

# THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.  
JASPER, ..... MISSOURI

It is just possible that yellow perils may neutralize each other.

The Tennessee supreme court has upheld the segregation which confines saloons to certain city territory.

"The horse must go." Sure, assents the Toledo Blade; quite often he must go out and haul the automobile out of the mud.

A 14,000-horsepower plant operated by tidal energy is to be established on the south bank of the Elbe, near Cuxhaven.

If anybody but a naval expert had said that the naval marksmanship at Santiago was bad it would have been flat treason.

Floods along both the Pawpaw and the Maumee rivers make it seem probable that the whole family will be involved before the troubles are over.

Some American girls, says the Chicago News, may feel that they just have to take counts and dukes. There are not enough star baseball players to go around.

An Englishman says American men make ideal husbands. But, says the Chicago Record-Herald, ideal husbands are not what American heiresses are looking for.

The New York jury which decided upon its verdict by flipping a coin has succeeded in strengthening the popular impression that a jury verdict is generally more or less of a gamble.

A gentleman cannot live on less than \$50,000 a year, is the complaint of a New York bankrupt. There are several thousand gentlemen here in Zanesville, says the Zanesville (O.) Signal, who live on less than that.

Inspectors from Ellis Island are to go over the country to locate alien criminals. It seems to the average person that it would have been an easier proposition to have kept them in the first instance from locating at all.

A baby hippopotamus valued at \$5,000 was born a few days ago at the Central park zoo in New York city. Babies, it may be remarked, are not rated according to their beauty, but according to the exclusiveness of their station in society.

A St. Louis preacher is quoted as asserting that kisses are "unpardonable under any circumstances before marriage." Unpardonable or not there can be more variety in them before marriage than is consistent with discretion after that ceremony.

A lady of social fame hired an agent to keep her name and doings out of the newspapers. The immediate result was a column article about the engagement, with a double-column picture of the retiring social light. Question: Was the "repress" agent's salary raised or lowered?

A town containing 10,000 inhabitants has sprung up in Nevada during the past three months. A few mornings ago its daily newspapers got out an extra to announce the fact that two respectable women had arrived. We extend hearty congratulations—not to the two ladies but to the town.

New York city has \$102,834,326 due for back taxes. This statement is vouched for by City Comptroller Metz. Of this amount \$29,816,153 is in taxes assessed on real estate, \$47,348,499 on personal property, \$1,118,662 taxes on real estate owned by corporations, and \$24,521,012 in special tax on franchises.

The United States government has granted a permit for the erection of a \$1,000,000 power plant on the South Platte watershed, a short distance from Denver, Co., and has also given a right-of-way for the necessary transmission lines. The plant will permit the production of 20,000 electrical horsepower.

"He never said 'Go, boys,' but always 'Come, boys,'" was the splendid eulogy that Bishop Potter pronounced over the body of a New York fireman who lost his life on duty. But such heroism as his is not unusual in the fire department, for it is true, as the chief of the brave man says, that every fireman knows that he risks his life at every big fire, and he does his duty in spite of it.

Texas by legislative act recently ceded to the United States a large territory in the Panhandle for a national park. If congress should accept the gift, the country will have another Yellowstone. The tract is 40 miles long and contains part of the Palo Duro canyon, a wild and mysterious gorge which has not been fully explored. Near the canyon is a private herd of buffalo, which it is said will be given to the government if it takes the park.

# A TUB TEST

By FOREST BLAKE

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I don't believe a girl ever done such a thing before.

It wasn't a bit like novels—though I never had much of a chance to read them, for I've had to work out ever since I was 15. But in novels, you know, the girl is always beautiful, and always dressed in shimmering satin and lace; and the man generally meets her behind a bank of palms at a ball, and they wind the thing up in a garden of roses just as the sun goes down. And, as he clasps her slender, drooping form in his arms, and she lays her golden head on his manly bosom, I always wonder how much of that clasping business there'll be when he sees her with her golden hair done up in curl papers and a last week's calico dress on?

And, you know, that makes lots of difference. Now, I'm not a bit pretty, but when I'm dressed up you'd be surprised. My hair's dark, and it's naturally straight and oily and wants to lay right flat to my head. But when I've washed it good and curled it just the least bit and snarled it into a pompadour back and front there's not one person in a dozen but would say the whole thing is nature. Then my complexion is kind of dark, but I've found out how to use Princess cream and rice powder so it won't show. And I know just what kind of styles and colors to wear. So, when I'm dressed up in my brown, tight-fitting, tailor suit, with furs and hat all to match—the whole thing simple and elegant and not a bit like a hired girl—and I'm with a crowd of girls and we meet a man—well, he never looks at the others.

But, when I get home and change my tailored broadcloth for an old blue calico with a patch on the front, when the powder wears off and my hair begins to wilt and get stringy, then I guess a man wouldn't turn his head—unless it was to keep from looking at me.

Then why don't I just keep fixed up all the time? Because I don't have time. When a girl gets up at four, gets breakfast, milks five cows, puts out a big washing, gets dinner, chains, does the ironing, gets supper and then mows the yard while she's resting, there's not much time for pumping your hair. And when I saw I couldn't work and keep pretty, both, I chose to work. And I never worried anything about it—not till I met Isaac.

He's a school teacher, and an awful fine scholar, too. He graduated from common branches, and he's spent two whole terms in the county normal. He's been teaching district school for seven years now—every year in a different place.

He talks a whole lot about his "profession," and about "the child," and the "child's mental growth," and "intellectual processes," and a lot of other things I can't understand. He's told me, too, that it takes a great deal of courage for a man to recognize his affinity—whatever that means—among the lower classes, when his calling in life is to be a brain worker and a great leader among men.

And, besides being a school teacher, he's the most finicky fellow I ever went with. They say it takes him fifteen minutes to comb his hair, and he can't put on his hat without a looking-glass. When I get into a big stew of work I forget all about how I look, but Isaac never gets so deep in as that. Last summer, when help was so scarce here in the country, and the men just working their heads off to get harvesting done, and Isaac was sitting around at home studying intellectual processes, John Winters here, that's the woman's man I work for, he asked Isaac to help him. And Isaac helped one forenoon. And they said he wore gloves all the time and when he came into the field he was carrying an umbrella over him.

I went with him all the next winter, and by spring he was coming here twice a week regular. I used to spend nearly two hours beforehand getting ready for him, and he would just take spells over my—my—looks; but all the time I felt kind of uneasy.

At last one night when he was trying to make me promise him, sure, I just up and says:

"Isaac," says I, "you don't know me. You think I'm pretty, and I'm not." "Why aren't you pretty, Matilda?" says he. (He always says "aren't" and "isn't.") "Haven't you the most beautiful hair that was ever on a woman's head? Isn't your skin like the petals of a lily? Aren't your teeth like pearls?"

"No, sir," says I, "they ain't! It takes me half an hour to do up my hair so it looks like it's naturally fluffy. These pearls you're talking about most of 'em cost three dollars apiece, and my lily skin comes out of a cold cream jar and a powder box. My eyes

is the real thing, but if there was any way of changing 'em I'd be a doing it."

He seemed sort of dazed for a minute, but at last he says:

"Well, Matilda, even if your bodily charms are not all—er—real, those of your character are. And love, Matilda, is not dependent on the physical. Love is a spiritual thing. It is a communion of souls."

That all sounded nice, but still I didn't feel just right about it. But I told him I'd give him an answer the next afternoon when he was to come and take me out buggy-riding.

The next day I went to work cleaning house. After I had cleaned and scrubbed two rooms the forenoon was about gone, and I saw the floors wouldn't be dry enough for the carpets before night, so I put on the boiler and went to washing. Isaac was to be there at three. By half-past two I began to get panicky. Then, for the first time that day, I took time to go and look in the glass.

I was a sight. My hair wasn't like the heroine's in a story. You know, when their hair gets damp it always curls up into little, clinging tendrils. Well, mine don't. And, when I saw myself standing there in my wretched old wrapper, with my stringy hair, and face covered with what Isaac calls perspiration, I felt like fleeing as a bird to the mountain. But I didn't. I just went back to my washing.

Prompt at three o'clock Isaac drove up to the fence. I could see him from the window, with his gloves on and gold-rimmed glasses, and collar standing way up around his ears. When



"How Do You Like My Lily Complexion To-Day, Isaac?"

the children came a-racing through the house to tell me he had come I just said, calmly, "Bring him out here."

Pretty soon in came Isaac. I couldn't see him very plain for a minute through the steam, and for a minute he didn't speak. At last he says, in the funniest voice:

"What does this mean?" "It just means I'm kind of busy this afternoon," says I, as I picked up a pile of dirty clothes off of a chair and offered him a seat. "How do you like my lily complexion to-day, Isaac?"

"I'm sure—I don't understand," he says. "I feel kind of stunned."

"You'd better feel stunned before you're married than afterwards," says I. "I don't think any man ought to marry a girl till he's seen her in her everyday clothes. And so I want you to understand that this is the way I look about half of the time. If I was to take you I'm afraid that, judging from your present prospects, I wouldn't have much time to stand before the glass, neither. And I'm afraid, too," says I, kind of cautious, "I'm afraid you'd have to find me in the kitchen over a wash-tub more than once a week."

Then he got mad. "Even if you should have to work at manual labor," says he, "you can maintain your personal appearance," says he.

"Oh, well," says I, as I started a sheet through the wringer, "what's the difference? Love does not depend on the physical. Love's a spiritual thing, Isaac. It's a communion of souls."

Well, sir, he just gave me one long, shuddering look, then he lit out of that kitchen and out to his buggy and went away. That was three weeks ago, and I ain't seen him since.

If ever a man comes along that'll tell me, over a wash-tub, that he loves me, I'll know he's got the real goods—and I'm ready for him.

# NO ONE CAN ALWAYS AVOID

## Catching Cold on the Street Car



Fe-ru-na Prevents Catching Cold. One Dose in Time Saves Nine.

Many people persist in riding on the street cars, insufficiently protected by clothing.

They start out perhaps in the heat of the day and do not feel the need of wraps.

The rapid moving of the car cools the body unduly. When they board the car perhaps they are slightly perspiring. When the body is in this condition it is easily chilled. This is especially true when a person is sitting.

Beginning a street car ride in the middle of the day and ending it in the evening almost invariably requires extra wraps, but people do not observe these precautions, hence they catch cold.

Colds are very frequent in the Spring on this account, and as the Summer advances, they do not decrease. During the Spring months, no one should think of riding on the car without being provided with a wrap.

A cold caught in the Spring is liable to last through the entire Summer. Great caution should be observed at this season against exposure to cold. During the first few pleasant days of Spring, the liability of catching cold is great.

No wonder so many people acquire muscular rheumatism and catarrhal diseases during this season.

However, in spite of the greatest precautions, colds will be caught. At the appearance of the first symptom, Fe-ru-na should be taken according to directions on the bottle, and continued until every symptom disappears.

Do not put it off. Do not waste time by taking other remedies. Begin at once to take Fe-ru-na and continue taking it until you are positive that the cold has entirely disappeared. This may save you a long and perhaps serious illness later on.

**Bad Effects From Cold.**

Mr. M. J. Deutch, Secretary Building Material Trades Council, 151 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I have found your medicine to be unusually efficacious in getting rid of bad effects from cold, and more especially in driving away all symptoms of catarrh, with which I am frequently troubled."

"The relief Fe-ru-na gives in catarrhal troubles alone is well worth the price per bottle. I have used the remedy for several years now."

**Spells of Coughing.**

Mrs. C. E. Long, writes from Atwood, Colorado, as follows:

"When I wrote you for advice my little three-year-old girl had a cough that had been troubling her for four months. She took cold easily, and

would wheeze and have spells of coughing that would sometimes last for a half hour.

"Now we can never thank you enough for the change you have made in our little one's health. Before she began taking your Fe-ru-na she suffered everything in the way of cough, colds and croup, but now she has taken not quite a bottle of Fe-ru-na, and is well and strong as she has ever been in her life."

**Fe-ru-na for Colds.**

Mr. James Morrison, 68 East 16th St., Paterson, N. J., writes:

"I have given Fe-ru-na a fair trial, and I find it to be just what you claim it to be. I cannot praise it too highly. I have used two bottles in my family for colds, and everything imaginable. I can safely say that your medicine is the best I have ever used."

**Too Free Speech.**

The allegations made during a trial for "blasphemy" raises the whole question of courtesy and kindness in public discussion. Ridicule and sarcasm are permissible, and effective weapons in debate, but mere vulgarity and abuse or irreverence in dealing with subjects that are sacred to others, are not to be confounded with free speech and cannot be tolerated.—Lloyd's (Eng.) News.

**In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.**

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Let Me Forget.**

Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?

Gotham—My wife put it there to remind me to mail a letter.

Church—And did you mail it?

Gotham—No; she forgot to give it to me!—The Congregationalist.

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

**The Power of Love.**

Love as many persons and as many creatures as you possibly can. Love is the only power by which you can make yourself rich in a moral world.—Blackie.

Every Woman in this vicinity will be glad to know that local grocers now have in stock "OUR PIE," a preparation in three varieties for making Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies. Each 10-cent package makes two pies. Be sure and order to-day. "Put up by D-Zerta Co., Rochester, N.Y."

There is no interest worth consideration that does not run in the direction of duty.—Grimshaw.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

No honestly exerted force can be utterly lost.—Froude.

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