

Winter is still on the job with but short intermissions.

Undertakers talk of raising prices. Speaking of the high cost of living—

The afternoons are getting longer although you may not have noticed it.

What will piano tuners do when we have wireless instruments?

The only green thing about the up-to-date farmer is his green fields.

And, we may add, pianos are cheaper now than they were ten years ago.

A man's conscience seldom troubles him as much as the corn on his little toe.

With slang indorsed, language "sharks" should become mighty common.

At this season of the year the abolition of the house fly seems comparatively easy.

Perhaps the shirtwaist makers' strike is but a lead for the abused shirtwaist buttoners.

New Jersey collected last year \$40,000 hunters' licenses, and the game they got was worth \$64.80.

Peanuts cannot be eaten in St. Louis' trolley cars unless the peanut carrier carries away the shells.

One recipe for getting popular is to be able to laugh heartily when somebody tells an old story.

Butter could fall another cent or two without sending the buttermaker over the hills to the poorhouse.

Another reason for the high price of food is that farmers are buying automobiles—and they need the money.

It is said to be possible to go to the north pole by aeroplane. However, there are a lot of pleasanter places to which to go.

A Wisconsin professor thinks that "he went up in the air" may become a classic. Already it can be used in polite society.

If it takes 30 alarm clocks to waken a motorman in New York, how many clocks will it take to arouse a policeman in Chicago?

As a slogan for the anti-meat eaters we suggest: "Beat your skillets into oatmeal boilers and your gridirons into egg beaters."

For the sake of science let us hope that that busy St. Louis seismograph is not reporting some loose joint in a street-car track.

Texas and Florida have been a little chilly of late, but in a short time will be knocking at the door as usual with early garden truck.

This row between benzoate and acetate acid has a tendency to discourage the poor consumer from using catsup of either sort.

While all this excitement prevails about the cost of living Mr. Roosevelt continues to dine frugally on roast monkey and baked elephant's heel.

The Atlantic liners carried last year 1,730,000 passengers of all classes, and all classes were seasick. The sea is no respecter of persons.

The weather bureau gives us exact figures on mean temperature; but its vocabulary is unable to convey the whole truth as to mean weather in its entirety.

A college psychologist declares that anyone can hypnotize himself into a trance. The theory is very likely; it is the only way to explain some people's actions.

The man who prays in public is the mouthpiece for the congregation that is either listening or praying with him. The essence of the people's silent prayers is concentrated in his.

One of the most remarkable, as well as the quickest, retributions on record is that of the man in New York who, in trying to tunnel his way from his own place to a jewelry store opposite, which he wished to loot, was buried alive in the grave of his own digging. Life would mean very much if such energy, originality, determination and readiness to take risks were displayed in a better cause.

The prevalence of high prices for food articles is worldwide. The restaurant keepers in Berlin, Germany, are meeting the exigency in effective fashion by cutting down the portions served to customers instead of raising the rates. But these and other facts go to show that complaints of increased cost of living are not confined to the United States. To solve the problem the facts in every civilized country will have to be taken into consideration.

The wireless operator who perpetrated the joke of sending out C. Q. D. signals over the ocean must possess the same variety of sense of humor as is exemplified by smashing straw hats on the stock exchange, tooting tin horns and jangling cowbells, hating at colleges and perpetrating April fool sells.

That aeroplane record-breaker of Worcester, Mass., will be able to create a greater sensation when he makes those alleged 200 to 300-mile flights in broad daylight.

STYLES IN HAIR

"It's funny about hair," said the girl who likes to talk. "People in former years didn't have such a time over their topknots! Why, when I was a little girl I can remember my mother taking her hair in one hand, combing it upward in three motions, giving it one twist—I think they called it a French twist—and then it ran up the back of her head to the top. Then with one more motion she coiled what was left up above on the roof somewhere, jabbed in three hairpins and that was all there was to it. And my mother was a stylish woman, too!"

"I believe I had an aunt who wore a false front at that time, though it was considered a sort of disgrace to the family, and she was invariably spoken of as 'poor Aunt Amelia,' much as though she was feeble minded or afflicted with a cork leg. Hair was hair then and everybody seemed to have it. I still remember the girl named Abbie who walked up the hill by our home to school with her hair in two thick symmetrical braids tied with cherry ribbon. From the second primary grade to the first high school year Abbie's braids grew far below her waist and were just as thick at the ends as at the top. Every girl had thick braids and the mothers weren't behind in that respect, either. They wouldn't have known what to do with a 'rat' unless they had used it to stuff a soft cushion.

"I don't know where all that hair has gone to, I'm sure."

"At the present time," proceeded the girl who likes to talk, "to own a little hair attached to your scalp is taken as a personal injury by the hair-dressers. They tell you in sad tones that it's impossible to dress your hair so that it looks fashionable if you have any of your own.

"I've never been exactly crazy about my hair," declared the girl who likes to talk, "because I was brought up in the belief that it was an entirely natural thing to have hair grow on one's head, and grow thick and long, just as much as it was natural to grow teeth or a nose. When I was in school I had occasional spasms of trying to arrange my hair after the prevailing mode, but somehow it never worked.

"But I've never been actually apologetic and unhappy till this winter. I've got so now that I sink and cover at the sight of a hair-dresser's sign and shudder with apprehension if I have to enter the shop. The first hair-dresser I approached this winter with a request to be made beautiful regarded me with unconcealed horror as she started to take down my locks.

"Why! she gasped, 'you don't wear a braid!'"

"Why should I wear a braid? asked I, in a superior, comfortable way. 'I have plenty of my own hair to braid if I want to.'

"Thereupon the hair-dresser exploded. Didn't I know that a braid could not be arranged properly unless both its ends were free? The only thing to be done, if one was so unfortunate as to have hair, was to wad it up over a cage-like cap and pound it down into as near nothingness as possible and then wind around one's head a braid 30 inches long at least, made of the very best imported hair. Yes, such a braid was expensive. Anywhere from \$35 up to \$100, and, of course, the more individual the shade the higher the price. My own hair always had looked a most ordinary brown to me. Firmly I refused the \$60 braid and the hair-dresser threw up her hands. All she could do for me, it appeared, was to make an old-fashioned pompadour and an old-fashioned array of puffs at the back—out of my own hair, to be sure, but as nearly as possible like the false sets you can now buy at reduced rates. So after paying her I went home and took down my hair and did it up my own way.

"A few days later I surged into another hair shop and fell into the hands of a gum-chewing young person called Mabel, to whom I broke the news at once that I did not own a braid. Mabel didn't faint. She said to leave it to her, and as I was in a chair with an apron tied around my neck and helpless, I did.

"Some day Mabel is going to be perched on a pillar of fame. I don't know exactly what she did or how she did it, but when she was through with me I was a fashionable dream. She tied and divided and subdivided and twisted and wreathed my hair till I emerged with the semblance of a perfectly lovely braid puffed out all around my face. Oh, it looked simple and lovely and most becoming and I was entranced.

"Do you know, it took me three-quarters of an hour to get the hairpins out when I took down my hair? Why, I had hairpins stacked up around me like cordwood, all over the dresser and the floor. I looked like a captive tied to the stake all ready for the match to be applied. I got delirious. I didn't know there were that many hairpins in the world or that one head of hair could be divided into millions of strands, as mine was.

"That coiffure was built like the pyramids—to stay. Further, it was like the catacombs for complexity. If I'd let it alone it would have lasted all this year. I don't believe Mabel could ever do it again.

"I believe after all I'll cut off three-quarters of my hair and buy a false braid that I can stick on with two pins—it'll be quicker!"

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

What Comes in a Governor's Daily Mail



INDIANAPOLIS.—Letters of all sorts arrive daily in the mails at the governor's office, some of them depressing, some of them mirth-provoking, and some of which for pure nerve quite take away the breath of the chief executive, whose experiences before becoming governor, he is wont to explain frequently, were confined largely to the business of a country law office.

One of the "nervy" ones came recently from Monongahela, Pa.

"Dear sir," it ran. "I am a Democrat and have seen hard service both in the party and in the war. Just now I am in pretty hard lines and need some money. Please send me \$100. You can either let me have it as a gift or I will pay it back when I get able."

"That fellow may be hard up," said the governor, "but he doesn't know what real financial hardship is. He ought to try to be governor of Indiana in these strenuous high price times on the salary the state pays."

The \$100 was not sent.

Since a New York syndicate a short time ago published all over the country a feature story about the gov-

ernor, in the course of which he said that he cured a long-drawn-out ailment (rheumatism) one time with a 50 cent bottle of medicine, the governor's mail has contained a large number of inquiries as to the name of the medicine. One from Kentucky runs: "Dear Sir—I am a Democrat, like you are, and have been sick a long time. I think my ailment must be like that you had that you cured with a 50 cent bottle of medicine, and I wish you would let me know the name of it."

One from California said that the writer had no idea what the disease was that was cured, but that if the governor would send him the name the writer would try it on what ailed him. "I have been a Democrat for 50 years, and have had dyspepsia for almost that long," ran the letter.

"The writers seem to think," said the governor, "that what will cure one Democrat will cure another, and that Democrats are afflicted with only one kind of disease, whatever that is.

"What strikes me as being queer, though, is that among all the things I was quoted as saying in that interview, from riding on street cars to the protective tariff, the only thing I have heard from directly is that 50 cent bottle of medicine."

After much cajoling, one of the governor's friends the other day finally got from him the name of the medicine and took a bottle home to his wife, who was suffering with rheumatism.

Foiled in a Plan to Bunco the Baby



PITTSBURG.—When a certain pair of Pittsburgh Newlyweds were honored by the arrival of their first baby they decided to give the little fellow a substantial start in life by establishing a savings account for him right from the day of his birth.

Accordingly a bank was obtained from one of the local savings institutions; one of the combination affairs that can be opened only by the bank officials. Each day papa and mamma dropped in their spare pennies and when various dotting relatives of the little chap called at the house their attention was invariably directed to baby's financial operations and they seldom failed to step up to the mantel and contribute to the good cause.

After a time the parents began to speculate on how much baby might be worth, for it was regarded as quite certain that grandpa, being so well off, would not think of dropping in less a dollar each time, and Uncle

Jeff, who was known as a great spender, would surely deposit no less than a half dollar, and both had been frequent contributors. Then look at the numerous quarters, dimes and nickels that the many uncles and aunts of Snookums must have dropped in, for none of them ever failed to remember the bank when they called. Must be anywhere from \$20 to \$30 in it, figured the parents.

A few days ago Snookums attained his first anniversary and it was decided to deposit the contents of the little bank in the big one downtown. Now just at this time mamma chanced to need a new hat and, papa being a bit short, it was decided to borrow some from Snookums till pay day.

"I want to deposit \$10 of it," mamma told the bank teller, as she handed him the nickel-plated treasure box. "The balance I will take with me, please."

The teller turned the little knob this way and that, then opening the door, poured out the hoard on the window shelf. Then he carefully repressed a smile, while mamma, after the first gasp, devoted herself to savagely biting her lips while the contents were counted.

There were 347 pennies, four nickels and one dime.

Some Philosophy of a Manicure Girl



NEW YORK.—The manicure girl has her opinion of life and the people who compose it. Sitting at her neat table, beside a wide window covered with Italian flit, she sizes up New York with a cool, dispassionate eye.

"Oh, yes," she said, in answer to an inquiry, "some of them get funny. What do I do? Well, at first I don't see it—I act thick, you know—and if that doesn't answer I look at 'em a moment so"—with a shriveling eye—"and, well, they wilt. Why, they're nothing but boys grown up—men, I mean—and you just use the same methods.

"The women always talk. I don't know what it is, but the very sight of my outfit and my little glass bowl of warm water and me, sittin' here quietly workin' and utterly at their mercy—well—they talk. They nearly

always come to me from the shampoo room or the massage room, where they can't talk, you see, and I suppose I get what's been bottled up.

"And, say—do you know what stumps me most of all this year? No! Well—the furs! I never saw such furs as this winter. Why, you'd think they grew on trees! Some women wear three kinds at once. And another thing is the artificial flowers. They all wear 'em—nestling among the furs, you couldn't ever tell they weren't real—and, say—they're accented. They even smell real.

"Tips? Well, we don't call them tips. You see, we aren't waiters. Oh, yes. We take 'em, of course—when we get 'em. The men always do; the women almost never do. I suppose they think their entertaining talk takes the place of coin.

"It's a big town, this, ain't it—and it's a hard town. Oh, yes, I suppose there are some good people here—Oh, yes, I'm one to look on the bright side—but, say—the women get the worst of it, don't they—even in this free country. Why, if I lived in England I'd be one of them window smashin' saffringers myself."

Pastor Is Convinced Devil Is a Myth



ST. LOUIS.—The Rev. Albert H. Jordan, pastor of the fashionable First Congregational church and bridegroom son-in-law of William H. Bixby, has been studying the biography of the devil, from Typhon of Egypt and Ahiraman of Persia down to the witches of Salem, and has come to the conclusion that his satanic majesty, under all of his aliases, is more or less of a myth.

Dr. Jordan made this confession at a New Year "experience meeting" attended by about a dozen ministers of his denomination. Each pastor named the most interesting book he had read during the last year or related his most important experience.

turned from his honeymoon, excited the merriment of his brethren when he announced with all gravity that the most instructive book he had read during 1909 was, by odds, "The History of the Devil," by Dr. Paul Carus.

"This book taught me," persisted Dr. Jordan, seriously, "that there are not two principles in the world—a good and an evil one. There is only one, which is good.

"Dr. Carus treat of the dual worship which has obtained in almost all of the religions of the world, from the garden of Eden to the present day. Theology has had two phases, a worship of God and rites to deprecate the malice of the evil one.

A LITTLE COLD.

He caught a little cold— That was all. So the neighbors sadly said, As they gathered round his bed, When they heard that he was dead.

He caught a little cold— That was all. (Puck.)

Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You can buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

He Had No Objection. "We—we want you to marry us," said the blushing young man, indicating a young woman with downcast eyes and smiling face who stood a step behind him.

"Come in," said the minister, and he endeavored to ease their embarrassment for a moment; but he soon decided that it was useless to try.

"Will you be married with a ring?" he inquired.

The young man turned a helpless gaze on his companion, and then looked at the minister.

"If you've got one to spare and it can come out of the two dollars, I guess she'd like it," he said at last.—National Food Magazine.

Marriage. A game of chance in which the chances are about even. The man leads at first, but after leaving the altar he usually follows breathlessly in his wife's trail. The rules are very confusing. If a masked player holds you up some night at the end of a long gun, it is called robbery, and entitles you to telephone the police, but if your wife holds you up for a much larger amount the next morning at the end of a long hug, it is termed diplomacy, and counts in her favor. In this, as in other games of life, wives are usually allowed more privileges than other outlaws.—Judge.

Ineligible. So you wouldn't let Bombazine Bill sit on the jury that tried the horse thief?"

"No," answered Three Fingered Sam, "we do things fair and square in Crimson Gulch. Bill's a good man, but the fact that he runs the only undertakin' business in the county couldn't help prejudicin' him some agin the helpin'."

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What it Meant. "Robbie," asked the school mistress, "what does history mean when it says that in the country's pioneer days some of the settlers didn't have a roof over their heads?"

"It means that in them days the woman couldn't afford any merry widow hats!"

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Mournful Pleasure. Master—Since your wife died you have got drunk every day. You had better get married again at once.

Servant—Oh, sir, leave me yet a month in my grief.

Crosses are of no use to us, but in as much as we yield ourselves up to them and forget ourselves.—Fenelon

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