

MIGHT GIVE MULES A CHANCE

Animal's Competition in Endurance Race Could Do No Harm and Possibly Some Good.

If anybody wants to enter a mule in the endurance race across the continent which is about to take place under government auspices we, for our part, can see no good reason for refusing the entry, and many for accepting it. Gen. Bell says that such an increase of the competitors is unnecessary, which is rather obvious than explanatory, and he hardly justifies his unkindness when he gives as his excuse for it that "the advantage of the mule in an endurance contest is conceded."

Is it? We have our doubts. Of course, there are places where the mule is easily first, and there are some such places along the road from the Pacific to the Atlantic, but on a journey so long we have faith to believe that the American mare certainly and the Arabian stallion probably would not only leave their plebeian relative behind at the start, but keep it there till the end. Still, we want the mule to have a chance. It is an animal neither understood nor appreciated by the many, and as nothing could hurt the mule's reputation, defeat would bring no disgrace, while victory would do something to even up centuries of disgrace and injustice.—N. Y. Times.

FOR THE CONSULTING ROOM



Doctor's Wife—Don't you think this pattern appropriate?
Doctor—Why?
Doctor's Wife—Well, it's so nice and microby, air photo.

MIDAIR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Cameras on the wing are flying through Germany. A projectile to take photographs and claimed to have been successful at heights of half a mile is the idea of Herr Marie, a German photographer.

A camera having the form of the usual kind of conical shell is thrown into the air by means of a kind of trap. At a predetermined angle, as the camera turns to make its descent and is pointed slightly downward the shutter is automatically released and a picture is taken of a broad expanse of country.

In still air the flight and spot at which the aerial camera will fall can be calculated with much precision.

BARRED ALL SPEECHES.

M. Victorien Sardou, the famous French dramatist, has received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. He has been grand officer of the Legion of Honor for six years, and his promotion was a New Year's compliment which has drawn scores of congratulations. To the proposal to celebrate the new distinction, M. Sardou says: "No banquet, please; no speeches! I do not mind a little dinner of intimate friends, but spare me speeches. I only accepted the presidency of the Authors' society on condition that no address would be expected from me. The only discourse of my life was the funeral oration I delivered at the tomb of Dumas. We had vowed that the survivor should discharge that duty, and it fell to me to perform the vow."—Tit-Bits.

INDIAN AND SNAKE BITE.

Thinking the Seminole Indians might be somewhat immune from the poison of rattlesnakes, says a writer in the St. Augustine Record. I asked Billy Bowlegs, on one of his trips from Lake Okechobee to Palm Beech to sell his egret plumes, if "rattlesnake bite bad for Indian?" Billy said, very thoughtfully, as though some of his tribesmen had met death from snake bite: "If snake bite Indian good, Indian no get well."

HAD COST HIM NOTHING

How Andrew Carnegie Secured New York Palace and Ground It Stands On.

"You've heard, I guess, that Andrew Carnegie's gifts of libraries and the like represent just about the surplus of his income," said a man in Wall street one day recently, "but few people know the story of how 'the Laird of Skibo' got his fine residence on upper Fifth avenue. Here is the story as I heard it:

"One of his friends went to the Fifth Avenue house to see Mr. Carnegie. The iron master took him through the mansion, showing him the big organ, the marble swimming pool, the conservatories, the terraces, and all the rest of it.

"This home must have cost you a pretty penny," said the visitor.

"It didn't cost me a cent," replied Mr. Carnegie.

"The visitor was so much surprised he couldn't say anything.

"You see it was this way," continued his host. "I bought this block of land some time before I built the house. The value of it went up very fast, so that when I sold the Madison avenue side of the lot I made enough out of it to pay for the Fifth avenue end. As for the house itself—well, the money for that came from a divvy with Frick."

HIS FUTURE ASSURED.

The telephone rang in a certain broker's office one morning and the broker himself answered.

"Yes," said he, "this is it. I'm Mr. ——. What can I do for you? Whom do you want, then? O, all right; hold the wire. Here, Jimmy, some one to talk with you."

Jimmy, a diminutive, tow-headed office boy, approached and seized the receiver.

"Yep, dis is Jim. O, yep; hullo yesself. Sure, dat was him talkin'. Wot? Hully gee! Dat so? A'right—yep—good-by yerself."

"Say, Mr. ——" the diminutive one remarked to the broker, "dat was Eddy, de head office boy, an' he says ter me ter tell yer he resigns his job right now, by de telephone, 'cause he don't like de way yer talked t' him yesterday. He says he kin live anyhow, an'—"

"All right," the broker interrupted. "The mistake he made was in not demanding my resignation. However, he'll own an office some day. We will now proceed with the day's business, James."—N. Y. Globe.

LIGHTNING'S STRANGE FREAK.

A whole family was stunned by lightning at Janvier, four miles from here, during Sunday's storm. The family of David Runger was sitting about the room talking when, according to narrative of the persons involved, a bolt of lightning came down the chimney, entered a cupboard and shattered many glasses and dishes, passed across Mr. Runger's arm and killed a valuable dog he was patting on the head. Mr. Runger's arm was paralyzed and useless for three hours.

Then the bolt ran across the floor and affected the knees of Mr. Runger's daughter, then paralyzed the son's leg and finally jumped to the cradle, making a red streak across the baby's breast.—Clayton Correspondence Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BACK TO THE FARM.



"I wrote my governor I thought of studying to be a pharmacist."

"And—"

"He replied: 'Come home; we'll make a farm-assist out of you without the aid of college!'"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Caller—You can hear so plainly from one flat to another in this building. Doesn't it annoy you?

Mrs. Sly—Oh, no, no. That scrappy young couple next door give us about all the amusement we have.

Fashion Fancies.

A white veil dotted with black is always becoming, but the hat or the occasion may be a bar to wearing it, as such a veil is considered for use at formal or dress functions

A belt most effective in its simplicity and altogether new is in all-over English embroidery over a ciel blue silk. It fastens with a harness buckle in mother-of-pearl.

If you want a touch of color on a suit you must have it in the form of collar and cuffs, but not in your belt. Blue suits have yellow cloth collars and cuffs, but not a vivid shade—just like the old fashioned corn color. Gray dresses have a touch of scarlet or apricot, and the brown dress is often relieved by a soft green or mode.

Jumpers will not be worn as much this fall as they were in the summer, and I would only advise the making over of dresses in this style hereafter. Blouses are to be found in such great variety that there need be no regret for the jumper.

For a practical, everyday walking skirt, nothing is better than the eleven gored skirt, with a tuck plait at the back edge of each gore. This should be made in a substantial cheviot and trimmed at the bottom with very narrow braid. It is a skirt that is generally becoming and most satisfactory. It should have very little trimming around the bottom.

Long gloves are almost exclusively worn. The preference to white gloves has subsided, and even with dressy toilettes Colors in light shades are worn. Suede tints are fashionable, and champagne among light shades is a favorite for evening wear, as it is now permissible, for the gloves to be darker than the dress.

Vacation.

This is the time of year when nearly every one thinks of shady trees, babbling brooks, fish poles, flowers and good country butter. How many thousands of people are obliged to confine themselves to thoughts only of these pleasures! Business—Household duties or sad to say lack of means make it necessary for such to keep right on at the same old grind even though evidences of falling health urge them to go away for a few days, weeks or maybe months.

To such it will be a relief to know it is not necessary to go away to regain health. The healing breath of the pines can be brought to them for thirty days at a cost of \$1.00. Think of it! Pineules contain the soothing, healing properties of the pines long-famed for their healthgiving qualities. These qualities have been condensed into little yellow globules—easy to take. A few doses will relieve that dull pain across the back, rheumatic stiffness of the joints, that melancholy feeling of dull, dire forboding brought on by weakened kidneys. The effect is noticed with the first dose. Remember if you are not satisfied after using Pineules your dollar will be refunded. We would be glad to have our readers try them.

Silk Gloves in all Colors.

Although the vogue for fancy embroidered gloves has increased the plain suede or dull kid is considered better taste. Still gloves in all colors are worn with lingeris gowns, but are not considered strictly fashionable. To those who prefer comfort to following blindly the edicts of fashion these gloves strongly commend themselves for summer days.

Legs and Brain Power.

Prof. Anderson Stuart, who fills the chair of physiology in the University of Sydney, has broached a novel theory. Addressing the local Ladies' Hygienic Association, he said that "Fat legs were a sign of brain power." The professor went on to remark that "The races which had the biggest calves were the highest in intelligence."

Notice.

Parties having wigs, costumes and other property of mine will please return same at once.

SIGMUND SPAETH.

RED SEAL Flour at Heck's seed store.

HIS PRODUCTS IN DEMAND

Miners in Early Days in Montana Were Willing to Pay High for Vegetables.

Ray Woodworth of Moscow, Idaho, was one of the early arrivals at Bannack, when the placer gold was discovered in Grasshopper gulch, and also moved near Virginia City and resided there when that famous placer field was in its glory.

Mr. Woodworth says that he came to Bannack from Denver in 1863, and took up a ranch near what is now known as Taylor crossing, between Dillon and Bannack.

He brought a lot of garden seed along with him, believing that garden vegetables would be a delicacy so craved by the miners that they would pay handsomely for them and that he would make more money with his spade and garden rake than with the rocker and pan.

He succeeded very well near Bannack, and when there was a rush to Alder gulch, he went there and took up a ranch in the Madison valley, not far from Virginia City, where he continued raising vegetables and selling them to the miners.

He raised the first wheat crop ever raised in the territory of Montana, and sold his wheat for 28 cents a pound.

"I lost \$2,000 on one load of rutabagas, and it was this way," he said: "I hired a freighter to haul a big load to Helena, paying him four cents a pound, and told him to sell them for nine cents a pound, thinking that was high enough for them."

"A few days after he left the ranch I heard that the vegetables were retailing at 50 cents a pound, and I sent a courier after him to tell him not to sell for less, but the messenger arrived at Helena a few hours after he had sold the load for nine cents a pound. The dealer retailed them at 60 cents."

"I also lost some money on a load of turnips. They froze en route, and I secured only 18 cents a pound for them."

"I sold many potatoes to the Alder gulch miners for 35 cents a pound, after cutting all the eyes out of them to save for seed."—Anaconda Standard.

BROWNING'S TRUE POSITION.

Some time ago the Bookman published a most adverse criticism of Robert Browning in which the waning popularity of the poet was discussed and the writer gave the dying out of the Browning clubs as a proof of his argument. A group of women were talking the article over and deploring its severity when one of their number, a lovely 18-year-old girl who has an intellect that soars away above and beyond her pompadour, made this critical resume:

"The idea of the Browning clubs dying out should be a sign of the popularity of the real Browning. It seems a desecration for a lot of club women to squabble over the interpretation of Browning. Any great poem should be a message from one soul to another, and it should mean just as much to the receptive soul as it is capable of appreciating through its own experience."

THE CIVILIZED SAVAGE.

In the older days, when "Indian wars" were still frequent, many accounts were printed of the savagery of Apaches and Sioux. Yet it is doubtful if in most essential respects the red men themselves were worse savages than some of the predatory, sneaking, brutish beings often to be found in and about great cities. Despite all the boasts which are uttered and printed about it, the fact remains that what we call civilization breeds many individuals who are not the less dangerous barbarians because they wear customary apparel, are familiar with railroads and trolley cars and are usually able to read and write.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WHAT IS "CHINA"?

There should be clear understanding of the use of the word "china." As a matter of fact, amazing though it seems, china collecting is mostly not of china.

Technically, "china" means only porcelain, writes Shack, in the Saturday Evening Post but by the usage of all collectors and writers, and from the lack of a more adequate term, it includes also the fine products of the early English potteries.

ALL CLEAR TO MANDY

Why She Was Positive Rejected Suitor Had Purloined One of Her Shirt Waists.

The other evening over a dinner some southerners were swapping stories, and it was a big lumberman who is responsible for this yarn.

"Colored folks are naturally superstitious, and many of them down our way believe that a dead black cat buried in a waist of Mandy's will bring Mandy's affections around to the undertaker. As a consequence of this idea one of our justices had a colored man brought before him accused of stealing Mandy's waist. There was no evidence to prove his guilt, so Mandy was asked to explain.

"Well, judge," she said, "it's jes lak dis. Dat nigga been 'round afta me tebbile long time, but I doan care for dat nigga, tell one day I goes for lag potato, tell one day I done ketch my toe in an ole waist dug down in de ground, an' a black cat buried in it, judge. 'Twas my waist I see."

"Here Mandy paused, as if her evidence was complete.

"Well," asked the justice, 'how does that prove he stole it?"

"Why, judge, doan you see?" exclaimed Mandy, impatiently. 'Ever since then I got a leanin' toward dat nigga.'"

A HOLE IN THE SKY.



Caddy (to Jones, who has lofted one higher than usual)—Ah, sir, if there was only a hole up there you'd ha' holed out in one.

MAKING THINGS EASY.

It was hard to speak a disheartening word to the smiling Irish maid who seemed so eager to secure the situation, but even at the end of three days spent in employment offices Mrs. Gregg's sense of justice was keen.

"I cannot let you come thinking you are to have an easy place," she said, with wistful earnestness, "for it isn't. There are five of us and there's a great deal to do."

"Oh, but you don't know me, ma'am," said the dauntless maid. "I can make anny place I take aisy by jist lavin' out a little wurk here an' a little wurk there, ma'am."

"I that's all that's troublin' you you've no need to considher it at all!"—Youth's Companion.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH ROADS.

In England it is almost impossible to attain speed with safety in motoring. The roads twist and turn and the walls and hedges prevent the driver's seeing what there is beyond a curve. An average pace of 25 miles an hour is fairly good time in England.

Of course the country is settled much more thickly than France, which adds to the danger of speeding. Speed laws are enforced with severity in England, but if you will try the mettle of your motor, cross the channel. In France the road is yours.—Travel Magazine.

MAKING GAS FROM PEAT.

Among the varied uses of peat that for the production of gas is perhaps the least known. It has been used for this purpose, however, for the last 30 years in the steel works of Notala, in Sweden. From 13,000 to 16,000 cubic yards of peat are thus used yearly. It costs rather more than coal gas, but has the advantage of containing scarcely any sulphur or phosphorus. In several places in Europe peat gas is used for heating and in glass melting furnaces.

EASY!

"What would you do if you were in my place?" asked the government clerk of a friend.

"Why, I'd simply draw my salary just as you do!" was the reply.

REBUKE FOR THE VICAR

Farmer's Remark Put an End to Further Laudation of Clerical Gentleman's Achievement.

To test the safety of the church steeple, a North-country vicar climbed it with a scaling-ladder—a feat requiring no small amount of nerve. Naturally he was proud of his achievement, and talked rather more about it than was, perhaps, consistent with clerical modesty. He even called a meeting of his parishioners, and described to them, with a wealth of detail, his feelings while aloft.

"When I reached the top and saw the huge golden weathercock gleaming in the sunlight, what do you think I did?" he asked.

An old farmer, who looked the picture of boredom, hazarded a guess.

"You cheated the weathercock," he said.

"What do you mean, sir?" sharply demanded the vicar.

"Why, you did it out of the job of crowing," the unperturbed old farmer replied.

The vicar cut short his discourse then.—London Answers.

THE "DRAGO DOCTRINE."

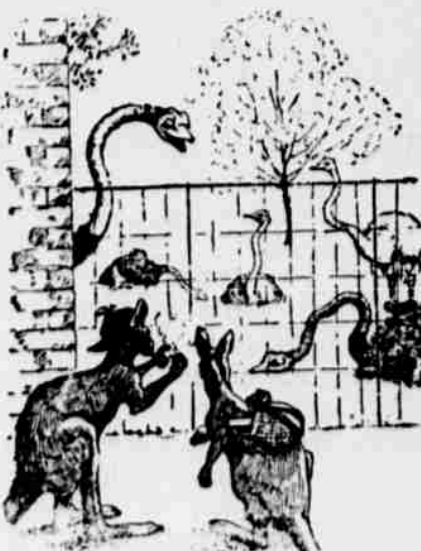
What is the "Drago doctrine," which is to be excluded from the deliberations of The Hague conference? It has nothing to do with the late Queen Draga of Serbia, but derives its name from Dr. Drago, foreign minister of the Argentine Republic, who, imitating the example of President Monroe, enunciated the convenient theory that debts owed to the citizens of one government by those of another may not be "collected" by force. This was when the combined fleets of England, Germany and Italy in 1902 appeared off Venezuela and caused Mr. Kipling to write his "Rowers." This "Drago doctrine" was naturally hailed with enthusiasm by all the money-borrowing republics of South America; but they were told from Washington that it could not be regarded as a sublause of the Monroe doctrine.

POORLY PAID TEACHERS.

It is a notorious fact that schoolmasters were once regarded as a servile class and treated accordingly. Their remuneration was ridiculously small, often amounting only to the right of living from house to house.

But it is doubtful if a more peculiar method of paying schoolmasters was ever devised than that which prevailed in certain English counties, notably Cumberland, during the early eighteenth century. Just before the beginning of Lent the boys would arrange to hold a cock fight, and each boy would make a payment to the master for the privilege. The "cock penny" was regarded a legitimate item in the master's income.—Sunday Magazine.

THE ZOO SPRING CLEANING.



Kangaroo with the Bag—I say, bill! ere's some of those new vacuum cleaners we've 'eard so much about."

SHE SMACKED OF BOOKS.

"They tell me you kissed Miss Sonnet, the poetress, on yesterday's automobile excursion."

"Yes; that is true."

"Indeed! And how did you—ah—find her?"

"Miss Sonnet has a marked literary taste."

WITH A GOOD DELIVERY.

"These are the days when the young divinity student has a mental struggle."

"As to what?"

"Whether to preach or pitch."

JUST WHY HE DID IT.

"John, why are you raising that window? Don't you know I will be unable to speak above a whisper by morning?"

"Yes'm—"

Houston Post.