

Rural Death Traps and Motors

A new style of deadly grade crossing has come into existence with the development of the high-speed automobile. These cars, literally locomotives, are sent across country at railroad rates and over steam-road tracks without heed for the common rules of caution.

Those Silk Pajamas

YOU must have left those two suits of pajamas in New York," said Mrs. Blinks, in answer to her husband's anxious inquiry.

"Nothing of the sort," he replied, positively. "After I packed my grip I looked in every bureau drawer and in every corner of the room, and I didn't leave even a cake of soap behind."

"But, my dear, I unpacked your grip when you came home and the pajamas were not in it. I can swear to that."

"Well, I know I packed them, and they were in my grip when I came home. It makes no difference now what you did with them. We can't find them. That is the important point."

"If they had pursued the subject any further it is quite likely that Mr. Blinks would have stayed down town to dinner that night instead of coming home, and perhaps there would have been a coolness in the family for several days. As it was, both of them tried to forget the incident, and after each had time to swallow some unsaid speeches, the subject was dropped."

A week later Blinks was called to Chicago to meet his father and brother on a business matter, and his brother's first act was to pull from his grip the missing suits of pajamas, with the remark: "These must belong to you. They came back to me at my hotel after you left New York that time, and I forgot to send them to you."

Blinks was sorry then that he had accused his wife of losing these night garments, and he put them carefully away in his grip. When he arrived at the station on his way home, he cunningly took the silk things from his satchel, and bestowed them in his overcoat pockets. He knew that Mrs. Blinks would un-

"These must be LONG TO YOU," he said, and it would be rather embarrassing for him if she found the controversial garments in his possession. He made up his mind he would never let her know. While the wife was preparing dinner that evening he crept quietly upstairs and hid the pajamas in the bottom of that bureau drawer which was sacred to the apparel of his wife.

"She'll find them there soon enough," thought Blinks, "and then she'll think she did unpack them, after all. It won't do any harm to let her find out that she is mistaken once in awhile."

It was several weeks afterward that Mr. Blinks was awakened one morning by hearing his wife moving about the room. She opened the bureau drawer in search of something, and suddenly she drew the guilty pajamas from their hiding place. With expressions of great astonishment she saw suddenly upon her bed the pajamas which she had hidden.

"What's that you were looking at just now?" he inquired, sternly, rising in bed.

"Why, dear, I didn't know you were—"

"Of course, you didn't," Blinks interrupted, "and you were looking at my silk pajamas that you have been hiding so long. Will you please tell me, now that you have been found out, what reason you had for concealing them from me?"

"Why, dear, I don't know what to make of it. I'm sure they were not in your grip when I unpacked it, but I must have been mistaken. I don't know how I happened to put them in my drawer. I'm awfully sorry."

"Blinks was in a humor to make it very strong."

"Hereafter please don't contradict me when I tell you anything. I knew you were talking about when I said I saw those pajamas. We'll say no more about it."

I'm going down town this morning to get me a new hat.

"All right, dear," Blinks answered, meekly. "It may be rather expensive," she continued, thoughtfully sure of her ground.

"All right," Blinks replied, huskily. "I'll have them send the bill to you," she remarked, carelessly.

Blinks nodded his head. He had nothing further to say. It was coming to him and he got it.—Kansas City Star.

TALE OF A FICKLE SAILOR.

Used as an Example to Illustrate the Instability of a Politician.

Mayor Weaver, of the awakened city of Philadelphia, was talking to a reporter about a very astute and witty politician, relates the Buffalo Enquirer.

"It is difficult," said the mayor, "to get this man to do anything he doesn't want to do. Cornered, he advances argument after argument against the course you desire him to pursue. He begins with weak arguments. You think you've got him. But just as victory appears assured, he puts forth a final argument that is insuperable, a final argument that floors you thoroughly."

"The fellow is like a fickle sailor of the old romance. This sailor was strong, handsome and gay. The girls liked him, and he, I fear, liked the girls. The following conversation, one moonlight night, in the tropics, passed between him and a young woman: "Then, Jack, when shall we be married?"

"But I promised my wife, sweet-heart, that I would never marry a second time."

"The young girl, beautiful in the flattering moonlight, murmured: "Would you cast me off for the sake of a promise to a dead woman?"

"But she isn't dead yet," said the fickle sailor."

DUMB, SPEAKS IN INSTANT

Deaf, He Is Able to Hear, Creating a Great Surprise to Large Crowd of Argentines, Kan.

Kansas City, Mo.—This vicinity has been the scene of a wonderful miracle. The deaf was made to hear and the dumb to talk in an instant in sight of many.

"Jack" Murphy, an itinerant beggar, was before Police Judge Trowbridge, of Argentine, Kan. The officer who arrested him showed an old letter through which "Jack" had been acquiring financial aid.

The letter stated that the possessor had at one time been a miner, but an accident had caused him to become deaf and dumb; that he had several small children, and that the Lord would remember those who helped the unfortunate.

Judge Trowbridge looked over his glasses at the prisoner and said to Hugh Smith, city attorney: "I guess we'd better give this fellow about 100 days." "Faith, that's too much," said the deaf and dumb prisoner. "Gimme ten minnits an I'll never trouble you again!"

The astonished court consulted once more with the city attorney. "I'll give you exactly ten minutes to make yourself scarce," said Judge Trowbridge. The last seen of "Jack" he was walking at a rapid rate toward western Kansas.

EXCELSIOR NEW STYLE.

The shades of night were falling fast as through the Alpine village passed a youth who wore mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device, "What is the score?"

His brow was sad as it was moist, Far from the diamond traced his feet, And like a silver clarion rung The accents of that unknown tongue, "What is the score?"

In happy homes he saw the light, And hoped they weren't benighted quite; But none would tell him, hence his moan, As from his lips escaped the groan, "What is the score?"

"Try not the pass," the old man said; "Dark lowers the tempest overhead." And vainly asked of maids and men, "What is the score?"

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch, Beware the awful avalanche! Could that mean Casey at the bat? Again he asked where he was at, "What is the score?"

IN SUMMER MONTHS

THE SIMPLE LIFE HAS MANY PLEASING ATTRACTIVEIONS.

"Roughing It" Offers Attractions to Rich and Poor Alike—Complete Contrast of Camp Life in a Shack Brings Rest to Many Families—Those Who Must Stay in Town May Rough It at Home—Put Away Ornaments, Give the Maid a Vacation, Simplify the Meals and Take Life Easy.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Camp life in the woods, on the shore of an inland lake, or in the fastness of a wilderness, many miles from an inn or a railroad, is very attractive to tired people who, for awhile, have had a surfeit of society. The rougher the life, the more it allures those who cannot abide a cramped room in their ordinary experience.

Undoubtedly there is a great rest in complete contrast. An elegant house furnished with every modern luxury, and managed so well that no detail is omitted to make the personal service efficient, is exchanged by its owner with actual joy for a shack in the forest and a bed of hemlock boughs. Instead of a luxurious breakfast table, there shall be fish just caught and broiled on the coals, or bacon sizzling in the pan, with coffee and flapjacks. A dip in a cold stream at intervals and a hasty toilet are as different as possible from the well appointed bathroom and the fastidious dress of a morning at home. But no less familiar with the novels of the day. Drop a good many other tasks, and devote yourself for a week or a month to a floating out into the sunny realm of fiction, to which the novelist gives you a passport.

You will go back to actual life and its vicissitudes amid emergencies greatly benefited by this inexpensive recreation.

The doctors tell us that danger lurks in our carpets and curtains, that germs hide there and that we would be much the better for an austere simplicity of furnishing all the year round. We may not be sufficiently Spartan to try this when winter winds howl, and we are making a fight against the frost, but we may without much trouble and to our profit, try the plan when we are roughing it in summer.

OUT IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

Where a Man Must Marry a Choctaw Woman to Obtain Certain Title to Land.

On a train going through the Choctaw nation a man from Pennsylvania was discussing the subject of buying land from the Indians with a Tennesseean who had dwelt in the territory for 20 years, writes Loftus Friezele, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

"But you cannot get a deed to it till after 21 years," said the one from the north.

"I kin!" declared the man from Tennessee. "I could get one right away."

"How can you get a deed any sooner than I could?" asked the other.

"Why, my wife is a Choctaw half-breed," he replied. "That she sets over there," and he pointed across the aisle.

"And that's one of my daughters in front of ye. I'm a goin' up to the courthouse to have the names of my six children entered for their rights in land or money."

An inexperienced person could not have detected the Indian in either of the women mentioned, as they had fair hair and blue eyes.

A writer of plays could find material here for a drama of the western type. Little episodes from real life might be introduced without change and make a hit.

Here, for instance, is a robust maiden of 16 years of age, a quarter-breed Indian girl, with the black eye peculiar to that race. She has southwestern type of beauty. Her proud of her Indian blood, which brewed for her much trouble from her beautiful elder sister, who tried to conceal the fact of her extraction, so that they could go in society. They oppressed her because she "gave them away." She practiced with firearms and at athletic exercises. Now she is a terror to her former oppressors.

She tidied up her room once, making it cozy and bedecking it with ornaments. One of her male relatives, with contempt for the "women folks," invited some friends to play poker. They pre-empted her renovated room in her absence. Her bed presenting the most convenient surface upon which to deal the cards, they used it for that purpose. In the subsequent excitement some of them slipped their dusty feet upon the spread. Then it appeared. Not a word did she say to them. She only got a revolver and quickly fired six shots over the young gamblers' heads. Panicked, stricken, they fled to cover, and six holes appeared in the wall that were not there before, and chips and cards made the white bed spread look like a crazy quilt.

There are men in the Indian territory who risk their lives to sell whisky, and Uncle Sam's efforts to prohibit it. At a dance near McAlester one night, not long since, a whisky peddler stood behind a tree in the darkness. A short distance away he laid a white handkerchief on a log. Whoever wanted to buy whisky placed money upon the handkerchief and walked off. The merchant then cautiously advanced with a six-shooter in each hand, put a bottle of whisky down and took the money, after which he backed up to his tree, protected by his guns. Two nifty deputy marshals advanced, pretending not to see the handkerchief, and wanting whisky. "Don't you fellows come any closer!" warned the man by the tree. They advanced and ordered him to surrender. He answered with several shots, then ran away. His shots missed the mark, but one from his pursuers hit him in the leg. He is in jail now. He wore a long fur overcoat, full of inside pockets, in each of which fitted a bottle of whisky. In his flight he dropped a gun and some bottles.

Little things in that line are of frequent occurrence.

NURSES HELD IN BONDAGE

Forced to Be Slaves to Secure Necessary Training in Hospitals.

There is one criticism of the nursing problem which is almost entirely valid. The training is entirely too institutional, the education and life too mechanical, says American Medicine. The great majority of nurses must go out into the common and ordinary life of the people, the home life, and attend to the sick under such conditions. The hospital training, while necessary, has become too exclusive. The circumstances in the home and hospital are different, root and branch.

In private homes a hundred problems and conditions face the nurse which are unknown in the institution. This is especially true of nursing in the homes of the middle, lower and lowest classes. It is a criticism, indeed, which in a lesser degree also applies to the medical profession, with its colleges, laboratories, hospitals and dispensaries. But with the young medical man the abuses have not and can not become so marked and so general as with the nurses.

One of the reasons for the absurd exaggeration of institutionalism and hospitalism among the nurses is a shame for which the medical profession is chiefly responsible, the habit of crushing the life out of the pupil nurse by making her slave for the hospital while getting her education, and in supposed payment for it. It is an evil responsible for many others, and must be abrogated.

A certain portion of their scholastic period may well, and of course, must be devoted to nursing, but the injustice which puts the girls into virtual slavery for several years is one that makes an upright man or woman shudder, and the "bossy" superintendent or chief nurse, doing no work but a pseudo-artistocratic commanding, provokes sometimes an unfortunate frame of mind in her graduates.

THE BITE OF A DOG.

There Is Much Unnecessary Alarm Felt by Persons Having the Experience.

In all my experience with dogs I have not only never seen a "mad dog" but have never known a dog owner and by that I mean a man who has had experience in keeping dogs—who has seen one, says a writer in Country Life in America. If, then, rabies is so exceedingly scarce hydrophobia becomes really an impossibility, and the fear of it should be dismissed without a thought.

A person may get dog bitten, but in the language of the New York tough, "Forget it." If it is a bad bite it may twitch later on and you may begin worrying, so it is a good plan to get rid of the twitching or throbbing in order to forget. I have been bitten so often that I think no more of it than a mosquito bite, and this is what I do. If it is on the hand I put it under the faucet and wash thoroughly, with the object of cleansing the wound, and preventing inflammation from any dirt or foreign substance.

While doing this some one is getting the bicarbonate of soda and some clean rags or lint. With water a cream paste of the soda is made sufficient to plaster the wound well, then putting some on a rag it is applied to the wound and bound up. If, in the course of an hour or more, the application seems to be drying, a little water is poured on the bandage to soak through to the soda, or the hand dipped in water.

FIRE AUTOS IN GERMANY.

Excellent Fractional Performance as Well as Satisfactory Financial Returns.

The fatherland uses a trio of automobile fire engines, two electrically propelled and one driven by steam. These have been in service for three years and seem to have given excellent practical performance, as well as satisfactory financial returns. Hanover is the city that operates all three, and it has saved about \$9,000 in three years by their introduction.

The total expense of the two electric machines their first year, 1902, was \$2,950; the next year it was \$2,500, and last year it was \$4,743. This includes repairs to the apparatus, depreciation, the cost of normal charging of the batteries, and the cost of charging for drilling. The large expense of last year was due to repairs on the batteries.

The total expense incurred by the steam engine was \$186 the first year, \$1,270 the second year, and \$3,654 last year. If these machines had been drawn by horses the annual expenses would have been about \$5,000, hence the saving. The negative plates of the batteries are still in good condition after three years of service.

Russian Diplomatic Brevia.

The Russian government, too, is also represented abroad, not only by its ambassadors, but by unofficial diplomats of a most interesting description, "a corps d'elite of ladies who are dispatched to the various capitals of the world. In Washington cardroom no less than ten of these ladies. They entertain lavishly, and their drawing rooms, with shaded rose-colored lights and luxurious furniture and hangings, are palaces of ease for weary legislators and senators. These fascinating sirens then dictate in whispers what laws shall or shall not be passed by congress.—Joubert's "Fall of Czardom."

Gifts by John Wanamaker. Mr. John Wanamaker has given the International Young Men's association \$100,000, to be used in constructing Christian association buildings in heathen cities. The gift will be used to erect buildings in Kyoto, Japan; Peking, China, and Seoul, Korea. He has testified his appreciation of what the association does for young men in missionary countries by previous gifts of buildings in Madras and Calcutta, India.

Her Excuse.

Mr. Babbs—Do you expect to spend the summer abroad? Mrs. Babbs—No, going to Europe has become so common, you know. We are going to be exclusive and stay at home.—Detroit Free Press.

Reasonable Request.

Doctor (to pressing creditor)—If you must bring your bill every day, at least you might come with your head tied up, so that people would think you were a patient.—London Tit-Bits.

RELATED OF ROYALTY.

King Leopold will leave a fortune of \$20,000,000, most of which will go to the Belgian people for works of public utility. He regards his daughters as dearer to him than his crown. The daughters will get about \$40,000 each.

Early in his reign Carl Nicholas caught a bad head cold and asked a humble subject how this annoying ailment could be cured. The advice given was that the imperial nose should be anointed at night with tallow from a common candle. Years rolled on and one day by a mere accident the czar had the chance of looking through a book of household expenditures and was amazed to find he had been charged for a pound of tallow candles every night since.

New that the German crown prince has been married, court gossip in Berlin says that the bride is the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Kaiser's second son. The general view is that it will be Princess Eva of Battenberg, with whom he was much smitten during a recent visit to England. Princess Eva is quite a pretty girl, just past 17 years old, who was brought up in the simplest manner possible. It is expected that she will inherit largely from her godmother, ex-Empress Eugenie.

The duke of Connaught—Prince Arthur of Great Britain—who has just entered upon his fifty-sixth year, was the godson of the duke of Wellington and was taught to have great reverence for the first efforts at drawing. It is said, was a picture representing the duke and Napoleon engaging in a pistol duel at point blank range. "My dear young prince," said the duke, when shown this youthful production, "remember that though I fought Bonaparte, I could never see him without the help of a telescope."

During King Alfonso's visit to London several stories were told of how he at times shocks the Spanish court with wild escapades. All these anecdotes, apocryphal or otherwise, helped his popularity with the British public, showing as they did that his 19-year-old majesty is a real boy and not a stitigious royal milk-sop. He rides reckless races with young officers, rings up the guard unexpectedly from mere motives of mischief, and generally plays the same pranks and gambles as his age. Among his few weaknesses of the rank and file these traits are his good, for even the Spanish like to think that his sovereign can do something human and unceremonious.

PERSONAL PARTICULARS.

The family of the late Gen. Gomez has presented the jeweled sword received from an American to the National Museum of Havana.

The late Mary A. Livermore was once called "the Daniel Webster of American women" because of her majestic mien, solidity of character, dense simplicity of thought and weight of utterance.

Miss Beattie Bain, who lives on a farm near Chattanooga, N. Y., has been elected an overseer of highways in her district. Miss Bain declares she will see that the work is well done. She intends to have the best section of road in the township.

Miss Helen Cook, president of the graduating class at the University of Chicago, probably is the greatest woman athlete in the world, but is studying that distinction has another name or her studies. A famous university teacher says that with scientific instruction Miss Cook would prove a worthy rival of some of the best male athletes.

Harold A. Loving, of Portland, Me., has received an appointment from the secretary of the Interior as supervisor of native Indian lands. Mr. Loving has passed some time among the Sioux Indians of the Hesiod Indian reservation in South Dakota, becoming much interested in the Indians and their needs. His new duties will take him among the various reservations of the Indian in the west.

Mrs. Frederick B. B. Chapman, of New York, is an unknown quantity to the public, but she is a woman of many handsome things with her hands with out the embarrassment of conditions. She has erected a physical culture building for the Teachers College, in New York, costing \$250,000. A library building which she gave Vander Cook \$500,000, and a college chapel building for Williams College, costing \$400,000, will be dedicated in a few days.

When Children Are Truanted, "My little boy never tells a lie—" "Aw, come off!" "What's that? You're a liar!" "Wait until I catch you!"—Confession Journal.

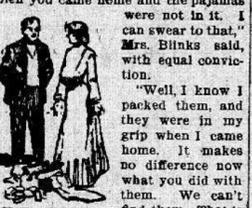
EVER TREAT YOU SO?

Often Acts the Fool and Will Come Up.

A clergyman who pursues his noble calling in a country parish in Iowa, tells of his coffee experience: "My wife and I used coffee regularly for breakfast, frequently for dinner, and occasionally for supper. Always the very best quality package coffee never could find a place on our table.

"In the spring of 1894 my wife was taken with violent vomiting which had great difficulty in stopping. "It seemed to come from coffee drinking, but we could not decide. "In the following July, however, she was attacked a second time by the vomiting. I was away from home filling an appointment at the time, and my return I found her very low; she had literally vomited herself almost to death, and it took some days to quiet the trouble and restore her stomach.

"I had also experienced the same trouble, but not so violently, and had relieved it, each time, by a resort to medicine. "But my wife's second attack nettled me that the use of coffee was at the bottom of our troubles, and so we stopped it forthwith and took our Postum Food Coffee. The old symptoms of disease disappeared, and during the 9 years that we have been using Postum instead of coffee we have never had a recurrence of the vomiting. We never weary of Postum, to which we know we owe our good health. This is a simple statement of facts." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book "The Road to Well-Being" in each pkg.



THE PAJAMAS WERE NOT IN IT.



HID THE PAJAMAS.



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THEY OPENED THE DRAWER.



"I'M GOING TO GET A NEW HAT."