

Cannot Cast the Future.
A man may presume to know much of what is passing, but he dare not predict what part of the passing show shall disappear, as a fashion does, in time. It must follow, as no man can pretend to place his finger unerringly on just that particular part, then no man can begin to tell just what man or woman living today will be revered in time to come.

To Remedy Corrosion.
Corrosion in metals is said to be prevented by the passage through the metals of a weak current of electricity. This is a "like cure like" treatment, for the pitting of metals is said to be due to the local electrical action, that is, feeble current developed by the acidular water on dissimilar metals, often impurities in the metal itself, at the point of corrosion.

The Greatest Social Force.
The middle classes are the preponderant social force of today in republics as well as in monarchies in Europe or in America. Everything is everywhere subordinated to the necessity of satisfying them as speedily and as thoroughly as possible.—Ferrero in Paris Figaro.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Don't Let Old Age Come.
Let us have a movement against mental surrender to old age at any time. Such a movement would make for sane moderation in all things, a cheerful spirit, appreciation of the joy and delight of living. Such a movement would dwell on the marvels and beauties of nature and the great possibilities of good in the lowest of men.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BLUING.

Talk No. 9.

This common article fools many. Think of it, large bottle, little pinch of blue, fill it up with water. There you are. Does it look good to you? Buy RED CROSS BALL BLUE, a pure blue. Makes beautiful, clear, white clothes. You will like it. Large package 5 cents. ASK YOUR GROCER.

Phillips on Matrimony.
The late David Graham Phillips had, like many bachelors, a cynical view of matrimony. Mr. Phillips, at a reunion of Princeton's class of '87, at the Princeton club, said of marriage: "The Persians have a proverb that every young man should consider well before proposing. It runs: 'He that venturith on matrimony is like unto one who thrusteth his hand into a sack containing many thousands of serpents and one eel. Yet, if the prophet so will it, he may draw forth the eel.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

The Wealthy Ones of Earth.
Taking into account Australia and all of the islands of the tropical seas, the world may have 10,000 millionaires, outside of North America and Europe, Russia excluded. The United States alone must have more millionaires than the total for continents which contain two-thirds of the people in the world.

Manitoba's Fish Industry.
Fish from Lake Winnipeg are now sent down south as far as Maryland. Most of them are not white fish, but cheaper grades. The fishing industry of Manitoba is now second only to wheat as a commercial asset.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Oliver, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Certain English Family Owns a Stiletto which inspires every one who holds it with a horrible and almost irresistible desire to kill some woman. This weapon belonged to an ancestor whose wife deceived him and drove him mad. He swore revenge against the whole sex, and with the dagger killed his wife, his wife's sister and another woman before he was disarmed and secured.

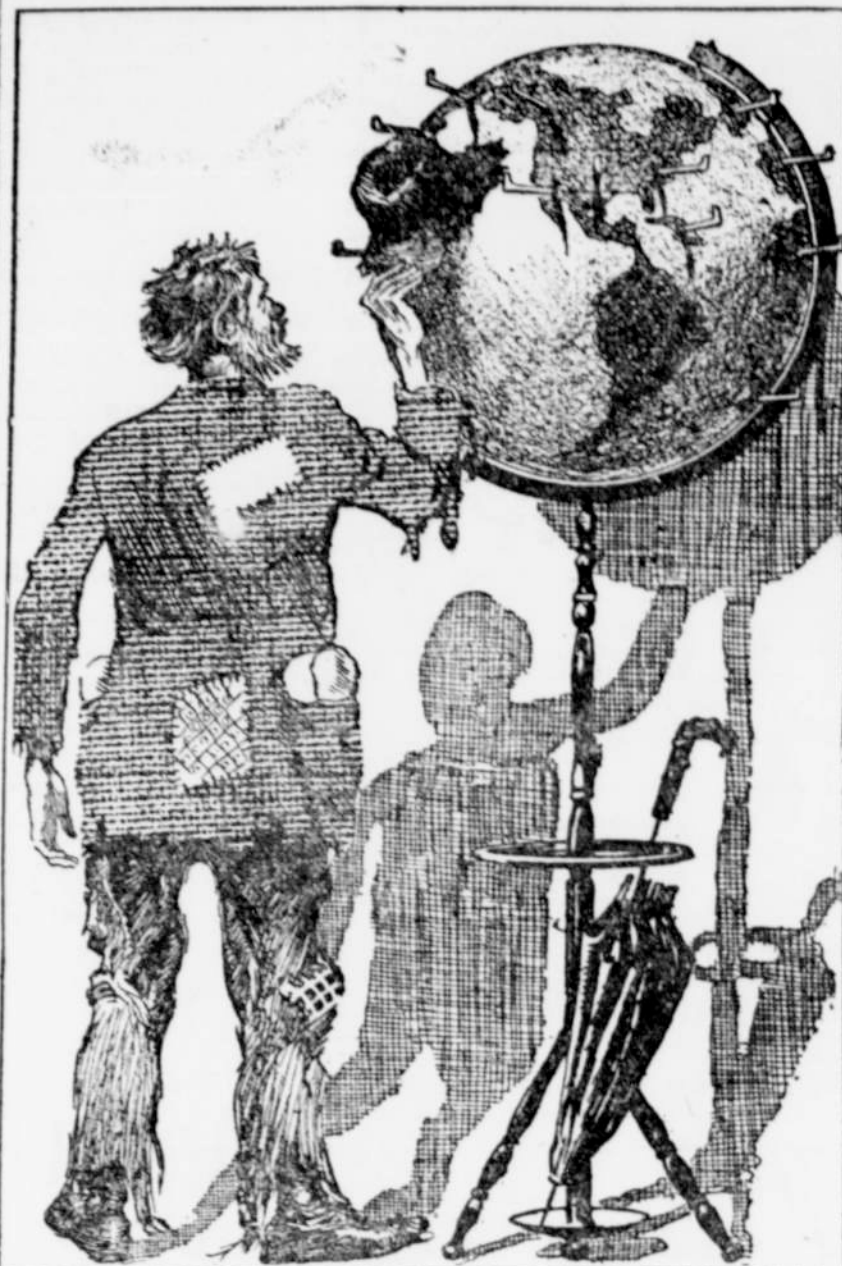
HOWARD E. BURTON—Analyst and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specialties: Gold, Silver, Lead, Bi. Gold, Silver, Zinc, Copper, Bi. Mailing envelopes of full price list sent on application. Central and Empire work so limited. Reference: Carbonate Nat. and Lead.

How Good Health Tells.
Poor physical health handicaps many girl workers and prevents the highest development of their powers. An anaemic brain produces poorer work than one that is nourished by blood rich in red corpuscles. The dyspeptic girl is irritable, seedy, and out of sorts when all her vitality is called on to make a special effort in her work. "Nerves" may make all the difference between success or failure.

To keep her health up to a good standard ought to be the aim of every girl who wishes to make something of her life. Too many girls allow themselves to drop into poor health, which is so apt to become chronic unless the tendency is checked at the beginning. A girl owes a duty to herself to keep fit and well and attend to her digestion, her muscles, her breathing. The habits of breathing properly, chewing the food thoroughly, daily exercises out of doors, are all matters; but one or two rules of daily conduct occasionally broken contrive after a time to affect physical health and personality both. Once let a girl make her mind up to cultivate a habit of self-development, and she follows these rules almost automatically.

Each detail may be unimportant in itself, but the sum of them is not. They are the points that tell in the making of what should be every girl's aim to obtain—health and personality.

THE LURE OF THE "GAY CAT"



"Any old place, I hang my hat, Le Home, Sweet Home to me."

WHAT is a "gay cat?" Perhaps you have never heard of him, though you know tom cats, wild cats and feminine "cats." He is an interesting combination, and his species is numbered by thousands. He is half tramp, availing himself of all the hobo's expedients for gadding about the world without paying for his travels, and half-man with a trade, the goal of whose rambles is always a job. He has all the "bum's" philosophical contempt for the man so "easy" as to "ride the velvet," which means to pay railroad fare. But he also incurs the "bum's" astonished disdain because of his incorrigible habit of looking for work.

"We travel from wanderlust, from love of adventure," explained an ex-"gay cat," who had joined the "home guard" of those who have ceased from rambling. "When I was a youth I wanted to see the country, and see it right. I wanted excitement. I had a good trade and was living at home, but the lure of the road called me. 'I could have paid car fare and ridden in the railway cars, but you can't see the country that way. What man looking through the windows of a Pullman car, knows anything about the regions through which he has passed? You must travel a few hours at a time, on a slow freight, and be thrown off at the most unexpected places by brakemen, to see the country. You want to mooch (beg) a handout at backdoors to get acquainted with people. You even learn something when some 'fly mug' (detective) gets so cordial that he insists on your staying in his midst for 30 days—on the rock pile. What dude in a palace car can learn as much about his native land as I did in 14 years as a 'gay cat'?"

The Wanderlust Never Dies.
This man was a miner by trade, and had followed the profession from Pennsylvania to California, and from California to Alaska. He never begged save in an emergency of hunger, and usually had \$1,000 or so tucked away in a bank in this city or that. But it was only after many years of wandering as a knight errant of the pickax and shovel that the wanderlust of his youth was quenched and he settled down to be a prosaic hotel clerk.

In the shabby sitting room of a 10-cent lodging house in St. Louis there lounged recently half a dozen weather-beaten and hardy men, self-confident of men and monosyllabic of speech. In their short words was none of the whine of the professional beggar, and in their straightforward look was nothing of the hangdog. They had traveled to most of the countries of the globe, and ignorant of alien languages and customs, had supported themselves by the sole resource of their own hands. They were confident of taking care of themselves in any situation.

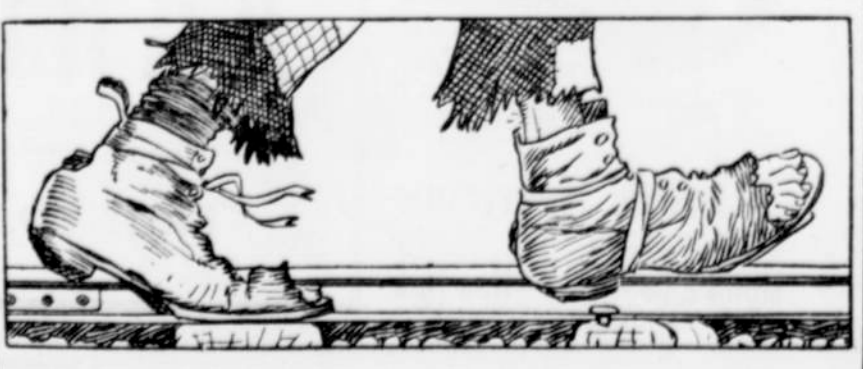
Who would have thought that the squalid parlor, into which the warm sun filtered, was a place of dreams? But so it was. The taciturn little Englishman in the corner, who was born in South Africa, was gazing into space upon the yellow corn fields of the Argentine Republic, upon construction camps in the Andes, and upon broad roads leading by gentle stages through the pampas from one hospitable ranch to the next. Aroused from his articulate vision by a question, he stated in a matter-of-fact way that he would be in Argentine next fall.

The booted, gigantic Swede was thinking of logging camps in Minnesota, of perilous drives to the lakes, of fist-to-fist battles between champions among the snows. Another, in his mind's eye, beheld the sunny orchards of California; another imagined himself helping build steel bridges in Mexico. The sap of spring was rising in their veins, and, like birds of passage, they were impatient to be off. A few more weeks would see them scattered to the points of the compass, ensconced in box cars and on blind baggages, but all bent on the quest of their "golden fleece"—the perfect job.

Some would fall by the wayside—mangled or slain beneath the wheels of trains, and would be buried in the pauper graveyards maintained by the railroads for their vagabond victims. But of these the army of wanderers would take no heed.

The "gay cat" believes that his constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness includes the privilege of riding on trains without paying fare. The most he will do is to pay 50 cents to a "shack" (brakeman) for permission to ride unmolested over his division. Frequently a supposed vagabond crouching painfully in a brake-beam has \$100 in his pockets and a bank book for several hundred more. But he would have suspicions of his own sanity should he spend any of his money for the comforts and respectability of a seat in a railroad coach.

The "gay cat," in an emergency, is not ashamed at begging a meal at a backdoor. But as he has more self-respect, he usually employs greater art and skill in his "mooching" than does a "bum." One roving mechanic accosted an astonished housewife with the question: "Madam, have you a hatchet?" "What do you want with a hatchet?" she countered, suspiciously. "I want to knock my teeth out," answered he with solemnity. "Lands alive!" almost screamed the woman. "Why should you knock your teeth out?" "What's the use having teeth if you have nothing to eat?" was the response. The "gay cat" obtained one of those rare feasts known in the vernacular as a "sit down."



WAS STILL MAUD LILLIAN

New Head and Body for Child's Beloved Doll, But Hair Was the Same.

With tears in her eyes and a large and very much damaged doll in her arms, a very little girl appeared at the mending counter of a doll's hospital the other day and displayed her broken treasure. The doll's face was broken, one arm was completely gone and one foot was minus all the toes. The very little girl confided to me clerk that she wanted dolly made well again. "I'm afraid it won't be worth while to fix it," said the clerk, regarding the new patient dubiously. "You see there would have to be a new head and new arm and new leg. I really think it would be better for you to get a new doll."

The tears overran the eyes of the very little girl at this suggestion. "But I want her to look like this doll," she protested. "I love Maud Lillian too much to have a new doll in her place. You can get a new head for her and a new body, too, if you like, but I want her to have the same hair that she has now, so she'll look like her old self."

The toy shop people are used to carrying out the individual ideas of the little mothers of the dolls, and so no objection was made to preserving Maud Lillian's identity by means of her somewhat crumpled golden locks. A beautiful new doll of the proper size was chosen, her glossy new wig removed and the broken doll's wig substituted. Newly bewigged in this fashion and robed in the garments of the discarded doll, Maud Lillian bore a resemblance to herself that was startling, considering the rather extensive anatomical alterations that had been made in her. The very little girl seized her triumphantly and bore her away, but the onlooker who had witnessed the operation could not but wonder in what Maud Lillian's ego really consisted.

Algy Telephones.

Algy swaggered into the postoffice and entered the telephone box. He was immaculately clad, and in a lordly humor.

"Hello!" he drawled, putting the receiver to his ear.

A minute passed. He repeated the summons. His lordly humor began to descend in rank.

"Hello!" he called.

No response.

"Hello!" he called.

Still no response. His lordly humor was now as gone as his temper, and he shouted things into the receiver which must have made even that experienced instrument tremble.

At last, when the perspiration dripped from his bursting brow, and his hat was limp and both he and his language were exhausted, a notice caught his eye. It read:

"Give the number you require to the clerk at the counter, and wait until the connection is made."

He slunk away so quietly that no one saw him go.

The Antiquity of Man.

It has been known during a long time that in western Europe man existed during the glacial epoch. We now know that the great ice age consisted of different glacial times separated by interglacial times. In glacial times the snow line dropped 3,000 or 4,000 feet below its present level in the Alps, whereas in interglacial times it lay about 1,000 feet higher than at present. Thus the temperature seems to have been higher in the interglacial periods than it is now.

There is abundant evidence, in the opinion of Penck, that man existed during the beginning of the last glacial epoch. There is some reason for thinking that at least 20,000 years have elapsed since the last glaciation and that the man whose jawbone was found in 1909 near Heidelberg lived 200,000 years ago.—Scientific American.

Well-Dressed American Men.

The best-dressed men are to be found in New York, says a German paper in an article on the decadence in male fashions, in which the writer laments the fact that men of the present day are content to be clothed and no longer trouble about elegance in dress.

Germans, this authority asserts, don't look well in civilian dress, not even the Emperor. He sails dangerously close to lose majesty by further stating that the Kaiser wears his trousers too short; that the Crown Prince is too much influenced by French fashions and that the rest of the royal family simply know nothing about clothes.

Inviting Temptation.

Many people plan for defeat like the boy whose mother told him that he could not go to the river, nor swimming, but he did. When he returned and his mother saw the signs, he confessed that he was tempted and went with the boys. She noticed that his coat bulged out. Putting her hand in she pulled out his bathing suit. When confronted with it he said, "I was afraid that I might be tempted when I got there, so I took these along." Some people expect to fall, and plan for it.

New Musical Instrument.

Army men recently returned from the Philippines brought a new musical instrument which is proving a delightful acquisition for the drawing room. It is called a mandola, and is larger and contains more notes than the ordinary mandolin. Mrs. Reber, daughter of General Miles, introduced the first mandola in Washington.

CAP and BELLS



WOMAN HAD OVERLOOKED BET

Didn't Know What She Had Forgotten, but Returns Home With Money After Shopping.

She had just returned from a shopping tour, tired, but radiant. He had just returned from the office, tired, but—well, tired.

Quivering with delight at the array of samples snipped from rolls of dress goods, she emptied the contents of her purse into her lap. There was a metallic sound. A look of dismay crossed her face.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I just knew there was something I had forgotten to buy."

"What was it, dear?" he asked with an assumption of interest.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied petulantly, "but I find I have a half dollar left!"

Aids to Memory.

Emporia Man—Hello, Griggs! The last time I saw you, I think, was during that summer when the grasshoppers stopped the railroad trains in Nebraska.

Omaha Man—No, Grimsbow! It was the summer when the grasshoppers didn't stop the trains in Kansas.

Time Wasted.

"If you are so firmly opposed to war, why do you wish to send your son to West Point?"

"Oh, what's the use discussing the thing with people who are so narrow-minded that they always want to make a personal matter of every international issue?"—Judge.

An Advantage.

"Gee! These two apartment buildings are great things," said the first tramp. "I always call on the folks in the upper one."

"Why?" asked the second.

"They never have any grass or wood to cut before they'll give you anything to eat."

A Friendly Tip.

"I'm going to keep on climbing until I reach the top of the ladder," said the candidate who had just been elected to a petty office.

"That's all right," rejoined the old politician, "but take my advice and keep an eye on the men at the bottom. They are the chaps who can upset the ladder."

Equivocal.

"A proposal of marriage is a serious matter. You first have the ordeal of asking the girl—"

"Then of asking her father's, to boot—"

"No, no! A fellow can't stand everything. When it comes to a question of her father's foot, there's a kick coming."

IN HER WAYS.



First Suburbanite—I hear you've got a new cook.

Second Suburbanite—Yes.

First Suburbanite—White of black?

Second Suburbanite—Neither; green; very green.

Value of Names.

"Was your speech successful?"

"Not very," replied the statesman who does not deceive himself. "The only way I could get any great amount of applause was to say 'George Washington' or 'Abraham Lincoln' and then wait."

Hint That Failed.

Visitor (waiting an invitation to lunch)—Two o'clock! I fear I'm keeping you from your dinner.

Hostess—No; but I fear we are keeping you from yours!—Meggendorf Blaetter.

Gone, But Not Forgotten.

"Did your investment in western mineral stocks prove a good buy?"

"Yes; a good-bye to my money."

When you need a tonic, appetite restorer, a real digestive help and a preventive of Cramps, Diarrhoea, Costiveness, Malaria, Fever and Ague, take nothing but

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It has clearly proven its right to be called "the best."

DR. Wm. Pfunder's OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

A Tonic, Alterative and Resolvent. The best remedy for Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, Eruptions of the Skin, Pimples, Eruptions and Disorders of the Skin. Purifies the Blood and gives Tone, Strength and Vigor to the entire system.

Skylights Tanks Cutters

Down Spouts Steel Ceiling

J. C. BAYER

214 Market Portland, Oregon

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Salmon Roe for Caviar.

Owing to the diminishing supply of sturgeon caviar, Siberian fishermen have been experimenting with salmon roe, a commodity that was formerly thrown away as valueless or even injurious to health.

OWES HER HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her."

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell everyone I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."

—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases.

A Barber-ous Idea.

In Chicago a voice has been raised against the cat's whiskers, which are alleged to carry microbes. The future may develop barbers for cats, for it is not to be supposed that in this age of enlightenment and facts will be permitted to go about with microbe-laden whiskers.—Judge.

Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's

Formula with each bottle Show it to your doctor Ask him about it, then do as he says

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same speedy results.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.