

TESTING FLOUR AT BIG MILLS.

After Grinding a Sample is Made Up into Bread.

It is surprising to note the difference that exists between the various brands of flour, said O. D. Hatchinson, the representative of one of the big mills in Minneapolis, Minn. "It all depends on how the flour is milled and on the kind of wheat from which it is made. Flour made from hard spring wheat will give from 20 to 40 more loaves of bread per barrel than that made from the softer winter wheat. It contains a larger percentage of gluten and absorbs more water. The mills are exceedingly careful about the kind of flour they send out, and the testing department is one of the most important branches. "After the flour is ground comes the crucial test. A sample is taken and made up into bread. We have four bakings a day, and from 20 to 30 loaves are baked each time, each one representing a sample of flour. After the test has been made the bread is turned over to the associated charities.

"You may have noticed that the color of flour is no longer a marble white but a creamy white. This comes from the fact that the rich portion of the grain, right under the woody coating, is ground into the flour. What is left can hardly be called bran, for it is only the coarsest part of the outer fibre."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

First Watches, First Fobs.

There is uncertainty as to when the portable watch, as we understand it today, came into use. It was probably at the close of the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth owned a large number of watches. Mary Queen of Scots was the possessor of a skull shaped watch. In fact, the "death's head" pattern was at that time much in vogue. Endless were the styles, for there were watches shaped like books, pears, butterflies and tulips. The Nuremberg egg was a special shape and was first made in 1600.

Those queer shapes of watches prevented their finding a place in the pocket. When was the fob first used in the dress of man? The German of fob is "fappe," and it is believed that it came from England. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that a short "fob" chain attached to a watch of Oliver Cromwell's in the British museum is in point of date the first appendage of the kind known. The watch is a small oval one in a silver case and was made about 1625.—London World.

Dance Before Altar in Cathedral.

The boys enter the space before the high altar, their hats under their arms and their ivory castanets in their hands. Having genuflected before the altar, they put on their hats and take their places face to face, each to his allotted position.

The four tallest boys are named the "puntan," or heads; the four next the "segundos," or seconds, and the two smallest boys are the "trancas," or bars. All through the various figures their movements are infinitely graceful and dignified. The dance is something like the minuet and the children time their steps to their own sweet voices, accompanied by the low tone of the magnificent organ or the plaintive wail of the violin.

It is quite impossible to describe the impression in point of sound and unique ceremony makes on the mind; the sound of those fresh young voices ringing through the vaulted cathedral, the click of the castanets, the throng of silent spectators and the presence of the archbishop, canons and clergy, all in their richest choir vestments, combine to render the scene imposing—nay, almost sacred.

Priests and Theaters.

In the current issue of the Actors' Bible the question is asked why Catholic priests are not allowed to attend performances in theaters. Put in this form, it is too sweeping a generalization, for the restriction on each priest applies only to the theaters of the particular diocese with which he is connected. A Westminster priest who crosses the river into Southwark is under no restraint in this respect, although few, as a matter of taste and training, care to exercise this liberty when away from home. It is largely a question of name and tradition. Cardinal Manning had no objection to the German Road entertainments in St. George's Hall or the performances of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels in St. James's Hall, but he would have promptly suspended any priest of his who was proved to have visited a London theatre.—London Chronicle.

An excuse is the easiest thing to find. Whoever decided that people should wear clothes had his business. We all look mighty tough without clothes.

Judge Not.

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Soon after becoming a widower I resolved to sell off everything I possessed of a household nature and go abroad for a while. Having no ties, children or other relatives, there was nothing to hold me to any particular place. One day I was clearing out my late wife's desk when I came upon a fat envelope. Opening it, I found something that astonished me.

But to tell my story properly I must begin back about five years.

Marjorie and I made a love match. We were both members of a smart set in society and, such being the case, were not especially ignorant of the ways of the world. We both had a number of old flames, and after marriage neither of us was inclined to confine ourself to the exclusive attention of each other. After awhile, however, I dropped all the women I had previously loved, retaining only one, with whom I had a platonic friendship. She was Mildred Burke, a woman of excellent sense and fairly intellectual. Margerie did not seem to object to the attention of this friend, though she did not herself make a boon companion of Miss Burke.

I was not so satisfied with the continued devotion of one of my wife's admirers, Courtney Stewart. Marjorie seemed to like him for the very reasons that I condemned him. He was reckless, careless, always getting into trouble and always finding some good friend to help him out—in short, the very kind of man to whom a woman is most liable to give her heart. My wife was always telling me of these traits, referring to them as something especially attractive. I declined to be interested.

I remember on one occasion at the breakfast table when my wife was telling me of one of Stewart's escapades I coldly informed her that the man was weak, foolish, dishonorable. I saw a suppressed flash in her eye and a slight color rise to her cheek.

"I don't expect you to take an interest in people who are natural, frank, generous. Your kind looks out for his own interest, is devoid of sympathy, never gives himself away, but takes especial pains to listen to all he hears."

"Do you refer to any particular person?" I asked, with some hauteur. "Certainly—to your particularly platonically loved, Mildred Burke."

We left the breakfast table without another word, and there was a coolness between us for several days, but it gradually wore away, and neither again mentioned his or her particular friend to the other.

One morning it suddenly occurred to me that my wife was as apt to be meeting her especial friend as I was to meet mine. The thought was not pleasant. But why shouldn't she have the same privilege as I? The case was different. Miss Burke was a woman of high principle. Stewart was a scapgrace and not to be trusted. The bee of suspicion having got into my bonnet, it buzzed and tickled and stung till I was beside myself with jealousy. Had my wife continued to tell me about the fellow's escapades I should have had confidence in her innocence. As it was I was sure there were clandestine meetings.

I did something of which I have ever since been ashamed. I used a detective, not directly, to spy upon my wife—but upon Courtney Stewart, which was just as bad, for it was through him that I expected to trap Marjorie. I directed my sleuth to shadow Stewart, not letting him know that my wife was in any way concerned.

At the end of a month he reported that there was nothing bad about Stewart. On the contrary, he was popular and respected. Mention was made of several kindly, impulsive acts to needy people. A list of women he had met was furnished me, and my wife's name was not among them.

The report made me very much ashamed of myself, especially as it appeared to me that my dear wife, seeing that her retention of her friend annoyed me, had given him up. As soon as I could recover some of my self-respect I devoted myself to treating her with every consideration and all my affection. From that day until her death not a cloud came between us.

And now I come back to that fat envelope I have mentioned. There were in it in a woman's hand, all in the same writing, a number of documents. At first I resolved to destroy them without an examination, but just as I was about to do so my eye caught the name Burke. Then I read every one of them.

That my wife had employed a shadower for my especial friend, astonishing as it was, was nothing to the report she received on Mildred Burke. Not a shadow of suspicion attached to her relations with me; but, horrible to relate, she was keeping up relations with another married man that were as criminal as her intimacy with me was innocent.

I sat for a long while completely stunned. An overburdening sense of how weak our judgment, how little we know of the secret lives of those about us, weighed upon me. How different the reports received by me and by Marjorie and how much in favor of her perception and her friend! What wisdom in the words, "Judge not, that ye be not judged!"

I shall never marry again. And why? I have no confidence in my estimates of those from among whom I must choose, and I have not my dear wife to choose for me.

BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.

Rainbow Upside Down.

Not very many persons have ever seen an inverted rainbow, although the phenomenon sometimes appears. At the Italian geodynamic observatory of Rocca de Pava not long ago the director and a party of visitors were fortunate enough to see one. The morning was showery, and as the party looked down from an elevation of 2,800 feet they saw in the Campagna a perfect rainbow with its concave side up, the middle point bearing to the northeast. From the Eiffel tower in Paris one has also been seen, in this case the rainbow being double and extending above and below the horizon to form two concentric circles nearly complete. Generally the inverted rainbow is to be seen only in the mountains and then very rarely. The phenomenon, of course, is due merely to the position of the observer, which must be above the refracting agent instead of below.—Pathfinder.

Thanked His Stars.

When the French revolution broke out a number of scientists lost their lives, but Lalande, the astronomer, only paid the more attention to the skies and its constellations. When he found, after the reign of terror, that he had escaped the fury of the mob he exclaimed gratefully, "I may thank my stars for it." Would any apparent jest possess more genuine truth?

Allison tells how during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign no sooner were the mamelukes observed at a distance than the word was given, "Form square; artillery to the angles; asses and savans to the center." The command afforded no little merriment to the soldiers even at such an exciting moment and made them call the asses demiasavans.

Located.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

A Wayside Philosopher.

"How'd you like to be a senator?" inquired the first wanderer.

"I'd like it first rate," responded the second wayfarer. "Still, a hobo's life has got its good points. He ain't got no constituents to kick about his inactivity."—Kansas City Journal.

Good Tree, Poor Crop.

"I suppose you know of my family tree?" said Baron Fucash.

"Yep," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It may have been a good tree, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Washington Star.

Credulous.

Blobbs—The girl to marry is the girl who believes in love in a cottage. Slobbs—Yes, if a girl believes that, you could stuff her with any old thing.—Philadelphia Record.

Be sure to put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.—Lincoln.

Desirable.

A lady recently arrived from Australia was lately negotiating with an agent in London for a house in one of the newer districts of Kensington. She asked if it was a nice neighborhood.

"It is thoroughly desirable, madam," replied the house agent. "They are, without exception, soup and fish families."

Ruby Mining in Upper Burma.

Ruby mining is carried on in Upper Burma, and next to petroleum is the most profitable of the mineral resources of the state, the value of the product being about \$600,000. One ruby of 77 carats, taken out a few years ago, was valued at \$125,250.

GRATUITOUS PLEASANTIES.

The Tobaccoist Gets a Lesson in the Art of Joking.

"You must be going out to see the girl," observed the friendly tobaccoist to the young man who had just purchased a cigar.

"What's that?" asked the young man, sharply, pausing in the act of lighting his Havana second.

His manner was disconcerting, but the tobaccoist repeated his surmise. "You're fixed up so," he added. "Flower in your buttonhole, moustache curled. You're looking all right."

"I didn't ask you how I looked," said the young man, morosely. "I came in here to buy me a smoke."

"That's all right," said the tobaccoist, soothingly. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. There isn't any harm in a fellow going to see a girl as I know of. I've done it myself."

"I may be going to sit up with a sick grandmother, for all you know," said the young man in nowise pleased. "If I get my moustache curled I guess it's my business."

"Sure. That's all right."

"I don't know whether it is or not. I didn't get fresh about your bald spot when I came in here."

"You don't need to get mad about it," said the tobaccoist.

"If I want to wear a flower I guess it's my privilege," continued the young man. "I may wear a flower every day in the week and two on Sunday. You don't know. You never saw me before as I know of. You've probably got me mixed up with somebody you went to school with, the way you talk."

"I'll take it all back," said the tobaccoist.

"You'd better not bring it out the next time," said the young man with a threatening shake of the head. "You can't make a monkey of me, I want to tell you. You're a joshier, you are. You must think that line of talk is a trade getter. If I've got a girl I don't remember introducing her to you. How would it be if you tended to your cigar business? Say if you've got any friends you must josh them something fierce."

"Now see here—" began the tobaccoist.

"If you've got anything to say about my necktie you might as well get it off your mind," said the young man. "Maybe you'd like to know about the girl too."

"No, sir, I don't," said the tobaccoist, wrathfully. "I don't care a hang about her or about you. You can go and see her or you can stay away from her, just as you darn please, just so long as you get out of this store. A man may have a grouch, but he can't rub it into me, more than about so much."

The young man turned to the cigar lighter and lit his cigar with ostentatious deliberation. At the door he turned.

"Talking about that bald spot of yours," he said, "it looks as if you'd been having trouble with your wife."

The tobaccoist glared at the spot where the young man had stood for nearly a minute. Then his features relaxed. "Maybe I ain't the first to tell him that this afternoon," he said.

ACKNOWLEDGE IT.

Canfield Has to Bow to the Inevitable

—Scores of Citizens Prove It.

After reading the public statement of this representative citizen of Canfield given below, you must come to this conclusion: A remedy which cured years ago, which has kept the kidneys in good health since, can be relied upon to perform the same work in other cases. Read this:

Preston Cronk, Wadsworth Street, Canfield, Ohio, says: "My kidneys were badly out of order and caused acute pains in my back. Sometimes this trouble was so severe that I could hardly get up in the morning and when I did manage to do so, I could not stoop to lace my shoes. I think my complaint was caused by overwork and a severe cold. Having Doan's Kidney Pills brought to my notice, I obtained a box at Morris' drug store and to my delight, they relieved me. By the time I had finished the contents of two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I was completely cured, all my pains and aches having disappeared. I believe Doan's Kidney Pills to be the best as represented."

Mr. Cronk gave the above testimonial in August 1906 and on June 11, 1909, he said: "I value Doan's Kidney Pills just as highly today as when I recommended them some years ago. On one or two occasions since then, when hard work has brought on an attack of backache, I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills with the best of results."

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