

WAY TO SUCCESS.

The man who undertakes to accomplish too many things at the same time generally pays a high toll in the end. He may succeed for a while, but he does so at fearful risks and with out properly reckoning the cost to himself. He is the exception, though, rather than the rule and often "makes good" at the expense of his physical and mental well being, says the Charleston News and Courier. Giants among men are rarities even in this day of surprising developments and record achievements, and as a rule the man who follows one line of work with close attention and conscientious regard will lay by for himself greater success and more enduring results than he who dabbles in any undertaking that may come his way. It is not an easy thing to shut ourselves away from tempting influences and conditions that may appeal to us, but having once fitted ourselves to do a certain work, and having expended time and energy in its accomplishment, it is only natural to suppose that we can obtain more certain results by devoting it to the best of our ability. Sometimes the way is hard; long hours of application are necessary, but often when we least expect it the clouds begin to lift and we see the realization of the promises for which we have labored.

What clever prankishness was that of the boys of West Lafayette college, Ohio, who put oil in the milk for the girls' dormitory, causing twenty of the co-eds to become so ill as to require the attendance of physicians? They were nearly as daring as the young men of the Pacific coast institution of learning who raided the girls' dormitories and frightened some of the occupants into hysterics by pulling them out of bed. The twentieth century young man does many things that would hardly have occurred in any earlier age. Is it because of the disappearance of the birch as an aid to education?

An automobile in New York picked up a stone in its wheel and flung it into a window, almost striking some persons. The automobile is perhaps the most striking instance of the innate depravity of inanimate things. It has been known to try to climb a tree or a lamp post and to turn somersaults in the open, to say nothing of its running down the general public. But now it has taken to throwing stones at people, something imperative toward curbing its impetuosity will have to be done.

We are accused of being the most wildly speculative nation in the world. But in the year London has run wild over the rubber craze, then went through a boom in oil shares, and has finally turned to a bull gamble in British railroads. The United States has, on the other hand, practically stopped speculation, perhaps for the sufficient reason that the lambs had no more fleece to shear.

The golden anklet with bangles has appeared in Chicago. This is probably a decoration intended to go with the harem skirt and shows again the inconsistency of the feminine mind. While the inhabitants of the eastern harem are taking to Paris styles, western women are looking for their fashions to the Orient.

People who live in New York complain that the place is becoming too noisy at night. The people who make the noise will find it difficult to understand why men and women who long for peace and quiet insist on living in New York.

Members of a club in Atlanta say they will go to jail before they will tell what they know of women drinking in the club. The poet was mistaken. The world's male chivalry has not perished out. It has joined the Atlanta club.

It may be that a woman must put her soul into her dress in order to look well, but, at the same time, a good deal of importance rests on the sort of a physique she is able to put into it.

Far be it from us to arouse slum-baring trouble, but what has become of the tight trousers and padless coats with which we were threatened a few months ago?

At Newark, N. J., a lawyer charged his fair client \$500 for reading a bundle of love letters, and she is complaining. She should have hired a women lawyer and had them read for nothing.

An English author was fined in New York the other day after he had received a wallopp on the eye for trying to flirt with a pretty damsel. We have no doubt that he will write a book entitled "Seeing America."

It is stated that "all the epidemics and local diseases thrive upon the family cat." The flea, not being a disease germ, sticks to the dog.

"Selling adulterated milk is like taking candy from a baby," opines one of our judges. And in both cases the baby is the victim.

Detroit baseball fans have some curiosity to know which team will finish second.

CAPTAIN SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS



THE TERRA NOVA ENDED IN THE ICE FLOE

THE first photographs of the British Antarctic expedition commanded by Captain Scott have been received from Cape Evans. The one here reproduced shows the Terra Nova almost trapped in the heavy ice of McMurdo Sound. The amount of canvas set indicates that the weather was fairly good. Unless the returning Amundsen party brings further news of the expedition, there will be no more word from Captain Scott until April of next year.

POOR BEGGARS' LIFE

Makes Study of Vagrant and Becomes One Himself.

Albert Clutterbuck, Charged With Begging, Is Sent to Prison—Writes Book on Methods of Mendicants He Lived With.

London.—A document entitled "The Life of a Beggar" was written in an infirmary by Albert Clutterbuck, aged 23, who was charged with begging at Marylebone police court.

Parts of this, based on what the man heard and saw while living in a common lodging house, were read aloud by Mr. Paul Taylor, the magistrate, who described the document as "most interesting."

"Of course most of you have heard or know of Notting Dale, the home of beggars. When a baby is born in this noted district and gets to five or seven years of age, it is taken out with its mother and father and taught the way to beg. Its mother takes it in her arms and goes and molests ladies and gentlemen for means to buy bread for the child some bread. Their 'bread' means beer, and most people know that, but they give to them to get rid of them.

"When the child has been learning in this way for about six years, it is sent out with about six pairs of laces, or a few matches, and with these it continually molests ladies and gentlemen and asks them to buy or give a few coppers. It keeps going out with these until about 16 or 17, and then leaves home to get married. By that time they know where to buy their stock of ferns, flowers, laces and matches, and where to borrow babies, etc."

A description followed of the beggars' homes and their weekly "feats," and the document then went on to describe the beggars' summer holiday, which, it said, was the only time when the beggar did any work. They "went on the road" to Kent, begging all the way, and after working for three or four weeks at fruit picking they drew their money, spent it at the nearest public house, and afterwards got a job at hop picking with

GIVES \$1,500,000 TO NURSE

New Yorker, Long a Cripple, Leaves Most of His Fortune to House-keeper, Miss Peregrine.

New York.—By the will of Walter E. Duryea, the crippled athlete and broker, filed the other day, the bulk of his fortune, estimated at \$2,500,000, goes to Miss Eleanor Peregrine, a trained nurse who acted as his house-

CLEARING THROAT STOPS TIE

Mother of Young Bridegroom Gets Her Affidavit Filled Just in Time to Stop Wedding.

Lexington, Ky.—After saying part of the ceremony that was to make Charles Stanford and Mrs. Ida Bryant man and wife, Squire Abner Oldham stopped to clear "his throat" just before repeating the words, "I now pronounce you man and wife." This

their children. This over, they had a good drink of beer and walked home to their dens in Notting Dale, where they spent the few shillings they had left with their chums. "As for buying new clothes with it, you might as well ask a brick wall to get out of your way."

In sentencing the man to five days' imprisonment, the magistrate said that Clutterbuck had apparently made such a study of vagrant life that he had become a vagrant himself.

CODE FOR BATHING SEASON

New Chicago Chief of Police Bars Ballroom Exposures at Public Beaches—Gives Regulations.

Chicago.—Chief of Police McWeeney has a code of morals and dress for the Chicago bathing season of 1911. Here it is:

Women must not wear men's bathing suits; skirts must reach below the knees; loose bloomers reaching below the knees must be worn; bloomers must not be worn without skirts; sleeveless suits must not be worn by women; stockings must be worn by girls over 16; glove fitting suits for women are barred; harem, hobble and dretroise skirts are forbidden; men must wear both shirts and trunks. "The code goes for this summer," said McWeeney. "Exposure which would be permitted in a fashionable ball room will find no place at the public beaches. We will have policemen to give post graduate courses in bathing proprieties."

MILLIONAIRE HOBO HAS QUIT

Edwin A. Brown Ends Last Trip as Tramp and Will Go to Europe to Study Problem Further.

New York.—Edwin A. Brown of Denver, famed as the "millionaire tramp," because of his excursions in search of information as to how the other half lives, is in New York at the end of his last excursion in "overalls." He is through seeing the seamy side of life

keeper for the last 12 years of his life.

She is given \$50,000 outright, \$30,000 in trust, a house in Montclair, N. J., and all the residue of the estate after certain legacies have been paid. Her total share is thought to be worth \$1,500,000.

Walter Duryea broke his back in diving in August, 1899. He spent the rest of his life in a harness, but despite his slender hold on life managed his affairs with great shrewdness.

him. This warning had been issued. Stanford got his \$2 back for the license.

The Same Man. "He is very outspoken in his condemnation of harem skirts for women. Who is he, anyway?"

"I don't know his name, but he is a leading member of the Young Men's Christian association athletic class. Don't you remember, we saw him going down the middle of main street last week in a runner's suit?"

GIRLS HESITATE AT HUGGING

Co-eds of California State University Refuse to Fall Into Arms of Chorus Men—Win Out.

Berkeley, Cal.—Seventeen co-eds of the senior class at the state university broke up a rehearsal on the stage of the Greek theater, declining to allow male members of the class to put their arms around them. The objection of the senior girls followed an attempt of Fred Carlisle, the coach, to have the co-eds of "The Baby Doll" chorus of "The Hop King," the commencement week play of the class, fall into the arms of male chorus men at the conclusion of the dance.

Claiming that they were not acquainted with the owners of the arms, never having been introduced to the men, the co-eds declined the proposed first meeting familiarity. Coach Carlisle and members of the cast attempted to smooth over the strike of the co-eds, but they remained obdurate and the scene was temporarily dropped. The girls say they came up to the exigencies of the production by appearing in short dresses and the proposed familiarity was altogether lacking in dignity. The feature will be dropped for the present unless Carlisle is able to bring the men and women of the chorus closer together.

Embargo on British Live Stock.

London.—The high commissioner for the Union of South Africa has been notified by his government that owing to the recent outbreak of foot and mouth disease no cattle, sheep and pigs shipped from Great Britain will be allowed to land in South Africa until further notice.

Uncle John's Sense of Humor

By RUBY BAUGHMAN

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Margaret was toiling along through the Los Angeles chamber of commerce behind her two prosaic kinfolks. Like the humming drone of his own threshing machine, Uncle John prosed over silly statistics and poky processes. She was half-gigglingly commenting to herself as she tagged doggedly along after Aunt Eliza's amply-constructed, black broad-clothed form that Uncle John ought to be prosecuted for bigamy, on the ground that he had two times as much wife as he had when he first married, under a broad hat brim, answering her chuckles with wrinkly twinkles.

The haughty disdain which she dutifully tried to spread over her amusement fell before the good-natured appreciation of her need of a relief expedition. She bowed, tentatively and reservedly. The hat lifted in a most dignified acknowledgement and its owner advanced, holding out his right hand. Margaret placed her brown glove within his reach, with the affirmation:

"I am very glad to meet you here, very glad to see you again," in answer to Aunt Eliza's backward look of inquiry. The aunt's exclamation attracted the attention of Uncle John.

Margaret led her new-found friend up to her guardians.

"I am glad to introduce to you a very old friend from Iowa. This is my uncle and aunt, with whom I am spending my summer vacation, Mr. Livingston."

Aunt Eliza only exclaimed again, aloud, and started to say that which Uncle John interrupted by an emphatic wave of his big capable-looking arm.

"I am delighted to know you, Mr. Livingston; delighted to know you."

Then taking an observation of the young man's evident intention to fall back in step with the niece, he reached forward firmly for the young man's arm, pulling him into step.

"If you are from the middle west, most of our agricultural processes and products will be new and interesting to you. Now, here is—" and begin-

says and by that time he's forgotten what it was she said."

The man with the sombrero flushed with shame over this account of so unappreciative a member of his sex.

"Perhaps he never met the one woman," he hesitatingly offered in extenuation.

"Maybe," answered the guide of this personally conducted party. "He has sense enough about other things. Now that raisin plant is modeled after one of his."

Margaret lagged farther and farther behind out of hearing.

An alley, lined with golden pyramids of oranges, opened before her. Mr. Livingston might listen until nightfall or hoarseness silenced Uncle John; she escaped and found refuge from the situation, if not from herself, in her quiet hotel room.

Refreshed by a bath and fortified by a fresh gown she awaited the arrival of her uncle and aunt. Uncle John came into the parlor excitedly discussing the probability of finding her here as he opened the door.

Margaret murmured something about having stepped into a side aisle to look at some very beautiful prunes and thus losing her way. Uncle John assured her of his regret. Aunt Eliza was silent. The stranger looked uncomfortable, almost embarrassed.

"Mr. Livingston is stopping here too, so he'll take dinner with us," explained Uncle John, as they departed to make ready for that meal.

Wondering how it would all end she made her way with her chattering relatives to the table in the small dining-room. She was grateful for the chilling presence of a black and white automaton of a waiter. He seemed, in some way, a means of postponement of the moment of judgment.

"And what time do you put the corn crop usually?" she heard Uncle John say. With unbelieving ears she heard the answer:

"Oh, at the end of the rainy season in February or March, as a rule."

Iowa's rainy season, in March! Margaret gasped in anticipation of Uncle John's scathing remarks. Uncle John had spent his boyhood on an Iowa farm. But he only inquired further:

"I didn't suppose the ground would be ready to work so early in the spring."

"Oh, yes, it's muddy sometimes, and disagreeable to handle—too soft in fact."

Margaret closed her eyes and caught a glimpse of an Iowa corn field in March—the grayish-yellow stalks sticking up through four or five feet of snow drift. Maliciously, it seemed to Margaret, did Uncle John lead the confused young informant through tortuous ways of misinformation.

From cocktail to demi tasse the inquisition lasted. With an almost overwhelming desire to scream, Margaret finally led the procession of four from the dining room along endless, red-carpeted corridors to the little sitting-room. A change, even a scene of the torture, was a welcome rest.

"I thought your nephew, Mr. Jenkins, was coming to take dinner with us tonight," she said by way of conversation to Aunt Eliza, to whom she supposed the amply-proportioned shadow beside her on the window curtain belonged.

"He did," slowly answered the voice of the blunderer about corn crops and Iowa harvests.

In wild-eyed amazement Margaret faced him.

"He—and—you are—" she gasped. "Yes, he did and I am."

"And the fruit ranch and the—" Words failed her in the recollection of Uncle John's minute description of the Jenkins homestead.

"Yes," very carefully, as one on unsafe treading, "but I'm not the mis-gamist, Uncle John—"

"And Uncle John made Aunt Eliza keep still. Those two old geese are up in their room laughing their old eyes out. He loves a joke better than a good meal of Aunt Eliza's own cooking."

"Uncle John loves a joke! Why, I thought Uncle John had no—and now he'll think—you'll all think—"

"Uncle John has asked me to go for a visit with them and you to their ranch in order that I may tell you I think. Shall I?"

World's Wealthiest Individuals. It is quite impossible to say who are the eight richest men and women in the world. Some of the Indian princes are enormously wealthy, though the extent of their fortunes is not known. There are besides many wealthy families and individuals in Europe whose names are little known in this country, and about whose fortunes so little is reliably known as to make a comparison impossible.



She Escaped and Found Refuge From the Situation.

ning with a peroration about prunes, based on the huge elephant constructed out of dried specimens of that much derided boarding house favorite—a frightful, wobbly-kneed example of what industry, coupled with violence of imagination, energetically misdirected, can perpetrate—Uncle John led him by dried-fruit-bound paths into the mysteries of California farming.

Silently, not to say patiently or resentfully, Margaret walked along with Aunt Eliza. What profit from her transgression if it not only furnished no escape for her, but even afforded a new sacrifice upon the altar of Uncle John's zeal for acquiring and imparting information. Piloted by Uncle John, the humorless, the quartet stopped before a model fruit farm, worked out in papier mache.

"This ranch, Margaret, which is here reproduced, belongs to your aunt's nephew, Jack Jenkins. I have asked him to take dinner with us at the hotel tonight and you will meet him there. He's a good chap. I never caught him in a false position but once, and then I think the fault was not altogether his."

The young man, with longing looks toward Margaret, showed signs of breaking away from her uncle's restraining grasp.

"All he needs is a housekeeper—a wife, I mean, home-maker, like your Aunt Eliza's been to me," droned Uncle John, stating that romantic situation as one might speak of the number of seeds in a prune elephant. "But he is not much for women folks. He says it takes him six days to figure out what a woman means by what she

CHEERFULNESS AIDS SICK

Many Ills Contracted Through Fear, and Cure is Often Effected by Influence of Another Person.

A famous physician once said that over half of all who call in the doctor would get well without any medicine if the doctor only keeps them cheerful, that many of the remaining half needed only a bare pill—their imagination would do the rest.

Imaginary ill, or ill produced by the power of the mind, often baffles physicians. We all know how some people in reading patent medicine literature become seized with all the symptoms they find described. And it is largely in the cases of people like these that patent medicines have wrought their cures, for no one can dispute that many imaginative people have felt beneficial effects from such nostrums.

It is largely in imaginary ill similar to those I have mentioned that mental science has worked its good. It has also effected cures in illis other than imaginary, but the sickness was

largely brought on through fear, or some other wrong thinking and the cure worked by the suggestive influence of one person's mind over another's.

Even if these functional diseases are purely imaginary, they cause the patient as much pain and incapacitate him as much for work as any organic disease. It is a physician's duty to heal the sick, whether it is a sick body or a sick mind. Physical disorders need physical treatment, but mental disorders need mental treatment. A physician who would neglect the mind while treating the body would not be doing his full duty. Probably few movements in the history of mankind have been of more vital significance than that now on foot in America to put psychotherapy to effective use. And it is largely to physicians that the world now owes the usefulness of psychotherapy, for they have had a vast lot to do with bringing it to the place it now holds in science.—Woman's World

Best Soup Made Pure Good-Convenient Libby's Soups have the home-made flavor. Try Libby's Chicken Soup Libby's Vegetable Soup Libby's Tomato Soup at your grocers. Libby, McNeill & Libby

HIS VIEW OF IT.



Smart—Do you think the colleges turn out the best men? Wise—Sure. I was turned out in my sophomore year.

Some Contrast. "Mornin', Sis Judy," called a neighbor's cook to our good old mammy. "I hear dat Skeeter Jim is dun got him a new wife. I hope she leet fat'n dat spindlin', no-count streak-o'-lean!"

"Fatter 'n him?" Mammy replied, rolling her eyes and clasping her own fat hands. "Lawsy, chile, day jus lak a needle an' a haystack!"

Progress of Civilization. Lady—And did you make your congregation give up cannibalism? Missionary (suppressing a grin)—Not quite; but after much trouble I persuaded them to use knives and forks.—The Throne.

A Book Agent's Order. First Book Agent—Did you receive an order at that house I just saw you come out of? Second Book Agent—Yes, I was told to "git."

Some girls are afraid to go downtown by themselves for fear a man may not try to flirt with them.

Many self-made men forget to make themselves agreeable.

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS. A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they ease the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.