



**Baby Had His Choice.**  
There were two apples, a large one and a small one, to be divided between two small boys. Their mother handed them to the elder and said: "Now see how much of a man you can be. It would be nice to give little brother his choice."  
When she went into their room a few moments later she saw the smaller boy in possession of the smaller apple.

"How is this?" she asked. "I thought you were to give brother his choice."  
"I did, mamma."  
"And he chose the smaller apple."  
"Well, I gave him the choice between that or nothing, and he took it."—Chicago Chronicle.

**Voice of Experience.**  
"What!" asks the attorney, "you a married man, and yet you say you do not know where a woman's pocket is?"  
"Yes, I'm a married man," answers the witness hotly, "and I want to tell you that when you get to be one you'll find out that it's all you want to do to keep your eyes on your own pockets without trying to find out where your wife's are!"—N. Y. Times.

**A Pleasing Discovery.**  
"I see, Mrs. Scandaleigh, that your husband has bought an automobile. I thought I heard him say once that he wouldn't ride to his office in a carriage, because he needed the exercise of walking."  
"Yes, but you see he finds that there is so much manual labor connected with the work of pulling people out from under the thing that he doesn't need the walking any more."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Congratulations.**  
"I can't help thinking," said Mr. Erasmus Plunkly, "that our folks is purty lucky aftah all."  
"We doesn't get much encouragement in office holdin'!"  
"No. But it might be worse. What would we all be to-day if dar had been any race prejudice when Noah were bookin' passengers for de ark?"—Washington Star.

**His Ancestor.**  
"Didn't think I could speak did you, eh?" said Bragg exultantly, after his first attempt at post-prandial oratory.  
"Well, I confess I can't imagine anything so marvelous that has happened for years."  
"Nothing like it in a century, eh?"  
"Oh, longer than that. Not since Balaam's time."—Philadelphia Press.

**How It Happens.**  
A widow came from Duquesne who swore he'd never marry ague, but a widow so chic caught his fancy so quick a minister soon made them twine.—N. Y. Times.

**GAVE HER AWAY.**  
"So you had to close the show?"  
"Yes," answered the manager with the placid vest.  
"What was the trouble?"  
"Too much craze for realism. There was a counterfeiting scene, and the actors said they couldn't go through with it unless they could see what money looked like once in awhile."—Washington Star.

**Delicate.**  
Dumley—Shoe does quote some of the most inappropriate things at times, Miss Wunder—What's her latest?  
Dumley—I was telling her that I sometimes refrained from joking in a discussion for fear of making a fool of myself and she said one could not "paint the lily or gild refined gold."—Philadelphia Press.

**Taking Courage.**  
"Why don't you answer some of these columns that are directed at you?"  
"What's the use?" answered Senator Sorghum. "I have learned not to fear abuse. The trusts are the most feared institutions on earth. And yet, look at the money they make."—Washington Star.

**The Voice of Experience.**  
"A woman may get mad as a hornet," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "but there is one difference—a woman never sits down when she is mad, but I've had good reason to believe a hornet always does."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Reminder.**  
Lives of fishermen remind us we may strive for prizes grand, and departing, fate remind us 'Tales of fish we failed to land."—Washington Post.

**DOING WELL ENOUGH.**  
She—I don't think you are improving.  
He—No, but I'm holding my own.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Practical Arithmetic.**  
Teacher—Johnnie, if I gave Willie a dozen apples and gave you a fourth as much, what would you have?  
Johnnie—I'd have a cinch! I kin lick Willie wit' me one hand!—Chicago American.

**About the size of it.**  
She—I have noticed that the man who whistles seldom swears.  
He—That's right! It is the people who are compelled to listen to him that do the swearing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Boorish Bachelor.**  
"When do you think that babies are the most interesting?" asked the mother.  
"Well, when they are too young to talk and when they are too old to howl without a reason."—Baltimore Herald.

**Drop a Gentle Hint.**  
Timid Lover—Your parents seem to have gotten over their dislike for me.  
"Yes. When we first met they were afraid it might lead to something."—Life.

**Near the woodshed.**  
"What are you crying for, my boy?"  
"I'm not crying, I'm crying because."—N. Y. Herald.

**Her Age.**  
Judge—That Miss Antique has a history.  
Judge—Ancient history, I suppose.—Baltimore Herald.

**DOCTORS CARRY DISEASE.**

If They Are Not Careful in Every Respect, They Are Dangerous Visitors.

There can be no doubt but that doctors actually carry disease from house to house. There is a sort of vague superstition that somehow doctors can enter a room where contagious diseases exist and come out unharmed. The people seem to think that the doctor has some secret protection against disease which other people cannot avail themselves of.

If a family were afflicted with scarlet fever and any member of the family go about the neighborhood calling at different houses, people would be alarmed. But nothing is thought of if a doctor, having two or three patients afflicted with contagious disease, goes immediately from a visit to these patients to other people not afflicted, says Medical Talk for the Household.

The doctors have somehow acquired the privilege of doing these things without exciting suspicion. Just how the doctors manage to prevent spreading disease no one exactly knows. It has been assumed that somehow or other he can go directly from patient to patient without any fear of carrying disease.

The fact is the doctor is just as apt to carry disease as any other person. To be sure, a sensible doctor may carefully wash his hands or avail himself of some other precaution which any other decent person would do, but he knows nothing that is not available to ordinary people to protect himself from carrying disease.

Several cases have come under our notice where doctors have been the means of carrying contagious diseases. Why should it not be so? What can the doctor do to protect himself from such a possibility? There is no magic in his diploma or protection in his learning. Disease will cling to his whiskers and hair, his overcoat and gloves exactly the same as it will cling to anybody else's.

Indeed, he is more apt than other people to be careless. His familiarity with contagious diseases makes him less cautious. It being an everyday occurrence with him, he finally drops what little precaution he may have adopted at first. He will go about with his medicine case, and especially his clinical thermometer, carrying the germs of disease from house to house.

That there is a great deal of this done there can be no doubt. If the doctor imagines that by the use of some antiseptic or deodorizer he is a dangerous man to let loose in any community.

There is no remedy but absolute cleanliness that will prevent carrying disease from person to person. Nothing but complete change of clothing and full bath, including hair and whiskers, will make it absolutely certain that the doctor will not carry the germs of disease if he presumes to visit a single case of infectious disease on his daily rounds.

Of course, we know that no doctor will stop to do any such thing. He is apt to become very careless about it. It is easy to imagine that the doctor who should be an angel of health and safety may become an angel of disease and despair.

**HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.**  
Odds and Ends of Information Which May Be Useful to the Housewife.

After washing a saucenpan dry it in the fire before putting it away. Tumbled clothes put a tablespoonful of turpentine in the boiler when they are boiled.

When baking potatoes prick them deeply with a fork before putting them in the oven. They will cook better and quicker for the pricking.

To clean plaster of paris ornaments cover them with a thick coating of starch and allow it to become perfectly dry. Then it may be brushed off and the dirt will go.

To cover jam pots easily, brush white of egg over white kitchen paper, cut into pieces of proper size and cover the pots while they are hot. The paper will stick tightly and be airtight, like parchment.

For cleaning mirrors and picture glasses take a small piece of wash leather, wet it with methylated spirit and rub on the article to be cleaned. Polish afterward with a soft cloth and the glass will be found to be beautifully clear.

Spinach that is left from dinner may be at once mixed with a French dressing, packed in small cups or molds or in a bowl and put away. Next day turn it out on a bed of lettuce, add more French dressing and it is ready for the table.

To make a cheap floor stain mix one part of Brunswick black with seven parts of turpentine. Apply to the wood with a flat brush. Next day polish with beeswax and turpentine. Use more or less turpentine to make lighter or darker stain.

When hanging pictures people often spoil their walls by driving in nails haphazard, only to find the nails bend because they are being hammered against bricks. The right method is to pierce the wall with a darning needle to find the crevice between the bricks and then to drive in the nail.

Thirty yards of cotton cloth may be bleached in 15 minutes by one large spoonful of sal soda and one pound of chloride of lime dissolved in hot water: after taking out the cloth rinse it in soft cold water, so that it may not rot. The color of French linen may be preserved by a bath in a strong tea of common hay. Callicoes with pink or green colors will be brightened if vinegar is put in the rinsing water, while soda is used for purple and blue. If it is desired to set colors previous to washing out, put a spoonful of ox gall to a gallon of water and soak the fabric in the liquid. Colored napkins are put in lye before washing to set the color. The color of a black cloth is freshened if it is put in a pail of water containing a tea-cupful of lye.

**Garlic Salad.**  
Cut every apple and fresh tomatoes in thin strips about two inches long, set on lettuce leaves with French dressing. A slice of truffle on the top adds both to the appearance and flavor.—Good Housekeeping.

**TROUBLE IN TURKEY**

American Woman's Noble Part in the Balkan Crisis.

She Persuaded the Czar to Interfere in Behalf of the People of Macedonia—Leader of the Revolutionists.

[Special Vienna Letter.]

**ALTHOUGH**, under pressure from Austria and Russia, the Turkish government has consented to institute far-reaching reforms in Macedonia, on paper at least, the spirit of the Macedonian revolutionists is as warlike as ever, and the name most frequently and conspicuously associated with the revolutionary cause is that of Boris Sarajoff. Nothing of a desperate nature happens in the Balkans but it is at once attributed to him. One has only to glance at the recently published Blue and Yellow Books to appreciate the importance of his personality. His every movement is chronicled in dispatches to every European chancery, and when his whereabouts are—as they frequently are—obscure, the question: "Where is Sarajoff?" is feverishly telegraphed from half a dozen European capitals to Constantinople, Sofia, Belgrade, Salonica and back again.

Sarajoff embodies the idea of Macedonia for the Macedonians. He is a conspirator and rebel of the classic type, absolutely without scruple and fond of yelling his proceedings in lurid mystery. He is, in short, an extremist. A Macedonian by birth, he was sent at an early age to Bulgaria, and there received his education. He entered the Bulgarian public service, but soon renounced it in order to conspire for the rescue of his fellow countrymen from the yoke of the Turk.

At first he participated in the idea of the "Great Bulgaria" which was sought to be restored by the treaty of San Stefano, and he preached the gospel of the annexation of Macedonia. About two years ago, however, he changed his mind, and came forward as the advocate of a new autonomous

province. Everyone was tired of hearing such rumors, and only the press that espoused the cause of the Macedonians continued to print them. When the Macedonian peasants began swarming over the border into Bulgaria with nothing but the clothes on their backs, general interest was awakened afresh. M. Bakhmeteff, the Russian diplomatic agent at Sofia, the representative of the most interested nation, dispatched one of the consuls to investigate the conditions of the refugees and the causes of their flight from Turkey. The consul returned with harrowing tales. A brave woman then took up the work.

The American wife of the Russian diplomatic agent has directed the charity and hospital works of Sofia ever since she arrived in the Balkans, five years ago. She had been decorated for her work, and on one occasion Prince Ferdinand had called on her in person and presented a star of diamonds—the only award of this kind which the Bulgarian monarch had ever bestowed upon a woman. Besides having proved her ability as a leader in Red Cross work, Mme. Bakhmeteff was a personal friend of the czar and of Count Nicholas Ignatieff, president of the great Russian charitable institution, the St. Petersburg Slavonic society. The Russian and Bulgarian officials asked her to conduct the work of relief for the unfortunate people of European Turkey, and to make an investigation of their condition.

It was a most dangerous commission, especially as it was midwinter, and it is now admitted throughout Bulgaria that only an American woman would have had the grit to undertake it. Mme. Bakhmeteff went down herself to the border, 60 kilometers or more from the nearest railway, and journeyed for ten days across frozen streams and over snow-covered mountains, visiting every village in which refugees were quartered, and personally organizing and directing the campaign for their relief, with hospitals, housing, clothing and feeding for more than 2,500 persons. She heard their stories, cross-examined them, and obtained proofs of their statements. Having received 8,000 rubles from Count Ignatieff and 10,000 from the czar, Mme. Bakhmeteff spent 10,000 francs in clothes and provisions, and set off im-



BULGARIAN TROOPS BRINGING IN REVOLUTIONARY PRISONERS.

Balkan state, as independent, at least, as Bulgaria itself. For this purpose he proposed to work with Serbia as well as Bulgaria.

From this moment his autocratic career became seriously hampered. He incurred the enmity of the Bulgarian government and in April, 1901, was arrested, together with several of his lieutenants, on a charge of murder. In due course he was tried and acquitted amid popular rejoicings; but on emerging from prison he discovered that the Bulgarian government had made use of its opportunity to depose him from the leadership of the Macedonian movement.

The central Macedonian committee had succeeded from the moderate party and formed a new organization to carry on its propaganda in Macedonia.

With this organization he is now at work and all the news received of an

impending rebellion are echoes of his operations. He is resolved to defeat the scheme of reforms set on foot by the powers, and there is evidence to show that he is obtaining considerable support. This is due to the fact that, while neither Bulgaria nor Serbia desire to see an independent Macedonia, they would both be exceedingly disappointed if the country were to be pacified by a reform administration, and thus bound more tightly than ever to Turkey. Hence, Sarajoff's star is again in the ascendant.

In this connection it might be said that it seems strange that an American woman, living at Sofia, Bulgaria, should have been the chief instrument in bringing about the interference of the powers on behalf of Macedonia. Reports had been coming in for years of Turkish atrocities in the Christian

Before she made a second trip to the border Mme. Bakhmeteff went to St. Petersburg and reported her discoveries to the czar, who thereupon called upon the sultan to institute reforms, in which she and he were seconded by the emperor of Austria. Mme. Bakhmeteff is the daughter of Washington, who served during President Grant's administration as Minister to Austria. It was while she was in Vienna that she met and became the wife of the noted Russian diplomat, who now holds one of the most delicate posts in Europe. There are two other American women in Sofia whose husbands have positions under the Bulgarian government. Baroness Eber von Eschenbach is from Mexico, and Mme. Hadjimichief is from Chicago.

**Donker Talk.**  
He—When I was a boy they used to box my ears.  
She—Since you've grown up I suppose they can't find boxes large enough.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Her Age.**  
Judge—That Miss Antique has a history.  
Judge—Ancient history, I suppose.—Baltimore Herald.



A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing a child involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly. She cannot help it, as her condition is due to suffering and shattered nerves caused by some derangement of the uterine system with backache, headache, and all kinds of pain, and she is on the verge of nervous prostration.

When a mother finds that she cannot be calm and quiet with her children, she may be sure that her condition needs attention and she cannot do better than to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This medicine will build up her system, strengthen her nerves, and enable her to calmly handle a disobedient child without a scene. The children will soon realize the difference, and seeing their mother quiet, will themselves become quiet.

**Mrs. May Brown, of Chicago, Ill., says:**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—'Honor to whom honor is due,' and you deserve both the thanks and honor of the mothers of America whom you have so blessedly helped and benefited. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I would feel run-down, nervous and irritable, or have any of the aches and pains which but few women escape, and I have found that it relieved me at once and gave me new strength. Several ladies, members of our Literary Union, speak in the highest praise of your Vegetable Compound, as they have been cured from serious female troubles. One lady, who thought she must submit to an operation, was cured without using anything in the world but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sensitive Wash. You have hosts of friends in Chicago, and if you care to visit our city we would delight to do you honor. Gratefully yours,—MRS. MAY BROWN, 57 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

**How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Mrs. McKinny.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and let you know the good you and your Vegetable Compound are doing. I had been sick ever since my first baby was born, and at the birth of my second, my doctor, as well as myself thought I should never live through it. After that menstruation never came regular, and when it came I suffered terribly. I also had womb and ovarian trouble. A friend of my husband's advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. At first I had no faith in it, but now nothing could induce me to be without it. Menstruation has become regular, and I feel like a new woman. Your medicine is a God-send to suffering women. I hope this letter will lead others to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours truly, MRS. MILDRED MCKINNY, 28 Pearl St., San Francisco, Cal." (March 16, 1901).

**FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.**  
If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. Address is Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and her advice is always helpful.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
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**Why He Called Her Peggy.**  
"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth."  
"So it is."  
"Then why do you call her Peggy?"  
"Shorter for Pegasus."  
"What has that to do with it?"  
"Why, Pegasus is feminine for Pegasus."  
"Well."  
"Well, Pegasus is an immortal steed."  
"What of that?"  
"Oh! Not to mind. She's in the next room. You see, an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are."—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Hardier.**  
"What have you in the way of beefsteak to-day?" asked the cheerful customer, who hadn't paid his bill.  
"Well," replied the frank butcher, "I reckon about the only thing in the way is its price."—Baltimore News.

**Between Friends.**—Edith—"If you were in my place would you accept Tom's proposal?"  
Mayme—"Sure. Why, if I had been in your place I would have accepted him last week when he proposed to me."—Chicago Daily News.

**Experience is a keen knife that cuts, while it extracts the catarrh that blinds.—De Liood.**  
A luxury becomes a necessity just as soon as we can afford to have it.—Pack.

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