

**THICK, GLOSSY HAIR
FREE FROM DANDRUFF**

Girls! Try it! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glitters with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fashish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

Melancholy Days.

"Don't you feel melancholy when autumn days are gray and chill?" asked the poetic young woman.
"No," replied the square-jawed young man. "What makes me melancholy is to be prepared for gray, chill weather days and then experience week after week of muggy warmth."

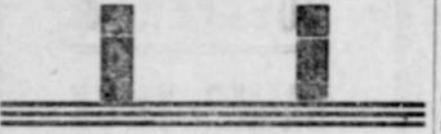
Free to Our Readers

Write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 4-page Illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Marine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Marine Believes Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try it in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

Not Professional Beauty.

Chapple—Jess told me she wouldn't marry the handsomest man that ever lived.
May—Well, that doesn't affect your chances, does it?—Puck.

It has been estimated that British Columbia has an area of about 253,000,000 acres, of which about 1,600,000 acres is composed of lakes in the interior.



A REAL ASSET

Digestion is the most important of all bodily functions and anything that tends to disturb it is a serious offense against health. At the first sign of digestive or bowel trouble resort to

**HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS**

IT PROMOTES AND MAINTAINS HEALTH

It is computed that in the two Balkan wars some 350,000 men perished, Turkey lost 110,000 and Bulgaria 120,000.

Cleveland is to have a \$500,000 automobile clubhouse.

**WOMAN REFUSES
OPERATION**

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Logansport, Ind.—"My baby was over a year old and I bloated till I was a burden to myself. I suffered from female trouble so I could not stand on my feet and I felt like millions of needles were pricking me all over. At last my doctor told me that all that would save me was an operation, but this I refused. I told my husband to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I would try it before I would submit to any operation. He did so and I improved right along. I am now doing all my work and feeling fine.
"I hope other suffering women will try your Compound. I will recommend it to all I know."—Mrs. DANIEL D. B. DAVIS, 110 Franklin St., Logansport, Ind.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?
If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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.

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

FOR THE OUTDOOR WORKER

Baked Cabbage With Meat, as It is Served in Russia, May Be Found Palatable.

Baked cabbage with meat is a Russian housewife's stand-by. Perhaps it will supply the want of a new meat dish for dinner. The recipe does not, however, suggest itself as one good for delicate digestions, but hearty eaters, living outdoor lives, should find it satisfactory. It is prepared thus: Shred one medium-sized head of cabbage very fine and stand it in cold water for two hours, then drain thoroughly. Place a layer of this shredded cabbage in a deep baking-dish; on it place a layer of cooked meat chopped fine; this may be either veal, beef or ham, and ham is especially good. The meat should be well cooked and chopped fine. Season each layer with butter, salt and pepper. At least a cupful of meat should be used in each layer. A tablespoonful of grated cheese sprinkled over the meat adds greatly to the flavor of the dish. On this place another layer of cabbage alternating with the meat, until the dish is filled, having a layer of the meat with its seasoning and the cheese on top. Pour over this a cupful and a half of boiling water and cook covered in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. At least half an hour before the dish is to be served remove the cover and add a cupful of sweet cream; replace the cover for fifteen minutes and then cook fifteen minutes uncovered, increasing the heat. The top should be delicately browned. If this is to be served hot it should be placed on the table in the dish in which it is cooked. If to be served cold leave it in the baking dish and put in a cool place until ready to serve, then turn out on a platter.

FOR FAMOUS CREOLE SOUP

Simple Rules to Be Observed in Making Preparation Which Has Made Name for Itself.

Here are some rules that the old Creole cooks give for soup making—and if you have ever been in Louisiana you know that their soup is worth emulating:

To get the most goodness out of a soup bone, it should be fractured every inch of its length. The soup should never stop cooking from the time it is put on the stove until it is done, although it should at no time boil furiously.

Once the soup is started cooking, no water should be added, as this spoils the flavor.

The soup bone should be put into cold water, and no salt should be added till the soup is done, as the salt stops the flow of the juices.

The soup should cook from five to seven hours at least.

All spices used in the soup should be put in whole—that is, whole black and white peppers, cloves, bay leaves, cloves of garlic, etc.

One quart of water should be allowed for every pound of meat and bone, to begin with. This is a rule of the Creoles, but they make rich soup. If weaker soup is to be made, or if vegetables as well as meat are used in the stock, the amount of water can be increased.

Caramel Bavarian Cream.

Put two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar in a saucepan and brown it over a hot fire. Add a pint of cream to it, and grate and add the rind of a big lemon. Heat the cream until it has dissolved the caramel. Beat the yolks of six eggs and six tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar together and when it is creamy add it to the hot cream. Cook it over hot water until it is smooth and thick. Add four tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin which has been dissolved and let the mixture cool. When it is cool and is just beginning to set whip in a pint of stiffly whipped cream. Pour the mixture into a mold, chill and serve.

Orange Bavarois.

Squeeze a sufficient number of oranges to produce a half pint of juice, including the juice of half a lemon. Add to this six ounces of sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Soak for a few minutes one-quarter ounce of gelatin in a little cold water. Then dissolve in a little hot water. Add this to the fruit juice and stir until the mixture begins to set; then fold in a half pint of whipped cream. Have ready a mold lined with sections of oranges, and fill this carefully. Put in a cool place.

Brazilians.

Blanch and chop fine six Brazil nuts, add with a tablespoon of strawberry jam, a teaspoon of chopped celery, a dash of paprika, salt, and enough sweet cream to make a spreading paste of a package of cream cheese. Add enough cream so that the paste is thin enough not to break the bread while laying up the sandwiches. Cut rye bread very thin and cut the sandwiches into small rounds. These are very dainty for afternoon tea.

To Clean Hair Brushes.

Put a tablespoonful of ammonia into a basin of tepid water in which a small amount of soap has been dissolved. Dip the brushes up and down until they are clean. Wipe carefully and put in the sun, bristles down, to dry.

Hard Soap.

Soap that is allowed to dry and harden lasts twice as long as if used when fresh. Therefore, it is cheaper to buy in quantities and keep it in a dry place.

GOING SOME



A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION
BY REX BEACH
SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG
Illustrated by Edgar Bert Smith
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HARPER & BROTHERS

SYNOPSIS.
Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

It was growing dark when the rattle of wheels outside the ranch-house brought the occupants to the porch in time to see Nigger Mike halt his buckboard and two figures prepare to descend.
"It's Mr. Speed!" cried Miss Blake. Then she uttered a scream as the velvet darkness was rent by a dozen tongues of flame, while a shrill yelping arose, as of an Apache war-party.
"It's the boys," said Jean. "What on earth has possessed them?"
But Stover had planned no ordinary reception, and the pandemonium did not cease until the men had emptied their weapons.

Then Mr. J. Wallingford Speed came stumbling up the steps and into the arms of his friends, the tails of his dust-coat streaming.
"Really? This is more than I expected," he gasped; then turning, doffed his straw hat to the half-revealed figures beyond the light, and cried, gayly: "Thank you, gentlemen! Thank you for missing me!"
"Yow—ee!" responded the cowboys.

"How do you do, Miss Chapin?" Speed shook hands with his hostess, and in the radiance from the open doorway she saw that his face was round and boyish, and his smile peculiarly engaging.
She welcomed him appropriately; then said: "This reception is quite as startling to us as to you. You know, Mr. Speed, that we have with us a friend of yours." She slightly drew Helen forward. "And this is Mrs. Keap, who is looking after us a bit while mother is away. Roberta, may I present Mr. Covington's friend, and ask you to be good to him?"
"Don't forget me," said Fresno, pushing into the light.

"Mr. Berkeley Fresno, of Leland Stanford University."
"Hello, Fresno!" Speed thrust out his hand warmly. Not so the Californian. He replied, with hauteur:
"Fresno! Fres-no!" and allowed the new-comer to grasp a limp, moist hand.

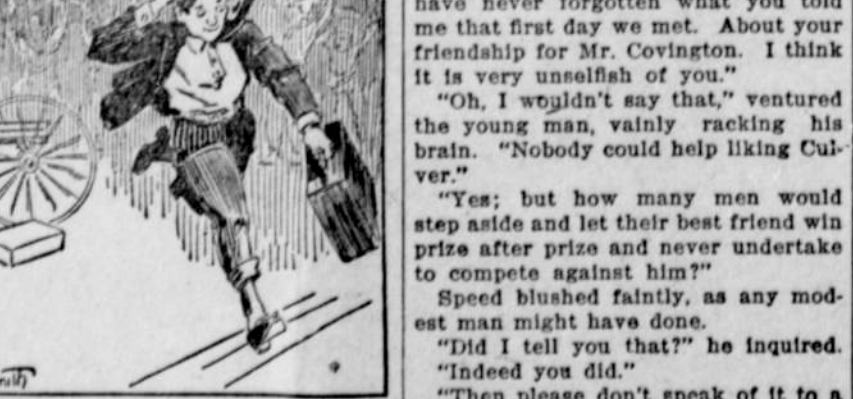
"Ah! Go to the head of the class! I'm sorry you broke your wrist, however." The eastern lad spoke lightly, and gave the palm a hearty squeeze, then turned to Jean.

"I dare say you are all disappointed, Miss Chapin, that Culver didn't come with me, but he'll be along in a day or so. I simply couldn't wait."
"I did think when you drove up that might be Mr. Covington with you," Miss Chapin remarked, wistfully.
"Oh no, that's my man," Speed glanced around him. "And, by-the-way, where is he?"

The sound of angry voices came through the gloom, then out into the light came Still Bill Stover, Willie, and Carara, dragging between them a globular person who was rebelling loudly.
"Stover, what is this?" questioned Miss Chapin, stepping to the edge of the veranda.

"This gent stampedes in the midst of our welcome," explained the foreman, "so we have to rope him before he gets away." It was seen now that Carara's lariat was tightly drawn about the new arrival's waist.

Then the valet broke into coherent speech, but he spoke a tongue not common to his profession.
"Nix on that welcome stuff," he burst forth, in husky, alcoholic accents; "that goes on the door-mat!" It was plain that he was very angry. "If



that racket means welcome, I don't want it. Take that clothes-line off of me." Carara loosened the noose, and his captive rolled up the steps mopping his face with his handkerchief.
"What made you run away?" demanded Speed.
"Any time a bunch of bandits unhitch their gats, I'm on my way," sputtered the fat man. "I'm gun-shy, see? And when this hold-up comes off I bet it till that Cuban rummy with the medals on his dicer rides a live horse up my back."
"You don't appreciate the honor," explained his employer; then turning to the others, he announced: "Will you allow me to introduce Mr. Lawrence Glass? He isn't really a valet, you know, Miss Chapin, and he doesn't care for the west yet. It is his last trip."
"I have heard my brother speak of Larry Glass," said Jean, graciously. Mr. Glass courted awkwardly, and swinging his right foot back of



Felt as if a Large Man Was Choking Him.

his left, tapped the floor with his toe.
"You were a traitor at Yale when Jack was there?"
"That's me," Mr. Glass wheezed. "I'm there with the big rub, too. Wally said he was going to train during vacation, so he staked me to a trip out here, and I came along to look after him."
"Come into the house," said Jean. "Stover will see to your baggage."
As they entered, Mr. Berkeley Fresno saw the late arrival bend over Helen Blake, and heard him murmur:
"The same unforgettable eyes of Italian blue."
And Mr. Fresno decided to dislike Wally Speed, even if it required an effort.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was on the following morning that Miss Blake made bold to request her favor from J. Wallingford Speed. They had succeeded in isolating themselves upon the vine-shaded gallery at the rear of the house, and the conversation had been largely of athletics, but this, judging from the rapt expression of the girl, was a subject of surpassing interest. Speed, quick to take a cue, plunged on.

"I would have made the Varsity basketball team myself if I hadn't been so tiny," said Helen. "I have always wanted to be tall, like Roberta."
"I shouldn't care for that," said the young man.
"You know she was a wonderful player?"
"So I've heard."
"Do you know," mused Helen, "I have never forgotten what you told me that first day we met. About your friendship for Mr. Covington. I think it is very unselfish of you."
"Oh, I wouldn't say that," ventured the young man, vainly racking his brain. "Nobody could help liking Culver."
"Yes; but how many men would step aside and let their best friend win prize after prize and never undertake to compete against him?"
Speed blushed faintly, as any modest man might have done.
"Did I tell you that?" he inquired. "Indeed you did."
"Then please don't speak of it to a mortal soul. I must have said a great deal that first day, but—"
"But I have spoken of it, and I said I thought it was fine of you."
"You have spoken of it?"
"Yes; I told Jean."
The Yale man undertook to change the conversation abruptly, but Miss Blake was a determined young lady. She continued:

"Of course, it was very magnanimous of you to always step aside in favor of your best friend; but it isn't fair to yourself—it really isn't. And

so I have arranged a little plan whereby you can do something to prove your prowess, and still not interfere with Mr. Covington in the least."
Speed cleared his throat nervously.
"Tell me," he said, "what it is."
And Miss Blake told him the story of the shocking treachery of Humpy Joe, together with the miserable undoing of the Flying Heart. "Why, those poor fellows are broken-hearted," she concluded. "Their despair over losing that talking-machine would be if it were not so tragic. I told them you would win it back for them. And you will, won't you? Please!"
"I'll take ten chances," he said. "Where does the raffle come off?"
"Oh, it isn't a raffle, it's a foot-race. You must run with that Centipede cook."
"I'll run a race!" exclaimed the young college man, aghast.
"Yes, I've promised that you would. You see, this isn't like a college event, and Culver isn't here yet."
"But he'll be here in a day or so."
Speed felt as if a very large man were choking him; he decided his collar was too tight.
"Oh, I've talked it all over with Jean. She doesn't want Culver to run, anyhow."
"Why not?" inquired he, suspiciously.
"I don't know, I'm sure."
"If Miss Chapin doesn't want Culver to run, you surely wouldn't want me to."
"Not at all. If Mr. Covington knew the facts of the case, he would be only too happy to do it. And, you see, you know the facts."
Speed was about to shape a gracious but firm refusal of the proffered honor when Still Bill Stover appeared at the steps, doffed his faded Stetson, and bowed limply.
"Mornin', Miss Blake." To the rear Speed saw three other men—an Indian, tall, swart, and saturnine, who walked with a limp; a picturesque Mexican with a spangled hat and silver spurs, evidently the captor of Lawrence Glass on the evening previous; and an undersized little man with thick-rimmed spectacles and a heavy-hanging holster from which peeped a gun-butt. All were smiling pleasantly, and seemed a bit abashed.
"Good morning, Mr. Stover," said Helen, pleasantly. "This is Mr. Speed, of whom I spoke to you yesterday." Stover bowed again and mumbled something about the honor of this meeting, and Miss Blake cast her eyes over the other members of the group, saying, graciously: "I'm afraid I can't introduce your friends; I haven't met them."
The loquacious foreman came promptly to the rescue, rejoicing in an opportunity of displaying his oratorical gifts.
"Then I'll make you acquainted with the best brandin' outfit in these parts." He waved a long, bony arm at the Mexican, who flashed his white teeth. "This Greaser is Aurelio Maria Carara. Need I say he's Mex, and a preemier roper?" Carara bowed, and swept the ground with his high-peaked head-piece. "The Maduro gent yonder is Mr. Cloudy. His mother being a Navajo squaw, named him accordin' to the rights and customs of her tribe, selecting the title of Cloudy-but-the-Sun-Shines, which same has proved a misnomer, him bein' a pessimist for fair."
Miss Blake and her companion smiled and nodded, at which Stover, encouraged beyond measure, elaborated.
"He's had a hist'ry, too. When he

FIND PLEASURE WITH MONEY

Being Too Busy in Hoarding Up Wealth, Americans Spend a Large Portion of It on Politicians.

The objects of pleasure are two in number. First, to kill time, and, second, to keep us from doing something else which would make us more miserable. The pleasures of the American people, roughly speaking, are likewise twofold; namely, making money and spending it. Some people derive all their pleasure from making money, and others all their pleasure from spending it. Others combine the two. Being an inventive people, the Americans have created many ways of spending money. Being too busy making it, to spend any time on the frugality of running their country they spend a large portion of it in supporting the politicians. This, indeed, is one of their chief pleasures. And their superb sense of humor enables them to enjoy intensely the accounts of what all the politicians are doing, which enterprising papers publish from day to day.
The Americans have other pleasures, but compared with this one they are mostly trivial.—Life.

A Mild Diversion.

"My wife is treasurer at our house and it's difficult for me to hold out any money. However, she sometimes trusts me with a dollar bill and I contrive to hold out the change."
"Doesn't she remember to ask you for it?"
"Not always. I relate some little diversion to occupy her mind and distract her attention."
"How do you manage it?"
"Last time I told her that her father had set fire to the house."

A Heedless Husband.

"They say that marriage is a community of interests, but my husband has no consideration for me. Yesterday he lugged a total stranger home for dinner. Not a word of warning. Is that any way to treat a wife?"
"Oh, that wasn't so reprehensible. You could easily rustle up something for dinner."
"But there wasn't a thing in the house. I had lost the market money at bridge."

A Careful Couple.

"Well, here you are in your cozy bride's nest. The flat looks fine."
"Yes; we buy a little something every week."
"And have you ordered a piano yet?"
"No; we haven't ordered a piano. We thought we wouldn't buy anything as expensive as that until we found out if the marriage is going to be permanent."

SAVING UP.



"The Four-Eyed Gent is Willie."

reaches man's real-estate the Injun agent ropes, throws, and hog-ties him, then sends him east to be cultivated. He spends four years kickin' a football—"Speed interrupted, with an exclamation of genuine interest.
"Oh, it's true as gospel," the foreman averred. "When he goes lame in his off leg they ship him back, and in spite of them handicaps he has become one rustlin' savage at a round-up."
"What college did you attend?" inquired Speed, politely. The question fell upon unresponsive ears.
"He don't talk none," Stover explained. "Conversation, which I esteem as a gift divine, is a lost art with him. I reckon he don't average a word a week. What language he did know he has forgot, and what he ain't forgot he distrusts."
Turning to the near-sighted man who had been staring at the college youth meanwhile, the spokesman took a deep breath, and said, simply yet proudly, as if describing the piece of resistance of this exhibition:
"The four-eyed gent is Willie, plain Willie, a born range rider, and the best hip shot this side of the Santa Fe trail!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIT and HUMOR



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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Played Out.

She—My dear, I haven't got a decent rag to put on.
He—You needn't try that old rag-time tune with me.

Her Little Joke.

He (on piazza)—The hum of these darned mosquitoes is getting monotonous.
She—It is; they bore me dreadfully.