

Watch Your Daughter



"When I was a girl at home I suffered with headaches and distress," said Mrs. Ray Edgar, of 345 No. 5th st., Colton, Calif., whose picture appears above. "My mother gave me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it relieved me of this condition. And since I married I have taken the 'Favorite Prescription' as a tonic to build me up whenever in a run-down and weakened state, as when my nerves were bad, and it has always been very beneficial. It has never failed to give me the desired help each time I have taken it. I always advise my friends to take this medicine if they are in any way run-down in health."

Girls, health means beauty. Do not fail to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablets. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free advice.

Japanese Retire Early.

Japanese as a rule retire much earlier than occidentals, even when a tea-house celebration is going full blast and the sake cups are circulating freely.

Curriculum for Brides.

New York has a school for prospective brides. If the idea is to teach them to keep their husbands, it has, no doubt, a course in manuring.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Gentleness Wins.

Gentleness is far more successful in all its enterprises than violence; indeed, violence generally frustrates its own purpose, while gentleness scarcely ever fails.—Locke.

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"BOOMERANG" SMITH TO THE RESCUE!

By WILLOUGHBY BRENT

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

NATURE may not have been kind to him when she named him "Smith," but as usual she had compensated for it in many ways. The account was probably more than balanced by one ability which he possessed in a remarkable degree—the ability to return whatever he received—favors, knocks, tips, non-matter-whats—and return with due and proper accumulation.

Hand him your half-used match for his cigar and he would hand you a much better cigar than the one you were smoking. Hand him a hot shot of sarcasm and his instantaneous reply would ignite your thought magazine. He never held a grudge—he did not need to. He always forgave but he did not always receive forgiveness.

So it was that in the town of Edgemoor he was known by everyone, yet I doubt if a dozen could have told you what his initials "B. R." really stood for. The nickname "Boomerang" had so overshadowed any baptismal title, and seemed to fit the initials so nicely, that "Boomerang Smith" he was to all and sundry.

People were continually saying what wonders he surely could accomplish in a big city, and Boomerang himself had often thought of experimenting, yet he was essentially a home-body, and Edgemoor was his home and here he stayed.

So he reread the letter and frowned again. Jo Bill in Kansas City and broke, and needing three hundred like the very mischief! Hum! Well, Boomerang knew he didn't have three hundred to spare just at that time, but Jo Bill—well, Joseph William Snow had done him a favor—he had forgotten just what, but that did not make any difference—he had done him a favor, and it was now Boomerang's move. One more frown (a frown on Boomerang's brow indicated deep thought) and then a smile! He had a scheme that might be worth trying—somewhat risky and might cause an awful lot of trouble for some people, including Jo Bill, but—

And then Boomerang remembered. That little favor Jo Bill had done him had been a favor all right in its ultimate result, but it had nearly put him in jail meanwhile. He would return in like measure. "Like for like, plus" was his motto, and he grinned as he reached for a telegraph blank.

Thus it was that the telegraph operator in the city, sleepily transcribing uninteresting message after uninteresting message—that is, uninteresting to him—suddenly started wide-awake and reread the words he had just written:

Mr. J. W. Snow, 2235 Walnut Street, Kansas City. Hide out! Five hundred dollars reward for you in Joplin.

Boom.

The messenger boy who called at Snow's address an hour later did not carry a copy of this telegram, but simply a notice stating that there was a message for him at the main office and requesting him to call for same.

Jo Bill did not know why this should be and neither did the boy. As a result, Jo Bill in due season arrived at the window of the main office and asked for his telegram. Another gentleman before the window glanced up at him as he announced his name. The window clerk, also, seemed greatly impressed and scanned him carefully before reaching into the rack for the message.

"Is your name J. W. Snow?" he inquired, still studying him closely as though seeking verification of the name in his face or garb.

"It is," said Jo Bill, thinking that such formality must mean that Boom had telegraphed him some money, and his face lit up accordingly.

"Do you live at 2235 Walnut street?" continued the clerk.

"I am staying there at present."

Thereupon the clerk handed him the telegram which he began opening eagerly, but before he had read it the man who had been standing quietly by stepped up to him saying:

"Come with me, Mr. Snow. You are under arrest."

"What?" Jo Bill nearly dropped the telegram. "What did you say?"

"You are under arrest," and the man showed his badge to the astonished Jo Bill.

"What for?" he demanded.

"We'll see later as to that. At present just come down to the station with me."

"Why, man, you are as wrong as wrong can be. You may want some Snow, but you don't want this one."

"That may be, but it is not for me to decide, you know. I'm to take you to the station, and there is no way of getting around that."

"All right. Let me read my telegram first. I am looking for some money," saying which he opened the message.

The shock of what he read there was much greater than that when the officer had stated he was under arrest. But just for an instant. The signature reassured him, though what it all meant he could not figure out.

At the police station he refused to talk. He had no money to put up for bond and was promptly locked up. That night an attorney to whom Boomerang had wired appeared on the scene and allowed a little light to creep in

on the befogged but trusting mind of Joseph William, who spent the remainder of his time taking notes for future reference and without much fear of the outcome.

Meanwhile, in the office of the chief of police, that official was pondering over a telegram. Before him was the copy of his message to the Joplin chief:

"Am holding J. W. Snow for whom there is a reward in your city of five hundred dollars. Shall we take him there or will you come here for him?"

In his hand was the reply: "Never heard of J. W. Snow. No reward here for him or anyone of similar name."

The turnkey was immediately ordered to release Snow, who smiled pleasantly as he passed out.

This was Sunday. Early Monday morning suit was instituted against the telegraph company for violating the secrecy of a message committed to its care.

In the trial it was proven that a code message to a Mr. J. W. Snow, shown to be a respected citizen of another city, had evidently been interpreted literally by some clerk of the telegraph company (perhaps hoping to share in the reward mentioned) who had evidently imparted to the police the information he thought was contained therein; that, as a result, the aforesaid respected citizen had been subjected to the indignity of spending a day in a cell in the city bastille, and of having his picture heralded throughout the land by the sensational press, that had made various and sundry guesses as to the crime for which the aforesaid was to be called to account.

The attorney did full justice to the situation.

The defense sounded somewhat as though in need of nourishing food, or something else to strengthen and sustain. The result was quite definite.

As Jo Bill's pressing need had been for only three hundred, he thought somewhat of dividing with Boomerang Smith, but he was so impressed by the picture the attorney had drawn of the indignities he had suffered, that, with a tear of sympathy for himself, he slipped the money in his pocket and faded away.

Woman of Middle Age No Subject for Pity

I was trying to be tactful—as one does when speaking of age to a middle-aged woman—but she looked at me with amusement.

"My dear," she said, "both you and I know I shall never see forty again, and I am not in the least afraid of saying it, so you need not be."

It was a new point of view to me, so I asked her to explain.

"Oh, there are plenty of us if you know where to find us," she said. "We have our own good times, and the joys of middle age are some that youth can never share."

She pointed out that the middle-aged woman has generally passed those disturbing partings of the ways: "Shall I marry?" "Shall I make a career and develop my own individuality?" which are so hampering to youth. She sees the years ahead in some sort of ordered sequence, and in a great measure at her own command, for she knows what she wants now, and can make for it.

The woman who does not mind looking middle aged has another pleasure denied to youth; she and her opinions are accepted seriously by her friends and relations, and men folk are ready to seek her out in their troubles and joys, for she can discuss, with a woman's quick wit and a sincere interest the subjects that they would never dream of exposing to Miss Twenty's hasty judgment.

The middle-aged woman is the only really emancipated one, for she can travel alone, live alone and work alone, without the complications that beset youth, however defiant or determined it may be.

She can afford to go her own way without fear, and is like one who has battled all day with the forces of nature and now returns home to find warm, quiet leisure to pursue her real inclinations.

Middle-aged women have many compensations if they know where to look for them, and few of them would go back to those early twenties if they could, with their disturbing emotions and uncertain future. Youth's joys can be as overrated as middle age is overpriced.—M. P. in the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

Had Place for Him

An Englishman who was out West in early days fell in with a long train of prairie schooners, the leader of which announced that he and his fellow-emigrants were going to found a town, having everything that was useful and nothing that was unnecessary. "We won't have any waste," he said; "there isn't a person in our party who won't do some important duty in the new town." The Englishman pointed to an old and feeble man with a bent back and a long, thin, white beard. "But that very old man there," he said; "he can't possibly be of any use to you, can he?" "Oh, yes," said the leader; "we'll open our new cemetery with him."

Painted Picture a Day

Jean Baptiste Greuze, whose "The Broken Picture" gained him fame and fortune, is one artist who, it is said, painted a picture a day during the heyday of his popularity. Many greater artists died before their genius was discovered, but Greuze was almost forced to his intense work by the extravagance of his wife. Greuze was the son of a Burgundian, and his fortunes as an artist were also seriously affected by the French Revolution.

The Blossoming Child

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WONDERS of Nature all around And yet the very queerest, The one that folks have always found The strangest and the dearest, Is not afar afield somewhere, But in a cradle over there.

For who has watched an opening rose Some country hedgerow under, Has seen its lovely lips unclose, Nor marveled at the wonder? But stranger than the woodland wild Is this, the blossoming of a child.

And you who o'er the cradle bend, If you neglect your garden, Shall fall to nourish and defend, What God could ever pardon? A wonder He has given you, And yet a wealth of duty, too.

For you must keep the weeds away, Each tempter that assails it, Must watch the blossom night and day With love that never fails it. Oh, what a privilege is this, Life's opening petals thus to kiss!

And it shall poorly bloom or fair, As you shall see your duty, Shall bloom according to your care. A thing of blight or beauty, God grant you see the wonder of Your rose, and watch, and tend, and love!

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

BEING NEIGHBORLY

THOSE attractive communities nestled here and there in quaint rustic places, where the bees are humming, the wild grasses are waving in the passing breezes, and the tinkling of bells is heard in the purple pastures, tell a beautiful story of peace and content.

Often far away from the clamorous haunts of mortals where gold is god, driving, lashing, heaping burdens of care upon galled shoulders, stealing from life its sweetest delights, these little hamlets, when one comes unexpectedly upon them, seem to reflect the quietude that we imagine exists among the courts of Heaven.

A few scattering cottages where everybody is neighborly, tell a story of friendliness and sodality of which the nations throughout the world seem quite unfamiliar.

Being neighborly is the simple secret of universal happiness, the panacea of world ills, ruptures and revolts.

Although the happy man feels very kindly toward others, others must reciprocate the feeling to get happiness all around, and this all around happiness is available to everybody.

Who does not catch something of the thrill of delight experienced by two lovers in the lane, loitering hand and hand?

To them buttercups are as sweet as roses, the sky is always blue, the sun is perpetually shining and the birds are singing for no one else.

And so it is with the folk in the humble cottages, contented with their station in life, pouring praises each day from their hearts which seldom find utterance in words, but stir their souls to sublime emotions.

We may be highly meritorious, we may have the power of a king, the learning of a Meccenas, the wealth of the Indies, but if we are not neighborly we cannot be happy, at peace with others, or escape wrangles, wars of words and murderous arms.

If neighborliness does not come out in our behavior toward one another, there is within the soul an unfriendly sentiment, in spite of our affected smiles and assumed good manners.

When once the high places of the world decide to be neighborly and put their decision into actual practice there will be no more "rumbling of caissons and guns," no more killing of brothers and wanton waste of priceless treasures, impoverishing peoples for ages.

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Court's Definition of "Wound" Is Precedent

The Supreme court of Louisiana held in the case of the state against several persons, in which one of them had been convicted of an assault in which he did "wound short of maiming," that a "wound" is a breach of the skin, or of the skin and flesh, and there need be no effusion of blood, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association.

The word "malm," according to the court, implies a permanent injury or crippling, and according to the better use is not a synonym for mayhem, which is a particular, aggravated sort of malm. A mere breach of the skin or of the skin and the flesh may be produced with a stick, and such injury would clearly constitute a wound less than maiming; that is, less than a permanent injury or crippling.

"Mayhem" implies a permanent injury or crippling, and at common law consists of bodily harm to another, such as to render him less able to defend himself or less able to annoy his adversary, as distinguished from one which merely disfigures or does not disable.

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Cooking in Aluminum.  
Aluminum conducts heat rapidly and stores it up in great quantities, so that after a pan is thoroughly heated any additional heat applied causes overheating. It is best, therefore, to turn down the gas flame one-half after the pan is thoroughly heated.

Test of Stage Skill.  
In 1707 a celebrated trial of skill was held between England's two greatest actresses, Anne Oldfield and Anne Bracegirdle, both playing the same part on alternate nights. Mrs. Bracegirdle lost, and in disgust left the stage.

Storms on Indian Ocean.  
The Indian ocean is noted for the violent hurricanes which sweep over it with surprising suddenness and great force. They do immense damage to shipping and to seaports all along the southern coast of Asia.

Bestowed in Derision.  
"Bluestocking" is a humorous and rather contemptuous epithet applied to a woman author or a lady of any literary attainments. The "Bluestockings" was the name applied to a literary club in the early Eighteenth century in England.

Proportionate Values.  
If gold were as plentiful as tin and tin were as rare as gold we'd be buying sardines in gold boxes and paying for them with tin, says the New York Telegraph.

Another Victim.  
A Lebanon man who early in July went out to scoff at "the cow pasture shinny" being played at the Country club, now talks about "slices" and "birdies" in his sleep.—Exchange.

The Verb "To Woo?"  
"The business girl finds a husband by the simple expedient of prosecuting her search where men congregate."—From a Canadian Paper.

Compensation.  
No man's feet can ever be made to look so neat as a fashionably shod girl's, but they are always happier.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

Used Tub for Baptism.  
A woman of Ascot, England, recently was granted a separation because her husband, in religious zeal, persisted in baptizing people in the family bathtub.

Build Bridge in Rush.  
A railroad bridge with a span of 137 feet was put in the place of an old one within 24 hours in England recently.

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Quaint Theory.  
Thomas Burnet, an Englishman, in 1681 wrote a book, "Sacred Theory of the Earth," to prove that the earth was originally like an egg, and that at the deluge the shell burst and the water escaped.

Especially Gifted.  
He only is happy as well as great who needs neither to obey nor command in order to be something.—Goethe.

Aerating Water.  
To avoid the flat taste peculiar to boiled water, pour it several times from one jug to another.

Culinary Note.  
Many a young man poses as being hard-boiled when he is only half-baked.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

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