do tired society people, like Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., who asphyxiated herself in her Washington home because she was tired of it all. Statistics show suicides to be most common in new boom cities, such as the Pacific coast, with its French atmosphere. Here again it is the gambler and the speculator who commit suicide. In short, suicide in this country, or at least the cities of it, is almost monopolized as a remedy for life's troubles by social parasites, who tire of life, and, having no other experience offered them to excite their jaded nerves and senses, kill themselves—just kill themselves."

panions hoped that he never would be under fire. Should he be tried for undue caution on the field of battle they would all be ready to testify that it was a constitutional falling; that he had been that way from boyhood, and really should have been on duty back in the hospital or any other place that did not require physical courage. Yes, his old associates at home talked it all over. In Scribner's for July General Funston tells something more about this happy red-headed boy, reared by sisters who didn't believe in fighting. Here's the reference from Funston's article: "In this company (Company C) was a unique character, Sergt. John C. Murphy, who died only a couple of years ago as a retired officer of the regular army. Throughout the whole advance Murphy serenely smoked a large briar-wood pipe, which he only removed from his mouth when it became necessary to address some pointed remarks to the men of his section. He saw one of his men crouch quietly down behind a low shelter as if he contemplated remain-

ing there as the company passed on. Murphy walked back to the man, deliberately removed his pipe, as if he were afraid of biting the stem in two, and then, with unheeded words, fairly kicked him up onto the firing line, where the man made up for lost time by plying his rifle with great vigor."

Dew Ponds.
Among the most singular archeological remains found in Great Britain are the ancient dew ponds, the construction of which is ascribed to the Neolithic age.

The purpose of these ponds was to furnish drinking water for cattle. An exposed position, where springs were absent, was selected, and a broad, hollowed surface was formed and covered over with straw, or some other nonconducting material. Above was spread a thick layer of clay strewn with stones. During the night the cold surface of the clay caused an abundance of moisture to condense from the lower layers of the air. Some of these ancient dew ponds are still working.—The Sunday Magazine.

NURSE PRO TEM

By MARY EASTWOOD KNEVELS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

On his knees in the mud under a driving rain Robinson carefully examined the overturned car. Lydia, his coat wrapped round her, sat on one of the cushions under a tree and wept. She was unhurt but unnerved from the result of the accident which had occurred—she knew—entirely through her own reckless driving. She recalled Robinson's quietly uttered warning just before they had turned that last corner where they had lost the tire—it was the only thing he had said since she had interrupted his stammering, somewhat abashed, declaration of love by an abrupt and scornful "No!"

Robinson rose from his knees and came to her. "We'll leave the car where it is," he said, "and go on a bit till we find a house. Come, can you stand?" He helped Lydia to her feet and they trudged along the road half a mile or more till they came to a small white house, the only habitation in sight. Half a dozen chickens huddled on the back steps for protection against the rain which still fell in torrents. There was no bell and Robinson knocked in vain.

"There can't be any one at home," sobbed Lydia. "Oh, dear, what shall we do?" "Don't worry."

In another moment he had found an unfastened window, crawled in, and opened the back door for Lydia. She entered a cleanly whitewashed kitchen with a stove, a dresser, and an oil cloth covered table for its principal furniture. Lydia smiled through her tears. "Oh, I'm so glad to get somewhere out of the rain," she said. "Evidently no one's at home," said Robinson, "and I came in the regulation way." He showed her the key hanging on a piece of string just outside the door. "Now, take off that wet coat," he ordered, "and make yourself as comfortable as you can. These good people won't object. By Jove, I've a mind to make you a cup of tea while we wait—I see there's a

and a twist, made him a beautiful rabbit which hopped. The baby stopped crying and gurgled with joy. As Lydia watched Robinson in his shirt sleeves in the homely kitchen playing with the fat, red-cheeked baby, she hardly knew him for the same ultra-fastidious Englishman she had danced cotillions with, snubbed, teased, almost considered a coward because he had disapproved of a girl running her own car. All at once it came to Lydia that he was made of better stuff than she was.

Robinson, with the baby balanced on his shoulder, was filling the kettle and setting it on to boil. "I'll fetch up the milk from 'down cellar,'" said he, "but first I'll step out to the barn. You watch him till I come back, please."

Left to herself, Lydia had the brilliant thought of setting the table. By the time she had collected cups, saucers, plates and a bowl for the baby Robinson returned bearing cold ham, butter, and a pitcher of milk. "The table's ready," she said gaily. "Where's the baby?" asked Robinson.

He was gone. After an anxious search Robinson found him in the sitting room wood box and carried him back to his high chair at the kitchen table, while Lydia, much ashamed of herself, made the tea.

"There's a good horse in the stable," said Robinson as they sat down, "and one of those—er—buggies. But of course we can't leave this poor little chap here alone, and we can't take him with us."

"Good heavens, no," said Lydia. "Will you take sugar in your tea? What do you suppose these people will think when they get back and find us making ourselves at home?" "Oh, you leave that to me," said Robinson easily. "I'll explain." He broke a piece of bread into the baby's bowl of milk and sprinkled sugar over it. "By Jove," said he, "we are rather snug here, aren't we?"

He beamed cheerfully upon Lydia who in her heart agreed. The comfort of the simple meal was not spoiled by the coarse china, the oilcloth, or the presence of the ridiculous baby spilling milk all over his bib. There they sat in the cozy kitchen like one family—and the face she bent low over her place went scarlet at the thought. Coupled with the lateness of the hour and their long distance from home the situation was becoming embarrassing, and yet—and yet—she was enjoying it!

"You don't know how pretty you look with your hair like that!" said Robinson suddenly. He drew his chair closer to Lydia's, but his tender speeches, if he had intended to make any, were destined to be interrupted for the second time that day. A boy's head was thrust through the window. "Geel!" said the head. "There's folks here, Minnie, 'n they've got baby an' they're eatin' supper off'n our things!"

Minnie, a fourteen-year-old girl, hustled into the kitchen, with Johnny behind her. Explanations ensued. It developed that Johnny had been "swimmin'."

"An' baby would have been all alone if you folks hadn't come," said Minnie, her maternal heart wrung at the thought. "I don't know how to thank you."

"By letting us borrow your horse and buggy," said Robinson promptly. Arrangements were soon made for their departure. Before Lydia stepped into the buggy she stooped and kissed the baby's very dirty little face, then she and Robinson shook hands with Minnie and Johnny, and drove off toward the nearest railroad station.

"I'll never run a car again," said Lydia mournfully, as they passed the wreck at the side of the road. "Oh, yes, you will," said Robinson cheerfully, his arm stealing around her. There was a moment's silence. "Lydia," stammered Robinson at last, "could I—may I—ask you something all over again?"

And this time he was not interrupted. **Wasted Sarcasm.** After a week in the country a prominent lawyer returned to town, determined to stay during the summer. But before coming home he had the satisfaction of telling the keeper of the "real old country boarding farmhouse" just what he thought of things. "There is one thing on your table," said the lawyer, "which is not to be excelled by the best hotels of New York or Philadelphia." "What is it?" asked the farmer. "The salt," answered the attorney, with a fine display of biting sarcasm. "Well, I'm glad ye liked it," returned the farmer. "It's the best Jimsons' keep, an' I ain't pertickler about the price."



Found an Unfastened Window.

fire in the stove." He helped Lydia off with her coat. "Hallo—what's this?" He had caught sight of a scrap of paper on the corner of the dresser and he brought it to Lydia.

"Johnny—the note ran—'Ma has sent for me to fetch Benny so you look after Baby. Be sure and don't leave the house. The milk is down cellar. Minnie.'"

At this moment Lydia and Robinson heard a piercing wail from close at hand. "A baby!" cried Lydia, almost jumping out of her chair. "What a ghastly situation!"

"Poor little chap. I'll look him up!" In a moment Robinson returned with a yellow-haired, red-cheeked baby about a year old, and dumped him down on Lydia's lap. "Isn't he a jolly little fellow?" Robinson remarked. "I do like babies. I say, if you don't mind, I'll take off my coat, my shoulders are getting chilly. Now, if you'll look after the infant, I'll see what I can do about tea."

Lydia held the baby as if he had been a hot potato, although she was trying her best to act as if she knew what to do with him. But this frightened looking girl with arms like sticks did not suit the little chap at all, and he set up a loud yell, Lydia could not do thing with him, and when Robinson had silently observed this, he took the child out of her arms, set him on the floor, and taking out his handkerchief, with three knots

SEEN ON A COUNTRY ROAD

Pleasing Proofs That if You Stray Outside the City You Find Real Friends.

Now it is an age of hustle, of forgetfulness, of selfishness—everybody is too busy with his own self centered ideas to think of any one else. Perhaps so far you who see only the pavements, the office buildings, the sun-swept streets, and noise-filled environs of down town. But stray away once, and perhaps there'll come a new view of life. Two men strayed out upon the Raytown road the other day. It was dusty, it was hot; the sun blazed as strong as though thrown through a giant magnifier. Suddenly, from behind, there came a rush and a puffing. A motor rushed past—and stopped. "Hey!" called the owner, "jump in; the back seat's empty!"

The two men did so, and began to observe. A half mile further down the road a spring wagon was wobbling along with rickety uncertainty

Then the driver leaned forward as if trying to jockey the horse into a trot. The quarry was just ahead—a man, his wife, and four children, all walking. The rickety conveyance overtook them and stopped. The woman smiled and climbed up on the seat, while the husband stowed the children in various parts of the wobbly little wagon. However, there arose a difficulty. The load was too heavy for the horse.

"I'll get off," said the husband, handing the smallest child to his wife. "You'll do nothing of the kind," the driver answered hurriedly. "I'm tired of riding, anyhow."

And so it was all along the road. Everybody said "hello" to everybody else when they passed. There was always a smile and a bow of the head, and perhaps a hazard on the weather. And yet, from one of the hilltops the towering buildings of down town were in plain sight.—Kansas City Star.

SUFFERED AGONY.

Backache, Headache and Dizziness Caused Untold Misery. Henry J. White, 416 No. 3rd St., Ft. Smith, Ark., says: "I suffered every thing but death from terrible kidney trouble. I did not have a moment's peace. The urine resembled blood and left a red stain when it touched the linen. When passed, fire could not have burned more. I had awful headaches and dizzy spells and my back ached constantly. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills after various remedies had failed to help me and was completely cured. I have had no sign of kidney trouble since." Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HE TAKES OFF THE TABLE.



The Comedian—Our stage meal in the second act is contrary to the usual methods of serving dinner. Soubrette—How so? The Comedian—The supe comes after the dessert.

MARCUSE, CALIFORNIA, LAND FOR PROFITABLE FARMING.

Marcuse Colony, located in Sutter County, which is in the heart of the Sacramento Valley, is fast coming to the front as a farming community in which nearly every agricultural product known may be successfully raised without irrigation. The soil is a dark, sandy loam, sedimentary in character, level and well drained. It has the advantage over other soils in that it is loose in character and superior to heavy soils. With this wealth of soil, abundance of water, unexcelled climate and long growing season, Marcuse Colony is the ideal place for the homeseeker with limited means, the worn out professional man, or the young man looking for a small farm in a healthful climate.

The proximity of Marcuse Colony to Sacramento, furnishes a ready market for vegetables, poultry, eggs and dairy products. Fruits, vegetables, alfalfa, grains and grasses and poultry yield large returns. The rainfall is certain and drought is unknown. Land is yet moderately priced, but crop failures in other sections of the United States will bring new settlers in rapidly. This, together with the holding of the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco during 1915, is bound to raise the price, and whether for a home, or for an investment, now is the time to purchase. Land may be had in tracts suitable to the means of all and the results obtained are almost beyond belief. Further information will be gladly furnished by HOMESEEKERS' INFORMATION BUREAU, 630 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Their Species. Pro A Partisan—Messrs. Rossman and McCosker are an insurgent pair. Anti Partisan—At all events, they're not a Van Slick pair.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A woman's idea of a good figure depends on whether she is thick or thin.

Tell the dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder straight Sc cigar.

Dodging bad story tellers is one way of avoiding poor relations.

If You Want To Win Back Your Health TRY HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It is a great help in cases of Stomach and Bowel Ills or Malarial Disorders. Try it today.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilio-ness, Head-ache, Dizziness, Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

W. D. Wood

If afflicted with sore eyes, use 1 Thompson's Eye Water