THE MISSING WILL

By FRANK FILSON.

"Mary," said Tom Halloran, "Mr. Ames is going to foreclose the mortgage on that five acre field."

Mary Halloran, comely in spite of her four and forty years, looked up from her darning. When three sturdy children are putting on weight and muscle every day of their lives, mother is apt to be fairly busy.

"It isn't that I care so much about the old field," said Tom. "We're doing well enough, and the fact is, that mortgage was a nuisance. Now without it we can have more money to put into the dairy. But it wasn't exactly neighborly of Mr. Ames, seeing how long he's known you—"

The acquaintance dated back twenty-five years and more, to the time when Mary Newell was the adopted daughter of old Simon Newell, John Ames' half-brother, but nearly forty years his senior. Simon Newell was the squire of the town, and it was understood that all his possessions were to go to Mary. He wanted to see her married to John Ames, who, at the age of twenty, was already gifted with that shrewd, calculating nature miscalled hardheadedness in country places.

John's wooing had been conducted with consummate skill. Mary was completely deceived by his protestations, so much so that when John asked her to marry him she thought herself the happiest girl alive. One month before the date set for the wedding the old squire had a stroke.

He lay for a week unconscious, but, before he died, he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize those about him. He looked at Mary. He tried to speak, but could not. A moment later he closed his eyes and passed out of life.

When the will was sought it could not be found. Reluctantly, Mary's friends came to the conclusion that, like many men, Newell had postponed making his will until it was too late. And so the property passed by inheritance into the hands of John Ames.

Ames was very considerate. He gave Mary the old-fashioned furniture,

Stared at it in Terror.

he let her take her time about moving after breaking off the engagement. For that was what he did, within a month after Newell's death. Why should he marry a penniless girl when the rich Miss Sarah Smith looked with favor upon him, and would comfortably swell the Ames fortunes?

Five years later Mary married Tom Halloran, a man a little below her station in life. They were very happy. After some years the first of their three children was born.

Ames and Mary never spoke, except when it was unavoidable. Conscious that he had acted wretchedly, Ames schemed to drive Halloran out of the village. Honest Tom Halloran knew that he and Mary had been engaged, but not the cold-blooded way in which Ames had jilted the woman who was now his wife.

Mary had sent back the furniture, all except the old cabinet which Mr. Newell had had made for her. "Take care of that, my dear," he had said. "It's made of tropical wood, and some day it will be worth its weight in gold to you."

When Tom had gone into the kitchen to smoke his pipe Mary sat darning busily, and her thoughts wandered back over all those years that had passed. How happy she and Tom had been! And how thankful she was that she had discovered Ames' nature before she married him! She did not care about the field, but Ames' persecution of Tom had aroused her fighting spirit. If she could repay Ames in kind!

Suddenly she perceived a tiny edge of white against the flat top of the cabinet. It looked like a paper paring. She rose to brush it aside, and to her amazement discovered that it was part of a sheet, apparently wedged into the wood in some strange fashion.

A moment's examination showed her that there was a secret drawer in the cabinet. And the paper—as she pulled it through the orifice in the wood she could see that there was writing on it. She fumbled about until she found the spring of the drawer, which she pulled open. Inside lay a document—the last will of Simon Newell.

Mary Halloran stared at it in terror. This message from the dead—she did not want to read those letters that danced before her eyes. She was still standing with the will in her hand when Tom came in.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, seeing her distress.

Mary Halloran put the paper behind her.

"Tom," she said, "you know Mr. Newell meant to leave all his property to me, and how John Ames got it. The will was never found. But I have found it. It was in the secret drawer in that cabinet."

Tom stared at her, and slowly understanding came into his mind. "Then it's all ours!" he exclaimed. "The five acre field and—all of it!"

"No, Tom!" said Mary.

"Eh, my dear?" said Tom, slowly.

"I don't want to claim it. I don't want Mr. Ames to know. Tom, he paid a price for the property, the price of honor and self-respect. Many a night he must have lain awake, meditating over his bargain. The property is the only recompense he had. And I want him to keep it, Tom."

"You don't—want the property, Mary?"

"No, Tom. That is why I am going to throw the will into the fire unread."

"But, Mary! It's yours—ours. Think of the boys. We must be just to them. The scoundrel has had it all these years. My dear, you must—"

"I won't, Tom, I won't," she cried. "You don't understand." She flung the paper into the open fire; it scorched against the coals and fluttered, unburned, beneath the grate. But Mary had run out of the room, her eyes blinded with tears of shame.

She was thinking that she had been more than recompensed in Tom. But for the will's loss she would never have known the treachery in John Ames' heart.

Tom Halloran stooped down and picked the will out of the grate and began to read. The verbiage was difficult, but there was one sentence that stood out unmistakably:

"To my half-brother, John Ames, all that I possess, both real and personal estate, in the conviction that he will make a good husband for my adopted daughter, Mary."

Slowly Tom watched the paper burn in the fire. And, though the full meaning of Mary's wish did not come home to him, something told him that he must never let her know Ames was still the rightful owner of the Newell estate.

SUNSHINE IN THE STOMACH

Happiness Lies in Eating Above Ground Products, It Is Said by Those of a Certain School.

Some people say that to be happy one should eat only sun kissed foods. By sun kissed, they mean all fruits and vegtables that grow above ground. The more these things are dependent upon the rays of the sun for perfection the better effect they will have upon the individual who consumes them, the Detroit Free Press states.

Every man and woman in daily life is sure to need the brightness of the sun in the stomach as well as the heart and home, declare the advocates of the sun kissed fare, and there is no better way of getting it than through nourishing food.

In the sun-kissed diet there is very little meat, though poultry is used frequently and eggs are favored—poultry because it is at its best when the fowls have been reared in the sunshine and open air. Beef and lamb are considered more or less depressing.

Potatoes are carefully shunned, despite their great food value. They are grown in the dark earth and never see the sun. They are apt to make one dull. Instead of potatoes, rice is used freely, boiled in croquettes or in puddings. Rice is full of nourishment—witness the Japanese nation. Its great merit is attributed to the fact that it is grown in a sunny climate and depends entirely upon the kisses of the sun.

The farther from the ground a vegetable grows the greater the good obtained from eating it.

Fruits are used at all meals, as much as one can get, particularly oranges, for all through they are of the brilliance of a noonday sun.

Any fruit that grows exclusively in a sunny climate is preferable to a northern grown fruit, as the South is closer to the sun, and the blossoms, then the fruit, are kissed with more strength and warmth by the sun.

Olives are in tremendous favor, as there is nothing more ardently kissed. Olive oil is used for all cooking instead of butter and lard, thereby imparting to meat as well as other foods the necessary sun qualities.

It is easy to be a sun food faddist, but it is said to be well worth while.

On Tuning a Piano.

Many people think it is an easy matter to tune a piano, but this is not the case. As celebrated a musician as Hans von Bulow got into trouble in New York owing to this fallacious idea. He would not permit the instrument to be tuned in the wareroom, one of his whims being that even a short removal of a piano knocks it out of tune. There is, of course, a modicum of truth in the theory. So it was tuned upon the platform where he was to perform. He stood over the tuner all the time, at intervals emitting groans and strong German language. When the task was almost completed he gave a shout and, seizing the wrench, began doing it all over again. In three minutes he had the piano so hopelessly out of gear that it took three hours to get it right again. Herr von Bulow had to pay dearly for this exhibition of ignorance.

Only One Viewpoint.

The late Jacob Riis said in one of his luminous lectures in Pittsburgh: "Away with the men who preach the 'All's well with the world' idea! Conservatives, reactionaries, whatever you choose to call them, they block progress.

"Why, I've even heard them standing up for poverty—poverty, with its overwork, its bad health and its ugliness."

Mr. Riis struck the table grimly.

"Now, there may be a lot of advantages," he said, "in poverty, but I tell you, friends, it takes a mighty rich man to see them."

Lacks Glitter.

"Consistency is a jewel."

"That's all right, but you can't work it off on the girl instead of a diamond ring."

Contentment and Health.

After all, the question of livableness in any environment is, as a rule, one of the temperament and adaptability of the individual. This is the opinion of the Journal of the American Medical association. Americans have braved the dreaded tropics with comparative comfort and remained in perfect health. Manila and Panama have lost the terrors of climate, while the far North has become the field of pleasure seekers. The healthfulness of an environment, urban or suburban, inland or coastwise, has become almost entirely a question of personal hygiene and mental satisfaction coupled with the indispensable accompaniments of public sanitation.

His Idea.

Bill—You know five years ago the banana was scarcely known in Germany.

Jill—Go on with the rest.

"What do you mean by the rest?"

"Why, now Germany's hospitals are crowded with banana-peel victims."

NEW TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER LAUNCHED

The torpedo boat destroyer O'Brien was launched recently at the Cramps' shipyard, Camden, N. J. The sponsor of the craft (shown in the insert) was Miss Marcia Bradbury Campbell of Cherryfield, Me., a great-great-grandniece of Capt. Jeremiah O'Brien, for whom the boat is named. Captain O'Brien was the leader in the first naval engagement of the Revolution.

MILLION ON LINER

Empress of Ireland Has That Much Silver Aboard.

Fair Chance of Recovering Valuable Cargo on Sunken Ship—Services of Expert Divers Are Easy to Obtain, Says Director.

London.—Salvage experts here agree that there is a fair chance of recovering the million dollars' worth of silver said to be aboard the sunken Empress of Ireland. R. H. Davis, managing director of the salvage company, called attention to the following successful operations of this sort:

Four thousand one hundred and twenty-six bars of silver of the value of $2,681,900, 46 boxes of gold of the value of $1,000,000 and nine boxes of silver of the value of $5,850, a total value of $3,687,750—recovered from the Oceana, which was wrecked in about thirteen fathoms of water off Eastbourne.

Four hundred and fifty thousand gold coin—25 peseta pieces—recovered from the wreck of the Alphonso XII, which was sunk in 27 fathoms of water—a greater depth than that at which the Empress of Ireland is lying—off Point Gando, Grand Canary.

Fifty thousand dollars' worth of silver bars—all but six that were on board—recovered from the Skyro, wrecked in 32 fathoms of water off Cape Finisterre.

"In the case of the Alphonso XII the difficulties were very great," Mr. Davis said, "and our diver, Alexander Lambert, had to use dynamite to remove innumerable obstructions before he could get to the magazine in which the treasure was stored.

"Dynamite had also to be used in the operations for salving the silver bars of the Skyro and when the work was finished the vessel was just a heap of scrap iron. The Empress of Ireland is said to be lying on her side in 17 fathoms—102 feet—of water.

"At this depth," Mr. Davis said, "a man cannot remain safely for a longer time than thirty or forty minutes. He would have to allow himself, moreover, about half an hour to get on the surface. The ascent from the depth is a painfully slow business.

"When a man works at these submarine depths he is subject to an abnormal pressure which is increased 4½ pounds for every ten feet he goes down. At work beneath fathoms of water his blood and tissues become saturated with nitrogen.

"For this reason he has to be most careful in ascending to the surface, for otherwise a sort of effervescence would be set up in the blood vessels and cause paralysis.

"There is no difficulty in getting divers for salvage operations. Most of our men are ex-British navy divers, who are without doubt the most scientifically trained in the world.

"For his work in salving the pesetas from the wreck of the Alphonso XII, Alexander Lambert received five per cent of the treasure recovered—$17,500—in addition to his pay of $250 a month."

Woman Jumps on Officer's Head.

Chicago.—Because she did not want a disorderly warrant for William Powell, which she had sworn out, served, Miss Mary Walters waited until Detective Courtney approached, then jumped out of a window on his head. Both were taken to a hospital, where it was found neither was hurt.

VARDAMAN STIRS UP SENATE

Senator From Mississippi Amazes Colleagues When He Whittles Stick in "Sacred" Chamber.

Washington.—"Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may" seems to be the motto of Senator Vardaman of Mississippi. He has given the staid, decorous senate many shocks to its dignity, but one of the best—or worst—was when he hauled out

Senator James K. Vardaman.

his jackknife and whittled a stick of wood in the "sacred" chamber. The shavings piled up on the rich new carpet, while awestruck—and envious—pages clustered about in admiration of Vardaman's nerve and whittling ability.

FISH SWALLOWS ELZA'S ARM

Yes, Up to Elbow, but Nimrod, Dragged Quarter of Mile, Finally Lands Prize.

Lexington, Ky.—Elza Mitchell, a nephew of W. H. Newman, formerly president of the New York Central railroad, while fishing in Beaver creek the other day sighted an enormous catfish under a rock.

Try as he would Elza could not tempt the fish to take a chance on a worm. Finally he knelt and attempted to seize the fish. The fish liked the looks of Elza's arm and swallowed it up to the elbow. Elza closed his fist so that he had the fish hooked. Then he tumbled into the water and the fish started down stream, dragging Elza along.

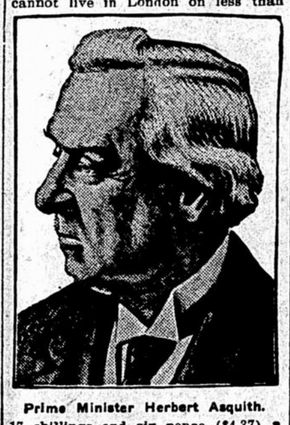
For a quarter of a mile the fish and Elza churned the water. A drift log helped Elza to stop the progress of the fish. His cries for help brought Joe Duffy to his assistance. Joe threw a plow line to Elza and he was towed to shore, bringing the fish with him.

The catfish was three feet nine inches in length, and weighed 65 pounds.

WOMEN GET $1.75 PER WEEK

Mrs. Julia Scurr Tells Prime Minister Asquith of Weekly Wage of Women.

London.—The recent meeting between Prime Minister Asquith and the women representing Sylvia Pankhurst's East End Suffrage club was unique in English history, for never before had women workers of the lowest social class told their wage grievances to so high a personage. The average wage of women throughout the country, Mrs. Julia Scurr told the prime minister, is only seven shillings ($1.75) a week. Many women, she said, support children and parents on this, although the Immigration board has held that a woman cannot live in London on less than



Prime Minister Herbert Asquith.

17 shillings and six pence ($4.37) a week. To small wages and the severity of the struggle was attributed the large number of suicides among married working women of the city. Mrs. Scurr said the poor law attaches harsh and humiliating terms to the relief given and is thoroughly hated by the indigent.

LIGHT IS PROBLEM

Capital Authorities Seek to Remove Automobile Danger.

New Lens Offers Solution—From Los Angeles Comes Word That Objection May Be Removed by Frosted Belt on Glass.

Washington.—War has been declared by the district authorities on the blinding headlights of automobiles within the city limits. The commissioners have instructed Major Sylvester, superintendent of police, to confer with the corporation counsel, and formulate some regulation of the present evil. The present traffic regulations do not contain any provision for the restriction of the use of such headlight which would hold in a court of law.

Much of the present danger arises out of the carelessness of motorists and pedestrians themselves. Motorists spinning over the roads in the adjacent parks and thoroughfares leading into the city limits needlessly leave their headlights burn in the adequately lighted sections. Pedestrians thoughtlessly walk in the middle of the road instead of keeping to the right and to the side of the road. Much of the present danger can be eliminated by a little care and thought, but the problem of the nonglare headlight is twofold. First, the dazzling rays must be eliminated or the use of such lights restricted in some way, and second, the original illuminating qualities of the headlight must be conserved.

Adequate light on the public highways is needed today more than ever before. The heavy black oiled roads make it much more difficult to distinguish pedestrians on the highways than it was in the early days of the automobile, before the roads were oiled.

Still another factor in the problem is the quietness of the present-day motor. It is now possible to creep up within a few feet of another car or pedestrian on the road without them being aware of the approach of a car.

Experiments are being conducted throughout the country, and the local officials are keeping in close touch with every development. Until some device is invented relief will have to come through regulation.

From Los Angeles, Cal., comes the word of a simple solution of the problem. The means consists of a lens molded hemispherically and sand blasted to give a frosted appearance except for a small oval space slightly below the center, which is left transparent. When seen from the height of the driver's seat the frosted surface is between the eyes and the filament and one sees only the diffused circle of light and the form of the approaching car is visible.

The beam of light coming through the clear oval is centralized on the road directly and far ahead instead of as with the old style flat glass over a widening arc. The road is made brighter by the contrast and the diffused light coming through the frosted surface enables the driver to clearly see the front of his own car, even in the face of an approaching blinding searchlight.

MAN'S HEART ASTRAY, HE DIES

James McLaughlin Lives Fifty-eight Years With Vital Organ on Wrong Side.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—James McLaughlin of Wappingers Falls is dead of dextra cardia; that is, McLaughlin, who was fifty-eight years old, wore his heart on the right side, and it proved fatal.

For 55 years McLaughlin, a well-to-do citizen, experienced no trouble with his heart, and did not know it was elsewhere than it should be. Then he was stricken with severe pains in his right chest, which he blamed to rheumatism. Finally he was taken acutely ill and died before Dr. Paul Winslow could attend him.

Doctor Winslow, who is also the health officer, issued a certificate of death, acting instead of the coroner, as provided by the new law for cases where there are no suspicious circumstances.

LARGEST ZOO ELEPHANT DEAD

Empress, Thirty-Eight Years in Zoo at Philadelphia, Breaks Leg in Rush for Bath.

Philadelphia. — Empress, said to have been the largest female elephant in captivity and an inmate of the local zoo for 38 years, died here.

Death was due primarily to the fact that she recently broke a leg while hurrying to take a bath. After the accident the big pachyderm was unable to raise her four tons of flesh, and a block and tackle were employed to lift her to a standing position. After several ineffectual attempts had been made, Empress settled the matter by dying. The skeleton and skin will be sent to the Academy of Natural Sciences to be mounted.

Aged Man Elopes With Girl.

Bloomington, Ill.—Ezra Henline, sixty-seven, a wealthy farmer, and Miss Ina Darr, twenty-three, eloped to Joliet and were married.

Lightning Restores Woman's Sight.

Camden, N. J.—While sitting at a window, Mrs. Lucille F. Haines, eighty-four, who had been partially blind for ten years, was stunned by a flash of lightning. When she recovered, her sight had been restored.

Heavy Bond for Nurses.

Milwaukee.—Nurses in the new Milwaukee radium hospital will be required to furnish a $100,000 bond before being allowed to assist in the treatment of patients.

GIRL SLEEPS IN CATHEDRAL

Young Woman Stenographer, Out of Work, Found Strange Lodgings.

San Francisco.—For more than two months Miss Lenore Mistrot, a young stenographer, friendless, out of work and almost penniless, found nightly lodgings in recesses in St. Mary's cathedral, according to a statement she made to the police.

Five days ago the young woman was found by the sexton acting strangely in the cathedral and was arrested. Since she was arrested she has refused to eat until released. She talked of her hardships and told the police she had attended each vesper service since Easter, had lingered until the cathedral was empty and had then found sleeping places in unfrequented parts of the edifice. When the doors were opened for early morning mass she slipped away.

Two and a half years ago Miss Mistrot came here from Dallas, Tex., she said, and had lived comfortably until an injury to her eyesight had thrown her out of work.

Hard on Optimism.

Now some one who doubtless has made a careful study of the subject informs us that happiness depends almost entirely on having money when you need it and we'd like to know how we're going to live up to our resolution not to have any more moments of depression, or anyhow, not very many.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

WORTHY HIGH PLACE

ARTICHOKE AN IMPORTANT ITEM ON THE MENU.

Large Number of Dishes That Are Easy to Prepare, and Delicious—Should Be No Problem to the Home Cook.

But the ways of cooking the artichoke are legion. Some of these are genuine "creations" of celebrated chefs and are too elaborate for the practical housewife. Others are simple enough to be within the reach of any home cook, and the dishes that can be made from artichokes are so varied and delicious that we are glad to give some of the simpler of these recipes. Try them and see if you have not gained a delightful addition to your bill of fare.

Artichokes Hollandaise.—Boil artichokes in salted water. Drain; serve on platter garnished with parsley and lemon. Serve hollandaise sauce separate.

Artichokes in Combination Salads.—An infinity of combination salads may be made with the artichoke as the principal ingredient; artichoke hearts, with lettuce, chicory or escarolle and a few asparagus points, or with a little cauliflower, string beans, carrots and two or three anchovies; or chopped chicken and celery and peas or stoned olives and sardines boned, skinned, etc.; all are palatable if good dressing is used and everything well chilled.

Artichokes With Mayonnaise.—Boil the artichokes 20 minutes in well salted water. Serve hot, or thoroughly chilled, with mayonnaise. If it is desired that the artichoke should be of a bright green color when cooked, add one-half cup of vinegar to the boiling water when the artichokes are placed in it.

Artichokes Scrambled With Eggs.—Cut in very small pieces the artichokes from which have been removed the stem, points and hard outer leaves. Cook slowly in olive oil or butter. Season to taste; when cooked, break in eggs; mix all together. Cook and serve.

Artichokes (Popular Style).—Remove one-half an inch from the sharp points of the leaves. Cut the stalks close. Wash in vinegar and cold water to draw out any insects that may be there. Drain and lay artichokes in a pot of boiling salted water; boil gently until you can draw a leaf easily, but do not cook too much. Drain upside down till dry. Serve hot with sauce hollandaise or cold with plain french dressing, tartar sauce or mayonnaise. The time for boiling will take from 25 minutes to one hour, according to the size and age of the artichoke.

Artichoke Hearts With Cream Sauce.—Remove the hard outer leaves and the pointed ends of the artichokes, leaving only the tender parts; parboil these; cut each in four pieces; put them in a casserole with butter, pepper, salt, a little flour, cream or milk, and boil all together until the sauce is perfectly blended and reduced to the quantity needed to serve properly.—The Delineator.

Chicken Halibut Salad.

Cut three pounds of chicken halibut in one-inch slices and cook them in a court bouillon made from two quarts of cold water, one carrot, two onions, one-half a wineglassful of vinegar and seasoned to taste with thyme, bay leaves, parsley root, salt and whole pepper. Boil this bouillon 30 minutes, then allow it to cool before placing the fish in it. Cook to the boiling point for ten minutes, then remove from the fire and chill the fish on ice. Make a dressing from one soupspoonful of french tarragon mustard, one spoonful of vinegar, three spoonfuls, of olive oil, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of minced chervil and chives and pepper to taste.

Bar-le-Duc.

The very choice preserve known as bar-le-duc is made from the large cherry currants. Remove the seeds, using for this purpose a quill or darning needle, taking them out from the stem end. To three pounds of these prepared currants allow four pounds and one-half of sugar and one cupful of water. Make a sirup of the sugar and water, stirring until the sugar is dissolved and the sirup makes a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Add the currants, bring to the boiling point, take from the fire, turn into hot, sterilized glasses and seal like jelly.

Russian Chicken.

The Russians have a delicious dish of stewed chicken which calls for a fat chicken, mushrooms, onion, cauliflower and one cupful of fresh or French canned peas. The chicken should be cut up as for fricasseeing, then stewed in boiling water, to which the raw vegetables have been added, the onions being added whole. Cook slowly till tender. Drain off the gravy and thicken with flour and cream, place the chicken on a platter surrounded with the cooked vegetables and covered with the gravy.

Dripless Tea Strainer.

Tea strainers that will not drip or stain a tablecloth are now being manufactured. The perforated mesh for straining the tea is on top of one end of a deep bowl-shaped spoon which forms the bottom when strainer is resting on the table. When in use the strainer is held sidewise over a cup so that the tea flows into the bowl and then back through the perforations. Any liquid that is left in the perforations drips back into the bowl when the strainer is laid down.—Popular Mechanics.

Lactene, or Artificial Buttermilk.

This is decidedly a health beverage, as the lactic acid ferment it contains acts as a prophylactic against the putrefactive bacteria. The tablets may be purchased at any drug store and contain full directions for making. This is more nutritious than buttermilk, as it is made of whole milk.

To Keep Marshmallows.

To keep marshmallows fresh for an indefinite length of time place them in a glass jar used for canning. Put in a slice of bread about one inch thick and seal tightly. When bread is very dry put in a fresh piece.

To Prevent Cake From Falling.

A little of the measure of flour worked into the creamed sugar and butter before the milk is added will often prevent the slight fall when cake needs five minutes more of oven heat.

HARD BUT NECESSARY RULES

Stringent Regulations for Consumptives Laid Down by the New Jersey Board of Health.

Acting under a law of 1912, the New Jersey state board of health has issued the following rules, which are to be followed by all consumptives in that state:

1. All persons suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis (consumption) shall effectively destroy their sputum (spit).

2. All persons suffering from running sores due to any form of tuberculosis shall burn all soiled dressings immediately after removal.

3. The room occupied by a tuberculosis patent shall have at least one outside window.

4. No person suffering from pulmonary or other communicable form of tuberculosis shall handle food designed for the use of others except when necessary in the performance of household duties, unless the food be wrapped in such a way as to protect it from contamination or unless some necessary subsequent process of preparation such as cooking will sterilize it and prevent its carrying infection to the consumer.

5. The manufacturing of any kind of goods for commercial purposes or the performance of any work known as "shop work" in the home of any person suffering from pulmonary or other communicable form of tuberculosis, is prohibited, unless the product is such as can be sterilized, and unless sterilization is done in strict accordance with the requirements of the local board of health.

DIDN'T KNOW THE COLONEL

Steward Thought Cigars Had Roosevelt's Indorsement and Therefore Must Be Good.

William H. Childs, a leader of the Progressive party, has a yacht called Joyance. It was this yacht that went out to meet Colonel Roosevelt when he came back from Spain a few weeks ago. The other day Childs had another guest aboard the Joyance. After dinner the steward, a recent recruit, brought cigars. Guest and host helped themselves and each lighted up.

"My goodness," said Childs, as he drew the first whiff, "where'd you get these cigars?"

"I get 'em from de sto', suh."

"What did you pay for them?"

"I give six cents apiece fo' um, suh."

Childs tossed his weed over the side. "Didn't I tell you to buy good cigars?" he asked, disgustedly.

"Yassuh, you did, suh—you sholy did. I thought these was pretty good cigars, suh. I give one to Cun'l Roosevelt, suh, an' he put it in his pocket."

For the reassurance of those who do not know, it may be remarked that the colonel is not a smoker.—New York Evening Post.

The Trouble.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the well-known suffragist, recently refused to marry a young woman who wanted the phrase "to obey" used in her wedding ceremony. Doctor Shaw believes that the vow to obey, made by the modern woman of culture and action, is both impossible and degrading.

"But don't think," said Doctor Shaw the other day in Philadelphia—"don't think I'm a cynic as regards marriage. Oh, no! If you're looking for cynics, go to the other camp, the camp of the antis and reactionaries.

"I heard an anti say the other day: "The trouble with marriage is that a woman believes all a man says to her before the wedding, and nothing he says after it."

Fun Ahead for Hubby.

"Have you any smokeless powder here?" she inquired as she made her blushing way to the cigar counter in the drug store.

"No," replied the polite cigar clerk, "we don't keep smokeless powder here."

"Oh, dear! That's too bad. Do you know where I could get some?"

"At a gun store, perhaps, but would you mind telling me what you want it for?"

"I want to mix it with my husband's tobacco so he won't smoke up the house with that old pipe of his," she replied, with the air of one who had solved a great problem.—Springfield Union.

He Was Celebrating.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," observed the Sunday school teacher, severely, to the small girl who had but too obviously omitted to wash her face that morning. "Look at your little brother; see how nice and clean he is."

The small girl sniffed. "Well," she replied, "it's 'is birfday."

Unless a man is willing to admit his ignorance, he will never be in a position to learn.

Egg View Notes.

While driving through Spring Ledge, the first of the week, homeward-bound from somewhere with a new mowing machine, Dow Ludlum was halted by a traffic officer, who warned him about cutting corners in the business district.

Something going wrong with one of them there automobiles full of strangers, it was forced to draw up in front of the blacksmith shop Tuesday afternoon. As near as Milt Shirks could understand, the transgression got out of kilter.

Ote Gimber has had a sail on his Moon Lake rowboat for over a week. He reports that it works fine, only the shore keeps getting somewhat in his way.

Witt Larcum, who earnt a camera selling beauty pins to Cylindra Berger, took several valuable pictures of the sun from various angles, yesterday.

A big city bug hunter, who has been in these parts for the past few days with a net, rushed over into Corny Paine's back yard Thursday evening after a mammoth katydid, which was Corny, winding his watch.—Judge.

The Kind.

"I understand this sharpshooter is on his mettle."

"Yes, on his gunmetal."

Some men are candidates for office because they can't help it, but usually it is because the people can't help it.