Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound **does** cure female ills.

Tumor Removed.

Lindley, Ind.—Mrs. May Fry.
Kinsley, Kans.—Mrs. Stella Gifford Beaman.
Scott, N. Y.—Mrs. S. J. Barber.
Cornwallville, N. Y.—Mrs. Wm. Boughton.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mrs. W. K. Housh, 7 Eastview Ave.

Change of Life.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mrs. Evens, 73 Palmetto St.
Paterson, N. J.—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 195 Hamburgh Ave.
Noah, Ky.—Mrs. Lizzie Holland.
Vincennes, Ind.—Mrs. Syl. B. Jerauld, 508 N. 10th St.
Cathlamet, Wash.—Mrs. Elva Barber Edwards.
Circleville, Ohio—Mrs. Alice Kirlin, 353 West Huston St.
Salem, Ind.—Mrs. Lizzie S. Hinkle.
Bartlesville, Ind.—Mrs. Woodson Branstetter.
New Orleans, La.—Mrs. Blondeau, 1825 Camp Place.
South Boston, Mass.—Mrs. Geo. S. Juby, Rear 802 E. 5th St.

Maternity Troubles.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mrs. J. J. Stewart, 1430 Fulton Street.
Elsuo, Mo.—Mrs. A. C. DaVault.
Lapeer, Mich.—Mrs. F. C. Kurzhals, R. F. D. No. 4.
Carlstadt, N. J.—Mrs. Louis Fischer, 32 Monroe Street.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mrs. Sophia Hoff, 515 McMicken Ave.
Cadott, Wis.—Mrs. Mary Amundson, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 69.
Holstein, Neb.—Mrs. Frank Harpham, R. R. No. 1.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mrs. Flora Ahr, 1974 State Avenue.
Johnstown, N. Y.—Mrs. Homer N. Seaman, 108 E. Main St.
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.

Avoid Operations.

Dexter, Kans.—Mrs. Lizzie Scott.
Hampstead, Md.—Mrs. Joseph H. Dandy.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Freida Roseman, 554 Meldrum Ave., *German.*
Paw Paw, Mich.—Mrs. Emma Draper.
Gardiner, Maine—Mrs. S. A. Williams, 142 Washington Ave.
Louisville, Ky.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 3027 4th St.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Miss Bessie V. Piper, 29 S. Addison St.

Organic Displacements.

Bay Shore, N. Y.—Mrs. A. M. Hagermann, 3 Fifth Ave.
McCord, Wis.—Mrs. Rosy Roberts.
Wesleyville, Pa.—Mrs. Maggie Ester, R. F. D. No. 1.
Pentwater, Mich.—Mrs. Alice Darling, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 77.
East Earl, Pa.—Mrs. Augustus Lyon, R.F.D. No. 2.
Pendleton, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Tully, 465 Ogden Av.

Organic Displacements—continued.

New Castle, Pa.—Mrs. J. A. Burnshie, R.F.D. No. 7.
Westboro, Mo.—Mrs. Susie Templeton.

Painful Periods.

Kingston, N. Y.—Miss Eisie J. Fuller, 174 Pine Street.
North Oxford, Mass.—Miss Amelia Duso, Box 14.
Parsons, Kans.—Mrs. Mattie Copenhaver, 2012 Belmont Ave.
Mt. Desert Light Station, S.W. Harbor Me.—Mrs. Lillian Robbins.
Flushing, Mich.—Mrs. Burt Loyd, R.F.D. No. 3, care D. A. Sanborn.
Orrville, Ohio—Mrs. E. F. Wagner, Box 629.
Winchester, Ind.—Mrs. May Deal.

Irregularity.

Adair, Iowa—Miss Mary Ficken.
Atwater, Ohio—Mrs. Minnie Muelhaupt.
Portland, Me.—Miss Minnie Wibe, 161 Pine St.
Scottdale, W. Va.—Mrs. Zetty Pitzer.
Lorimor, Iowa—Miss I. E. Williams.
Kewaskum, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dahlke.
Jersey City Heights, N. J.—Mrs. John Itin, 25 Bleecker St.
Scottville, Mich.—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, R.F.D. No. 3.
Sykes, Tenn.—Minnie Hall.

Ovarian Trouble.

Westwood, Md.—Mrs. John F. Richards.
Benjamin, Mo.—Mrs. Julia Frantz, R.F.D. No. 1.
Phila., Pa.—Mrs. Chas. Boell, 2219 N. Mole St.
Ligonier, Ind.—Mrs. Eliza Wood, R.F.D. No. 4.
Fort Collins, Col.—Mrs. R. S. Walker.

Female Weakness.

Barksdale, Texas—Mrs. Sarah R. Whatley.
Shenandoah Junction, W.Va., Mrs. G. B. Whittington.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Ida Kruger, 695 S. Union St.
Schaefferstown, Pa.—Mrs. Cyrus Hetrich.
Fort Hunter, Pa.—Mrs. Mary Jane Shatto.
Augusta, Me.—Mrs. Winfield Dana, R.F.D. No. 2.
Johnstown, Pa.—Mrs. Lillie M. Fernwalt, R. F. D. No. 4.
Rankin, Okla.—Mrs. P. A. Ferris, R.F.D. No. 2.
Melbourne, Iowa—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R.F.D. No. 1.
Lafayette, Va.—Mrs. Robert Blankenship.
Elmira, N.Y.—Mrs. Eliza Green, 501 Tuttle Av.

Nervous Prostration.

Zanesville, Ohio—Mrs. Rukla Erickson, 506 Mayville Ave.
Hayfield, Va.—Mrs. Mayme Windle.
Provo, Texas—Mrs. Ada Young Eggleston.
Little Rock, Ark.—Mrs. W. L. Oury, 110 E. 11th St.
Phila., Pa.—Mrs. Mary Johnston, 219 Siegel St.
Huntington, Mass.—Mrs. Matt Janette Bates, Box 194.
Peoria, Ill.—Miss Clara L. Gauwitz, R.R. No. 4, Box 62.
Kemp, Okla.—Mrs. Sallie Stevens.
Camden, N. J.—Mrs. Tillie Waters, 841 Liberty Street.
Oriskania, Pa.—Mrs. Jennie B. McCormick.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

Why the House Rented Cheap

By WARREN D. BENTON

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Desiring a house and grounds in the country, I scanned the newspapers till I found an advertisement of one that appeared to be what I wanted. Taking my little boy with me for company and to give him a holiday, I went to the place, found the agent who had the rental of the house and signified a desire to look at it. He drove me to it and showed me through the premises. When I asked him the price he hemmed and said:

"What do you wish to pay?"

I named a price, about half what I thought the place was worth, and was very much astonished that the figure was accepted.

I resolved to remain in the town near which the house was located to make inquiries as to why it rented so cheap. At the hotel where we stopped while eating supper I engaged the landlord in conversation and told him that I had come to look at the Rand premises, as they were called, with a view to renting them. At the mention of the place he cast a quick glance at me, then busied himself at a side table where the meats were served, as though he did not wish to continue the subject. I did all I could to draw him out, but failed signally.

After supper, taking my boy with me, I went to a garden decorated with Chinese lanterns and, seating myself at a table, ordered a glass of wine. A man sat at the same table, and I addressed him:

"Do you reside in this town, sir?"

"I do," he replied.

"Do you know anything about the Rand place?" I asked, looking at him knowingly.

"You refer to the old gentleman who is interested in the hedge?"

"Yes."

I had never heard of an old gentleman near the stable, but suspected that I had struck what I was looking for, and this was the reason for my affirmative reply. I waited for him to speak again, but he did not. So to lead him on I said:

"Have you ever seen him?"

"I? No. How could I see him?"

"Why, with your eyes, of course."

"Don't you know," he said, looking at me in surprise, "that only a child can see him?"

"A child?" I asked, puzzled.

"Yes. Your boy might, but not you."

"H'm!" I said for want of something more indefinite to say and not wishing to give away my ignorance of what he was talking about, then after a pause, "Is he always there?"

"That no one can tell. No adult has ever seen him and only a few children."

There was an orchestrion playing in the garden, and during this conversation my son had left me and gone to listen to it.

"I wonder," I said to the stranger, "if my boy would see him?"

"The boy who sat with you when you first came to this table?"

"Yes."

"I should think he might."

"Why so?"

"Oh, it is only a surmise. The little fellow has a spiritual look."

"What is the best time to see the old gentleman?"

"About 5 in the afternoon. That's the time he was killed."

"The time he was killed?"

"Yes. He had ordered his horse, a vicious brute, for his accustomed horseback ride. A new groom had just come to work for him who did not know the animal's tricks, one of which was to refuse to leave the stable, rearing and plunging when expected to do so. The old gentleman went out to see why his horse was not brought round and found the groom struggling with him. The gentleman mounted the beast, gave him the whip and clapped the spurs into his flanks. The horse shot out of the stable, and before he could be turned brushed against the hedge, throwing his rider, who fell on his head and broke his neck. The time was exactly fourteen minutes after 5."

I was tempted to laugh, but resisted the impulse. Nevertheless there is a bit of superstition in all of us, and I determined to take my boy to the place the next afternoon. Besides, I wished to tell my wife the story of why such a bargain was offered and assure her there was nothing in the story. So the next afternoon I went with my boy to the place, arriving there about 5 o'clock. We walked about the grounds for a quarter of an hour, when I said:

"I wish there was some one here of whom to ask some questions about the place."

"There is, papa. Perhaps the old gentleman over there can tell you what you want to know."

I started. I saw no one.

"That old man over there pruning the hedge?" I asked in pretense.

"He isn't pruning it, papa; he's cutting it down with an ax."

"Never mind, my boy. I think we won't take the place after all. Your mother wouldn't like it."

I took my son by the hand and led him away as quickly as he could walk. Now and again he turned his head to look back, remarking, "I wonder why he wishes to destroy so well grown a hedge," or, "What a queer looking man he is! Sometimes I can't see him, and I can't hear any sound when the ax strikes the thick wood at the bottom where he is cutting."

I paid no attention to these comments, getting the child away as soon as possible.

Men Old at 35

One Million Baldheads Who Thought Dandruff Wasn't Dangerous.

In the United States and Canada today there are nearly a million men who at 35 can be put in the baldhead class.

When these men had thick, vigorous hair, dandruff made its appearance.

That was the time to attack the enemy of mankind—the persistent little devil called a dandruff microbe, or germ, that burrows deep down into the hair root and saps it of the vitality that is so essential to the hair.

Young men, or any man, for that matter, beware of the dandruff germ; it is not a theory, but an actual condition that confronts you. That dandruff is caused by a germ, is proven beyond question. That this germ destroys the hair root is to-day a matter of common knowledge.

The Red Cross Pharmacy has the remedy that kills the dandruff germs. They guarantee it to eradicate dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks, or money back. It is called PARISIAN SAGE, and can be obtained at druggists' in every town in America—ask the Red Cross Pharmacy for it. The girl with the auburn hair is on every bottle of Parisian Sage.

MAJORITY OF 15,598 FOR MEAD

His Plurality for Governor Was 17,838

OFFICIAL VOTE PUBLIC

Dr. Mead Ran 1,666 Votes Behind Rest of the Ticket, Mr. Watson 1,932 Votes Ahead of Balance of Democratic Ticket.

Lieutenant-Governor John A. Mead, Republican, was elected governor on Sept. 6 by a plurality of 17,838 over Charles D. Watson, the Democratic opponent, according to official tabulations made public at Montpelier yesterday. The press returns on the night of the election estimated Mead's plurality at 17,300 and the full press returns on Sept. 7 made it 17,986. The official vote for governor was as follows:—

John A. Mead (Rep.)	35,263
Charles D. Watson (Dem.)	17,425
Edwin R. Towle (Pro.)	1,044
Chester Ordway (Soc.)	1,055
Scattering	131
Total vote	54,928
Mead's plurality	17,838
Mead's majority	15,598

The Republicans polled sixty-four per cent. of the total vote for governor; the Democrats thirty-two per cent., and the Prohibitionists and the Socialists about two per cent. each. The total vote was the smallest since 1898, when the total was 54,337.

David J. Foster was re-elected to Congress in the first district by a plurality of 10,736, compared with 14,162 two years ago; while in the second district Frank Plumley won by a margin of 11,959, compared with 15,954 in 1908.

All the Republican candidates in the five other places on the state ticket ran ahead of the candidate for governor by an average of 1,666 votes, while Watson led the five Democratic minor candidates by an average of 1,932. The total Republican congressional vote was 1,873 ahead of that thrown for the party candidate for governor, while the two Democratic congressional candidates had a total vote that was 2,984 less than that for the party candidate for governor.

Vote for Lieutenant-Governor.

Leighton F. Slack (Rep.)	36,638
John B. Rreardon (Dem.)	15,186
Fred L. Page (Pro.)	927
J. Frank Bradbury	1,067
Scattering	2
Total vote	53,820

Vote for State Treasurer.

Edward H. Deavitt (Rep.)	36,990
John W. Thurston (Dem.)	14,391
Merrill L. Barton	841
John McMillan	1,026
Total vote	53,248

Vote for Secretary of State.

Guy W. Bailey (Rep.)	37,086
Cornelius L. McMahon (Dem.)	14,368
Willis V. Farr	822
George Brown	1
Sidney Walker	2
Total vote	52,299

Vote for Auditor of Accounts.

Horace F. Graham (Rep.)	36,943
Frank S. Pratt (Dem.)	14,319
Archibald O. Ferguson	846
Sydney Walker	923
Total vote	53,031

Vote for Attorney General.

John G. Sargent (Rep.)	36,991
Harry C. Shurtleff (Dem.)	14,200
Merritt B. Morgan	855
Joseph H. Dunbar	935
Total vote	52,981

The official vote in the two congressional districts was as follows:—

First District.

David J. Foster (Rep.)	18,951
P. M. Meldon (Dem.)	8,215
George A. Thrall (Pro.)	468
Scattering	2

Second District.

Frank Plumley (Rep.)	18,185
Alexander Cochran (Dem.)	6,226
Eugene M. Campbell (Pro.)	366
Scattering	1

CLERGYMEN CHANGE FAITH.

Six Episcopal Ministers to Study for Roman Catholic Priesthod.

Philadelphia, Sept. 28.—Seven ministers of the Protestant Episcopal church recently have entered the Overbrook seminary near here, for the purpose of studying to become Catholic priests. They are Rev. Dr. William McGarvey at St. Elizabeth's; Edgar M. Cowan, formerly curate at St. Mark's; William Hinckell, one of the most popular clergymen of Reading, and Edward Hawkes and James Bourne, who held responsible charges here.

According to one prominent Episcopalian here, this exodus from the Episcopal to the Roman Catholic church is caused by the high churchmen of the former religion.

"Many of the younger clergymen, especially," said this clergyman, "have had an experience with the confessional through the 'high church' notion, and they seem to favor it. That is the real reason for the exodus."

ECZEMA ON HANDS FOR TEN YEARS

Were Raw All Over—Was Spreading to Body and Limbs—Used Cuticura and was Cured—Also Cured Daughter's Eczema.

"I had eczema on my hands for ten years. At first it would break out only in winter. Then it finally came to stay. I had three good doctors to do all they could but none of them did any good. I then used one box of Cuticura Ointment and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and was completely cured. My hands were raw all over, inside and out, and the eczema was spreading all over my body and limbs. Before I had used one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, together with the Cuticura Ointment, my sores were nearly healed over, and by the time I had used the third bottle, I was entirely well. I had a good appetite and was fleshier than I ever was. To any one who has any skin or blood disease I would honestly advise them to fool with nothing else, but to get Cuticura and get well. My hands, cured by the use of Cuticura, have never given me the least bit of trouble up to now. I cannot recommend Cuticura highly enough. It has done me and my family so much good. My daughter's hands this summer became perfectly raw with eczema. She could get nothing that would do them any good until she tried Cuticura. She used two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and one box of Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks they were entirely cured. I have used Cuticura for other members of my family and it always proved successful. I recommend it to any one with eczema. After once using it you will never use anything else. Mrs. M. E. Falin, Speers Ferry, Va., Oct. 19, 1909."

Cuticura is the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp. A cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

HASKELL JURY SELECTED.

One of the Members Is An Indian—Case All Ready Now for Procedure.

McAlester, Okla., Sept. 28.—Celerity Monday attended the trial of Charles N. Haskell, governor of Oklahoma, and other defendants in the Muskogee town lot cases. Within a few hours a jury was selected and sworn and the government announced its readiness to proceed. The cases against Albert Z. English and F. B. Severs, both of Muskogee, who were indicted jointly with Haskell, were dismissed. The government announced that they would be tried under another indictment. W. T. Hutchings, an attorney, and Clarence W. Turner and Walter R. Eaton, are to be tried with Governor Haskell, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the government in the sale in 1902 of about six hundred town lot sites in Muskogee.

Under the terms of the sale, persons holding "possessory rights" to the property were each entitled to purchase at one-half the appraised value one town and one residence site. It is charged that Haskell and his associates falsely administered the names of people having no such possessory rights and, by the payment of small fees for the deeds, obtained possession of six hundred lots, thus depriving the Creek Indians, who owned the land, of a fair profit. The names of persons living in eastern and southern states, it is charged, were used for this purpose, without their consent. These persons have been summoned as witnesses for the government. Additional interest is lent the trial because of the government's position as guardian of Indian property. One of the jurors who will try the case is an Indian. He is John Carlisle, a Cherokee. He has been admitted to citizenship. Most of the other jurors are farmers.

AMERICA DOLLAR NATION.

But Cardinal Vannutelli Doesn't Think We're Dollar Mad.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—"The United States is a dollar nation, but it is not dollar mad, as is evidenced by the liberal expenditure of millions for churches and charitable institutions."

Cardinal Vannutelli, Vatican prelate, now touring America as a papal representative of Pope Pius X. Monday expressed this sentiment upon his arrival in Chicago.

The cardinal extended greetings to the Catholics of Chicago, and began a review of the 80,000 children of the 200-odd parochial schools of the city as the guest of Archbishop Quigley.

He authorized the following interview which he gave out before starting on the tour of the city:

"I like America, all that I have seen of it, though it is a small part indeed of your vast country. I have noted evidences of the great prosperity we hear so much about in Europe.

"They say you are a 'dollar nation,' and I can believe it when I see the rush and hum of business everywhere, but the great thing is that you spend it well. If I am to judge by the magnificent religious and charitable institutions on every side. Wherever I have gone I have seen them, and here in Chicago am informed I shall see more than ever."

LIGHTKEEPER DIES.

Failure of His Light in New Haven Harbor Causes Investigation.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 28.—As Captain Hardy of the steamer Richard Peck, bound in from New York, was bringing his vessel up the harbor Monday night, he discovered that the lighthouse on the end of Long wharf was dark. When he made a landing, he telephoned to the home of the lightkeeper, Thomas F. Wilson, giving notice of that fact. His message led to an investigation, and the body of the keeper was found by his son and brother, lying face down on the platform under the light, with a pool of blood about the face. According to the medical examiner, Wilson was stricken with heart failure and suffered a hemorrhage also, apparently just as he was about to light the big red beacon.

100,000 FLEE FROM NAPLES?

Startling Details on Plague Situation

NUMBER DEATHS IN STREET

The Police Have Hard Work to Keep Order—There Is Great Popular Excitement Over the Epidemic.

Rome, Sept. 28.—With the removal of the censorship, startling details of the cholera epidemic at Naples are being received. A number of persons have died in the streets, and the popular excitement is such that the police have great difficulty in maintaining public order. It is reported that 100,000 persons of the better classes already have fled from Naples.

There were thirty-two new cases and twenty-six deaths from the cholera in Naples Monday. Most of the cases are in the most squalid quarters of the city, in Vicaria and Mercato districts.

Immigrants arriving yesterday from America were forcibly prevented from landing. The passengers on the steamer Canopic, which reached here Monday from Boston, were permitted to debark, but were immediately escorted to the railroad station by soldiers.

The authorities, who long concealed the truth from the public, and until the press made known the real situation, are now doing their utmost. Quarters for the isolation of the victims are being established on the island of Nisida, in the bay of Naples, where the quarantine station is located.

The duke and duchess of Aosta have hurriedly returned to Naples and are organizing relief methods.

There are three cases of suspected cholera at Palermo and two at Turin.

The death of a sailor at Leghorn yesterday is believed to have been due to cholera.

Paris, Sept. 27.—The government has issued an order that all railroad cars entering Paris from Austria and Italy be isolated in the Bercy depot for medical inspection. Bercy forms a quarter in the southeast of Paris.

SPOIL WORTH $68,000.

But Man to Whom It Was Sold Paid $40 For It.

hicago, Sept. 28.—John Clinton, 22 years old, who has turned state's evidence against Isaac Marks, a south side jeweler, on trial for operating a "fence," testified in Judge Kavanangh's court on Monday that he and his "pal" robbed from one to five flats or houses a night from January 1 to April 23, the day of his arrest. The goods recovered are valued at $68,000, and Clinton testified that Marks paid them only $40 for the lot. Clinton, telling of his methods of work, said:—

"If we were detained over seven minutes in a flat, we figured we were losing money. First we would ring a door bell, and if we got a response we would inquire for somebody. If not, we got busy. That big 'jimmy' was all we ever used. We never took anything except money or jewelry."

AFTER GIRAFFE WITH A LASSO.

Real Problem, How to Get the Rope Off the Sky-scraper Animal's Neck.

A high-pitched yell from the colonel sent the giraffe away across the open with that clumsy-looking, powerful gallop that is all his own, and with his long neck plunging slowly back and forth.

Loveless' black, one of the fastest horses in the string, had hard work to gain on the giraffe, especially as the animal swerved quickly at the last moment and fled down the eastern slope of the hill through the scrub, where the going was none too good.

It was a difficult throw—and a new one for a western cowboy—to send the noose so far up into the air over the head perched high on the long, swaying neck.

But at the first attempt Loveless succeeded, and then reined in gently, so as not to throw the beast, because a giraffe would fall heavily, and would very likely break his neck or a leg if tumbled over.

Finally he was brought to a standstill, his feet spread apart as before, and for a while the two stood facing each other—the cowboy and the towering giraffe, with the rope from the saddle horn leading up at a considerable angle to the shoulders of the prize. The rest of the hunt soon gathered about them. Although the light was rapidly failing, Kearton finished what was left of his roll of film. The whir of the camera ended with a peculiar flapping sound.

"That's all," said Kearton, and sank down on a nearby stone.

But Loveless and the giraffe continued to face each other undisturbed.

"Well?" said Loveless, presently.

"Well?" echoed the colonel.

"Well, how are we going to take this rope off him? We've got none to spare, you know."

"Get a ladder," suggested Means.

"No, we won't need a ladder," said the colonel seriously; "but we'll have to throw him, after all. We can do it gently, I guess, without hurting him."

Accordingly, Means roped the giraffe by one hind leg and pulled it out from under him, so that he sank easily to the ground, and both the ropes were loosened and freed.

The sun had set and the short twilight was rapidly deepening. The ox-wagons and porters were several miles ahead. So we packed up the camera, coiled up the ropes, mounted and rode away, and the giraffe raised himself on his haunches among the bushes and watched us go.—Guy H. Scull in the October Everybody's.

"She uses Lenox Soap"

That is pretty good evidence of a woman's qualifications as a housekeeper.

It shows that she knows values.

For it is a fact that Lenox Soap is good value—it is cheap AND good.

Lenox Soap—"Just fits the hand"

Magazine Review

Public and Educators at Cross Purposes.

The matter with our high school is that the public has been expecting from them one set of results, while the educators have been striving after an entirely different set, says Benjamin C. Gruenberg in an article entitled, "What's the Matter with Our High Schools?" in "Success Magazine." Both the public and the teachers will have to change their expectations. There must be a shifting of ideals. We must pass from the ideal of exploitation or defeat of others to the ideal of service and cooperation; of personal advantage for our children to social efficiency and strength; of personal power for narrow ends to Democratic leadership and responsibility; of a dilettante "culture" to a broad conception of humanity, brotherhood and progress.

So far at least as the more progressive teachers and administrators and school commissioners are concerned, these changes are well under way. There is a strong revolt against the domination of the colleges in directing the subject matter of the high schools, a strong movement in revolt against the specialized high schools of the kind that have restricted arbitrarily the education of the pupils entrusted to them, a well-defined reaction against the enlargement of schools and classes to the point at which the teaching becomes mechanical and perfunctory, a strong effort on all sides to analyze defects and to find remedies.

The high schools of to-day are not doing altogether satisfactory work; but they are not resting. The outlook for to-morrow is hopeful, just because no one concerned is entirely satisfied. The teachers are doing their best to improve things. What is needed is not less criticism from the dissatisfied public, but sincere recognition on the part of the teachers that there are faults to remedy, and sincere recognition on the part of the public that relief is to be found in going forward, not backward. When the public and the teachers demand the same results from the high schools, it is not too much to expect that they will get what they want.

Candidate for the Museum.

The first automobile ever constructed is believed to be still in existence. It is owned by a country doctor in Kentucky, who, to save the expense of buying inner tubes and such foolish luxuries, has equipped it with ordinary buggy wheels. It is known as the pea huller and it makes a noise when running like a patent steam feather renovator.

Last spring the owner took part in an automobile meet at a nearby town. In the procession of automobiles that made the trip from one town to the other his machine brought up the rear.

A farmer was driving in with his son, in a buggy drawn by a mule, when the head of the parade hove in sight. He kept the lines taut while the boy jumped out and held the scared mule by the head. The string of cars whizzed by one after another, in a cloud of dust. The lad was just climbing over the wheel to get back in the buggy when there arose in the distance a tremendous puffing, snorting, rattling sound, and over the brow of the hill appeared Dr. Calloway in the pea huller. The farmer took one look and grabbed up the lines.

"Hold her, Wesley, fur Heaven's sake, hold her," he shouted to his boy; "here comes a homemade one!"—Everybody's Magazine.

The Money Power and the Jews.

The money power is a big, blind, footless, thoughtless thing, but it exists. The system, which it denies, is being thrown up, like a reef, by tiny, innocent polpyi that have no more notion of wrecking a ship than they have of the beauty of coral. The prophetic populists who foresaw the money power were right, but they had a clearer vision of it from the prairies 'way back in the early nineties than Wall street has to-day. Only a small part of "the street" is only just beginning to see a small part of it, and that's all there is to see—with the naked eye—so far. The money power is, as the broker said, neither intelligent, united, nor complete. There are large, mutinous interests left out of the "tacit understanding."

None of the Jewish banking houses is "in it." Some financial critics include Kuhn, Loeb & Co., as Ryan did, and they show Jacob H. Schiff and other Jewish names in great directorates, but the Jews and the big insiders confirm my conclusion, and explain it. The Christians (so to speak) say the omission of the Jews is deliberate and personal; that Morgan has a race of religious prejudices against the Jews. The Jews themselves set aside the explanation in a very Christian spirit. One of the leaders among them attributed it to "an unfortunate experience Mr. Morgan had with a certain Jewish house" and the rest put it down to "accident." Whatever the true explanation is, the "independence" of the Jewish interest is important. It is one more proof of the unintelligent innocence of the wickedness of the "money monster." No man who intended to put himself at the head of a perfect monopoly of money power would lock out the Jews. They are powerful financially, both here and abroad; and they are good fighters. Slow to enter into a quarrel, once in, they make it a war; they join hand all around the earth and, since they have sense, which other younger peoples seem not yet to have developed, of their children's children into the third and fourth generation, a financial war with the Jews might mean a divided money power for generations to come.—Lincoln Steffens in the October Everybody's.

What the Spinning Top Will Do.

A toy vender stood on the curb of the shopping district and shouted. In a moment the crowd gathered eagerly and open-eyed about him. He picked up a little cubical pasteboard box and stood it on the point of a pencil—and it stayed there. Next he caught it up by a loop of thread and it stood out horizontally without support, ostentatiously defying the law of gravitation. Then he performed his most fetching miracle. He set it on an inclined wire and down it went, preserving its balance with great dignity. Then he opened the box and displayed its contents.

"Fifteen cents, ladies and gents. Step up and buy your gyroscope tops—three nickels, fifteen cents." And the crowd bought. For there is something irresistibly fascinating about the gyroscope top.

So a Connecticut Yankee of ingenious mind thinks, and he is solving the problem of safe flight in the air. So a little Irishman in England and a learned, practical German savant have thought, too. The result of their work and the work of many others is the coming age, the age of the gyroscope, when by the aid of this marvelous little instrument we shall fly safely in the air, spin over the earth on a single rail—perhaps on a single, big wheel—sail the seas without rolling or pitching, dive down unafraid among the fishes, revolutionize war, annihilate space—in short, do a thousand things of which we have only now just begun to dream, all by means of another little toy that has been made to do the world's work.

Stanley Y. Beach has just constructed and patented an aeroplane with a gyroscope attachment to insure perfect, automatic stability. Ten thousand whirls a minute of his gyroscope wheel, he claims, will keep his aero steady as a bird. The little gyrostat will be the brains of the big mechanical flyer. It is the first of its kind ever built and will probably revolutionize aerial navigation.

There are numerous other practical applications of the gyroscope. Thus Dr. Alexander S. Chessin of Washington university in St. Louis, perhaps the greatest American authority on the mathematics of the gyroscope, has recently applied for a patent for an automobile with two wheels. Some day we shall be whirling through the streets automatically balanced like a bicycle rider. The best part of it will be that there will be no skidding on a two-wheeled auto.—From "Gyroscope Works Wonders," by Arthur B. Reeve, in Technical World Magazine for October.

Ceresota Flour

makes the bread for the wholesome meal.