

SAVING PAINT MONEY.

It Cannot Be Done by Using Cheap Material and Cheap Painters.
In arranging for painting, a good many property-owners try to save money by employing the painter who offers to do the job cheapest—or try to save money by insisting on a low-priced paint. But no property-owner would run such risks if he realized what must be taken into consideration in order to get a job that will wear and give thorough satisfaction.

No houseowner will go wrong on the painting question if he writes National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York, for their Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49, which is sent free. It is a complete guide to painting. It includes a book of color schemes for either exterior or interior painting, a book of specifications, and an instrument for detecting adulteration in paint materials.

Nearly every dealer has National Lead Company's pure white lead (Dutch Boy Painter trademark). If yours has not notify National Lead Co., and arrangements will be made for you to get it.

Candid and Convicted.

The following anecdote of Uncle Joe Cannon is told by A. E. Thomas in Success Magazine:

In some ways he's an engaging old despot, is Uncle Joe, and occasionally his victims have to laugh, even while they agonize beneath his yoke. On one occasion an unusually large number of Republicans happened to get hungry about the same time, while for some unknown reason the Democratic appetite did not require attention. Catching the Speaker napping, the Democratic floor leader, perceiving that he had a majority, called up a bill and pushed it to a vote. The Speaker struck out voting in all of the various ways that are known to him, but at the end of the second roll-call the Democratic votes were still in the majority. Though the rules of the House expressly forbade such a thing, a third roll-call was ordered by the Speaker, a proceeding which called out a red-hot protest from one of the Democratic leaders, who demanded to know the reason for the Speaker's extraordinary action. The Speaker generally advised the protesting Democrat.

"The chair will inform the gentleman, said he. 'The chair is hoping that a few more Republicans will come in.'"

A gale of strictly non-partisan laughter swept over the House, and before it had entirely subsided enough Republicans had been rounded up for the hurrying counts to fulfill the Speaker's wish so candidly expressed.

Does This Mean You?

Indigestion, sour stomach, constipation—then headache, backache and a general miserable feeling. Do you know that the pleasant herb tea, Lane's Family Medicine, will remove all these troubles almost immediately? If you do not know it, get a package to-day at any druggist's or dealer's (25c) and you will be glad we told you.

Couldn't Fool Johnny.

Widow Jones—How would my little Johnny like a new papa?
Johnny (aged 5)—Oh, you needn't above the responsibility on me, ma!
It isn't a new papa for me, but a new husband for yourself, that you are thinking of.—Boston Transcript.

If Your Eyes Bothers You get a box of PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, old reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Uncle Jerry.

"As a general thing," observed Uncle Jerry Peedles, "I believe in lettin' women have whatever they want; but when I see one of 'em goin' around with a spring hat on her head that looks like an old-fashioned beehive that's been tarred and feathered and then struck by lightning, I begin to wonder, by George, if it would be safe to let her with the ballot!"—Chicago Tribune.

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

In the Hands of the Law.

An impetuous young lawyer recently received the following letter from a tailor to whom he was indebted:
"Dear Sir—Kindly advise me by return mail when I may expect a remittance from you in settlement of my account. Yours truly,
"J. SNIPPEN."

The follower of Blackstone immediately replied:
"Dear Sir—I have your request for advice of a recent date, and beg leave to say that not having received any remittance from you I cannot act in the premises. Upon receipt of your check for \$250 I shall be very glad to look the matter up for you and to acquit you with the results of my investigations. I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,
"HARCLAY B. COKE."
—Success Magazine.

"Success Magazine."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL.
375 "Guarantee"

FASHION AND SOCIETY AT THE PYRAMIDS



GLIMPSE OF AN UNUSUALLY INTERESTING PHASE OF MODERN LIFE.

THE horde of tourists who spend the winter season in Egypt is increasing each year—greatly to the delight of the pleasure seekers themselves, who are, as a class, ardent believers in the saying, "the more the merrier." But to students and dreamers who are sworn foes to modernity this phase of life in the land of the Pharaohs is something to be deplored and lamented.

Among those visionaries whose constant cry is that the charm and mystery of Egypt are being ruined and obscured, there is no more ardent hater of the tourist class than the famous French lieutenant and writer, Pierre Loti. Ruskin fought no more fiercely against our utilitarian age than does this Frenchman. English rule in Egypt, England's treatment of the Nile waters, the building of the Assouan dam, all these matters draw Loti's anger; but most of all it is the tourists. He never names American tourists specifically, yet we cannot

SATISFACTION.

HE never climbed the mountain heights; He never has attained success; His name has never yet appeared Within the columns of the press. And yet he proudly goes his way, Content in borrowed light to dwell; Of one who wins he'll always say: "I know a man who knows him well."

Great things himself he never does, And I am sure he never tries; His greatest joy is to attract A crowd that he can patronize. And then, in a superior way, To them he'll condescend to tell How close he is to So and So. He knows a friend who knows him well.

The proudest man on earth is not The one who is on top and knows it; Nor he who has succeeded well And feels above all and shows it; But he who, when some great man's name Is mentioned, lets his cranium swell!

Oh, spare us from this bore of bores, Who knows a friend who knows him well. —Detroit Free Press.

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All in Half an Hour

"Half-past eight, Gordon," said Mrs. MacLean, "and I want you to leave two notes on your way to kindergarten. This in your right hand is for Aunt Margaret and the one in your left hand is for the grocer. Don't give the left-hand note to anyone but Mr. Jeffrey himself—that boy of his is so careless!"

Gordon's chubby fingers closed over the notes. His mother, standing on the doorway to watch the little coat and cap out of sight, felt her eyes suddenly blurred.
"So like his dear father!" she murmured, as she turned back into the empty home.

A few minutes later she glanced from a window toward the moss-green house at the foot of the hill and said to herself, "I believe I'll go and call."

Over at Aunt Margaret Crane's a vision of red cheeks and brown eyes flashed in and out of the dining room, leaving a note on the table. The wind had given Gordon a chase for his cap on the way there and at one stage in the skirmish clutched in one hand, but the grocer knew perfectly well that the right-hand note had been on top all the time.

"What's this?" said Aunt Margaret, pecking up the note. Already Gordon was trotting down the road. "Please send immediately one dozen eggs, one bottle vanilla, one pound—! This was meant for the grocer. I'll telephone 'd'own to Jeffrey's for her."

Mrs. Jeffrey, who happened that morning to be filling the place of a suddenly departed cashier in her husband's store, had hardly finished talking a telephone order to be sent to Mrs. MacLean when Gordon MacLean, breathless from running, bounded into the store.

"Oh! isn't Mr. Jeffrey here?" he asked, tightening his hold on the note. "Mother told me not to give this to anyone but Mr. Jeffrey."
"But I'm Mrs. Jeffrey, dear. It's just the same if you give it to me."
This was perfectly true when she said it. Two minutes later there was no truth in it.

Mrs. Jeffrey, standing behind the high desk, opened the note and read, instead of an order for groceries, this message:
"Dear Mrs. Jeffrey: I should not ask you to come again after your being here yesterday, but could you? I shall be alone all the morning. A word to the wife. Don't come this afternoon. I'll explain why later. DOLLY."

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not immune ourselves from his anger; he has lumped us with the English, the Gomit race among the visitors there.

The desert of the Sphinx, he tells us, is now threatened on every side by modernism, and is becoming a meeting place for the idlers of the whole world. He says: "It is true that so far nobody has dared to profane the Sphinx by building in immediate proximity to its grandeur, the fixed disdain of which may still be potent. Yet, scarcely half a league away is the terminus of a road where cabs and trams gather, and where motor cars of expensive makes emit their duck-like quacks; and yonder, behind the Pyramid of Cheops, looms a vast hotel, swarming with fashionables feathered as insects as redskins for the scalp dance."

To the "fashionables" M. Loti appears only as a man out of tune with the times and his wails of protest seem only to increase the growing popularity of "tourist-ridden Egypt" as a winter resort.

Suddenly she remembered one thing clearly. It was her husband's voice saying, "Must be mighty lonesome for Al MacLean's little widow, up there in the old place. She was saying when she was in the store yesterday that she hardly knows a soul in town yet. She just came out here to the suburbs because she wanted to be near her aunt, Mrs. Crane, and because she likes to be in the place where Al grew up."

That had been three months ago. Mrs. Jeffrey had meant to call, but other things had interfered. Tom had spoken of her going several times, but not lately. A bright spot had begun to burn in each of her cheeks as she read the note once more. She had never dreamed, when hearing about men's growing tired of their wives—

She snatched a sheet of paper and dashed off these words:
"This note from Mrs. MacLean to you will explain why Teddy and I are taking the 10 o'clock train for Chicago. I'm going to mother's."

Having inclosed the two messages in an envelope, which she sealed and addressed, leaving it on the desk for her husband, Mrs. Jeffrey told the boy in the rear room that he would have to come and stay in the store until Mr. Jeffrey returned. Then she walked swiftly down the street to her home, the moss-green house at the foot of the hill. There, upon her own porch, she found herself face to face with Mrs. MacLean!

"Oh, here you are!" said the little widow. "Please forgive my unconventionality in coming this way, Mrs. Jeffrey, but your husband said you really wanted to call on me, and I'm so lonesome that I've just acted on impulse and run down to ask you if you

wouldn't come and have a cup of tea with me this afternoon?"
She cast an appealing smile up to Mrs. Jeffrey—and fell back.
"How dare you?" said Mrs. Jeffrey, compressing into three words a volume of scorn.

As she spoke Jeffrey came rapidly up the walk.
"What in the name—" he began, "if he's here?" as his astonished eyes took in the little widow.

"How dare you?" Mrs. Jeffrey repeated, with rising excitement, as she snatched the wretched note from her husband's hand and held it out to Mrs. MacLean. "After writing my husband that—how dare you come to my home?"

Mrs. MacLean, shocked and white, was leaning against a pillar for support. Then her eyes fell on the note and the color flooded back to her face.
"That was for my Aunt Margaret!" she cried. "Did Gordon leave it at the store? And you thought—Oh!"
She dropped on the porch settee and buried her face in her hands.

Jeffrey shifted his feet and cleared his throat.

Mrs. Jeffrey stood rooted to the floor, unable to keep pace with the developments.

"The little widow sobbed and sobbed. At last, however, she lifted her face and looked at Mrs. Jeffrey. "I understand it now," she said, "and the strangest part is that it all happened because I wanted you for my friend. From the first minute I saw you in church I wanted to know you, but it was the beautiful way your husband

spoke about you the other day that made me dare, this morning, when I was so lonely, to ask—" Her voice broke.

Mrs. Jeffrey, with a lump in her throat, took one step and sat down on the porch settee.

"Tom," she said, as she put both arms around the little widow, "go back to the store."

And the clock struck 9.—Chicago Daily News.



Tuberculosis of the Joints.
It is customary to regard tuberculosis as a disease affecting the lungs only, but as a matter of fact it may attack any of the organs or tissues of the body.
When the bones or joints are affected, the disease is called surgical tuberculosis, because it is then amenable to mechanical treatment, or may even be extirpated by the surgeon's knife.
The joints most frequently attacked are the spine, the hip and the knee, although no joint is exempt. Tuberculosis seldom originates in the joint, but is usually preceded by trouble in a neighboring bone. In the lungs, glands of the neck, or other more or less remote part.
The symptoms of tuberculous arthritis, or tuberculosis of the joints, vary somewhat according to the joint involved, but as a type one may take tuberculosis of the knee, formerly called "white swelling."
The first frank symptoms of inflammation are often preceded by a feeling of weakness in the joint. The child—for it is the young who chiefly suffer from these troubles—walks a little stiffly or with a slight limp, and "favors" the knee. When questioned why he does not run about as formerly, he will usually say he does not know—and he does not, for there is no pain at this time, and at most, if he is pressed, he will say his leg is "tired."
Soon pain appears, usually indefinite in location, and often referred to some part other than the diseased joint. Then, as the disease declares itself, the knee will be seen to be swollen, and pain is now caused by motion, so that the little patient keeps the leg slightly bent and rigid. There is often night-crying; the child cries out sharply in his sleep, but not waken; or he may wake and whimper for a time and then fall off to sleep again, and again in a few minutes or a few hours give another scream.
Tuberculosis of the knee may assume one of three forms. That seen most frequently in adults is dropsy, the joint being distended with fluid. The most common form is the so-called "white swelling." In this the joint is distended with a soft, spongy, runny-like growth, the skin over it being stretched and white. The third form is suppurative arthritis, commonly following the second form. The treatment is usually by rendering the joint immovable; sometimes by cleansing out the contents, if pus forms; and rarely by cutting out the diseased part.
Life in the open air day and night, especially by the seaside, does as much good for joint tuberculosis as open-air life farther inland or in the mountains does for consumption of the lungs.

"Dead as a Herring."
Until the day of aquariums it was a somewhat difficult matter to observe a live herring. It is a fish that dies instantly on being taken from its native element. Among fishermen first arose the expression, "Dead as a herring."

Even the Marshal Was Moved When He Dispossessed the Rabbi.
Thirty little children sat on cheap wooden benches in the second-story room at 11 Suffolk street the other day. Every one of them was ragged. Most

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WORKING GIRLS AS WIVES.

COLLEGE education seems to insure reduction of progeny among college-bred fathers and mothers. Not two-thirds of the men graduates have children. Not 50 per cent of the girl graduates ever wed. Those who become wives seldom or never bring large families of children into the world.
The English-speaking world, comes to the rescue with the admission that working girls make better wives than college graduates or girls reared in idleness.

The working girl appreciates the difference between housework at her own convenience and toll for a fixed number of hours six days a week in store, office or factory under orders from some one else. The college graduate or the girl reared in idleness condemns her husband to life in apartment hotels and boarding houses because she thinks housework a burden.

The working girl wife is seldom seen in the divorce court. She does not tempt her husband with her inadequate income or mean because she has fewer dresses than her father used to provide. She leaves recrimination and divorce to wives who read novels and primped while their mothers did the housework.

The business girl makes housekeeping a business and her home is a success. She is a helpmeet and not a drawback, and the man who weds her may well consider himself in luck. Such is Miss Woolley's high opinion of the large class of young women to whom we must look for the mothers of the next generation.—Chicago Journal.

THE MAN "ON THE JOB."

WIDE-AWAKE and energetic clergyman who takes a "vital" interest in politics opposes the plan of direct nominations upon grounds that are striking, if not novel. He says he prefers government by "the few who stay on the job and know their business." That is to say, he would rather trust the experienced politicians than the amateurs who wade up occasionally and go in for political reform. He says the substitution of direct nominations for the effective control of a few persons experienced in government is a long step toward Socialism. He wants a political revival, with the leaders the first to approach the mourner's bench. And he believes that desired reforms can be more quickly brought about by converting the leaders than by putting affairs in the hands of the inexperienced and the incompetent.

The plan of direct nominations is yet in its experimental stage. Much has been hoped from it. In some elections it appears to have given a reasonable degree of satisfaction, while in others it has resulted in much disappointment. This, of course, is to be expected of all reforms, but it should teach us not to dwell too fondly upon the idea that the direct nomination is a panacea for all political ills.

In all other departments of human endeavor experience and skill are accounted valuable assets. Trained engineers are set to the task of building the Panama canal. A learned lawyer must be had to try a complicated lawsuit. A skilled financier must conduct the business of a bank, if it is to be successful. Is the science of government less complicated? In a country where party government prevails, politics in some sort becomes a science. There must be wise political direction or good government is impossible.

To convert the political leaders to righteousness may be a hopeless task, but obviously not more so than to convert the masses of the people. Under any system, experience and knowledge and skill must in the end prevail over inexperience and ignorance. The man constantly "on the job" will always have an advantage.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE United States navy has proved in time of war that its men are valiant, its guns effective and its ships efficient. In time of peace the fleet has performed a wonderful cruise, demonstrating that the navy has gained in efficiency with its increased size. The people are proud of its achievement, and anxious to keep it up to the highest standard of effectiveness, in order that it may be ready for any emergency. It is a pity, therefore, that the directing minds of the ships—the men upon whom all the responsibility would fall in case of war—are prevented from reaching command rank until they have almost reached the age of retirement. It is an extravagant system, because it fails to utilize to the best advantage the ripened physical and mental powers of the officers who have been trained for a lifetime to handle the nation's sea power.—Washington Post.

AGE PENALTY QUESTIONED.

THE American woman has proved in time of war that she is a patriot, her courage effective and her ships efficient. In time of peace the fleet has performed a wonderful cruise, demonstrating that the navy has gained in efficiency with its increased size. The people are proud of its achievement, and anxious to keep it up to the highest standard of effectiveness, in order that it may be ready for any emergency. It is a pity, therefore, that the directing minds of the ships—the men upon whom all the responsibility would fall in case of war—are prevented from reaching command rank until they have almost reached the age of retirement. It is an extravagant system, because it fails to utilize to the best advantage the ripened physical and mental powers of the officers who have been trained for a lifetime to handle the nation's sea power.—Washington Post.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

WE Americans are not yet quite able to distinguish a type, either of man or woman, that has developed out of our very complex ethnographic condition. We think, now and then, that we can see certain qualities or characteristics so grouped in an individual as to make us say for the moment that there is an "American." The American woman, is perhaps even a little more undeveloped, to our thinking, than is the American man. We admire or tremble before women of a certain air or quality; but this very air and quality of her do not seem permanent, fixed; and the woman we class as "American"—to-day may be altogether different from the imperious creature we crowned yesterday. Perhaps it is with regard to the woman as it is with respect to the man. It takes the tone of distance, space, to bring out the glory and the distinction—to orb her.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

NEW IDEAS IN MILLINERY.

"SHOP TALK"

It was at a dinner given by the members of a certain English circuit in honor of an eminent judge. The conversation from the first ran in a legal channel. Those among the company who did not happen to be barristers or solicitors sat silent, listening with vacuous smiles to the exchange of learned opinion which was being carried on round them. One only among this dumb minority, says H. G. Brown in the "Conclusions of an Everyday Woman," seemed impatient and all day at ease.

He was a big, jolly, loosely-made man, wearing clothes which somehow did not seem to set naturally on him, the conventional dress suit appearing less appropriate in his handsome figure than would have been, say, the loose short and riding breeches of a cowboy or colonial squatter. His cheeks were bronzed and his bright, clear glance spoke eloquently of an outdoor life.

As the dinner advanced and the conversation plunged deeper and deeper still into the profundities of legal erudition, he became more and more restless and perturbed. At last, however, one of those lulls occurred which may happen occasionally at even a professional dinner, and it was then that a resounding voice vibrated through the room, causing the learned brethren assembled there to forget for an instant their professional imperturbability.

"Now I am going to tell you all," boomed the voice, "how we skin steers down in Texas!"

All eyes were turned in the direction of the perpetrator of this amazing announcement, our friend, of course, of the bright eyes and bronzed cheeks—who, nothing daunted by their icy stares, proceeded to enlarge upon the technique of his business, that of cattle breeding, and continued his uninterrupted monologue until the dinner was entirely at an end. These legal "Johnnies" might know something about the law, but what he did not know about cattle was not worth knowing.

When the diners had arrived at that comfortable, informal period where chairs are pushed back, the eminent judge who was the guest of the evening turned to his neighbor and said:
"I want you to introduce to me that young fellow who has imparted to us so much useful information upon the subject of cattle raising. I should like to congratulate him upon the reproach he has so tactfully administered to us all."

"In future, at legal banquets, I shall certainly do all in my power to keep the table from talking 'shop,' which is dull in all conscience when only lawyers are present; and when there are outsiders who cannot join in the discussion, it shows a lack of good taste, besides."
So the man with the bright eyes and bronzed cheeks became the hero of the evening.

EVICITION IN NEW YORK.

Even the Marshal Was Moved When He Dispossessed the Rabbi.
Thirty little children sat on cheap wooden benches in the second-story room at 11 Suffolk street the other day. Every one of them was ragged. Most looked as though they had not had enough to eat. But they were bright-eyed and alert and not for a moment did their attention stray from the white-bearded old rabbi who was teaching them Jewish prayers, although the myriad of noises of the roaring East Side street must have been a constant temptation. And then the door opened and City Marshal Lazarus stepped in, dispossessed warrant in hand, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. The struggling little congregation of the synagogue hadn't been able to pay the rent. Their few pennies were needed to keep their own roof trees and give their little ones a meager fare. The old teacher stood silent, with bowed head, as the poor furnishings were ripped from the place and stacked in the street below. Tears trickled down his beard. The children carried the tidings through the squalid neighborhood and in a moment the street was choked with shrieking, gesticulating, weeping men and women. They begged the marshal's men for mercy. They begged the poor furnishings appeared a bit of the poor furnishings appeared. The rabbi, no longer erect and venerable, but a poor, old, grief-stricken man, his eyes red with tears, his hands shaking, moved among them, trying to repress their emotion. Marshal Lazarus was moved by the agony of this, perhaps the most poverty-stricken congregation in all New York. He went to the old rabbi and handed him a little money. "That's to keep you going for a few days," he said kindly. The old man accepted it. "But it is for my people," he said proudly. "Myself, I can starve. But who will watch my little children here?"

Cosmopolitan Chicago.
I pay my fare and reach the cold, unsympathetic pavement, and board a car going in the opposite direction, says C. H. White in Harper's Magazine. Now we are passing through a city canyon echoing with the roar of traffic. A horde of people rushes past in the gloomy shadow cast by great walls of granite, growling under tons of bastard ornament. This must be one of the principal thoroughfares, and I ask my neighbors where we are.

"Non alpico, Signore," is his polite reply. I bow my thanks and turn to my left.
"Could you tell me what street this is?"
"Bitte, Ich bin nur Heute hier angekommen."
He smiles and makes some primitive sign with his hands and arms. I reply by motions more involved, occasionally moving my scalp. We are making little headway, when I spy a likely fellow sitting beside my new acquaintance. With suppressed agitation I put my question to him.
"Pardon, vat for you demande?"
He is anxious to help me. I repeat slowly, "The name of the street we are on."
"Tiens! for sure vee go on—" he replies reassuringly; "mais lentement. Alles! Nom de Dieu, on va plus vite ces jours!"
Then I remember that Chicago is cosmopolitan.
Agree with people more. It is a good way to get rid of an argument. Besides, the people you agree with will always like you better.
There is one thing about an automobile we greatly admire: it doesn't shed hair in the spring.