

DANGER FROM EVERY POINT NOBODY GUESSED THE NAME

Navigation of the Air Puts the Finishing Touches on Perils of Humanity.

The aeronauts have given to dwellers on the earth a new peril. In Germany an airship crew landed on the roof of a house and went through.

Dragging the anchors have occasionally ripped up fences, and would rip up humans if the latter were not agile. Objects dropped from a balloon can hurt when even a little object has dropped from a mile or so in the air.

Dragging rope from a low balloon has possibilities of danger both for the balloon and for the people and property that may be underneath it.

The time is coming when we shall have to look out for occasional explosions beneath us that send manhole covers flying in the air, for vehicles of all kinds on the surface, and for the airship dangers overhead.

"RESCUED AT A FIRE."

There was some boasting of extraordinary presence of mind shown at fires, when an excitable man, in answer to a tale which had just been told, said: "Why, that's nothing! When I was in New York I heard of a big fire. I strolled over to see it. I found an old gentleman half out of a fourth story window gesticulating and calling aloud for help. Everyone seemed paralyzed. No ladder or escape would reach him. The crowd said he must burn to death. I rushed wildly forward and said: 'He shall not!' I called for a rope. I threw him the end, he caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did, and I pulled him down. Gentlemen, I saved that man from being burned to death."

WRAPPED IN MUSIC.



SHE HAD A JOB.

President A. B. Storms of the State college, Ames, Ia., in his new lecture, "Are We Sane or Insane?" tells the following incident in his discussion of the mad rush of American youth to get positions, to get at something that will bring them money.

"My sister who served as a missionary once asked a raw Norwegian girl if she didn't want to serve the Lord."

"'Nope,' said the girl, 'Aye got a yob,'"—Unidentified.

RESTORING HIS SENSE.

"Come with me," said the policeman on the beat to the fake blind, deaf and dumb beggar on the corner. "The squire will give you a hearing to-morrow."

"It will ruin my business," shouted the dumb man, "to give me a hearing. What's the use of a blind man's seeing his finish?"—Baltimore American.

LONG-LIVED IRISHMEN.

Among applicants at Donegal for old age pensions are three peasants who return their ages at 111, 108 and 106 years. One of them does not understand a word of English, and still affects the knee-breeches, swallow-tail coat and caubeen of two generations ago.—London Mail.

SIGHT-SEEING SIMPLIFIED.

"What a splendid device the camera is for the convenience of tourists!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "the next time I go abroad I'm going to anchor in Paris or Vienna and send a hired man around the continent to take snap shots."

NOT A BROMIDE.

"She is crazy to get married."

"Yes, I think so."

The strange thing about this is that the person to whom this remark was addressed didn't come back with the bromide: "Well, most everybody is."—Detroit Free Press.

Long-Headed Boys Had Hit on Great Scheme to Keep Appellation of Society a Secret.

The eight-year-old son of a well-known cartoonist attends a Sunday school in which the boys have formed what they call secret societies, the only "secret" being the name. The initials of the society are always made public and if any boy of a rival society guesses their signification the name is at once changed. It was two weeks before anybody guessed, for instance, that T. S. meant Temperance Soldiers, but recently Georgie came to his father and said:

"We've got one now they'll never guess."

"Well?" queried the father.

"Promise you'll never tell," asked Georgie.

The promise was given.

"M. E." said Georgie. "They all think it means 'Methodist Episcopal,' but it don't—it stands for 'Merican Eagles."

And thus far nobody has guessed.

—Success Magazine.

AN IMPROBABLE STARTER.

"And so you are not married yet?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Expect to be?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, pap says that my husband must be a keen and experienced man of good health and good habits. Mamma says he must be frugal, industrious, attentive and moral; and I say that he must be handsome, dashing, talented and rich. We are still looking for him."

HIGH-HANDED COURTS.

Mrs. Galey (with newspaper, angrily)—It's a crying shame the way those high courts pay no attention whatever to the wishes of the people! Such high-handed proceedings I never heard tell of.

Mr. Galey—What's the trouble now, dear?

Mrs. Galey—Why, in that Fassett divorce case the court decided the names of the co-respondents should not be made public.—Argonaut.

EASY VICTIM.

"You've got whiskers to burn," was the suggestive remark of the barber, as he inspected the long, straggling beard of the man in the chair.

"All right," said the customer, with a sigh of resignation. "You can go ahead and singe 'em."

For he didn't know but the barber's next suggestion might be that he make burnsides of them.

THE CROWNING CRITICISM.

"Do you expect to make people believe all you say in your speeches?"

"Of course not," answered Senator Sorghum. "An auditor never wants to be enlightened by any new facts. What he wants to hear is something he already believed, so that he can say 'Them's my sentiments!'"

ERA OF ORGANIZATION.

"Do you understand the differences between capital and labor?"

"Not exactly," said the cautious citizen. "It seems to me that they both have their troubles. The workingman has to keep his eye on the walking delegate, and the business man has to be on the lookout for the captain of industry."

SEIZING OPPORTUNITY.

"Don't you think you are taking big chances in permitting your daughter to marry that man?"

"I'd be taking bigger chances not to."

"I don't see how?"

"She might not marry at all."—Houston Post.

THE CLARION OF VICTORY.

Mrs. Raifense (at the supper table)—There's an auttymobile horn a-tootin' like mad.

Mr. Raifense—Darn 'em! Must a killed a cow tew be crowin' about it that much!—Puck.

OVER-WISE.

"Prof. Boogies is a fine example of too much learning."

"What's your drift?"

"He can predict a shower of rain, but when it comes he hasn't common sense enough to keep from getting wet."

PEDESTRIANS' WOES IN 1910

Glimpse Into the Future That Many Will Be Inclined to Think Is Not Overdrawn.

Chug-chug!

Br-r-r! br-r-r!

Honk-honk!

Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another; an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance.

He was standing upon a manhole cover.

Quickly seizing it he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

STRENUOUS EMPRESS.

The empress dowager of China is a woman of spirit. One of her chief recreations is wrestling with the women of the court. In her palace is a vast apartment set aside for the practice, and each afternoon she has a turn or two with her attendants. Some time ago it was suggested to the empress that fencing would be a variation. She agreed to the proposal, and a European drill sergeant was engaged. But the first lesson settled the empress' views. Fencing was too tame. After the demonstration she went up to the instructor, took his foil from him, flung it to the other end of the room, and seized the sergeant. After a severe struggle she made him touch the ground with both shoulders.

VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

There is in Ceylon a valley of dry bones. This valley, near Talawakele, is said to be a vast underground tunnel, with numerous entrances and exits. According to English planters in Ceylon, when an elephant feels its last hour approaching it will, if permitted to do so, escape into the jungles and die. Once the sick elephant gets away it is never seen again. Where they go is a problem. As they vanish so mysteriously in the hour of death the tale is told by the natives that they die in an underground cave. The particular cave, however, has never been discovered, though numerous expeditions have sought for it. The person who finds this elephant sepulcher will probably reap a fortune.

HELP!



He—Supposing I were to kiss you? She—I should scream for help.

He—But I shouldn't want any help.

THE COLONEL'S APPLEJACK.

A story is told of a colonel in Gen. Lee's division in the late civil war who sometimes indulged in more applejack than was good for him. Passing him one evening, leaning against a tree, the general said:

"Good evening, colonel. Come over to my tent for a moment, please."

"S-S-cuse me, G-g-en'r'l, s-s-cuse me," replied the colonel. "It's bout all I can do to stay where I am."

NOT IN THE RHETORIC.

"What we want from you is a speech—that will make sparkling and forceful reading from beginning to end."

"Impossible," answered the campaign orator. "What you suggest is a three-column epigram."

ECONOMY.

Howell—How many meals a day do you have?

Powell—Two. We have breakfast, and then it takes my wife until dinner time to decide what to have for luncheon.

ASK TAFT TO ACT

Country's Consumers Invoke Him Against Sugar Trust

New York, April 27. Urging President Taft to loosen the tariff tentacles with which the sugar trust octopus squeezed from all American consumers over \$100,000,000 last year, the customers of 200,000 small grocers throughout the land sent to the white house from this city today a final plea for a real reduction on this universal household necessity which congress has refused in the face of petitions from the people of every state in the union.

Through the committee of wholesale grocers, which has been formed here to assist in obtaining cheaper sugar for consumers through reduction of duties on raw and refined sugar; the heads and housewives of over 100,000 American families have recorded their support of this movement, which the official figures show can result in an annual saving of \$8 to every household in the land.

Only the intervention of the president can today save the wage earners of the entire country from paying tribute at breakfast, dinner and supper to the powerful trust which has saddled sugar on the plain people with a burden of duty eight times that on diamonds, it is declared.

Reminding the president that besides the little brown sugar growers of the Philippines there are 90,000,000 men, women and children on his home continent in the grasp of the sugar trust, this petition of the American consumers asks for a square deal in reducing the huge 80 per cent tariff, on the basis of which fully 2c is tacked to the price of each pound of this kitchen staple of which 2,284,791 tons were imported for consumption last year. In forwarding to Washington this mass of requests from their customers for cheaper sugar, the grocers declare that their interest in increased consumption is identical with that of the consumer, and cite the recorded statement of the independent refiners that they require no protection and favor the admission of both raw and refined sugar entirely free of duty. The fact that the sugar trust has recently sold for export large quantities of sugar at almost 2c a pound less than it was offered to American consumers is also called to the attention of President Taft as proof that the trust can refine sugar without protection much better than every housewife can afford to pay tariff tax of fully 20c every time she fills her 10 pound sugar jar.

Included in the thousands of petitioners against this trust tax on their daily food are hundreds of granges and farmers who have hastened to register their protest over the counters of the village groceries in every section of the country.

Ten millions of farmers today pay a 2c tax on every pound of sugar for their households, they point out, solely to give a bounty to less than 100,000 farmers who are engaged in raising sugar beets for the trust which is known to control the domestic product.

Though this is the greatest fruit-growing country in the world, it is further asserted, the stunting of the canning and preserving industry through lack of cheap sugar today robs the farmers of what might be an enormous demand for their fruit.

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