

When Her Rights Came.

Abie Warner was a good-for-nothing whose meek little wife supported him. One day came a woman's rights old maid, Miss Stranger. In three days she had organized a woman's club in Grafton and made an address that aroused the patriotic hearts of the members.

The husband loafed off downtown to play checkers, but he didn't play. His feelings had been hurt. There was rebellion in his own house. He had suffered loss of dignity. He couldn't get over these jolts, and so he returned home to cuff his wife's ears and tell her how ungrateful she was not to appreciate a husband like him.

"If I heard any more about this nonsense I'll make your ears ring for you. You've got all the rights coming to you, and you want to stop right there."

When he was ready to go down to his loafing place that evening his humble wife voluntarily offered him half a dollar and gave him a glad surprise. He hadn't been drunk for ten days, and now here was the wherewithal.

The fact that she offered the money forced him to deduce that she had got over her rebellious spirit and wanted to placate him, and he went away patting himself on the back as the only husband in Grafton that knew how to manage a wife.

"Well, what does this mean?" he finally asked. "It means that a great change is about to take place."

"Who tied me up this way?" "I did. It's the first move in the change."

"You untie me and bustle me up some breakfast or I'll make things hot for you! By thunder, but how dare you do such a thing!"

"Abie," she said as she laid down her sewing and stood up with the whip in her hand. "You have been a lazy, good for nothing man for years past. Are you going to work?"

FALLIERES TO VISIT CZAR

He Will Call on All Northern Monarchs

HE LEAVES DUNKIRK

July 18 With Escort of Warships—The Czar Will Visit the King of Italy at Racconigi.

Paris, July 15.—The official program of President Fallieres' northern trip has been completed as follows:

The president will sail from Dunkirk July 18 on board the French battleship Verite, escorted by a squadron consisting of an armored cruiser and three destroyers, for Copenhagen, where he will arrive on July 20. An official reception will be tendered him on landing at Copenhagen and in the evening a gala court dinner will be given in his honor, followed by a ball at the yacht club in honor of the French naval officers.

CZAR TO VISIT KING OF ITALY.

Russian Emperor Will Soon Go to Racconigi.

Rome, July 15.—It is now officially assured, that the emperor of Russia will shortly return the visit of the king of Italy which the latter made at Petersburg over six years ago.

"HE WOULDN'T KISS ME"

Husband Told Wife That Kissing is Silly.

St. Louis, July 15.—Mrs. Nora Chalfant, a brunette with liquid brown eyes, gave Judge Kinsey a detailed description of "the husband who doesn't care."

"He wouldn't kiss me," Mrs. Chalfant declared, her eyes filling with tears. "He said that sort of thing was silly."

Since thoughts of home grown products thrived. Our hearts mid summer plans. Why is the farmer's back yard filled with old tomato cans?

Limited Supply. Box-Skinner certainly guards his members zealously.

Ode to a Tailor. A humble tailor Death had caught within his clutches grim.

Deeded. "Bridget, wasn't that policeman making love to you in the kitchen last night?"

Stammering. Moonlight has a marked effect on stammerers. They stammer most when the moon is full.

Fairy Spelling. I've heard about a fairy spell. Oh, that's the kind for me! I cannot learn the common way. I spell disagreeably.

Asking Too Much. Eaton Juggins (reading out another one): "You ain't daid' nuthin'. Spine-ye count the fish I've beched. Languid Lazarus—all right. One-two-three-four-five-six—Oh, blame ye, count yer own fish! I'm tired!"

JINGLES AND JESTS

Political Nursery Rhymes.

Sing a song of politics, A pocket full of notes, Four-and-twenty candidates Exchanging them for votes.

Senator Horner sat in his corner Voting for Christmas pie; He put in his thumb And pulled out a plum

Three wise mice, see how they run! They all ran after the farmer's votes

1, 2, politics brew; 3, 4, through Senate door; 5, 6, fix up tricks; 7, 8, relate great; 9, 10, sent to the "pen."

Old Senator Hubbard went to the cupboard To get a nice, juicy bone;

Ding, dong bell, The Bill's going well. Who put it in? Senator O'Shame.

Who'll pull her out? Congressman Graftout. What do you think of Sen. Scott?

Who tried to kill our Bill, "Wildcat," He never did any harm.

When we cared for him and kept him warm. —Life.

The Articulate Chick. Owner of the coop—Who's in there? Quick Witted Rastus (softly)—

"Tain't nobody in heah 'ceptin' us chickens.—Life.

His Way of Starting. Towne—McBluff started to tell me today how terribly ashamed he was—

Brown—Yes, I know him. Whenever he wants to brag about something he's proud of he always begins, "Well, I'm ashamed to say."—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Extra. Howdy, Mr. Skeeter? Epepe I don't intrude. Hate to stop a feller At his daily food.

But I'd like to warn you That you'd best beware; What you're eating isn't On the bill of fare.

And if you'll excuse me, I would like to say, That my nasal feature Isn't a cafe. —Judge.

Loyal. "Queen Elizabeth was the greatest woman the world has ever seen," remarked the historian.

"That shows," remarked Mr. Meek to a little laughingly, "that you never met my wife."—Washington Star.

A Summer Idyl. "Was sweet to sit alone with her. I felt a throbbing sublime. When in the grass the grasshopper To breeze and leaf beat time.

I felt her little hand in mine; I clasped her dainty glove. Still in her sensitive eyes no shine Was there of pitying love.

I pipped. She gently raised her lamp— No tremor did she show— Then said: "I need the long green straps. How are you fixed for dough?" —Eugene Geary in Judge.

Disappointment. Agent—Isn't that soubrette I sent you chic? Manager—I don't see much chic about her. She's a regular old hen.—Ozama Bee.

A Rural Reflection. Once more the heart with pleasure sings. Earth might be worse. 'Tis plain to see. If sparrows were equipped with stings. What fierce mosquitoes they would be! —Bohemian Magazine.

Timidity in the Extreme. "What did your father say when you asked him?" "I hung up the receiver before he had a chance to reply."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Millionaire's Pleat. O Lord, I pray thee hear my prayer; Beckon the fate that fawns! Her engine o'er my grim despair; Give me a few more wants! —Thomas L. Mason in Century.

Highest Authority. Farmer (angrily)—Say, you gave you permissishun ' fish in this pond? Enueck—Why, my wife, of course. What a silly question!—Detroit Free Press.

Reminiscent. In the strife for education There are changes, so they claim. But the same 'sind oration. All seem very much the same. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Got the Day Off. Employer—Whose funeral do you want to go to? Office Boy—The umpire's.—New York Sun.

VICTORY FOR HONDURAS

Force the Rebels to Evacuate Choluteca

THE NORTHERN BORDER

However, Scene of New Uprising—Gen. Lee Christmas Taking a Hand—Conditions Generally in Venezuela in a Bad Way.

Managua, Nicaragua, July 15.—Dispatches received here say that the revolutionists have evacuated Choluteca, Honduras.

Panama, July 15.—Word has reached here of the abandonment of the towns of Gracias and Choluteca by the Honduran revolutionists, which they captured by hard fighting. The opinion prevails here that President Zelaya of Nicaragua has taken a hand in supporting President Davilla and the Honduran government against Salvador and Guatemala, the two republics charged with aiding the revolutionists.

A DOZEN SKELETONS OF CONTINENTALS.

Waterbury Has Them Locked in Cell at Police Headquarters.

Waterbury, Conn., July 15.—The city of Waterbury has on its hands the bones of a dozen Revolutionary soldiers and does not know what to do with them.

The superintendent of police has them locked up in a cell at present, but wants to get rid of them. The superintendent of street won't take them off his hands and the cemetery officials say the bones of men who died so long ago and who wasted their time quarrelling with King George instead of going into the brass business, don't interest them.

The board of public works will hold a meeting to consider the matter. Patriotism and reverence having gone out of fashion here, an appeal will probably be made to the state D. A. R. or S. A. R.

The bones were unearthed by railroad laborers working on the approaches to the new station. For years the remains of Revolutionary fighters have been lying in unmarked graves in a little park back of the library. To keep the grass down without serious expense the city has turned a flock of sheep into the field, and have been using the place for a base ball ground. The employees of the railroad, when brought around from the city, unearthed the bones Saturday. Frightened by the grinning skulls, the laborers quit work in a body.

Many members of the famous old fighting regiment, Penworth's Foot, were sleeping here when their friends thought would be their last rest.

FINDS RAINBOW STOCKINGS UNFAIR

Glenn Explains That His Bill Against Certain Apparel is to Protect Men.

Atlanta, July 15.—Representative Glenn, who is backing the measure before the Georgia legislature "To protect men from the wiles and blandishments of women," says what he saw recently of the arts of women at a summer resort and what he sees daily of their wiles in dress on the streets of Atlanta convinces him his bill ought to pass.

"I am a married man myself," said Col. Glenn, "but when I was sweet-heating there were no such tricks in feminine apparel as at present. With open work waists and stockings, sheath gowns and other such things in use by women what show has a man to keep his head?"

"These devices are utterly unfair to the men. Too often the man learns when married that he was caught by devices of apparel, and that the real woman is nothing like what she appeared to be at the summer resort or on the city streets. My bill seeks only to penalize the woman who has tricked a man into matrimony by such devices that make her appear what she is not. "No real woman ought to object to the bill. The measure intends that she shall be sought on her merits. If she cannot get a husband without such things, she ought not to have one. The bill puts the real woman in evidence."

"STOP DRINKING RIGHT NOW."

Carrie Nation Makes Trouble in City of Chicago.

Chicago, July 15.—Reveries in the Pompeian room of the Auditorium Annex were given something a trifle stronger than highballs when a broad, elderly woman rushed in, and, waving her arms towards the fashionably gowned women, shrieked: "You woman have no business here. The men that brought you here ought to be in jail."

It was the irrepressible Carrie Nation. The women dropped their summer drinks and shrank from the Kansas cyclone. "Stop this drinking right now," yelled Carrie, "or I'll break every table and glass in this place." She had her hatchet in her hand and was waving it threateningly. "Go home," said she to a woman in an open-work waist, "and put on some clothes. You are naked."

She was stopped at this point by a house detective and was led into the street.

Energy is well-nourished muscles plus well-nourished nerves. Uneeda Biscuit are the greatest energy-makers of all the wheat foods. 5c In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk. NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

In The Sweat of The Planets.

Civilization is not hand-made. The cliff-dweller rose by clinging to the tail of a wolf. Society became possible with the spinning of the first water-wheel. Modern Democracy is a machine-made product. Race progress depends on mechanical power.

The steam engine was the great emancipator. It doubled the productive energy of the human race; made serfs unprofitable; abolished the galleys; stopped the treadmills; drove the harrier out of the king's palace and put Curcio on the marble-topped table of every cottage. It made each man his own Columbus; sent stay-at-homes around the world; started a universal correspondence school in all the arts and sciences.

Every advance in dynamics is a new declaration of independence. With every step forward the "individual withers and the world is more and more." The power engineer is the peer and prophet of the greatest good in the greatest number. He is an unconscious socialist. He decreed the eight-hour day and the Saturday half-holiday. On the Pacific coast he has harnessed the glaciers which cover the high top of Mt. Ranier and set them to running the street cars in Seattle and Tacoma. Across the prairies of the middle west he has stretched copper power wires. Tapping these magic filaments, the farmer straightens his bent back and sits down to read Bernard Shaw while the cream is churning.

Merely scratch the earth's surface for a depth of 12,000 feet and water will turn instantly into steam. The dream of the power engineer is the siring of two pipes to that depth. Once in place he will drop high explosives to the bottom of each and discharge them simultaneously, until a connection has been formed between the bottom of the pipes. Then into the mouth of one pipe he will divert a stream of water. At the bottom of this pipe the column of water will exert a pressure of, say, 5,000 pounds to the square inch and the steam resulting from its contact with the super-heated rocks will automatically rise to the top of the other pipe. Harness this steam to turbines at the surface and exhaustless power will be—humanly speaking—forever available.

But the engineer is not content with planning to turn the earth itself into a great power plant. He has designs on the rest of the solar system. The music of the spheres shall keep time with the rattle of spindles. The sun and moon are to be driven tandem. Man, he declares, shall eat bread in the sweat of the planets.—From Henry M. Hyde's "In The Sweat of The Planets," Technical World for August.

Country Deals Death to City.

Private interests working en masse to deprive the public of its health constitute one of the most evil spectacles of modern civilization. "Always and everywhere present are the private influences which work against the public health," says Samuel Hopkins Adams in the July McClure's. "Individuals and corporations owning foul tenements or lodging-houses resent, by all the evasions inherent in our legal system, every endeavor to eliminate the perilous conditions from which they take their profit. For the precious right to dump refuse into streams and lakes, sundry factories, foundries, slaughter-houses, glue works, and other necessary but unsavory industries send delegations to the legislature and oppose the creation of any body having authority to abate the nuisances."

"Purveyors of bad milk decline to clean up their dairies until the outbreak of some disease which they have been distributing by the can brings down the authorities upon them. Could the general public but know how often minor accessions of scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhoid follow the lines of a specific milk route, there would be a tremendous and universal impetus to the needed work of inspection. In this respect the country is the enemy of the city; the country, which, with its own

overwhelming natural advantages, distributes and radiates what disease it does foster among its urban neighbors, by sheer ignorance or sheer obstinate resistance to the "newfangled notions of science." Such men as the late Colonel Waring of New York, Dr. Fulton of Baltimore, and Dr. Wende of Buffalo have repeatedly pointed out the debt of death and suffering which the city, often well organized against infections, owes to the unorganized and uncaring rural districts. Reciprocity in health matters can be represented, numerically, by the figure zero."

The Bungalow. There's one word I hear Whenever I go: 'Tis a queer importation, The word bungalow.

All over the land The North and the South The bungalow theme is In everyone's mouth.

The master and mistress The groom and maid Are studying plans To see how they're made.

One kind's built of plaster, Another of logs, But all are constructed With queer little jogs.

There is one room in front— Half a dozen combined; The others are fastened Somewhere on behind.

But, then, after all, The most room is outside, Where porches are broad, And mosquitoes abide.

It's the funniest thing— Whatever I do, I've just got to have A bungalow, too!

—E. Irving Farrington in Woman's Home Companion for July.

Roadless America in Transformation. From the maledictions scattered broad-cast in the mire of roadless America by despairing bicyclists fifteen years ago hopes of better things have taken root. So writes C. E. Carter in the August Technical World Magazine.

No gift of prophecy is now required to foresee a time when these hopes will have so far materialized that a team, if it is a good one, will be able to haul an empty wagon over the gumbo roads of the Mississippi valley in spring, and the public highways draught automobiles may navigate them in comparative safety.

From every part of the country comes encouraging news. Sixteen states now have highway commissions that are trying in various ways to supply the greatest need of the nation, which is good roads. At one extreme is New York, which in 1905 voted to expend fifty million dollars in building roads.

Under the plan adopted the state will build and maintain 3,333 miles, connecting the principal cities, and pay one-half the cost of 4,700 miles of local roads to be built by the counties.

At the other extreme is Iowa, the third state in the union in extent of road mileage, where the use of the public highways is so vast that it teams enough could be assembled to do in one day to do all the traveling done in the state in a year, the line would reach once and a half around the earth, which does out an annual appropriation of \$3,000 to defray the expenses of the state college faculty while acting in the capacity of highway commission.

With this introduction the author writes of what is being done and what can be done to transform roadless America, and the article is illustrated with fine photographs.

Tiny Motor's New Task. The smallest electric locomotives engaged in practical every day work, are not over three feet long or eighteen inches high; and they run upon a single rail—quite frequently upon a wire cable. The trolley pole which takes the current is but half a yard in length.

These small locomotives are known as tephers, the name being derived from the Greek words signifying "to carry far." But the term is by no means descriptive, for it would take a record-breaking polysyllable of German extraction to do justice to these marvelous little machines.

Their use being confined almost entirely to the yards and shops of great manufacturing plants, or to places where raw material such as coal, sand, stone, etc., is unloaded and handled, they are unfamiliar to most people not identified with such works and operations. But in the few places where their installation brings them before the public they arouse very great interest.

The motors haul a train and each of the cars is furnished with an electric hoisting appliance, by means of which it may be lowered from the telfer line to the ground. Then it may be instantly disconnected and run upon its own wheels as a shop truck to any distant portion of the floor.

A little consideration will now show the flexibility of this system. Raw material can be unloaded from the railroad cars directly upon the telfer cars. These can be instantly elevated to the second or third stories of the railroad storehouse and then run on their own little wheels to any portion of that floor, the freight unloaded and stored, or they can be run along the telfer line directly to the mills across the river and there lowered to any floor of either of the buildings and the material deposited at the point required for manufacture. In like manner finished material is taken from any point in the mills and transported to the railroad storehouse for shipment.—August Technical World.

Magic Polishing Cloths. Mix two pounds of whiting and one half ounce of oleic acid with a gallon of gasoline. Stir and mix thoroughly. In this compound soak flannel rags of the desired size, then wring out and hang up to dry, being careful to keep them away from a fire or open flame. These cloths will give a fine gloss to silver-ware, will not soil the hands and will preserve their polishing qualities indefinitely.—Woman's Home Companion for July.

Wireless Message Received by Balloon. A development is now in progress in the adaptation of wireless telegraphy to balloons. At first thought to be impossible, save with captive balloons, on account of the necessity of a ground connection, wireless work from balloons was demonstrated a possibility without doubt, when Major Edgar Russell of the signal corps, equipped the big service balloon number 10 with a wireless receiving apparatus and, at heights varying from one to five thousand feet, succeeded in receiving, strongly, messages transmitted from Annapolis, Md., at a distance of twenty-five miles.

In this ascent, no attempt was made to send any messages. The transmission of wireless messages from a balloon require certain special apparatus, for a reason most carefully considered by those who are to go up. Wireless sending apparatus makes electrical sparks. The spark gap itself produces a spark big enough and hot enough to ignite gas without difficulty, and even the little sparks in the make-and-break and under the key will ignite either illumination gas or hydrogen.

No one cares to go up in a balloon with a piece of apparatus so closely resembling a candle in a powder magazine.

In the receiving test recently made, Major Russell covered the outside of the basket with a wire netting, which formed the "ground" of the system. A long wire three hundred feet in length, depended from the basket, bare, and insulated from the netting. This was the "antenna" of the system, hanging down in this case, instead of being up above, as in terrestrial stations. Of course, the locality of up or down makes no difference—the point being to get the antenna up above the earth.

This simple rig was properly connected to a detector, and the usual telephone receivers. As has been stated, there was no difficulty in picking up the Annapolis station some twenty-five miles away.—Technical World Magazine for August.