Mean Slap.

"What's the matter?"

"What's the matter? Wombat says I'm the worst liar in town."

"Don't be discouraged. You may be the worst now, but anybody who keeps at it as persistently as you do is apt to become a pretty good liar in time."

FACE BROKE OUT IN PIMPLES

Falls City, Neb.—"My trouble began when I was about sixteen. My face broke out in little pimples at first. They were red and sore and then became like little boils. I picked at my face continually and it made my face red and sore looking and then I would wake up at night and scratch it. It was a source of continual annoyance to me, as my face was always red and splotched and burned all the time.

"I tried ——, —— and others, but I could find nothing to cure it. I had been troubled about two years before I found Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and tried them and I then bought some. I washed my face good with the Cuticura Soap and hot water at night and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In the morning I washed it off with the Cuticura Soap and hot water. In two days I noticed a decided improvement, while in three weeks the cure was complete." (Signed) Judd Knowles, Jan. 10, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Apparatus for pumping an anesthetic into a person's lungs and insuring the administration of a definite dose has been invented by a Paris doctor.

If you would save money, never bet on a sure thing.

Write to Smith

When your shoes wear out what do you do — kick and go barefooted? No, you get new ones.

If your land's played out, growling about it won't help. Look around and see where you can do better. Maybe you're just in a rut and don't know it.

Some of the best land in this universe is along the lines of the

Union Pacific

STANDARD ROAD OF THE WEST

Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, Colorado, Utah and Nevada. A good deal has been settled and there's a good deal to be settled yet.

If you will write to R. A. Smith, Colonization Agent, Union Pacific, Omaha, Nebraska, and tell him what you want, whether you want one acre, five, ten or a thousand acres, he will tell you what the soil will produce—what it won't produce—where the best apple country is—where the best truck farming country is, etc. and the price.

The interest this great system has in this country is to settle it with people who will be a credit to the country and to see that those people have a full and complete knowledge of conditions before they go out. That's why it appointed Smith.

After you have found out all you want to know, go out there and see it. The Union Pacific has made

Reduced Fares for Colonists

effective September 25th to October 10th.

For the fare from your home town and for specific information, write to Smith.

318

WHAT has become of the White House brides? There have been twelve of them. Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson will be No. 13. But she feels no superstitious alarm on that score, 13 being the luckiest of numbers in the Wilson family.

It is interesting to consider the fact that three of the round dozen of White House brides, including the first one, Lucy Payne, and the last one, Alice Roosevelt, married congressmen. Also that two, Della Lewis and Nellie Grant, became the wives of foreigners. Only one president, Mr. Cleveland, was married in the White House, although another, Mr. Tyler, took to himself a spouse during his term of office.

In earlier days White House weddings were always celebrated in the circular room, the state department, oval in shape, which is now called the blue room. But of late years Washington society has expanded to such an extent, numerically speaking, that, with perhaps 1,000 guests to be invited, the east room is none too large for the staging of so important a spectacle as a marriage in the White House.

At the wedding of Alice Roosevelt, which occurred Feb. 17, 1906, the east room was almost uncomfortably crowded.

The bridal pair were wed on a raised platform before an extemporized altar. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, bishop of Washington, and breakfast for sixty persons was served in the state dining room, a buffet lunch for the other guests being furnished in the green room.

Nick Longworth, at that time a member of congress from Cincinnati, is exceedingly popular. He can do amusing things with the piano, is a first-class baseball player and has other accomplishments. At the date of his marriage he was nearly forty. Though not rich, he will eventually inherit a considerable fortune from his mother. His wife has spent most of her time since her marriage in Washington, where she is a leader of the young married women's set. She has no children.

There was a gap of nearly twenty years between the Roosevelt wedding and that of Frances Folsom, who was married in the White House June 2, 1886, to President Cleveland. She was only twenty years old at the time and was the daughter of Mr. Cleveland's former law partner. On this occasion the ceremony was semi-private and the blue room was plenty big enough for the bridal party and a small number of invited guests.

When her husband died, five years ago, Mrs. Cleveland was left very well off. In addition, congress voted her the customary $5,000 a year as the pension of a president's widow. A few months ago she was married to Thomas J. Preston.

When Rutherford B. Hayes was colonel of the Third Ohio Volunteers the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was Russell Hastings. Whence it came about that Colonel Hastings, in later years, made the acquaintance of Emily Platt, a niece of President Hayes. Miss Platt was a member of the White House family through the Hayes administration, being regarded almost as a daughter. When she became engaged to Colonel Hastings it was arranged that she should be married in the White House, and the ceremony was performed there on June 19, 1878, at 7 o'clock in the evening. It was wholly a family affair.

Four years earlier took place the wedding of Nellie Grant, the third daughter of a president to be married in the White House. On this occasion the spectacle was staged in the east room, then used for the purpose for the first time. The date was May 21, 1874, and the bridegroom was Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris, an Englishman.

Ellen Wrenshall Grant was a handsome girl of eighteen, with brown hair and eyes, rosy cheeks and a plump figure. Sartoris, who was the son of a member of parliament and was said to have an income of $60,000 a year, met her for the first time on a steamer coming back from Europe. The wooing was rapid, but General Grant disapproved of the match and did not give his consent for more than a year.

There are plenty of people living today who well remember the popular excitement caused by this international marriage. It was estimated that the wedding presents represented a value of more than $100,000.

Certainly no marriage ever started out with a fairer outlook. But unfortunately the prospect was not realized. Sartoris, who was an idler, like many Englishmen of his class, did not make a satisfactory husband, and Mrs. Sartoris was eventually compelled to divorce him. Her son, named Algernon after his father, recently married a French girl, Cecile Mouflard, and is now residing in France. Two daughters are married.

A little over a year ago—Mr. Sartoris having meanwhile died—Mrs. Sartoris took a second husband, Frank Hatch Jones, being married to him on July 4, 1912, at Cobourg, Canada.

On the evening of Jan. 31, 1842, Elizabeth Tyler, third daughter of President Tyler, then a girl of eighteen, was married in the blue room of the White House to William Waller, a member of congress from Williamsbrug, Va.

It is not possible in all instances to trace the subsequent history of the White House brides, some of whom, indeed, such as those of the Jackson administration, were persons of no prominence apart from the fact that they were married in the White House.

Soon after this marriage Mrs. Tyler died, and within a short time the widowed president took to himself a second wife, whose name was Julia Gardiner. She was a New York girl.

Returning from abroad with her father, Miss Gardiner visited Washington and met President Tyler.

Soon afterward President Tyler became engaged to Miss Gardiner, and they were married in New York, the bridal party returning immediately to the White House, where the wedding reception was held.

Mr. Tyler was fifty-six and his bride only twenty. John Quincy Adams, then in congress and a bitter enemy of the president, spoke of the marriage as a "union of January and May."

Young Mrs. Tyler did the honors of the White House for eight months, until the close of the administration. Then she and her husband went to their Virginia home, where they lived seventeen years. When Mr. Tyler died his widow took her children to her mother's home at Carleton Hill, Staten Island, and there spent the rest of her life.

When Van Buren was president Dolly Madison was still the leader of Washington society, and it was she who introduced to him the beautiful Angelica Singleton, daughter of a distinguished South Carolina family. Miss Singleton became a frequent guest at the White House, and the president's son, Major Abram Van Buren, fell in love with her. He married her in November, 1833, at her home in South Carolina, but the wedding reception was held at the White House, where young Mrs. Van Buren immediately took charge of affairs as mistress of the establishment, the president being a widower.

Andrew Jackson was remarkably devoid of relatives. Perhaps it was on this acount and because he was fond of young people that he made so much of his wife's relations. Two of the latter were married in the White House at his request during his administration. A third young woman who enjoyed the same distinction was Delia Lewis of Nashville, the daughter of an intimate friend of the president.

The second marriage at the White House during the Jackson regime was that of Mary Easten, another Tennessee girl, who was a niece of Mrs. Jackson. In this instance the bridegroom was Lucien B. Polk, likewise of Tennessee. The pair went to live at Columbia, Tenn., where they spent the rest of their lives very happily.

Elizabeth Martin was a relative of Mrs. Jackson's. She was married in the White House to a young clerk, Lewis Randolph, a son of Martha Jefferson Randolph, who was the eldest daughter of Thomas Jefferson.

This takes us back as far as the administration of John Quincy Adams, who had three sons. The handsomest of the three brothers was John Adams, a graduate of Harvard, notoriously hot tempered and inheriting the arrogance of his grandfather, after whom he was named.

At that time a young man named Hellen, from Philadelphia, was employed in the White House in a secretarial capacity. He had a very pretty sister named Mary, and John Adams fell in love with her, finally obtaining the consent of his parents to their marriage, notwithstanding some opposition to start with.

The ceremony was performed in the circular room, and there was dancing afterward, the president and his wife taking part in the Virginia reel.

It has been said of the Monroes that they made fewer friends in Washington than any presidential family before or since. They were very exclusive and so formal that Mr. Monroe once refused to see a near relative who called at the White House because the visitor was not attired in the small clothes appropriate to full dress. Mrs. Hay, the eldest daughter, would not visit the wives of the diplomats because they did not call first upon her. Thus it came about that when the youngest daughter, Maria Hester Monroe, married her cousin, Samuel Laurence Gouverneur, then secretary to the president, nobody was at the wedding except members of the families of the bride and bridegroom. It took place in the circular room at noon on March 9, 1820, and the clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Hawley of St. John's church, wore knee breeches with silver buckles on his low shoes.

The couple spent their summers at Oak Hill, Loudon county, Va. They lived in New York in winter. Ex-President Monroe died in the New York house while on a visit to his daughter. They had three children, two of them boys.

Maria Monroe Gouverneur died at Oak Hill at the age of forty-nine and was buried there.

Anna Todd of Philadelphia was married at the White House in 1812 to John G. Jackson, a member of congress from Virginia and a grandnuncle of Stonewall Jackson.

History is unfortunately silent in regard to subsequent events in the life of Anna Todd, but it is known that she went to Virginia with her, husband and lived there the rest of her life.

Dolly Madison had two sisters. One of them, Anna, became the wife of Congressman Cutts of Maine. The other and younger sister, Lucy, was married at fifteen years of age to George Steptoe Washington, a nephew of the Father of His Country. He died and she went to live with the Madisons.

All of which merely leads up to the fact that on the evening of March 11, 1811, Lucy, the widow aforementioned, was married at the White House to a Kentucky widower named Todd, who was an associate justice of the Supreme court. This was the first White House wedding and was celebrated with all the eclat possible in those comparatively simple days.

It will be noticed that only four of the twelve White House brides have been daughters of Presidents. The first of these was Maria Monroe, the second Elizabeth Tyler, the third Nellie Grant and the fourth Alice Roosevelt. Jessie Woodrow Wilson will be the fifth.

HARD TO REALIZE.

"We quickly accept conditions as they are. It's hard to realize that a bald-headed man ever had hair."

"That's true."

"Yet some of them not only had hair, but long, crinkly curls."

A DILEMMA.

"I suppose Mrs. Smith is much distressed about her husband's death."

"I don't know about that. He was so mean and cranky that in one way, it is a relief. But then black is so horribly unbecoming to her."

THE BOSS SPEAKS.

"Young man," said the boss, "I like to see you arrive in the morning feeling fresh."

"Yes, sir."

"But let it end there. You have a habit of keeping your freshness up all day."

NOTHING SERIOUS.

"Was I full when you saw me last night?"

"I wouldn't like to say that."

"Come on. What was I doing?"

"Well, you were challenging a lamp-post to race."

CALLED DIPLOMACY TO AID

Officer's Imitations of Purse Overcome and Generous Hospitality Returned in Fitting Manner.

A veteran in the United States army recently told of the shrewdness displayed by a major in the old days. He had been appointed to the command of an army post on an island not a great way from San Francisco.

Soon after his arrival there a French fleet dropped anchor in the harbor. The commander invited the major aboard the flagship and entertained him royally.

The idea struck the worthy major the next day that he was in honor bound to return the compliment; but he was staggered by the expense involved.

To give a banquet befitting his dignity as a United States officer entertaining distinguished representatives of a foreign nation would mean bankruptcy, as the government had not authorized him to draw on its treasury for such a purpose, and the cost of the affair would have to come out of his own pocket. A bright idea struck him.

He invited the naval visitors to be his guests the third day thereafter at an "American picnic." Then he sent invitations to the best people of the neighborhood to join him in a basket picnic at a grove near at hand on the same day, "to meet our French naval friends now on our shores."

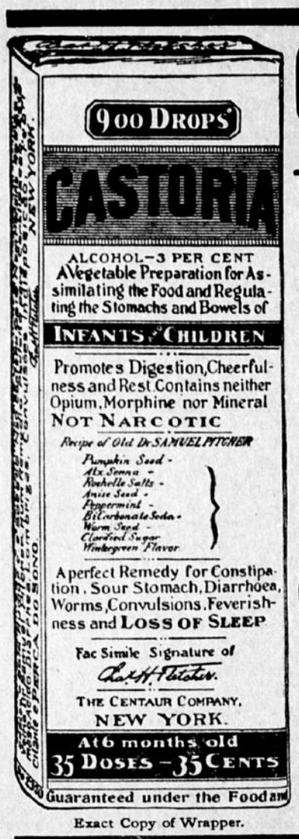
The people came with great baskets and hampers of provisions. A royal feast was spread in the grove, and the picnic was long remembered as one of the most notable social successes of its time.—The Sunday Magazine.

Squelched.

Grouchy Parent—No, sir, my daughter shall not marry you.

Suitor—But your daughter wishes to, sir, and she told me just now that you would deny her nothing.

Grouchy Parent—That, sir, is precisely what I am doing.



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Not to Be Caught Napping.

Many are the charms adopted by society women with a grain of superstition in their make-up, and one of the most unique is that worn by a young matron who spends much of her time at Atlantic City. Attention being called to her curious pendant—a polished substance set in pearls and suspended from a slender gold chain—she was asked what manner of stone it might be. "Stone?" she laughed. "It's just plain, ordinary wood. You see, I have a most unfortunate tendency to boast, and at such times caution tells me to knock wood. Oftentimes there is no wood at hand, so all I have to do to save myself from my rashness is to tap my little locket. Simple, ain't it?"

HE CARRIED AN UMBRELLA.

A dear old lady who was very "sot" in her prejudices was asked just why she didn't like a certain man. She had no particular reason that she could think of at the instant, but she had been so emphatic in her expression of dislike that she knew she would have to find some excuse—at once. Just at that moment she happened to glance out of the window and saw him passing by. He carried a neatly rolled umbrella though it hardly threatened rain.

Quick as a flash she answered her questioner, "He carries an umbrella whether it's raining or not—he is a 'softie.'"

"But," said her friend, also looking out of the window, "here comes your son William, and he is carrying an umbrella."

This did not stump the old lady. "But that's another matter—I don't like him anyhow—and besides, it all depends on who carries the umbrella," she replied triumphantly.

That is the position some people have taken regarding that wholesome and refreshing beverage Coca-Cola. They have said a good many unkind things about it and in each instance have had it proved to them that their tales were not true.

Finally they seized upon the fact that Coca-Cola gets much of its refreshing deliciousness from the small bit of caffeine that it contains. They looked upon that as a splendid argument against it. Then, like the old lady who was reminded of son William, they were reminded that it is the caffeine in their favorite beverages, tea and coffee, (even more than in Coca-Cola) that gives them their refreshing and sustaining qualities.

But does that stop their criticism of Coca-Cola for containing caffeine? No—their answer is similar to the old lady's—they say "But that's another matter"—what they mean is "Being prejudiced against Coca-Cola and liking tea or coffee, it all depends on what carries the caffeine."

We think the joke is on them—for caffeine is caffeine, and if it is not harmful in one it can't be harmful in another. We all know that it is not harmful in tea or coffee—that it is really helpful in whatever it is—this is bound to include Coca-Cola.

Of course, the truth is, that having started an attack on false premises and having had what they thought were good reasons for criticism proved to be no reasons at all, they are grasping at an excuse which does not exist, to explain a prejudice. So you see, after all, it all depends on who carries the umbrella to people who are determined to be unfair. Let us be fair.—Adv.

Ready Answer.

Beggar—Can you help a poor, gent, mister?

Passer-by—Hum! What sort of a gent do you call yourself?

Beggar—A indigent, sir.

It is easier to break a man's will than it is to sidetrack a woman's won't.

Evidently Knew the Kind.

Mrs. M. left the house for a few moments one morning, telling little Hazel to answer the door bell if necessary. Presently there was a ring. The lady caller, learning that Mrs. M. was not at home, opened her cardcase, and in doing so a bit of tissue paper fluttered to the steps. Picking it up, Hazel remarked: "Mith, you dropped one of your thigarette papeth."—The Delineator.

All the world loves a good liver, more or less.

Opening Fort Peck Indian Reservation

Uncle Sam's last big land opening—1,345,000 acres of rich prairie land thrown open to white settlers. 8,406 homesteads of 160 acres each are waiting. Located in Northeastern Montana, just north of the Missouri River, on the main line of the Great Northern Railway. Rich, sandy, loam soil capable of raising 20 to 30 bushels of wheat and 40 to 60 bushels of oats per acre.

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