

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## Spirit of the Northwest.

In one way the Lewis and Clark exposition in Portland, Ore., means more to the American people than any previous exposition. The fairs at Chicago, Buffalo and St. Louis were great in themselves, those at Chicago and St. Louis doubtless much greater than the one at Portland. But they were in regions already well known to millions of Americans. The Lewis and Clark exposition, says Youth's Companion, lies in a part of the country too little known to the rest of the nation, and is, therefore, of great national value in introducing America to itself. The exposition affords an opportunity to visit something immensely greater than a temporary show, however beautiful that may be. We can learn from books that Oregon and Washington and Idaho are rich in mines, forests, arable lands and facilities for trade; that these three states could support half the population of the United States; that the country is beautiful to live in and the climate healthful. What we cannot learn from books is the spirit of the people; we must visit them to learn that. It is not strange that the northwesterner has led down the melting snows from the hills to irrigate the valleys, that he has taken what nature has given him and added to it. That is not so wonderful; the American is always enterprising. The wonderful thing is that northwestern cities are built solid and handsome from the start; that schools are growing, churches and libraries are growing with the country; in a word, that newness does not necessarily mean crudity. The east does not know the northwest, and suffers accordingly in its ignorance of America. The northwest does know the east and carries on the best of its tradition, for from the east the western people have sprung. Therefore the American of the northwest, knowing more of his country than do men in eastern states, may be called the national American.

## War on Billboards.

The agitation against the billboard as a municipal disfigurement has already reached goodly proportions, and the campaign is as yet in its infancy. Some efforts, and well-meant efforts, have been made to improve them, partly by designing the billboard itself and partly by improving the designs of the signs. Nothing has, however, yet been accomplished that amounts to definite and general improvement, and hence it is pertinent to inquire if the billboard is to go? One of the most obvious steps in municipal betterment is to do away with unnecessary, unsightly objects. The billboard has been unsightly so long that many people regard it as permanent evil. At all events it is clear that if it is to remain it can only do so under much better conditions than now obtain, and it must be supported on broader grounds than the fact that a handsome advertising business has grown up through its promotion. No business can be successfully promoted by improper means; the billboard, glaring and staring at every point, approaches the limit beyond which business should not go. Its misfortune has been injudicious use.

The prestige caused by our military successes in the war with Spain has been equalled if not exceeded by the respect gained from the no less renowned victory of peace through the intervention and persistent attention of President Roosevelt. While the feeling of the world toward America has been deepened in respect and intensified in cordiality, the attachment of our own citizens to our flag, universally recognized now as one of peace as well as of war, has been strengthened, and it is felt by republicans and democrats, by the east and by the west, that what Theodore Roosevelt as the chief magistrate has done has drawn our own people as well as those of Japan and Russia more closely together.

Dozens of society women in New York are under constant treatment to keep themselves down to the limit—140 pounds. One of the leaders of the Newport set has conquered in the war she has been waging against increasing weight. Not only has she checked the progress of the arch enemy of womanhood, but she has reduced her weight amazingly. From a stout matron she has transformed herself into the figure of a girl, but only after years of patient effort and grim determination. From her normal weight of 190 she has reduced herself to 130 by a system of self-denial that would be accounted cruelty if enforced upon a poor woman.

Some New Yorkers are writing about the loss of money by the banks of that burg as if they didn't know what is the matter. The money is coming south and west, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, as it does every year at this season, to "move the crops." It is going into the pockets of the cotton-pickers, the harvesters, the farmers and the country merchants, and into the bank accounts of the railroads that haul the produce. It will return to the financial centers as fast as it serves its purpose of providing agricultural commodities.

The man who discovered the diamond mines at Pretoria has come to this country, looking for some more. His first venture is to be among the mint beds down in Kentucky, and if does not find any diamonds there he is going up in the South Carolina mountains after a few.

Fraudulent naturalization is under investigation by the San Francisco United States grand jury. A sailor has confessed that he received citizenship papers on payment of \$15.

## THE UPLAND MEADOW.

With canter, gallop and head-toss we plunge through the sun-bathed air—The scent of grass in our nostrils; the wind play in our hair. The clouds are dancing before us, the shadows chase o'er the plain, Then on, and up to the corner, and back to the fence again!

With canter, gallop and head-toss, in proof that the day is ours. We kick up the dust behind us, we stop and pluck at the flowers. We look far down to the valley and sigh for folk who must work—Then on—a race to the corner, and back with the step a jerk!

Oh, limbs grown tired in the gallop, we browse where the clover grows; We steep ourselves in its sweetness, in beauty take our repose. The crack of whip and the sharp command—bridle, check and rein. Are far away. We are masters now. Ah, what is life to gain!

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They can't know life who just labor, ne'er shaking the traces free—Nor reaching upland meadows, with broader vision to see. How cramped the shadowy valley where the roads are narrow, while here There's all the pasture to run in, where sun and the stars are near.

Then on, and up to the corner, and back to the fence again! The clouds are dancing before us, the shadows are in plain!

With canter, gallop and head-toss we plunge through the sun-bathed air—The scent of grass in the nostrils, behind us a kick for care!—Charles Mulford Robinson, in N. Y. Outlook.

## THE "UNSEEN" VOICE

By RHEA HAYNE

THE name of Chester Sylvia was as outlandish as possible when it was applied to old John Short's daughter. She was as black as the shades of the night and uncouth as one could well be. She was popular among the white folk because of her persistence in working, but this fact rather lessened the small measure of respect her own race cherished for her. Chester Sylvia worked as well on Saturday as any other day, showing a sullen disregard for the opinion of the neighborhood society which invariably met at the church at the end of each week.

While this was greatly in her favor in the sight of the white people of Martintville, it only grew faster to the reverse with the color of the locality. But Chester Sylvia had sense enough to know that her position was a safe one. The good women of the community appreciated her services. She was a southern washing machine, and her services didn't end with this, for she was equally valuable in the house, garden or yard.

The young ladies of the section found her handy in posting letters and doing various and sundry errands. Serviceable rewards were given her from time to time, and among them



SHE WAS A SOUTHERN WASHING MACHINE.

There was a brown merino skirt and a royal blue silk waist from Miss Daisy Hunt. Miss Daisy had used it in a play at the time of her graduation, and it was of no further value to her, but the new owner prized it above everything. However, don't think Chester Sylvia was vain and fond of dress. She didn't care a bit. In fact, she was held in contempt by the pert new-style negro girls, who mentioned her only as "of John Short's gal," while the mulattoes referred to her as "Black Silver."

No wonder for that, though! They all had society uniform dresses and sure-enough shoes for women, while Chester Sylvia wore any old dress that might fall to her lot, and her shoes were those discarded by the young men of Martintville. When she would ask for an old pair of shoes, and her number was requested, she would answer: "I wears sixes, sevens and eights." By this means she fell help to the old shoes of the town. Indeed she contrived to get into the confidence of the people in general, and especially Miss Daisy. A couple of miles away lived Harmon Brown, and of him Miss Daisy loved to talk, even to Chester Sylvia.

"He sho' do 'mire you, Miss Daisy," she would say.

"How do you know, Chess?" would come the eager question.

"Cause when I goes over to Missy Lamp's, she puts me 'tix in' Mrs. Harmon's room, 'n' he's in dar 'n' wants to know about you 'n' what you says."

"You didn't dare to tell him a word I ever said?"

"No, 'deed I didn't. I up an' tol' him I didn't see yo' all day long much, but he wanted to know how'd yo' look, 'n' I tol' him he see'd yo' day afore, and he say 'yes, and he's goin' to come ne' day, too.'"

Over at Mrs. Lankin Brown's Chester Sylvia had voluntarily told Harmon everything about Miss Daisy's talks, and had likewise said she'd never tell of him.

Maybe Chester Sylvia's life would have been uneventful if it had not been for Fado, a negro youth who lived on an adjoining farm. Fado started out early in life to make a career, succeeded in stealing a 30-mile ride on the railroad, and when he came back received the plaudits of all

his companions. His glory was short-lived, for in a few days he started to head a ride to Atlanta, 150 miles away, but before he had traveled ten miles on the journey the conductor, had knocked him off the train while going 40 miles an hour, and at the next station a telegram went back telling the next train to pick up the negro lying beside the track at No. 21.

As soon as Fado could travel, he came back to the farm, but he had lost his glory and nobody would look at him, except Chester Sylvia. He called her Chess, just as Miss Daisy did, and in time he grew to be a good worker, and from his earnings he saved enough to buy an occasional garment for Chess.

One night in the fall of the year there came a big preacher from the city, who was to tell the negroes the way to act. Cotton picking had been in progress, and Fado had made enough to buy a new suit of clothes, so he persuaded Chess to go to meet him. Down at Water Branch church the big preacher told them where their duty lay, and went through the church in person giving out cards with the benevolent society record. When he handed Chester Sylvia one of them, she caught sight of the last entry, "Paines, J. I."

"What's Paines?" she asked, simply "Paines!" blurted the preacher, "Paines? Why it's the college in Augusta to educate niggers like you," and Chester Sylvia was so excited that she put down 50 cents for Paines. Then the preacher began: "You niggers have done well. Most of you has handed in 50 cents and some a dollar. You who ain't got 50 cents on yo' card, put it there. There is a unseen voice callin' you now. You can't leave it off. Come right along."

When Chester Sylvia went to sleep she dreamed of the "unseen voice." It haunted her the next day, and the next night she dreamed of it again. When she awoke it was with the revelation that the unseen voice had called her. And it was to Paines.

She put on her brown merino skirt and blue silk waist, and then started on her walk of 25 miles to Augusta and to Paines. On the roadside muscadines, an autumnal fruit of the south, grew wild, and she gathered a gallon to sell, as she had heard that they sold well in the city. The school bell of Paines institute was sounding the dismissal as she came in sight of the building. A crowd of gaudily dressed yellow negroes came tripping by, and Chester Sylvia ventured to ask for the teacher.

"Which one?" came the chorus. "She never dreamed of there being more than one, and was disconcerted. "Anything to sell?" asked one.

"You're nothin' but a cotton-patch coon," yelled another.

Before the sun had set Chester Sylvia was on the road back home. She, like Fado, now had with her long travel. Her shoes had been discarded, her dress was tucked up, and her plain straw hat seemed a burden.

At last she neared the old familiar scenes. "Lord," she said, "if I could only see a light in Miss Daisy's room, so I could get somethin' to eat. I'm near onto starvin'! Glory, dar it is! I'm gwine to run."

"Miss Daisy, 'em niggers is crazy. When I gives another cent to 'em, I'll die dead sho'. They thinks they're grand, and here it's de poor country nigger dat does it all."

There were two weddings in Martintville soon after, and down on the Georgia farm Fado and Chester Sylvia now held a position which would not be given to the first-honor graduates of Paines institute.—Country Gentleman.

## DESULTORY READING HABIT

Lack of System Confuses the Mind with Mass of Unclassified Material.

The mind is a very delicate, complicated piece of mechanism, and, although made to do a certain kind of work marvelously well, yet when put to an entirely different use, its efficiency is ruined, just as the delicate machinery intended for producing fine watch parts would be completely spoiled if used to make clock parts, writes O. S. Marden, in Success Magazine. When the mind becomes deflected to a certain extent, from its normal condition by the vicious reading habit, it diverges more and more, and rarely goes back to the normal.

By desultory habits of reading and lack of system you confuse the mind with a large mass of unclassified material. You pick up a book and read a few pages, and then pick up another one, and then go from that to a paper or magazine. This puts the mind in a chaotic state, because you let everything run into the mental reservoir without any order or definite plans. Systemless reading is profitless. You cannot gain knowledge of a friend or prize his friendship by a hasty first impression, so in reading a book you cannot gain everlasting good by skimming over the contents, or by reading a few pages one night, and then putting it on a shelf to read it again. Everything comes out of the mind as it went in, and if it does not enter in an orderly manner, it will come out in chaos.

## Lived Up to His Contract.

Fifty years ago an Indiana man, then 45 years old, planted an acorn from which to grow a tree to build his coffin. The tree grew slowly, and, of course, the man couldn't afford to die till he made a coffin out of that tree. Lately he had it cut and sawn into planks and has manufactured his box and has it ready for use.

## No Wedding Ring.

A wedding without a ring seems incongruous, but in Cadiz, Spain, no ring is used. After the ceremony the bridegroom moves the flower in his bride's hair from left to right, for in various parts of Spain to wear a rose above your right ear is to proclaim yourself a wife.

## Sea Water as Medicine.

Sea water as a medicinal beverage, chiefly designed to reduce obesity, has become fashionable at the resorts of the New Jersey coast. Water is brought in from the deep by fishermen far out, where it is safe from pollution. Three glasses daily is the dose.

### Home Health Club

By DAVID H. REEDER, M. D., M. A.  
La. Porte, Ind.

## PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

Certainly a very annoying and unsightly trouble is the condition of the skin of the face and sometimes the body, known as acne or pimples. A curious feature of this disorder is that it seldom is found in children or people who have passed middle life, although it is not unknown to both.

Youths, young men and women, suffer greatly sometimes, and the skin of the face presents a very unsightly appearance. The cause in some cases is found in unhygienic surroundings, poor ventilation, bad habits, poor food, improper methods of eating and nearly always constipation. The real cause of the pimples themselves is an effort upon the part of nature to throw off poisonous matter from the system which should have been eliminated through other channels. The pores of the skin are very small, especially so in the case of persons having a fine skin, and its normal function is to excrete waste matter in the insensible perspiration.

Under excessive heat or exertion, or even great mental excitement, the activity of the pores of the skin is greatly increased, and sensible perspiration flows freely. It is very common to lay the blame upon "impure blood," and I recently received a letter from an eastern subscriber asking advice for the case of a friend, stating that her physician had prescribed "Fowler's Solution" with apparently favorable results. Now, "Fowler's Solution" is simply arsenic put up according to a formula given years ago by Dr. Fowler, when it was fashionable for ladies to be indolent and helpless, with pale, wax complexions, and it will certainly bring about that result. Of course, you can readily guess what my reply would be. Poison in all forms should not be prescribed. It is unnecessary, with one or two possible exceptions, under certain conditions which are not likely to occur in the home treatment of diseases.

Pimples will, as a rule, disappear from the face, as well as other portions of the body, if the sufferer will simply observe the Home Health Club system of using food and water according to the plan so fully described in the lectures, and all persons who wish to keep a clear skin must to greater or less extent observe the natural laws taught.

It is true that by administering certain harmless home remedies the pimples and red blotches will all disappear and, in many cases, never return, because the reason for their appearance has been overcome. In most cases the simple, practical method of cleansing the system of impurities is best and will aid greatly to the general good health.

## CLUB NOTES.

Afton.—Dr. David H. Reeder, La. Porte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: I have been feeling so well the greater part of the summer, but there has been one thing annoying me and I don't know the cause of it. I noticed about a month ago, when I first awoke in the morning that my hands were numb. I thought nothing of it at first, but it continued and never missed a single morning. In a few minutes the hands would seem to be all right, but would have two or three spells while dressing. After a short time they were all right again and did not bother any more until the next morning. The last two weeks there has been a half numb or tingling sensation in the fingers of right hand all the time, but worse in the morning. The left hand is the same, but what the cause is and what to do for it? I would also like to ask you about my aunt. About four weeks ago she was out driving and the horse suddenly jerked the line which seemed to have been around her index finger. At least the finger was jerked and sprained, as we suppose. She has used different remedies, but the finger is still swollen and stiff, except at the knuckle. It is not painful unless she strikes it against something, but it just sticks out straight and therefore is knocked a good deal. What shall we do for it? Thanking you in advance for these favors, I remain, sincerely A. F.

The symptoms which you have described would indicate that there is more or less danger of a paralytic condition coming on unless you are properly cared for. I would suggest that you procure the services of a skillful osteopath and take a thorough course of treatment.

In regard to your aunt, your description of her finger would indicate that it might be dislocated or fractured, or possibly the periosteum is injured, and I think it would be wise for her to go to a reliable surgeon and have him make a careful examination. If there is an X-ray machine in the town, it would be of value to determine whether or not it was a dislocation, and is the place to go. It may be that she has merely injured the ligaments, and that it may be all right in the course of time. If I were to suggest a remedy for it, it would be one of the tissue elements to take out the inflammation.

Washington.—Dr. David H. Reeder, La. Porte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: I write to you to learn something about my inability to endure hot weather. As I wrote you a year ago, I was overheated twice. I did not suffer a complete sunstroke at either time, but it proved a heavy shock to my system, especially the last time. I am simply worthless when the temperature is up to 80 or more, especially out in the sun where there is much reflection. I get nervous and weak and short of breath and just have to stop working. I have tried hard to overcome this trouble, but I must admit I have so far failed. I am sure a part of it is imaginative, which I could do with little effort. I know that as I now am I can do almost nothing. I am just absolutely afraid to venture out any distance from shelter during the hot part of the day, for fear I will be overcome. I am feeling much better in other ways, because I weigh about ten pounds more than I usually do at this time of the year, which I believe is due to following your instructions. It is usually

very dry and dusty here in the hot season and when it does rain it seems so much pleasanter that I sometimes think a moist climate would be better for me. I will leave the matter with you, hoping you may be able to help me out of my trouble. I greatly appreciate your interest and help thus far in my behalf. May God bless you in your great work. Yours very sincerely, Rec. No. 10,300.

I agree with you that it will be necessary for you to go to a climate where the temperature does not get very high, or you will have to adopt some occupation which will enable you to remain in the shade during the hot season. There are many localities where you could go and probably do just as well as where you now are, perhaps better, and there would be no danger of being overcome by the heat. One place that I have in mind would be the Piedmont valley of Virginia; the climate there is perhaps as good as anywhere in the world; by living close to the mountainous portions of the valley during the summer time, you would never experience a very high temperature, and the sun would not affect you as it does where you are, while the winters do not get very cold. There is sufficient moisture in the air to overcome the sensation which you experience in the very dry atmosphere. I would suggest that you write to one of our club members there, whose name I have sent you. You would be glad to send you circulars describing the country. If you could adopt some line of work that would enable you to be indoors during the summer time, I think perhaps you would get along all right where you are.

## EVERYTHING IS CANNED.

Even Wearing Apparel Comes Cased in Tin to the People of Alaska.

"Canned goods are Alaska's main food refuge," remarked Bishop Rowe, of the frozen gold regions, in a recent letter after dinner address, "and the native Indians have come to regard America as a canned country. Every article of diet and even wearing apparel comes cased in tin, and it is no wonder that the native looks with skepticism upon anything that is imported out of the conventional package."

"Recently a gentleman interested in the Sunday school work among the natives of Alaska, in order to hold their interest closer with various amusements, imported a phonograph with about a hundred cylinders, all musical selections. The natives were completely mystified at this invention and not a little superstitious, regarding the reproduction of sound as something supernatural. Suddenly one brilliant halfbreed, with a reputation for progress, leaped up in the middle of a photographed song and, seizing the cylinder, flourished it before his brethren of the tribe, his face illumined with an inspiration. 'I have it!' he cried. 'I know what this is now. It is canned white man!'

"The explanation was taken in seriousness and now the request at a Sunday gathering is often heard, almost cannibalistic, indeed, 'Sir, can we not have a little canned white man this afternoon to amuse the children?'

## THE UNSOCIAL LOBSTER.

Blind and Unrelenting in Its Conduct Towards Every Living Thing.

The twenty-third annual report of the Scottish fishery board gives the lobster an entirely bad character. It is an essentially surly, suspicious and unsocial fish, which regards anything that comes near it as a foe. The main motive of its activity is defense, and in defending itself a blind, unrelenting vengeance is a fitting corollary. It procures a hole in which to wait for its prey, and to which to retire after a fight, and then it is unsafe to ransy animal to approach it.

Its keenness of attack and relentless hold when once it has gripped its antagonist are due to its want of sight. The eye of the lobster is so sensitive that strong light blinds it. Although it possesses keen sight when first hatched, the lobster is practically blind later in life. It sees nothing properly but simply has the sensation of light and shadow. It tests a shadow with its antennae, and sometimes when a strong shadow is cast on it the lobster will leap at it on the off-chance that it is a foe. The fighting tendency makes it difficult to keep lobsters in confinement. When once they have settled down, however, they will live at peace with one another, but it is only an armed neutrality, and if one of the fish loses its fighting power it is at once attacked.

## MATERNAL.

He was a poor little boy at the beach and he was solitary in the crowd. Others were having fun, but he looked as if nothing were coming his way. It worked on the feelings of a kind motherly woman and she constituted herself a sort of special providence. She bought him popcorn in balls and slabs, she took him to ride on the flying horses, she gave him hot dog and wound up by staking him to a swim.

"I just couldn't help it," she explained to her party. "The poor little wretch looked so lonely I fairly had to look after him. And I'm not sorry for the little I spent on making this one poor soul happy, just for one afternoon. He told me he never had any good times, he had no mother or father, for he was born an orphan. Poor thing!"—N. Y. Sun.

## Sailors Were All English.

The late Gen. H. V. Boynton, of Washington correspondent, used to tell about the Fourth of July a good story about a British captain. This captain after being defeated in a sea fight in the war of 1812, inspected the ship which he had surrendered. "But hang it all, half your sailors are English," he grumbled at the end of his inspection. "And had you not all English?" said the American captain calmly.—Cleveland Leader.

## Abuse of Water.

A Berlin landlord has not only sued a tenant for loss sustained through her excessive use of water for bathing purposes, but has promulgated the extraordinary theory that no respectable woman takes a bath every day.

There is probably no country in the world where food is more easily obtained than along the Bering coast in the spring time. Caribou are numerous and, despite the long winters, the flesh of the young bulls is good, writes Baker H. Brown, in Recreation. Seal liver with bacon makes a grand breakfast. Sea gulls nest by thousands on the surf-washed islands, and their eggs, dried or scrambled, are delicious, though they taste fishy when boiled.

Scallops and clams are abundant, and the waters teem with salmon and cod. The country we hunted was very mountainous, and there was no timber. The only wood was willow and alder. The willows are small and do not count much as game cover, but the alders grow to a good size and form tangled thickets. These thickets are the home of the brown bears. In summer, bear hunting is practically impossible, because of the dense growth of grass which covers the mountain sides as well as in the sheltered valleys. At this time of year the bear's skins are worthless. The hair is thin, and wears away in large patches, giving the big brutes a scedidly ragged appearance.

In the spring the grass is pressed flat by the winter snows and the new crop has not as yet grown to any height. These conditions make ideal hunting, as game can be seen at a great distance.

Fontanelle.—Dr. David H. Reeder, La. Porte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: We are subscribers to this paper and like your lectures very much. I thought I would write to you and see if you could help me about my hair. It is turning gray so fast. I will send you some of it. It seems to be dead. I am 22 years of age, and do not think it should be gray so soon. I have never had any bad sick spells, but I have nervous. If you can tell me what to do for it, I will be very much obliged to you. Yours truly—Miss L. E.

I know there are so many remedies advertised to prevent the hair from turning gray, but after many and costly investigations, I am forced to the conclusion that there is not, as yet, any preparation that I have ever heard of that will prevent it. It is a lack of a certain chemical element in the system, and if there is any possible way of supplying it, it would be through the tissue elements. The sample of hair which you sent, appears to be broken bits, as if it had been broken off in the comb. I found but few if any roots. The Home Health Club method of treatment for the hair, as described in the book of Lectures would be the best method of treatment that I could possibly suggest to you. The scalp would also be stimulated by the use of a vegetable remedy of which I have often spoken in these columns. I am inclined to suspect that the cause of the hair turning gray in your case is nervousness and worry. Overcome these things, and I believe you will notice an improvement.

All readers of this publication are at liberty to write for any information pertaining to the subject of health. Address all communications to the Home Health Club, or Dr. David H. Reeder, La. Porte, Ind., with name and address in full and at least four cents in postage.

## Smoke Stories.

According to accounts the Japanese are experts in smoke rings, and in Japan it is considered no uncommon trick to blow three rings of smoke in succession, the second traveling through both the first and the third through both. Some stage performers become so expert in smoke blowing that they are not only able to multiply the number of rings thus formed, but actually form "Japanese" characters representing words and even sentences. One Japanese juggler, it is declared, proposed to his wife by forming the characters representing his avowal of love through a thin stream of smoke.

## The Horse in London.

A patient observer on one of the main roads near London counted the vehicles passing to and from the metropolis between nine o'clock in the morning and nine at night. The results were: Bicycles, 4,577; motor cars, 557; electric street cars, 407; horse vehicles, 209; total, 5,750. According to these figures, the horse is rapidly being outnumbered.

## Congratulations with a Sting.

First Fond Mamma (whose hopes have lately been dashed)—Our heartiest congratulations on dear Violet's engagement, Mrs. Hookham.

Second Fond Mamma (whose hopes have been realized)—Thank you. We are delighted. Capt. Norton is such a charming fellow.

"Yes, and so self-sacrificing."

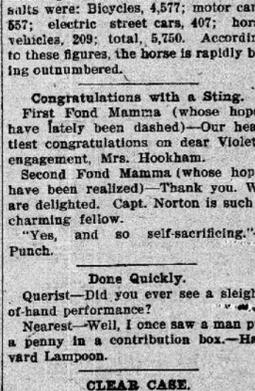
Punch.

## Done Quickly.

Querist—Did you ever see a sleight-of-hand performance?

Nearest—Well, I once saw a man put a penny in a contribution box.—Harvard Lampoon.

## CLEAR CASE.



Judge—What's the charge?

Officer—Attempted suicide.

Judge—How was that?

Officer—He wanted to fight me, yer honor.—Chicago Daily News.

## IDEAL HUNTING GROUNDS.

Bearing Sea Coast Affords Plenty of Sport for Gunners and Anglers.

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In the spring the grass is pressed flat by the winter snows and the new crop has not as yet grown to any height. These conditions make ideal hunting, as game can be seen at a great distance.

Fontanelle.—Dr. David H. Reeder, La. Porte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: We are subscribers to this paper and like your lectures very much. I thought I would write to you and see if you could help me about my hair. It is turning gray so fast. I will send you some of it. It seems to be dead. I am 22 years of age, and do not think it should be gray so soon. I have never had any bad sick spells, but I have nervous. If you can tell me what to do for it, I will be very much obliged to you. Yours truly—Miss L. E.

I know there are so many remedies advertised to prevent the hair from turning gray, but after many and costly investigations, I am forced to the conclusion that there is not, as yet, any preparation that I have ever heard of that will prevent it. It is a lack of a certain chemical element in the system, and if there is any possible way of supplying it, it would be through the tissue elements. The sample of hair which you sent, appears to be broken bits, as if it had been broken off in the comb. I found but few if any roots. The Home Health Club method of treatment for the hair, as described in the book of Lectures would be the best method of treatment that I could possibly suggest to you. The scalp would also be stimulated by the use of a vegetable remedy of which I have often spoken in these columns. I am inclined to suspect that the cause of the hair turning gray in your case is nervousness and worry. Overcome these things, and I believe you will notice an improvement.

All readers of this publication are at liberty to write for any information pertaining to the subject of health. Address all communications to the Home Health Club, or Dr. David H. Reeder, La. Porte, Ind., with name and address in full and at least four cents in postage.

## Smoke Stories.

According to accounts the Japanese are experts in smoke rings, and in Japan it is considered no uncommon trick to blow three rings of smoke in succession, the second traveling through both the first and the third through both. Some stage performers become so expert in smoke blowing that they are not only able to multiply the number of rings thus formed, but actually form "Japanese" characters representing words and even sentences. One Japanese juggler, it is declared, proposed to his wife by forming the characters representing his avowal of love through a thin stream of smoke.

## The Horse in London.

A patient observer on one of the main roads near London counted the vehicles passing to and from the metropolis between nine o'clock in the morning and nine at night. The results were: Bicycles, 4,577; motor cars, 557; electric street cars, 407; horse vehicles, 209; total, 5,750. According to these figures, the horse is rapidly being outnumbered.

## Congratulations with a Sting.

First Fond Mamma (whose hopes have lately been dashed)—Our heartiest congratulations on dear Violet's engagement, Mrs. Hookham.

Second Fond Mamma (whose hopes have been realized)—Thank you. We are delighted. Capt. Norton is such a charming fellow.

"Yes, and so self-sacrificing."

Punch.

## Done Quickly.

Querist—Did you ever see a sleight-of-hand performance?

Nearest—Well, I once saw a man put a penny in a contribution box.—Harvard Lampoon.