

MERE SUGGESTION.



Miss Antique—I have so much on my mind; I wish I knew what to do for relief. Miss Caustique—Why not remove your switch?

PHYSICIAN ADVISES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Four years ago I had places break out on my wrist and on my shin which would itch and burn by spells, and scratching them would not seem to give any relief. When the trouble first began, my wrist and shin itched like poison. I would scratch those places until they would bleed before I could get any relief. Afterwards the places would scale over, and the flesh underneath would look red and feverish. Sometimes it would begin to itch until it would wake me from my sleep, and I would have to go through the scratching ordeal again.

Our physician pronounced it "dry eczema." I used an ointment which the doctor gave me, but it did no good. Then he advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. As this trouble has been in our family for years, and is considered hereditary, I felt anxious to try to head it off. I got the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, and they seemed to be just what I needed.

"The disease was making great headway on my system until I got the Cuticura Remedies which have cleared my skin of the great pest. From the time the eczema healed four years ago, until now, I have never felt any of its pest, and I am thankful to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment which certainly cured me. I always use the Cuticura Soap for toilet, and I hope other sufferers from skin diseases will use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Irven Hutchison, Three Rivers, Mich., Mar. 16, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 17 K, Boston.

The man who is envious of evil-doers will soon be one himself.

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Bag Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers.

Tenses.

Teacher—Tommy, what is the future of "I give?" Tommy—"You take."—Life.

One of the Accessories.

Quiet-Spoken Customer—You keep everything for the piano, don't you? Salesman—Yes, sir. We do, sir. Quiet-Spoken Customer—Give me an ax!—Puck.

Incurable.

"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another during a talk.

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man!" said the first speaker. "You are not a husband—you're a habit."

He Proved It.

"My dear, I was one of the very first to leave," said a man who, on returning from an evening party, was greeted reproachfully by his wife.

"Oh, you always say that," she retorted.

"Well, I can prove it this time, anyhow," insisted the husband. "Look in the hall and see the gold-mounted umbrellas I've brought home."

COLDS Cured in One Day

As a rule, a few doses of Munyon's Cold Remedy will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. Price 25 cents at any druggist's, or sent postpaid.

If you need Medical advice, write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail, absolutely free.

Address Professor Munyon, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

IF IT'S YOUR EYES PETTIT'S EYE SALVE is what you need

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Booklets free. High est. references. Best results.

Good Jokes

HIS BIT OF EMPIRE.

It is a well known fact that some Englishmen are more inclined to talk about the Empire's fringe, of which they are ignorant, rather than about its heart, which they possibly know something of. A housewife whose husband was addicted this way turned his thoughts into more homely channels by her ready wit.

One Saturday evening he came home late smelling strongly of tobacco, and very red in the face.

"Oh," he said. "I've had a fine time. I've been to an Empire meeting. It was grand."

Then he frowned and said, impatiently:—

"What's the matter with supper? Ain't it ready yet?"

His wife, who was peeling potatoes and holding a squalling boy, rose and extended the baby to him.

"Here," she said; "take hold of your bit of the Empire while I fry these chips."

How it is Done.

"Rollo," said the eminent statesman, speaking rather severely to his private secretary. "Rollo, it has been rather more than a week now since I have said something really brilliant. Are you aware of that?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," stammered the hireling.

"I'll give you three days more," continued the statesman, assuming his well-known attitude in which the right hand is thrust into the front of the shirt, as though to bring forth an important document or to scratch a hidden chigger bite—and if I haven't uttered something exceedingly intellectual or startlingly new by that time, I shall have to employ a new press agent."

GOOD IMAGINATION.



"Vain Dauber claims to be highly imaginative and also a thinker."

"Er—yes—he imagines he thinks and thinks he imagines."

Even Then.

The wise men never speak till they have something well worth while to say. And, being wise and thoughtful men, they say but little even then.

The Puff Personal.

"You are evidently very fond of books, sir," said an old gentleman to a young man in a train car. "May I ask you whom you consider the best novelist of the day?"

"Jenkins, undoubtedly," said the young man. "There's nobody can write like Jenkins. Why, sir, the circulating libraries can't supply his novels fast enough."

At this moment another man entered the train car and addressed the young man.

"Hello, Jenkins," he said. "How are you today?"—Tit-Bits.

Unworthy of His Love.

"George Tillson and Mamie Sprague are engaged."

"For goodness sake! I always thought he had good taste."

"Well, Mamie isn't a bad looking girl."

"But look at the style of her. She doesn't hide her ears by combing her hair over them."

Try it.

"Mary," said a mother to her quick-tempered little girl, "you must not get mad and say naughty things. You should always give a soft answer."

When her little brother provoked her an hour afterward Mary clinched her little fist and said: "Mush!"—The Watchword.

He Knew the Game.

"Now, Archie," asked the school-mistress, dilating on the virtue of politeness, "if you were seated in a tram car, every seat of which was occupied, and a lady entered, what would you do?"

"Pretend I was asleep," was the prompt reply.—Tit-Bits.

Not Consoling.

One of the boys had broken one of the school rules and no one would own up.

The teacher announced that he would thrash the whole class if some one did not tell him who had committed the offense.

All were silent, and he began with the first boy, and thrashed every one in the class until finally he reached the last one. Then he said: "Now, if you will tell me who did this I won't thrash you."

"All right, sir. I did it," was the reply.—Ideas.

WHY A BACHELOR.



Hinten—I've a mind to get married. Henpeck—If you had a mind you wouldn't think of such a thing.

Sweet Melody.

'Tis sweet, indeed, to hear the hen lift up her voice a peg; For now when cost of living's high it means another egg.

His Economy.

The children in the Blank family were taught habits of neatness at the table by being compelled to pay a fine of one cent for every spot they put on the tablecloth. One day Harold, a boy of seven years, was discovered rubbing the overhanging part of the cloth between his fingers, and when taken to task for it, he said: "Why, I must just try to rub two spots into one."—Woman's Home Companion.

Not So Very Romantic.

"Gloriana," faltered the ardent youth, "is this the end?" "Reginald," she answered, with a world of compassion in her soft brown eyes, "it is!"

Wary of the strain of holding the skein of flossy yarn which the maiden had been winding into a ball, Reginald dropped his exhausted arms to his sides and drew a long breath of relief.

The Reason.

"Though actors are superstitious as a rule, they are not afraid of being in haunted houses."

"They are not?"

"No; you can't scare an actor by putting him any place where the ghost walks."

Took Precautions.

Mrs. Brown—I'm thinking of giving up using fresh milk. I read an article in the paper saying all kinds of infection can be got from it."

Milkman—Don't worry, madam; our water is always well boiled first.—London Sketch.

Classifying Himself.

Eve (on seeing him for the first time)—Who are you, sir? Adam—I'm Exhibit A, madam.

THREE OR FOUR.



"I notice that you call your wife 'Sugar.'"

"I've always called my wives 'Sugar.'"

"Um! How many lumps have you had?"

Prejudice Is a Serious Menace

Prejudice is a hard thing to overcome, but where health is at stake and the opinion of thousands of reliable people differs from yours, prejudice then becomes your menace and you ought to lay it aside. This is said in the interest of people suffering from chronic constipation, and it is worthy of their attention.

In the opinion of legions of reliable American people the most stubborn constipation imaginable can be cured by a brief use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You may not have heard of it before, but do not doubt its merits on that account, or because it has not been blatantly advertised. It has sold very successfully on word of mouth recommendation. Parents are giving it to their children today who were given it by their parents, and it has been truthfully said that more druggists use it personally in their families than any other laxative.

Letters recently received from Mr. Frank Adams, 1413 E. 9th St., Wichita, Kas., and Carrie Nichol, Ashland, Kas., are but a few of thousands showing the esteem in which Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is held. It is mild, gentle, non-gripping—not violent, like salts or cathartics. It cures gradually and pleasantly so that in time nature again does its own work without outside aid. Constipated people owe it to themselves to use this grand bowel specific.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

In Strange Company.

The Visitor—And what is that gray stone structure over there?

The Courier—Zat ees ze armory for ze soldiers.

The Visitor—Ah, yes. And that long, low building that looks like a train shed—what is that?

The Courier—Zat ees ze arsenal.

The Visitor—I see. And what is the big factory with the immense smoke-stack?

The Courier—Zat ees ze gr-a-reat iron works where is made ze big gun an' ze shot an' ze shell.

The Visitor—And that peculiar looking structure across the river—the one with the rounded roof?

The Courier—Zat ees ze powder magazine.

The Visitor—And what is this magnificent marble structure with its wonderful dome and countless columns?

The Courier—Oh, zat ees only ze palace of peace!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Honor Unimpaired.

"No," said the old shoemaker, sternly, "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representations, and I will not begin now."

For a moment he was silent, and the shopman who stood before him could see that the better nature of his employer was fighting strongly for the right.

"No," said the old man again, "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe, and I will never pass it off as anything better. So just mark it 'A shoe fit for a queen,' and put it in the window. A queen, you know, does not have to do much walking."

Tilted.

"Is Mr. Biffit a believer in the uplift?"

"Can't say for certain, but I notice that he wears his cigar at a dizzy angle."

A BRAIN WORKER.

Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food."

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus."

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved."

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack."

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in plgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Not Going.

"You're going to the smoker to-night, aren't you?"

"Nope."

"Why, the boys are expecting you. Didn't you promise them you'd be there?"

"Yes. I intended to be present, but you see, we have the recall system in our family, and my wife has just exercised it."

His Worldly Goods.

At an "army wedding" in Topeka recently the service had proceeded to the line, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." The candidate for matrimony repeated it. "There," remarked another lieutenant who was a guest, "there goes his bicycle."—Kansas City Star.

Best None Too Good.

A social leader at Narrangansett was arranging for a musical and called a local "professor" into consultation.

"I think," he said, "we'd better have two first violins, two seconds—"

"No," said the prospective hostess, "I wish to spare no expense. Let us have only first violins, if you please."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Exact Location.

"Wombat was at the opera last night."

"Ah, you saw him drinking in the melody."

"No; when I saw him he was drinking in the bar."—Courier-Journal.

His Honeyed Manner.

"I notice Mr. Comeup has such a honeyed manner and way of talking lately."

"Oh, that's because running for office is now the bee in his bonnet."

Quack! Quack!

Gyer—Dr. Cubeb's wife wanted to raise ducks this summer, but he wouldn't stand for it.

Myer—Why not?

Gyer—He objects to ducks because of the personal remarks they make.

Shipwreck Today.

"Captain, is there much danger?"

"Not a particle. A moving picture outfit will soon be along and rescue us after they have taken a few films."

Not to Mention Motors.

"Since I'm married I realize how money is kept in circulation."

"Well, let's have your chunk of wisdom."

"There's the spring hat, the summer vacation, the fall gown and the holiday shopping."—Washington Herald.

Couldn't Wait.

Tom—Did her last husband die?

Jack—No; he resigned.—Boston Transcript.

Leary.

Mrs. A.—Now, Mrs. B., will you come and see our apairy?

Mrs. B. (who has been putting it off all the afternoon)—Well, Mrs. A., the truth is, you know, I—I'm rather afraid of monkeys.—Christian Intelligencer.

A Long Face.

The pessimist is never gay: His face is long and grave. He really ought to have to pay A quarter for a shave.

On the Wrong Train.

She—Did you ever get on a train when it was moving?

He—Yes—once.

She—What was the sensation?

He—Ripping—for the woman.—Woman's Home Companion.

Wise Ma.

"Ma, why don't you keep out of the parlor? Things are running smoothly now."

"You ain't engaged yet, daughter, and your ma knows that a young man who finds things running smoothly is apt to get bored and quit."

Good News.

"What did ma say to you when you came in?" inquired Johnny to his friend who had come to tea.

"She said she was very pleased to see me."

"I'm glad," said Johnny in a relieved tone. "Cos she said this morning she hoped you wouldn't come!"

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