

What's in a Label.
There is a good deal of art in advertising, and it has to be adapted to the public it seeks to meet. Edward Beeves in "Brown Men and Women" makes clear that what attracts the American market may not serve that purpose in the islands of the south seas. He tells an experience which a food firm had with one of those sea light communities. The natives get very tired of fish, but are fond of hanned beef, which they buy whenever they have money. That they are nothing more than children in their ideas the traders find out to their cost if they are not careful. An exporter of canned meat was nearly ruined by clinging to the trademark of a dragon on his head. Shipment after shipment was sent out from San Francisco, each can branded with the flaming dragon. The natives shuddered at the sight of the hideous thing. They were not going to eat the disgusting beast. In vain the agents tore off the labels; the natives were suspicious and would not buy. The whole shipment had to be returned and put in fresh cans with a fat ox or sheep on the label. All the natives fully believed that the figure on the label was a true picture of what was inside.

Persuasion.
Dr. A. is a specialist in nervous ailments. In his most successful cases "persuasion" has played an important role. Six-year-old Frank has evidently had opportunity to imbibe his father's views on the efficacy of persuasion, which, Dr. A. contends, appeals to the highest psychic functions. It was only a few mornings ago that Dr. A. overheard an altercation in the kitchen between Master Frank and the cook. Mary's voice rose in loud protestations. Mrs. A. hastened to the scene and arrived just in time to see her son seize a convenient broom and threaten Mary. "Why, Frank," she exclaimed in horrified amazement, "what are you doing?" But Frank was equal to the occasion. "I'm just trying to persuade Mary for some angel cake," he explained in a matter of fact way. If this treatment may not have appealed to Mary's highest psychic functions it at any rate tickled her sense of humor. Frank gained his point.—New York Times.

A Way They Have.
"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "has a way of keepin' der consciences quiet by takin' de minister's advice on Sunday an' de lawyer's advice all de rest o' de week."—Washington Star.

A Brave Patient.
Dentist (to assistant): I think I heard a patient in the waiting room. Assistant—Yes, but I can't bring him in. He's turned the key on the inside.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Field of Honor Commission.
Perhaps wit is stimulated by a slight derangement of the nerves, and good things said on the field of battle are sometimes recorded. When "Bully" Egan fought Curran with pistols the bulky Egan complained that his opponent was as thin as a blade of grass. "Let my size be chalked out upon your body," said Curran, "and any hits outside of the line shall not count." It was not good form, however, to make a parade of magnanimity, and the coxcombical practice of firing in the air or "dumb shooting" or "children's play" was strictly prohibited by the rules, of which thirty-six were drawn up by representatives of the five most eminent counties—Galway, Tipperary, Mayo, Sligo and Roscommon—in 1777. They met at the summer assizes at Clonmel and seem to have done their work very gravely and honestly, including a special rule for "simple, unpremeditated encounters with the small sword." There is a large element of absurdity about it all no doubt, but even dueling has had its place as a rough, inefficient test of manhood.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Grand People in London in 1806.
"I came to town on Wednesday and intended to go to the Ancient Music; made a Bungle about my Ticket; it was too late to get it. The Drawing Room was the object yesterday. They made a mistake in my Dress. It was not deep enough for my Mourning, and the glass of my Sedan Chair was not mended. Looked at my Lodgings; found them Abominable. I walked all over the Town till I was, Lord, how tired! Looked in upon the Duchess of Gordon while she took off her Hoop to Dine with the Bedfords." This was Jane, duchess of Gordon, who rode down the High street of Edinburgh on a pig's back in the days of her wild girlhood and raised recruits for the new highland regiment when other means had failed by allowing each man to take the shilling from between her lips. Hoops were de rigueur for court dress until the days of George IV., although in private life the ladies' skirts had been growing more and more scanty since the days of the French revolution.—From "John Hookham Frere and His Friends," by Gabrielle Festing.

Wealthy Poverty.
There are still many houses in the country in England where the owners are unconscious of the fact that, while they themselves are apparently poor, they possess fortunes in furniture and pictures.—Town and Country.

Too General.
Little Eph—Mammy, who was Venus! Mammy—Fo' de law's sake, I knows so many Venuses—Venus Jonsing, Venus Snuff-an', look henh, chile, you mus' be mo' spilett!—New York Journal.

Human at Least.
An American player who fulfilled several London engagements under the late Sir Henry Irving tells a story of a young man employed as the tragedian's dresser when Irving was the lessee of the Lyceum theater. The young fellow had been recommended for the place by Clarkson, the celebrated wigmaker. Irving was as exacting in matters of makeup as he was in everything else relating to stage equipment, and he succeeded in impressing Clarkson with a deep sense of responsibility. Shortly after his entering upon his new duties Clarkson called upon his former employer. As Clarkson had noticed that he did not get as many orders for wigs from Irving as he formerly did, he had begun to suspect that the dresser was accountable. "Are you making Sir Henry's wigs?" Clarkson demanded without preliminary. "Sometimes." "Do you call that a wig?" sneered the caller, pointing to an article on the dressing table. "Do you mean to tell me that you believe that thing looks at all like a wig?" "No, sir, I don't," hotly replied the dresser, now considerably irritated, "but I do mean to say as how it looks like the 'air of the 'uman 'ead'."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Character of the Montenegrins.
Nowhere is love of country more intense than among the Montenegrins, to whom exile is the greatest of punishments. When Mr. W. J. Stillman was there in the seventies all the free men were away fighting, and he observed how, when a messenger was wanted, the official took a man out of the prison and sent him off, with no fear that he would not return. One such messenger was sent to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with 3,000 florins for the bank, and duly came back. Another asked a Russian at Cattaro to intercede with Prince Nicholas for his release from prison. "But you are not in prison!" said the Russian. "Oh," said the man, "I have only come down for a load of skins for So-and-so, but I must go into prison again when I get back to Cetinje." One guard watched all the prisoners when they snuffed themselves out of doors, and if he were called away a prisoner would take his rifle and do duty for the time.—London Chronicle.

The Hourglass.
Instead of being obsolete and simply an interesting relic, the hourglass in various forms is a twentieth century necessity. A machinist authority points out that for such purposes as timing hardening and tempering heats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hourglass with the right amount of sand. Accuracy to fractions of a second can be had much more easily than by watching the hands of a watch.

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