

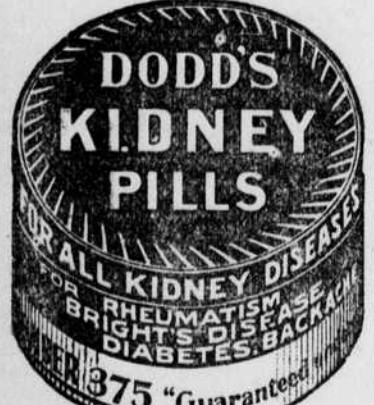
From the Milwaukee Sentinel.  
"Bikins tells me he is getting awfully tired of living alone."  
"I would think he'd marry and settle down."  
"I was talking with him about it the other day, and he says he doesn't know whether to get married or buy a phonograph."

Shopman (to undecided customer come to purchase a dog-trough)—Would you like one with "dog" painted on it, madam?  
Customer—N-no. You see, the dog can't read, and my husband doesn't drink water.

**Shaking Him Up.**  
From Tim-Bits.  
A young married lady one morning gave her husband a sealed letter, which he was to read when he got to the office. He did so, and the letter ran as follows:

"I am obliged to tell you something that may give you pain, but there is no help for it. You shall know everything, whatever be the consequences. For the last week I have felt that it must come to this, but I have waited until the last extremity, and can remain silent no longer. Do not overwhelm me with bitter reproach, for you will have to put up with your share of the trouble as well as myself."  
Cold perspiration stood in thick drops on the brow of the husband, who was prepared for the worst.

Tremblingly, he read on:  
"Our coal is all gone. Please order a ton to be sent this afternoon. I thought you might forget it for the tenth time, and therefore wrote you this letter."  
But he didn't forget that time.



"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a great man?"  
"A great man, my son, is one who manages to gather about him a corps of assistants who will take the blame for his mistakes, while he gets the credit for any good ideas."—Washington Star.

From the Baltimore American.  
The Intelligence Office—"I want a plain cook."

"Well, you'll find plenty here. This ain't no beauty show."

**Hides, Pelts and Wool.**  
To get full value for the old reliable N.W. Hide & Fur Co. Minneapolis, Minn.

**A Nature Faker? Oh, No.**

"Did you ever go rabbit hunting with traps?" inquired the man who had just come home from a vacation spent on the eastern end of Long Island. Without waiting for the negative response, which he apparently expected, he proceeded to explain:

"I have hunted rabbits in all the usual ways, and in single file, but none of them compares at all for sport with this method of my own invention. First, I procure a strong net, a number of short tallow candles and a supply of hard shell crabs. These last must be just out of the water and very lively."

"I hunt around until I find a rabbit burrow with two entrances, and over one of these openings I fasten the net securely. Then all that remains to be done is to prepare my crabs for their part of the work."

"Lighting a candle, I hold it wick down, for a few moments, over the back of a crab, until the drops of melted tallow have formed a little pool upon his hard shell. Into this I stick the candle, right side up, and in a minute the grease hardens and holds it firm and upright."

"When I have several crabs fixed up in this way, I take the single file into the open end of the burrow. You can perhaps imagine the sensations of the rabbit when he sees this weird torchlight procession making its way down his private hall. I fancy I can."

"Anyhow, I know what he does when he sees it. He makes tracks just as fast as he can for his back door, where, of course, he finds himself stopped by the net."

"It's a great scheme; nothing can beat it, and you can recommend it to all your sporting friends."

From the Chicago Daily News.  
Weary Walter, a man, in a paper tells about the invenshun uv anodder labor-savin' merchine.  
"Fred Tatters—Well, I'm a-hopin' it won't save no labor for me."

**TAKE THEM OUT**

**Or Feed Them Food They Can Study On.**

When a student begins to break down from lack of the right kind of food, there are only two things to do; either take him out of school or feed him properly on food that will rebuild the brain and nerve cells. That food is Grape-Nuts.

A boy writes from Jamestown, N. Y., saying: "A short time ago I got into a bad condition from overstudy, but Mother having heard about Grape-Nuts, had began to feed me on it. It satisfied my hunger better than any other food, and the results were marvelous. I got fleshy like a good fellow. My usual morning headaches disappeared, and I found I could study for a long period without feeling the effects of it."  
"My face was pale and thin, but is now round and has considerable color. After I had been using Grape-Nuts for about two months I felt like a new boy altogether. I have gained greatly in strength as well as flesh, and it is a pleasure to study now that I am not bothered with my head. I passed all of my examinations with a reasonably good percentage, extra good in some of them, and it is Grape-Nuts that has saved me from a year's delay in entering college."

Father and mother have both been improved by the use of Grape-Nuts. Mother was troubled with sleepless nights, and got very thin, and looked worn. She has gained her normal weight and looks, and sleeps well now. "There's a Remson." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

## THE STURGEON COMES NO MORE

Recollections of a Philosophical Fish in the Upper Delaware River.  
From the New York Sun.

"I remember well the days," said a man from Pike county, Pa., "when the gabled and turreted sturgeon was wont to wander from the waters of Delaware Bay, essaying to escape, perhaps, from the caviare hunters of New Castle and adjacent parts, and push his way up the rifts and rocky shallows into the river's purring upper waters, where his coming was watched by men with guns and men with spears and men with clubs and men with rope halters and men with eel racks, but the sturgeon doesn't visit the upper Delaware any more."

"Perhaps one reason for this is that the fishermen of Delaware Bay, having discovered long ago the value of this queer and simple, yet formidable looking water dweller as a provider of merchantable stuff, have devised ways and means to confine it within the boundaries of their own bailiwick. Another reason may be that there is no longer water enough in the Delaware river, during the season when the sturgeon would wander up stream to afford the big and ungainly fish material for his convenient navigation."

"The sturgeon is tenacious and adapts himself good naturedly to circumstances, so that if it might so chance that he found himself within the beleaguering of some small and shallow landlocked waters he would with contentment abide there, letting the sun smite his corrugated back and the storm pelt it while he rooted and wallowed in the half disclosed bed of his mischanced environment until such time as the plying flood might come to let him forth into the unrestricted reaches of the flowing river."

"In the days when this big fish was no rare sight in the upper Delaware, I have known a sturgeon, having run a fust with some challenging eel rack and been unhorsed, so to speak, to lie in wait for that same eel rack with the aggravating sound about him of water, water everywhere, but not any drop for him, for a good twenty-four hours, calmly and uncomplainingly waiting for the eel rack man to come and take the bait."

"The man having come and tumbled the patient fish into his boat and taken it ashore, I have known that same sturgeon to be hauled with ropes a mile over rough and stony ground, then humped up a pond not any too big for him to turn around in and with no more water in it than he could drink at a draught or two, if it were the sturgeon's habit to drink water, and being released therein to turn, with no trace of malice or resentment in his eye, though with abrasions a nany in evidence on his domes and ureters, and accept from his captor or any one else, peanuts, tobacco, apple cores or even shingle nails, seemingly equally grateful for each offering."

"I have known such a sturgeon after perhaps a fortnight of durance to be liberated through the mercy of some man of tender heart and returned to the water, there at once to renew his attack on the eel rack and to be found next day again vanquished and waiting for events."

"I sometimes think that it was the eel racks that 'fired the sturgeon to leave the waters, and that he moved to assail them and try their mettle. The law abolished the eel racks years ago."

"It was at about the times the eel racks began to disappear from the Delaware that the sturgeon's visits to the upper waters became fewer and farther between, until now they are no more. It might be, after all, that the sturgeon went thither to fight the eel racks, and with the passing of the eel rack he saw no further attraction in those waters."

"But while the sturgeon can get along first rate in little water, and will abide his time to escape to larger waters, even the sturgeon's visits to the upper waters became fewer and farther between, until now they are no more. It might be, after all, that the sturgeon went thither to fight the eel racks, and with the passing of the eel rack he saw no further attraction in those waters."

"There are scores of places between Easton and the Water Gap where people may cross the Delaware dry shod. The historic spot where Washington crossed the Delaware on that fierce winter night, against a deep and ice-choked tide, is now a chain of shallow pools divided by dry and glistening stones, where once the wide channel ran."

"Where there once were islands between Easton and the upper waters there are islands no more, one channel being entirely dry—as dry as bone. And so the shallow and dry spots go all the way up the river. A man might walk for miles and not wet his shoes. "So, perhaps, it is just as well for the sturgeon that they no longer set their hearts on revisiting old scenes in the Delaware. They couldn't get within 100 miles of them."

"Anyhow, they wouldn't have any of the old time fun, for the eel racks are gone, and the men who used to watch for them with guns and lassos nowadays with the black bass and wall-eyed pike, which have come in since the sturgeon's gala time, to lay off and engage them as of yore."

**The Bearded Ghost.**

"Mark Twain on the Minnetonka," said a Dutchman, "talked a good deal about Christian Science, to which he seems to be very strongly opposed. I believe, in fact, that he has written a book against it."

"But the book is neither here nor there. I know nothing about it. What I want to tell you is a story Mark Twain told me on the subject of Christian Science. He said the attempts of Christian Scientists to prove their system scientifically were about as truly scientific as the method of a widow he used to know in Hartford. The widow, at a sewing circle, announced one day that the hair grew after death. This was positive fact, she said, and scientific proof of it."

"How ghastly!" said a young girl. "And how did you get this proof, Mrs. Jones?"

"Well, Mrs. Jones answered, I believe in spiritualism, and last Saturday night I attended a seance. "The room was very dark and still. We held one another's hands. In the darkness and stillness the medium materialized a dear Joseph for me. "I recognized his dim outlines. He approached softly. He bent over and kissed me, sweetly and tenderly, on the lips. And do you know—"

"She paused to give weight to her words."

"And do you know, whereas Joe was clean shaven in life, he now has the softest, silkiest mustache and beard."

Lady Customer—Have you any Sunday toys that I could give to my little grandson?  
Shopman—Yes, here is our sixpenny box of toys.  
Lady—But I couldn't think of giving the child play soldiers on a Sunday.  
Shopman—Of course not, madam, but these are Salvation Army soldiers.

## HOW TO BEAT THE TRUSTS THAT MAKE LIVING HIGHER—EAT LESS

Horace Fletcher, Epicurean, Winner of the Yale Endurance Tests at the Age of Fifty-Five, Declares That Any Man Can Live at an Expenditure of Only Twenty Cents a Day. Statistics Show Wage-Earners Can Sell Their Services for Much Less in Commodities Than Six Years Ago.

New York, Oct. 12.—"If people did their eating according to right principles, the increase in the price of food need not be a serious matter."

This is the declaration of Horace Fletcher, millionaire and food enthusiast, who sat yesterday in his rooms at the Waldorf Astoria.

Horace Fletcher is 55 years old. A few weeks ago he went to Yale and broke the records for physical endurance, defeating all the husky youths who had tried their strength in the college gymnasium. He says he was able to do it because he eats properly.

His eating philosophy is called "Fletcherism." It is a simple philosophy. It consists in eating only when you are hungry, in chewing what you eat until there is nothing left to chew, enjoying the taste of every morsel, eating only what tastes good and ceasing to eat when the appetite is satisfied.

This sounds easy, but it is not. To ask the hustling New Yorker to pause and enjoy everything he eats is to impose a hardship. The average man, according to Mr. Fletcher, swallows but does not eat. Because he does not eat, he is not hungry, and he has no enjoyment, has more sickness, is less strong and energetic as a worker—and spends so much more money than he need spend that a "high price" rumor brings him panic.

"I could start a boarding house," continues Mr. Fletcher, "and, if every one in it would practice what I teach, their food would not cost me more than 15 cents a day—of course, exclusive of the cost of serving, cooking, rent, etc. I mean I should have to pay the grocer, the butcher and the baker no more than 15 cents a day for each one of my boarders. And, what is more, they would be fed on the best in the land, the most exquisite dainties in the market."

"What would it cost an average mechanic, with a family, to live, on your system?" asked the writer.

"If he were to spend 20 cents a day for each member of his family," was the reply, "he could live well, do his work more efficiently and never have any doctor's bills."

"Of what, for instance, would his breakfast consist?"

"He would eat no breakfast. He would go out to work on an empty stomach and would work better therefor. His morning's labor would give him an appetite and about noon he would be hungry, legitimately hungry, and ready to eat the principal, if not the only meal of the day."

Then you hold that it is unnatural to be hungry on arising in the morning?

"An appetite for breakfast is artificial. It is the result of years of habit. A man could not rid himself of this habit all at once, but it would not take him more than two weeks. The appetite that is not caused by work of some sort is an unnatural appetite. The body has been lying dormant for many hours when a man wakes up and it is less in need of food at that time than at any time of the day."

"And of what would such a mechanic's midday lunch consist?"

"He could get all the best bread, butter, potatoes, cheese, milk, fruit or vegetables that he wanted. Any of these would be within his limit of 20 cents."

"Suppose he wanted meat?"

"He would be unlikely to want meat. A man who lives as I live prefers the simple, quickly digested foods and enjoys them more than any others. You see, my system is the height of epicureanism. Every mouthful of food gives to the eater all the enjoyment that is in it. He chews it as long as it has any taste and enjoys it as long as it is in his mouth. By the time a man has followed my instructions for a few weeks he has found just what his system needs, and these are foods he craves for, these are the foods out of which he derives the most enjoyment. Eating is a genuine pleasure, for wholesome foods are a delight to the taste, and it is perfectly true that the body of a healthy man craves for the aliments which most nourish it. Therefore the appetite is the safest guide, and whatever one's system craves for is the food that he should eat."

"I eat no breakfast, and generally my midday meal is the only meal of the day. But sometimes when out walking in the evening I pass a baker's shop and suddenly crave a cake, a biscuit or a piece of buttered toast. Such a craving I always yield, for I know that my body needs just that very thing. At other times I have a longing for peanuts, salted almonds or pistachio nuts. These I buy for cents worth and eat them with relish. An apple, a banana or some other fruit may tempt me on some other occasion. I cannot tell what constituent of that fruit or that nut my body is needing; but I yield to the craving, and I know I need what I crave, and, therefore, I take it."

This is the principle upon which all men should eat. If they were to do so they would grow stronger as they grow older, and they would get rid of their troubles by overloading them with unneeded foods and thus making their digestive apparatus work far harder than is necessary. I, at 51, as you know, broke all the endurance tests at Yale, and it is only a few years ago that a life insurance company rejected me as too poor a risk!

"Look at the Italian laborer, the man who performs the really hard manual labor on our streets and on our buildings today, and see what he eats. Meat has a very small place in his diet. He goes out to work in the early morning with scarcely any breakfast, perhaps none at all, and at noon, when his labor has whetted his appetite to a keen edge he sits down and eats—what? A piece of bread and an onion, or a bunch of fennel, or a tomato. He may drink some beer with it or he may not. After this meal he starts in working again, through the day, thoroughly satisfied, and works up an appetite for his evening meal, which probably consists of a dish of spaghetti or macaroni and some cheese. I do not say the Italian way of living is ideal, but I cite it as an example of what the simplest diet will enable a man to do. A contractor in this city, an employer of large numbers of laborers, tells me that the average Irishman, who is a heavier worker or doer of more work than the average Italian, but he is exhausted by it, while the Italian can keep on all day doing hard work steadily and without fatigue."

He explained to him that the Italian was capable of greater endurance than the Irish laborer, because he ate more wholesome food and in smaller quantities.

"The fact of the matter is that when we have a heavier weight or do more work than a natural appetite can stand, our stomach is in a condition to digest rapidly and thoroughly. His body sucks up food as a blotting paper absorbs ink. There is no more waste than is necessary and the stomach does no more work than is necessary; while the system derives the nutriment for which it is calling and in the amount which it needs. Consequently, there is no indigestion, no feeling of repletion after eating, the digestion takes place rapidly, the stomach gets rest and the man can return to his work immediately after his meal and work all the better for it."

"How long," asked the writer, "would it take a normal man to acquire the preference for such simple food and in such small quantities as you speak of?"

"The normal man," replied Mr. Fletcher with a smile, "is the man whose tastes and preferences are such as I describe. The man who eats three or four hearty meals of rich food a day is the abnormal man, made abnormal by many years of incorrect eating. Such a man, by honestly practicing what I teach, by eating only when he is really hungry, only such foods as he really craves for and by chewing every mouthful until he has lost all its savor and is reduced to a liquid that must be swallowed, such a man would in

two weeks to a month find himself eating as I eat, one meal a day, and that of the simplest food. The time it would take would depend largely upon how long and to what extent he had been living unnaturally."

"Is it a fact, as has often been stated, that a man can live on a dollar a day, and that the simplest food is the best?"

Waldorf-Astoria average not more than a dollar a day?

"Yes, it is true. Even at the prices that are charged here I find no difficulty in living well on a dollar a day."

Here is the cost of a Thanksgiving family dinner in New York for 1907, as compared with 1906:

Turkey ..... \$3.75  
Sausage and dressing ..... .40  
Vegetables ..... .40  
Pie and cake ..... .75  
Cigars and refreshments ..... 2.00  
Total ..... \$7.35

1906  
Turkey ..... \$3.50  
Sausage and dressing ..... .40  
Vegetables ..... .40  
Pie and cake ..... .75  
Cigars and refreshments ..... 2.00  
Total ..... \$6.97

According to a statement made to the World by Conran Bros., beef, lamb, mutton and pork now cost New Yorkers at least a cent a pound more than a year ago. Turkeys will be higher this Thanksgiving than last, and ducks may cost 3 cents a pound more. Chickens and fowl are no higher than last year, and may go lower.

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Well he knew that to move up in that car without doing athletic stunts was an impossibility. Several nimble passengers good naturedly did try to scale the impending towers, but a woman refused to scale anything and protested that she could not squeeze through four inches of aisle.

"Why do you allow so much baggage in the car?" she asked tartly as the conductor struggled to collect fares.

"Can't help it, ma'am," was the answer. "Can't help it," growled the woman's companion. "There ought to be a law prohibiting the carrying of what is practically a trunk into the surface cars."

The man looked as he spoke at a woman seated near the front of the car. A young man had assisted her into the car and vanished. How she would ever get out again without assistance was a problem. Her baggage consisted of two big pasteboard boxes strapped together and together equal in size of a trunk. Besides, the woman held on her knees a large leather grip. Opposite her was a man with a huge suitcase and a Gladstone bag perched on top of it.

"Before the suitcase became so popular," said a passenger who was trying to find a vacant spot to plant his left foot, "it was a whole lot easier to get in and out the surface cars even when the vacation crowds were thick. Gripes, handbags, even the old fashioned valise with bulging sides could be held on the lap in an emergency and nobody but the owner suffered, whereas to hold a suitcase in one's arms is a stiff proposition."

There is a rule, the conductor admitted, which forbids passengers from carrying anything which may be a nuisance to other passengers, but he did not seem to think the suitcase was in that class.

"Sure, lots of folks I know never use a trunk any more," he said. "They manage with two or three big suitcases and in that way save paying express charges."

"Says I the other day to a lady with a telescope suitcase stuffed out till it bulged half way across the aisle. 'Madam, yer package is too big to carry into a car, and she answered, quick as a flash, 'If I can carry it it's not too big to take anywhere. So there you are."

"Had I said any more she would have complained to the management and said I was insulting. Whenever conductors try to enforce any rule the public always say they are insulting."

From the Washington Herald.  
A \$50 hat is a conceit.  
A \$20 hat is a confession.  
A \$2 hat is a sin and a shame and a perfect justification for going home to mother.

United States government statisticians and a score of scientific theorists are ready with figures from which much can be deduced a private opinion. It is shown that for nearly ten years now food, clothing, lodging, fuel, even amusements, have been rising steadily in price. On the average it costs one-third more to live here or in any big city or town in 1907 than it did in 1900—and still the end is not in sight.

Purchasing power of \$1 in 1900:  
Purchasing power of \$1 in 1907:  
Wages of laborer in 1900:  
Wages of the laborer in 1907 (one-tenth increase):

Outside of the factory or foundry classes, the average wage-earner, the clerk, etc., is no better off now than he was in 1900. Railroad hands are making more money, but persons employed in ordinary outdoor labor are earning the same as they did seven years ago. Thus a very large proportion of the people, especially in New York, have had to bear the full force of the increase in the cost of living in the last few years. In consequence it is estimated their saving power has been seriously impaired.

According to a calculation made by an expert in such matters "prosperity" has cost New Yorkers about as follows:  
Increase in rents, per year.....\$12,000,000  
Increase in cost of food, per year \$8,000,000  
Enhanced cost of clothing ..... 5,000,000  
Increase in cost of luxuries ..... 10,000,000  
Added price of fuel ..... 20,000,000  
Grand total ..... \$55,000,000

That is to say, a quarter of a billion of dollars annually.  
Rents have gone up in the last two years at least \$2 per month per family. Food has gone up at least \$3 per year per individual. Clothing has risen fully \$5 per year per individual. Every family in this city now pays \$5 per year for coal. In the matter of "luxuries" there is no accurate basis for estimating, but the sum of \$100,000,000 is considered conservative. The term includes a wide range of expenditures—autos, trips to Europe, wine suppers, theater parties, expensive furniture, gowns, wraps, costly and dainty foods and entertainments. It is the universal testimony of those who are in contact with the better classes in New York that they have been spending more lavishly in the last ten years than ever before in the memory of the present generation. The exodus to Europe for the last several summers has been unprecedented. It needs but a casual stroll through the hotel and restaurant district of this city at night to make it clear that almost everybody who has money to spend is spending it with princely bounteousness and seemingly without thought of the consequences.

The lowering of the purchasing price of money to the extent of 33 1/3 per cent, has had a tremendous effect upon all except the well-to-do. Here are the prices in

New York of some of the ordinary necessities now, as compared with a year ago:

White potatoes, per barrel ..... \$2.00  
Sweet potatoes, per barrel ..... 1.75  
Picked fish, per kil ..... 6.00  
Flour, per barrel ..... 4.15  
Cotton dress goods, per yard ..... .05 1/2  
Prime beef, per carcass ..... 7.30  
Sheep, per carcass ..... 6.75  
Butter, per pound ..... .25  
Tea, per pound ..... .17

Salt, soap and sugar are about the only staples that have stayed at the same price during the last twelve months. Apples are 20 per cent. higher than in September, 1906, and pears have advanced 20 per cent. in cost. Nearly all canned vegetables and fruits and meats and preserves have gone up 10 to 15 per cent. Fresh milk is now bringing 3 cents a quart bottle in the "good" neighborhoods, but condensed milk has not been advanced. Cigars have advanced 15 to 20 per cent. Where the price is the same the weight or quality has been reduced. All the dairy products are up. Whiskies and wines now cost the consumer more than for a long time previous. Here is the cost of all dairy products as higher than since the civil war. All pork products are up from 5 to 10 per

cent. According to a statement made to the World by Conran Bros., beef, lamb, mutton and pork now cost New Yorkers at least a cent a pound more than a year ago. Turkeys will be higher this Thanksgiving than last, and ducks may cost 3 cents a pound more. Chickens and fowl are no higher than last year, and may go lower.

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## MIX THIS YOURSELF

GIVES RECIPE FOR SIMPLE HOME-MADE KIDNEY CURE.

Inexpensive Mixture of Harmless Vegetable Ingredients Said to Overcome Kidney and Bladder Trouble Promptly and Cure Rheumatism.

Here is a simple home-made mixture as given by an eminent authority on kidney diseases, who makes the statement in a New York daily newspaper, that it will relieve almost any case of kidney trouble if taken before the stage of Bright's disease. He states that such symptoms as lame back, pain in the side, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night; painful and discolored urination, are readily overcome. Here is the recipe; try it:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known physician is authority that these ingredients are all harmless and easily mixed at home by shaking well in a bottle. This mixture has a peculiar healing and soothing effect upon the entire kidney and urinary structure, and often overcomes the worst forms of Rheumatism in just a little while. This mixture is said to remove all blood disorders and cure the Rheumatism by forcing the kidneys to filter and strain from the blood and system all uric acid and foul, decomposed waste matter, which cause the afflictions. Try it if you aren't well. Save the prescription.

Why Jimmy Didn't Sit Down.  
The woman who had stopped until the closing gong had sounded stood at the transfer station and awaited the suburban trolley.

"What," she wearily asked herself, "does it profit a woman if she does gain the elusive bargain and loses every trace of physical freshness?"

Presently the car came along. It had the usual fringe of humanity strung along the running-board, and the woman resignedly prepared to stand between the seats, when a young youth arose and tendered her his place. Protestingly, she sank into it guiltily, and registered a vow never to shop overtime again.

In due time several seats were vacated, and the woman looked hopefully toward her knight.

"Jimmy," a friend of his was saying, "there's room inside now. Why don't you sit down?"

And the last drop of discomfort was added to the woman's cup of humiliation when Jimmy responded:

"Aw, what's the use? No sooner I'll get me legs stretched when another tired old hen will get on and I'll have to hop up!"

Had Done Enough.  
In a western Kentucky town Ben Watson had saved the life of Myra Underhill. Miss Underhill had been over-taken by a cold, was low in praise of the heroism of the young man, and at once declared that Ben and Myra must get married. "Ben saved Myra's life," she said, "and now they must marry and be happy ever afterward, just as they do it in the storybooks."

But Ben demurred; the arrangement did not suit him, says Harper's Weekly.

"Why not marry Myra, Ben?" said the old lady. "She is yours, and we must have a wedding."

"She is a nice girl, all right," replied Ben, "but I don't think we ought to marry. Seems to me," he went on, "I have done enough for Myra."

A foot never finds out anything except when people are busiest.

## SICK HEADACHE