

THE TIME TO SLEEP AND THE TIME TO WORK SOLVED

Edward Everett Hale in Woman's Home Companion.

People talk about the midnight oil as if it had some virtue attached to it. In truth, four times out of five the midnight oil means overwork, or it means that you have neglected some duty which should have been attended to before the sun went down.

The physiological study of the last century has taught us a good deal about sleep. Dr. Franklin, who has written on the subject of sleeplessness, did not know what we know. We know that in healthy sleep the circulation of the blood in the brain is less than it has been in the waking hours. If by any misfortune, or any folly, or any wickedness of yours, the blood presses upon the brain, you do not sleep. Galen, the old Greek physician, supposed that in sleep the blood vessels of the brain are more heavily gorged than in the waking hours. We know now that when these vessels are too heavily gorged the result is stupor, under whatever name you choose to give it. And we know that what is needed, when we cannot sleep, is correct this overcrowding of blood.

There are many ways in which we can do this. And to speak very simply, all care about insomnia in the temple of God is founded on this physiological truth. Have not you seen a young man, grandfather or uncle who likes to sit in the winter evening with his feet stretched out before the fire, while he is toasting his feet in the heat of the hickory? He knows more about sleep than Galen did. For he is warming the blood of his brain, and he is assuring himself a few hours of sleep, at least, as the night begins. And you may follow your dear old uncle's example to advantage. If you have been fooling by writing some exasperating letter in the evening, or reading some exciting novel, you have set your brain all on fire. It seems as if the pillow case itself would be in a light blaze. And this means insomnia.

Let this be a peremptory warning to you. Never again make of the evening a time for heavy brain work. Make Mary play on the piano to you. If the authorities of your church will let you play a game of cribbage or of whist with your wife, or with some neighbor you can go over to the Roscommons or to the Joneses and have half an hour's talk.

That is to say, do your brain work early in the day. If you say so, I will let you get out of bed at 5 in the morning. If you will drink a cup of coffee at once, or drink a glass of milk and eat a biscuit, you may go to work then on the hardest work you have to do. But let Angela or Bertha have your breakfast ready within an hour of the morning. You do this by the exasperating letter or the difficult calculations may be out of the way as early as possible.

And I am not writing so much for women in this matter as I am for men—and mostly for men whose work con-

cerns the welfare of others. Doctors are terrible offenders in this matter, though they know better. When they have delicate and difficult cases in hand will sit up at night for hours reading up this or that authority which will help them the next day. They should go to bed at night and sleep all that the doorknob will permit. But now at 5 o'clock in the morning and study in all those five hours between 5 and 10 when people do not want to see them.

The cashiers of banks, the responsible officers of other great fiduciary institutions, make the same mistake. Thus, the executive director of the Methuselah Life Insurance company has its onerous business on his mind and conscience. Poor man! he is certain that he ought to give his best work to the business. He goes down town at 8, so as to be at the office before anybody else is. For eight hours he works like a dog, and then he goes home to his wife and his pretty children in the pretty suburb called New Arcadia. He has everything ready for a nice dinner. And then the poor man goes into his own little den and goes to work again—this time on what he calls his "own business." His brother-in-law wants him to invest in the Cattaraugus & Opelousas railroad. John Smith, his neighbor in Buffalo, thinks that they had better have a new dam of the Swift river. Or the president of the New Padua university wants him to write to Mr. Carnegie for \$100,000.

And the poor actuary gives up two or three of those precious hours of the evening in studying out these letters and writing the answers. And when bedtime comes he is dead beat, he can hardly get his clothes off, and he can hardly get into bed. He ought not to be surprised and I should not be surprised if I heard that his poor heated bed had set the pillow case on fire and that they were all burned up together. I am not surprised when, after some years of such experiments, I hear that he has committed suicide.

Without attempting the detail, it is enough here to say that you need to give the first half of your 14 hours of waking life to the more important or necessary duties of the day. If you get out of bed at 6, everything of critical importance should be well out of the way by 7 in the afternoon. The rest of that hour you let the poor old machine, which you call the body rest itself. Strictly speaking, the relief of the brain should begin right there. You may go to walk or to ride. You may lie on the lawn before the catheeters of the dandelion. You may ride over to your mother's and play with the children. You may swing in a hammock and look up through the leaves to the sky. In a word, you have done with the day's greater activities until the next morning at 8. Unless each night you recover the ground lost in the exertion of the day before you are committing suicide by inches; and you have no right to commit suicide at all.

WOMEN ARE THE SOUL OF HONOR

Mr. Bateman Proved His Case, But Didn't Relate the Sequel.

From the New York Times.

One of several men employed in a downtown office boisterously proclaimed the ban on women principle that women are devoid of principle.

"They are tricky to the core, every mother's daughter of them," he said. "They don't know what honesty means."

Mr. Bateman resented the imputation. "I don't believe a word of that," he said. "Women have just as sound principles as men. Take my wife, for instance. She is the soul of honor. You couldn't hire her to do a tricky thing. Just let me tell you what a tramp she showed herself to be a week ago. She was coming home from the matinee. While crossing Broadway she found a package that had evidently been dropped from the platform of a car. Obviously there was no way of catching the car and restoring the package, so of course she brought it home. It contained six yards of beautiful creamy lace. The check said it had been paid for and cost \$150.00."

"Now, my wife had two wraps whose sleeves needed remodeling, and human nature being what it is, her first thought was that she could utilize the lace for trimming. But her spirit of rectitude triumphed.

"No," she said, "I won't use the lace. I will take it back to the store. Possibly the person who lost it will inquire about it at the lost and found department."

"I advised her to keep the lace and not bother about the woman who had lost it. My wife seemed startled at my inquiry.

"If I return it and the loser doesn't call for the lace, what will become of it?" she asked.

"I don't know," said I, "and I don't care. It belongs to you just as much as to them."

"But she was resolute. 'Possibly you are right,' she said, 'but I cannot keep what is not mine. I must return the lace.' And she did," continued Mr. Bateman, proudly, "and that, I take it, is as pretty an instance of honest dealing as you will find in anybody, either man or woman."

The scoffer at feminine honesty admitted that for an example of probity Mrs. Bateman's heroic surrender of lost property would be hard to beat, and the meeting adjourned with sentiment leaning pretty strongly toward the maligned sex.

Mr. Bateman went home in a particularly happy frame of mind. He kissed his wife with unusual fervor, and finally offered to take her to the theater. When she was dressed he noticed a difference in the appearance of her mouth.

"Isn't that lace something like that you found in the street the other day?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "it is the same piece."

"I thought you took it back," said Bateman.

Mrs. Bateman blushed. "I did," she said, faintly, "but I—I got it again. I couldn't give it up. I went to the lost and found department the next day and asked for it myself."

"Oh!" said Bateman.

A Hero of the First Class.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fact is more thrilling than melodrama, sometimes. According to a telegram from Owensboro, Charles May, a fireman on the Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis railroad, rescued a little negro child from death in a manner as spectacular as it was courageous. The train was going down grade at high speed when the engineer and fireman saw the child on the track. They knew that the reversed engine would not stop soon enough to save the child. The fireman started down the running board and reached the pilot in time to snatch the little negro from the track. In reaching for the youngster's clothing he lost his balance and pitched into the water. By a lucky chance he did not fall in front of the cowcatcher, and he managed to drag the child into the ditch unhurt. This sort of thing done on the stage for the entertainment of the audience is frequently ridiculed because of its improbability in real life.

Possibly Mr. May may be awarded a Carnegie hero medal. As a rule medals recording deeds of heroism in letters carved in gold are very nice things to have around the house. It is comfortable to leave them to posterity as proof that the family boasts an ancestor who was altogether game, but for his own personal use the genuine hero does not regard medals. Mr. May, who risked his life in an entirely disinterested effort to save a small black atom of humanity is a good deal more of a hero than the man who saves his sweetheart from the lake or a burning hotel, or the fact of his heroism. He risked his life unselfishly. He is in fact a hero of the first magnitude and it is satisfying to know that there are such men in railroad service where pluck sometimes averts catastrophe.

A Union of American Soldiers.

From the Springfield Republican.

It is of truly national interest to learn that at the recent encampment of the Grand Army at Toledo, Ohio, there was a strong feeling in favor of a union of veterans in favor of a joint encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans in one of the border states. It was felt that this would be a welcome move for completed wiping out the old feeling of antagonism between North and South, and it is said that the idea was hailed with pleasure by many of the influential leaders of the Northern organization. Colonel J. A. Watrous, of Milwaukee, past department commander of Wisconsin, says that there should be inaugurated as such a convention a movement for the erection of a joint monument to the memory of General U. S. Grant and General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, and of all the soldiers who fought in the war of the rebellion.

Here is a suggestion and a consummation that should not be permitted to drop until it has resulted in the erection of such a memorial. It would stand to the lasting honor of the valor of a great people, who are not least great in the cementing of fellowship which has followed the colossal internal conflict. The conception of such a memorial is worthy of brave men, and there is no reason to doubt that the survivors among those who wore the gray will be ready to join in such a movement. The fact that it has been proposed is about the last thing needed to complete the story of a unified nation, and to make the civil conflict a memory whose significance has been made broad and charitable by the passage of time.

Pa says it's easy to spend money like a frunken sailor—if you are using somebody else's money.

WED CHORUS GIRL; NOW BABY BRINGS "GOVERNOR" TO TIME



MRS. H. BRISTOW DRAPER.

New York, Special: Friends of Mr. Eben S. Draper, lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, are discussing with interest the report that he has become reconciled to his son, H. Bristow Draper, who wed Queenie Sanford, a chorus girl, in opposition to the wishes of his parents.

Young Bristow, his wife and infant son, are at the home of his parents, and the little grandchild is credited with bringing about the reunion. It is thought likely that Bristow Draper and his little family will soon take up permanent residence in Hopkinton. The couple were married in New York, at the "Little Church Around the Corner" about two years ago.

With his family's consent young Draper was about to wed Miss Marjorie Ray, of Franklin, and the lieutenant governor had commissioned Robert A.

Cook, an architect, to draw plans for a home for the young persons. Suddenly came the news that young Draper had broken his engagement and married the chorus girl.

The lieutenant governor was highly displeased. Young Draper accordingly went to Burlington and hired out as a machinist in the cotton mills. On his small wages he provided a cottage home for his bride and worked hard in the mills. His independence and industry are believed to have won the admiration of his father.

Added to this, the advent of a little child enlisted the affection of the lieutenant governor. The arrival of the little grandson and Mr. and Mrs. Bristow Draper is believed by many to mean that Bristow Draper may soon find occupation in his father's mills and take residence near the other members of the family.

Optimistic to the End.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Some time ago there was a flood in western Pennsylvania. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of the house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John."

"Hello, Dave."

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them windows needed washin' anyhow."

Ever Thus.

Miss Eldon—There are so many fast young men nowadays.

Miss—"H'm, yes; you do seem to have difficulty in catching one.

Saint R. L. S.

Sultry and brazen was the August day when Sister Stanislaus came down to see the little boy with the tuberculous knee.

And as she thought to find him, so he lay: Still staring, through the dizzy waves of heat, at the tall tenement across the street.

But did he see that dreary picture? Nay, in his mind's eye a sunlit harbor showed, Where a tall private ship at anchor rode.

Yet, he was full ten thousand miles away— The Sister, (when she turned his pillow, Kissed Treasure Island on its well-worn cover.)

Sarah N. Cleghorn, in the September Atlantic.

Because a man hangs onto the words of his sweetheart is no sign that he stutters.

FUNNY BASEBALL INCIDENTS

The queer things which are all the time happening in baseball furnish much food for the fans who are "bugs" on the game. Perhaps the queerest thing that ever happened during a game of baseball was pulled off one day in Chicago when Andy Moynihan of the Chicago club was playing third base and with a runner on first base. The next batsman up hit a terrific liner down where Andy was all set for the catch, and as the ball came hurtling through space with lightning-like velocity Andy stuck up his ungloved hand and the ball stuck in it.

Just as the catch was made the spectators were surprised to see the third baseman begin dancing about the field with his hand stuck under his arm, and the man on first seeing that something was the matter tore down to second and then to third and then on home, while the rest of the infielders were trying to force Moynihan's hand out from where he had it hid.

When finally they succeeded they found the ball stuck so tightly in the third baseman's grasp that it took the combined efforts of five players to release it, and then it was noticed that the partly closed hand was completely paralyzed from the shock of the ball coming into contact with it.

Moynihan was several days recovering from his injury and regaining the use of the hand, but he finally did so, and though the infielders were trying to force him to skeptical people still the instance is on record in the annals of the National league.

Hal Chase and the Waiter.

Hal Chase of the New York Americans, the best first baseman the game has ever known, is being criticized by the New York populace because he doesn't play the other eight positions on the team as well as his own, is a rare fellow to know, and no one in baseball today can think as quick as Hal on or off the ball field.

At Orth, the carefree wonder, who fell off the train here in Washington on his way to his Lynchburg home, tells of how he and Chase went into a celebrated Boston restaurant while the Highlanders were playing in the Hub city and ordered generously. When the waiter took Hal's order he said:

"How will you have your ham and eggs?"

"Right away," shot back Chase.

"How will you have your eggs?" repeated the garcon.

"Fresh," tersely replied Hal.

And then the waiter faded away with a foolish expression on his countenance.

Schmidt's Introduction.

"Crazy" Schmidt, who was a famous National league twirler some years ago and who is at present a member of Jimmy Callahan's Logan Square team, from which organization came the clever little Washington pitcher, Bert Cheney, was a most amusing character when he played in the big league, for his queer expressions, to-

gether with his strong German accent, made him a prolific subject for baseball copy.

Schmidt, who glories in his rather significant nickname, was a big, muscular fellow, and could pitch all day without tiring. He had a slow ball which was a peach. The only trouble was Schmidt's lack of control of it when he was angry.

For instance, if Schmidt got mad while winding up instead of his sending in the slow ball the catcher was expecting, he would slam one up to the plate with all the force of his mighty strength, and the catcher literally would be swept off his feet.

It was on account of such sudden changes of temperament that Schmidt was nicknamed "crazy," a sobriquet which he wears to this day.

One day two years ago Jimmy Callahan took his club down to Joliet to play the aggregation there, and as the team had played there before they knew the umpire was a "homer"—a man who couldn't see a close decision without giving his ruling the best of it. He stepped before the grandstand, hat in hand, and announced as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the batteries for today will be Schmidt and Reading for Logan Square and Marshall and Rundle for Peoria."

"Crazy" Schmidt was right behind him, and when he had finished Schmidt took off his cap, and making a sweeping bow, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, der umpire for der game today will be Mister Miller of Joliet und he will us usual slightly favor der home club mit his decisions."

On this particular day Otis was feeling like a 2-year-old. He had hopes of seeing his name in big letters in the papers the following day, telling how he had saved the game. And as he strode to the plate he had a do-or-die expression on his face.

The first ball pitched Ote swung at and missed. Then he popped up a foul fly that was out of the reach of Sid Smith, the dumpy backstop. But Otis braced himself and landed hard on the third ball, and it sailed away toward deep center. A mighty cheer went up from the crowd, and it looked good for a home run, but Emmet Heldrick, of the misfit legs, tore after the spheroid and, giving a leap in the air, he managed to get two fingers on it and the side was out.

Wanted to Go the Same Way.

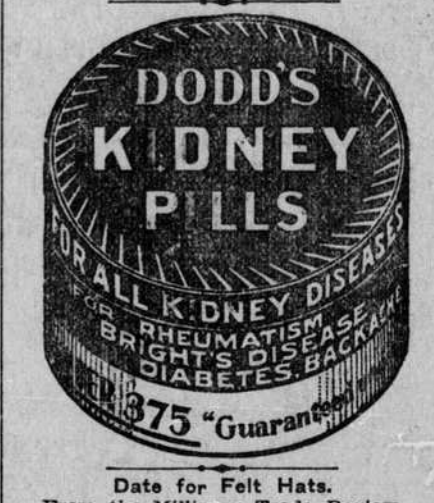
We were taking a little trip into the country. The only vacant seats in the train were turned so as to face each other. I told my little girl, 4 years of age, to take the seat in front of me, as riding backward would not make her sick. She hesitated, and said:

"I know it won't make me sick, but if I ride backward will I go to the same place you are going to?"

A Fair Deduction.

From Harper's Weekly.

Little Helen asked who it was that made the wind, and she was told, God. One day, after a severe wind storm, she came running into the house exclaiming: "Oh, mother! Dod blew the barber's sign down!"



Date for Felt Hats.

From the Millinery Trade Review.

Felts promise to come into use earlier than ever this year. Their advent has quite ceased to be a matter of temperature—it is one of mode. Fashion depreciates the wearing of straws after September 15, and not to be caught transgressing its rules, fashionables likely to overstay this date have been ordering felt traveling hats to carry away with them, the general exodus having commenced last week. These are not particularly wide in the brim, which is rolled up at the side, and are mostly in soft crepe, trimmed with quills or wings and ribbons, giving a pleasing effect.

Nothing Doing.

Hiram Hayrick—Hev any excitement when you wear in your city?

Silas Cortisole—No; I never met any bunco-steerer, and since they put in these here electric lights a feller ain't got no chance ter blow out their gas.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cured case in all its stages, and that is Cattarrh Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The More Careful Widower.

From "The Bits"

In a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain, and so according to the custom of the country, she was wrapped in a sheet and carried off to be buried. But, as luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near the hedge that the thorns pierced the sheet and awoke the woman from her trance. Some years after she had died in reality, and as the funeral passed along the husband would every now and then call out: "N't too near the hedge, neighbors. Not too near the hedge."

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE

Write to Allen S. Olmsted, El Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures tired, sweating, hot, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c.

"The Law."

From Harper's Weekly.

Parents of Wayne's suburb of Philadelphia, are required to report promptly any case of contagious disease, in compliance with the regulations of the local board of health.

In accordance with this order, Health Officer Leary received this post card recently:

"Dear Sir—This is to notify you that my boy Ephraim is down bad with the measles as required by the new law."

A Way to Fix 'Em.

Dickson—There is just one thing to do with these end-seats who make you climb over them.

Wickson—What is that?

Dickson—Make them sorry you climbed.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Soap.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Blemishes, Redness, Itchiness, and every blemish on the face. It is the best skin beauty product in the world. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to give you a clear, beautiful complexion. It is the only skin cream that is both gentle and effective. It is the secret of the beauty of the East. It is the only skin cream that is both gentle and effective. It is the secret of the beauty of the East. It is the only skin cream that is both gentle and effective. It is the secret of the beauty of the East.

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AN UNSURPASSED REMEDY!

Piso's Cure is an unsurpassed remedy for cough, cold, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness and throat and lung affection. It goes direct to the seat of the trouble and soothes and restores healthy conditions. Mothers can give their children Piso's Cure with perfect confidence in its curative power and action on the system. Famous for half a century. At all druggists, 25c.

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