

Another American girl has found a foreign nobleman who isn't one.

Life in an automobile is the pace that kills, only it is other people.

Man is made of dust—otherwise woman would not have much use for him.

This heedless apple craze is not new at all. The first one grew in Adam's throat.

Perhaps a few rich men may be able to get into heaven by showing their tax receipts.

Poor Rojestvensky has not even the consolation of knowing that he put up a great fight.

"Always associate with your superiors," says President Eliot of Harvard. What if we have none?

Fortune is evidently blind if we may judge by the way she passes us by and bestows her favors upon others.

Notwithstanding the activity of certain western statesmen there is still a considerable area of unstolen land.

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, but you'll find them chronicled in the back pages these days.

Edward rather rubbed it in when he took Alfonso to Portsmouth and made him review England's invincible armada.

There are a lot of things that a man would not want half so much if he thought there was any chance of getting them.

Tilgians, who never give their teeth any attention whatever, are said to have the best teeth in the world. What is the answer?

A woman after standing up at the altar and promising to obey gives her husband the laugh when he later insinuates that she ought to make good.

A new play entitled "Race Suicide; or, The President's Mistake," has been brought out. It is alleged to be a comedy, but we reserve the right to entertain doubts.

Poet Laureate Austin declares that there have been no great women poets. This opens the way for the retort that there has been no great poet laureate since Tennyson.

Tom Lawson says he is \$1,000,000 poorer than he was a year ago. We can not understand this, unless he has been following his own advice in playing the stock market game.

One preacher says the devil finds some promising material in church choirs. Where he has the advantage in his chosen work is that he can stand any and all kinds of music.

Some one has said that Kansas has had more than her share of advertising out of that \$400,000 appropriation for a state oil refinery. Not the kind that Mr. Rockefeller likes, however.

Bridal parties of the future may not see Niagara Falls in its present beauty, but they need not be unhappy. An explorer of Argentina says that the falls of the Iguassu, about a thousand miles north of Buenos Ayres, are larger than Niagara or the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi. Whether or not the statement is exaggerated, there is evidently a new, delightful excursion for the newly married.

The late Baron Alphonse de Rothschild held this opinion concerning wealth: "There is much loose talk nowadays about the danger of so much capital in the hands of a few men. This is all rubbish. Some men are richer; others are poorer. Tomorrow this is all changed by vicissitudes which nobody can control." The Rothschilds appear to be able to control theirs with a good deal of success in spite of the coming and going vicissitudes.

The wrath and indignation with which certain English collectors of art objects speak of "vulgar American millionaires" are hardly justified. In the matter of art purchases the American millionaire is certainly relieved of the charge of vulgarity by the fact that he buys the very things that the English cognoscenti most ardently covet for themselves. Of course, the mere possession of much money may constitute a vulgarity, but even the British critics would probably be willing to assume the stigma along with the money—up to a certain point, of course.

Forty years ago a young woman bought enough black silk for a dress

in a store in Worcester, Mass. A few days ago she went back to the store to match it, as she wished to make new sleeves for the waist. She had worn the dress for best all these years, and it was still too good to throw away. Of course it had been made over once or several times, but for all that it was the same dress. And—would you believe it?—they could not match the silk, not even when the clerk who sold it, now grown to be the proprietor, was called on to assist. There are several conclusions to be drawn from the incident, but perhaps the most pertinent is that the reputation of New England for thrift rests on a solid foundation.

Had Adam known that his rib was to be taken and turned into a woman, would he have consented? It is a question raised by a woman at a Cleveland missionary society meeting and left open to conflicting opinion. The woman of to-day, like Pandora of old, is bound to pry into things and turn loose upon the world a lot of troubles. That stolen rib of Adam's was supposed to be a closed incident. The borrowed member was long since restored to man. For countless generations he has had the rib as well as the woman close to his heart. Man wasn't worrying over the rib affair at all. He had all but forgotten it. But woman, womanlike, must, of course, prod him out of his complacent forgetfulness and demand that he tell her whether or not he is sorry that she is in existence. To be sure, she has confidence in his gallantry and expects a complimentary reply. The modern Eve would have the modern Adam lie, if necessary, to gratify her vanity. Which goes to show that woman hasn't changed much. Adam has left no evidence of his feeling on the subject, and we can only guess at this late date whether he would willingly have exchanged a rib for a woman or not. You may guess either way and feel confident that your position cannot be disproved. But this much may be said with certainty. Adam would have been at a disadvantage. He would have been trading in the dark. It would have been impossible for him to comprehend in advance what a woman would be like. Indeed, even to-day, man can't make her out, and doesn't unannouncedly know whether she is a good thing or not. So Adam might very reasonably have balked at giving up one of his royal good, sound ribs, that he could not very well spare, for a "pig in a poke" that might prove an intolerable nuisance to him. But, after all, the profitable and vital question at this late time is not as to what Adam in his ignorance might have done had choice been his, but what the man of to-day is willing to give up in exchange for woman and the fullness of her blessings. To-day, as in Adam's time, man must sacrifice in order to be worthy of and to win the rich treasures of womanhood. Man to-day, as always, must supply the material to make the woman who is really his own. She is more exacting now than she was. She requires more than a rib. It may be a temper he must curb, a disposition he must train, habits he must conquer, appetites he must restrain, pet vices he must give up, to cultivate the love and faith and trust and sympathy that make a woman truly his.

A UNIQUE LOG PALACE.

The forestry building at the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, is an excellent exhibit of one of the main resources of the country which the fair is designed to exploit.



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE.

The building is a log palace. It is 205 feet long by 108 feet wide. Two miles of 5-foot and 6-foot fir logs, eight miles of poles, and several tons of shakes and cedar shingles were used in its construction. One of the monster logs weighed 32 tons, and another contains enough lumber to build an ordinary cottage 40 feet by 40 feet with a fence and board walks leading up to it. There would still be enough wood left to kindle the fire in the grate for months.

Chatting in a Street Car.

Miss Anteeck (in open trolley car)—Are you going to stop smoking? You must see how it annoys me. Mr. Weed—But, madam, these seats are reserved for smokers. Miss Anteeck (scornfully)—You're a gentleman, I must say. Mr. Weed—And you, madam, are not, I regret to say.—Philadelphia Press.

To the children: Eat your rice without complaint, little dears. That's what made Togo a great man.

Some one has estimated that John D. Rockefeller's wealth in silver dollars would weigh as much as two first class battleships; in \$1 bills it would make a double girdle around the earth and leave a remnant 1,500 miles long.

It isn't spectacular achievement that tells; the work of the world is done by toilsome plodding. Georges, in the ordinary accepted sense of the term, are so rare that it is safe to eliminate them as factors in human progress; the men that do things are those that have a genius for work.—"Success Magazine."

Sound as a Dollar.

Monticello, Minn., Aug. 7.—Mr. J. W. Moore of this place stands as a living proof of the fact that Bright's Disease, even in the last stages, may be perfectly and permanently cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Moore says: "In 1908, three reputable physicians after a careful examination told me that I would die with Bright's Disease inside of a year. My feet and ankles and legs were badly swollen; I could hardly stand on my feet and had given up all hopes of getting cured, when a traveling salesman told me that he himself had been cured of Bright's Disease two years before."

"He said he had taken to his bed and expected to die with it, but that he had been cured by a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I commenced taking them at once and I am thankful to say that they saved my life. After a short treatment I was completely restored to good health and I am now as sound as a dollar."

CUTICURA OINTMENT.

The World's Greatest Skin Cure and Sweetest Emollient—Positively Unrivaled.

Cuticura Ointment is beyond question the most successful curative for scurfing, disfiguring humors of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, ever compounded, in proof of which a single anointing with it, preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent Pills, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humors, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when all else fails. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, speedily soothing and healing the most distressing cases.

Could has been on earth a long time but he never seems to grow any older—or wiser.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet, cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Chafed, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Riches are not essential to happiness but poverty-stricken love is mighty unsatisfactory.

Mrs. J. H. Giles, Everett, Pa. Suffered years with kidney and gravel trouble. Cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Rondout, N. Y.

The woman who thoroughly understands men is wise enough to pretend that she doesn't.

The average man grows hair almost fifty feet long, nails twenty-three feet long and beard twenty-five feet long every seventy years.

President Roosevelt was the second man elected to the highest office wearing the gift of the nation while wearing a moustache. The first was Grover Cleveland.

The east coast of Borneo is the worst insect infested neighborhood in the world. At certain seasons of the year the streams of that region are unnavigable because of the clouds of insects which fill the air and make life unbearable.

BABY'S INSTINCT

Shows He Knew What Food to Stick To. Forwarding a photo of a splendidly handsome and healthy young boy, a happy mother writes from an Ohio town:

"The enclosed picture shows my 4-year-old Grape-Nuts boy."

"Since he was 2 years old he has eaten nothing but Grape-Nuts. He demands and gets this food three times a day. This may seem rather unusual, but he does not care for anything else after he has eaten his Grape-Nuts, which he uses with milk or cream, and then he is through with his meal. Even on Thanksgiving Day he refused turkey and all the good things that make up that great dinner, and ate his dish of Grape-Nuts and cream with the best results and none of the evils that the other foolish members of the family experienced."

"He is never sick, has a beautiful complexion, and is considered a very handsome boy. May the Postum Company prosper and long continue to furnish their wholesome food!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every drug store.



Hard to Please.

Out at the end of the pier the fish were biting freely, and the boy with the sunburnt nose had just added another 6-inch "ring perch" to his string. "I see you are having fine sport this morning, my lad," said the stranger. "Sport!" contemptuously echoed the boy. "It keeps me so blamed busy baitin' hooks an' stringin' fish that I ain't havin' a bit of fun!"

All Right!



Ah, Mrs. Divorsee, you look sweet enough to eat this morning.

"To eat? I? Why, Mr. Giddies, I thought you were a vegetarian."

"So I am. But you are a grass widow, you know."

Influenced by the Picture. Bacon—And who buys his cigars for him? Egbert—His wife.

"Does she buy them by the box?"

"No, by the picture on the box, I think."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Quite Plain. Kind Lady—Poor man! Wouldn't you like a nice chop?

The Hobo (suspiciously)—What kind of a chop, lady—lamb or woodshed?

Woman's Compliment. "I must compliment you on the remarkable lightness of your bread," said the woman customer.

"Thank you," rejoined the baker. "It is my aim to turn out the lightest bread in the city."

"Yes," continued the w. c., "and if you get it much lighter it will take two of your pound loaves to weigh sixteen ounces."

Natural Deduction.

Gruff Patient—Are you quite sure you understand your business, sir?

Physician—Well, I've been practicing medicine for fifteen years and not one of my patients has ever complained.

Gruff Patient—Huh! Probably not. Dead men tell no tales.

Progressive.

Jack—How are you getting on with Miss Huggins, old man?

Tom—Slow but sure. I began at the front gate and have now reached the veranda. If nothing happens I hope to get into the parlor this fall.

In Advance of Advice.

Physician—I'd advise you to drink a cup of hot water with every meal.

Patient—I do, but my landlady calls it coffee.

Point of View.

Hammerton—I'm sorry to hear of your financial embarrassment, old chap. Will you be able to save anything from the wreck?

Lambleigh—Nothing but my self respect and good name.

Hammerton—You don't say! I heard it was a bad failure, but I had no idea it was a complete smash-up.

Not Quite Clear.

Green—Jones was run over by a trolley car yesterday. They say he cannot recover.

Brown—Who said he couldn't recover, his doctor or his lawyer?

A TIP FOR FATHER.



"Yes, Willie," said the affable uncle. "The rainbow means that there will not be any more rain."

"Is that true?" asked Willie. "I must run home and tell papa. I heard him say he intended to invest in an umbrella factory."—Omaha Bee.

Swift.

"He's traveling at a pretty rapid gait, isn't he?"

"Rapid—well, I should think so. He's going at a twelve horse power gait on a two horse power income."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Balanced Emotions.



"I don't see why you look so displeased with this new bonnet," said he fond wife. "You look as cross as Mrs. Humphreys did when she learned that she could not get it at the store because I had gotten ahead of her."

"And you," said the brutal husband, "you look as happy as Mr. Humpin must feel when he learns he doesn't have to pay for the thing after all."—Chicago Tribune.

Somewhat Different.

Gray—Your wife used to be rather sensitive before your marriage. Is she still so?

Smith—Oh, no; she's expensive.

Where Lies the East. "Yes, I've just returned from a two months' visit in the East," the Portland young lady was saying, "and, oh, I had such a lovely time! Those Easterners are so different from us, though."

"What points did you visit?" inquired the newcomer in Oregon. "I do hope you saw dear old Boston."

"Boston?" the Portland girl ejaculated. "I should say not. I was in Montana."—Portland Oregonian.

Terrific Jolt.

Sapleigh—Do you—aw—think it would be wrong for me to marry a girl who was my inferior intellectually?

Miss Cutting—No, but I think it would be impossible.

Proof Positive.

Tom—My fiancée was struck dumb when I bought her that diamond-studded locket.

Jack—How do you know?

Tom—Because she hasn't stopped talking about it yet.

Divided Allegiance.

"What broke off the engagement between Archie and the girl with the Auburn hair?"

"Jealousy."

"On whose part?"

"Hers. She said he was too fond of his new automobile."—Chicago Tribune.

Early in the Game.

The honeymoon was just two weeks old.

"John, dear," she said, "I made some angel cake this morning."

"Ah, darling mine, any old cake would be angel cake if you manufactured it!"