

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Home, Sweet Home.
Home is where the bathtub is waiting,
Home where the oil stove is found;
Home where there's hot and cold water,
Home where the beefsteaks abound,
Home to the self-draining icebox,
Home where there's something to see,
Home where there's real cigar stores,
That's where I am longing to be.

CHORUS.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Oh, how I long to be there!
The beach may be fine,
But a paved street for mine,
And a seat in the old morris chair.

Home where the napkins are linen,
Home where the featherbeds are;
Home where the meals are worth eating,
Home where folks ride in a car,
Home where the lights are electric,
Home where the phonographs play,
Where the nickel shows drag in the money,
I wish I were back there today.

CHORUS.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Oh, how I long to be there!
The lake may be fine,
But the bathtub for mine;
And a shave in a real barber chair.

Her Opinion of Congress.
Representative Roddenbery, who comes to congress from Georgia, has no illusions about the importance of his job or the esteem in which national legislators are held at home. He tells this story:

A little Georgia boy whose father had just been elected to the legislature of that state, said one day:
"Maw, pop's a pretty big man now, ain't he?"
"Oh, I dunno," answered his mother.
"If he makes a good record they'll send him to congress, won't they, maw?"
"I dunno. Maybe. I ain't ever had much use for congress since they wouldn't pay for the cotton that was stole durin' the war. Still, if they want to send your paw up there it don't make no difference as fur's I'm concerned. They can't swat congress too hard to suit me."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Jones grumbles that his wife can't take a joke."
"That's funny, seems to me."
"How so?"
"She took Jones."—Judge.

"How many men does he employ?"
"He isn't an employer. He works on a salary like the rest of us."
"That's queer, I thought he must be the boss. I just heard his telling another man that he hadn't taken a vacation in 12 years."—Detroit Free Press.

Loyal, If Not Too Learned.
While Admiral Togo was obliged on account of illness to cancel most of his social engagements in Boston he received informally a number of people who were introduced to him by one of his special representatives.
A group of delegates from a conven-

FISK-WILLIAMS REALTY CO. WEEKLY DOINGS'

Ind. 2036. OCTOBER 27, 1911. Bell 76.

We have three buyers in town at this time, each waiting for a good improved 40 acres and each has the money to buy with. Here is an immediate opportunity waiting if you have such a 40 to sell. If you mean business get in touch with us at once.

A good 6-room house and two lots, clear of incumbrance, in good location, is offered to trade for an improved 10 acres with buildings. Will assume some mortgage on the 10 acres.

A good 5-room house and four lots in good location is offered in trade for 20 acres.

6 high class building lots in best location on the hill are offered for irrigated acreage. Will assume.

Neat 5-room house with three lots on a good corner, close to good school is offered for acreage tract.

New 5-room house, well built and well finished. Carries a small building and loan mortgage payable a small amount each month. We can trade the equity in this house very cheap for good vacant lots that are clear.

A good income property at \$5000 to trade for equity in improved 40 or 80 acres on attractive basis.

Two good income properties, well located and in fine repair, to trade for any kind of property in wet territory. 40 acres of pasture land in Dixie at \$2000 to trade for rental property in town. This land will grow good alfalfa seed and is worth the money.

tion then being held in Boston greeted the little sea fighter with the Japanese salutation which sounds like "Banzai o hi o!"
One of the delegates who was from the Keystone state was not to be outdone in courtesy or patriotism. After the voices had subsided so that he got a good chance he exclaimed enthusiastically:
"And banzai Pennsylvania, too!"—New York Sun.

A Delusion.
John Kirby, Jr., the president of the National Association of Manufacturers was talking to a reporter during the association's recent convention in New York about certain tendencies of modern life.

"These tendencies," said Mr. Kirby, smiling, "look very harmless now, but that is only because we misunderstand them. They are really evil tendencies, and in our indulgent outlook on them we are as deluded as a little Dayton girl I know."
"She took up, one July morning, a muff that was sadly moth-eaten."
"Moths," she said, "are so nice. It is so easy to feed them. They eat nothing but holes."—

Spoiled a Good Compliment.
The curtain had fallen on the performance of the amateur theatrical company, and compliments, wise and otherwise, were flying freely. The well meaning young man approached his hostess.

"You played the heroine's part magnificently, Mrs. Portleigh," he said, gushingly, as he bowed before her.
"You're too kind, Mr. Rasleigh," replied the good lady, who would never see 40 again. "But I'm afraid you are only flattering. A young and pretty woman should really have taken the part."
"Ah, madam," he sighed, "with your skill you proved quite the contrary."—Answers.

Perennial.
There is in Washington an old "grouch" whose son was graduated from Yale, says Lippincott's. When the young man came at the end of his first term he exulted in the fact that he stood next to the head of the class. But the old gentleman was not satisfied.

"Next to the head!" he exclaimed.
"What do you mean? I'd like to know what you think I'm sending you to college for. Next to the head! Why aren't you at the head, where you ought to be?"
At this the son was much crestfallen, but upon his return he went about his work with such ambition that at the end of the term he found himself in the coveted place. When he went home that year he felt very proud. It would be great news for the old man.
When the announcement was made the father contemplated his son for a few minutes in silence. Then, with a shrug, he remarked:
"At the head of the class, eh? Well, that's a fine commentary on Yale university!"

Cud.
J. Phelps Stokes, at the Knickerbocker club, in New York, was praising the various country week associations that are already preparing to give the children of the poor brief country vacations.
"The little urchins," said Mr. Phelps Stokes, "enjoy these healthful holidays, and wonderful are the remarks

Fortunate.

How to win the heart of his congregation was unconsciously solved by an innocent young curate, says the Gentlewoman. Dean Hole, in his "Letters," tells the following story:

"A young curate, a good fellow, but very shy and bashful, came into a parish which was occupied by Yorkshire yeomen who bred horses and rode them and sometimes had steeplechases. He did not get on and was very much depressed.

"One day the clerk said to him, 'If you please, sir, the prayers of the church are desired for Lucy Gray.'"

"Very well," said the curate, and at every service in which the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men was offered the church was asked to pray for Lucy Gray, till one morning the clerk rushed into the vestry and said: "You needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more; she's won the steeplechase."

"Have I been praying for a horse?" asked the curate. "I shall leave the place."

"But the clerk said: 'You do now of the sort, sir; I thought little of you when ye came, but now ye've got the hearts of them all and ye can do what ye like in the parish since ye took to praying for that horse.'"

Farmer A—I hear that your son, Hiram, has made his way to the front in Bawston.

Farmer B—I sh'd say he has. He started in as a conductor on a street-car an' now he's motorman.—Boston Transcript.

Jones Furniture Co.

QUALITY IRON BEDS

The Superior Workmanship, the Expert Construction and the High-Grade Materials used in producing the line of Iron Beds we carry will be evidenced in the long life of each piece long after the ordinary iron bed can be used no longer. We have all grades of Mattresses that we can guarantee, and you know that our store is the home of the Sealey Mattress. We have a bed spring at a reasonable price that we guarantee for 25 years! That's how "QUALITY" Furniture wears.

"The House of Quality"

Embalmers and Funeral Directors

606 MAIN STREET

CALDWELL, IDAHO

that the country's strangeness draws from their young lips. One August afternoon a tiny East Sider, pointing to a farmer's herds in a shady meadow asked:

"Where does the farmer get all the chewing gum for his cows?"—Washington Star.

Economy.
Claus A. Spreckels, the sugar refiner was talking in New York about economies in the sugar trade, says the Washington Star.

"We work very economically," Mr. Spreckels said, "but we haven't got things down to such a fine point as some folks would have you believe. We are not quite so economical, in fact, as the lady with the pet cat."

"A lady who owned a tortoise-shell cat called her grocer up one morning and gave her usual economical order—an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, and so forth—and she concluded with a request for 1 cent's worth of cat's meat."

"The grocer sighed, for this order would have to be delivered three miles away. But as he was entering the items in his order-book the lady called him up again.
"Mr. Sands," she said, "oh, Mr. Sands!"

"Yes, madam."
"Mr. Sands, I want to cancel that order for cat's meat. The cat's just caught a bird."—

Illusive.
Bitter experience is a wonderful teacher. No doubt the young lady had often been told that she ought to wear glasses, but had neglected or refused to do so.

There was a most determined look in her eye, however, as she marched into the optician's office.

"I want a pair of glasses immediately," she said. "Good strong ones. I won't be without them for another day!"

"Good strong ones?"
"Yes, please. I was out in the country yesterday and I made a very painful blunder which I have no wish to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook an entire stranger for an old friend, perhaps?"
"No, nothing of the sort. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."—Judge.

Tom (admiring the sunset, in company with Dick and 'Arry)—By gum, that's a little bit of orl right.
Dick—Top 'ole, ain't it, just?
'Arry—Fair treat, I calls it.—Sketch.

Waiter (to proprietor)—Keep your eye on that party, sir. He says the wine's perfect; he's found no fault with the food, and he's just praised his cigar. I'm sure he's going to do a bolt.—London Opinion.

Tourist (to Indian standing beside a pile of arrow heads, etc.)—Heap scrap?
Indian—Nope. Scrap heap. I'm just waiting to sell the lot to the first Eastern junk curio dealer that comes along this way.—Puck.

"Judge, I simply have an irresistible impulse to steal."
"I have those irresistible impulses sometimes," said the judge. "I have one right now to send you to jail. Sixty days."—Kansas City Journal.

"What did she say when the judge granted her a divorce, but forbade her to marry in this state again?"
"She asked the judge to make her husband provide her with traveling expenses."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Knagg—Your promises don't go any more. I want some money. Money talks.
Mr. Knagg—I know it does, my

Expansion of Naval Cost.
Naval estimates demand \$129,000,000 for next year. This is more than twice the cost of the navy in the year of the Spanish War or the year that followed it; nearly ten times the cost of 1886; greater than the current German expenditure on navy; greater than that of France and Italy combined.

Better think about those pictures you are going to have made for Christmas. There is always a rush later in 'he season, so come now and keep out of the rush. Snodgrass Picture Shop. Your films are ready in the morning when we develop them, and you get expert service, too. Snodgrass Picture Shop.

Magazine editor—I really can't see anything in this manuscript of yours.
Young Author—Still, why not print it? Your readers may have more intelligence.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Newly Rich—Did you fall heir to any of your mother's first china dishes?
Mrs. Blue Blood—No, indeed; my mother always kept help.—Judge.

"I shall never again ask him for his advice."
"What's the matter?"
"He never thinks what I have made up my mind to do is right."—Detroit Free Press.

"At last I have discovered why we didn't sell more of those bathing suits," remarked the head of the department.

"Why is it?" asked the proprietor.
"I overheard one of the salesladies emphasizing the fact that they wouldn't shrink," was the reply.—Philadelphia Record.

"You look warm."
"I have been chasing a hat."
"Did your hat blow off?"
"It was not my hat; it belonged to somebody else and it had a pretty girl under it."
"Did you catch it?"
"Yes; my wife saw me chasing it."—Houston Post.

Buggins—My father is over 80 years old and has never used glasses.
Guzzler—Always drinks from the bottle, eh?—Philadelphia Record.

The Mule's Intelligence.
"Dat ol' mule knows dat plowin' time has come," said Brother Dickey "W'en I gone ter de barn ter feed him dis mawlin' he had done kicked de do' loose, jumped two wire fences an' swummed de millpon' ter de big woods. W'en you stops to consider de few advantages de mule hez had de intelligence er mere man can't hol' half a candle ter him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Files in Alfalfa.
Prof. H. W. Howard of the Washington state experiment station has discovered that the common house fly multiplies and thrives in the alfalfa fields. This discovery has caused a great deal of interest in the west, and investigations by scientists are now being made to ascertain just how the fly breeds in alfalfa and how the pest may be overcome.

Feeding Rye.
Rye should always be fed ground into meal mixed with other grains, like oats, and never fed whole to any animal, whether it be horse, cow, sheep or pig. It is just as safe to feed mares in foal as to other animals. When rye meal is fed unmixed with other meals it is a dangerous feed, being far too concentrated to insure good digestion. The best use that can be made of rye is to feed it in slop to hogs. It has a nutritive ratio of 1 to 7.1; oats have a nutritive ratio of 1 to 6.2.

The Store That Does Things Well

But keeps the cost of doing business down to bed-rock, is the store that gives you value for your money.

We Are It--- Flynn's Grocery

dear. That's why I didn't spring any on you. I didn't think you'd care to meet a rival.—Chicago News.

"How did that murder trial come out?"
"In the usual way. The defendant two bailiffs and several of the witnesses are going on the stage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Yes," she admitted, "this is the first time I have ever been in love, but—"
"But what?" interrupted the young man in the moonlight scene, anxiously.
"It is so nice," she continued, "that I hope it won't be the last."—Chicago News.

Do You Know Him?
The musician had delighted her audience for an hour with classic melody, and at some one's suggestion she was now rendering one of her own compositions.
At the close she wheeled suddenly about on the stool amidst plaudits and general expressions of admiration. Her own little "piece" had struck closer home than the classics.
"Ah," said the listener who had heard the selection for the first time, "that is very beautiful—charming—melodious—it sounds just like something I've heard before."

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Sebree were Boise visitors Sunday.

YOU CAN SAVE 10 PER CENT on gate and rabbit fence by buying now. Ask me why. Another big car load of the best style of fence and gates just received. E. C. Spencer, the Page fence man.
Velvet Kisses, Horehound Drops, the best in candy at the Botkin-Harmon Drug Co., Ltd.

DAILY DIET AND HEALTH HINTS
By DR. T. J. ALLEN
Food Specialist

ATE QUAIL A DAY FOR 32 DAYS ON WAGER.

George Razakles of Chicago finished eating thirty-two quail in thirty-two days December 7, won a wager of \$700, and offered to eat thirty-two more in the next thirty-two days for \$1,000. The danger, or impossibility, of eating one article of food continually is altogether imaginary.

Quail, or any other animal food, is inappropriate as steady diet for man, who is not carnivorous, but almost any single non-flesh food that contains all the elements of nutrition in nearly the same proportion as they are found in the blood, is far superior to the ordinary mixed diet. The infant can live best for three years on a milk monodiet, and the average man could live a hundred years on whole wheat bread alone.

The adoption of the monodiet approximately would largely abolish sickness, then it would spoil the course dinner and solve the servant problem. Efficiency, mental and physical, would be doubled, and the cost of living would be reduced one-half, but quail on toast, champagne, pie and cake and all superfluous dishes would be eliminated. Disease would be largely eliminated, including cancer, whose essential physical cause I have proved to be the disorganization of nutrition and consequently of cell proliferation, under certain favorable circumstances.

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