

The Old Wagon Show.
The wagon show of long ago, it has a funny clown; we lined the way a break of day to see it into town. Our money went to the last cent to get us boys inside. But what of that? For hours we sat with eyes distended wide. The wagon show of long ago, it only had one ring, and we could sit close to it, and never miss a thing.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water make liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow.

Laughter Like a Bombshell.
One good, hearty laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that kicks over the man who shoots it off.—De Witt Talmage.

BILIOUS
TRY A BOTTLE OF
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters
It acts directly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels—stimulates them in the proper performance of their duties—keeps the bowels free from Constipation—assists digestion—and
REALLY KEEPS YOU WELL

Health and Cheer.
There is longevity in the sunny soul that eases our jolts and makes our sides shake with laughter. There is a wonderful medicinal effect in good cheer. Good news and glad tidings have a magic effect even upon invalids. We often see a whole store or factory or home transformed by one sunny soul. On the other hand, we have seen them blighted and made dark by a gloomy, morose, fault-finding person.

Pass the Bouquets Now.
Never, never wait for post-mortem praise. Speak the kind words which love prompts, and remember that words of loving kindness are the best possible tonic which can be given, even to the happiest of the mortals.—Kato Tannatt Woods.

Clocks the Late Mikado's Hobby.
Small clocks were the hobby of Mutsubito, the late emperor of Japan. He took the greatest interest in small time-pieces of every kind and collected so many of them that every room in his palace heard their tiny ticking.

Cleaning Waste Pipes.
Waste pipes may be cleaned of soap and slime by placing a handful of common salt in the bottom of the basin over night. The salt will gradually melt and the first flush of water in the morning will clear the pipe.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.
Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Eight Who Deserve Slaps.
Eight men who deserve to be slapped on the face: He who despises a man of power; he who enters a house uninvited and unwelcomed; he who gives orders in a house not his own; he who takes a seat above his position; he who speaks to one who does not listen to him; he who intrudes on the conversation of others; he who seeks favors from the ungenerous, and he who expects love from his enemies.—From a Persian Saying.

FOR ALL EYE PAINS Pettit's Eye Salve
When is a Man Old?
A man of 70 writes to the New York Times to complain because a reporter referred to a man of 60 as "aged." To the cub reporter it seems all right to refer to a man of 50 as "venerable."—Boston Globe.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT
FOR SPRAINS.
G. M. Northrop, Bisbee, Ariz., writes: "I have been using Mexican Mustang Liniment for a sprained foot with great results. It's an awful fine remedy for such ailments." It penetrates quickly, removes all inflammation and reduces the swelling.
25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

MAKING USE OF WASTE LAND
Cogent Thoughts on Subject That is Being Forced on the Attention of the People.

A genuinely civilized country—economically speaking, at least—is one whose land is divided into small holdings, each of which supports its own family. This is the land's final, stationary stage, so to speak—The sort of thing one sees, for instance, in the smiling, truly prosperous provinces of France. The French lend money to all the world. They are perhaps the most prosperous of peoples. A country divided into such small self-sufficient holdings is defended in the strongest way against financial explosions and shipwrecks. Whatever may be the zest of cow-punching or the charm of the old-fashioned plantation life, no state can be said to have reached social maturity when it is composed of large holdings and its inhabitants are dependent on the financial ups and downs of the few.

The swamp lands of the United States are particularly good examples of this sort of backwardness. They are useful for nothing but timber, and oftentimes not for that. Anything more unsocial or desolate than a southern cypress swamp it would be difficult to imagine. Yet those who are interested in the tremendously important question of swamp drainage often meet with a curious local opposition, in addition to the obvious mechanical difficulties and the tangle of state lines. Owners do not want to break up their large holdings, even though the value of the land will be vastly improved. They have been big landholders for generations, and big landholders they wish to remain, even though much of their land be worthless.

It is a tradition of prejudice to which the tendency of the age is opposed.

However far or near Socialism may be, there is no doubt that—in a broad sense of the word—we are becoming every day more social. This may now be a matter of taste. It will presently be a matter of necessity. People will have to touch one another whether they like it or not. For there is less and less elbow room.—Officer's Weekly.

Origin of Vaudeville.
Writing to the Kansas City Star concerning the origin of the word vaudeville, Raymond Weeks, professor of romance languages at Columbia university, says "the word is derived from the Vaux de Vire (the Vales of Vire), a village in Normandy.

Oliver Basselin was a French poet who resembled Robert Burns and who lived at Vaux de Vire in the fifteenth century. He wrote many popular songs, largely jolly drinking songs. These spread far beyond the obscure hamlet where he lived, until, finally, the name of Vaux de Vire, by which they were known, not being understood, they and similar songs were called Vaux de Ville. They are mentioned by Boileau in his Art Poétique. Early in the eighteenth century in France, such songs were interspersed to vary light operettas, which later were called by their name. The songs of Basselin in praise of cider and wine are probably the finest of their sort in any language.

"As for the fact that we have taken vaudeville from the French, let me observe that most of our important terms relating to the theater came into English from French."

Bird's Nest in Human Skull.
A bird has built its nest in a human skull lying in a vault beneath a church at Rothwell, Northamptonshire, England. Apparently the bird entered the vault through the ventilator and after selecting the largest cranium among the rows of skulls on the shelves proceeded to enlarge a hole, which had probably been made originally by a battle-axe.—New York Sun.

Made It Diamonds.
Mrs. Percy V. Pennypacker, the new president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, said in San Francisco of the "new woman":

"My type of new woman has a high sense of honor, a manly sense of honor. She isn't like a certain old-fashioned type of woman who does dishonorable things without the least notion of their being so.

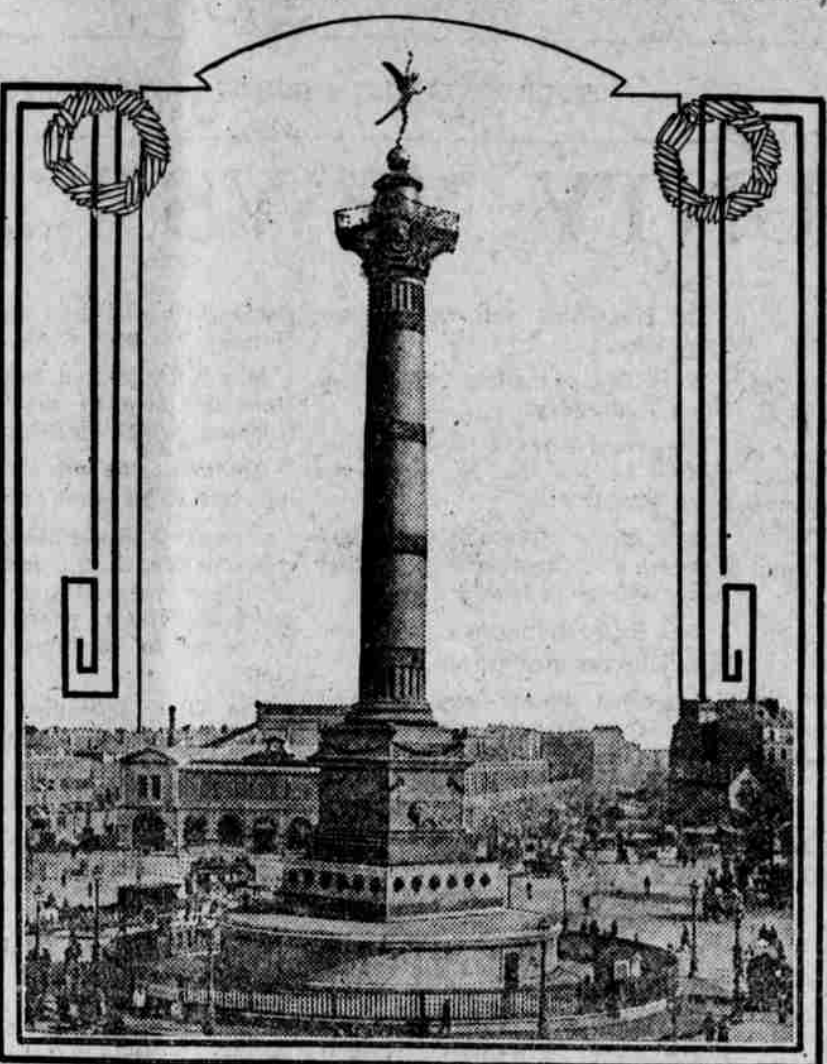
"A woman of this type was playing bridge. Her partner passed the make to her, and she made it diamonds, but her hand, on being put down, was found to contain only two diamonds, both very low cards.

"What on earth induced you to go diamonds on such a hand as that?" her partner asked.

"It's your fault," she answered petulantly. "Why did you twiddle your diamond ring?"

Anticipating a Relapse.
Doctor—Well, we've pulled you through after hard work. You've had a terrible shock.
Patient—Yes, doctor, and I'll have another when I get your bill.

Trade Inviters in Paris



COLUMN OF JULY

NOT far away is the famous restaurant of the Smoking Dog, whose dingy portrait is easily overlooked in its decadence. In this section, too, if you search long and faithfully or are lucky at the start, you will find another of the hanging signs over ancient taverns. It is a bunch of grapes, gilded and worn away, suspended over the sidewalk on an ornamental iron bracket.

These are survivals from a time long forgotten, but modern Paris has delightful parallels. Nor are they entirely devoid of historic interest of their own, for the cafe on the Place de la Bastille known as "The Cannon of the Bastille" has historic associations surely. Even the great tin cannon which surmounts its glass covered red terrace is the replica of one used by the populace in storming the Bastille.

And speaking of revolutions, what can tell a more romantic history than the washerwoman's signs of Paris? Painted on tin and crudely finished, to be sure, still they are nothing less than the tricolor of France, the standard of the republic. What a story it is that the national ensign, as jealously guarded as the stars and stripes, should serve as a trade sign for the laundries! But remember the story of the revolution and the meetings in laundry shops at night and remember Mme. Sans Gene, the washerwoman who became a princess—was it not? In Paris one can never pass under that stiff tin draped flag, usually sadly faded, and glance at the toiling women inside the windows without remembering the pranks of the royal laundress and understanding the flag.

The fashion of hanging signs in Paris depends largely on the quarter of the city, and in some proud sections there are no tin flags over the laundries and no strips of red cloth swung to the breeze at each end of the dye shops. But in no single section of the capital is missing the sign of the barbers.

Parisian ideas of mercantile advertising go back to the middle ages, when there were no show windows and no reading public and the height of progressiveness was expressed in a golden symbol of the tradesmen hung outside the house wherein he lived and traded.

In Paris' Busy Center.
The hanging shop sign has a cold efficiency about it after all. It tells all that needs to be known. It serves another purpose also—the preservation of the atmosphere of the picturesque.

In the old streets you can find many of the ancient signs yet and some modern examples besides. The really old signs are few and far between, but walks in the historic quarters bring you to them and warm your heart with their sight.

You are sure to hunt first for the old tavern signs, which you hope to find still swinging over dingy cafes, and if you are lucky you will find half a dozen in all Paris. Over in the Marais, the aristocratic quarter of two centuries ago, you will find most of those left. At one little corner, for instance, is the sign of "The Armed Man" crudely executed in cast iron, the man in full armor sitting astride a cannon of historic type. About him twist iron vines and leaves, giving him true artistic company in his un-

tiring invitation to you to come and drink the excellent wine within. Nearer the heart of things and swept by the currents of the busiest center of Paris, the Halles, or public markets, is another sign you can find easily, though it, too, is flat against the transom space above the door. It would seem at first glance to have been a church piece, but it is only a manifestation of the religious feeling of the first proprietor, who placed on the iron grating a holy infant with shepherd's crook and a sheep or two dully gilded to this day.

It is the barbers who use the golden balls as a sign here, golden balls with a magnificent switch of horsehair hanging down below and swinging merrily to the breeze. The reason for the horsehair is obvious, but you will likely puzzle long over the golden ball until you notice that some barbers do not use the ball but instead a queerly shaped, almost flat piece of brass, which in time you decide must be the barber's bowl. The ball was more decorative than the bowl.

The jewelers of Paris hang out clocks as in America, but not one in a hundred of them runs. In Paris, too, the jeweler's little brother, the optician, hangs out a pair of spectacles as in America. But here this sign is quite conventionalized, the rim of the glasses, the bridgepiece and all being made of brass tubing an inch thick and the two eyepieces are of red and blue glass.

In Front of the Hat Store.

The old fashioned hatters of Paris cling faithfully to a sidewalk sign in the form of the glowing curves of the high hat of a century ago. This article of gent's furnishings, painted bright red, with a yellow band and a yellow cockade, is to be found everywhere in Paris, the only variation being the red palmer's hat of the clergy supply houses and attempts of modern establishments to replace it with models of ugly up to date derbies of colossal size.

Another modernization is seen now and then in the way of bootmakers' signs. The conventional old style sign is a carved and gilded wooden boot of classic lines. The modern travesty is an up to the minute American shoe of the brogan type, also of carved wood or papier mache perhaps, gilded till it shines again.

Glove stores and haberdashers and notion shops generally announce their business by means of giant gloves suspended over their doors. These signs, like all the rest, are either attached to the signs directly over the doors or are suspended from iron supports extending from the second story wall. Umbrella stores hang out tin umbrellas, usually opened and painted red. Immense gold scissors announce cutlery stores, and giant pincers, overgrown planes and the druggists' mortar and pestle advertise their obvious trades.

Paint stores hang out palettes with brushes stuck through the thumb holes or merely squares of sheet iron painted diagonally with bars of brilliant colors. Florists hang out a dilapidated gilded wreath and the thousands of locksmiths are known by immense golden keys. Usually the keys are of the typical French sort, which feel quite as bulky as the signs look to be, but the modern touch is found here, too, for some hang out keys of the flat.

Made His Demands Definite.
The "minimum wage" idea appeals to one English boy who was asked the other day by his teacher to write, as the daily composition, a letter to his father asking for an increase in pocket money. The boy set forth the need of large funds, and ended with a courteous demand for a "minimum sum of money." One of the reasons for the demand was that the boy did not get enough taffy to eat and had no papers to read.

Absent-Minded Professor.
A certain university professor was noted for his absent-mindedness. One morning as he sat at the breakfast table with a scientific magazine propped up before him, his wife was astonished to see him reach out for the maple sirup, pour it down his back, and lean over and scratch his pantsake.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

A Colossal Scheme.
The great highway of the commerce of the future will be the Pacific ocean. Mighty capitalists throughout the world are putting their heads together to erect the most colossal system for wireless telegraphy in the world. The system contemplates the linking together of all points along the western coast of America from Bering sea to the Straits of Magellan, and spanning the isles of the ocean, to link with this chain the whole easterly shore of Asia, running on down to the Straits Settlements. The contemplated system will cost in the aggregate many millions of dollars.

Rumanian Amazons.
M. Vechiu, the superintendent of a large farm at Buzco, Rumania, was attacked by an army of 50 women, says a Bucharest correspondent. M. Vechiu had refused to allow their cows to graze on his land and to frighten the deputation away he had fired over the heads of the women. Infuriated the milkmaids rushed upon him and it was only by the intervention of some shepherds that he was rescued from their vengeance.

Hard Times.
"Well," said Hinkley affably to the old countryman to whom he was giving a lift over the highway, "how's the farm around here?" "Bad," said the puntryman, "powerful bad. What with the farm hands turnin' shufflers and the farmers turnin' garragers farmin' sort of went out o' fash'n."—Harper's Weekly.

When Wrinkles Come.
The first wrinkle of age comes on the side of the cheek just in front of the ear and its possessor is, as a rule, the last person to notice it. Just behind the ear there is usually a falling off of the roundness of the neck, and the hair becomes thin, leaving a bald look on the woman over 40 if she is not careful to remedy these important blemishes. Massage will do more for these growing imperfections than almost any other facial defect.

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For Fourteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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"I employed the best doctors and even went to the hospital for treatment and was told there was no help for me. But while taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use until I was made well."

—Mrs. HENRY LEISEBERG, 743 Adams St. Kearneysville, W. Va.—"I feel it my duty to write and say what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female weakness and at times felt so miserable I could hardly endure being on my feet.

"After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following your special directions, my trouble is gone. Words fail to express my thankfulness. I recommend your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. G. B. WHITTINGTON.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.