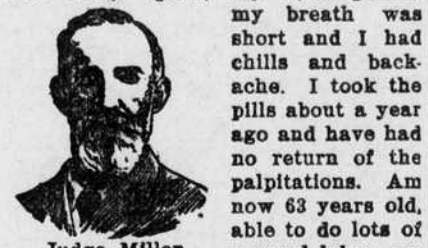


Boys Prefer the Farm.

The farm boy has a tremendous advantage in the world. Early he is trained to self-reliance, to performance of duties, to regular labor. He has a sound body. He is eminently fitted to do the greatest things done in the world. He recognizes that the farm is the best place in the world in which to live. Ten chances to one he would prefer to stay on his father's farm. If the father can learn to make the farm pay well, if he can make it progressive, with hope of fine achievement at the end of the struggle, then most boys will stay. It is when the farm is stagnant, unprogressive, dead, almost hopeless, that the young man sets his face resolutely away from the farm.—Breeder's Gazette.

JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and backache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan.



Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy. Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Turn About is Fair Play. "A famous tenor," said Giulio Gattica, "was invited one night to dinner by a Chicago trust magnate. The dinner was superb, but at its end the trust magnate asked the tenor to sing. This, of course, was as bad as inviting a doctor to dinner and then asking for a free prescription. So the tenor politely declined. The trust magnate, however, insisted. After five or ten minutes of this, the tenor said, with a laugh: 'Oh, well, every one to his trade. Let me see you pick a pocket. Then I'll sing.'"

RASH ITCHED AND BURNED

400 South Hermitage Ave., Chicago, Ill.—"I was attacked with a breaking out on the inside of my arms. It was a small rash or pimples and it itched and burned, especially at night, so that before I knew it I had made myself sore. I had to wear the finest kind of cotton underwear, no woolen at all, because the least thing irritated it and made it much worse. The rash itched and smarted until at times I got no sleep at all. I had this trouble and took treatments for about one year, but they only gave me relief while taking them. Then I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I got relief right away. In three months I was a well man again." (Signed) H. W. Foley, Nov. 5, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Alexandria. Alexandria is Egypt's principal port and commercial center. According to statistics taken in 1908, Alexandria occupies third place among Mediterranean ports. Twenty-one ocean navigation companies maintain a regular scheduled service at Alexandria.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hathorn. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Their First Tiff. "I'm sorry I ever married you!" shrieked the bride, on the occasion of their first quarrel. "You ought to be!" retorted the groom, really angry and bitter for the first time. "You beat some nice girl out of a good husband."

For the treatment of colds, sore throat, etc., Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops give sure relief—6c at all good Druggists.

Wrong Ones. Mamma (at amateur entertainment)—Hush, Willie, the violinist is trying her strings. Willie (aloud)—Then, while she's at it, why don't she fix them that show in back?—Puck.

If you would learn a man's weakness let him talk while you listen. Foley Kidney Pills Relieve promptly the suffering due to weak, inactive kidneys and painful bladder action. They offer a powerful help to nature in building up the true excreting kidney tissue, in restoring normal action and in regulating bladder irregularities. Try them.

"Poets Will Be Addressing Odes to Us in a Year or Two," Says Brindle: "Coming Into Our Own"



Dern it all anyway! being a reporter is a hard life. This morning the managing editor called one of his staff to his desk and said: "Get up a nice, humorous story about the high price of beef—something that will make people laugh." A nice, humorous story, indeed! Why not suggest writing something funny about the death of Cleopatra or the funeral of Marc Anthony? Fancy a reporter going to interview Mr. Consumer who has seven children, all crying for meat, and three dogs. "Mr. Consumer, tell us what you think about the high price of beef. Please make your remarks as pleasant and funny as possible." What would happen to the reporter is too painful to be put in words.

Of course an interview might be sought with the butcher. But he's blamed by some for the high prices, so the situation doesn't seem at all funny to him. Butchers have been known to hurl meat-axes while under stress of great feeling; so the reporter didn't care to pay him a visit. Turn to Mrs. Cow. There was nothing left to do but to seek an interview with old Mrs. Cow herself. The reporter found her reclining contentedly in a field of clover, chewing a fragrant cud. "Brindle, tell us what you think about the high price of beef. Be pleasant, anyway, and be funny if you can." "In view of recent developments, that is to say, the increased cost of beef, it is not all difficult to be pleasant," said the interviewed one, with a most engaging smile, "but it is not my desire to detract from the dignity which should attach to this interview by attempting to be comical. The abused cow is about to come into its own. Hitherto we have been shamefully mistreated. We have not received the credit which is our due. The difficulty has been that she has been too common. As one of our philosophers has aptly said: 'Too many cows spoil the broth.' In other words, when humans can buy the choicest cuts of us for a mere song they don't appreciate us. How many of your poets



have sung of us? And yet it was Browning, I believe, who wrote some of his best lines about a dog. Dogs aren't in the same class with us. You can't eat a dog; or at least you wouldn't care to unless the price of beef gets a little higher. Change is Due. "But all this will be changed. The poets will sing of us—you just see. In another year or two they'll be getting up odes to us." "Another thing: Our children are getting better treatment now than they ever did before. Of course it is all very true that we cows do not possess to any important degree those finer sensibilities which characterize and set apart from all other animals the human species. Still, I will say that it always made me feel a little tired to see my children knocked in the head didn't happen to look promising for veal. Take the case home to yourself. Supposing you were the parent of a sweet little child with large soulful eyes, with a thick mat of bright red hair all over its body, and with a most appealing bit wouldn't it make you were started some cuss should come along and mess up its brains with an ax? But of course that doesn't hap-

pen so much any more. Our babies are saved and fed on the fat of the land. It pays to keep them a while. This is a source of great comfort to us mothers. Fine for Old Bossy. "In one other respect the high price of beef has added much to my own personal happiness. You see, I'm getting old. I don't give down the milk the way I used to and am to be killed this fall for beef. Under the old order it wouldn't pay to fatten me. I'd be sold mostly for my hide, glue and bones. But now see what they're doing! I'm getting grain twice every day and just look at this lovely pasture. I'm so fat that even Billy Taft envies me. And I can't tell you how happy it makes me to reflect that when some hungry man puts my tenderloin in his mouth this winter it will be with a due sense of appreciation of my true worth; because you can bet it will cost him enough. "In conclusion let me say that there's one more pleasant aspect to this high cost of meat. It makes the vegetarians happy. With meat a luxury within the reach only of successful pugilists and other millionaires, vegetarians will find it much easier to cling to their faith."

Ham, Shem and Japheth and their wives, and the animals Noah had taken aboard. And the cruise lasted more than seven months. During this time the actor, Ham, took it upon himself to be the life of the party, and it was his habit to organize a blackface minstrel show in the cabin every night. Some of the witticisms devised by Ham upon this trip have been in use in minstrel shows ever since. And there were other hardships. Noah had allowed the boys to bring any liquor aboard "The Laugh's On You," and some of our leading arkeologists believe that it was the Noah boys, not Coleridge, who first pulled that line about "water, water, everywhere and not a drop to drink." Along in the seventh month, after the family had retired and when the calm of night was broken only by the rhythmic breathing of the hippopotami, the ark brought up suddenly with a grinding shudder. At first it was thought to be a little while the cause of the stop was apparent—the ark had run aground! Ordinarily this is regarded as a nuisance, but aboard the gigantic houseboat it caused the wildest rejoicing. It was a tremendous relief to learn that there was ground to run upon. Of course, it was just a mountain top, but a few weeks later, when the water had gone down still more, and the dove had failed to come back to the ark, Noah and his family went ashore and turned the critters loose. As for Ham, originator of the minstrel show, he was sent away into the interior of Africa, and folks in general agree that the punishment was mild.

SIDELIGHTS ON NOAH FROM BABYLON BUGLE

Unique Documents Dug Up From Fertile Brains of Kansas City Star's Arkeologist—Correspondent on Pipe Dream Visit to Mt. Ararat.

Out in his hillside pasture, where the grass had long ago been withered up by the summer's drought, Uncle Noah, the oldest inhabitant of Ashepe Selding, was building an over-sized houseboat. Early in the morning the sound of his busy hammer, and during the dog days it had been a favorite amusement with the villagers to wander out and watch him at his work and ask him droll questions about how soon he thought it'd rain. It was the talk of the town that Uncle Noah's brain had become affected by the intense heat and the long dry spell, and plenty of people said it was really a shame his folks didn't have him carted off to the booby hatch. "Everybody knows," said the wisecracks, as they chewed straws and whittled up Noah's lumber, "that we never will have another rain, and the corn crop is ruined beyond all hope, and the talk of piling water from the Euphrates to the farms in Babylon county is poppycock. Oh, well, what can you expect with a democratic administration?"

Meanwhile Noah was sawing wood, as the saying is, for he had received an inside tip that there would be large and copious doings along the Euphrates in a very short time and that concrete houses would soon be a drug on the market. The wood that Noah sawed was gopher wood (see Genesis 6: 14), for it is well known that the gopher is one of the hardest animals in the world to drown out. The house boat was a three-story structure and contained dozens of stalls. It was painted inside and out with pitch, and the energies of the whole Noah family went into its preparation. Even Ham, the actor, who was home for the summer, took a hand in the proceedings, and as for Mrs. Noah and the girls, they were so busy making yachting clothes that they hardly had time to take in the mail. Perhaps no more interesting commentary on the story has been made than an account which appeared in a Sunday edition of the Babylon Bugle a few days before the actual launching. This invaluable document was discovered recently by a brilliant young arkeologist. It follows: "Ashepe Selding—(Special to the Bugle)—G. W. Noah, for many years weather observer here, the man who says the earth will be destroyed by a flood within 40 days, is ready for the Big Noise to begin. Yesterday Mr. Noah completed his 200 cubic houseboat, 'The Laugh's On You,' and today he was busy loading a curious assortment of livestock into it. Elephants and kangaroos, monkeys and raccoons rubbed elbows with slender giraffes and massive hippopotami as the animals filed aboard the ark two at a time. A troop of trained parrots helped Mr. Noah and his sons give orders to the cargo of mules. "Poor old Noah! He undoubtedly believes this flood thing is going to come

off, and there was a certain ludicrous dignity about the old fellow as he stood in the midst of the uproar giving orders about loading the animals. Armed with a pitchfork he drove the last two beasts aboard—a pair of sloths who insisted there was no need in starting so soon. "Then he turned to the Bugle correspondent and said with pathetic earnestness: There is one matter I wish you would correct. It has been erroneously reported that the elephant entered my vessel in company with the kangaroo instead of with his own spouse. This is not true, and in justice to all concerned I wish you would say so." He then rehearsed his theory of the impending destruction of the earth and predicted that inside of a month the drought stricken pastures of the Tigris and Euphrates country would be worse watered than the stock of the Mesopotamian Central railway. "Thronges of fearing villagers hung around 'The Laugh's On You' all day. Just as the last gangplank was being pulled up, a droll wag ran forward with a pair of rubber boots and offered them to Noah. "Keep 'em yourself," shouted the old man. "You'll need 'em before long." This brought down shrieks of delight, for the dust here is a foot deep, and the drought has been so bad one can't even float a loan, to say nothing of a houseboat. People here who have known the Noahs for years say the old man has always been a bit queer, but they never supposed his family would permit anything like this. "I hope he didn't take any squirrels aboard his boat," said one man. "If he did, I'm afraid it's all day with Noah."

Seven days after the best citizens of Babylon had laughed over the work of the special correspondent, it began to rain. And it rained in Ashepe Selding, too, torrents and torrents and torrents of rain. The second day the president of the local bank waded out to Noah's pasture and hailed this ancient mariner. "I say, my good man," said he, "just let down the gangplank and I will take passage in the bridal suite." "But Noah, in oinks and sou'wester, made no move toward the gangplank. "Nothing stirring," said he pleasantly. "You may remember that you refused to extend my note at your pleasure institution when I wanted money to enlarge the first class cabin. Now, in the language of the poet, you may paddle your own canoe." And so the banker drifted away. So did all the other folks who had been so gay and flippant with the weather prophet in the days of the drought. They had all made game of him, but Noah had not issued any rain checks. It rained for 40 days and 40 nights, covering the whole earth and drowning everybody and everything except Mr. and Mrs. Noah, the Noah boys,

Some men never borrow trouble; they buy it outright.

The world production of tin last year was 114,196 tons, as compared with 166,828 tons the year before.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Explanation. "What is oral surgery?" "I guess it is the kind which makes a man mend his speech."

What Upset Her. Mistress—What's the matter, Nellie? Have you taken something that doesn't agree with you? New Maid—Yes, mum; this job.

Proof of It. "That pretty little singer has killing ways." "Yes, I know; she murdered my song."

Striking Type. Marks—Your new stenographer is a remarkably handsome girl. Parks—Yes, a striking type of female beauty, so to speak.

All They Did. "What did the speakers talk about at your wife's club meeting yesterday?" "Oh, each one talked about an hour."

Variable. "How many ounces are there in a pound?" asked the teacher. "Well," replied the boy who listens attentively, "ma says it depends on where you deal."

Unanswerable. Simeon Ford, New York's well-known humorist, said whimsically the other day, apropos of the death of J. Pierpont Morgan: "We learn from Mr. Morgan's life that wealth does not bring happiness. We know already that poverty doesn't bring it, either. What on earth then is a man to do?"—Argonaut.

Sadder Still. Discussing a recent political scandal, in which an official was accused of dishonesty, Richard Harding Davis, lunching with a number of theatrical stars at a fashionable roof garden in New York, said, with a sigh: "He is a man I would have thought incapable of baseness. It is sad to think that every man has his price." "Yes," said a comedian, "but a sadder fact still is that half the time he can't get it."

Absurd Congresses. Andrew Carnegie, in his advocacy of universal peace, has no faith in half measures. "These congresses," he once said in New York—"these congresses that advocate, not universal peace, but smaller bullets, gentler bombardments and less destructive bombs annoy me. "When we succeed, thanks to such congresses, in eliminating savagery from war, then it will be quite in order for us to proceed to eliminate the darkness from night."

Most Any Time. The scene is set. A country road, trees, sky, summer homes, a lake in the distance. A steam railway line crosses the road at right angles. Enter, up the road, an automobile, well loaded and running at high speed. Enter at the far right an express train. Both automobile and train are rushing toward the crossing. Owner of automobile to chauffeur: "Can you make it?" The chauffeur, speeding up: "Sure I can make it!" He doesn't.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Worms Know Her Song.

Mrs. B. A. Hitchcock of Canaan, an officer of the Litchfield County Equal Franchise league, has made the following statement in a letter to a local newspaper: "I tamed half a dozen angle dogs or worms, and got them so that they would come up out of the earth and eat out of my hand. I fed them pumpkins and bran mash, but they thrive best on sauerkraut. It took me some time to tame them so that they knew my knock on the earth above them from the tap of an old hen's bill. I rap softly three times and whistle 'Oh, Promise Me,' and up come the angleworms. One day I discovered that the biggest, fattest angleworm was cross-eyed."—Winsted (Conn.) dispatch to New York World.

Egyptians Had 12-Hour Days. The early Egyptians divided day and night each into 12 hours, a custom adopted by the Jews or Greeks probably from the Babylonians. The day is said to have been divided into hours from 293 B. C., when L. Papirus Cursor erected a sundial in the temple of Cleicinus at Rome. Before water clocks were invented in 158 B. C., time was called at Rome by public criers. In England the measurement of time was, in early days, uncertain; one expedient was by wax candles, three inches burning an hour, and six wax candles burning 24 hours.—ascribed to Alfred, 886.

A Guess. "What is that man's profession?" "Lobbying." "How do you know?" "It's apparently the only profession a man can carry on successfully while he stands around doing nothing."

WOMAN A GREAT SUFFERER

Tells How She Was Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Grayville, Ill.—"I was a great sufferer of female complaints for a year and I got nothing that helped me until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was irregular and had cramps so bad that I had to go to bed. Now I have better health than I have had for years and I cannot speak too highly of your medicine."—Mrs. JESSIE SCHAAER, 413 Main St., Grayville, Ill.

Case of Mrs. Tully. Chicago, Ill.—"I take pleasure in writing to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with such awful periodic pains, and had a displacement, and received no benefit from the doctors. I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am now as well as ever."—Mrs. WILLIAM TULLY, 2052 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

SIoux CITY PTG. CO., NO. 41-1913.

WINCHESTER Pistol and Rifle Cartridges. Winchester cartridges adapted to Winchester rifles are made to get the best possible results out of them. As the same equipment, organization and system are employed in making all Winchester cartridges, it naturally follows that Winchester cartridges produce the best results in all firearms. Winchester cartridges are made for all calibers and makes of rifles, revolvers and pistols. Sold everywhere. Ask For The Red W Brand.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN. \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 and \$5.00. The largest makers of Men's \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes in the world. Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.50 shoes. Just as good in style, fit and wear as other makes costing \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only difference is the price. Shoes in all leathers, styles and shapes to suit everybody. If you could visit W. L. Douglas shoe factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price. W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale in your vicinity, ordered from the factory and sent the middle man's profit. Shows for every member of the family, at all prices. Free Postage, postage free. Write our Illustrated Catalogue. It will show you how to order by mail, and why you can save money on your footwear. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.