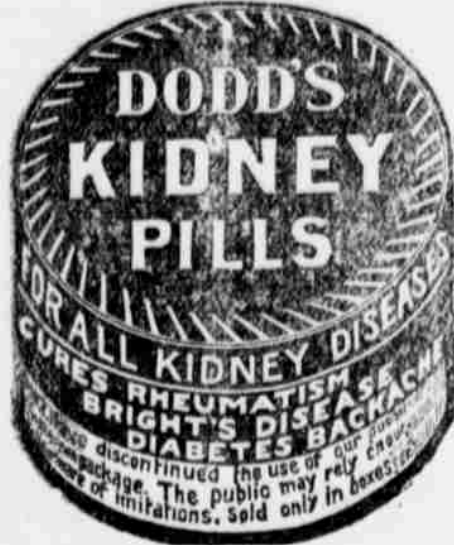


Answering a correspondent the Albany Times-Union estimates the yearly expenditure for newspaper advertising in the United States at \$100,000,000 at least, and probably \$125,000,000.

The queen of Spain is to have a doctor of her own. London Truth learns that a Scot is to have the appointment. He will have a salary of \$4,000 a year, an allowance for rent, a guinea (\$5.25) for each visit to the queen and the right to a private practice.



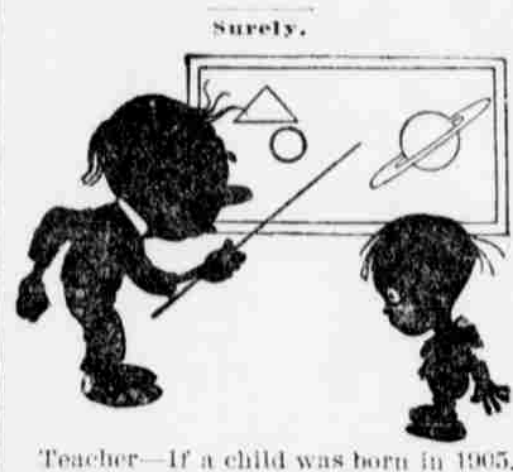
An Englishman named John Aitken had for many years made a study of the solid impurities found in the atmosphere. He invented apparatus for counting the number of dust particles in a cubic inch of air, thus making it possible to institute comparisons between the condition of air at different times. While he was making some meteorological observations with his dust counter on the Eiffel Tower, at Paris, recently, a heavy thunder shower occurred. Before the rain the number of dust particles was large and showed that the impure air of the city came up in great quantities to the top of the tower. After the shower the number of dust particles was so far reduced that the air finally became as free from dust as any that Mr. Aitken ever tested on the mountain tops of Switzerland. This increase in purity is ascribed to the "dragging down" of the upper air to the level of the top of the Eiffel Tower, for the reason that "rain can't wash the air to anything like that purity."

Contrary to the general opinion the beaver does not always build a house for himself, being content very often with a burrow in the bank of the stream. As is the case with the house the entrance to a burrow is under water, though sometimes there is an opening from the surface through which brush and sticks are carried for their food supply. A man of honor who pledges his word pledges his life. The strong wall of stone and the tough bar of iron may be broken but the pledged word of such a man never.

A FOOD CONVERT.

Good Food the True Road to Health. The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics. Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled. When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load. Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food. "I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man: "I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an ad. I tried Grape-Nuts food, and, after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved. "Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every day. "I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonsful at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in gaps. "There's a reason."

Brilliant Idea. Hyker—Tapeleigh, the dry goods man, has a scheme that keeps his store filled with customers. Pyker—Advertising scheme, eh? Hyker—No, not exactly. He keeps a parrot just inside the door that exclaims, "Oh, what a pretty young lady!" every time a woman comes along—and, of course, the woman can't resist the temptation to go in and buy something. Worst Ever. "Say," remarked the theatrical manager, "your acting last night was certainly the limit." "Why, sir, what do you mean?" demanded the newly engaged star. "Well," answered the manager, "here are a dozen letters I received from deadheads this morning, demanding that their names be erased from the free list." The Irresistible Smile. "That summer girl has a remarkably engaging smile." "That's true. I met her here last summer. She worked the engaging smile on me twice and we were engaged."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Should Be Popular with Husbands. "What's Jim working at now?" "He thinks he's got a great idea at last." "What is it?" "A striking clock that doesn't strike the hours from 11 in the evening until 6 in the morning."—Philadelphia Ledger. Above the Average. Nell—Yes, Mr. Kutcher proposed to me. It was quite a novel experience. Belle—Nonsense! You've been proposed to before. Nell—I mean he did it so cleverly it was just like a novel.—Philadelphia Ledger. Unexpected. The Physician—Your wife seems to have experienced a sudden shock of some kind, as near as I can make out. The Husband—I guess that's right. I got home before 12 o'clock last night. Cause and Effect. "How," asked the inquisitive museum patron, "did you manage to become a contortionist?" "By trying to amuse my baby," replied the boneless wonder. The Spatters. "I believe you'll marry the first fool who asks you." "But you can't be sure about it until you ask me."—Houston Post. His Lady Love. Towne—You know they say, "Music is the food of love," and— Browne—Nonsense! My love prefers 'obster salad, ice cream, and the like of that.—Philadelphia Press. Surely. Teacher—If a child was born in 1905, how old would it be in 1950? Tommy Wise—Depends whether it's a boy or girl. Rubbing It In. Young Wife—What's the use of your kicking about the dinner? When you married me you didn't marry a cook. Young Husband—How well I know that. Convincing Testimony. Eva—And do you really think candy affects the heart? Edna—I know it does. Why, every box that Jack brings me moves my heart a little nearer to him. Looking Forward. The young man had just screwed up his courage to the point of asking the old man for the hand of his daughter in marriage. "Have you given any thought to the future?" asked the old man. "Oh, yes," answered the young man, "I joined the church last winter." Rather Tame. Tinkins—Smawley has been telling me some of his vacation experiences. Simkins—And do you mean to tell me you believe his yarns? Tinkins—Certainly. They were so uninteresting I'm sure they must be founded on facts. Knew His Book. "Under what circumstances," asked the chief examiner "would you call in another physician for a consultation?" "When I didn't want the patient to die on my own hands," promptly answered the medical student. Not Skeptical. "Do you believe that Samson lost his strength by having his hair cut?" asked the nonbeliever. "I have no reason to doubt it," replied the practical man. "A talkative barber always makes me tired."



When a physician tells a woman, suffering from female trouble, that an operation is necessary it, of course, frightens her. The very thought of the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart. As one woman expressed it, when told by her physician that she must undergo an operation, she felt that her death knell had sounded. Our hospitals are full of women who are there for just such operations! It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but such cases are much rarer than is generally supposed, because a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after the doctors had said an operation must be performed. In fact, up to the point where the knife must be used to secure instant relief, this medicine is certain to help. The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, have escaped serious operations. Margrite Ryan, Treasurer of St. Andrew's Society, Indianapolis, Ind., writes of her cure as follows: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I cannot find words to express my thanks for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me. The doctor said I could not get well unless I had an operation for the trouble from which I suffered. I knew I could not stand the strain of an operation and made up my mind I would be an invalid for life. Hearing how Lydia E. Pinkham's Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

OPERATIONS AVOIDED

Two Grateful Letters from Women Who Avoided Serious Operations.—Many Women Suffering from Like Conditions Will Be Interested.



When a physician tells a woman, suffering from female trouble, that an operation is necessary it, of course, frightens her. The very thought of the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart. As one woman expressed it, when told by her physician that she must undergo an operation, she felt that her death knell had sounded. Our hospitals are full of women who are there for just such operations! It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but such cases are much rarer than is generally supposed, because a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after the doctors had said an operation must be performed. In fact, up to the point where the knife must be used to secure instant relief, this medicine is certain to help. The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, have escaped serious operations. Margrite Ryan, Treasurer of St. Andrew's Society, Indianapolis, Ind., writes of her cure as follows: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I cannot find words to express my thanks for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me. The doctor said I could not get well unless I had an operation for the trouble from which I suffered. I knew I could not stand the strain of an operation and made up my mind I would be an invalid for life. Hearing how Lydia E. Pinkham's Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! Streets in Chinese cities average only about eight feet in width.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chat. H. Fletcher.

Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and, strangely enough, too much education.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

On the margin of a narrow river in County Cavan, Ireland, is a stone with this inscription: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years ago the surveyors of a road in Kent, England: "This is the bridge path to Faversham; if you can't read this, you had better keep in the main road."

Mrs. Clarence Mackay of Roslyn, N. Y., annually spends \$30,000 on her wardrobe. She gives an equal amount to charity.

A WOMAN'S KIDNEYS.

Women have so much to do, so many pains to suffer, so many critical periods to go through, that it is important to keep the kidneys well and avoid the backache, bearing down pain, headaches, dizziness, languor and other common signs of weak kidneys. Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of 22 Boyden St., Woonsocket, R. I., says: "My kidneys were weak from childhood, and for eight or ten years past my sufferings were terrible. My back was very painful and I had many annoying symptoms besides. When I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I weighed only 120. Today I weigh 165, and am in better health than for years. Doan's Kidney Pills have been my only kidney medicine during four years past. They bring me out of every attack."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. N. N. U. 850-43, YORK, NEBR.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

First Little Girl—My papa says your papa hates work. Second Little Girl—Oh, no, he doesn't. He likes work, but he hates to do it.

Mamma—Do you know what a greedy boy is, Tommy? Tommy—Yes, mamma. Johnny is a greedy boy 'cause he wants everything I want.

Mamma—Tommy, what is the baby crying for? Tommy—'Cause he doesn't know things. I had to take his cake and show him how to eat it.

Teacher—Can you tell me what an aristocrat is, Johnny? Johnny—Yes, ma'am. An aristocrat is a poor person who boasts of his rich relations.

Willie—Say, you missed the fun last night. We had a fire at our house. Harry—Was anybody hurt? Willie—Nobody but sister's bean. Pa fired him.

"If my little brother ever gets lost we can easily find him," said small Nellie. "How, pray?" queried the visitor. "He's got a strawberry trade-mark on his arm," explained Nellie.

Teacher—Now, Freddy, can you tell me how many seasons there are? Freddy—Yes, ma'am. Two. Teacher—Only two? Well, name them. Freddy—The baseball season and the football season.

"Mamma," asked small Elsie shortly after her new brother arrived, "what is baby's name?" "He hasn't any name, dear," was the reply. "Then," continued the little inquisitor, "how did he know he belonged here?"

The sky suddenly became black and there was considerable thunder, but finally the clouds drifted away and there was no rain. "Mamma," said 5-year-old Harold, who had been frightened by the thunder, "God made a lot of noise that time, but there was nothin' de'n'."

Little Leonard lived with his father and mother in a large house. His father sold the house and put up a flat building on an adjoining lot. When the family moved into their new home Leonard ran across the street exclaiming to a neighbor: "Oh, Mrs. Blake, we don't live in the big house any more. We live next door to ourselves."

Sharing His Burden. One of the players in the American Baseball League was about to go into the field for practice before a game, says a writer in the New York Press, when his shoestring broke.

"Say, boy," he called to a youth who was eyeing him admiringly, "run out and buy me a pair of shoe laces, will you? Tell the man at the gate you are going out for me, and he'll pass you back all right."

The boy took the coin offered and darted away like a shot, proud as a king over the importance of the mission confided to him. Outside the grounds he met several companions, to whom he boasted, as only a small boy can, of the honor conferred upon him.

A few minutes later he reappeared at the gate. With him was a boy about his own age. The messenger recalled to the guardian of the gate that he was to be permitted to pass by virtue of his errand.

"That's all right. Go ahead in. But who's this other fellow?" "He's helping me," said the boy. "He's got one of the shoe laces." The grim custodian tried not to smile, but he could not help it, and both boys entered.

Polite Author. The managing editor of one of the magazines found an engraved card in his mail a few days ago. It looked like an invitation to a tea or some sort of a function, and he was surprised when he read:

"Mr. John Smith, having severed his connection with the So and So Magazine, is now open to engagement from any high-class magazine or newspaper."

"It's a wonder," remarked the high-brow to whom it was sent, "that he didn't put R. S. V. P. on it."

The First Husband's Ventures. "Let me see," said the man who affected a knowledge of literature, "wasn't it Shakespeare who said 'the good that men do lives after them, the evil that men do interred with their bones?'" "I don't know," replied the weary-looking man, "but I'll bet the man who wrote that was never married to a widow."—Philadelphia Press.

A Wonder! "I always read your poems by the fireside," wrote the young person to the bard.

"I wonder," he mused, "if she really likes them or if she does that so that she can chuck 'em in the fire as soon as she's looked 'em over?"—Cleveland Leader.

The faint heart that fails to what may have cause for self-congratulation later in the game.

Sometimes it takes a woman who says but little a long time to say it.