

LOST WITH ADVANCING AGE

Why the Man of Middle Age Does Not Retain the Taste of His Boyhood.

I've just discovered why things tasted better to me when I was a boy than they do now," said the man, as he indifferently surveyed the vands the waiter put before him. "It's not because my appetite has become blase with age, but because I really had a larger sense of taste when I was a kid. Yes, I just got that information straight from a scientific friend. He said that kids have a sense of taste at the sides of their cheeks which disappears with maturity. He also told me that sour, sweet, bitter, alkali and salt are the only taste sensations, and the other things I eat I enjoy from my sense of smell rather than a sense of taste. He said if I would put sweet things on the tip of my tongue they would taste sweeter to me than if I just put them in my mouth indiscriminately, as it were and that if I wanted to make the taking of bitter medicine less disagreeable I should avoid putting it at the back of my tongue. "Really, the things he told me about taste and my tongue made me almost afraid of eating. I didn't know my tongue was such a complex affair. I only wish the sense of taste in my cheeks would return while I tackle this piece of apple pie, so that it would taste as good to me as it used to in my boyhood days."

WAGNER AS A STATESMAN

Writer Gives an Intimation of What Great Ballplayer's Speech Would Be Like.

If Shortstop Hans Wagner should really be elected to congress it is possible that his maiden speech in the house would go something like this: "I'm swinging hard against this bill, Mr. Speaker," he might say, "and if it comes within reaching distance I'm going to slam it against the scoreboard. I've been watching this play from the bench and it looks like a hippodrome to me. Th' guys that are trying to get the bill over are doing a funny stunt all right, but they ain't cut the corner of the plate with me. No, sir. O, I'm on to the signals! While our side is stealing second the other fellers will steal everything in sight. That ain't the way I was brought up to run the bases. I slide for 'em—no spiking! If I'm thrown out I take my medicine like a little man. I ain't used to playing in the dark with a lot of tricky outlaws. Give me a fair field and no favor, and straight umpiring and a seven-pound wagon tongue, and I'll hand this bill a smote that will carry it over the fence of defeat and drop it in the back alley of oblivion. That's me, Honus Wagner!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Schooling the Parrot.

Under the family's tutelage chattering seemed about all that the parrot was capable of, so an expert in the teaching of parrots was called in. The first thing the expert did was to feed him. Presently the bird blinked drowsily and the lesson began. The bird appeared to profit by his instruction, but his owner was not satisfied. "I am afraid you have a harmful influence over him," said she. "He gets so dopey after you have been here a few minutes." "That is because he has been doped a little," said the expert. "I mix a light sleeping potion with his food. He doesn't get enough to put him to sleep, but it makes him drowsy. All parrots learn better just before they go to sleep. If you can catch them on the edge of natural sleep you get better results, but this fellow is so lively that doping won't hurt him and he will learn more in a month that way than in a year of flopping around."

To Ward Off Old Age.

Without advancing the hope of lengthening the span of life by the sour-milk diet of Prof. Metchnikoff or any other plan, Dr. Doyen of Paris believes senile decay may be retarded and the body kept in healthful activity throughout the natural period. To preserve vitality he invokes the aid of ferments to increase the white corpuscles in the blood, which are known to work so effectively against parasitic germs. He has named his energizer "mycolysine," and he states that, it powerfully stimulates the white corpuscles, thus not only lessening the inactivity of the old-age period, but giving resistance to various digestive and respiratory maladies. He claims that it acts against colds, bronchitis and even epidemic diseases.

Recovery of Lost Standards.

A curious experiment was once made to determine whether a lost standard could be recovered by purely personal efforts. The assumption was made that the standard of length was lost. One hundred operatives and others accustomed to dealing with measurements were asked to give by estimate their ideas of what the given standard was—in other words, to guess at length of the meter. It was found that the guesses were most accurate for lengths of about six inches—that small lengths were underestimated and larger ones were overestimated. Taking the average of the 100 subjects the result varied but a few one thousandths from the truth.

Money-Making Thoughts.

Harker—You seem in a deep study. A penny for your thoughts, old man. Bluffwood—O, I'm a rapid thinker and have 500 thoughts at once. Pass me over a five spot.

OVERSHADOWED POET'S FAME

Thrifty Fellow-Citizen of Whittier Pointed Out Blot on His Memory.

Will Carleton, in a speech before the Writer's club, related the following reminiscence of a visit to the poet Whittier's old home: "I was billed to lecture one evening at the town which had been for long years the home of the Good Quaker poet. Just before I went over to the hall, a thrifty-looking citizen accosted me. "Will you probably say anything in praise of Mr. Whittier, to-night?" he asked, after a few general remarks. "Why, yes," I replied: "I had thought of referring to him, and in a very complimentary way. I have read, admired, and revered him, all my life, and it will be a privilege, here in his own town, to add my humble tribute to that of the world at large." "Well, that's all right," responded the thrifty-looking citizen, "and we've no objection in particular, to your doing so; but you mustn't be disappointed if you don't get any applause with it." "Why?" I inquired. "Was he not idolized here—is not his memory held in veneration? Has he not advertised this town all over the world?" "Well, perhaps so," was the reply, "but after he died, we found out that he wasn't paying taxes enough on what property he owned, and, don't you see, it has kind of made him unpopular."

EDUCATOR TOO POORLY PAID

Telling Point Made by President of Brown University in a Recent Speech.

President Faunce, of Brown university, at a dinner of the alumni of that institution the other day, spoke sympathetically of the work of the college professor, whose real business, he declared, is to "not to stuff the student's mind with information, but to train the intellect to grapple with and analyze complex situations." That this important business is ill paid he illustrated by telling of a question and its answer. "If you won't take offense," said a rich man to a college professor, "what salary do you receive?" "Twelve hundred dollars," was the reply. "Why," replied the rich man, "that is just what I pay my chauffeur, except that when I take him out of town I pay all his expenses." Then Dr. Faunce asked his audience: "Can we afford to pay our chauffeurs as much as we pay the men who educate our sons?" It was a pertinent question, tellingly put. Which should have the greater reward, the man who drives an automobile or the man who trains the intellect for the tasks of life?

He Was Prepared.

Blanche Ring, the actress, is always preaching caution—whether she practices it or not is, as Kipling says, another story. "If everyone was only as cautious as a man I once knew," she said the other night, "nobody would ever go broke. He called at the money-order window of the local post office and asked permission to send an order for \$100 to the 'old country.' Then the man with the money gave his own name as payee. "I'm going over next week," he volunteered, "and I want to have the money waiting for me on the other side, so that I can give it to my mother." "Why don't you take it with you?" asked the clerk. "You would save 40 cents." "Well, suppose the ship sinks and I drown?"—Young's Magazine.

Photographic Detective.

A scientific organization in France has employed an ingenious device to test the alleged power of a young woman to tell the contents of unopened boxes. The committee, appointed by the organization to make the test, took a photographic plate and exposed it in a camera as if for an ordinary picture. Then the plate was cut in two, and one-half of it, carefully protected from the light, was enclosed with other objects in a sealed box. After the young woman had described the contents of the box the committee developed the two halves of the plate. That which was in the box was "fogged," showing that it had been exposed to light, while the other half developed a perfectly clear picture.

Deaf Hear at Telephone.

Among the many curiosities of the telephone and one which certainly never was thought of when the instrument was invented, is the fact that persons who are extremely deaf often can hear perfectly over the telephone. Those who are so deaf that they can distinguish nothing which is said to them except by the motion of the lips or by the use of an ear trumpet or other similar device can carry on long distance telephone conversations with perfect ease and never miss a word.

Enthusiasm Extraordinary.

Many Chinamen were wrought up to a high state of enthusiasm by the provincial assemblies opened last December throughout the empire. One native schoolmaster was especially fervent. To express his feelings he chopped off one of his fingers and with the stump wrote out eight characters showing his hearty approval. He brought this testimony to the delegates from his district in bidding them farewell.

ROYALTY ON ITS TRAVELS

Good Stories Told by Senator Dewey of the Dolings of Potentates of Hawaii.

Senator Dewey of New York, famous as an after-dinner speaker, told two good stories in the senate while he was speaking on a bill to regulate the government of Hawaii. He said, in reviewing the history of the islands, that the king and queen of the islands once came to America and then went to Europe. "An incident of this trip," said the senator, "was one of the rare contributions to the sedate movement of history, which promotes good fellowship by adding to the gaily of nations. Chicago received the king with impressive ceremonies on his arrival. After a weary day of parades and reviews the then mayor of the metropolis of the west found a king on his hands. Kings were not in his line, nor was he familiar with their attributes, the customs of court or the methods of addressing them. To relieve himself of embarrassment he drove his majesty to the leading hotel, and leaving him in the lobby, said: 'Good afternoon, king; we have had a hard day, and I think you had better go up to your room and wash up.' "When their majesties arrived in London they were entertained by royalty and were guests at Windsor," continued the senator. "There was a current story at the time," he said, "that at the dinner the Hawaiian queen said to Queen Victoria: 'Your majesty, I am a blood relative.' To the astonished inquiry, 'How so?' the Hawaiian queen answered, 'My grandfather ate Capt. Cook.'"

NONE TO DO HIM REVERENCE

Sad Time, Indeed, for the One Time Political Boss, When He Is "Down and Out."

No better exposition of the cold-blooded nature of the political machine, with the quick desertion of its adherents when "there's nothing to it," could there be than the lonely death of the man who ruled New York state and for a while made governors, senators, and even tried his hand at president-making, says the New York Post. A man who called to see him in his little Eleventh street flat about a year ago asked if it was in this place he received his friends. "I have no friends," said the old man bitterly. "But your old associates, the men for whom you did things; surely they come to see you?" "No, they don't." "But how about your classmates in Yale—are any of them alive?" "I don't know," was the indifferent reply. "Don't you ever go down to the Yale club?" "I never was a member of the Yale club." Another reference to neglectful friends seemed to wake in him a new vigor. "I'll expose them, I'll expose them," he exclaimed. "I'm writing my memoirs, and I'll expose them."

First English Words.

"It is a libel on foreigners to say that the first English word they learn is 'damn,'" said the trained nurse. "It isn't 'damn' at all, it is 'upsey daisy.' There is something about that classic nursery phrase that tickles their ears. They seem to pick it up the day they leave Ellis island. I know hundreds of foreigners—the poor, hard-working kind, with big families—and am familiar with their linguistic attainments. They are fond fathers and mothers, most of them, and they jabber baby talk as volubly as American parents. Most of it is their native jargon, but 'upsey daisy' is the gem of their vocabulary. Go into any foreign quarter you please, and watch the grown-ups toss the babies to the ceiling. Nine times out of ten they will preface that stunt with 'upsey daisy.'"

The Shortest Biography.

"This is the life of little me. I am the wife of Beerbohm Tree." Thus Lady Beerbohm Tree when asked to write her "life"—surely the shortest autobiography on record. Lady Tree is shortly to appear on the variety stage, and patrons of the music halls will then have an opportunity of seeing one of England's cleverest and most distinguished actresses; for, besides her histrionic gifts, Lady Tree from an early age developed a taste for classics and mathematics. Her favorite subject was Greek, at which she was most learned, and many years ago she took part in a Greek play before an audience which included so distinguished a classical authority as the late Mr. Gladstone.—Tit-Bits.

Hanged Wrong Man.

Lesurques, the principal figure in the famous judicial tragedy of the Lyons mail, which has been staged the world over, left a number of relatives, at the time of his execution. When his innocence was subsequently established, Napoleon III, in 1865, granted a pension in perpetuity to the man's lined descendants. The pension was paid by the French government until quite recently. A few days ago a Mme. Behague, who described herself as the direct descendant of Lesurques on the female side, wrote to the minister of justice in Paris, insisting upon her right to the pension. The lady, who is 60 years old, is prepared to produce the necessary proofs in order to establish her identity.

DEFECTS OF THE EYESIGHT

Curious Connection Between the Organs of Vision and the Teeth Has Been Proved.

Many eye defects, of course, are due to the bad habits of their possessors. Tobacco, for instance, is generally held to impair their vision, usually injuring the color sense so that gold and silver become indistinguishable. According to some medical authorities, again, the connection between eye and tooth trouble is more than an old wife's fable. In his book dealing with the subject, Hancock relates the story of a boy who woke up one morning to find himself blind. On examination, his teeth were discovered to be crowded together, and a few of them were removed, with the result that by evening he could distinguish between light and darkness. More teeth were removed, and in 11 days his sight was fully restored. Other cases which tend to show the connection between eye and tooth trouble have also been noted. Very frequently occupation has much to do with one or other eye defect. Thus, nystagmus is sometimes known as the miners' disease. Nystagmus is an involuntary oscillation of the eyeball to and fro or round in its orbit. In contradistinction to glaucoma, it is a young defect, having been noticed in infants, but sometimes it attacks miners after 40. Miners are inclined to attribute the falling to the bad light, but it is more likely to be caused by the continual upward glance so often necessitated by their occupation.

An Amateur of Wives.

Luther Burbank, at the cactus dinner that he recently gave in Santa Rosa, said: "As we all see, the fruit of the cactus is not bad. Some people, though, would turn from cactus with horror. Tastes differ. One man, such a man as myself, for instance, finding a single wife too many, remains unmarried. Another man, like Cetewayo, finds a thousand wives scarcely enough. "When Wolseley conquered Cetewayo, he took nearly all his wives away from him. I believe he left the monarch only a half-dozen or thereabouts. "Cetewayo, day after day, sent piteous messages to Wolseley, pleading for the rest of his wives, but the British soldier refused sternly. "When Wolseley came to leave the country, Cetewayo, in desperation, sent this message to him: "If you will not send me any more wives, will you not, at least, be enough of a gentleman to exchange the six I have for six others?"

Unkind Reminder.

The dialogue between President Taft and the Chicago newspaper men, in which he spoke feelingly of the time when Cincinnati considered herself a rival of Chicago as to population, and his home city's having reduced her "brag" now to age only, reminded a former resident of Cincinnati of this story: Some years ago a number of commercial travelers met after business hours in the lobby of a big hotel in Chicago and the various cities which they "drummed" were the topic of conversation. The travelers were nearly all New Yorkers and the vulnerable points of the various cities were attacked. A Cincinnati whisky salesman in the crowd took up the cudgel for his city, "and among other things in its favor spoke of its beautiful suburbs, its good beer, its fondness for music, its educational institutions and its patronage of the fine arts. 'There's one thing you haven't mentioned,'" said a St. Louis man. "Cincinnati isn't as dirty as Pittsburg."

His Life Enriched the World.

Happy is the man who knows how to enjoy his leisure in a way to alleviate the cares of life. Such a man, says the Springfield Republican, was Dr. Matthias Cook, a physician of Utica, N. Y., who recently died at the age of 70 years. He was a leading member of the Oneida County Medical society, but beyond his professional work did other things well. He was well known as a singer. He had a famous flower garden. He made an entomological collection of over 5,000 specimens, which he gave to the Utica Free academy. He became known through the world as a raiser of high-bred pigeons. He had a reputation for microscopical studies. He gathered a collection of postage stamps, which he finally sold for \$3,000. Besides all these things, no physician in Utica did more charitable work than Dr. Cook. He would seem to have been as well entitled to be called an "all-round man" as anybody.

The Bomb Man.

Lecoq, the detective, ordered a fourth egg-nog. "Bomb men are the pest of Russia," he said. "As we have green-goods men here, so they have bomb men there. "You, for instance, are a farmer, Stepan Stepanovitch. You come to Petersburg to see the sights and suddenly a man thrusts his hand in your pocket and says: "Cursed aristocrat, I have placed a bomb in your trousers. Move a muscle and it will go off." "You stand perfectly still. You are half dead with fright. After ten minutes or so, though, you collect enough courage to ask a passerby if he will please remove very carefully the bomb placed in your pocket by an anarchist, and the passerby draws forth gingerly a brick." "A brick," he repeated. "But Stepan Stepanovitch's purse, containing 17 roubles and 48 kopecks, is quite gone."

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