Because fur earmuffs cost money in these war days," ventured Judkins.

"They wouldn't probably, if they knew constant covering up the ears tends to deafness, besides being unsanitary," said the doctor. "The ears require air as well as the face."

"Pshaw!" returned Jenkins, "they cover their ears because they don't wish to hear all the pretty things said

"Jenkins, you don't know a thing about human nature, as exemplified in the pretty girl," retorted the doctor. And they all laughed.

Value of Hardship.

"So you've been camping?" "Yes," replied the sunburned man. "Of course you had a good time."

"No. It rained almost incessantly, the insects nearly ate me alive, and I didn't catch any fish. Still, I derived a great deal of benefit from the expe-

"I must say you are optimisitic." "Yes. Before I went away I didn't know how to appreciate a hall bedroom.

Choice of Hostelries. "What is the best hotel?" the new-

comer inquired. "The one down the street," replied the native, reflectively, "has the best dining room for dancing. But the one around the corner has the best roof garden and skating rink. And-oh, yes, J nearly forgot-there's an oldfashioned tavern up three or four blocks, where you might get some-

Painful Contrast.

thing to eat."-Judge.

"Who is that fellow fulminating against American bankers for being willing to lend Great Britain and France approximately \$1,000,000,000?" "That's Jibway. No wonder he's

bitter." "Why so?"

"He's been going around town for two weeks trying to borrow \$50."-

Gentleness.

"So you think the world is growing better?

"I do," replied the cheery citizen. "In spite of all these wars?"

"Yes. If human nature were not very gentle and obedient it would be impossible to send so many men to war without letting them know precisely what they were fighting about."

Of Course.

"I want to git a bed an' a mattress," said Farmer Wayback, entering a Newark furniture store.

"Yes, sir," replied the furniture dealer; "a spring bed and spring mattress, I suppose.

"No; I want that kind that kin be used all the year round."-Mrs. Emma L. P. Wilcox, California.

Adaptable Art.

"Let us tarry a moment before this cubistic picture.' "What does it represent?"

"War.

"I wonder what it would represent

if turned upside down. You never can tell about these

Jubistic pictures. It might represent

Living Up to It.

this railroad, sir. 'Safety First' inspires confidence in the public." 'Yes, sir. And we live up to it.

No passenger travels a mile without paying first."

We often feel sorry for the rich. There is Rockefeller, for instance; he once had as much hair as anybody.

A babbling brook is probably so called because it can't keep its mouth

Uncle Sam Opens Fort Berthold (North Dakota) **Reservation Lands!**

Register at Minot, October 18th to 30th Send now for Fort Berthold Circular

110,000 acres of desfrable homestead land situated in a well-settled and prosperous agricultural section of North Dakota, are to be disposed of to settlers. Plan to register at Minot, gateway to the Fort Berthold country; go there via the Great Northern; choice of three fast trains.

Mail the coupon below and secure free circular containing complete information about the Fort Berthold Reservation Open-



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COON TALKS.

De Sun Moves Right Along. +++++++++++++++++++++++

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.) It was announced that Prof. Springtree Hardup had halted here for a day or two on his way to Boston and was willing to address the club, and on being escorted to the platform he said:
"My friends, it pleases me exceedlngly to behold sich a vast sea of intellectual faces befo' me. (Sensation.) I kin almost emagine myselef looking down de aisle of de Senate chamber of de United State. (More sensation.) De question: 'Am Life Wuth Libin' Fur?' of dis momenchus inquiry. In de fust place, we am' bo'n. De fust year of our life am spent in cryin' wid pain an' sorrow. We see ghosts. We have bad dreams. We am seized by de colic. Our froats am tunnels down which dev per southin' swrup paregoric. dey por soothin' syrup, paregoric, sweet milk an' what not, an' we wish we was dead (Sobs by Pickles Smith, who lately lost his granfather.) What who lately lost his granfather.) What comfort does any boy or gal take up to de aige of 15 yrs? Not a bit. De boys gits licked an' de gals git spanked, an' dey fall down stairs, have le chickenpox, git boxed up wid de mumps an' have to w'ar clothes which have been cut over an' dyed. (Sensation by Giveadam Jones, as he recalled ald recollections)

old recollections.) "From the aige of 15 to 20, continued the orator, after pulling down his vest, "life am full of love an' jealousy an' oad fittin' coats, an' gwine to funerals, an' stayin' home from circuses. Just as a young man git to thinkin' dat he am happy he diskivers dat his sleeve buttons am 15 seconds behind de style, or dat his butes am de 100th part of an inch too long or dat his coat wrinkles in de back. (Groans from Trustee Pullback, who remembered when he was learning the barber's trade in Richmond.)

"From 20 to 30 we git married," continued the professor, as a sad smile crossed his face. "We love and court an' hire libery rigs an' buy candy an' marry. What



am de result? (Groans from all over

AH LIFE WUTH LIBIN FUR ?

am de result? (Groans from all over the hall.) We have to pay house rent an' buy wood an' go to meetin' an' git trusted fur groceries, an' put up wid kicks an' cuffs an' howlin' babies an' a hull doahyard full of miseries. (Long-drawn sighs from 84 members.) "Den we grow old, an' we take snuff an' smoke clay pines an' spit on de

down (Faint groans.) Today we may win de big turkey at de raffle—to-morrow we may have to pawn our overcoat to keep de stove gwine."

For half a minute there was deep silence. Then Pickles Smith stood up and waved a empty water pail around his head, and the enthusiasm broke forth and lasted so long that six policemen gathered on the corner and a barrel of beans war upset in the grocery below.

"What am science?" asked the pro-fessor, after drawing a long breath. "Science am above us, below us, an' "Science am above us, below us, an' all around us, and yit de great majority of men doan' seem to realize de fack. What builds de fiah in de stove, 'cept science? What biles de 'tators in de kettle 'cept science? What furnishes our clothes, our hom's an' eben our graves 'cept science? Gaze on de sun. But for science who'd know whether dat shiny orb war ober in Kennedy or 90.000.000 science who'd know whether dat shiny orb war ober in Kennedy or 90,000,000 miles in de sky on a bee line? Gaze on de moon. But fur science who among us would know its inflooence on de watermelon crop? Look at de stars. Before de advent of science who could tell Venus from Aunt Betsy, de norf star from de big dipper, or de dog stars from de cat stars? Science made de team engine, de kivered cars de wheelbarrow, de whitewash brush, an' de several odder articles which hev made dis nashun what it am today. Science several odder articles which hev made dis nashun what it am today. Science frows bridges across great rivers; it brings up water from de deep well; it puts out fires; it gives us de fine comb; it makes de plug hat an' de paper collar; it brings us de glorus Fo'th of July; it mixes peas an' beans wid our coffee so dat we can't tell what it tastes de mos' of, an' but for science de man wid de toofache would be nowhar."

About Art.

About Art. After taking a very lean drink of water and absorbing a troche to offset it, the speaker continued:

"We will now turn to art. We see art in ebery fing aroun' us, from de pictures on de milk carts to a pile of clam shells in de front doah yard, an' yet dere am souls who can't respond. I know men who might stand fur a hull bour in front of a tere store shows the hour in front of a tea store chromo representing sunset in Wisconsin or sunrise in Noo Jersey an' not see nuffin' sunrise in Noo Jersey an' not see nuffin' to expand deir souls an' turn deir thoughts into better channels. I've seen white men stand before a bust of Caesar an' find fault wid de squint of de left eye, an' I've seen black men stand befo' a fence all painted off wid red an' blue an' yaller, an' look fur nuffin' but naitholes. Take science away from us an' we might as well live in canal boats. I am glad to see de intress dis club takes in boaf subjecks. Your reports on astronomy hev reached four reports on astronomy hev reached cbery corner in de land. an' your pic-tures an' relics in dis hall am proof dat art, left in your care, will grow an' flourish till no maker will dare offer a broom to de public widout de handle am rainted blue.

It Do Move. "Do de sun move?

WORSHIP OF WEALTH.

By Henry George.

Unpleasant as it may be to admit it, it is at last becoming evident that the enormous increase in productive power which has marked the present century, and is still going on in accelerating ratio, has no tendency to extirpate poverty or to lighten the burdens of those compelled to toil. It simply widens the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, and makes the struggle for existence more intense. The march of invention has clothed mankind with powers of which a century ago the boldest imagination could not have dreamed.

In factories where labor saving machinery has reached its most wonderful devel-By Henry George.

down de aisle of de Senate chamber of de United State. (More sensation.) De question: 'Am Life Wuth Libin' Fur?' has often been axed, an' I believe dat several parties besides me have put de same query from de rostrum. (Cheers by Samuel Shin, who had no Idea what the word rostrum meant.) But I claim to be de only pusson in dis kentry who takes de negative side of dis momenchus inquiry. In de fust like a mirage. The fruits of the tree of knowledge turn, as we grasp them, to

tilke a mirage. The fruits of the tree of knowledge turn, as we grasp them, to apples of Sodom that crumple to the touch.

This association of poverty with progress is the great enigma of our times, it is the central fact from which spring industrial, social and political difficulties which perplex the world, and with which statesmanship and philanthropy and education grapple in vain. From it come the clouds that overhang the future of the most progressive and self reliant nations. It is the riddle which the Sphinx of Fate puts to our civilization, and which not to answer is to be destroyed.

So long as all the increased wealth which modern progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury and make sharper the contrast between the House of Have and the House of Want, progress is not real and cannot be permanent.

The reaction must come. The tower

of Want, progress is not real and cannot be permanent.

The reaction must come. The tower leans from its foundations, and every new story but hastens the final catastrophe. To educate men who must be condemned to poverty is but to make them restive; to base on a state of most glaring social inequality political institutions under which men are theoretically equal is to stand a pyramid on its apex.

"I know de white folks claim dat it am de airth which am movin', while de sun stands still, but right dar we split. Joshua was about as nigh bein' angel as any white man will eber git, an' when he ordered de sun to stand still he knew what he was talkin' 'bout.

still he knew what he was talkin' 'bout. It would have been just as easy fur him to hev commanded de airth to stand still, but he didn't do it. If Joshua didn't know his bizness de rest of us might as well hang up.

"An' now, you cull'd folkses, mind what Ize gwine to say. Doan' let de 'stronomy bizness keep you awake nights. De sun am up dar by day, an' de moon an' stars up dar by night. De Lawd put de sun dar to thaw de ice de moon an' stars up dar by night. De Lawd put de sun dar to thaw de ice off de back doah step, make cucumbers grow an' fotch up de grass an' de corn. It didn't do any wuss when stronomy was unknown, an' it wouldn't do any better if ebery family in de kentry had a telescope 400 feet long. De moon was hung up dar dat folks might when folks might see to move by night when de rent got too high; dat lost cows could see to find dar way home; dat folks could see to chop and empty bar'ls of ashes on de street; dat wimin comin' home from prayer meetin' could avoid de nail heads stickin' up in de planks, an' fur varus odder reasons. You jist take de sun as he runs, an' de moon as you find it, an' de less you worry about 'em de more meat an' taest cull'd man I eber knowed was an ole black man down in Virginny was always wonderin' if dey h reg'lar lock on de gates of heaven, or only a latch string. While his nayburs war' plantin' he was wonderin'; while dey war' hoin' he was theorizing; while dey was reapin' he was ragged an' dey was reapin' he was ragged an' hungry. Let de sun move or stand still let de moon be made of old silver or green cheese—let de stars be 10 miles or 10,000,000 miles away—keep de white-wash brush gwine and de bucksaw in good order an' you'll be all right.

He Jumps.

"Den we grow old, an' we take snurr an' smoke clay pipes an' spit on de ca'pet an' jaw de chil'en, and finally die. (Tears from Waydown Bebee.) Dat's life an' its end. Whar's de comfort? What have we foun' wuth livin' fur? How much better if we had bin trees or fence posts, or picket fences. Life am a mad struggle. (Sighs.) We come up like a sunflower an' am cut down (Faint groans.) Today we may combs refer to cats an' combs. Ah my fren's, dat's whar' ye are lame. Dar's no cats dar—not a cat. Dar's no combs dar unless you carry one in yer satchel."

The speaker paused to drink a pint of water and wipe his chin, and then

of water and wipe his chin, and then resumed:

"Jumping from de catacombs of Paris to de paramids of Egypt let me ax if any member of dis club war ever dar?

Dey am a grand sight. Men seems no bigger dan a calf compared to dem. Who built dem? Who 'rected dem? Who bossed de job of gettin' out de stun, mixin' de mortar an' layin' up de blocks? I can't tell. I axed several persons 'round dar but dey couldn't tell."

tell."

Here he took another dipper of water and then went on to say:

"Let us pause an' ax ourselves who invented ha'r ile an' stickin' plaster, an' let us take a plece of chalk and figger up how much benefit dey hev been to de world. Dat's about all on dis occashun, my frens, and I trust dat de impulsiveness of dis glub will constant. pulsiveness of dis club will constantly detract from de plethora of its immen-

Missouri the Muddiest River. U. S. Geological Survey Bulletin.

sity.

The Missouri is the muddlest river in the Mississippi valley; it carries more silt than any other large river in the United States except possibly the Rio Grande and the Colorado. For every square mile of the Colorado. For every square mile of country drained it carries down stream 331 tons of dissolved and suspended matter each year. In other words, the river gathers annually from the country that it drains more than 123,000,000 tons of silt and soluble matter, some of which it distributes over the flood plains below to form productive agricultural lands, but most of which finds its way at last to the Gulf of Mexico.

which finds its way at last to the Gulf of Mexico.

It is by means of data of this kind that geologists compute the rate at which the lands are being eroded away. It has been shown that Missouri river is lowering the surface of the land drained by it at the rate of one foot in 6,036 years. The surface of the United States as a whole is now being worn down at the rate of one foot in 9,120 years. It has been estimated that if this erosive action of the streams of the United States could have been concentrated on the Isthmus of Panama it would have dug in 73 days the canal which has just been completed, after 10 years' work, with the most powerful appliances yet devised by man.

By breaking the women's national swimming record, Miss Olga Dorfner, of Philadelphia, now stands in the front rank of the world's greatest women swimmers, and at the top of America's list. Her time in the 50-yard dash, 30 3-5 seconds, is 3 1-5 seconds better than the former national record, recently made by Miss Lucille Legros at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

The chief recreation of Gaby Desiys.

The chief recreation of Gaby Deslys, the famous French actress, is to go shopping. The girl assistant who conducts her around the different department stores is rewarded with a large box of chocolates.

SAMMY'S CIRCUS DAY.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure News paper Syndicate.) paper Syndicate.)
Sam was a grocery boy and drove the wagon to deliver pies and other good things to the people's homes. But he did not like the job a bit. For he was fond of marbles and ball, and when there was a game in town it seemed simply awful to have to trot Ben around from door to door and lug in stupid baskets of cabbages and meat. But it seemed as if there was meat. But it seemed as if there was no help for it.

But he took out his disappointment in a mean way. Every chance he got he would worry Ben and set the dog on

he would worry Ben and set the dog on the cat, and, when he got home he spent his time teasing his sisters and baby brother till the whole family were glad when he was away. In May the big circus came to town. Sam stopped his wagon to see the gilded cage go by and the camels swinging along behind. When he got back to the store and found he had to deliver some ples at the cook tent to deliver some ples at the cook tent at the show he was wild with delight. So putting old Ben into a gallop he sped out to the grounds.

was hot and dusty and the air full of every kind of noise. The was full of every kind of noise. The smell of sawdust and animals, pink lemonade and peanuts, hot sausage and straw rose on the warm breeze. Sam jerked the box of pies into the cook tent, then stole into the menagreie, where the beasts were eating their dinner. But he soon got tired of watching that, and began to tease them. He would spoke a stick through the bars of the cages, when the showmen were not looking, tickle the ponies with a wire, pull the hay from where the elephants could reach it, and the elephants could reach it, and fragged the pole from which the giraffe drank so far he could not get it at all. When he had been about as disagreeable as a boy could be, he sat down upon some straw behind a cage, determined to stay there and sneak in-to the big tent when the performance

But, when the band struck up, he was surprised to see a wonderful thing happen, a thing that was not down upon the bill at all. For every cage door ppened and out walked the animals. At the front was a big Bengal tiger, lashing his tawny sides with his tail. After him lumbered an elephant, then came a giraffe and several leonards. a giraffe and several leopards.

Strange to say, they all stopped right before where Sam sat. The tiger opened

his huge, red mouth in an ugly snarl.
"This is the boy that has been finding all his pleasure in making us mis-erable," he growled. "Here, Mr. Ele-phant, just toss him up into my cage

In a moment Sam was being whirled around in the air, for the elephant thought he would have some fun, too. He was swung from side to side of the lent, then bounced up against the roof, but every time he fell the elephant aught him again, just like a player at

At last the elephant tossed him into a cage and the tiger snapped the bolt. How uncomfortable he felt in his box. for his legs were so cramped he could not stand and was obliged to crawl around on his knees. Then he was dy-ing of thirst, but, when he tried to frink out of the pall in the corner, the leopard pushed it over and spilled it all over the floor. All the animals laughed and roared again.

Then the elephant came up with a big tub, full of sand. This they poured over the suffering box and it almost

over the suffering boy, and it almost



have any feelings at all. I thought we would show you just how it feels to to be worried as you have been doing us today."

Just then a band struck up again, but this time it was loud enough to wake Sam, for he had been asleep on the straw behind the cage for half an

wake Sam, for he had been asteep of the straw behind the cage for half an hour, and the performance was about to begin. The boy rubbed his eyes and looked about, but all the animals were quiet in their cages. And his clothing had not a grain of sand on it. "Gee," he exclaimed happily, "I must have had a "dandy" dream—but how glad I am that it is a dream, after all. I tell you it was tough being shut up in a cage and having folks tease you. I guess I'll remember after this just how animals feel and not make them miserable any more."

So happy Sam went out to give Ben a fresh pail of water, and ever after he was a changed boy in his treatment of animals.

Sink, Europe! Up, America!

Sink, Europe! Up. America!
From the Minneapolls Journal.
The harsh but not inhospitable truth is that those, if there be such, who cherish a dual loyalty, who would remain some sort of qualified Americans, should return where they belong. For the time is here when every man must show his true colors, when if he chooses not to be wholeheartedly American, he should be wholly and avowedly something else. No man can serve two masters. And he in our midst who is not for America is against her.

man can serve two masters. And he in our midst who is not for America is against her.

Our flag and our cause have been upheld in the past by foreign-born with the same intensity of devotion as by the native-born. The genius of Americanism has been exemplified by Catholic, Protestant, infidel and Jew. It has possessed the immigrant as well as the old settler. A similar unanimity must animate us now. The nation cannot tolerate, it cannot afford to tolerate, citizenship that purposes to found and to cherish an allen cult amongst us. Bits of Europe are not to be perpetrated and perpetuated here. Unless a man comes with the design to be American, in his loyalty, his ideals, his living, he should forthwith go back whence he came.

To insist upon one undivided Americanism is not a mere desirability; it is the imperative necessity of our nationality and our democracy. Unless we do so, the United States cannot remain a nation and the republic cannot endure.

But insistence is not the mode, although

United States cannot remain a nation and the republic cannot endure.

But insistence is not the mode, although it is a resort, a last recourse. The advantages of American citizenship are so plain, the nobility of American ideals so manifest, that interest and emulation unite to draw irresistibly all our people into one allegiance to flag and institutions and ideals.

The appeal should be sufficient if will

deals.

The appeal should be sufficient—it will be. This nation can demand loyalty as a right. It does appeal for loyalty as a ree devotion arising from the heart.

Sink, Europe! Up, America!

Miss Amy E. du Pont, of Wilmington, Miss Amy E. du Pont, of Wilmington, Del., directs the work on her vast stock farms in that state.

Women have taken the places of all the grooms in the famous Duryea racing stables near Parls.

Over 44 per cent of the work in the chemical industries of the United States is done by women.

Statistics show that a woman with

Statistics show that a woman with an endowment policy outlives the wom-an with the straight life policy.

DECIDED TO KEEP "HANNER"

Comment of Uncle Josh Certainly No Tribute to Charms of Attendants at "Exchange."

cate found only in Virginia and North The conversation in a club the Carolina, the reddish-brown and brownish-black crystals occurring in other afternoon turned to the unsowell-defined single and double crosses. phisticated, when Senator Claude There is some commercial demand for Kitchin of North Carolina recalled a happy little incident about Uncle Josh. the crosses as curios, which are worn

as watch charms or on chains in the Uncle Josh, who lived far back in the crimson clover zone, happened manner of a locket or lavalliere-a deinto the big city one day and found mand perhaps stimulated by the himself standing before a woman's quaint legend which is told of their exchange. That was a new one on origin; the fairies living in the caves Josh, and for a long while he stood of the mountains, on hearing the sad there and thoughtfully pondered. Fintidings of the death of Christ, fashioned these crosses as mementoes of ally he entered the building.

"I s'pose, ma'am," said he, addressing one of the attendants, "that this is the woman's exchange?"

"Yes, this is the woman's exchange," replied the attendant. "What can we do for you?"

"I s'pose," continued Josh, glancing alternately at the two or three women in the office, "that you are the only women folks here?" "There are no others," was the won-

dering response of the attendant. "Um," thoughtfully observed Josh,

starting toward the door, "then I guess I'll jes' keep Hanner."-Philadelphia Telegraph.

Receiving the Discard.

One of our trenches in the first line suddenly received a fire of shells. The occupants perceived with distress that the projectiles came from the rear and were from our own battery. The battery was telephoned: "You

are firing upon us!" "Not at all. We are firing on the German trench."

"But we are getting all the pruneux" (the prunes, that is, the

"At what distance are you from the German trench?"

"Twenty meters" The battery commander then re olied with mathematical sangfroid:

Twenty meters? Ah, you are probably getting the discard?"-Le Cri de But instead of marrying a man to reform him, the average woman mar-

ies him to inform him. People who are always saying "Lis-

"My star!" cried the capitalist. "My angel!" cried the actress .-Baltimore American.

Curious Minerar.

found in the United States is stauro-

lite, otherwise known as the "fairy

stone." This is an iron-aluminum sili-

Couldn't Impress Pat.

party of friends, Pat was telling them

about some of the beautiful spots in

One of the party, an American, ex-

claimed: "Waal, I guess we've got

something in America that will lick

all your scenery. Our Falls of Niag-

ara, with tons of water rushing over

the top, is a wonderful and an unusual

"A wonderful and unusual sight!"

exclaimed Paddy. "That's nothing.

It can't help falling over the top of

the precipice. If the water stopped

on the top, that would be a wonder-

Not Her Fault.

Mr. Wrixon prides himself on be

ing a philosopher. His six-year-old

son is evidently a chip of the old

The other night when his mother

was putting him to bed she asked:

'Robert, what makes you so cross

and discontented? Doesn't mother

do everything she can think of to

The youngster cogitated deeply for

'Well," he conceded with an air of

resignment, "I s'pose it isn't your

fault that you can't think of enough.

Fond Epithets.

You're only what God made you!"

ful and unusual sight."

make you happy?"

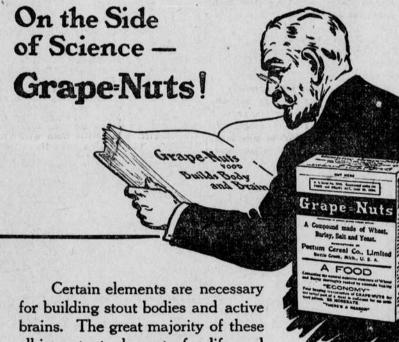
a moment.

Strolling along the country with a

Perhaps the most curious mineral

Still, a man never seems anxious to ten!" never have anything of impor- marry a woman who isn't afraid of a mouse.

sight."



all-important elements for life and health are supplied by Nature in her field grains, wheat and barley. But white flour products lack these essential elements—Why?

Because the miller to make his flour look white and pretty throws out about 4/5 ths. of the mineral content of the wheat necessary for building brain, nerve and muscle.

Scientific opinion is on the side of

Grape-Nuts

for supplying balanced nutritive values.

Not only does this famous pure food supply all the sound nourishment of the wheat, including the vital mineral elements-sturdy builders of brain, nerve and muscle—but of malted barley as well.

Grape-Nuts is easily digested, generally in about an hour-white flour products require about three hours.

Grape-Nuts is always ready to eat direct from the dust-proof, moisture-proof, germ-proof packet-delicious and economical!

Not alone from the scientific side but from the view-point of better health thousands have come

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers everywhere.