

a story of a man in his county who bought a pair of glasses from a traveling optician which made him see double. "This man," declared Mr. Lahners, "went out hunting and when he shot at a rabbit he always saw two and never hit the right one, and when he got back home he found two women in his house when he had left only one there. The Lord knows one woman is enough."

Dodge of Douglas rose one morning last week to speak to a motion called forth by the absence of a large number of members. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Dodge, "I see no reason whatever of passing this motion. As I look around over this body, I fail to see the face of a single absentee."

The ease with which a bill will sometimes go through a legislative body was shown by the way the Raper bill abolishing capital punishment slipped through the house in committee of the whole. The bill had been recommended favorably by the committee, was on general file and came up for consideration at the conclusion of a long day's work. It looked innocent enough, merely being an amendment to one section of the criminal code, and was not over twelve lines long. Best of Douglas, who came down especially interested in preventing the passage of any such measure, noticed who was the introducer, and moved to order it to third reading without discussion. The members voted unanimously and did not know what they had done until the next morning they read it in the newspapers. Then Best himself led the fight to kill the bill.

Members of the committees on public lands and buildings declare that they like the work of the committees and would enjoy the task of visiting the state institutions were it not for the fact that invariably the superintendents of the institutions seize the opportunity of the visit of the "big chiefs" from the legislature to ask them to make speeches. Most of the legislators are great on getting votes and know how to tell a man that white is black, but some of them dislike to puff the tail feathers out of the eagle. This was the case at Milford when after a visit to the soldiers' home, some of the committee were taken over to the home for women. In telling about it, Representative Fries of Howard said: "All the fellows balked on going over because they thought they would have to get up and make a speech, but, speech or no speech, I intended to do my duty, and sure enough, I got over there and they were laying for me. Well, I told the girls there that the world wasn't as bad as it was painted and that there was somebody outside who would lend them a helping hand and that they should never give up. I looked around and saw the two other members who were going to be called upon after me twisting in their seats and figuring on what they were going to say, so I turned to them and referred to them

as the orators of the house. You ought to have heard them talk after I had covered the whole subject."

SIDE LIGHTS

HERE has been found the true and ideal flat owner. He will paper when you press the button, will fix the plumbing and cut another door where you wish it. He has the money to do this because his tenants all pay him promptly, regularly and (believe it as you will) they pay him cheerfully. The have no grudges against his growing wealth. In his house rent day is welcomed with a smile. When it has passed they count the hours till the next one arrives.

This sounds like sarcasm. The tale is unbelievably fantastic. But hark to the truth. This true and ideal land-owner lives, and lives in Paris. On the door of every suit a number is painted. When quarter day comes this landlord draws a lottery, in which are as many tickets as there are flats in the house. The owner of the winning number is relieved from paying his rent that quarter.

The lucky house is in the Rue Paul Bert, but it would be useless to publish its number for the benefit of those who might not object to go to Paris and live in it, in spite of the neighborhood, which is not aristocratic. The house is permanently full up, and there is no room for that half of the world which would desire to dwell under such an admirable regime.

The hairdressers of Paris are a vanishing sect. They have been dyeing for a long time. Now they are dying in a more serious sense of the word and are dying by their own hands. And, when you think of it, everything dies by its own hand. A man perishes of the most innocent case of pneumonia, or so it seems; but in reality he has killed himself with his own ignorance of how to have saved himself from that disease. The hairdressers of Paris, that great center of hair-dressing, have ended their career by their exceeding independence. Parisian ladies are more and more breaking away from these tyrants of the dressing table. Their lack of punctuality has succeeded in making whole families miserable. For a few francs a month the Parisian lady was accustomed to have a hairdresser come to the house at an appointed hour every morning. The hairdresser came—but never at the appointed hour. As a result the ladies of Paris very often went with uncombed locks until the evening. This had often very disastrous consequences. Dinners were delayed, engagements were broken, weddings were indefinitely postponed, divorces grew to be epidemic.

Finally the Parisian lady took matters into her own hands, and decided

to do without the hairdresser altogether. There were two reasons which enabled her to adopt such drastic methods. She gets up early—it is no longer fashionable in Paris to lie abed late into the morning. But above all, she can now dress her own hair.

The Parisian lady has aids in her noble endeavors. She can now buy "store hair." She selects the lovely waves, the puffs and the curls at the hair store and pins them on herself. The puffs come in little bunches 2 for 5, and it is inconceivable how many bunches of puffs can be pinned on. The front wave comes way down over the forehead and is often bordered with a soft fringe of hair. The wave and even the fringe come from the hair store, but it is no longer called a wig or false front as formerly—it is a "transformation."

Happily for the ladies who now dress their own hair, the fashion of wearing the hair low in the neck which threatened to become prevalent, was but a passing one. And there has also been a compromise on the cry: "Away with the blondes." As to being a blonde, the law now is "one may," not "one must." So fortune favors the Parisienne, who combs her own hair and rejoices in her independence while monsieur the hairdresser seeks other employment.

Not for a long while has anything in Paris clubland so stirred its habitués as the precipitate flight a few days ago of over forty of the most familiar figures in the best known gambling clubs in this city, says the Manchester Chronicle.

One night these gentlemen were all at their accustomed places, the next they had completely vanished.

The police could not find them, and they were more anxious to find them than anybody else, for they held decrees from the minister of the interior informing them that their presence was no longer desired in France, and that they would be obliged to see them safely over the frontier.

France is pretty tolerant in most things, gambling included, provided it is done decently and in order, but when a number of recent arrivals from Belgium came along with a new game, which, because of its deadly results, was known among its victims as the "Faucheuse," a game which gave the unhappy player no chance, and when these same gentlemen in a few weeks swept into their capacious pockets over 200,000 pounds, the authorities considered it was time to make inquiries.

Then they discovered that the clubmen of Paris and Nice, of Pau and Biarritz, were practically in the hands of a disreputable gang of nondescripts—Belgians, Spaniards, and Argentines—who were making tons of money by playing what they termed "baccarat a un tableau," a game something similar to railway baccarat, with this difference, that in the new game the banker always deals the cards.

The moving spirit in the whole affair—the Napoleon of the game—was a Belgian named Marquet, at one time a cafe waiter, who, having made some money at gambling, organized a band of croppers and accomplices. Being obliged to leave Belgium, when gambling was prohibited in that country, he descended with his acolytes on Paris.

The best clubs refused to admit the compatriots of King Leopold, but in the second and third rate clubs Marquet simply hired the gaming tables at so much a night—usually less than a hundred pounds—and only allowed "baccarat a un tableau" to be played.

How long he was in getting back his money may easily be guessed when it is stated that at the Modern club in the avenue MacMahon the losses in one night sometimes totalled more than 4,000 pounds.

One of the worst features of the scandal that has just been brought to light was that in certain west-end clubs where women are admitted the fair gamblers became so infatuated with the new game that, once fairly launched on the path of treacherous chance, they could not stop until every sou was gone.

Even then they did not stop, but snatching their jewels from their necks and fingers, they kept on playing in desperation until they had not a single article of jewelry left.

Senator Knox is quoted as saying, when informed that his son had "eloped" and been married as simply as a rural clergyman could do it: "I find this morning that I have acquired a very charming daughter-in-law without any of the trouble incidental to a conventional wedding." This statement, with its undercurrent of heartfelt gratitude, raises the large question, who is it, if anybody, that really enjoys "conventional weddings?"

The senator, it will be noticed, comments the New York Times, spoke of "trouble," not "expense," and as he is the father of the bridegroom, not of the bride, comparatively few of the wearinesses and almost nothing of the cost of a "function" would have fallen on him. And yet he was glad to escape the excitements and publicities of a big wedding. That many, if not most, husbands-to-be look forward to these

ceremonies with something between panic, fear and deadly hatred is too well known to need assertion, and the fact that they do so might well be made a topic of discussion in President Roosevelt's next lecture or essay on "The Family and the Increasing Reluctance For Accepting Family Responsibilities."

It seems to be true, however, that the great majority of women like elaborate weddings, either as spectators or as one of the principals, and the more elaborate the weddings are the better the women like them. They are, to be sure extremely prone to weep while the ceremony is in progress, but apparently the tears are happy, or at least near happy, tears, and all the preparatory toils that fall upon them they perform with the utmost cheerfulness. As for the expense, there was no particular need to count on it in this case and probably it is very rarely begrudged, even when it somewhat exceeds the amount approved by practical common sense—that grim and rather obnoxious virtue.

A stout man with florid cheeks and choleric blue eyes slipped and fell on the slush-covered sidewalks at Wall and William streets, says the New York Post. In an attempt to rise quickly and gracefully he stumbled and fell again. With a look of deep disgust he remained in a sitting posture for a few seconds as though determined not to arise just for spite. In the meantime a crowd had collected. They surrounded the man. They looked at him; he looked at them. Finally he spoke: "Well, gentlemen, what is the trouble?" he said. The crowd without a single reply disintegrated, and the fallen man regained his feet in splendid isolation.

"What I like," said a doctor, "is a patient of experience. Next to no patients at all, the greatest trial for a doctor is to have a lot of green hands under treatment. Experience counts in taking medicine as in everything else. The new recruit to the ranks of the ill is afraid of many things. His eye is untrained and his hand unsteady. He exaggerates danger at every point. He may get the spoon too full or not full enough; he may pour out a drop too few or a drop too many. In his perplexity, he sees but one sure way to avoid either horn of the dilemma, and that is to take no medicine at all. He is intractable in many ways. He stays indoors when he should go out, and he goes out when he should stay in.

"The old stager who has saturated himself with medicine until his pores ooze oils and tonics is the fellow who brings joy to the heart of his physician. He knows what medicine is for, he takes it faithfully, scientifically, and even joyfully. He watches his symptoms and the effect of the drugs. He knows all about his tongue, his temperature, and his pulse, and can determine for himself whether one pellet or two is the proper dose. That self-analysis saves the doctor a lot of trouble. Hence the doctor's partiality for a visiting list made up of persons who know how to be sick."

SKIN DISEASES
HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched off the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.

C. H. EVANS,
 Stockman, Neb.

S. S. S.
PURELY VEGETABLE

because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

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Mrs. M. B. Morlan, of Rogers, Ohio, says Dr. Miles saved my life by curing me of that awful disease, dropsy and heart trouble; I suffered terribly. Miss Sophia Snowberg of No. 292 21st Ave., Minneapolis, testifies: "Three days after commencing treatment for dropsy it was nearly all gone, after two allopathic and two homeopathic physicians had failed. Mr. A. P. Colburn of Blessing, Ia., writes: "Dr. Miles' Treatment has performed a miracle for Mrs. C. after her leg burst from dropsy."

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