FAIR PLAY

VOLUME XLII. STE. GENEVIEVE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1914. NUMBER 49.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

HAPPENINGS OF THE SEVEN PAST DAYS ARE BRIEFLY TOLD HERE.

FROM AROUND THE PLANET

Dispatches From Our Own and Foreign Countries Are Here Given in Short Meter for Busy Readers.

Important records of Wellesley, Mass., college, financial and scholastic, which were thought to have been destroyed when College hall was burned on March 17, were found undamaged when a safe was opened. The safe had been too hot to touch since the fire.

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The bill providing for the submission to the voters of a constitutional amendment for state-wide prohibition in Maryland was killed in the house of delegates by a vote of 67 to 42.

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Gov. West served notice on Mrs. Hilda Lason, mayor and members of the town council of Troutdale, Ore., that unless violations of the liquor laws ceased immediately he would close the saloons.

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The will of the late Frederick Townsend Martin, filed in New York, estimates his estate at "more than $500,000." The Metropolitan Museum of Arts receives all the art treasures of the deceased.

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Miss Mary Hazen of Trenton, who declares she was once stenographer to Woodrow Wilson when he was governor of New Jersey, is held in New York in $1,500 bail on a charge of grand larceny.

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The program for the conference of western governors to be held in Denver April 7 and 8 provides for addresses by Govs. Carey of Wyoming, McDonald of New Mexico and Stewart of Montana.

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Twenty pupils and their teacher were burned and stunned by lightning which struck a school building at Wyandotte, O. Every pupil was knocked to the floor and many were unconscious for several minutes.

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Prince Francois Marie of Bourbon and the two Sicilies died in Montreux, Switzerland.

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Thirty-four persons were injured when the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad through passenger train No. 5, from St. Louis, crashed into local passenger train No. 716, northbound. The wreck occurred at Maney Junction, Ok.

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Mrs. Leon Frazier, wife of a law student in the University of Missouri, chased Charles Freely, 60 years old, through the streets of Columbia, Mo., and fired at him with a revolver. The shot missed him.

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Ernest McWilliams, 15 years old, died of wounds received Tuesday in a 45-minute pistol fight with the police at Terre Haute, Ind.

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Rolland Cioni of Milwaukee became professional roller skating champion of the world when he won an easy victory over four contestants in the grand final heat of the meet which began at Detroit, Mich., a week ago.

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With the entire town of Depew, N. Y., under martial law, quiet prevailed among the strikers of the Gould coupler works. The streets of the village were patrolled all night by squads of militia.

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President Wilson was warned of a second "Coxey's army," which, it is said, will start for Washington April 16 from Massillon, O., the starting point for the first "army" 20 years ago.

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George Moore, a merchant at Mode, Ill., shot and killed Arthur Fox, following a quarrel. It is said that Moore fired in self-defense. Bad blood had existed between the two men for some time. Moore gave himself up.

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Linnekogel, a German aviator, established a world's altitude record for a flight with one passenger by attaining a height of 18,050 feet in his monoplane at Johannisthal, Germany.

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A cable message confirmatory of previous reports that Theodore Roosevelt had met with no mishap in Brazil was received at the American Museum of Natural History in response to an inquiry sent by the museum to United States Consul Pickerell at Para.

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The so-called telephone trust, by which the Bell system dominates the lines of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, was dissolved without a fight in Portland, Ore., when a decree accepted by the telephone interests and conceding the government's demand was entered in the federal court.

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Outrages by brigands in central China are assuming alarming proportions. Several bands associated with the noted outlaw White Wolf are ruthlessly murdering and robbing the people and burning their property.

Robert R. Friedman, a civil engineer, fell or jumped from the twenty-fourth floor of the new municipal building, New York, landed on the cornice of the twelfth floor and was instantly killed.

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Eleven workmen were drowned when a suspended cable car fell into a lock of the Kiel canal at Brunsduettel, Germany, while they were crossing from one side to the other.

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Eighteen of the crew of the French steamer St. Paul were drowned. The steamer struck a rock and sank while entering the port of Brisbane, Australia, according to a Lloyds dispatch.

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F. Franez of Paw Paw, Ill., was burned to death when a Fannystelle, Man., hotel was destroyed by fire. Franez, who had large real estate holdings in that locality, was asleep in his room and could not be reached after the fire was discovered.

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William Petty and Andrew Medford, charged with taking part in a fight at Deering, Kan., in which Preston Seeley was killed, Miss Isabel Stewart injured probably fatally and Medford hurt seriously, were arrested near Wann, Ok.

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Because he is alleged to have hugged and kissed a white girl, daughter of a farmer, Charles Fisher, a negro youth, was badly mutilated by a mob near Marshall, Tex.

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Joe Choynski, former prize fighter and now a director of the Pittsburg Athletic club, has been left a legacy of $10,000 in the will of Jim Pon, a Chinese in Chicago, whom the boxer befriended years ago.

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Tandy Folsom, Cherokee Indian, was found guilty of the murder of Patrick Dore, an Oklahoma politician, at Westville, Ok. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

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Final refusal of the United Mine Workers of America to accept the terms offered by the bituminous coal mine owners of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois ended the joint wage scale conference of the men and employers.

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Peter Baujan, the largest man in Illinois, died at Arenzville. He weighed 510 pounds and for many years traveled with the late P. T. Barnum.

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The contest committee of the Aero Club of America decided that St. Louis, having complied with the requirements of international rules, would be the starting point of the national balloon race July 4.

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Fifteen persons were drowned at Koepenick, Germany, when a tug ran into and sank a small ferryboat crowded with workmen and their wives.

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Mrs. Amanda U. Lawson was arrested on a warrant charging her with the murder of her husband, Jonas P. Lawson, a farmer, at their home at East Woodstock, Conn., on Aug. 15 last.

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Officers of the Northwest Royal mounted police placed a watch near Neville, Sask., on a woman homesteader, believed to be Mrs. Belle Gunness, the Laporte, Ind., murderess.

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Walter Greer Campbell, who three years ago had a fortune of more than $4,000,000, was arrested in Portland, Ore., on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses in San Francisco.

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Fanny Crosby, the blind writer, celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. To visitors she said her health was excellent, as she felt as young "as when 24."

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A bandit shot at the teller of the Union Bank of Altoona, Pa., wounded the cashier and a depositor and got away in an automobile with about $500.

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Consecrated to a mission of peace, the superdreadnaught Oklahoma, the most powerful acquisition to the American navy, was launched at the New York Shipbuilding company yards, at Camden, N. J.

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What is believed to be the first operation of its kind in this country was performed when the cornea of a pig's eye was grafted on the sightless eye of a 3-month-old boy.

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Mistaking her 13-year-old daughter for an intruder, Mrs. Joseph Wilson fired at the girl in the kitchen of their home at Boaz, Ky., and killed her.

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Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, a former professor at Columbia university, New York, committed suicide at a rooming house in Stamford, Conn., by shooting himself in the head with a revolver.

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Charles Killman, a prisoner in jail at Seattle, Wash., confessed, according to Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Edgar Wright, that he and three other strike-breakers had planted dynamite to cause the arrest of striking union teamsters.

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The defection of the army officers who refused to serve in Ulster is a closed incident, but its consequences are likely to prove far-reaching. Premier Asquith and Col. Seely, secretary of state for war, made explanations before an excited house.

SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized phonograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the phonograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insist, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Say no more," Speed remarked; "It's all right with us!"

Fresno looked up.

"What's wrong with my singing?"

"Oh, I've just told the girls that you're going to run that foot race," Helen interposed, hurriedly, at which Fresno exploded.

"What's wrong with my running?" inquired Speed.

"I can beat you!"

Larry Glass nudged his employer openly, and seemed on the verge of hysteria. "Let him go," said he. "Let him go; he's funny."

Speed addressed Helen, with a magnanimous smile:

"Suppose we allow Frez to sing this foot race? We'll pull it off in the treble cleff."

"Oh, I mean it!" maintained the tenor, stubbornly. "I don't want to run Skinner, the cook, but I'll run you to see who does meet him."

Speed shrugged his shoulders indulgently.

"I'm afraid you're a little overweight."

"I'll train down."

"Perhaps if you wait until I beat this cook, I'll take you on."

Glass broke out, in husky indignation: "Sure! Get a rep, Cull, get a rep!" Then to his employer: "Come on, Wally, you've got to warm up." He mounted the steps heavily with his protege.

When they had gone, Miss Blake clapped her hands.

"I'm so excited!" she exclaimed. "You see, it's all my doings! Oh, how I adore athletes!"

"Most young girls do," Fresno smiled, sourly. "My taste runs more to music." After a moment's meditation, he observed: "Speed doesn't look like a sprinter to me. I—I'll wager he cant' do a hundred yards in fifteen-two."

"'Fifteen-two' is cribbage," said

Pinned the Medals Upon His Chest.

Miss Blake.

"Fifteen and two-fifths seconds is what I mean."

"Is that fast?"

Fresno smiled, indulgently this time. "Jean's friend Covington can go the distance in nine and four-fifths seconds. He's a real sprinter. I think this fellow is a joke."

"Indeed he is not! If Mr. Covington can run as fast as that, Mr. Speed can run faster. He told me so."

"Oh!" Fresno looked at her curiously. "The world's record is nine and three-fifths; that's the limit of human endurance."

"I hope he doesn't injure himself," breathed the girl, and the tenor wandered away, disgusted beyond measure. When he was out of hearing he remarked, aloud:

"I'll bet he runs so slow we'll have to wind a stop-watch on him. Anyhow, I think I'll find out something more about this race."

Once in his room, Mr. J. Wallingford Speed made a search for writing materials, while Larry Glass overhauled a trunk filled with athletic clothing of various descriptions. There were running-suits, rowing-suits, baseball and football suits, sweaters, jerseys, and bath robes—all of which were new and unstained. At the bottom Glass discovered a box full of bronze and near-gold emblems.

"Here's your medals," said he.

"Good! I'll wear them."

"Nix! You can't do that. Those gals will get wise." He selected one, and read on the reverse side, "Clerk of the course;" another was engraved "Starter." All were official badges of some sort or other. "You always were strong on the 'Reception Committee' stuff. There's six of them," said he.

Speed pointed to the bureau.

"Try a nail-file. See if you can't scratch off the lettering. How's this?" He read what he had written for the wire. "'Culver Covington, and so forth. Come quick. First train. Native Son making love to Jean.—Wally.' Ten words, and it tells the whole story. I can hardly explain why I want him, can I? He expects to stop off in Omaha for a day or two, but he'll be under way in an hour after he gets this. I hate to spoil his little visit, but he can take that in on his way home. Now I'll ring for somebody, and have this taken over to the station by the first wagon."

"Say, you better scratch this Fresno," said Larry.

"Why?"

"He's hep to you."

"Nonsense!"

Glass looked up at a sound, to discover Mariedetta, the Mexican maid, who had come in answer to Speed's call.

"In the doorway!" the trainer said, under his breath. "Pipe the Cuban Queen!"

"You call?" inquired Mariedetta of the younger man.

"Yes, I want this telegram to go to the depot as soon as possible."

Mariedetta took the message and turned silently, but as she went she flashed a look at Glass which caused that short-waisted gentleman to wink at his companion.

"Some frill! Eh? I'm for her! She's strong for me, too."

"How do you know?"

"We talked it over. I gave her a little kiss to keep for me."

"Careful, Larry! She may have a cowboy sweetheart."

Glass grunted, disparagingly.

"Them ginnys is jokes to me."

As Speed talked he clad himself in his silken uniform, donned his spiked shoes, and pinned the medals upon his chest.

"How do I look?" he queried.

"Immense! If she likes athletes, it's a walk-away for you."

"Then give me the baby-blue bath robe with the monogram. We'll go out and trot around a little."

But his complacency received a shock as he stepped out upon the veranda. Not only Helen Blake awaited him, but the other girls as well, while out in front were a dozen or more cowboys whom Fresno had rallied.

"Goin' to take a little run, eh?" inquired Stover. "We allowed we'd lay off a few minutes and watch you."

"Thanks!"

"Yes," Fresno spoke up. "I told the boys we'd better hold a stop-watch on you and see what shape you're in."

"A stop-watch?" said Glass, sharply.

"Yes. I have one."

"Not today," said Speed's trainer. "No!" he admonished, as his protege turned upon him. "Some other time, mebbe. You're just off a long trip, and I can't risk gettin' you stove up."

"Tomorrow, perhaps," urged Fresno.

"I wouldn't promise.

"Then the next day. I've timed lots of men. The watch is correct."

"Let's see it." Glass held out his hand.

"Oh, it's a good watch. It cost me one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

As Glass reached for the timepiece an unfortunate accident occurred. Speed struck his elbow, and the watch fell. Fresno dove for it, then held it to his ear and shook it.

"You've broken it!" he cried, accusingly.

"Oh, I'm sorry! My fault," Speed apologized.

"If it was your fault, maybe you'll fix it," suggested the tenor.

"Gladly!" Speed turned to his trainer. "Buy a new alarm-clock for our little friend." He stripped off his bath robe, and handed it to his trainer. "Is she looking at me?" he whispered.

"Both eyes, big as saucers."

Speed settled his spikes into the dirt as he had seen other sprinters do, set himself for an instant, then loped easily around the house and out of sight.

To the cowboys this athletic panoply was vastly impressive. With huge satisfaction they noticed the sleeveless shirt, the loose running-trunks, and, above all, the generous display of medals. With a wild yell of delight they broke out upon the trail of their champion, only to have Glass thrust his corpulent body in their path. With an upflung arm he stemmed the tide.

"It's no use, boys," he cried, he's a mile away!"

CHAPTER VI.

THIS doesn't look much like our storehouse, does it?" Jean paused in her task, and, seating herself upon the summit of a step-ladder, scrutinized with satisfaction the transformation wrought by a myriad of college flags, sofa cushions, colored shawls, and bunting.

Roberta Keap dropped her hammer with an exclamation of pain.

"Ouch!" she cried, "I've hurt my thumb. I can't hit where I look when people are talking."

"Why don't you pin them up?" queried Miss Blake sweetly. "A hammer is so dangerous."

Mrs. Keap mumbled something, but her enunciation was indistinct, owing to the fact that her thumb was in her mouth. Helen finished tying a bow of ribbon upon the leg of a stool, patted it into proper form, then said:

"It looks cheerful."

"And restful," added Jean.

"Oh dear!" Jean descended from her precarious position and admitted, "I'm tired out."

All that morning the three had labored, busily transforming the storeroom into training-quarters for Speed, who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessary. To be sure, it adjoined the bunk-room, where the cowboys slept, and there were no gymnastic appliances to give it character, but it was the only space available, and what it lacked in horizontal bars, dumb-bells, and Indian clubs it more than compensated for by a cosey-corner, a window-seat and many cushions. Speed had expressed his delight with the idea, and agreed to wait for a glimpse of it.

Of all the denizens of the Flying Heart but two failed to enter fully into the spirit of the thing. Berkeley Fresno looked on with a cynicism which he was too wise to display before Miss Blake. Seeing the lady of his dreams monopolized by a rival, however, inspired him to sundry activities, and he spent much of his time among the cowboys, whom he found profitable to the point of mystery.

Mrs. Keap, the youthful chaperon, seemed likewise mastered by some private trouble, and puzzled her companions vaguely. Helen reported that she did not sleep, and once Jean found her crying softly. She seemed, moreover, to be apprehensive, in a tremulous, reasonless way; but when with friendly sympathy they brought the subject up, she dismissed it. In spite of secret tears, she had lent willing hands to the decoration of the gymnasium, and now nursed her swollen thumb with surprising good nature.

"Shall we let them in?" she inquired. "We have done all we can."

"Yes; we have finished."

In a flutter of anticipation Jean and Helen put the final touches to their task, while Mrs. Keap stepped to the door and called Speed.

He came at once, followed by Larry Glass, who, upon grasping the scheme of decoration, smote his brow and balanced dizzily upon his heels. Speed was lost in admiration.

It's wonderful!" ejaculated the young athlete. "Those college flags give it just the right touch. And see the cosey-corner!"

Glass regained his voice sufficiently to murmur, sarcastically, "Say, ain't this a swell-looking drum?"

Berkeley Fresno, drawn by the irresistible magnetism of Miss Blake's presence, wandered in and ran his eyes over the room.

"Why all the colors?" asked he.

"You can sing best where there is a piano. I can train best under the shadow of college emblems. I am a temperamental athlete."

"You'll be a dead athlete if you don't beat this cook." The Californian was angry.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his rival, airily.

"That's what I remarked. Did they tell you what happened to Humpy Joe, your predecessor?"

"It must have been an accident,

"You'll Be a Dead Athlete If You Don't Beat This Cook."

judging from his name." At which Miss Blake tittered. She was growing to enjoy these passages at arms; they thrilled her vaguely.

"The only accident connected with the affair was that Still Bill and Willie didn't have their guns."

Glass started nervously. "Did these rummies want to shoot him?" he inquired.

"Certainly," said Fresno. "He lost a foot-race."

In spite of his assurance, J. Wallingford Speed felt a tremor of anxiety, but he laughed it off, saying:

"One would think a foot-race in this country was a pearl necklace."

"These cowboys ain't good losers, eh?" queried Glass.

"It's win or die out here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOULD END POETICAL GUSH

English Suffragists Protest Against the Effusions Put Out About the Sex by Men.

"It is people who write poetry about us who prevent us women getting the vote." The sentence arrested me in reading Violet Hunt's story of the "Celebrity's Daughter," at a week-end, with the smashing of windows, the cutting up of golf greens, the spoiling of letters and the threats of other horrors in my ears and eyes, says a writer in the London Chronicle. For men persist in writing poetry about women, to their amazement, and no women are writing poetry about men.

Man is the poetic sex. He goes about—I may tell you—with snippets from the papers in his pocketbook, and takes them now and again as a sort of stimulant. Moreover, the man writes his poetry secretly, sends it to the newspapers, and they publish it. I could give you the address of bald-headed stockholders and bearded business men who write verses. And more who cut the poetry from their newspapers and take it as a stimulant.

Clemenceau Story.

It is said that Monsieur Clemenceau, who bears the pleasant sobriquet of "the tiger," is about to connect himself with a new journal to appear in the near future. This return to the limelight from which he had not withdrawn to any distance, gives occasion for some new stories concerning him. One of these is that a young man applied to him for a place. "Do you know anything about foreign affairs?" asked the tiger. "Yes, monsieur," was the answer, to which he modestly added, "a little." Clemenceau appeared greatly astonished. "Ah, truly! Do you know what is the question of the Orient, the Austro-Hungarian problem, and pan-Slavic policies?" "Yes, monsieur." Then "the tiger" turned on him. "This is too wearisome. It would amuse me much more if you knew nothing at all."

Too Much Ceremonial.

A famous Ohio humorist says that a new rich family in Cleveland, who were beginning to put on a lot of airs, hired a colored girl just arrived from the south to act as their serving maid. Her new mistress insisted that all meals should be served in courses. Even when there wasn't much to eat it was brought to the table in courses. At the end of a week the girl threw up her job. Being pressed for a reason for quitting so suddenly, she said: "I'll tell you, lady—in dis yere house dere's too much shiftin' of de dishes fur de fewness of de vittles!"

PROGRESS OF SEA ARMAMENT

Launching of Latest British Battleship Brings to Mind Memories of the Past.

With traditional ceremony and amid the general acclaim of the spectators the Queen Elizabeth, first of all the complete oil fuel battleships, was put overboard at Portsmouth dockyard, the great naval station of the British empire. Supplementing as this does the recent launching of the light cruiser Aurora—the first intended as an oil burner in her class—the two dates mark the advent of oil not only as a fuel, but as the promised protagonists of internal combustion engines as the main producers of speed.

Even in these dull and ditch watery seasons, the pulse must beat faster with the recollections of the progress made since the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth—and the imagination must respond to the quickened memories of the seaworthies of her great time. Under her blossomed and burgeoned the deeds of the great sailors that roamed the unknown seas, singed the beard of the king of Spain and in the remote and mystical countries of that age laid the foundations of England's world-around empire.

There were Drake, Howard and Hawkins, Raleigh and Humphrey Gilbert, Grenville, who fought the famous fight of the Revenge, and forgotten crew to pious sea souls; Willoughby Davis and the captains of the Muscovy company, who carried the queen's flag into polar seas. These, and above all the virgin ruler, are names to conjure with in ancient maritime history—and the bridal of yesterday's ship and tide holds therefore a significance that touches the heart of many sacred traditions and appeals to every lover of sailors and the sea.

Each for Himself.

Each man has to seek out his own special aptitude for a higher life in the midst of the humble and inevitable reality of daily existence.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS

Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.:—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

What is bred in the bone shows up in the soup.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

It's a good plan to put something by for a rainy day; a little sunshine, for instance.

Damned With Faint Praise.

An estimate of the valiant Roderick Dhu as recorded by an elementary school student of "The Lady of the Lake" was this: "His character was pretty good because he always liked hunting, he looked pretty fair, he was useful in shooting and fight, and was a truthful man."

Brushing Up.

The other day the H. Lieber company, among other pictures displayed in the show window, had one that attracted special attention. It was a large picture representing an immense lioness and four cubs. Together with the praise bestowed on this group, there was some criticism. "What fool artist got up that picture?" said an elderly observer. "Anyone ought to know that two cubs is the limit for any lioness. This word picked up by a listener was taken into the picture house. "This is rather overdoing the cub business," said the critic. "Any one ought to know that two lion whelps are enough." The people in the picture house were greatly distressed under this cirticism, until a friend hunted up a cyclopedia of natural history and read these lines: "From two to four whelps are produced at one time. They are born with eyes open, but are helpless for several weeks."—Indianapolis News.

CLEVER WIFE

Knew How to Keep Peace in Family.

It is quite significant, the number of persons who get well of alarming heart trouble when they let up on coffee and use Postum as the beverage at meals.

There is nothing surprising about it, however, because the harmful alkaloid—caffeine—in coffee is not present in Postum, which is made of clean, hard wheat.

"Two years ago I was having so much trouble with my heart," writes a lady in Washington, "that at times I felt quite alarmed. My husband took me to a specialist to have my heart examined.

"The doctor said he could find no organic trouble but said my heart was irritable from something I had been accustomed to, and asked me to try and remember what disagreed with me.

"I remembered that coffee always soured on my stomach and caused me trouble from palpitation of the heart. So I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I have had no further trouble since.

"A neighbor of ours, an old man, was so irritable from drinking coffee that his wife wanted him to drink Postum. This made him very angry, but his wife secured some Postum and made it carefully according to directions.

"He drank the Postum and did not know the difference, and is still using it to his lasting benefit. He tells his wife that the 'coffee' is better than it used to be, so she smiles with him and keeps peace in the family by serving Postum instead of coffee."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.