

One half the world wonders how the other half can live as well as it does.

The Missouri mule never goes out on strike. When he strikes it is the other fellow that goes out.

General Castro continues to do very well for a man who has a revolution and a large indemnity on his hands.

Man is the only animal that can talk—and that is why he so often makes a bear, a monkey, a sheep, a lobster or an ass of himself.

Once upon a time there was a man who was too lazy to lie, so he invented a machine to do it for him and called it a gas meter.

One of the astronomers has discovered a large projection on Mars. Perhaps the Martians have just put up their first skyscraper.

Abdul Hamid is in an embarrassing position. He can fight Bulgaria all he wants to, but the powers will not permit him to whip her.

Scientists claim now that cancer microbes exist in "vile-smelling foreign cheeses." Limburger is exempt, because they couldn't live in it.

England has just seized three islands in the Pacific Ocean. It is remarkable that England doesn't now and then lose track of them and seize a few islands which were already hers.

There are times when dwellers in a level country have cause to be thankful that their lot is not cast in the lowlands where the streams are treacherous and the hills not far away.

Prof. Watt, of Chicago, administered the conge to Shakespeare after Prof. Trigg threw him down. Watt and Trigg may be well-meaning people, but we dislike the way they have their hair cut.

Observant and scholarly Frenchman who has been here looking us over as a nation says the dollar has no majesty for Americans. That's awfully nice, unless the observant and scholarly one is jollying us.

The powers' question to Russia: "What right have you in Manchuria?" has been answered: "The right of possession, and with soldiers to back it up." Uncle Sam accepts the answer as good and sufficient.

The Russian joker who caused a panic in the zoological gardens at St. Petersburg by shouting that the tigers had escaped should exchange cards with the American humorist who yells "Fire!" in places of amusement. They should then report to the fool killer together.

The New York vegetarians now propose to wear shoes made of vegetables. Wooden sandals and hemp thongs might do; and then there are colts-foot, leather-flower, leather-leaf, leather-wood, leather-plane, leather-old, pantastote, caoutchouc and a dozen other vegetables that might fill the bill and avoid using the hides from poor dead animals.

The report from Sofia that the Macedonian committee plans to fight all Europe with the germs of the Indian plague if its demands are not conceded, is simply beyond belief. There is something so feudal in the bare suggestion of such a thing that it is hard to fancy any state of savagery that would put it into operation. And yet who can place bounds to unbridled human passions? The pages of history are blackened by atrocities almost as inhuman as fighting with the germs of a speedily fatal maulady.

Every year thousands of drawn money orders are not paid. In England last year the post office department realized from this source nearly \$500,000. Under the British law money not claimed reverts to the government after one year has elapsed. Under our laws or post office regulations (the same thing) a money order is regarded as an obligation of the government, to be honored whenever presented. Notwithstanding, unclaimed money orders and postal notes on hand Oct. 16, 1900, amounted to \$2,250,000. Invalid advice amount to about \$5,000 a month, or \$60,000 a year.

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whisky and get the flinjams. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire tæxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.

J. Graham Phelps Stokes is the son and grandson of a New York millionaire. He is rich beyond the dream of avarice. More than that, Mr. Stokes is wise. He is wise beyond his family, which is wealthy and aristocratic. Mr. Stokes has learned that money is not wealth. Young Stokes left a luxurious

ly furnished home and went to live in a small, simply furnished room in the heart of the overcrowded East Side in order with his money and knowledge to aid and uplift the poor whose poverty and environment have made existence a constant struggle against misfortune. Young Stokes, mind you, is no anemic, hollow-chested, sad-visaged sort of person. He is a man. He is thirty years of age, six feet four in height and built like an athlete. He works ten to eighteen hours a day and thrives on it. And this is what he says about his chosen work: "Some of my friends tell me that I have left behind all fun, all pleasure. Even if that was true, I would reply that fun is not the main purpose of life. But it is not true. This is the most interesting life I have ever led. It is deep, wholesome enjoyment from beginning to end." There's the old, old paradox: He that loatheth his life shall find it. Forever and forever do the votaries of pleasure return empty-handed from the quest for happiness. Forever is the self-centered life doomed to disappointment. Forever is it true that happiness comes only through self-renunciation and service. All the world knows this is true, but only once in a while is there a Stokes who acts as if he believed it. Beside wealth of brain and heart, money is trash. Young Stokes has chosen the better part.

The other day a child fell out of the window of a moving car on the New York elevated railway. That will cause mothers to shudder. The mothers who travel have been positive that no greater danger could menace their offspring than open car windows. They have mentally calculated that it is only a matter of time when some precious cherub will go hurtling down under the merciless car wheels, and the undertaker will do the rest. Women, and men, too, worry much about things that may happen, but seldom do. As far as is known, but two children out of the millions of little travelers ever fell out of car windows, previous to the New York episode. In this case a handy man, with presence of mind, happened along in time to catch the child, which feat he neatly performed, although the human meteor weighed thirty pounds, and gave Daniel Walsh, bricklayer, a strenuous jolt. The child was uninjured. A story that has been passed down from early generations deals with a boy who had an intense love for chicken, and his mother always saved the heart of the fowl for her loved one. One day the heart slipped down his throat before his teeth could perform their duty, and the boy choked to death. Ever since mothers have been carefully carving chicken hearts or warning children to "chew it fine," and worrying most needlessly. There are men and women by the score who will not visit Europe because of the perils of the sea voyage. They would not hesitate to go round the world on a railway train. Statistics show that ocean travel is safer than railway travel. The moral of it all is that if we humans must worry, why not endure mental distress about things that are at least within shooting distance, if possible.

Many people who have been unfortunate enough to have much to do with doctors will join with President Draper in his lament over the passing of the "family doctor." Many of them will also indorse his very candid and caustic criticism of the slovenly, rude and discourteous members of the profession, and no one will dissent from his statement that "the scientific knowledge and the mislout, of the doctor of medicine should combine to make him the best exemplar in society of physical, intellectual and moral cleanliness." What Dr. Draper said to the graduates of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Chicago concerning the passing of the family doctor, however, will attract widest attention because of the close relation he has sustained to thousands of families in the past. It is true that that benignant and gentle personality—always the exemplar of the highest ideals of citizenship in his community—is not yet extinct. He is ministering to the afflicted in many a hamlet and town. He is still the welcome comforter in distress and the valued counselor in trouble. He is the "father confessor" of many a human heart, admitted to the most sacred recesses of human feeling, hope and fear. But we are in an age of specialization, when the greatest progress in medicine, as well as in other lines of scientific endeavor, is made by the specialist who devotes his life to the study of a particular branch of his profession. It is only through this specialization that the "hideous blundering and uncertainty" of which Dr. Draper complains in the practice of medicine may be averted. The growth of this specialization, which crowds out the "family doctor," naturally tends toward commercialism, as Dr. Draper says. The city specialist is not apt to have all the gentleness and sympathetic attributes that endear to us the family doctor. He does not sustain such intimate relations to the family life. And yet we cannot get along without him. He knows more about pulmonary diseases, if that is his specialty, than does the family practitioner in the country. Much as we value the visitation and counsel of the "family doctor," the specialist is an evolution of our scientific progress whose services are indispensable in certain emergencies.

Mr. Stubb—Maria, do you know what has caused men to read the news papers more than anything else? Mrs. Stubb—Yes, John; women standing up in the street cars.

When Mother Goes Away. When mother goes a-visiting There's lots of things to do; An' for a week or so ahead She's in a regular stew. An' labors night an' day At cleanin', scrubbin', pickin' up, Afore she goes away.

She goes up in the garret fust, An' keeps a-workin' down, An' cleans down to the cellar shelves An' does the thing up brown. Poor pa, he don't know what to do, Jes' worries night an' day; Ma says he ain't no good to help Afore she goes away.

We live a week on "picked-up" meals, "Hard pickin'," too," says pa; An' then he trembles at the look Uy scorn he gits from ma. Pa drives her to the railroad train, A-feelin' fur from part; An' by an' by the train comes in, An' ma, she goes away.

An' then we find our troubles jes' Begin that very day; An' things ma baked to last a month, Like bubbles fade away. An' soon we live from hand to mouth, An' pine an' all grow thin; An' we are tickled mos' to death When ma comes home ag'in. —Joe Cona, Selected.

The Dressing Sack Woman. There is a popular delusion to the effect that household tasks require slipshod garments and unkempt hair. Let the frowzy ones contemplate the trained nurse, and in her spotless uniform, with her snowy cap and apron, and her shining hair. Let the doubtful ones go to a cooking school and see a neat young woman in a blue gingham gown and a white apron prepare an eight-course dinner and emerge spotless from the ordeal. One who cleans is to be considered the directing force rather than the rag, and it is not essential to assume intimate personal possession of foreign substances.

WOMEN

cometh in the morning," so will peace come with earnest, conscientious effort, accompanied with consideration for others.—Carrie L. Dawley, before the N. Y. State Grange.

Place of the College Girl. Various conjectures as to the part the educated girl is to play in the social and economic affairs of the new time have been offered by educators and sociologists. Not a few have expressed some doubt as to the value of the higher education to the young woman who is to embrace the vocation of wifehood and motherhood. Many have not hesitated to question the utility of an education that has so little bearing upon the duties incident to the ordinary sphere of womanly activities.

In an address of much force delivered before the graduating class at Vassar College Whitelaw Reid defined the place of the college girl and the range of influence which her training and knowledge may take in the social and economic world. Outside the immediate and inestimable effect on the family, the conservative power of educated women, in the opinion of Mr. Reid, naturally will show its influence on social life. Their influence will check the degradation of social life, the constant craze for newspaper publicity, and the evils that come from excesses. This influence, he declared, may infuse moderation into our new and admirable devotion to athletics. It may also restore sanity to our "charity run mad."—Chicago Record-Herald.

For the Shirt-Waist Girl. No. 1 shows pretty sheer white lawn fancy shirt waist, trimmed with tucks and embroidery insertion. The yoke extends across the back the same as in front. No. 2 is the cut of a white linen shirt waist, trimmed with stitched bands and small white pearl buttons. No. 3 is a fancy bodice of cream mull, trimmed with tucks, lace insertion and appliques. This bodice buttons in the back with tiny pearl buttons.

Cure for Headache. Headache is perhaps the most common ailment mortal flesh is heir to. A very simple remedy, often found to relieve the most violent headache, is this: Take a small quantity of black pepper and put it in a piece of fine linen, then fold over so the grains will not fall out and wet the whole bandage with camphor. Place it across the head and lie down on your back. The pain will have ceased in a very short space of time and the patient will fall asleep. When the camphor dries out of the linen, if not relieved, saturate it again. A mixture of ice and salt in proportion of one to one-half tied up in a linen cloth and held to the head will often give relief. For sick headache take a glass two-thirds full of finely shaved ice, the juice of one lemon and a teaspoon of sugar. This mixture, eaten slowly, will allay feverish thirst and quiet the disturbed stomach. Bilious headache may often be relieved by drinking two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal dissolved in half a glass of water. A powder should be taken one hour later.

The Work of Women. The position of a rich and idle woman, bedded in a luxurious home, with all the arts and crafts ministering to her personal gratification and the extension of her vanity, from body to dress, from dress to home and furniture, and with all the endless fripperies of display, is one of painful abnormality. A woman working all the time in her home is primitive, but genuine. She represents an early period of development, it is true, but one of use and beauty and righteousness in its time. A woman who works neither in the house nor out of it, who greedily accepts all that human labor and human wisdom and human skill can do for her, and who does nothing in return for any human creature—this pitiable being can only be regarded as a morbid by-product of the home. She does not make the home, she does not pay for it, she does not serve, and she has no vital use or place either in the home or in the world; yet she is, in her way, an inevitable result of too much home—just as a tolling, narrow-minded drudge is another.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in Success.

Heat Exhaustion. Heat exhaustion, says a trained nurse, is a very different thing from sunstroke. In fact, its symptoms are directly opposite from those of sunstroke. In heat exhaustion the skin is cold and clammy and the temperature is sub-normal. The patient often loses consciousness and looks deathly pale. The condition is not as serious as sunstroke, but it is dangerous, and should receive great care. If at any time during the hot season one feels weak, with indistinct vision and disturbed mind; if there is a ringing in the ears and a sense of prostration, it is time to stop work and seek medical attention. Aromatic spirits of ammonia, a teaspoonful in a wineglass of hot water, is a good remedy to take before the doctor comes. Black coffee is another good stimulant. A cold wet cloth may be applied to the head and a hot water bottle to the feet.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Quiet Farm Life. I would not try to make every boy a farmer, or every girl a farmer's wife, but it does seem to me that we should impress upon the children that, while the opportunities to make great fortunes will not often open to them on the farm, there are less failures among those engaged in our business than any other. When we read eulogies on the captains of industry, who have accumulated fortunes in mining, commerce and manufacturing, we do not hear of the poor miserable privates who have fallen by the wayside, financial, moral and physical wrecks.

Do not teach the children that life's pathway is strewn with thorns and brambles in all directions. Too much teaching has already gone forth, and the masses are pushing, crushing, surging and jostling against each other, even to madness and destruction. Still, in all this wild rush, we occasionally see individuals who are quietly and gently, with a pleasant word and smile, making their way through the seething mass of humanity, almost without disturbing it, and reaching the desired goal. "As sorrow and weeping may endure for the night, but joy

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The woman who puts on an apron over her dressing sack by that act openly proclaims that the thing would be better if it was belted in. Then why not a shirt-waist? Does one ever see a trained nurse in a dressing sack, even when she does heavier work than any other woman is ever called upon to do? If a woman in the uniform of a trained nurse can do the manifold things assigned to her calling, surely the laundress and the cook do not need a dressing sack.

There is a cynical adage which runs thus: "Strangers for help, friends for advice and relatives for nothing." Few of us will be bold enough to say there is no truth in it, and the reason is not far to seek. Who should help us if not those who always see our best side? Strangers think us charming, friends admit, but pardon, our faults, and relatives fight with us.

We make our houses spotless for a stranger, but friends can take us as we are. For the new acquaintance there is purple and fine linen, while we offer our friends cold potatoes and remnants of pie. The solid silver and dainty embroideries are put away for the stranger, while one's husband, who, in a way, is a relative by marriage, eats left-overs out of nicked dishes and contemplates a dressing sack between mouthfuls.—Myrtle Reed, in the Pilgrim.

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FOR TWENTY YEARS MAJOR MARS SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS



DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Peruna Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Afflictions of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter: "For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicines did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."—T. H. Mars.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are

A white man's clothes never seem to fit an Indian.

When twin girls arrive we imagine that even the doctor laughs.

When we see a girl all in white, we don't think of fairies, but of the washing.

It will ruin any man to be henpecked. We never knew such a man to amount to anything.

An aching back tooth had for weeks tortured Edward Keller, of Hoboken, N. J. A dentist removed the tooth, and with its removal Keller lost his voice.

We use Piso's Cure for Consumption in preference to any other cough medicine. —Mrs. S. E. Borden, 412 P street, Washington, D. C., May 25, 1901.

In Mexico the cargador, or carrier, transports bundles so weighty that ordinary men could not even lift them. It is not unusual for him to carry a load of four hundred pounds on his head or shoulders.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

Terrapin eggs are hatched in about thirty days. With her fore paws the female terrapin scratches a hole in the sand, and in it places her eggs, from thirteen to fifty-nine. She then covers them, and relies upon the sun to do the hatching.

In the old days the elderly women just went along! They were not known as chaperons.

An Atchison farmer of five marriageable daughters wants suggestions as to what kind of premiums would make them move faster.

When a woman has twins all the other mothers of twins want to call and offer sympathy but haven't time.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles, brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. Today I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man." C. H. KRITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripes, 10c, 25c, 50c. GUARE CONSTITUTION

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

Thompson's Eye Water

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.