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**ODDS AND ENDS.**  
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**WOMAN'S WORLD.**

**SHE HAS THE HONOR OF BEING "MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT."**

**Let the Children Go Barefoot—A Free American Citizen—Women and War—A Patrons of Donkeys—Old Fashioned Rag Carpet Parties.**

Mrs. Susan A. Glenn of Washington has the honor of being the first matron appointed to go to the front. She resigned her place in the postoffice department to accept the position.

Mrs. Glenn is the widow of a soldier and mother of a volunteer in the First regiment, District of Columbia volunteers, and she will accompany this regiment. She is a member of the Woman's Patriotic Industrial Relief League. She is a well preserved woman of 50, of fine physique and the mother of four children. Two daughters remain at home to devote their service to the league.

The league is now organizing relief corps of women to be sent to the various



Mrs. SUSAN A. GLENN.

regiments to darn, mend and wash for the soldiers. No women under 35 or over 45 will be permitted to accompany a regiment, and they must be women of irreproachable character, widows or mothers of volunteers preferred.

The outfit of Mrs. Glenn as matron will consist of black alpaca and black silk skirts, blue and black shirt waists, rubber cloak, two sets of black underwear, broad sole walking shoes, one rubber pillow, one rubber and flannel blanket, hammer, shawl, belt, bag and a soft fedora hat.

Mrs. Glenn will also take with her a quantity of such articles as disinfecting, castile and laundry soaps, combs, pins, needles, paper, envelopes, postage stamps, pencils, darning cotton, matches, thread, buttons, scissors, mustard and vaseline.

The league is now manufacturing and fitting small bags with the articles enumerated, for distribution among the soldiers.

**Let the Children Go Barefoot.**  
If your children are fortunate and have a father and mother not rich enough to spoil them, you need not take the trouble to read this.

But if you are bringing up spoiled children, with all the pother of fine clothes, foppish ways and general uselessness, this is for you.

The best thing for a young boy or a young girl is to go barefoot in the summer time. It is also the best thing for everybody. But children need the contact with the earth particularly.

The country boy, badly fed, gets health from touching the bare ground with his bare feet for many months in the year. The little girl, born in a little wooden shanty or a big stone house, needs every year to paddle in the mud, and watch her feet come through a nice brown color.

Nothing can take the place of that experience, and the wise people, even though they may be able to afford shoes of gold, let their children run with bare feet from the time the hot weather comes on.

Will you please believe that this is fact and not guesswork and treat your children accordingly?

If you are grown up, yet intelligent in spite of that fact, you can do yourself much good by going about barefoot in the country a certain part of the time.

It prevents catching cold, prevents distortion of the feet by giving them a chance to develop naturally and improves the health by permitting you to absorb the electricity of the earth.

Little boys that run barefoot all through the hot weather may have feet a little spread-out on the sides. Tom Reed's are very much spread out and the calves of his legs are probably frocked to this day. But he is very healthy and much of that he owes to his bare-foot days.

If you wanted to try a cruel experiment, you could easily demonstrate the efficacy of barefoot walking by trying on some one the opposite extreme. Let any man wear rubber boots for a long time, shutting himself off from the great ocean of electric strength in the earth, and see what happens to his feet and to his health in a short time. It is not the exclusion of the air which produces the most damaging results, although air exclusion is of course bad. Man lives on electricity or something like it that gets out of the air and out of the earth, and barefoot life is very important.

Let your little boys and girls run around with bare legs and bare feet. If you have spoiled them by giving them a foolish idea of rank, if you have been such a fool American, for instance, as to teach them to pride themselves on fine clothes and fine boots, take it all back, tell them you were mistaken and that Abraham Lincoln and dozens of other great ones went barefoot and grew big brains in consequence.—New York Journal.

**A Free American Citizen.**  
Among the wives of our naval commanders now so prominently in the

public eye can be found some notable examples of the most agreeable type of the navy woman. Mrs. Schley, for instance, is a thoroughly charming woman. The French epigrammatist asserts that women must pass out from the chapter of beauty into the chapter of charm, but Mrs. Schley is a contradiction of that limitation, for she retains both beauty and charm. An illustration of her perfect freedom from snobbery may be found in her little "dialogue" with Secretary Chandler, soon after he had issued his famous order forbidding the wives of navy officers to join their husbands on foreign stations. At that time Commodore Schley, having satisfactorily performed some special service, was ordered to the navy department as chief of a bureau—one of the highest offices of the navy—and a few days later when Secretary Chandler met Mrs. Schley at a cabinet reception he remarked to her that she was "doubtless very much displeased with the commodore's new orders. She frankly acknowledged that she was disappointed rather than pleased.

"Why, what could you have wished for?" he asked, amused, yet astonished. "A ship on the European station," she promptly replied.

"But what pleasure could that be to you? You know of my order that wives must not follow their husbands on a cruise?"

"Oh, yes. But that order would have no influence upon my actions," said Mrs. Schley, with her sunny, delicious independence. "I am a free American citizen, and I shall always go where I please."

This led to Secretary Chandler's later admission that he could manage navy officers very well, but the wives could not be moved at his will upon the official chessboard.

Mrs. Chadwick is an example of intellectual and unaffected Americanism.—Exchange.

**Women and War.**

The country just now is full of indignant and disappointed young volunteers eager to fight Spain who have been rejected as physically disqualified. No one wishes that these patriotic young men should be disfranchised because they have been found unfit to serve in the army or navy. Yet the war has called out a fresh crop of assertions that women ought not to vote because they cannot render military service.

The proportion of volunteers found disqualified for the present war has been a surprise to many, but it is not larger than usual, except among cigarette-smokers. Colonel T. W. Higginson has brought to light some interesting figures from the tabulated medical statistics of the civil war, showing how large a proportion of men were found disqualified then. He says:

"Among lawyers, 644 out of 1,000 were disqualified; among physicians, 870; among journalists, 740; among clergymen, 954. Grave divines are horrified at the thought of admitting women to vote when they cannot fight, though not one in 20 of their own number is fit for military duty if he volunteered."

Of the editors who denounce woman suffrage only about one in four could himself carry a musket, while of the lawyers who fill congress the majority could not be defenders of their country, but could only be defended. And it must be remembered that even these statistics very imperfectly represent the case. They do not apply to the whole male sex, but to the picked portion only, the men presumed to be of military age."

Neither is it proposed to disfranchise men past the age for military service. These are often among our wisest voters, but they are not wanted in the field, even if they have the advantage of military experience.

Hon. John D. Long, secretary of the navy, puts the whole case in a nutshell when he says: "Fancy arguing with a sober faced, against a man whose brains are reduced to such a minimum that he solemnly asserts that a woman should not vote because she cannot fight! In the first place, she can fight; in the second, men are largely exempt from military service, and in the third, there is not the remotest relation between firing a musket and casting a ballot."—Boston Woman's Journal.

**A Patrons of Donkeys.**

A touching little incident of the queen's jubilee last summer was seen by a few people only.

A half dozen years ago the Baroness Burdett Courts, while driving one day near Covent Garden, where the costermongers of London buy most of their supplies, noticed the wretched condition of their donkeys that were, as a rule, half starved and brutally beaten.

The next day she publicly offered prizes to be given yearly to the costers whose horses or donkeys were in the best condition.

Since then an annual inspection of them is held in Regent square, and the prizes are awarded.

Hundreds of costers wearing their quaint holiday costume, long tailed coats with huge silver buttons, and accompanied by their "donkeys"—as they call their sweateats or wives—in high plumed hats, lead their donkeys and carts around Regent square before the venerable baroness, who has a kind word of advice and sympathy for each one of them.

During the jubilee, without any warning to the authorities, the same strange procession formed, in the Strand and marched up Piccadilly, singing the coster songs, which are in a dialect of their own.

They surrounded the palace of the baroness in a solid mass, the donkeys and carts covered with ribbons, men and women joining in the chorus with pleasing melody and precision.

They called for their friend, and would not be content until the white haired lady came out upon the balcony and received their greeting.

"She is the kindest woman in Eng-

land!" the crowd said, and having satisfied themselves with a sight of her face they quietly dispersed.

**Rag Carpet Parties.**

The rag carpet, after many years, has returned. It is once again fairly popular, and the rags that for a quarter of a century have been going to the ragman are now being treasured up, since if they are of wool they are almost worthless. The rag carpet party is a thing that never did go out of style it is hard to determine, and its reappearance in society is not difficult to understand. Properly put together and made of a good assortment of rags, it is exceedingly pretty and withal easy to manufacture, all the knack needed being the skill necessary to cut the rags into strips, sew them together in lengths and wind them into a ball. For a small sum the rag carpet weaver does the rest.

Each room and study rugs are the chief uses of the rag carpet of today. It is not so much rag carpets, in fact, as it is rag carpet rugs. The rag carpet rug is not large as a rule. Six feet by three would be quite an extraordinary size. The idea is to have quite a number of them and these much smaller.

They clean easily and wear like iron. These facts especially commend them. Then, too, there is much sociability in their making. A rag carpet party is a jovial event and a "function" that, long neglected, is coming in again once more. The girls meet of an afternoon and sew rugs until 5 or half past. Then the men, especially asked for this hour, begin to drift in, and there is afternoon tea. It is the modernizing of the old time "sewing bee," and it works marvelously well as an amusement.—Philadelphia Times.

**She Cleaned the Spoons.**

They were very pretty spoons, and the family had always taken a special pleasure in them. There was a pretty, graceful flower pattern running down the handle, brought out by the oxidized work, which had made the spoons so much more expensive when they were new. There was a new "girl" in the family. She was good enough, as girls go, perhaps, but no one would have said that she was very well versed in household lore. But she learned to clean silver, and after a time she was given the spoons with the pretty flower pattern and the oxidized work running up the handle. The girl felt the responsibility which was placed upon her in taking those spoons to clean. It was probable that she made up her mind that if she never did anything else she would have those spoons clean. And she did. When the family saw them again, they were on the table, shining brilliantly, and it must have taken much work and elbow grease, for every bit of oxidizing had been scrubbed off them.—New York Times.

**The Poverty Party.**

All sorts of entertainments are being held to swell the Cuban relief funds, but perhaps the most original was devised by the King's Daughters of Lancaster, Pa. They advertised widely that they would give a "poverty party," the cost of admission being one or more cast off garments. A fine of 25 cents was levied on guests arrayed in too fashionable costume. The house was lighted with candles, the men were set to sewing on quilted holders for kettle handles and flatirons, and the women were set to making knife boxes, etc.

The refreshments were bread and milk, mush and milk, gingerbread and "such." Fully 117 garments, ranging from a baby's outfit to an overcoat for a six footer, were taken in at the door in lieu of tickets.—New York Tribune.

**She Was Against Suffrage.**

Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, who died recently in Washington at the age of 63, was a pioneer reformer. In 1870-73 she actively opposed the movement for woman suffrage, and drew up a petition to congress asking that the right of suffrage be not granted to women. She was a well known writer, and her published works included a book entitled "Thoughts on Female Suffrage." She was one of the founders of the Literary Society of Washington, which met at her house for years, and was active in Catholic missionary work. Her husband, Admiral Dahlgren, died in 1870.—Woman's Journal.

**A Remarkable Case.**

A remarkable tale of human fecundity is told by the London News. An Italian peasant woman named Granata, married at 28, has borne 62 children. She began with a single daughter, followed by six boys at a birth, then by five more, and these by triplets twice and four at a birth. After this she limited herself for a time to single babies and twins, but wound up with another batch of four.

**About 25 of the naval officers who have been sent to defend the stars and stripes have left their wives in Brook-**

lyn. Among them is Mrs. T. G. Dewey, wife of Lieutenant Dewey of the United States battleship Massachusetts. She is a niece of Admiral Dewey.

Miss Marian Hovey of Boston has given \$5,000 to the city of Gloucester, Mass., the income to be paid to the graduate of the high school who passes the best examination for entrance to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Forty women who are sociological students visited the West Fifty-fourth Street police court in New York city recently and took notes of the "types" and proceedings.

French papers describe the wedding dress of a daughter of the Anglo-French Warth as made in stripes of lace and moiré delicately painted with blue cornflowers.

Miss Grace Darling, a teacher in the South Chicago High school, has sold 600 celluloid American flags at 6 cents each to raise funds for free summer schools.

"Didn't your ascending cashier leave you any message?"  
"Yes. He left a line in the cash box transferring to me his paid up membership in a Don't Worry club."—Chicago Record.

**Biliousness**  
**Hood's Pills**

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrefy in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**ANIMALS THAT COUNT.**

Instances That Prove Their Possession of the Computing Faculty.

Several years ago there lived in Cincinnati a mule which was employed by a street railway company in hauling cars up a steep incline. This animal was hatched in front of the regular team and unhitched as soon as the car arrived at the top of the hill. It made a certain number of trips in the forenoon, but forgot the number, but will say 50 for the sake of convenience) and a like number in the afternoon, resting for an hour at noon. As soon as the mule completed its fiftieth trip it marched away to its stable without orders from its driver.

To show that it was not influenced by the sound of the factory whistles and bells the following remarkable action on the part of this animal is vouched for by the superintendent of the line, who gave me these data: On a certain occasion, during a musical festival, this mule was transferred to the night shift, and the very instant it completed its fiftieth trip it started for the stables. It took the combined efforts of several men to make it return to its duty. At night there were no bells or whistles to inform the creature that "quitting time" had come. It had counted the trips, and having finished its full quota of 50 it thought that the time for rest and food had arrived.

Some monkeys give unmistakable evidences of the possession by them of the computing faculty. In 1889 I made the acquaintance of a very intelligent chimpanzee which could count as high as three. That this was not a trick suggested by sensual impulses I had ample opportunity of satisfying myself. The owner of the animal would leave the room, no one being present but myself, and when I would call for two marbles or one marble or three marbles, as the case might be, the monkey would gravely hand over the required number. Roman numerals were not unknown to him, as he would give me, in his experiments, the material used in the counting of John L. Sullivan, Forbes and Hartman also give instances of the computing faculty in apes and monkeys.—James Weir in Lippincott's Magazine.

**DEWEY AS A DISCIPLINARIAN.**

His Method of Subduing Some Refractory Sailors.

"I was with Commodore Dewey when he was the executive officer of the Colorado," said a financier, "and I remember one incident which shows the manner of man he is. We had a fine crew, some of them as powerful men as I ever saw. Four or five of them went ashore one day and came back fighting drunk. Dewey was given to put them in irons, and it was found impossible to carry out the order, for the men were dangerous. Dewey was notified of the situation. He was writing a letter in his room at the time.

"He went to the place where these giants were and he told them to come out and submit to the irons. They did not stir. Then Dewey said quietly to an orderly, 'Bring me my revolver,' and when he had his pistols he again called upon the men to come out, but they did not move. Then he said, 'I am going to count three. If you are not out here with your hands held up on the third count, you won't come out of that place alive.'"

"He counted one, then he cocked the revolvers, and he counted two. We all expected to hear the report, for we knew that Dewey meant war. The men knew it too. They stepped out just in time to save their lives and hurriedly sobered by their fright and the moral effect of Dewey's glance.

"One of them said afterward that when he saw Dewey's eyes he knew that he would either be a dead Jackie in a moment or he would have to yield, and when the irons were put upon him he was as sober as he ever was in his life. Dewey went back to his room and finished the letter he was writing."—Philadelphia Press.

**"The Lucky Ducks."**

"The Lucky Ducks" is the title of an article in The English Illustrated Magazine in which Mr. J. M. Bullock traces the rise of the Duke of Fife, like a prince in a fairy tale, from a little farmer in the north of Scotland 200 years ago. One good woman of the house used to ride to market with a huge pile of plaiding, which she had spun from her sheep, in the cropper beside her and duly brought back its value in morks. These she hoarded in bags. On one occasion she banked her savings in a leather bag in the ceiling, but the rats got at it, so that the family dined amid a downpour of duccatons. The family flourished so well that each of her three sons got an estate of his own—Patrick, the youngest, bringing 36 children into the world, while William became the father of the first Earl of Fife.

**Queen Wilhelmina.**

There is no longer any doubt that Wilhelmina, queen of the Netherlands, is engaged to marry Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who is now 20 years of age and the second son of the late hereditary Prince of Weimar. The young queen has lately been in Paris seeing the sights and selecting a trousseau. Her dresses, rides in the Bois and goodness of face and character have been items of interest in the Paris journals. They deem it significant that she shops in Paris instead of Berlin and believe the future queen a valuable person to cultivate.

**Thoughtful to the Last.**

"Yes. He left a line in the cash box transferring to me his paid up membership in a Don't Worry club."—Chicago Record.

**ALIVE IN THE GRAVE.**  
THE CHANCES FOR SUCH A FATE ARE EXTREMELY REMOTE.

In Times of Plague and Pestilence the Greatest Danger of Premature Burial Exists—The Death Test That Is Applied in Vienna.

Most of us have a lingering love of life, and the thought that there is just the barest possibility of being buried alive sends a shudder through us.

Medical men know that the human body in time of illness and at other times, too, is liable to assume all the outward appearances of death without the final separation having actually taken place. There are the coma, cataleptic and other forms of the unconscious state, each one bringing in its train the very simulation of death itself.

"Happily, a medical man nowadays," said a physician to a reporter, "experiences no difficulty in declaring his patient to be dead, as a general rule, but it may perhaps happen once in his lifetime that he may have a doubt, in which case conviction either way will follow upon his findings, which are simple and conclusive, and in which he cannot be mistaken.

"It is unfortunately true that there are thousands of nervous people now walking about in fear of being buried alive, this morbid conviction coming about through reading of an isolated case happening here and there, where perhaps some one has had a narrow escape of being subjected to a living burial.

"These 'escapes' greatly outnumber those of the actual occurrence itself. The cataleptic usually shows signs of life just in the nick of time to disappoint the undertakers and to relieve sorrowing friends.

"Of course, much of the evidence on which the allegation of premature burial is based depends on the fact that bodies on exhumation have been occasionally found distorted, thereby fostering the notion that this or that occupant of the coffin has died from suffocation, a theory which is supported by the favorable condition of other exhumed bodies.

"But the idea is altogether wrong, in fact and in principle. It is well known among those who have made a study that the apparent distortions, instead of demonstrating a living burial, properly depend upon natural causes brought about by decomposition, the influence of which is sufficiently strong enough to bulge out, and even burst, leaden coffins. This phenomenon does not happen in every case, but it does in a great many.

"No, no! I shall not go so far as to say that a premature burial has never taken place, but it has not occurred so often as is thought. I dare say it may occur in times of plagues and pestilences, where the presumed dead are buried within a few hours of death. That is where much mischief lies. But when panic prevails where does thought come in?"

"In plagues, such as cholera, the state of collapse is so profound that it may perfectly simulate death itself, but the custom of burying the dead on the day of death is fortunately on the wane, even during advanced epidemics. It is probable that in the absence of medical aid in panic times in country places abroad it has led to living burial—in fact it must have done. But the last end of all under such conditions is merciful, for it is not to be forgotten that if you are 'unconscious' only while being hermetically sealed in your coffin you will never again experience volitional motion or sensation.

"However, where the doctor can be consulted, living burial is impossible even in a cholera panic, for there are certain bodily movements which generally occur after death in the wake, even during advanced epidemics. It is probable that in the absence of medical aid in panic times in country places abroad it has led to living burial—in fact it must have done. But the last end of all under such conditions is merciful, for it is not to be forgotten that if you are 'unconscious' only while being hermetically sealed in your coffin you will never again experience volitional motion or sensation.

"I am trying to win my box of cigars," said Lieutenant Booth.

"Don't fire any more," said the colonel.

"They're yours."—Chicago Journal.

**An Evident Secrecy.**

Jinks—Has there been any scarcity of money in Europe since the war with Spain?

Winks—There was with me. I had to come back in the steamer.—Ainslee's Magazine.

**Not Dressed For the Occasion.**

"So you knew he was a burglar the minute you saw him?"

"Of course. It was after midnight and he had a sack coat on."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Swedish Philosophy.**

Sometimes it tak a faller's life To learn has es not en et Ven of has var not quite so smart Ene learn et en mist.

Yo' can always mak faller mat by tellin hem hes clothes do not fit—et es poorly mean trick too.

Ven to devil gets hes dmes, des counting vill not bane so thickly settle—aye bat yo' sax dollars on busk.

Ven ye haf haf gut lock for leetla vile, ye always tank et has com' to stay, an sometimes get disappoint lak deekens.

Ven Aye bar poor faller yampin on rich faller, aye always tank how quick has woold change of hae had some rich relation to die for hem.

Ayo lak faller ven has gotten ole just because has lak leetla children. Ef man hate leetla babies, aye would hate to marry hem, yo' bat yore life.—Denver Times.

**The Poor Editor.**

Bill—Did you read about that fellow writing a poem on a \$50 bill?

Jill—No. The editor kept it, of course.

"No. He returned it."  
"What, an editor return a \$50 bill?"  
"Yes. He didn't know what it was."  
—Yorkers Statesman.

**SICK HEADACHE**

Is the Bane of Many a Woman's Life—How the Disease may be Cured. A Case Cited.

From the Republican, Bethany, Mo.

great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, insisted that I commence taking a few doses I could see no improvement and my headache spells were not so severe. I kept taking the pills until I had used four boxes, and since that time I have so well in my life.

"I have recommended the pills to my friends and several have used them with good results. I am always glad to tell of the great benefit I received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, for now I feel as though I was the happiest, most contented woman in the world, for with good health who cannot be happy?"

Mrs. Stolle is a sister of Joseph Holland, of Bethany, who is well known throughout the county, having been a candidate for sheriff at the election of 1890. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Curtis, of Eagleville, Mo. She is well known in this county.

No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, in vitiating the body, restoring the functions, they restore the strength and health to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

"These pills are recognized everywhere as a specific for diseases of the blood and nerves. For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, they have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases. Truly they are one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon mankind.

One day when General Andrew S. Burt was lieutenant colonel of the Seventeenth United States Infantry Captain Charles A. Booth, then a lieutenant, met him on the rifle range.

Lieutenant Booth was shooting, and he "called" each shot as he fired, without waiting for the markers to signal the result.

"You're a pretty good guesser," said the colonel. "Why don't you admit you're guessing where those shots land?"

"I'll bet you a box of cigars," said the junior officer, "that I can call 20 shots in succession."

"Taken," said the old warrior.

"Miss," he announced, and a red flag from the target told that this was correct.

Another shot.

"Miss," he declared. A third shot.

"Miss again," he said. Fourth shot.

"Fourth miss," announced Booth. Another shot.

"Miss," again sang out the lieutenant.

"Hold on there," put in Colonel Burt. "What are you trying to do? I thought you were going to fire at the target."

"I'm trying to win my box of cigars," said Lieutenant Booth.

"Don't fire any more," said the colonel. "They're yours."—Chicago Journal.

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Author (to editor)—My friends say that for a love story this one is matchless.

Editor—Then we don't want it. There must be matches in all our love stories, sir.—Boston Globe.

A Hard Situation.  
"I never have a chance to ask you for money, Henry. Before dinner you are across."  
"Well?"  
"And after dinner you go to sleep."  
—Chicago Record.

Her Point of View.  
"Do you think it does any good to scold your husband every time he fails to please you, Mrs. Henpeck?"  
"I know it does.