WOMEN ANGELS HAVE BEEN MADE INTO SEXLESS ANGELS

Sculptor Borglum, Accepting the Conventional Artistic Notion, Made Feminine Figures for a Cathedral and When the Divines Protested They Should Be Men, He

Chiseled Out All Signs of Their Sex.

New York, Special: Sculptors have been at work with chisels and mal-lets upon the faces and forms of the angels that adorn the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine cutting away the lines of softness and delicacy and

A St. John he lines of softness and pearance. They were women, these angels. As such they represented the ideal of an angel which the sculptor, Gutzon Bor-glum had conceived. Now they are sextess; neither men nor women—just angels. angels!" cried the commit-the commit-the name is no question. The han The han The han The han The han The han them mere men. "Aside from the artistic impossibility of making a brawny, muscular figure for such a purpose, it would, to my mind, be sacrilegious. "As the angels now stand recut, they are to me neither men nor women—they are to me neither men nor women—they are to me neither men they are to me neither men they are to me neither men they the seals. The han the mere men. "As the angels now stand recut, they are to me neither men they are to me neither men they are to me neither men they the seals. The han the mere men. "As the angels now stand recut, they are to me neither men they are to me neither men they are to me neither men they the seals. The han the mere men. "As the angels now stand recut, they are to me neither men they they the seals. The han the mere men. "As the angels now stand recut, they are to me neither men they the seals. The han the mere men. "As the angels now stand recut, they are to me neither men they the seals. The han the mere men. "As the angels now stand recut, they they the seals. The han the mere men. "As the angels now stand recut, they the seals. The han the mere men. "As the angels. The

erend and learned critics cared nothing for precedent; all angels were male; the bible always referred to an angel as "he;" the very word angel was mas-culine in all languages in which there are distinctions of gender. All the world took up the discussion and many comments greeted the stern attitude of the reverend and learned critics. But these gentlemen had the final word. Mr. Borglum had to make his angels over to suit them. That is why the rounded busts of the statues have been hacked off; that is why the waving locks have been

is why the waving locks have been cut down; that is why the soft contours of the faces have been made more angular.

angular. Toasting his toes before the fire in his studio in East Thirty-eighth street, Gutzon Borglum-for whom this con-troversy has earned the sobriquet "The Angel Child." laughed merrily when asked to talk about the trans-formation of his angels. "The controversy was absurd," he said; "It was so absolutely ridiculous that I can hardly find an excuse for speaking of it at all. "When I made those angels I did a

that I can hardly find an excuse for speaking of it at all. "When I made those angels I did a piece of work which involved as much study, as much serious, heartfelt con-templation, and consideration as the modelling of a Virgin or other sacred figure. I endeavored to draw an angel -not a man, nor a woman, but an an-gel. In modelling these figures I made what to me expressed the highest, best and most sacred of all Ideals. It was to impart to those faces and forms, as nearly as possible, a semblance to womething divine, something that when we took at it we feel, Here is the figure of an angel, here is a representation in human form of a perfect being which has been carried in the imagination of man since his brain was capable of comprehension. It was to me the pro-duction of an ideal I had cherished in childEcod; it was the result of finan-cial idealization. cial idealization.

cial idealization. "To say I was shocked when form, figure and contour of face were object-ed to on the ground that there were too feminine, because there were no wom-en angels, and that these must be made to look like men, is but mildly express-ing my state of mind. Up to that mo-ment, had you asked me whether my angels were men or women I could not have told you, and the material side of the question brought so abruptly to my attention was a shock. "What did I de about the new mod-

"What did I do about the new mod-els? Well, in the beginning I absolute-ly swept aside all question of my mak-ing the figures 'men.' I could not con-sider the question of sex in the produc-tion of such work. Making the new de-

FOOD FROM CRUSHED NUTS. Industry Which Is New to Many European Countries.

subject I made the new design. The po-sition of the angels is not materially changed, but the lines of contour are.

"Women angels!" cried the commit-tee of reverend and learned ministers of the Protestant Episcopal church, when they went to inspect the figures which Mr. Borgium had carved. "There are no women angels. All the angels are men. This will never, never do." In vain the sculptor showed them his precedents. In vain he cited the angels of Perugine, of Fra Angelico and of our own American French, many of which are evidently women. His rev-erend and learned critics cared nothing for precedent; all angels were male; "The figures are changed, of course, but they are by no means the figures of men. It recuting them I kept my mind on the idea that they must be strong, powerful angeis, not gentle, sympathetic, heavenly figures. Perhaps it is the power that I wished to impart in the recuting and new designing that marks them and stamps them with a more masculine form.

marks them and stamps them with a more masculine form. "Now, suppose we talk of something else and let the angels rest in peace. They are out of my hands now and for-ever, and a hard time they've had." A comment upon the miniature re-production in bronze of the group "The Mares of Diomedes," which stands in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, start-ed a conversation about America and ed a conversation about America and the west, Mr. Borglum's love for the big, free, open prairies and mountains, and then on to art is America. Mr. Borglum, standing in front of his fig-ure of John W. Mackay, made this new and startling romerk.

and startling remark: "There is the type of man who is making American art."

making American art." The figure is to be placed in front of the School of Mines at Reno, Nev., and is a gift of Clarence H. Mackay, who desired that the figure of his father be clad in his mining clothes, with the pick, which was the best friend of the Forty-Niner and the emblem of the men of the Big Bonanza days.

of the Big Bonanza days. "I don't suppose you quite see how I connect a man of the mines with Amer-ican art. Well this is my idea of it. Americans today are reaching that same state of mind which filled the Athen-ians when they returned to their city from triumphs in other countries, and, of a sudden realizing their wonderful strength as a nation and people, tore their statuary from their walls, and in a hundred years built another art so superb in its strength that it has lived ever since.

a hundred years built another art so superb in its strength that it has lived ever since. "Before long America will have a su-perb art of her own, a strong, virile art that can never be mistaken for that of Greece, Italy or France. Its very strength and boldness will mark it as American. When that time comes we shall have men as fearless as Rodin." "Then you would not advise young American artists to go broad?" asked the writer. Mr. Borglum stretched his feet out in front of the fire and wor-ried Jack, the studio dog, with his toe. "I should not advise him to go at the beginning of his work. But after he has arrived at real accomplishment, then he may go and profit by the things he sees. The real duty of the American artist is the development of ideas typ-leally American. After the young stu-dent has been in Paris, and in that draamland, Italy, and he has contem-plated the wonderful work of the peo-ples before his time, but work that does not belong to him-after this, he has what one might call a polyglot art, that makes him but medicere in his work and sweeps before it all personality and individuality."

Fred L, DeLamater, in the Gleaner. The question of farm help, like all other business question of rangely, if not en-tirely, a question of dollars and cents. What "used to be" is of no consequence. If "in times gone by" the farmer could secure reliable help that was willing to work twelve to eighteen hours a day for a mere pittance, those times have gone with the stage coach and the sickle, and the the stage coach and the sickle, and the progressive farmer, as well as the progres-sive man of other lines of business, will pray that they may never return. The changes that the intervening time has brought, have been changes for the better. They have been beneficial to the laborer as well as to the employee of labor. They as well as to the employer of labor. They have brought improved methods, and improved machinery, and broader markets and greater profits in all lines of business in farming no less than in other business Other lines of business have recognized this and have made the concessions to their laborers that the changed conditions

KEEPING HELP ON THE FARM.

demand and justify. demand and justify. It is up to the farmer to face the "logic of events" and make the concessions necessary to secure the help, and the kind of help that his business requires. It won't do to say that the farmer can't do this. He must do it, and then, it is not true that he can't do it. There is no legitimate business that is more profitable than farming—in proportion to the capital invested—when rightly conducted and in-telligently managed, and it won't do to quarrel with existing facts and conditions. If existing conditions are not satisfactory to us, the only thing to do is to adjust our. selves and our business to these condi-tions, since we can not change the conditions

That we farmers, as a rule, are having trouble to get the necessary help on our farms is certain. That the fault lies with our business, or rather, with our manner of conducting it with reference to our help, is evident from the fact that there is no dearth of laborers in other lines of business, Railroads, factories, construction work and the various trades seem to be all supplied with plenty of help to do their work. The farmer only is complaining. Then, since the fault evidently lies with us, it is to ourselves we must look for the remedy. Any relief that we should receive by securing the services of newly arrived immigrants would be doubtful and at best could be but temporary, as they would leave us as soon as they became "accli-mated." The trouble is not that work on the farm is harder or more arduous than the work in other lines of manual labor. This might have been true in the good old days that some of us mourn but in this day of improved machinery and up to date day of improved machinery and up to date methods, the labor on the farm is light and comparatively pleasant. It is not in the social status, or the lack of social status, that the position of a farm laborer entails, for it is a notorious fact that in no other business does the master and the man come so very near to occupying the same social position in the community, other things being equal. In other-words, farmers are apt to hold that one man is as good as another, so long as he behaves pretty well. We must look then in some other direction for the cause of our trou-ble, and, as this is the age of finance, and the most of our troubles are financial trou-bles, we come back to our original propo-sition, that it will be found, in some way, to be a question of dollars and cents. I shall make a few statements of fact along this line, and allow the reader to draw his this line, and allow the reader to draw his own remedies mostly, as no general rule could be laid down that fits all cases.

All employers of labor, except farmers, pay their help at stated intervals, usually unce a month, in some cases as often as once a month, in some cases as often as onc a week, which enables the laborer to know that upon a certain date he will're-ceive his wages and to plan accordingly. Nowhere, except upon a farm, is a laborer expected to give more than ten hours' ser-vice for a day's work, and in some cases eight hours is the rule. My brother, what would you say to the man who should ask you to give five pecks of wheat, or corn, or potatoes for a bushel? Knowing you as I do, I think you would decline without thanks. Custom and practice have made ten hours of labor a day's work, just as ten hours of labor a day's work, just as surely as custom and practice have made four pecks of grain, or vegetables, a bush-el: and we should not be surprised, or feel aggrieved, when those of whom we pur-chase labor insist upon that rule, and, if the exigencies of our business compel us, at times, to ask those who work for us to labor more than ten houses of the tweeter

labor more than ten hours of the twenty-four, we should pay for the extra work, as we would expect pay for the extra peck. Most farmers do not manage their bush



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"Why," remarked the Bachelor Girl, "are they always like that-after marriage?

less holidays. Haven't you noticed that all the most harrowing domestic scenes and all the marital squabbles that are brought into the divorce court and the police court, occur over Sunday?" holidays. Haven't you noticed that the most harrowing domestic scenes all the marital squabbles that are ught into the divorce court and the common ground until they meet in the burying ground:" put in the Mere Man gloomily

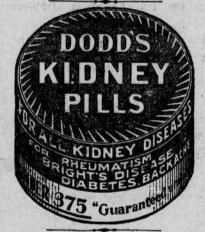
police court, occur over Sunday?" "Of, course," acquiesced the Mere Man, cheerfully flicking a leaf with his cane. "But you wouldn't deny them their little diversions and excitements, would you? You wouldn't rob them of their one relief from the dead, dull monotony of-of that?" and he nodded toward the two people on the bench opposite, yawning behind separate newspapers. "Look!" cried the Bachelor Girl, as the couple suddenly rose. They're go-ing to have a-- a diversion now. They're arguing about what direction to take. That's it!" she exclaimed, with sudden conviction, "they always want to go in opposite directions." "And always end," agreed the Mere gloomily. "Yes," agreed the Bachelor Girl, "even if they do try to be accommo-öating and to take their amusements together, they never get any mutual satisfaction out of it. If they go to the races he wants to talk about the horses and she wants to talk about the horses the oysters and the wine and she wants to discuss the decorations and the women. Even if it's only Coney Island they will fight about whether to go through the imitation heaven or the imitation hell."

Ing to have a -- a diversion now. They re-arguing about what direction to take. That's it?" she exclaimed, with sudden onviction, "they always want to go 'n opposite directions." "And always end," agreed the Mere Man as the woman across the way salled off with the man following re-luctiantly behind her, "by both going the woman's way." "Or by each going his own way." 'orrected the Bachelor Girl. "Did you ever see two married people who wanted to do exactly the same thing at the same time?" "Oh, well," said the Mere Man toler-step all through life to the tune of the

Nothing Doing.

Harrison Grey Fiske discussed at a dinner in New York, the art of acting. "I believe," said Mr. Fiske, "in sub-

dinner in New York, the art or acting. "I believe," said Mr. Fiske, "in sub-tlety and restraint. A nod, a shake of the head, a silent pause-these things are often more effective than the most violent yelling and ranting. "Life is like that, subtle and silent. What, for instance, could be more ex-pressive than this scene, a scene with-out a spoken word, that I once wit-nessed in the country? "An undertaker stood on a corner near a noble mansion. He elevated his brows hopefully and inquiringly as a physician, compressing his lips, shook his head decidedly and hurried to his carriage. Then the undertaker, with a sigh, passed on." sigh, passed on.'



Not For Him.

From Tit-Bits. A well known officer has a beautiful daughter. A young ensign, with no re-sources but his salary,fell in love with her and asked the old gentleman for her hand. The father at once told him, that he had hardly enough to keep him, in white gloves and to burnish his brass buttons. buttons.

buttons. "Well, admiral, what you say is true; but when you married you were only a midshipman, with even a smaller sal-ary than mine. How did you get along?" asked the ensign, who thought he had made a good defense. But not so. The crafty old seadog thundered forth: "I lived on my fatherinlaw for the first ten years, but I'll be hanged if you are going to do it."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Eure a Cold in One day. 25c.

Turned Up Finally. From the Chicago Tribune. "I must have made some mistake," muttered Mrs. Zegger, looking in the oven of her kitchen range. "I was sure I put six potatoes in here to bake, but there seems to be only five." She counted them again, but with the same result. Then she looked at the cake she had put in at the same time. "That's doing all right, anyway," she said.

said. "Belinda," said Mr. Zogger, looking

at the slice of cake that lay on the plate before him, "what the Sam Hill is the matter with this?" "You needn't eat it if you don't like it, Theophilus," retorted Mrs. Zogger

it, Theophilus," returns with spirit. "Oh, I'll eat it all right, but I'm "Oh, I'll eat it all right, but I'm

wondering what makes this island of white in the middle of the sea of yelow.

She examined the slice of cake, and triumphant smile Huminated her face.

"I just knew I had put six potatoes In that oven yesterday," she exclaimed. "One of them fell down through the toy whelf."

How's This?

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business trans-actions, and financially adde to carry out any obligations made by his firm. Walding, KINNAN & MARYIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood, and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimohials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggista.

Compensation.

From. Harper's Weekly

the oil which they contain and the preparation of feeding stuffs from the idue is, so far as many European

residue is, so far as many European countries are concerned, a new indus-try. And one of the most important phases of this business is that which centers around the products of the oil paim, and plays such a considerable part in the trade between the west coast of Africa and Europe, says the Philadelphia Record. This paim—a beautiful tree of the umbrella pattern—flowers about Sep-tember, and the fruit ripens about four or five months afterward, the main crop being gathered from February to May. The fruit is gathered by natives, who ascend the trees by means of ropes—saflor fashlon—and detach the masses of nut clusters with a small axe or catlass. The nuts are then heaped cutiass. The nuts are then heaped the ground, covered with paim ves and left for a week in the hot neares and left for a week in the hot and more or less moist atmosphere to ferment. During this process the nuts become loose in their sockets, and are removed by hand and placed in bas-

kets. The next process aims at the sepa-ration of the nut proper from the seed vessel. First, huge earthenware pots are taken, with a capacity of about tweive or fourteen gallons, and in these dre placed about a hundredweight of nuts. Water is added and the pot is placed over a slow wood fire. About two fours' bolling of the seed vessel and the nuts are sufficiently soft to be squeezable by the fingers. The nuts are then placed in the bottom of a cance drawn up on the river bank, and are then placed in the bottom of a cance drawn up on the river bank, and the natives tread out the nuts from the encircing pericarp with their bare feet. Three men will thus tread out 250 pounds in an hour. Water is then poured into the cance to a depth of three to four inches, and the nuts treated to the final separating process by tells rocked, stirred and shaken. By this means the kernels with the hard shell constraining them become de-tached from the pericarp, and after drying in the sun are cracked between stones, so us to separate the palm ker-nels of commerce from the hard shell inclosing them.

But the water in the canoe has be-

This is carefully collected in thes, and the pericarp fibre is ed and washed and finally

altownessed and washed and finally reased in a mortar to extract the re-naining particles of oil, and, being of to further commercial value, is thrown aside to be used as fuel. "We will have 600,000,009 bushels of

Too Much Blow.

Captain Watt, of the record-breaking usuania, was talking about ma-

"Machinery is delicate stuff," he said, and are bound to have it. "There has been more land-grabbing "and the amateur is wise to let it alone. You know about the man who blew

on the gas meter?"

you, every time you light the gas. But just blow down the pipe and—' "The friend gave a loud laugh at the

to get the better of the gas company?" "'Gee, I just do,' exclaimed the man. "'Then,' said the friend, 'blow down the meter. Every night before you turn in blow down the meter.

in, blow down the meter. The meter,

delightful thought.

"Just blow down the pipe, and-ha, ha, ha-all the little wheels will

ha, ha, ha—all the little wheels will turn the other way.' "The man thanked his friend for this good and valuable advice, went straight home and blew a long and powerful blast down the pipe of the gas meter before retiring. He did this every night. Not once did he forget, the last thing before going to bed, to blow down the meter with terrific force. "Well, in due course, at the month's 'Well, in due course, at the month's end, the inspector came

The man welcomed the inspector a triffe nervously and hung about the cellar door to hear what the fellow would have to say after his inspection.

"The inspector emerged from the cellar studying a column of figures with a puzzled frown. He looked up at the master of the house and said in

strange voice: "Well, Mr. Smith, I don't know what the dickens has been happening to your meter, but the company owes you \$34.17.'"

There Was Nothing Doing.

"Seems kind o' good, doesn't it, to ave an interval of rest," said the man to the one who had got through reading his newspaper and crumpled it up. "What do you mean by interval?" was asked.

"Why, nothing in the papers."

"Nothing in the papers! Why, man, there are two new candidates out for the presidency. "Our fleet has been invited to visit

Japan. "They are going for the Alton rail-

"They are going for the Alton rail-road again. "Orders have been given to econo-mize on the Panama canal. "Three other railroads have been found rebating. "Vesuvius is again in eruption.] "Ocean rates are to be cut in half. "The cotton crop is short by 2,000,000 balae

bales "It is believed that Harriman can be

sent to jail.

"We will have 600,000,000 bushels of

"It is almost sure that China and Japan will have a war

The Filipinos want self-government

in the west. "All this, sir, and a great deal more, "All this, sir, and a great deal more,

down the gas meter?" "No." "Well, at the club one night, a cer-tain man complained bitterly about his ras bills. "Hang it all,' he said, 'my bills are something enormous. I'm sure I don't burns all that gas. The company, con-arm it, is cheating me.' "A friend space up and said: "Look here, de you want to know how"

ness so as to furnish steady employment to their help, thus compelling their help to look for other employment during four or five months of the year. This is a serious drawback, and, in nearly every case, could be provided for by judicious and intelli-

The claim that farm help is not as well paid as the same class of labor in other lines of business is not generally true, everything considered, while it may be true in some cases, with those who b true in some cases, with those who board and lodge with their employers, as un-married help usually does. It is seidom, if ever, true of the married man who boards and lodges himself, as the farmer usually furnishes a house, rent free, to his hired man, fuel for the mere labor of cut-ting it, and sufficient ground to raise vege-tables for his family, and sometimes even a cow, or rather, the milk of one, with many other little perquisites that would cost money anywhere else, that more than make up for the difference, if any there be, in the actual money wage. In most cases these things are properly appreciated. But if the help should chance to be the sort of man whose object is not to save, but to spend, and so desirous to work where he will have the most actual money to spent on Saturday night, the remedy is less perquisites and more money. There is a class of laborers who complain

that there is too much sameness about life on a farm; that they don't have the opportunity to "see things" and "have a good time" that they do in the city or village. This class are rather hard to deal with. find that "seeing things" and having a good time" generally means spending their evenings and off days at some saloon playing cards or pool, and running up a score that will make a big hole in the week's wages, instead of staying quietly at home or spending the evening attending some orderly gathering at the school house or the church. Perhaps it would not be advisable to establish a saloon at the cross roads and hire a circus or a minstrel troupe to exhibit in the neighborhood every week, in order to relieve the same-ness and furnish the excitement that this class of labor demands. Come to think of it, they are not the kind to help a self-respecting farmer would care to have around, any way.

Having mentioned some of the most probable causes that seem to be making the life of a farm laborer so unpopular, I will leave the matter to your intellig farmer readers. If I have said anything that will help any of them to solve this vexed and vexing problem, I shall be conent and feel that the time has been well

spent There is one more thought, however, that I desire to leave with them. It se necessary that we assume the fault to lie with ourselves. Having assumed this, we shall be in a proper frame of mind to make some concessions. Having arrived at a state of mind where we are willing to make concessions, we may consider the prol . m solved.

We heard a man from Brighton asl another the other day if he knew of anyone who had a few good milk cows to sell. 'Yes, I have some myself,' was to sen. Tes, I have some inysen, was the reply, "they're some the butcher wouldn't take," Keeping cows that the butcher would not take is the way some people select their milk stock. way

step all through life to the tune of the wedding march." "No," sighed the Bacheler Girl, "but and forsaken being."

't's a pity the wedding march gets out of tune so soon."

"It's a greater pity." suggested the Mere Man, "that when they haven't any tastes in common the wedding bells don't jangle off key right over their heads and stop them at the altar.

"That wouldn't save them," an nounced the Bachelor Girl, sagely shaking her head. "Having tastes in snaking her nead. Fraving tastes in common before you're married is ne sign that you'll have tastes in common after you're married. There's some sort of twist in the ceremony that urns people right around the other vay.

"I've noticed it." remarked the Mere Man thoughtfully. "A girl will enjoy following her sweet heart over the golf 'inks until her knees and elbows ache, The Bachelor Girl broke in with a laugh. "If all the Turks did that," she gurgled, "the Mediterranean would be choked up by this time. Even a Turk is human." "But he knows how to choose a

who wouldn't touch a golf stick after she was married to him."

she was married to him." "And I've noticed," retorted the Bachelor Girl, "that a man will find a mad excitement in walking twenty miles a day with a woman with whom he is in love, who wouldn't bother to walk around the corner with her if she were his wife. Just because a man will allow a girl to read Browning to him and air her opinions on Ibsen be-fore marriage is no sign that he is wife," declared the Mere Man. knows enough to pick out a woman who will amuse him." "As if that were the only thing!" The Bachelor Girl shot a look of scorn at the Mare man

at the Mere man. "And a woman should not marry a man because he is noble and brave and fore marriage is no sign that he is going to let her read the morning pa-per to him and air her opinions on policapable and wholesome, but because he is fond of going to dances, or playing the mandolin, or studying the fashtics afterward; and just because he will spend his time and money taking her to grand opera during their enions 'What nonsense!" "I should choose you, for instance, because you love to make rarebits-"" "The idea!" gagement is no reason that he won't drag her to vaudeville shows and ex-travaganzas after the wedding. In the "And you should choose me because I'm brave and noble----" "What!"

love stage any two people can fancy they have tastes in common; but, as a matter of fact, men and women's have "Brave and noble enough to eat your arebits: and because I love----" "Now, Mr. Porter!" "Well, I do love----" n't any tastes in common whatever When they seem congenial it's merely a matter of one having subdued the other and—and made him or her go his

way." The Mere Man took off his hat and gazed at the Bachelor Girl in consternation.

nation. "Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, "that if I married you you wouldn't enjoy walking in the park with me?" The Bachelor Girl gazed dreamily off through the trees. "And that you are just pretending to like rarebits and the smell of my pipe?" The Bachelor Girl looked down at her tees.

"And that you are really bored to death when we are discussing art and the sex problem, and that you secretly hate Bohemian tables d'hote and the Rubalyat and the way I part my hair, and that this minute you are actually annoyed---"

not this minute." broke in the 'Oh.

"And are always ten times more lone-"And are always ten times more ione-some afterward," finished the Bachelor Girl with a sigh. "We marry because we want to live together and imme-diately proceed to separate our lives." "But," objected the Mere Man nope-

and forsaken being."" "And yet," murmured the Mere Man, "we scoff at harems!" "Harems, Mr. Porter!" "And the chap," continued the Mere Man, "who ties his women folk to the house while he goes off in his own track, perfectly assured that they will be ready and waiting for him when he chooses to come back. I guess the A small boy returning from schoo one day, inquired of his father what people meant when they spoke of the "law of compensation." The father, in the course of his explanation, cited the fact that if one of the senses is lost, some of the others receive a corre-sponding development: as for example be ready and waiting for him when he chooses to come back. I guess the Turk knows what he's doing. He doesn't have to go hurrying around in search of an affinity. There's only one set of tastes in his house and one pro-gram of amusements, and one bill of fare of pastimes, and if he happens to marry a lady who prefers a defeated

sponding development; as, for example, if a man's sight became impaired, his sense of touch or of hearing would bemarry a lady who prefers a different, brand of cigarets and a different style of carpet he has only to put her in a sack and drop her in the Mediterranean come more acute and so on.

"Oh, now I see why it is," inter-rupted the little fellow, "that when one leg is shorter than it ought to be the other is always how " the other is always longer.

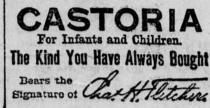
ELEVEN YEARS OF ECZEMA.

Hands Gracked and Bleeding-Nall Came of of Finger-Cuticura Remedies Brought Prompt Relief. "I had eczema on my hands for about eleven years. The hands cracked open in many places and bled. One of my fingers was so bad that the nail came off. I had tried so many remedies, and they all had falled to cure me. I had seen three doctors, but got no relief. Finally I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. Of course I keep Cuticura Soap all the time for my hands, but the one cake of Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment cured them. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all suffering with eczema. Mrs. Eliza A. Wiley, R. F. D. No. 2, Liscomb, Ia, Oct. 18, 1906."

Taking Her Pick. From Lippincott's.

The following was told at a smoker recently, and it is not so bad, either. The narrator told of another little feed he once attended, where eight men were sent home in one hack, and the driver simply rang the doorbell, and when a Yeminine voice called from an upper window, "Who is there?" the Jehu re-plied, "Missus, will you be so kind as to come down and pick out your baby?"

Patients are double charged when physicians give them electrical treatment.



The Bachelor Girl started to rise. "I do love to sit on a park bench and listen while you talk," finished the Mere

"Oh," the Bachelor Girl locked a lit-tle disappointed. "Let's go," she said coldly, as she rose and shook out her

asked generously. in the opposite direction," an-"Oh,

eaf.

married to.

swered the Mere Man absently. "What?" "I only wanted to see how it would "Don't!" cried the Bachelor Girl quickly taking his arm and starting down the path. "It's so much nicer just to be-to be-"" "Sweethearts?" suggested the Mere Man. trying to peer under her bat

"Man, trying to peer under her hat. "Unmarried," corrected the Bachelor Girl, stooping to pick up an autumn

He knows not the value of flowers who never botany.

Men are very useful for women to be

"Which way?" inquired the Mere Man, standing in front of her. "Which way do you want to go?" she