

This Noisy World.

"They that govern the most," said John Selden, following Marcus Aurelius, "make the least noise." Perhaps we may say to our legislators, they that govern best permit the least of unnecessary noise.

The Woods in Old Violins.

The old masters used such care in the selection of the woods for their instruments that, having found a piece of wood of proper fiber and vibration at powers, they treasured every fragment, no matter how small; and rather than waste even a particle of such a strip, they frequently constructed the backs and bellies of patches so delicately put together that "the seams are only discoverable by microscope, so perfect is the cabinet work."

Ladies who wear algrette plumes or other feathered adornments would do well to ascertain whether such practices are contrary to law. Some states forbid the killing of birds or the use of plumage in the manner suggested.

Gifts to education continue on an impressive scale. The trustees of Teachers' college, a training school connected with Columbia university, announce the completion of a fund of \$1,000,000 as an endowment fund.

Richard Barthold, congressman from Missouri, is one of the few men who already have bronze tablets erected to their memory. The house in which he was born in Germany is marked with a tablet showing the interesting events in the life of the doctor, together with a statement to the effect that he went to America and there became famous, becoming a member of the national law-making body, and a prominent figure in the world-wide movement looking toward disarmament and universal peace.

Giosue Carducci, the greatest contemporary Italian poet, who received the Nobel prize for literature at the same time that the president received it for his efforts on behalf of peace, died last month at the age of 71 years.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.

"MY RIGHT EYE OFFENDS ME." Next day Langdon's stocks wavered, going up a little, going down a little, closing at practically the same figures at which they had opened. Then I sprang my sensation—that Langdon and his particular clique, though they controlled the Textile Trust, did not own so much as one-fiftieth of its voting stock.

"I've caught them," said I to Joe—the first time, and the last, during that campaign that I indulged in a boast. "If Edmunds sticks to you," replied cautious Joe. But Edmunds did not. I do not know at what price he sold himself. Probably it was pitifully small; cupidity usually snatches the instant bait tickles its nose.

Fortunately, Edmunds had held out, or, rather, Langdon had delayed approaching him, long enough for me to gain my main point. The uproar over the Textile Trust had become so great that the national department of commerce dared not refuse an investigation; and I straightway began to spread out in my daily letters the facts of the trust's enormous earnings and of the shameful sources of those earnings.

"I don't like you," I said. "I don't like you," she said. "I don't like you," she said. "I don't like you," she said. "I don't like you," she said.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in some confusion. "Then excuse me." And she hastened from the room. I thought she had gone to order, or perhaps to bring, the tea. The long minutes dragged away until ten had passed. Hearing a rustling in the hall, I rose, intending to take leave the instant she appeared.

"I beg your pardon," said I, coldly. "If there had been room to pass I should have gone. What devil possessed me? Certainly in all our relations I had found her direct and frank, if anything, too frank. Doubtless it was the influence of my associations down town, where for so many months I had been dealing with the 'short-card' crowd of high finance, who would hardly play the game straight even when that was the easy way to win."

sort of thing. You can't learn how to stand erect, and your eyes cannot bear the light. "I am sorry," she said, slowly, hesitatingly, "that your faith in me died just when I might, perhaps, have justified it. Ours has been a pitiful series of misunderstandings."



"YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME? SHE ASKED."

CHAPTER XXXIII. "WILD WEEK." "The Seven" made their fatal move on Updegraff's advice, I suspect. But they would not have adopted his suggestion had it not been so exactly congenial to their own temper of arrogance and tyranny and contempt for the people who meekly, year after year, presented themselves for the shearing with fatuous bleats of enthusiasm.

"The Seven," of course, controlled directly, or indirectly, all but a few of the newspapers with which I had advertising contracts. They also controlled the main sources through which the press was supplied with news—and often and well they had used this control, and surprisingly cautious had they been not so to abuse it that the editors and the public would become suspicious.

extended the curious remark that an abnormal development of the outer border was more noticeable among criminals charged with sexual crime than among other classes of criminals. First Use of Ice Cream. Though the ancient Greeks and Romans used ice for table purposes to get through the hot months of summer, they knew nothing of "ice cream."

which they must sue for peace on my own terms, all in four days 43 of my 67 newspapers—and they the most important—would be notified that they would no longer carry out their contracts to publish my daily letter. They gave as their reason, not the real one, fear of "The Seven," but fear that I would involve them in ruinous libel suits. I myself, "You've been a fool long enough, Blacklock." And aloud I said: "Well, Anita, the series is ended now. There's no longer any occasion for our lying or posing to each other. Any arrangements your uncle's lawyers suggest will be made."

Up between us rose Langdon's face—cynical, mocking, contemptuous. "Your heart is his! You told me so! Don't lie to me!" I exclaimed. And before she could reply, I was gone. Out from under the spell of her presence, back among the tricksters and assassins, the traps and ambushes of Wall street, I believed again; believed firmly the promptings of the devil that possessed me.

Thursday—Friday—Saturday. Apparently all was tranquil; apparently the people accepted the Wall street theory that I was an "exploded sensation." "The Seven" began to preen themselves; the strain upon them to maintain prices, if no less than for three months past, was not notably greater; the crisis would pass, I and my exposures would be forgotten, the routine of reaping the harvest and leaving only the gleanings for the sowers would soon be placidly resumed.

Monday. You know the story of the artist and his Statue of Grief—how he molded the features a hundred times, always failing, always getting an anti-climax, until at last in despair he gave up the impossible and finished the statue with a veil over the face. I have tried again and again to assemble too inadequate impression of that tremendous week in which, with a succession of explosions, each like the crack of doom, the financial structure that housed 80,000,000 of people burst, collapsed, was engulfed. I cannot. I must leave it to your memory or your imagination.

For years the financial leaders, crazed by the excess of power which the people had in ignorance and over-confidence and slovenly good-nature permitted them to acquire, had been tearing out the honest foundations on which alone so vast a structure can hope to rest solid and secure. They had been substituting rotten beams painted to look like stone and iron.

In catastrophes, the cry is "Each for himself!" But in a cataclysm, the obvious wise selfishness is generosity, and the cry is: "Stand together, for, singly, we perish." This was a cataclysm. No one could save himself, except the few who, taking my oft-urged advice and following my example, had entered the ark of ready money. Farmer and artisan and professional man and laborer owed merchant; merchant owed banker; banker owed depositor. No one could pay because no one could get what was due him or could realize upon his property.

Though the ancient Greeks and Romans used ice for table purposes to get through the hot months of summer, they knew nothing of "ice cream." These were introduced into France from Italy about 1660 and were known at first as "fromages glaces," iced cheeses, although they were made of strawberries and apricots, and contained not a drop of cream. From 1782 the use of "glaces" in the plural was sanctioned by the French academy, but not before 1825 did "une glace" force its way into recognized acceptance. "Ices" are referred to from time to time in the eighteenth century in English people's letters from abroad. "Iced creams," however, were known as early as 1689, and by the middle of the eighteenth century "ice cream" figured in cookery books.

CARE OF THE SICK ROOM.

Above All Things the Walls Should Be Kept Dry.

When the bedroom becomes a sick room there is an added reason why extreme precautions should be used to keep the room in a thoroughly sanitary condition. Above all things, the bedroom should never be damp. It should be nice and dry, always warm and comfortable in winter, cool and airy in summer, and bright and sunny some parts of the day.

The desired method of treating a bedroom wall is to tint it for the alabaster wall is a perfect wall. It never flakes off, chips or peels. It absorbs moisture and expels it, it opens the pores of the plaster and makes a room livable and breathable. The floor in the bedroom should have light, cleanable, dainty rugs that can be easily shaken and a floor that is thoroughly oiled or varnished, that will not absorb moisture. The cracks in the floor should be thoroughly filled and covered. Woodwork in the bedroom should be attended to carefully. Window sills should be thoroughly varnished or waxed, and the window casings kept in perfect order.

WOMEN IN NEW FIELDS.

British Smart Society Takes to "Hopping"—Woman Veterinary.

Work in the hop fields is the latest "rest cure" for London's smart set, and the luxurious society "hoppers" claim that a week's hopping is far better and more pleasant than a rest at any well-known health resort. The tents of these well-to-do pickers are expensively furnished, and easy chairs, soft beds and up-to-date camping outfits are among their hopping appliances.

Refuges on Mont Blanc. Losing one's self on Mont Blanc will soon be counted among the vanished industries. In recent years a number of fine refuges have been built in various parts of the mountain by the Alpine clubs of England, France and other countries and by private individuals. These have made it almost impossible for a man having a bump of locality of average size to be lost, in spite of heavy mists and blinding snowstorms caused by sudden changes of temperature.

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 J. C. Watson.

New York Births and Deaths. There is a birth in New York city each five minutes in the day and a death each seven minutes.

HONEST MEDICINE

TRY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR STOMACH TROUBLE.

Convincing Evidence Supported by a Guarantee That Must Convince The Most Skeptical. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a doctor's prescription, used by an eminent practitioner, and for nearly a generation known as a reliable household remedy throughout the United States.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. I was cured of my chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels. Since that time I have been subject to the fainting spells and at other times to fluttering of the heart and a feeling as though I was smothering. My general health was very bad and I was weak and trembling.

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WOMAN HAS FINE RECORD.

Keeper of Lighthouse, She Has Saved Eighteen Lives.

Ida Lewis recently celebrated her fiftieth year as keeper of the Lime Island lighthouse in the harbor of Newport, R. I. As a girl and woman Ida Lewis has lived a remarkable life. Her bravery and skill in handling a boat are well known and her fame is secure as the great woman life saver in the world, for she has the credit of having saved no less than 18 lives, most of her rescues having been effected in the face of extreme danger and in winter. As keeper of the Lime Island lighthouse, to which post she was appointed in recognition of her bravery and record as a life saver on the death of her father, Miss Lewis has shown herself as careful and efficient as a man could be. She is one of the few women in such a position.

SLEEP BROKEN BY ITCHING.

Eczema Covered Whole Body for a Year—No Relief Until Cuticura Remedies Prove a Success.

"For a year I have had what they call eczema. I had an itching all over my body, and when I would retire for the night it would keep me awake half the night, and the more I would scratch, the more it would itch. I tried all kinds of remedies, but could get no relief. I used one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura, and two vials of Cuticura Resolvent Pills, which cost me a dollar and twenty-five cents in all, and am very glad I tried them, for I was completely cured. Walter W. Paglusch, 207 N. Robey St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 8 and 16, 1906."

Fanny Crosby Now 87.

Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday in Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Crosby received many presents and congratulatory messages from all parts of the country. She says that the way to keep young is to be cheerful, keep working and love mankind. She declares that she does not feel much above 40 and that she has not missed her dinner in a year.



Painting for Profit

No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?" Poor paint is for temporary appearance only. Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is for lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the paint investment. The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

MICA

Axle Grease takes miles off the road, and weight from the load. Helps the team and pays the teamster. Practically destroys friction. Saves half the wear that comes from jarring over rough roads, and lengthens the life of a heavy vehicle more than any other one thing. Ask the dealer for Mica Axle Grease. STANDARD OIL COMPANY Incorporated

SICK HEADACHE

CARTERS' LITTLE IVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. I was cured of my chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels. Since that time I have been subject to the fainting spells and at other times to fluttering of the heart and a feeling as though I was smothering. My general health was very bad and I was weak and trembling.

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