

**Tipping Barred.**  
A well known New York hostelry has inaugurated an anti-gratuity policy for at least the current season. The management makes official statement thus: "The servants of the house receive full and satisfactory compensation for their services from the owners, and are neither permitted to accept nor do they expect to receive fees of any kind from guests."

The reason some people stay out of debt is that no one will let them get in.

**A Novel Bottle.**

In furnishing information concerning Calcutta's supply of the various "soft" drinks, Consul General William H. Michael refers as follows to an improved bottle in use:

This bottle is so blown as to contain in the neck a round glass stopper, which is forced upward by the gas in the bottle and holds the gas perfectly. An expert can remove half the contents of one of these bottles, and by a shake force the ball up into the neck, and thus preserve the remaining half for future use. It is an ingenious device, and every way superior to the old-style corks. In opening a bottle a wooden, cup-shaped device, which fits in the hollow of the hand and contains a short nipple, is placed over and against the glass ball stopper and pressed downward. This causes the ball to drop down into the neck of the bottle, prevents too rapid escape of gas and foam, and, if only part of the contents is required, the ball may be forced back into the position as stopper.

**Nebraska's Meeting Place.**

That's what people are now calling the city of Lincoln. Nearly all societies of every sort meet sometime during the year in Lincoln, and this gives The State Journal a peculiar interest to state readers, as it devotes more space to such meetings than any two of the other state papers. The recent teachers' association called together nearly 5,000 of the state teachers and every home that has a school child was interested in the reports of their doings. Especially was every member of a school board interested. Soon will come the great agricultural meetings and columns of facts will be printed in The Lincoln Journal that affect the earning power of every farmer. Then of course the legislature will be here for three months and surely you will be interested in what it will do in regard to regulating the liquor traffic and guaranteeing bank deposits. The Journal spends more money for and devotes more space to its legislative reports than any other paper. It's a Journal specialty. The Journal is not a city paper, it's a state paper, and its energies are pushed in the direction of dealing with state affairs. Whatever interests you as a taxpayer, interests The Journal and you will find the impartial, disinterested facts in its columns.

**Putting It Up to the Querist.**

The next letter the information editor opened contained this question: "What is the correct pronunciation of 'irrefragable'?" "Consult your unabridged," he wrote, and savagely impaled both the query and answer on the copy hook. For somebody has carried away the office dictionary. It was about midnight that the detectives arrived with their prisoner, and a Mr. Collins, the principal depositor in the bank, and, therefore, the principal loser, was awakened at his home and informed by telephone of the capture. He expressed his gratification and went back to bed. Shortly afterward he was aroused to receive another telephone message to the same effect, from a different source. This sort of thing continued to such an extent that Collins grew very wrathful; so that, when he answered the 'phone bell for the last time, he was in anything but an amiable frame of mind. "Hello, Collins," came over the wire. "Yes. What do you want?" "Collins, this is Deputy Sheriff Myers. We've caught that runaway receiver. Is there anything you'd like to have me do, personally, in the matter?" "Yes!" roared Collins, "hang up the receiver!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

**The Jolly Fat Man.**

When you meet a bow-legged man in the street, do you stop him and ask how it feels to walk that way? On being introduced to a man with a face like an inverted comic supplement, do you condole with him on being so homely? Do you recommend to the sallow man sitting next you in a car a tonic for his liver? At uncheon do you hint to the puffy-eyed, or-nosed stranger opposite you that he ought to get on the water wagon? Of course you don't! You would not be so impolite. You might hurt their feelings. But when you meet a fat man, it's different. Everybody recognizes him as legitimate prey. He is a butt for jokes, a subject for condolence, an object for advice. Even the man so thin that he does not know whether it is his back or his stomach that hurts him, takes it for granted that he is the fat man's ideal, and insists on giving him advice on how to reduce. Everyone imagines that the fat man must be unhappy because he weighs more than the average person.—Exchange.

**Sowing and Reaping**

By Alice Hill

(Copyright, Ford Pub. Co.)

Nicolas Palgrave lay on his plank bed watching the pale rays of dawn slowly lighten on his cell wall. His time was up that morning; he had served over four years out of the five, and had earned the full remission granted for good conduct, and at nine o'clock he would cease to be a cipher and become a free man once more.

But what would his freedom bring him? How would she for whom he had stolen receive him? And, above all, what greeting awaited him from little Maisie, his little idol, who had been but four when he was sentenced? Would she know him when he came out? Had she been taught to look forward to meeting him on his return, or when he was free would it be only to find himself a stranger in a strange land, and strangest of all in his own home?

His was a not uncommon story. A man in comfortable circumstances, had married above him, and after marriage had found his wife looked for many things which his income could scarcely afford her; and then

blinds. Then came the notes of a piano, and a child's voice burst forth in a trivial little song.

He stood for a moment, with his hands clenched upon the railings until the iron heads bit into his palms, and a great, all-mastering longing surged over him to be once more the head of the happy little home, to take his place at his own fireside, with his wife sitting opposite him crocheting, while his sunny-faced little girl poured forth her songs in merry thoughtless glee.

He gulped quickly to clear his throat, and, approaching the door, knocked softly. No answer came, and after a moment he knocked again, louder. There came footsteps; the door was opened, and his wife stood before him. A smile was still upon her face, but as she recognized him by the light of the hall lamp her features changed, and a cold, hard look came into her eyes.

"Madge!" he said. "You!" she answered scornfully. "So you've come back! What do you want?"

Her words struck him like a blow, and he drew back a step from the door.

"Madge, don't for heaven's sake, don't turn me away! Haven't I suffered enough for my fault? Have you no greeting for me?"

"Greeting! What greeting can I have for a felon? As you have sown, so must you reap. Haven't you brought sufficient shame and misery upon me? I thought you had passed out of my life forever."

"Madge, have mercy! You know the cause of my offense and how bitterly I have paid for it! You know—but, good heavens! how can you know? How can you imagine the horror of that fearful prison, shut up with the vilest of the earth, working like a slave under the whip by day and pacing my cell like a caged animal by night. I had shamed you before the world, and I atoned for it with tears of blood. Won't you forgive me, Madge?"

"What! and take you back into my home—into that room where my child is sitting, innocent that the world holds such beings as you?"

"Our child, Madge!" "My child, I say. Do you think I let her know her father was a felon working out his just sentence in a prison cell? No, no; my child's father is dead, as my husband died when the prison gates closed on him."

She stood with her hand upon the door, as if to close it. He looked at her despairingly, and as he saw his hopes of happiness drifting away from him he flung himself at her feet.

"Madge, Madge, for our child's sake, don't drive me back there! Can't you forgive me? Take me back and help me in my fight to be an honest man! I will slave for you and Maisie while heaven gives me breath, and with you to back me I can still hold up my head and face the world. But if you spurn me, what is before me but the jail?"

He tried to take her hand, but she pushed him back with her foot. "Go!" she said, pointing to the gate. "Go, and never let me see you again. You have sown and you must reap. My house is my home, and you shall not soil it. Go, I say—go!" She stamped her foot and pointed to the gate, and, rising, he went down the path without a word.

Slowly he walked up the road, his shoulders sloping and his arms hanging loosely at his sides. He saw a policeman by a street lamp, and slunk furtively into the roadway. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a portly gentleman approaching with a heavy gold chain across his vest.

"Why not?" he muttered. "Why not?"

In a moment he had snatched the chain, and then stood still as he heard the policeman's hurried footsteps behind him; and that night the prison gates closed upon him once more.

**Missionary Work in Fiji.**

No other country that has been the theater of missionary enterprise can show such splendid results as Fiji. Up to the time when the first missionary landed, the natives of Fiji had the reputation, justly earned, of being the vilest cannibals on the earth. To-day there are no difficulties in Fiji; for alone, unarmed and unattended save by his guides and helpers, the travelers may journey through all the villages of the island, without the least danger of receiving anything but the kindest, most courteous, nay, even the most warmly hospitable treatment. The young men and women will gather about him in friendly curiosity, tempered by the most absolute respect, and will conduct him to the village guest house. But all these things give but a superficial idea of the Fijians. One needs to go among them—away from the ports and foreign influences, and so see them in their natural state with all their strange ceremonies.—From the Travel Magazine.

**Defined.**

She—What is "platonic love?" He—The straight and narrow path which does not lead to alimony.

**THE CARE OF BULBS FOR WINTER BLOOMING**

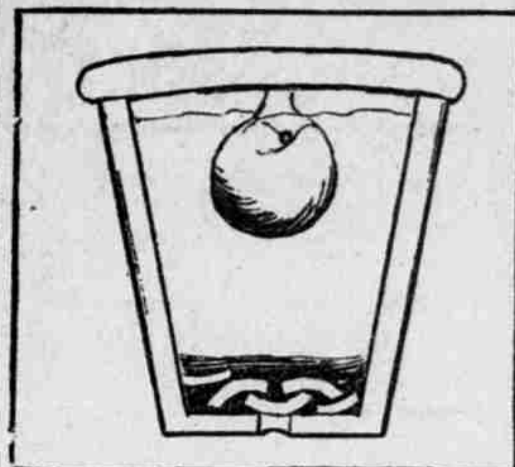
Cool Cellar Required for Rooting—Use Loamy Garden Soil in Planting in the Pots.

Bulbs may be briefly described as fleshy underground buds from which roots develop in autumn and leaves and flowers later on. Most of them

addition of any fertilizer, but if it is a soil that becomes compact, it is advisable to add a little coarse sand to make it more porous.

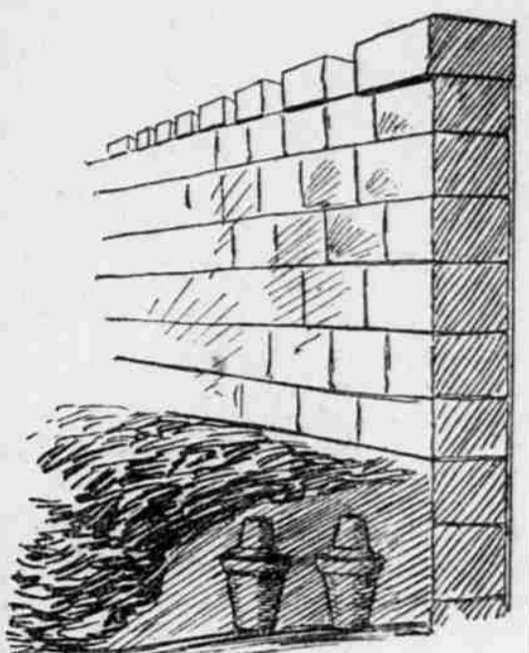
Bulbs should be planted not later than the middle of October, as they will require six weeks to two months to fill the pot with roots. Hyacinths succeed best in five-inch pots, or if pans are used several bulbs may be planted in one pan. First put several pieces of broken pot or charcoal in the bottom of the pot for drainage, fill the pot with soil and shake it down by striking the bottom of the pot against something. Avoid pressing down the soil before planting, as in that way the roots will force the bulb out of the pot when they start to grow. Have the upper side of the bulb on a level with the surface of the soil and within half an inch of the top of the pot.

One watering is sufficient where pots can be put in a cool moist place, but they require watering once a week



Hyacinth Bulb Planted at Proper Depth.

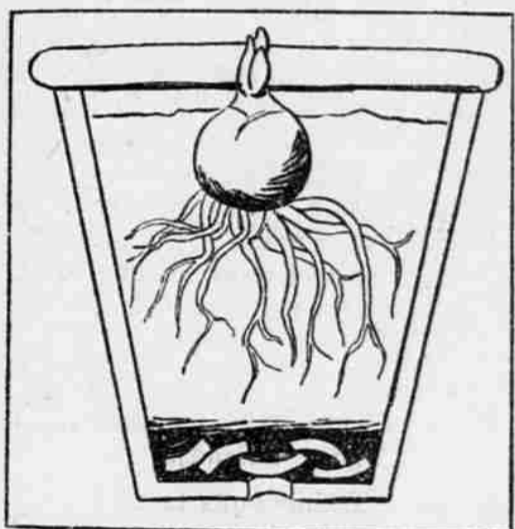
are grown in Holland, and hence are known as Dutch bulbs, although they are now being grown commercially in England, Ireland and the United States. Knowing that the flowers are already formed in the bulbs before they are planted it can be easily understood that large and well developed bulbs are likely to give better flowers than small ones. The necessary food and energy are stored up in the bulb, ready to be used when the right conditions are brought about. These conditions are moisture and coolness to produce roots and then sunshine and heat to develop the leaves and flowers. While the bulb does, no doubt, take up plant food from the soil when forced, roots and moisture are of far greater importance. A soil should first of all be porous so that air is admitted freely to the roots; a soil which becomes compact is the poorest kind. It should also retain water fairly well and for this reason it is well



Potted Bulbs Stored Under Leaves or in Dark Cellar While Forming Roots.

or oftener if they are kept in a dry cellar. When rooting the bulbs should be kept in a dark place between 35 and 45 degrees if possible. If kept in a high temperature, growth of leaves begins before there is good root development.

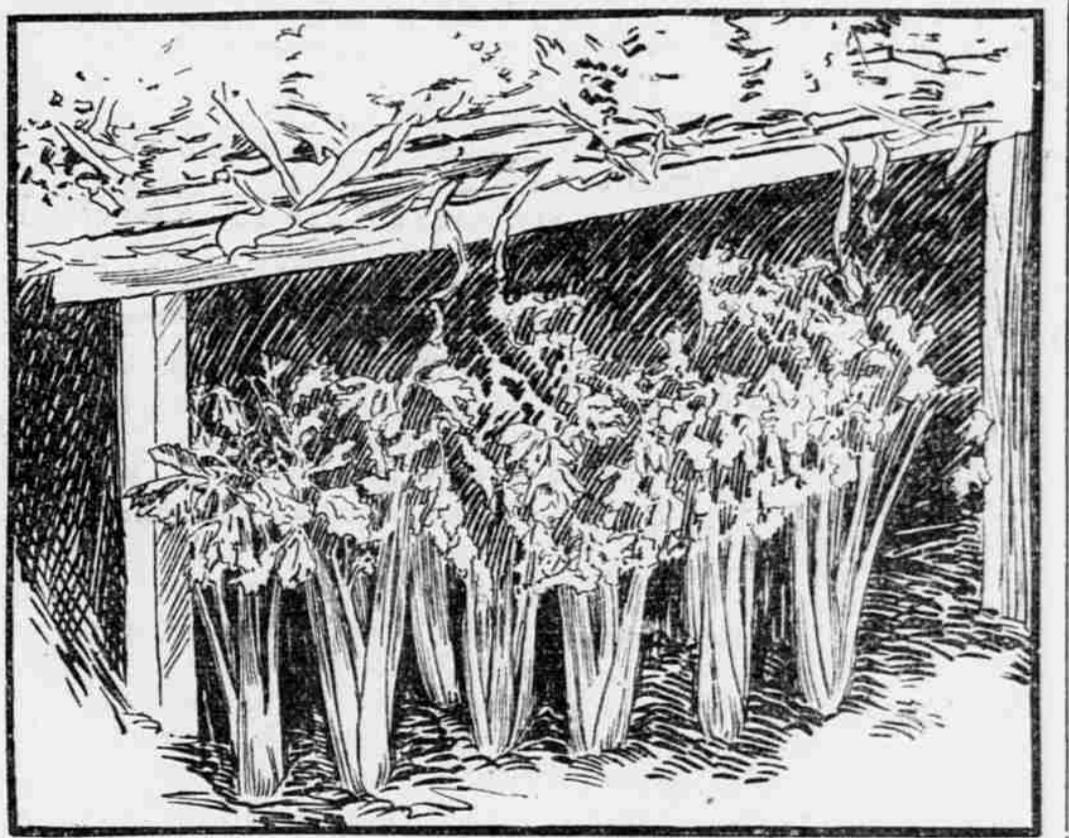
The pot should be nearly full of roots before the bulbs are brought upstairs. To find out if they are sufficiently rooted, turn the pot upside down and tap gently. The bulbs will turn out without any difficulty and if roots are showing around the outside, they are ready to be taken up into a room where the temperature is not much above 50 degrees. Sunshine and careful application of water are essential during the forcing process.—From "Bulb Culture for the Amateur," by W. T. Macoun and R. B. Whyte.



Well Rooted Ready to Be Brought to the Light for Forcing.

to have some humus, which is supplied by rotted leaves, rotted manure or rotted sod. Good loamy garden soil is quite satisfactory, without the

**A Good Celery Pit for Winter**



To keep a small quantity of celery dig a pit two feet deep, three feet wide and of any desired length. Pack with fully grown plants and cover the roots with the loose soil on the bottom. Sprinkle well with water and

then allow to remain open long enough for the tops to dry off. Place boards along the side and bank up with earth. Cover with boards or straw and as the weather becomes colder increase the covering.

**PROTECTING FRUIT TREES**

By Charles Young, Ontario.

Winter protection of the trunk and lower portion of the top is necessary for some years. I find the advice to use a thin veneer of little use. The veneer, at most, protects only the trunk and leaves the collar exposed, and this is the vital part of the tree. If not severely scalded the trunk will get all right again; but, if the collar of the tree is injured to the same extent, the tree is killed unless a new head is formed below the injured portion.

I have tried many different protectors, such as barrel staves, basswood bark, building paper, etc., but have found nothing more effective than a strip of burlap or any old sacking wound round the trunk and lower portion of the top. This entails a good deal of work when there are many trees to go over, and a simpler and

possibly just as effective method is to make up some lime whitewash, have it about the consistency of plasterer's putty, when it is run off. Throw a handful or two of fine sand or wood ashes into the pail, stir it up and apply with an old broom or whitewash brush. Lay it on good and thick about the collar of the tree. I have found this a perfect protection from sun scald, besides being of benefit to the tree otherwise.

**Starving the Trees.**—The necessity of fertilizing their orchards, the failure to produce, or fruit of scarcity and inferior quality, comparatively few farmers realize, is often due to starving the trees. Think of the vast foliage to be supported independent of maturing fruit—a large supply of plant food is required.

**When the Wind Fails.**—When the wind stops blowing the windmill quits pumping and the tank runs dry—you feel like finding fault with a good old friend. We have no other complaint to make about wind power.

**MOVED BY TIME.**

No Fear of Any Further Trouble.

David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, I am still perfectly well." Sold by all dealers. 50c a box Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**WHAT WOULD HE HAVE SAID?**



"Get up, Jack. You mustn't cry like a baby! You're quite a man now. You know if I fell down I shouldn't cry, I should merely say—"  
"Yes, I know, pa; but then—I go to Sunday school—and you don't."

**TORTURED SIX MONTHS**

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hand and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

**Kicks.**

Harry Payne Whitney the day his own and other noted horsemen's racers were shipped from London on the Minnehaha, said of the death of racing in New York:

"A good many jockeys have been hard hit. A jockey told me last week a very sad tale of misfortune. I listened sympathetically."

"Ah, Joe," said I, "when a man is down, few hands are extended to him." "The jockey as he chewed a straw, smiled bitterly."

"Few hands—yes—that's right," he said, "but think of the feet."

**A Multiplicity of Fathers.**

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting: "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted: "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sideways, and in a very surprised tone gravely asked: "Two of 'em'?"—Delineator.

**Grown-Up Children.**

It is not only the frivolous whom the spirit of childishness is just now leading astray. Silliness is the fashion even among the wise. Women especially affect a kind of childish shrewdness in talking of serious subjects. Like children who have the habit of romancing, they lose the sense of reality, and because they never talk exactly as they think they begin to think exactly as they talk.—London Spectator.

**CAUSE AND EFFECT**

Good Digestion Follows Right Food.

Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as drooping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of Cause and Effect in their daily food. A N. Y. young woman writes her experience thus:

"Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines seemed useless.

"A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food, praising it highly, and as a last resort I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.