

The excursion girl is now looking for best.

Let us all keep busy hoping there may be no buttermilk famine.

No flies should be permitted anywhere except at the end of a fishing line.

Appearances are deceiving, especially when one buys a box of strawberries.

Likewise it is a good idea to keep one's fingers out of the vicinity of the electric fan.

A Newark man suffering from a headache committed suicide. He cured his toothache.

All knockers are disliked except those who stand up to send the cork-centered ball over the fence.

New York's 7,000 beggars collect each year \$15,000,000, and this sum, alas, represents misplaced sympathy.

The geological survey says that the earth is being worn away by erosions. Found any in your gardens, amateurs?

A million-dollar house with a \$25,000 suite of rooms to play in has been built for a little New York boy. Poor kiddo!

Chicagoans keep their jewels in odd places, says the manager of a safety deposit company. Not to mention pawn shops.

Singing an hour a day will drive away indigestion, opines a New York doctor. In other words, we can buy health for a song.

A New Yorker is suing for divorce because his wife is growing too fat. Divorce is getting to be more than a bad. It is a habit.

Rich prizes are hung up for aviators and automobile racers. Yet the old game of rocking the boat comes for nothing but abuse.

The pitch for tuning pianos has been changed from 435 to 428 vibrations. Listening to it in the next flat uses one long vibration.

A moonlight rainbow has been seen in New York, but many of those who on local moonlights will see rainbows before they get home.

A St. Louis man who was hit by a street car apologized to the motorman for playing traffic. The heat has a good effect on some people.

A Chicago woman's club lecturer says that laundry work is poetic. Still saw-edged collar is not quite as effective as the average poem.

"Has a hen a mind?" asks a Kansas City paper. She must have, otherwise she could not have originated the idea of crossing the road.

A savant tells us that music will dull a man's taste for liquor, but we have heard music that was almost enough to drive a man to drink.

An Albany man could not remember his name until he had been shown a photograph of himself. It must have been one of those fendish snapshots.

Stockbridge, Mass., has a citizen who feeds turpentine to dogs simply to hear them howl. Some people will do almost anything for the sake of music.

An eastern newspaper devotes a page of type and pictures to showing how a canoe should be managed. One way to manage a canoe is to keep out of it.

So long as American girls continue to purchase titles and with them unhappiness, no one can say that the gold brick business has fallen into disrepute.

A Troy man lost in a fire \$4,700 which he had stored in the house because he had no confidence in banks, but then few of us have any confidence in f. es.

A Chicago bride wore lemon blossoms instead of orange blossoms, but it remains to be seen whether it was the bride or the groom who was handed the lemon.

One of our ambitious explorers plans a trip to the south pole in an aeroplane. The attempt may not be a success, but, at any rate, he will not run the risk of being overcome by the heat.

An Elgin telegraph operator has confessed that he cannot support his wife and seven children on a telegraph operator's salary. Why has he not thought of starting a chicken farm?

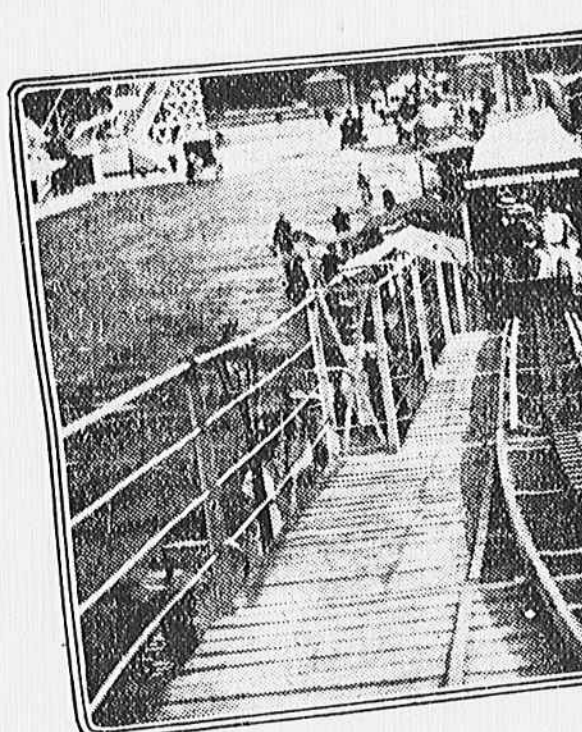
The owners of pet dogs should see that they get plenty of drinking water during hot weather. It is said that in those localities where there is a good supply of drinking fountains for animals, rabies is of rare occurrence. Cats, too, though they may not develop rabies from want of water, often suffer greatly from thirst, and on hot days will manifest their gratitude for the attention by purring loudly when water is offered to them.

Getting Ready for the County Fair

It is a trifle early perhaps you are saying to begin talking about the county fair. Maybe so, if you are looking forward to the autumn event merely from the standpoint of a cold, calm, casually interested spectator. But just remember, please, that there are thousands upon thousands of people all over the country for whom the annual neighborhood fair means much more. They are the prospective exhibitors, and no wonder they begin to plan and speculate and anticipate almost from the time the snow is off the ground.

Indeed, if a person is ambitious for success in the competitions at the county fair, it is absolutely necessary to be forehanded in preparation. This applies with equal force whether it is a case of John seeking blue ribbons for his sheep and cattle or Mary seeking the grand prizes for her cakes and pies and preserves. And of course it is true in yet greater measure of Cousin Sue who has a plot to capture the diploma for the handsomest silk quilt or the most beautiful pillow top—for, be it known, no prize-winning piece of fancy work, no more than Rome, was built in a day.

It is a matter of congratulation that the old-fashioned county fair has remained unchanged, in its main features, since the days of our grandfathers. It is one of the most cherished memories of every man whose boyhood was spent within lure of its magic—one of the memories that after residence in the city he half fears to rekindle by renewed association, lest the twentieth century



brand won't be the least bit like the old-time event that was awaited with more anticipation than was bestowed even upon the Fourth of July or the annual visit of the "monster and mastodontic united shows." Perhaps this cherished idyl of youth may not have been a really and truly "county fair," for not all county fairs can enjoy the prestige of location at the county seat, but after all, that is a minor matter in the eyes of the outsider and no man can ever be convinced that the world ever held a more important "agricultural exposition" than the one at which as a youngster he exhibited his chickens or peddled peanuts or sold scorecards.

That, as has been said, the old-fashioned county fair hasn't been changed beyond recognition, even to this day, is all the more a matter of surprise when we take into account the revolutionary changes that have taken place in other phases of rural life. The introduction of rural free delivery, for instance, has done away with the necessity and the opportunity for those friendly gatherings at the cross-roads store when the farmers who drove over for the mail stole a little leisure in which to swap stories. Similarly a phonograph in every farm house has somewhat dulled the appetite for those periodic concerts at the little red school house, even as the presence on the roads of those zipping, screeching automobiles has knocked all the romance out of those buggy rides in the moonlight when old Dobbin was allowed to find his own way and set his own pace.

Not only has the county fair withstood the ravages of time and the onslaught of modern invention, but in some respects it has benefited by a lapse of time. That is, many a fair of the present day is vastly bigger and better than was the corresponding event on the same grounds a score or more of years ago. It is not due solely to the natural increase of population, either, nor yet to that "back-to-the-soil" crusade which has swept over the land. The latter has helped, however, because it has added to the population of many a rural district men and women who are engaging in farming for pleasure as well as for profit and who enter their products at the nearby fairs as a matter of pride just as a breeder of fine dogs will travel all over the country to display his blooded canines at the big dog shows, even though the prizes would not pay the express charges on the animals.

the venturesome colored boy who pokes his head through a hole in a sheet. The time-honored "side show" or carnival is there with its snake charmers and giants and dwarfs and the fortune tellers and popcorn vendors have the old elusive way of inducing you to part with your coin. Even the fans and badges and tiny flags and "gold" medals of yesteryear look and cost the same as they did as far back as memory can carry you. About the only new things at the county fair, in fact, are the moving picture shows in their somber black tents and the ice cream cones that have supplanted the one-time "five-cent dish with two spoons."

The men who have been conducting county fairs long enough to make comparisons will tell you that, all in all, it costs just about as much to hold a fair nowadays as it did a decade or two ago, presuming, that is, that you "hang up" about as much in prizes for the show and speed classes. Some items have been cut over the expenses in the old days, whereas other outlays have increased, owing to the increased cost of living or some other new influence. For one thing, the fair managers save some money in heralding the fair. For the sentiment of the thing, they still have to make use of some of those gaudy posters in blue and red and yellow that from time out of mind have filled childish dreams every autumn, but they don't spend money to plaster these posters on every barn and fence and covered bridge in the county, as they were wont to do in the old days. As the number of country newspapers has increased they have provided a better and cheaper way of telling the people of the delights of the coming fair. On the other hand, the "star attraction," if the fair management wants to be right up to date and have an alrshp night each day, will cost more than in the old days. A parachute jumper or an acrobat who did the thrilling "slide for life" did not demand half as much money, usually, as the expert aeroplanist who wants a fee of \$500 and upward.

A feature of the county fair that hasn't changed with the lapse of time is the season for holding the event. The conclusion of the harvest, which leaves the farmer comparatively care-free and, let us hope, with money in his pocket, dictates the date of this annual festival. In some parts of the country September is the favorite month for fairs, but elsewhere October has the call and quite a few of these agricultural shows and trotting meets are held in early November. Active preparations at the fair grounds begin a month or six weeks earlier for the up-to-date fair association repaints its buildings each summer and has everything spick and span for the three or four day attraction.

The Old Order Changeth

A critic declared that twentieth century people tell their private affairs much more readily than used to be the custom. If marriages turn out unfortunately the world learns it from the parties chiefly concerned, and what the old-fashioned woman would have called the secrets of her inner life, not to be confessed even to herself, the new woman tells boldly in order to surround her personality with a halo of interest, for it seems certain, if you do not say you have troubles, nobody will notice them. The instinct of family loyalty is diminishing, that channish sentiment which caused relatives to hide their internal dissensions from others as carefully as they would bodily infirmities; children criticize their parents and vice versa; brothers and sisters quarrel in the street; the black sheep is openly discussed by his relations. No toleration is granted on the score of blood, and as all of us require as much toleration as we can get, it seems a pity so fruitful a means of supply is cut off. Yet, if a man has a brother a blackguard, why should he not say so, just as much as if he were a stranger? There seems no real reason, except that it does not sound nice, and public opinion long ago decided that a family disgrace must be shared by all the members.

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Might Help.
Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid society)—Now, what can you do for the poor boys at the front?
Mrs. Gillis—I was reading today where the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipes for those things and make them ourselves and send them to the boys?—Puck.

Grandfather's Fault.
Father—Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money in a month as you spend in a day.
Son—Well, pa, don't scold me about it. Why don't you go for grandfather?—Silent Partner.

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When a man is on his uppers there isn't much consolation in knowing that on honest confession is good for the sole.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak it requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Curtis Yorke.

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