

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

MISFIT NAMES.

WHEN the great Shakespeare was in the throes of writing his love lorn Romeo and Juliet he demanded to know "What's in a name" and went on to some fatuous remarks that a rose by another appellation would smell just as sweet.

Now that may be all right according to the seductions of the immortal bard, but a name cuts a good sized figure in the life of an individual before he gets through using it.

It is a pity, a great pity, that so few children nowadays are named appropriately. Of course it is impossible to judge when a baby is named what kind of a man or woman it will grow up into. The name which fits to a "T" when it was first given may not suit at all in after years, and the little fairy of a girl for whom "Dotty" seemed invented will bear the name very inconspicuously in later years when she admits to 175 pounds weight and some. Then there is the small boy whose frontal development seems to call for such a name as Aristotle orocrates and who, when he attains man's estate, has a hard time holding down a job behind a dry goods counter at \$6 per.

These misfit names are bad enough but they at least have some meaning, some force, and even if they do not fit exactly they have the advantage of being the names of men admired and venerated.

But it is this senseless fashion of perpetuating a family name through a son which seems to be on a perfect rampage just now that is the most absurd.

The Johns' and James' and Henrys' even the Earls' and Percys', those names so dear to a romantic mother, have given way to her family name or some way back connection of the father if it happens to be a nice sounding one.

We have James Brown and Morgan Smith, Clarke White and Atkins Black, while Montgomery Grey and Woodstock Green are given cognomens which laugh loud and long at their unpretentious following. Martin Henry or George James are not so bad, but what can a mother mean when she burdens her son with Manning O'Brien or Beauchamp O'Shaughnessy.

Every boy born into the world is entitled to a decent name, one of which he will not be ashamed, either as a schoolboy or a grownup. The old-fashioned ones ought to be good enough for any boy, and it is to be fervently hoped that this fancy of tagging a boy with a foolish name will soon die out and those of their forefathers will come in their place.

THIS THE DAY OF THE SPECIALIST.

IS your boy learning to do something useful? Is he a machine, a loafer, or is he preparing to join that great army that can do things no better than his fellows? The greatest problem in England just now is what to do with the unemployed. The other day in London a desperate man out of a job killed his four boys and himself. Thousands sleep in the parks at night and beg by day. The Salvation Army is arranging to send out-of-works to Australia and to Canada, where there is a greater opportunity for unskilled labor. And at the same time London is searching and advertising for competent employees. In many lines there are not enough skilled men to fill the jobs that are waiting.

It is a terrible lesson that should have weight on both sides of the ocean. The unskilled human is a ship without

a rudder and it is only a question of time when he will go on the rocks. The unskilled man loses individuality. He represents only so much muscle, and when he works his employer knows him only by number. It is impossible that he should provide for his future or for old age. All his life his is a fight for bread, and at the end of the road stands the poorhouse.

There never was a time when it was so essential to teach the rising generation to do something well, to specialize, as now. Hard times may pinch the skilled worker. But for the man who doesn't know, who has not learned, and has only his uneducated muscle for sale, they mean tragedy. You who have sons should remember that in England while thousands are crying for bread, there is a skilled labor famine.—Kansas City World.

ON FOOD REFORMS.

THE housewife who wishes to change the dietary of her household should go about it diplomatically. The fleshpots have a firm hold on the modern Egyptians. Even the promised land of health and success cannot keep them from turning about unless you are mistress of the fine art of finesse. First of all you should learn to cook vegetable purees and soups. To cook vegetables so they will appeal to palate and eye requires no mean skill. Nothing is more unappetizing than badly cooked, water-soaked vegetables. Begin by substituting a well-made puree for the meat dish at the supper or luncheon table. Try eggs instead of meat for breakfast. Reduce the use of meat to once a day. Then once in a while have eggs or fish or vegetables as the principal dish at dinner. It is a great mistake to cram any new theory down your family's throat.

Give it to them a taste at a time, and they'll grow enthusiastic. Change all at once and you'll arouse opposition which will make change impossible.

Most people eat altogether too much meat. This induces a hankering for stimulants. A well-known student of sociological phenomena ventures the opinion that the increased use of vegetables and fruits will do more to promote temperance than all the arguments of the Prohibitionists.—Harper's Bazar.

NEIGHBORS SHOULD CALL.

HAVE made a discovery—a great many women refrain from being neighborly, which is nothing more than courteous, because of their ignorance of etiquette. They are conscious of their shortcomings, naturally sensitive and disinclined to place themselves at a disadvantage. So they keep much to themselves and only make social intercourse with those they have known long enough to lay aside formality.

In cities, friendly neighborhoods are not common. Apartment living is a foe to acquaintanceship because the dwellers in these convenient homes are a shifting population. Then we are all prone to the weakness of wanting to know something of our neighbors before we establish friendly relations with them. Really, we ought not to consider anything but the fact that they are human beings who have settled in our vicinity. We should make the first call that etiquette requires, and if we learn, later, of a reason for nipping the budding acquaintanceship, we can do it with propriety. We have performed our duty, and in justice it should be said that the nipping process is not often required.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

POLYGAMY AS IT IS.

Mormonism Finds Protection in Fact Whole Truth Cannot Be Told.

The following incident is actually a fact, though on the surface it appears almost unbelievable, says Marian Bon-sall in the Housekeeper. A certain unmarried woman was ill and was thought to be about to die. Her friends, fearing for the fate of an unmarried woman in the hereafter, went hurriedly to a man of their acquaintance, a bachelor, requesting him to be sealed to her immediately. He consented, being willing to have her for his wife in the life to come. But the unexpected happened, and the young woman was restored to health. The man to whom she had been sealed continued to live as he had done, and she lived at her home as a single woman. Some time after, the young woman married a man of her faith, and lives with him and her children to-day. In the meantime the man died to whom she had been sealed for eternity but not for time. He was a man of considerable wealth, and on the strength of the sealing, the woman, the wife for time of another man, sued for the former's property in the Utah courts—and got it.

It is impossible to grasp the full import of the whole Mormon situation. Its unwholesomeness, its repulsiveness and its general degradation are its very protection. The whole story cannot be told and insinuation seems vulgar. And what makes the situation so intricate, so almost hopeless, is that individually the mass of the Mormon people are so admirable, so sincere and so earnest. Mormon women are as womanly and as lovable as other women. They look the same, act the same and feel the same as other women. And yet the women, who constitute the only spirituality to be found in all Mormonism, have not been taken into consideration in their religion, except as they can assist in building up the glory of their husbands.

Disaster Made Auntie Talkative.
A little girl being required to write an essay of 250 words about a bicycle, wrote the following: "My auntie has a bicycle. One day she went out for a ride. When she got about a mile from home her dress caught in the chain and threw her off and broke the wheel. I guess this is about fifty words and my auntie used the other 200 words while she was carrying her bicycle home."—Kansas City Journal.

Three Knock-Out Blows.
The blow of a whale's tail is the strongest animal force in the world; the kick of a giraffe is second and the stroke of a lion's paw the third.

CASES OF CHINESE THRIFT.

Celestial Empire a Poor Field for Accident Insurance Companies.

"China would be a poor field for accident insurance companies," said a man in the tea trade. "The inhabitants would be only too glad to get hurt in order to collect their insurance."
"Up the river from Hongkong there's a little settlement of Englishmen. Just across the river is a graveyard, inhabited by a few scrub birds of the snipe family. They are very poor shooting, but your Briton must have sport of some kind, and shooting these birds is the only sport in sight."
"One day an Englishman let drive at a snipe and hit a Chinaman who had just bobbed out from behind a tombstone. The charge of shot struck the coolie in his wrist, putting his hand out of business."
"Of course, the Chinaman made a row. The Briton, wanting to do the square thing, offered to pay the damage. The coolie demanded \$10. The Englishman generously made it \$15.

"There was never any good hunting in the graveyard after that. Whenever an Englishman was seen approaching it, a Chinaman hid behind every gravestone."
"With marvelous cleverness they'd manage to get in range when the Briton fired. If one of them had the luck to get two or three birdshot in his system, he would come out, make his roar and collect."
"Of course, this drove away the snipe; but the coolies took to catching birds, tying them by the leg to gravestones and hiding themselves in holes from which they could rise and get shot at the proper moment. The Englishmen had to stop hunting. It was too expensive.

"One of the pleasant and refined Chinese tortures is crushing the ankle. There are coolies in Shanghai who keep a standing offer to submit to this torture, for the benefit of tourists, at a rate of \$5."
"I know of several cases where this offer has been accepted. The coolie submitted without a howl, and smiled when he collected the money."—Kansas City Journal.

One Advantage.
"I say," called the wag to the engineer, "a comet has one big advantage over locomotives as a motive power."
"What is that?"
"It can keep its train running on time even after it has been tele-scoped."—Baltimore American.

Remark heard in passing: "Nowadays you have to look out what you say." Didn't people always have to look out?

DID A WORLD OF GOOD

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Heart Pains Dizzy Spells and Weakness.

Easy to get, hard to get rid of; that is what most sufferers think of dyspepsia. They are astonished when their stomach begins to trouble them seriously.

They had been eating hurriedly and irregularly for a long time, to be sure, but they supposed their stomachs quite used to that.

Some people know that the strength which the weak stomach needs, and for the lack of which the whole body is suffering, can be found surely and quickly in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In hundreds of instances these pills have succeeded where other remedies failed.

"My indigestion," said Mr. J. R. Miller, of Dayton, Va., "came in the first place from the fact that a few years ago I worked a great deal at night, and ate at any odd hour whenever the chance came, and always very hurriedly. One day I fell myself a victim of terrible dyspepsia. It kept me miserable all the time for several years."
"I always had a great deal of distress after eating, and when I got up from my sleep my stomach would be so weak that it would hardly take any food. I had very uncomfortable feelings about my heart, and was dizzy and, whenever I stooped over and then straightened up, my eyes would be badly blurred."

"I read the statements of several persons who had got rid of obstinate stomach troubles by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought some and they did me a world of good. They acted promptly and did just what was claimed for them. I have no more distress after meals; the bad feeling has gone from the region of my heart; the alarming dizzy spells have disappeared, and I am strong again."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE BACK YARDS.

Some Good Suggestions for Inexperienced Gardeners.

The average town back yard presents a number of difficult problems to the inexperienced gardener who aspires to be the owner of a "vine and fig tree" of his own. As a rule, the tillable portions of the plot are narrow and are hedged by a high board fence that on one side reaches a scorching temperature daily in midsummer, while on the other it is in many cases destined to perpetual shadow. A common cause of failure to produce a pleasing effect in the long, narrow yard is the planting of too many hardy shrubs and vines, says the New York Tribune. They fill the limited space in proportions that are displeasing to the eye, and the foliage seldom remains attractive through the entire season.

A deutzia or two, which can be kept trimmed in small clump-like bushes, and a hardy climbing rose for the rear end of the fence are enough for the ordinary space. A grapevine trained over a trellis built above the kitchen windows will furnish a welcome shade to that apartment during the summer and provide luscious fruit for the fall. After the frosts come the vine can be tied back, so that it will not shut out the winter sunlight from the kitchen, and in the following spring it may again be spread over the frame.

With a yard sixty-five or seventy feet long or more it is a good plan to shorten the grass plot enough to allow for a large square bed at the end farthest from the house, which will be surrounded on all sides by a walk of the usual width. A border bed eighteen inches or two feet wide should extend around the three sides of the yard next to the fence.

A profusion of vines to hide the fence completely will furnish a refreshing outlook for hot weather. For the sunny side of the yard nasturtiums, morning glories of all kinds, especially the Japanese varieties, and both the red and the white variety of the scarlet runner may be used. The latter bears a mottled bean, which few people know is delicious when cooked and far surpasses in flavor the lima bean. On the shady side of the yard there may be planted clematis, which is beautiful not only in summer, but when the seed pods burst in the fall; both the pink and white solanum and Maderia vines. The Lopus pernum, which bears beautiful crimson flowers, will thrive in either shade or sun.

Retort Courteous.
Miss Elderleigh—What! Your baby 10 months old and can't walk yet! Why, I could go it alone at the age of 7 months.
Mrs. Youngwife—Yes, and I notice you have been going it alone ever since.

Birth of a Flower.

Years and years ago and ever so many years before there lived far away in a lovely country a youth who was the most beautiful man in the world. His name was Narcissus, and he had a sister as beautiful as himself, whom he loved very dearly. Narcissus often used to go hunting in the woods with his sister. Each of them knew that the other one was very beautiful, but they did not know the same about themselves. You see, they had no looking glasses in those days—at least only the mermaids had them, and they never lent them to any one else. One day the girl died, and poor Narcissus was very unhappy, and after that he had to go hunting by himself. Once when he was thirsty he came to a stream and was just bending down to drink when he saw his own face in the water. He had never seen it before and thought it was the face of his dear sister. So he tried to catch hold of her, but could not. When he had tried for a long time he was so disappointed that he killed himself. Then the fairies came in the night to bury him, but they only found a pretty white flower, which is still called narcissus.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh, Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing his work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Sun in the Poultry House.

If those who raise poultry would realize that fowls that have had free access to sunshine during seven, eight or nine months in the year miss it greatly during the months of confinement, they would do some changing in their methods of house-building and arrangement. Unfortunately many writers are decrying the scratching sheds, claiming that they are not sufficiently valuable to warrant their cost and maintenance. Of course, if one has a large poultry house, well lighted and so arranged that all the sun possible enters, then possibly the scratching shed is superfluous. But how many such houses are there the country through? One may have a very small house proper, and by the aid of the scratching shed raise a good many fowls. But whatever the arrangement of the poultry quarters, plan so that they will have all the sunlight possible, and you will see a decided gain in the egg production.

Robbed in Church.

Just think what an outrage it is to be robbed of all the benefits of the services by continuous coughing throughout the congregation, when Anti-Grippe is guaranteed to cure. Sold everywhere, 25 cents. F. W. Diemer, M. D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

Told by the Typewriter.

The following correspondence explains itself:

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his ground."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and requests that in future he will not spell his piggs with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and he will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

Worth Knowing

—that Alcock's are the original and all genuine porous plasters; all other so-called porous plasters are imitations.

Put Him Out.

Bacon—Did you ever hear that fellow Swallow sing?
Egbert—No.
Bacon—"He must be fierce!"
"Why?"

"He told me he started singing in a house last night and they put him out."

"You're joking."
"No, I'm not. He told me he was singing and some people were talking and they put him out."

Bad Stomach Makes

Bad Blood.

You can not make sweet butter in a foul, unclean churn. The stomach serves as a churn in which to agitate, work up and disintegrate our food as it is being digested. If it be weak, sluggish and foul the result will be torpid, sluggish liver and bad, impure blood.

The ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are just such as best serve to correct and cure all such derangements. It is made up without a drop of alcohol in its composition; chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead of the commonly employed alcohol. Now this glycerine is of itself a valuable medicine, instead of a deleterious agent like alcohol, especially in the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia and the various forms of indigestion. Prof. Harvey Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of it:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. It is one of the best food materials produced in the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs; especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis of the alimentary canal. It is useful in chronic intestinal dyspepsia, especially the flatulent variety, and in certain forms of chronic constipation, stimulating the secretory, excretory functions of the intestinal glands."

When combined, in just the right proportions, with Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark, Queen's root, Blood root and Mandrake root, or the extracts of these, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, there can be no doubt of its great efficacy in the cure of all stomach, liver and intestinal disorders and derangements. These several ingredients have the strongest endorsement in all such cases of such eminent medical leaders as Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, Chicago; Prof. Robert A. Hare, M. D., of Medical Department, University of Pa.; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Medical Department, University of New York; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., and Prof. John King, M. D., Authors of the American Dispensary, and scores of others, are the leading medical men of our land. Who can doubt the curative virtues of a medicine the ingredients of which have such a professional endorsement?
Constipation cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One or two a dose.

A WORD OF CHEER.

"Poor Mary Emma has broken her wrist—the right one!"—said Mrs. Lane, as she finished reading a letter from her cousin, Mary Emma's husband.

"Now I'll sit down and write her this very afternoon, and express my sympathy and tell her something cheerful to take her mind off herself. My husband says I can do that better than almost any one else knows." This is what she wrote:

Dear Mary Emma—Your good husband's letter was received this morning, and glad I was to get it and hear the news from you.

Suppose you had broken one of your legs or an arm, or had suffered a contusion of the brain, such as has come upon Uncle Silas through falling from a ladder?

And oh, how thankful we should all be that we aren't foreigners engaged in war and liable to be blown up at any time! Every night I read the paper and see how people are being killed all over the world, and then when I've looked at the lamp to make sure it's not getting ready to explode, my heart is filled with gratitude to think my lot is cast in Boston.

Of course, living in New York as you do, you haven't that cause for thankfulness, but when you're lying awake nights with your wrist, think how it would be if you were out on the plains or in Africa. Many people are there, you know.

Then you'll be free from writing for one while; and that must be a comfort; for I can tell from your letters how much you dislike writing—what a task it is for you; and now nobody will expect to hear from you for weeks. Don't on any account strain the muscles by writing too soon.

But most of all you ought to be thankful that your husband's nature is so calm. Why, if I'd broken my wrist or so much as one tiny finger bone, my Sam would have been nearly crazy, whereas your William wrote such a beautiful letter about everything being for the best, and how he always felt resigned to whatever came—those aren't his words, but that's the idea.

I can't help thinking that when you sum up all the things for which you can be thankful and add your dear William, the pain in your wrist will seem like nothing!

I will write again soon, and remain your affectionate cousin,

SOPHIA LANE.

He who fights and runs away deprives his conqueror of half of his victory.

LOST EYESIGHT

Through Coffee Drinking

Some people question the statements that coffee hurts the delicate nerves of the body. Personal experience with thousands prove the general statement true and physicians have records of great numbers of cases that add to the testimony.

The following is from the Rockford, Ill., Register-Gazette:

Dr. William Langhorst of Aurora has been treating one of the queerest cases of lost eyesight ever in history. The patient is O. A. Leach of Beach county, and in the last four months he has doctored with all of the specialists about the country and has at last returned home with the fact impressed on his mind that his case is incurable.

A portion of the optic nerve has been ruined, rendering his sight so lim-

ited that he is unable to see anything before him, but he can see plainly anything at the side of him. There have been but few cases of its kind before and they have been caused by whiskey or tobacco. Leach has never used either, but has been a great coffee drinker and the specialists have decided that the case has been caused by this. Leach stated himself that for several years he had drunk three cups of coffee for breakfast, two at noon and one at night. According to the records of the specialists of this county this is the first case ever caused by the use of coffee.

The nerve is ruined beyond aid and his case is incurable. The fact that makes the case a queer one is that the sight forward has been lost and the side sight has been retained. According to the doctor's statement the young man will have to give up coffee or the rest of his sight will follow and the entire nerve be ruined.—Register-Gazette.

Let it be remembered that the eyes may be attacked in one case and the stomach in another, while in others it may be kidneys, heart, bowels or general nervous prostration. The remedy is obvious and should be adopted before too late.

Quit coffee, if you show incipient disease.

It is easy if one can have well-bolled Postum Food Coffee to serve for the hot morning beverage. The withdrawal of the old kind of coffee that is doing the harm and the supply of the elements in the Postum which Nature uses to rebuild the broken down nerve cells, insures a quick return to the old joy of strength and health, and it's well worth while to be able again to "do things" and feel well. There's a reason for

POSTUM