PARIS IS HAVEN OF **MEXICAN STATESMEN**

Fallen and Exiled Congregate in French Capital Where Diaz Lives.

Paris. Special: The Parisian colony of Mexican statesmen, past and present, is fast increasing. Headed by former president Porfirio Diaz, as the most conspicuous figure, it now includes Adolfo de la Lama, Mexican minister of finance, who is visiting Paris and London to negotiate a loan for the Huerta government; Joseph Limantour, former Mexican minister of finance; Emanuel Garza Aldape, exminister of foreign affairs, of public instruction and of the interior; William de Linda, former governor of the federal district of Mexico, and Minguel Diaz Lombardo, who was Mexican minister to France under the late President Francisco Madero, and who is president of a committee represent-

President Francisco Madero, and who is president of a committee representing the constitutionalists in Mexico.

General and Senora Diaz are living quietly in a family hotel in the Avenue des Champs Elysees. The general's room faces the Arc de Triomphe, commemorating Nepoleon's success. Here, where there is a fine view of the surroundings, the retired president spends much of his time. Ministers who served under his government visit him now and then, but General Diaz is somewhat deaf and this has increased his desire for retirement. Senora Diaz is her husband's constant companion, acting as interpreter for visitors. Senora Diaz has a good command of English, of which the general uses none. Porfirio Diaz, jr., also lives near his father and makes frequent calls.

The impression among persons who know General Diaz and who have been associated with him is that he is not the rich man he is supposed to be. He lives modestly, although paying \$20 a day for his apartment, and while considered to be in comfortable circumstances, his wealth is said not to be large. During his active life he paid but little attention to matters of finbe large. During his active life he paid but little attention to matters of fin-ance, it is said. The general seldom goes to the theaters, but takes frequent automobile rides about Paris. His step is sprightly and he appears to be in good health.

People Favor Foreign Names.

People Favor Foreign Names.

From the New York Press.

A writer in a periodical quotes a foreign visitor, surprised at the great number of European names used in this country and the imitation of foreign ideas generally, as remarking that the parrot instead of the eagle ought to be the national emblem. It appears that the favorite designations of towns in America are Chester, Newport and Troy. There are 22 of the first, 30 of the second, and 23 of the third. Canton, Oxford, Waverly, Belmont and Auburn are close behind. There are 21 Waterloo to seven Bunkerhills; 15 Wellingtons and 13 Wellesleys, as compared with 28 Washingtons; 22 Neisons to 14 Decaturs and one Farragut. Not only denames based upon historical events it this country make a poor array beside the imported variety, but Indian names are noticeably lacking.

One reason for this condition which will occur to everybody is the fact that a large proportion of the names were bestowed during the colonial period, when the thoughts of Americans were centered upor the mother country and upon its kings noblemen, statesmen and heroes. The colonists were also fond of bestowing upon their new places of residence the name of the towns or counties they had left it England. Even long after the colonia period conditions were not much different in some parts of the country, and as latt as 1860 it was estimated that seven-eighth of the people of Massachusetts were descended from colonists who had arrived before 1641.

While these facts apply to the easters they do not cover the nomencia.

descended from colonists who had arrived before 1641.

While these facts apply to the eastern states, they do not cover the nomencia ture of the west, where the same following of foreign models is noticeable. In there were a trace in the west of the old disposition to reproduce the names of former homes, that would be a simple explanation; but there is the same use of historical and classic names associated with Europe. A list of new stations of one of the Pacific railroads named a short time ago does not contain even one American designation.

Many of the original Indian names are noticeably euphonious, such as Alleghany Susquehanna, Pocahontas and a host of others.

Artists Make Strange Errors. From the Kansas City Times.

From the Kansas City Times.

In the dome of the capitol at Washing ton there are eight great paintings—carefully designed and executed by the artist for the adornment of the nation's greates building. Yet five of them are either defective in technique, or in error as to natural or historical facts.

One of the best known pictures is that in which Washington is shewn resigning his commission to the continental congress. There are two young girls, almos life size, standing in the foreground. They are very pretty young girls, but one of

gress. There are two young girls, almos life size, standing in the foreground. They are very pretty young girls, but one of them has three hands! One left hand rests on the shoulder of her companion. An other left hand is round her companion's waist. Doubtless the artist, Trumbull painted both hands to see which pose he preferred, and then forgot to paint out the superfluous hand.

Diagonally across the rotunda is the painting of the "Baptism of Pecahontas." Sitting in the foreground is Opecancan ough, the uncle of Pecahontas. He is barefooted and the artist has given him six toes on his left foot!

In the painting of the "Landing of Columbus," which used to be reproduce on the \$5 banknote, the artist has painted three flags. They are very well drawn but one is blowing east, one west, an one south, which indicates a very variable condition of the wind on that famous day. In the picture of the "Surrender of Cornwallis," General Washington is conspicuous seated upon a white horse. But General Washington was not present at the surrender. Cornwallis did not surrender his army in person, but sent a substitute officer to do so. Accordingly Washington detailed an officer of corresponding rank to receive the surrender. The fifth picture, "Signing of the Declar ation of Independence at Philadelphia, of July 4, 1776," is wrong only in the title The declaration was adopted July 4, but twas not signed by the members of the congress until August 2, 1776.

School Savings Banks.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The school savings bank is not very well known in the south and west, but it has been adopted by nearly 1,200 schools is the United States, the most of which an in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. Forty schools in Oak land, Cal., adopted it in 1910, while 90 it San Francisco and 11 in Berkeley adopted it last year.

The idea originated in France, where is long has been popular. In the nearly 1,20 schools in the United States of which is has become a feature, the deposits are said to aggregate more than \$3,000,000. The advantage claimed for it is that it inculcates thrift and induces many boys and girls to take up the saving habit. By depositing small amounts of money which otherwise would be frittered away for articles of doubtful value or benefit, the pupil soon accumulates a fund of respectable proportions. These funds in many cases have grown to such size as to enable the depositors to pay their way through academies and even through colleges.

According to estimates there 37,000 electric vehicles in use in the United States, of which number about 25,000 are pleasure cars and 12,000 com-mercial vehicles. Chicago holds the mercial vehicles. Chicago holds the record with 2,850 vehicles. New York, with 2,000, comes second, and Cleveland, with 1800, comes third.



GLADIO-PART I.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
Once upon a time there was a poor man named Otto who had five daughters, and while all of them were very handseme, the youngest, whose name was Gladio, was the most beautiful of all.

But Otto was very poor and could not support them and one night when the wind was blowing and the snow falling fast outside his poor little house he sat with his five daughters around the sat with t the fireplace wendering what would be-

come of them.
Suddenly a knock came at the door and otto hastened to open it, and he stepped back in fear as a giant stepped into the reem with a bag over his shoulder.

"As I was passing by," he said, "I thought I heard you say, "I do not knew what will become of us.' Was I right?"

"I did think that," replied Otto, "but I was not aware that I spoke out

I was not aware that I spoke out loud."

"I can help you," said the giant. "If you will give me your youngest daughter, you shall have a comfortable home and a garden in the summer."

Gladie was frightened and ran to her father, but her sisters pulled her away and pushed her toward the giant.

"Take her," they all cried, "and give us a home that is comfortable."

Gladie began to cry, and otto said: "Ne, I cannot part with Gladio unless she wishes to go."

The four sisters took their father

The four sisters took their father

aside and told him he was a feelish old man and they all would starve if he did not consent and urge Gladio to go with the giant.

While the sisters were talking to

their father the giant smiled at Gladio and told her not to be afraid, and his face was so kind when he smiled that Gladio got over her fear and said she would go with him. The four sisters were thinking only

of their own comfort, however, and when Gladio said she would go with the giant they held her back and said: "First let us see the house and the garden you promised."

"Do not fear," said the glant, "you will have all I have promised. Get in here," he said to Gladio as he opened

here," he the bag. It was soft and warm inside the bag,

for it was lined with fur, and the giant threw it over his shoulder and went Just as he was closing the door aid: "In the merning you will find

"Good night," said the giant as Gladio went out of the reem, "you need not be afraid here; no enewill harm you."
"I feel quite sure of that," replied Gladio, as she said good night to him. The little old lady took Gladio to a pretty little room and told her a story after she was in bed and the first thing she knew she had been asleep and it was morning and time to get up.

When Otto and the four sisters awoke they found themselves in a nice comfortable house with a lawn in front, although it was covered with snow, and at the back of the house there was a place for a large vegetable garden.

"Is this not much better than having Gladie?" asked one of the sisters as Otto came to the breakfast table.
"You have four daughters left; you

as Otto came to the breakfast table. "You have four daughters left; you can easily spare her." But Otto shook his head. "No," he replied, "I can never enjoy this home, for I do not know whether Gladio is happy or not; perhaps she is crying this minute."
"You are a foolish old man," said his daughters, "and you do not appreciate all the good fortune that has come ciate all the good fortune that has come to you." But Otto was not happy. He wanted

some word from Gladie and he did not know where to go to find her. At last his daughters told him to go and look around the grounds of his new home, hoping he would forget Gladio and not bother worrying about

out. Just as ne was closing the he said: "In the merning you will find all I have promised."

Gladlo felt herself being carried along the road, but the cold wind did not harm her, and after a while the giant stopped and opened the bag.

her.

While he was gone a knock came at the door and when one of the sisters opened it there stood the giant.

In tomorrow's story I will tell you why he came.

That night when the moon was shining and Otto and the four sisters sat

opened the door there stood their sister Gladio, and beside her handsome

his arms. "You shall stay here," he said, "and never leave your old father again; but who is this gentleman?" he

"This is my husband," said Gladio smiling, "I have brought you a sen." The sisters did not understand it, but

they felt sure that it would be to their advantage to welcome Gladio, and

so they gathered around her and kissed her, looking at her rich furs with jealous eyes. "Have you come to stay?" they

asked, fearing they would lose their comfortable home. When Gladio's husband heard the

when Gladio's husband heard the question he left Otto and went to the sisters and said: "No, your sister will not deprive you of your home; sife has, come to carry her father to her home in the palace where she will live with

Then he told them that he was a prince, and that he was looking for a

wife, when he came in the form of a cruel giant. A witch had helped him to disguise himself so that he might find a good wife among the poor.

Then he told Otto that he had visited the sisters and told them how unhappy Gladio was that he might test

happy Gladio was that he might test

their love for their sister, but that all of them had been willing that she should be changed into a black cat, that

I will take your father with us, for he wanted his daughter back, even if he lost his comfortable home.
"You do not deserve a good sister,

such as Gladio, and you will never see

her again."
Otto rode away in the white sleigh

with Gladio and her prince, and the four selfish sisters looked after them,

repenting of their greediness and hardheartedness when it was too late.

GLADIO -- Continued.

asked.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.) "I will bring her tonight," said the giant as he hurried away.

When the four sisters saw the giant they all called out at once: "What is the matter?" for they were afraid he had come to return Gladio and take their new home from them.
"Your little sister is homesick," said
The sisters ran to the window and

"Your little sister is homesick," said the giant, "and she wishes to come back to you. She has cried all night and will not eat. What shall I do?" he asked. "If I bring her back you you will have to give up your home and be poor again."

"No, no," said all four sisters at once; "keep her; she is a silly child, and if she does not stop crying shut her in a dark room and feed her on bread and water."

Then they hurried the giant away for fear their father would see him and hear his story.

"The giant has been here," they told Otto when he came in the house, "and Gladio is quite well and happy. She has everything she wants."

The next day while Otto was out the close of the door there stood their sisters ran to the window and looked out.

A beautiful white sleigh drawn by four white herses wearing silver harnesses and silver bells came dashing down the road and stopped in front of the door.

There were two people in the sleigh besides the driver; one was a lady dressed in beautiful white fours and the other was a gentleman in a dark fur coat and cap. The gentleman jumped out and helped the lady, who sprang to the ground and ran up the steps.

The four sisters ran to the window and looked out.

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The four sisters ran to the window and looked out.

The next day while Otto was out the glant called again.
"What is the matter?" called all four sisters, for this time they were sure the glant had Gladio in one of his big his arms. "You shall stay here," he

"Something terrible has happened;
your sister has fallen into the power
of an old witch," said the giant, "and
will be changed into a black cat unless
you take her back at once, and she is
crying for her sisters and her father.
Shall I bring her heat?"

crying fer her sisters and her father. Shall I bring her back?"
"No, no," replied all the sisters at once, "keep her and let the witch change her into a cat; that will be the end of her and you will not be bothered with her crying and we will not have her home. Hurry away," they said, "before our father sees you."

Now, the truth of the matter was that

Now, the truth of the matter was that was very happy in her new but the giant wished to test the hard hearted sisters. They watched him out of sight, but

They watched him out of sight, but in they did not know that he returned by another road to look for Otto, and when he saw him he called very softly so that the sisters might not hear, "Otto! Otto!"

Wilessey the same of the sisters with the si Otto heard his name When when Otto heard his name he looked around and when he saw the giant he hurried to him, asking eagerly, "Where is Gladio? Is she well?"
"No." said the glant, "she is crying

for you and wants to come home, but

they might live in comfort.
"You shall not lose your home," he told the selfish sisters, "but Gladio and

for you and wants to come home, but you need not take her back if you do not want her, for an old witch will change her into a black cat and that will be the end of her."

"No, no," cried Otto. "Where is my poor little girl? Do not let the witch harm her; take me to her."

"I cannot do that," said the giant, "but if you really want Gladio I will bring her back; but remember, if I do this you will lose your nice, comfortable home and go back to your poor house, where I first found you."

"I do not care," replied Otto, "only bring back Gladio and I will never again complain."

THE HERO.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I wish I had lived in the times when men did great things and went to battle. There were heroes in those days," said Ned Lawton. "There are just as many heroes now," said his mother, with a smile, "only they are not recognized as such by the majority of people." "Oh, of course I know that Admiral Dewey was a hero, and every-

the bonnet out of her reach, her hair flying over her head and into

"Oh, look at old granny," called out one of the boys. "Why don't you run and catch it." called another as the bonnet again escaped the old woman's grasp. "Oh, look at the basket; it is blowing away, too!" called another, and then a shout of glee went up as the old woman's shawl blew over her head. Ned had been a silent spectator MRS. FAVILLAR.

The pout, little girl," he said, "here were are at home."
Gladic found herself in a room where it was nice and warm and a table was spread for her sipper. After she had signates and stood still. Suddenly lis mother's worlds came to him, "Dare to do right." Ned did not hesitate any longer. He rain to the old woman and straightened her shawl; then he ran after the bonnet to that had blown agilist a post. The boys did not say anything at first, but when Ned put the did her room," said the standard of the face. Her dress was black and short, shewing a shiny pair of high heeled shees with silver buckles.

She also wore a white apron without a wrinkle in it.

Her eyes were bright and while her chin and her ness almest touched, she had a kindly veice and Gladic did not a store, and read to face flushed word with silver buckles.

She also wore a white apron without a wrinkle in it.

Her eyes were bright and while her chin and her ness almest touched, she had a kindly veice and Gladic did not as your curls Neddle?" Ned's face flushed word with silver buckles.

She also wore a white apron without a wrinkle in it.

Her eyes were bright and while her chin and her ness almest touched, she had a kindly veice and Gladic did not as your curls word with silver buckles.

She also wore a white apron without a wrinkle in it.

Her eyes were bright and while her chin and her ness almest touched, she had a kindly veice and Gladic did not as your curls well and the proper with a strain of the proper with a strain of the proper with a strain of the proper with silver buckles.

She also wore a white apron without a wrinkle in it.

Her eyes were bright and while her chin and her ness almest touched, she had a kindly veice and Gladic did not as your curls word and the dear the head of spirit and while her chin and her ness almest touched, she had a kindly veice and Gladic did not as your curls world did the spirit with your and the proper with a store that the world did the spirit world world world world world did the spir

THE SQUIRRELS' PARTY.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.) Merrie and Whiskers were two little squirrels. They lived in the hellow of a tall tree, and when the nut-gathering season was over they found they had

a large store of nuts.

"We have enough nuts to last all winter and many besides," said Whiskers when they looked over their supply. The weather became warm again, and one day Merrie, who liked fun, said: "Let us give a party. We can put the nuts in little heaps on the greund around the tree and the guests can help themselves."

"Whom shall we ask?" said a large store of nuts. "Whom shall we ask?"

Whiskers.
"The Rabbits and the two Owls in the next tree," said Merrie; "and we should ask the Sparrows, but they chatter so I do not care much about having them."

"There is the Hedgehog." said Whiskers; "we cannot leave him out, although he probably is asleep."
"I hope he is." said Merrie, "for I could not be comfortable with him around."

around."

"And the Squirrels in the big oak," said Whiskers; "we ought to invite them, and also the Grey family."

"No, indeed," said Merrie; "I am going to be careful about the guests; if you ask these Squirrels they will be becoming all winter; every supply developed. berrowing all winter; every sunny day they will be running over here, think-ing that we can spare a few nuts as

Ing that we can spare a few nuts as well as not. No, they are not to be invited." The next night, when the moon was shining brightly, Merrie and Whiskers sat on the limb of the tree waiting for their guests.

The nuts were all arranged, and as the Hedgehog could not be awakened, Merrie felt comfortable and expected to have a good time.

Merrie felt comfortable and expected to have a good time.

"There are the Rabbits." said Whiskers, "and Mrs. Rabbit has on a new brown coat." Merrie and Whiskers ran down to the ground and greeted the Rabbits; then the Owls came, and after waiting for the Sparrows a few minutes Merrie said. "I

think the Sparrows will not be here they do not go out much at night." "Oh, I am serry for that!" said Mri Owl.

not." Ned picked up the basket and went where the old woman was waiting. "I will carry it home for you,"

When Ned returned he looked for the

boys, but they were not in sight. That

Merrie looked at her and then move

Merrie looked at her and then move to a safe distance from her.

"Now everybody must help himself, said Merrie, "and I am sure you wil find the nuts delicious," and bott squirrels began to eat.

The Rabbits and the Owls looked sone another and hen at the squirrels who dropped their nuts and stared a their guests. It had just occurred them that neither the Owls nor Rabbits could eat nuts. "Have you some bee tops or cabbages?" asked the Rabbits "No," replied Merrie, very sadly. "We were thinking that everyone could eat.

were thinking that everyone could ea nuts." Mr. and Mrs. Owl had their heads together. Of course, they were very wise, and in a minute Mrs. Ow said to the Squirrels: "We think as we are your guests that we should eat the collector you have provided." the collation you have provided; you can crack the nuts and perhaps we shall eat them."

Merrie and Whiskers were very glad

Merrie and Whiskers were very glad to do this and handed each guest a nui with the meat well exposed.

"Oh. I like it!" said Mrs. Owl. "So do I." said Mr. Owl. "Give me some more."

The Rabbits liked them also, and Merrie and Whiskers were kept busy opening shells. In fact, they did not have a chance to taste a single nut, their guests were so greedy, and they did not show any signs of going home until the morning light showed through the trees, and the Owls said they must be going while they could see, and away they flew. Then the Rabbits ran away. Poer Merrie and Whiskers went slowly up the tree to their hole. They were tee tired to run.

"It certainly is tiresome work giving a party," said Whiskers.

"Yes," said Merrie, "when you almost have to eat for the guests. And this party has taught me a lesson—not to go outside our own set again for

have to eat for the guests. And this party has taught me a lesson—not to go outside our own set again for guests. The very idea of not eating

THE JUMPING JACK.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A little weoden jumping jack hung in a shop window, a string was tied around his neck, and his arms and legs hung quite limp, but if anyone had pulled the string that was just at the end of his spine they would soon have discovered that he was not so meek as and look out her window. There is a

If only some one would pull the string that moved his legs and arms he knew he not only would attract her attention, but he would jump and per-form as never before, and he was sure he could win her admiration. On her bonnet were the tiniest rosebuds, and Jack had named her, in his little wood-

parrot had told him when he caught Jack looking at Rose one day, with loving looks; "she is very proud, and she says she is French, whatever that is," said the parrot. But no one pulled the string and Jack had no opportunity of displaying his agility and testing Rose's regard for him, and there came a day when the shop keeper took Rose from the window and wrapped her in a piece of paper and she was carried away by a pretty woman. Poor Jack hung more limp than ever, and he thought his little wooden heart was broken, but the parret told him to cheer broken, but the parret told him to cheer up, "there are plenty more dolls in the world, and more suitable to love than

that French creature."

But Jack did not think so, and while he tried to look as though he had forgotten Rose. he dreamed of her at night, and in the daytime he looked toward the place where she had sat, with a sad heart. And then something with a sad heart. And then something happened; a woman with a little boy came into the shop and bought Jumping Jack. He was carried to a big house and put in a room with many other toys. There were many animals and a Teddy bear, but not a doll was to be seen, and although Jack jumped high and feet at first after a while be high and fast at first, after a while he grew tired and wished for the window again and the parrot, to whom he could talk of Rose.
"If there was a doll of any sort here,"

Saved By Umbrella. From the Strand.

mother, with a smile, "only they are not recognized as such by the majority of people." "Oh, of course I know that Admiral Dewey was a hero, and everybody does, but I mean that there are not so many as in the days when there were so many wars and Indians to fight."

"Yes there are," his mother persisted. "and you can be one if you wish." Ned looked at his mother with surprise. "How can I be a hero, mother?" he asked. "By doing right when you are tempted to do wrong. The man or woman who overcomes a real temptation does a herolic thing and wins as great a battle as the man who goes to war with a regiment. Ned sat quiety thinking for a few minutes, and then he asked: "If I had not gone swimming the other day when the boys teased me to go, would that have been a victory?"

"Yes," replied his mother, that would in the pictory and the peace of your own conscience," replied his mother. "You have got to fight out the little things that go to ghot ut the little things that go to ghot ut the little things that go to ghot up the big things in life first, then there as making along one of the small back then the rest will follow as a matter of course." Ned thought over what his mother with surprise. "Yes there are," his mother persisted. "The Uplift of Crucifixion. From the Universalist Leader. Salking along one of the small back then the rest will follow as a matter of course." Ned thought over what his mother with surprise. "Yes there are," his mother persisted. "The Uplift of Crucifixion. From the Universalist Leader. Salking along one of the small back then the salk make up the big things that go to first, then there wo the first, then the rest will follow as a matter of course." Ned thought over what the street of the town carrying a number of unbrellas, etc., when a vivid flash of unbrellas, etc., when a vivid flash of unbrellas, struck her, and threw her violation, the side of the town carrying a number of course." Ned thought over who chall salk hed evoted his fifted upon the cross. By fivid his packet, when a viv During a thunderstorm in Deal, Eng-

end of his spine they would soon have discovered that he was not so meek as he looked. Now this is exactly what Jack wished would happen, for in the center of the window facing him was a lady doll who wore the most bewitching little poke bonnet, and from under it Jack could see a pair of bright eyes, but they seemed to never look at him. with delight. Suddenly Jack saw some-thing that made his little wooden hear jump, as well as his legs and arms, and then it seemed to stand still, for on the dressing table stood Rose and from un-der the little bonnet she was looking at him with admiration as he jumped about. And didn't he jump! The little boy thought he was making Jack do all sorts of tricks, but it was Jack himen heart, Rose. Rese wore a dress of pink silk, and on her arm she carried a box filled with pins; this he had learned from a parrot that sat on a swing near him.

"But she will never notice you," the parrot had told him when he caught Lock looking at Rose one day with house and of the room, leaving Jack on the window sill, dangerously near the edge. Soon a heavy team passing jarred the house and off he went, sliding down the wall and landing on the floor on his side, with his back resting against the wall. And there was Rose right in the room, and he couldn't see her. "If some one would only not me up or "If some one would only put me up on the table beside her," thought Jack. "What is that?" thought Jack, as something came toward him, and quick

as a flash run up the table leg. In a second the cat came in and jumped to the top of the table. There was a rattthe top of the table. There was a ratt-ling of silver and something fell be-side Jack. He saw the mouth and then he looked to see what had fallen, and right beside him was Rose with her bright eyes looking into his and her little red mouth close beside his face. Jack thought he must be dreaming, as she asked in a very low voice. "Have I not seen you somewhere before?" And then Jack told her how he had always loved her even in the old days in the shop window, and that it almost broke his little wooden heart when she went away, and while Rose had always thought she would like a sailor boy for her husband, she knew sailors were fickle, and she was wise enough to know also that Jack loved her with all the heart jay of his little weeder the honest joy of his little wooden heart, and such love was not to be despised, so she smiled and Jack knew at last had won the little French

hair being slightly singed, she sustained The Uplift of Crucifixion.

Better Biscuits boys, but they were not in sight. That afternoon he saw Fred Smith standing in front of a store, and he lost no time in confronting him. "You called me a girl for helping that old woman," said Ned, "and I am going to fight you. Now get ready." Fred started to run, but some of the other boys seeing him at that moment called out, "Coward!" and he had to face the angry Ned. "What is the matter with your face?" asked Ned's mother at the supper table that night. "Fred Smith scratched me," replied Ned, hanging his head. "Scratched you!" repeated his mother. "How in the world did that happen?" And sq the story came out. "I couldn't let him call me a girl," explained Ned when his mother came to his room that night and 'sat on his bed talking over what had happened. "But you were a here," replied his mother. "What did the words of those boys matter?" "But mether, they did not think I was then they do now though. They know am not afraid of Fred Smith. I fee Baked With You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier



Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

'Tis But Human. Even at an international suffrage convention hats claim a share of the general interest. Miss Anna Maxwell Jones gives an account of her experiences at the Budapest conference. "Every woman,' she says, "had to take off her hat and leave it with the soldier at the door. I suppose the explanation may have been the queerness of some of them. I saw one woman wearing a thing like a cornucopia upside down, with tassels on each side. Of course I thought it was an interesting national costume, with which I was unfamiliar, and made bold to ask her about it. 'Oh. no, indeed. This is a Paris hat,' she re-

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

Almost an Egotist. "Jimmy seems to like himself pret

ty well, doesn't he?"

'Yes. I fancy that he thinks his father and mother ought to get down on their knees every night and thank heaven for having permitted them to become his parents."

The Cough is what hurts, but the tickle is to blame. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop the tickle-5c at good Druggists.

Her Way.
Joe-What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers? Josephine-Hold the hammer in

both hands.-Ohio Sun Dial. Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the

brightest and fastest. Adv. Accounted For.

"There is a lot of spirit in that

song.' "That is why it keeps haunting you.

The average man's brains are useful to another man who knows just how to use them. The punishment of pride and cru-

long in coming. PISO'S REMEDY

elty will be heavy though it may be

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUCHS AND COLDS