

### HOW THEY REFORMED.

I jst heered that Elder Gray Gave his money all away! Been a miser, clost an' hard Sence th' big tree in our yard Wuz a saplin'—never wet Nigh a soul or give a cent! Heered las' night he give his wife All he saved up all his life!

Sounds onreal, but 'tain't no lie— I jst seen th' hearse go by!

I jst heered that Jimmy Green Quit his drinkin'—cut it clean! Been a sot sence Jones's barn Wuz a woodshed—couldn't 'arn Half his salt an' starved his wife All her hopeless married life. Heered, las' night, he got th' grit Someway in his soul 't quit!

Sounds onreal, but 'tain't no lie— I jst seen th' hearse go by!

I jst heered that Liddy Wall Quit her scoldin'—good an' all! Heered her husband's restin' well Pust time in a right smart spell! Liddy allus used 't say She'd quit scoldin' him some day, But she never quite could git Made up in her mind 't quit!

Sounds onreal, but 'tain't no lie— I jst seen th' hearse go by!

I jst heered that Abner Sykes Found a place he rilly likes. Abner moved about untill Nothin' seemed 't fill th' bill! Everywheres he went to yet Wuz too dry or else too wet, Too much drouth or too much dew. But his movin' days is through!

Sounds onreal, but 'tain't no lie— I jst seen th' hearse go by. —New York Times.



#### Food for the Fat.

It is possible that the actual proportion of overfat people in the general population is no greater now than it ever was, but to the observer who has lived many years it seems as if the number of persons one meets who are noticeably overweight had increased greatly in recent years.

Some large folk are content with their lot—nearly all are jolly, yet there are many who would give much for every pound they could throw off.

There are a number of dietary systems in vogue for reducing weight, almost all efficacious, if strictly followed, but not all safe. The original "banting system," for example, in which the person is restricted to little more than a lean-meat diet, is not to be recommended, and one who practices it, unless under constant medical supervision, may do himself irreparable harm. No one system, indeed, is applicable to all cases, for the cause is not always the same, and what may be suitable for one fat person may not be at all what another needs.

It is popularly believed that all fat persons are gross feeders, but this is not true; indeed, the reverse is often the case. Obesity may be a disease, or rather a prominent symptom of one, the trouble being with the internal chemistry of nutrition—a disease of metabolism, as it is called. It is comparable to diabetes—nearly related to it, in fact. In this disease sugar is formed in excess in the system, even when very little is taken with the food; and so in obesity there is a tendency to the formation of fat in the body, even if little fat-forming food is eaten. In most cases, however, much can be done by a regulation of the diet.

The amount of meat should not be increased, but the quantity of sugar and starchy foods should be reduced, their place being taken by non-starchy vegetables, such as spinach, cauliflower and salads. The foods to be avoided, or taken in great moderation, are those which contain much starch, such as rice and potatoes, and all sweets—pies, puddings and candy. Tea and coffee should be taken without sugar, if taken at all, and chocolate should be omitted entirely.

Bread is fattening, but for most persons it seems an indispensable article of diet. Its amount can, however, be limited, and it should be toasted.

Fats are less harmful than sugar and starch, and may be allowed in moderation in the form of butter and salad oil.

The belief that the drinking of water makes fat is erroneous. If one eats juicy vegetables, and especially the less sweet fruits, such as apples and grape-fruit, and abandons the use of sugar, there will be a natural reduction in the amount of water taken, but one should drink all that is needed to quench thirst.

#### Got the Number.

Police Captain—You say that an automobile containing several persons sped along the street and struck down an old man? New Officer—Yis, sor. Police Captain—And that after chasing this auto for several blocks you finally succeeded in getting the number? New Officer—Yis, sor. Police Captain—Good! What was the number? New Officer—There wor just folve persons in th' car, sor!—Circle Magazine.

Next to magazine art, the most hideous sight on earth is a skinny athlete in a running suit.

### LET LOVERS ALONE.

Don't Make Game of or Tense Them —May Spoil a Romance.

That "all the world loves a lover" is an old and much-quoted saying, but if the saying be true the affection surely is manifested in singular fashion. Indubitably all the world and his wife take a lively interest, which, unfortunately, is often more officious than discreet in whatever they so much as suspect may, can or will be a love affair, and consider lovers fair game for all manner of teasing, surmises and sometimes impertinent inquiry.

If Johnny Jones walks home from church with Susan Smith two Sundays in succession he immediately is suspected of a more than friendly feeling for that young woman, tongues began to clack, John is rallied on his fancy for Susan, while she is bantered on her attentions to her. If Edwin and Angelina meet half a dozen times and he shows the slightest disposition to talk or dance with her ever so little more than with other girls, some, at least, of their mutual friends are certain to imagine matrimonial intent upon his part, and, still worse, to express the suspicion more or less plainly to the persons concerned.

The probability is that the young man has no serious purpose; his attentions merely are the casual consequence of a surface admiration for a pretty and entertaining girl. Humanity is gregarious and social intercourse with one's fellows is a natural necessity of all normal men and women. Nor is the want so apt to be for a solitude a deus, with all which it implies, as merely for companionship in the sense of company and amusement—a want which is satisfied with the many as well as with the one.

It must be admitted that those who doubt the possibility of platonic affection between two people of opposite sex have good ground for their point of view. It is easy enough to begin with friendship, but seldom is it that in the case of both parties thereto it remains as such to the end of the chapter. It may be the man who finds that, all unconsciously, it has come to pass that—

"Better than I love myself Do I love my neighbor."

The woman for whom he professes a "platonic attachment" has become the one and only woman in all the world for him.

Or it may be the woman who finds that what she has fondly imagined to be friendship pure and simple is the strongest passion of her being, that she is deeply and unmistakably in love, while her comrade remains on the plain and prosaic highway of friendship.

"And, oh, it is a bitter pain To love and not be loved again!"

Undeniably the chances are that one or the other of the couple one day will find that, though friendship may be delightful, there is something wanting to the full cup of happiness, that what began as camaraderie has developed into something stronger and tenderer than any other love on earth. The ways of friendship and love lie too close, the boundary is too easily overstepped for platonic safety to be indulged in, at least by the young, in whose veins the current of life and love is strong and healthy, without the risk that there some day will be an aching void, an unsatisfied longing for "what might have been."

Of course, where both step hand in hand into the "primrose path," all is well, and the two who gradually have grown together become one in happy harmony. Yes, platonic ways are dangerous; nevertheless, in spite of the risk, for not a few men and women they might be commendable and possible were it not for the meddlesome interference of other people.—Chicago Tribune.

#### An Optimistic Waiter.

He was one of the very few commercial travelers who can not adapt themselves to their surroundings, and as a chronic hotel rumbler he is known from East to West. The waiter was possessed of an optimism unusual for one weighted with the responsibilities of his position, and served the soup, fish and roast with equanimity and poise. At the dessert the traveling man waxed irritable and sarcastic.

"Look here," he said. "This pudding is on the bill of fare as 'ice cream puddin', and there isn't any ice, nor is there any cream in it."

The waiter, in a tone of great patience, replied: "That's all right, sir. There's nothing in names. If we serve you with Washington pie, it's no sign there's a picture of the capitol on every piece, and when we bring you college fritters there isn't a term's tuition in advance thrown in. Any cheese with your pie, sir?"

#### Coal and Railroads.

The total coal production of the United States is now at the rate of 1,000,000 tons per day, and the consumption of coal by railroads is equal to 40 per cent of this, or 400,000 tons per day. The fuel bill of a railroad contributes about 10 per cent of the total expense of operation and 30 to 40 per cent of the total cost of running the locomotives. A locomotive will consume on an average \$5,000 worth of coal per annum, and for a road having an equipment of 1,000 locomotives the coal bill is approximately \$5,000,000.—Railway Age.

Every woman thinks she ought to eat brain food occasionally, but she can't explain why she thinks so.

## INTERNATIONAL CONTROVERSY OVER NIAGARA FALLS SUICIDES



The unaccountable allurements which the rushing waters of Niagara Falls hold for persons having suicidal inclinations, has raised a controversy between the United States and Canada. Enough of these suicides take place every year to make the matter one that needs to be dealt with. A large number of those taking their own lives are identified by clothing or by letters, but the plunge is so great, the rocks so numerous and the churning, obliterating effect of the countless tons of water in motion at terrific speed so great, that in most cases it is very difficult to assure a true identification.

It is a somewhat curious fact that the bodies of those who have performed the act of combined bravery and cowardice follow a sort of beaten track. When the authorities learn of a suicide they first go to the landing where the little boat, the Maid of the Mist, comes in and goes out on its trips, and in almost every case the battered, swollen body will be found there. Those which do not stop then go on through the rapids and bring up further down the stream in the vortex of the whirlpool.

Both of these points, the Maid of the Mist landing and the whirlpool, are on the Canadian side. Hence the Queen Victoria Park commission, which controls the river front all the way from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, has been in the habit of bringing these melancholy derelicts to the top of the bank at an expense to itself of \$50 or \$70 apiece and of interring them separately in Fairview Cemetery in a site that has been set apart for such cases.

The Canadian officials have addressed a request to the American park commissioners to pay at least a proportionate share of the expense. There is one very good argument advanced in favor of this position. Most of the suicides take the plunge on the American side. It is only the action of the current that carries to the shores of the Dominion the legacy of death.

The American park commissioners concede the justice of the Canadian

argument, but declare that without some justification from Congress they have not the power to spend the money of the nation in this fashion, and insist that the bodies ought to be buried wherever the rare found.

As a result of the argument a greater effort is being made to watch closely those who make the visit to the falls. It has long been one of the charms of the manner in which the two nations have guarded Niagara that it is possible to get to the very edge of the falls, and standing within three or four feet of the edge to marvel at the onrushing floods as they take their descent for the 200-foot jump to the gully below.

Although it may possess the suicide mania for a small percentage of unfortunate, to the great majority Niagara is lulling, it gives comfort, it is a temporary surcease from troubles that seem small when brought into the presence of this wonderful work of nature. To put the average visitor farther away from the points where



NIAGARA FALLS.

he can get the best view would be a hardship.

Uncle Sam and the Dominion of Canada dwell too happily as neighbors to have any serious row over the question. But it must be settled, for as long as Niagara's roar attracts and its dancing waters appeal, there will be suicides to dispose of.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

A motor-driven sleigh, developed during last winter, was propelled by a pair of legs resembling in their operation those of a grasshopper.

An alloy of 70 per cent of cerium and 30 per cent of iron has the remarkable property of giving off a shower of sparks when struck by steel.

At the woman suffrage bazaar, recently held at the Hotel Martha Washington, in New York City, the receipts for the two days and evenings were over \$900.

French walnut growers in the neighborhood of Grenoble have formed an association to maintain the reputation and guarantee the quality of the walnuts commonly known as "Grenobles."

There are 157,000 models in the Patent Office which are about to be lodged in the National Museum. Many of them are of historic interest. They will be under the care of the Commissioner of Patents.

Telephone companies are endeavoring to collect part of the telegraph tolls where the messages are delivered by telephone. The telegraph companies claim that they are entitled to make this use of the instruments and resist payment.

Consul Julean H. Arnold, of Amoy, reports that a native company at that port, capitalized at \$800,000, is getting ready to operate coal and iron mines, which are said to be valuable, in the An Chli district, 100 miles from Amoy, for which it has held a concession for some years.

Since there is no tide in the Mediterranean, the inhabitants of Marseilles were greatly astonished on June 15, when the water of the harbor began suddenly to oscillate, and continued in movement for a quarter of an hour. Some observers say that the first waves were about two and a half feet in height, but others put their height at half that amount. Many thought that the cause was an earthquake, but Mons. Louis Fabry, after a study of the phenomena, ascribes it to a sudden increase of the barometric pressure of the air on the surface of the sea in the neighborhood of Marseilles. The puzzling

question remains, What produced the sudden increase of barometric pressure?

At Koutchino, near Moscow, Russia possesses the most complete laboratory for researches pertaining to aviation now in existence. The work is under the direction of Mr. Riabouchinsky, and the money was furnished by a wealthy Muscovite. It has become the center of much interest since the recent achievements in aerial navigation. Here investigations are made of all questions relating to aerodynamics, and some remarkable results have been obtained, especially in regard to what is called the "autorotation" of bodies of certain shapes when placed in currents of air. It has already been made evident that there are many phenomena of an unexpected character which, when they have been thoroughly investigated, may materially aid inventors and engineers in the construction of more effective flying machines.

#### To Make Sheep Come.

If you cannot get to sleep try a sponge bath thus: Into eight ounces of alcohol put two of ammonia and two of camphor. Shake thoroughly, and when well mixed add four ounces of sea salt and enough hot water to fill a quart bottle. To apply it pour a little of the liquid in a shallow dish, moisten the whole body a little at a time by dipping a small sponge in it. Rub on only very little, then finish with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse crash towel. Get into bed, and we'll insure the quick arrival of "Nature's quick restorer, balmy sleep."—Family Doctor.

#### His Place in the Program.

"Your boy Josh says he is going to be a wizard of Wall street." "Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "He thinks so. But the chances are that the regular wizards will use him as the subject of one of their mysterious disappearance acts."—Washington Star.

#### A Rural Scheme.

"We've hired a red-whiskered constable to lie in ambush for the automobilists." "What's the idea?" "We thought his red whiskers would kind of match the fall foliage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A man is lucky not to have any worse luck than he has.

### TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



In some homes the Bible on a center table means little more than a horse shoe over the door.

You can do more with a pop-gun when using it right than you can with a musket when using it wrong.

You can't make truth flush by looking it in the fact.

Many a man prays for grace, when what he needs is grit.

Many a fine career has been cut short by a long tongue.

The devil is most like a lion when he looks most like a sheep.

The bravest man is the one who is scared the worst and runs the least.

There is nothing in heaven more beautiful than the life Christ lived on earth.

Don't look at your bankbook to find out how rich you are. Look at the promises of God.

We can never have right views about redemption as long as we have wrong views about sin.

St. Paul never wrote a line to show any kind of a sinner that he could be saved by his own good works.

We need more of the kind of preaching that will make a sinner either quit his meanness or get out of the church.

The man who talks the loudest about the hypocrites in the church is the one you need to watch the closest in a horse trade.

It is hard for the world to believe that the sinner who rides in a carriage is made out of the same kind of clay as the one who falls in the ditch.

### HE WAS POLITE, ANYWAY.

Johnny, although of humble origin, could hardly be said to have "sprung from the soil"—or if he did, the soil evidently sprang after him. There were always traces of it on his countenance by the time he reached Sunday school, although it might be more or less surrounded by the soap-and-water immaculateness in which his mother had started him.

Admonition, argument or discipline had no power to separate Johnny from the accompanying dirt. All had proved unavailing; and so one day his teacher determined to try an object lesson.

To keep the surprise and delight of the class from spoiling her effort, she took the other members into her confidence. Johnny, who appeared in the usual condition, was therefore the only one to be surprised when the teacher removed her veil and displayed a large black smudge on one side of her nose and a smaller one on the other. But Johnny, except for a startled look of sympathy, which he repressed immediately, gave no evidence of having noticed anything unusual.

Presently, however, the wily teacher gave a little shudder, looked directly at Johnny, and put one finger on her face as if the spot pained her. "I really feel as if my face were dirty," she said, in a tone of well-simulated horror. "Johnny, is there anything on my face?"

"Yes'm," replied Johnny. "Ugh!" exclaimed the teacher. "I knew it. I felt it. Horrid, nasty black smudges! Have they been there all the hour?"

"Yes'm," said Johnny.

"And you didn't tell me!" exclaimed the teacher, reproachfully. "I don't think that's nice of you, Johnny. Now I shall be unhappy all day because I have sat here so long with a dirty face. When you have a dirty face I always tell you as soon as I notice it."

"Yes'm," said Johnny again, "it's all right for you to tell me when it's my face; but when it's your face, I guess I'm too polite."—Youth's Companion.

#### Something Wanted.

A bachelor, old and cranky, was sitting alone in his room. His toes with the gout were aching, and his face was overspread with gloom, no little ones' shouts to disturb him—from noises the house was free. In fact, from cellar to attic 'twas as still as still could be. No medical aid was lacking; his servants answered his ring, respectfully answered his orders and supplied him with everything. But still there was something wanted, which he could not command—the kindly words of compassion, the touch of a gentle hand. And he said, as his brow grew darker and he rang for the hireling nurse, "Well, marriage may be a failure, but this is a jolly sight worse."

#### Poor Dills.

"Somebody has discovered the oldest doll in the country." "Sentimental idea, sn't it?" "Not with me. I have to take a new doll home with me every blessed week. The dolls at our home never have a chance to get old."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some writer has said that as a rule preachers are not witty. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that brevity is the soul of wit.

Always remember that your neighbors watch you closely, and that your neighbors are very particular.

Every man makes a satisfactory husband—for a few days.

## Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.



Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

#### A Crazy Clock.

Visiting an old mate, who had the misfortune to be confined in a Yorkshire asylum, a collier noticed that the large clock in the reception hall was ten minutes slow.

"That clock is not right," he exclaimed.

"No, lad!" was the lunatic's reply. "That's why it's here."—London Daily News.

#### Case of Disappointment.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No, she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—Houston Post.

#### History as Corrected.

"Why came you so late?" asked Damon. "In another moment I should have been executed!"

"I couldn't find you!" gasped Pythias. "You failed to notify me that a new system of house numbering had gone into effect!"—Chicago Tribune.

#### A Quick Finish.

"Have you finished enumerating the things you want to do?" inquired Mrs. Housekeeper.

The prospective cook admitted that she had.

"Then perhaps you'll specify the things you can't do. Then I can tell if we can get along together."

The prospective cook decided right there that they couldn't.—Kansas City Journal.

#### Case of Fellow Feeling.

District Visitor—I've just had a letter from my son Arthur, saying he has won a scholarship. I can't tell you how pleased I am.

Rustic Party—I can understand your feelin's, mum. I felt just the same when our pig won the medal at the agricultural show.—Pearson's Weekly.

#### The Professor.

The Doctor—I've stood for a good many wild and reckless assertions on your part, but you can't make me believe there is a tribe of Indians of Irish descent.

The Professor—That only shows that you have never heard of the Allgone Quinns.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Characteristics.

"Those plums may be good," said the man with the slouch hat, stopping to argue with the grocer's boy, "but I'm from Missouri."

"Well, I'll take 'em," said the man just behind him, picking up the box; "I'm from Ohio."

## PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets." Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 922

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