

## THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.

JASPER, ..... MISSOURI

When monarchs seek the simple life their subjects can well afford to follow their example.

Absence only makes Henry James fonder of America. That is why he stays in England all the time.

The hours we spend in wishing and craving for the impossible could be better spent in working for the attainable.

A man of intelligence, wealth and power who treats his subordinates with rudeness and insult is a natural coward.

People who show no kindness or mercy in wealth and power will certainly receive none when poverty comes to be their lot.

The man who doubts and the man who scoffs have this difference between them: The one uses his reason and the other his passion.

Possibly sleeping-car porters may become so wealthy that they will turn the tables and tip passengers who have made the jaunt unkindly.

Prof. Ross says the idle rich are more dangerous than the hoboes. It must be admitted, however, that they are less apt to hit you with a piece of gaspipe.

"Only people with a million or more can afford to have 'stuporous melancholia,'" says the Washington Herald. Well, it isn't exactly a disease that many of us crave.

If the learned professor of Harvard should speak politely to the laboring man would not the laboring man give the learned professor a seat? Let the learned professor try it.

They are talking of sending wireless messages around the world. For what purpose? So that a man can telegraph to himself instead of tying a string around his thumb when he wants to remember something?

King Menelik of Abyssinia claims to be the descendant of Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and certainly it is no violent wrench of facts to say he is a much better behaved old fellow than some of our distinguished senators.

We do not know that it will make any particular difference in the world's history whether Gladys is happy or not. Would some of her patriotic advisers guarantee happiness for her with an American husband whom they might pick out?

The Sheridan statue commission has approved and accepted the model of the statue of Gen. Philip Sheridan, which is to ornament Sheridan Circle, Twenty-second street and Massachusetts avenue, in Washington. The model is the design of Gutzon Borglum of New York.

The battleship Mississippi has been accepted by the government. It is in order now for somebody to discover that she was constructed along antiquated lines and that it would be preposterous to expect her to last more than one round in a battle with anything bigger than a rowboat.

Farmers in many parts of the country have been able, owing to the mild winter, to do a good deal of work, according to reports, but have found it difficult to get help in spite of the number of unemployed men in cities. Getting up at 4 o'clock a. m., and going out to feed the stock does not appeal even to the hungry men.

Orsa, in Sweden, has, in the course of a generation, sold \$5,550,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every 30 or 40 years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free, and so are the schoolhouses, teaching, and many other things.

Now a movement has been started to compel women to take off their hats in church. The movement might as well be dropped at once before its advocates lose unnecessary sleep and grow thin through worry. If a woman is to take off her hat in church, what she will naturally argue, is the good of her Easter millinery? The logical conclusion of this argument is too self-evident for formal statement.

Helen Keller's latest intimate and detailed account of her experiences and emotions in an existence where she is deprived of sight and hearing and restricted to the three other senses, is a remarkable paper in many respects. But is not more remarkable declares the Boston Herald, than his declaration that if a fairy bade her to choose between the sense of sight and touch she would not part with the warm and endearing contact of human hands. Those who possess both gift of sight and hearing would perhaps ponder long before choosing.

## Thwarting a Conspiracy

By Inez Haynes Gillmore

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He came swinging out of the Flat-iron building into a piercing hurly-burly of sound and color and movement. He paused a moment to breathe the whipping briskness of the air, then started at a leisurely gait.

Suddenly he clapped his hand, as if in tardy remembrance, to an inner pocket and drew out a letter. He had just inserted a vandal finger under the flap when his glance, playing casually ahead, caught on that, in the crowd, which impelled him to put the note back unopened into his pocket.

She was strolling uptown. There was the same appearance of uncertainty in her graceful, unhurrying gait that marked his own. She was dressed all in gray—gray broadcloth suit, gray shoes, a chinchilla turban with a saucy gray plume, a chinchilla scarf, crossed on her shoulders and falling to her waist, a huge heart-shaped wad of chinchilla, that was a muff, suspended from her neck by a silver chain.

A curious impulse caught him. It ran riot in his brain for a white-hot instant. It crystallized into a definite intention. He stopped at her side.

"I beg your pardon." His tone was pleasant and filled with an easy deference. "I'm sure that I've met you somewhere, haven't I? Will you let me walk up the avenue with you?"

The girl stared at him aghast. He was a tall fellow, his clean-shaven, fair skin browned and reddened by an unseasonable burn.

Her stare lasted an instant. Then a haughty color flashed into her face. It wiped out the look of aloofness in its expression and brought out the pride in it. "Certainly not!" she flung freely to him.

He resumed his hat equably. Her shocked profile darted past him. It paused halfway.

"Yes," she suddenly conceded, turning impetuously to him, "you may walk a little way with me. I would like to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

He placed himself at her side. She walked a few moments in silence. He waited.

"Now," she began imperiously, turning on him with a suggestion of menace in her air, "will you kindly tell me why, out of all the women on Broadway, you selected me to approach in that insufferable way?"

He looked embarrassed.

"Well—I—the fact is—I—"

"The fact is," she took it up heatedly, "that after looking me all over, you concluded that I was the kind of girl who would respond to such an overture."

Her face flashed indignantly up in

fore. I was sorry—on my honor. But I was first attracted to you, believe me, because you looked so girlish—so different. I think your new clothes are all right."

"Oh, I'm so glad. I should have felt uncomfortable all this evening if you hadn't said that. You see, my friend is the best-dressed girl I know."

They walked on in silence for a moment. "I think you had better leave me now," she smiled in spite of herself, but she stopped. "Good-by," she said inflexibly.

He lifted his hat resignedly. She nodded and walked on.

In an instant quick footsteps overtook her. "I'm very sorry to trouble you again," he began, a statement that his dancing eyes made no effort to reinforce. "You dropped this handkerchief out of your muff."

She was shocked. "Did I? What a goose!" She flamed. "Of course you know I didn't do it on purpose."

"Of course. Do you mind if I follow you a little way, just for protection? You might lose your muff—or—or—"

"I might cast a shoe," she flamed. She looked ahead with a little maddening judicial air. "Well, all right, but you'll have to leave me soon for I'm almost there. It's somewhere in the Sixties, I think. You're not going to insist on going to dinner with me, are you?"

"I'm not sure yet."

She had been fumbling in her muff. She brought out a note, a crumpled creamy sheet.

He watched her curiously at first, then with a start.

"By every sign and token of long-distance signaling—that's Bettina Thorpe's handwriting," he commented casually.

She stared.

"Oh, I've got my credentials with me, too. There's no reason why this peace conference shouldn't get busy."

He drew an unopened letter from his pocket and thrust it under her bewildered eyes.

"By Jove! I guess I'd better read that," he exclaimed.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" Her breath came in gasps. "Why, I can't believe it—it's too silly!"

"Bettina ought to serve a can-opener with her stationery," he complained, tearing at the flap, "or a little dynamite. Ah!" He ran hungrily through the note and then burst into a roar.

"I know who you are," he informed his companion, his face brightening with mischief. "You're Patricia Otis. Listen to this:

"Dear Duke: I've been 'phoning you you like all possessed ever since I heard of your arrival, yesterday morning. But nobody knew where you were. Come to 873 Sixty-third street to dinner to-night with Bob and me. If it's a possible thing, to meet Patay Otis, who's being maid-of-honor next week, at the chief social event of the season. I've always told you you'd go gray over her, and here's your chance. Hurriedly."

"BETTY."

He jammed the letter back into the envelope. "You see, I've simply got to go to dinner with you."

"Are you Duke Grayson?"

"I am."

"Betty never told me you were coming to-night. But then, of course, she knew I wouldn't be there. I have always refused to meet you."

"Same here!" he agreed brazenly. "She's determined to marry us, you know. That's why you looked so familiar. It's the pictures she showed me. I would never have suspected that you were good-looking from those things."

"Thank you. I'm not. It's these clothes I'm wearing. When you come to that—Betty had any number of pictures of you in her room at Bertram hall. See here—I don't want to meet you. Oh, Betty's a schemer. You wait until I get alone with her! If I don't—I simply decline to meet you. She'll throw me at you in the most disgusting way—leaving us to tete-a-tetes, and everything like that. She hates my settlement work, you know. Her heart is set on marrying me off. She says that if I married a man like you I'd be a different woman. Isn't it disgusting?"

"Nauseating," he agreed.

## FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter

"Why, I wouldn't marry the kind of man you are for anything in the world—you're too frivolous. I have an object in life."

He applauded her. "That's what you stick to—that—no matter how many times I ask you."

She turned back and her little teeth gnawed at her underlip. "Oh, sugar!" she burst out vexedly. She made an indeterminate movement forward and stopped. "I won't go to their dinner," she said with decision.

He had the look of one inspired. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You see how it is: here are two people conspiring against us—against your happiness and my liberty. Let's evade them by going off to dinner together. I'll call a hansom and we'll go down to the Waldorf. You can telephone Betty, so that she won't worry. There'll be nobody there to foist unwelcome gratuitous tete-a-tetes on us. That's the only way we can beat their game."

"I don't know what grandma would say," she said defiantly, "but, anyway, I'm going to do it. I'll tell Bettina that I've met you by accident, that we understand each other and her, and that we see right through all her plans. And if she has any idea of poking us into corners to fall in love with each other, she can just give it up, because we absolutely refuse to do it."

"That's the stuff." He raised an alert finger to the hansom that had assiduously trailed them up the avenue.

But six months later, when Bettina Bosworth received a certain inevitable announcement, she only smiled placidly.

"I'd give a good deal to know whether she dropped that handkerchief on purpose," she said to Bob.

NOVEL CONTEST IN HOUSEWORK.

Servant Girl and Society Woman at Boone, Ia., to Compete.

Boone, Ia.—Hanna Olson, a pretty servant girl, who declares that domestics cannot afford to work for less than one dollar a day, said the other day she would accept the challenge of Mrs. M. J. Foster, society woman, for a week's contest in housework.

Mrs. Foster alleges that one dollar a day is too much for servants, that most of them are incompetent and that she will prove it by rolling up her own sleeves and going to work.

"I certainly expect to beat her at her own game," said Miss Olson.

Plans for the remarkable contest are going forward and if Miss Olson and Mrs. Foster can get together on terms there is no reason to doubt it will take place. Mrs. Foster won't back out.

The majority favor setting the two women at work in a home of the same number of rooms and about the same conditions. A committee will be named, of which the Y. M. C. A. will furnish one member, the Boone newspapers another and the third will be chosen by these two. One judge will stay in each house the entire week, while the third will alternate. Credits will be given for time consumed and for condition of kitchen, bedroom and living rooms at noon.

## The Voice.

A sound rose out of the south (Sweeter was never heard!) Like the rain song after drouth From the mouth of a bird.

Over the hills it came With all the haste of hope, And the glint of an amber flame Touched every slope.

"I am the vernal voice." These were the words it said, And I cry to the world: "Rejoice O'er the winter dead!"

Then the ancient mother of all, The fond earth mother, she Threw off the iron thrall And stepped forth free.

Oh, the celestial glow Again in her veins astir! Come, my heart, let us go And be glad with her!

—Clinton Scollard.

## For the Workingman.

Germany has made great strides in satisfying the workingman by attention to old-age insurance, by insistence upon safe machinery in factories, by humane provisions for pensioning the victims of industrial accidents and the like. Great Britain, like the United States, is at the beginning of this great task.

We men are accused of so much that sometimes we fear some of us may be guilty.

## FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN



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