

HABITS OF A RUSTIC LADDER

Man, Who It May Be Presumed Has Had Some Experience, Writes Bitterly About Them.

Now a good, long, heavy farm ladder presents engineering problems of no mean difficulty, writes Eugene Wood in Everybody's Magazine. I presume more people have lost the blessing trying to get a ladder through a gate than in any other way that satan knows of.

I tell you: Never wear a derby or nose-glasses when you're doing business with a ladder, for nothing gives it more delight than to mash the hat hopelessly, and knock your glasses off so you will step on them.

Ladders and cherry trees are not what you might call sympathetic. In a manner of speaking, the top end of a ladder should rest firmly on a 2-em dash.

But such is the nature of cherry trees that the top end of the ladder rests quite un-firmly in the crotch of a rude capital Y. The finest cherries grow at the extreme tip-end of top-most branches. Just as you are cautiously bending the whip-like twigs towards you with its luscious fruits, the ladder cants, and you and the cherry bucket hit the ground with almost simultaneous thumps.

It is seldom, though, that both are a total loss. One should always remember in falling out of a cherry tree to keep the tongue well back in the mouth. Otherwise the teeth, being occluded violently, are apt to snap off the tongue tip, which is that part of the organ of speech that produces the sound of "d," as in "Damn!"

Wireless Musical Performer. I am anxious to get into communication with a musical wireless telegraph operator who played "America" on his key without an error from start to finish at a bout sundown Sunday.

I was tinkering with my son's amateur wireless outfit about that time, listening to the dot and dash babble of the Sound steamship operators, when, without a warning, came the strains of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," in effect similar to a violin and with almost the same continuation between notes. It seemed as if the operator could manipulate his key so delicately that his song had no interruptions or dashes in the rendering.

Whoever he is who sounded this new note in wireless telegraphy must not hide his light under a bushel. He should come out in the open and tell a very ignorant young world what new miracles are knocking at the door.—Louis W. Greeman, in New York Sun

When Newspaper Writers Fail. Newspaper English at its best has the qualities that its enthusiastic admirers claim for it—vigor, concreteness, directness and that demand on the attention which comes from dealing with the living facts of a vital, contemporary world. Yet this is no more than to say that a stirring message usually compels fit expression.

But it would be idle to deny that the newspapers are not always delivering vital messages; that there are days when the fate of the world is not in the balance; and yet the newspaper must proceed on the assumption that every day is Armageddon. Then one gets newspaper English at its worst. Let a battle be fought in Mexico, with the attention of a continent hanging upon the issue, and the reporter will rise to his opportunity. But when no battles are being fought, when no crises are reaching their climax, what comes out of Mexico? Columns upon columns of vague conjecture, if not worse; of irrelevant facts; of rumors magnified and multiplied, and all this vague matter diluted with repetition, prolixity, tautology, pleonasm and all the other ills against which the rhetoric textbooks warn us.—New York Evening Post

Fastest Travel on Record. The researches made by physicists of all centuries have proved that the hertzian waves move with the same speed as light, that is to say, at about 186,000 miles a second.

Three French scholars, Mr. Abraham, professor at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers; Major Ferris and Mr. Dufour, have, under the auspices of the bureau of longitudes, just determined the speed of propagation of the hertzian waves between Paris and Toulon. Part of the result has been calculated, and the speed found is 295,900 kilometers to the second, with a difference of less than one per cent. for each determination, in comparison to the average.

They intend to measure this speed between the Eiffel tower and the station of wireless telegraphy at Washington, while the longitude of the capital of the United States is being determined.

Messrs. Abraham, Dufour and Ferris propose to continue their experiments and to study the speed of the propagation of hertzian waves between two points separated by the sea.

JUST ONE WAY TO GET EVEN

Accept "Call Down" for the First Mistake, but Resolve That It Shall Not Happen Again.

Boss called you down, eh? Gave it to you hard and heavy. Feel sore and vengeful. Want to get even with him, quit, perhaps? You'll show him what's what.

Well, now, just calm yourself. Hestitate a moment. Cool off a bit. Between us two, just you and me, didn't you deserve it? Had an excuse, eh? Come, you know better than that. What's the use of trying to get out of it that way.

We know, you and I, there's only one way of "akin' up for a mistake or for falling down on the job. Listen, let me whisper it. Never let it happen again. See?

Anyone, the boss included, makes a mistake once. But the second time a similar occasion arises—there's the real test.

Some high-brow philosopher has said that one of the characteristics that distinguish the reasoning human being from other animals is that he can profit by his mistakes.

Now, then, grit your teeth, clench your fist. Now, Mr. Boss, see if you can catch me making a bull like that again! If you do you can hand me the blue envelope, and I won't murmur.

But, believe me, you shan't have the opportunity. Not if I can help it, and I can!—Maurice C. Lipman, in Chicago Record-Herald.

FELT HIMSELF A CHATTERBOX

Hero of Story Morgan Used to Tell Would Have Been Good Companion for Von Moltke.

J. Pierpont Morgan was always a silent man, and he would sometimes champion the silent with a story.

"Old John Bates, an upholsterer," so the story began, "was renowned for his silence. People who had been his customers for a generation had, many of them, never heard a word from him except 'Good morning. Five dollars. Thank you. Good day.' Old John, in fact, cultivated silence as a genus cultivates his art.

"A patron one day said to John: 'What's the best kind of mattress?'"

"'Hair,' was the reply.

"The patron, some twenty years later, had occasion to buy another mattress, and again he asked:

"'What's the best kind, John?'"

"'Cotton.'"

"'Cotton?' the patron cried. 'Why, you told me twenty years ago that hair was the best.'"

"The old man gave a quaint sigh.

"'Talking has always been my ruin,' he said."

Real Comfort.

She was the new charwoman, and, because of the fact that her new mistress was young and inexperienced, she was expatiating on her manifold woes.

"Yes; an' would you believe it, mum, there's me 'usband done no work for six years, an' 'ad an ailment for the last four? An' I've two children to provide for. 'Course, one's sixteen, though the other's only a little 'un."

"But," interposed the young mistress timidly at last, "doesn't—isn't the elder one a great help?"

"You're right, mum," declared the garrulous one, as she wiped her streaming eyes with the corner of her apron. "She's a real comfort, she is. She often sits down an' cries with me!"

Not the Ordinary Fare.

During a visit in his churchly capacity through southern Maryland, Cardinal Gibbons was entertained by the Order of Jesuits at Leonardtown. That part of the state is famed for its diamond-backed terrapin, canvas-back duck, oysters, crabs and fish, and a sumptuous table was spread before the cardinal.

During the repast the cardinal turned to a priest near him and said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"So this is the way the Jesuits dine!"

"No, your eminence," replied the priest, "this is the way the cardinal dines!"—Judge.

Good Execution With One Shot.

With one shot a man named Gossip of Ytalugum (N. S. Wales), Australia, killed three dingoes, the other day. On investigating a disturbance among his dairy cattle, the man noticed several dingoes attacking one of the herd. It was bright moonlight, and Gossip, firing at the nearest dingo with a rifle, was surprised to find later that he had killed three with one bullet. The bullet struck the first dingo in the neck, and passing through broke the second's back, and entered the third dingo between the ribs, breaking its fore-leg. The pack had previously killed a valuable cattle dog.

Mexican Diplomat Also Author.

Senor Gamboa, Mexican minister of foreign affairs, is not only a diplomat, but an author of distinction. He is a novelist, publicist and writer of memoirs, and one of his best known works in his extensive memoirs of his diplomatic career, covering his service in this country, Central America and Europe. He was born in 1864 and entered the diplomatic service in 1888. Ten decorations have been awarded him by foreign governments.

MOTHER'S CHOICE FOR A NAME

Finally Father Consented to Calling a Daughter Gracia, After Many Disappointments.

The long expected baby had arrived, and the father was invited to see his little daughter. He had hoped that it might be a boy.

"What will you call the little one, sweetheart?" said he.

"I think I'll call her Gracia," said the mother. "I always liked that name."

"Oh, no!" said the father. "I wouldn't call her Gracia! It's such a fancy name. Why not call her Helen, after your mother?"

"I don't mind," said she.

So they christened the baby Helen.

In due time another little one was announced, and the father was invited in to see his second baby daughter. He longed exceedingly for a son and heir, but was almost reconciled when he looked at the mother as she cuddled the little girl to her side.

"What will you name this one, dearest?"

"I think I'll call her Gracia," said the mother. "I always liked that name."

"Oh, I wouldn't call her that!" answered the father. "It's such a foolish name. Why not give her a sensible one. We might call her Ruth after my mother."

"All right," she agreed; "I think Ruth would be a nice name for her." And the records named her Ruth.

And in the fullness of time a third little one awaited the disappointed father's welcome in the darkened chamber.

"Well, what will you call this one?" he asked as he looked down at the baby girl.

"I think I'll call her Gracia," said the mother. "I always have liked that name."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't," he said. "Her aunt Bertha will be real disappointed if we don't name it after her."

"Well, I suppose that's so," answered the mother. "We'll call her Bertha."

Time passed on, and a fourth little one came to claim a welcome. The father could hardly hide his grief when the doctor announced "It's a girl," but he tried to look pleased as he stepped softly into the darkened room. As he pressed his wife's hand he asked, "And what will you call this little-girl?"

"I think I'll call her Gracia," said the mother. "I always have liked that name."

"Well, for heaven's sake call her Gracia!" he exploded, "and perhaps then we can have a boy."

And she did. And they did!—Harper's Magazine.

Forcible Feeding.

There are many earnest and clever women in the ranks of the militants, but they have been carried away by the new feeling of sex cohesion, of class solidarity and by their unreasonable "loyalty" to the imperious house of Pankhurst, asserts a writer in the Forum. A very dangerous and regrettable mob spirit threatens to sweep them into excesses which will bring even greater odium upon the title suffragette than the word already connotes. The real suffragists are going quietly and effectively about their work, with the approval and support of most reasonable men; but few can view without regret the antics of the excitement-maddened women who are trying to associate the cause of sex equality with vulgarity, hysteria and the most pitiful lack of reasoning power. They cannot even see—or they have not the honesty to acknowledge—that forcible feeding is not a real issue at all in the campaign; it is merely taken up as a convenient hysteria-provoking weapon. The actual question is not whether women who have been sent to prison for some criminal offense (with political motives) should be permitted to commit suicide; but whether they should be sent to prison at all. If it is right for them to go, it is necessary that they should be taken care of, however much he may regret that their own deliberately adopted self-torturing methods may make some form of coercion inevitable.

Absinthe.

During the Algerian war of 1844-47 the French soldiers were induced to mix absinthe with their wine as a febrifuge. On their return they brought with them the habit of drinking, which is now so widely disseminated in French society. The symptoms in the case of absinthe tippler commence in the muscular quiverings and decrease of strength; the hair begins to fall out; the face assumes a dejected look, and the victim becomes emaciated, wrinkled and sallow. Lesion of the brain follows, horrible dreams and delusions haunt the tippler, and gradually paralysis takes him to the grave.

One Mother Too Many.

A pleasant adventure, one that is usually reserved to much younger daughters, has happened to Mile. Mistinguette, of the opera, Paris, France. She has been reclaimed as a long-lost daughter by a woman of Bergerolles, whose daughter disappeared sixteen years ago, and whom she affirms she recognizes in the distinguished artist. Mile. Mistinguette has a good heart. She would like nothing better than to recognize the maternity of this honorable dame, but unfortunately she already has an authentic mother, and at this time of life cannot accept the luxury of a supplementary mamma.

GOLDEN AGE OF SPINSTERS

At This Day, and Hour in America, is the "Antient Mayde" to Be Seen at Her Very Best.

That this is the golden age of the spinster no one will deny, and that America furnishes the soil in which these hardy plants put forth their finest bloom is equally indisputable, writes Agnes Reppier in the Century Magazine. How many years have passed since the "antient maydes" of Boston—which term included all unmarried women older than twenty-five—were pronounced by John Dunton to be a "dismal spectacle?" How many years since a few "acute and ingenious gentlewomen" in colonial Virginia had the temerity to remain single and cultivate their own tobacco plantations, for which unnatural behavior they were subjected to repeated "admonishments?"

Now the "antient mayde" flaunts her freedom in the faces of those who are patiently doing their duty to the world. Now if a woman runs a successful apple orchard or dairy farm, her exploits are heralded far and wide, and other women write exultant papers about her, intimating that the day of the man agriculturist is virtually over. I am not sure that the attitude of our great-grandfathers, who jealously and somewhat fearfully guarded their prerogatives, was not more flattering to my sex than this enthusiasm evoked by achievements which in a woman would not be found worthy of notice.

NOT ALTOGETHER PIOUS WISH

Gardener's Appeal for the Elevation of Mrs. Stowe Did Not Mean Desire for Her Happiness.

Recalling the days when the literary colony at Hartford, Conn., was acquiring fame, Dr. Joseph H. Twichell used to tell an amusing incident in the friendship of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mark Twain.

The Stowe and the Clemens premises were separated only by a fence, close to which, directly in the rear of the Stowes' house, was Mark Twain's large conservatory.

Mrs. Stowe, ever a passionate lover of flowers, availed herself thankfully and liberally of his invitation to make free with its contents, much to the annoyance of the gardener, for she had a careless way of breaking off flowers from the stalk that vexed his soul.

When he made complaint of this habit Mr. Clemens put at intervals here and there on the conservatory shelves, trusting that Mrs. Stowe would see and use them on her visits to it. But they seemed to escape her notice, and she continued to go on as before, till at length the distressed gardener begged Mark Twain to lock the door and keep her out.

But no; he told the poor fellow that whatever she did the place must always be open to her and her liberty in it unrestrained. At that the mulctried man fervently exclaimed: "I wish the old lady was in Heaven!"

Disclaimed Responsibility.

A Dutchman was going to cross a bridge. He was riding in a little cart drawn by a goat. The toll man came out and said: "Here, you've got to pay toll before you can pass this bridge."

"What, to pay toll?"

"Yes, five cents to cross this bridge."

After an argument the Dutchman paid the five cents and went on. In the afternoon he came back again, only this time he had the goat sitting on the seat, and he was dragging the cart himself.

Out came the toll man and said: "Here, you know you've got to pay five cents."

The Dutchman shook his head, and pointing to the goat, said: "Don't talk to me—ask the driver."

Shortest Statutes on Record.

The old parliament of the Scots was noted for its short and pithy statutes. Apparently Scotsmen in the olden times, if their critics are loth to credit them with wit and humor, believed that brevity was the soul of legislation. For instance an old Scottish parliament passed an act which said simply "no man shall enter any place where there is hay with a candle unless it be in a lantern," which is probably the shortest statute ever passed. In fact, one small volume is enough to hold over two centuries of Scotch legislation, and one has never heard that the country was the sufferer thereby.

Value of Labor.

Labor is a commodity to be bought and sold notwithstanding the maudlin criticism of some theorists, writes C. W. Post in Leslie's. Labor is not the man himself, whom I consider a part of the divine, but labor is his output just the same as wheat is the output of the farmer, and it is a subject for purchase and sale, and upon its quality depends its demand and its value. There are two kinds of labor, the one manual and the other mental. When the skilled workman possesses a trained mind which directs his hands, he rises in value, and when he reaches a plane where his mind is so well trained that he in turn becomes a creator and must needs devise and direct, he then requires other hands to carry out his ideas. Then he again rises in the plane of value to humanity, and his compensation must keep pace.

Watch Carefully the Child's Diet

Start Them Off Right With a Good Laxative and Then Watch their Food.

Mothers are often unconsciously very careless about the diet of their children, forcing all to eat the same food. The fact is that all foods do not agree alike with different persons. Hence avoid what seems to constipate the child or to give it indigestion, and urge it to take more of what is quickly digested.

If the child shows a tendency to constipation it should immediately be given a mild laxative to help the bowels. By this is not meant a physic or purgative, for these should never be given to children, nor anything like salts, pills, etc. What the child requires is simply a small dose of the gentlest of medicines, such as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which, in the opinion of thousands of watchful mothers, is the ideal remedy for any child showing a tendency to constipation. So many things can happen to a constipated child that care is necessary. Colds, piles, headache, sleeplessness, and many other annoyances that children should not have can usually be traced to constipation.

Many of America's foremost families are never without Syrup Pepsin, because one can never tell when some member of the family may need it, and all can use it. Thousands endorse it, among them Mrs. M. E. Patten, Valley Junction, Iowa, who is never without it in the house. Mrs. Patten says that Syrup Pepsin



RALPH M. PATTEN.

has done wonders for her boy Ralph who was constipated from birth but is now doing fine. Naturally she is enthusiastic about it and wants other mothers to use it. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, the size being bought by those who know its value, and it contains proportionately more.

Everyone likes Syrup Pepsin as it is very pleasant to the taste. It is also mild and non-gripping and free from injurious ingredients.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. Caldwell, 419 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

The Man in the White House.

We are mistaken if Mr. Wilson's unprepared little speech about himself as an ordinary human being temporarily president of the United States does not win for him new friendship in a great many quarters. The speech was charming in its spontaneous frankness, modesty and manliness.

The personal respect and confidence of the people are perhaps quite as desirable sometimes as mere political approval. In his occasional departure from conventional utterance President Wilson reveals a very attractive side of a remarkable personality.

We beg leave to remark that in recognition of this attitude of confidence and trust the newspaper people of the country might add greatly to the happiness of the President's life in the white house by refraining from such unwarranted speculations about his family affairs and misrepresentations of the same as have recently occurred, undoubtedly to his discomfort.

APRIL.

Fashioned of tearfulness, tenderness, cheerfulness; Changeable, shy, as the way of a maid; Spring's sweetest miracle, lovely and lyrical. Showers and flowers, and sunshine, and shade, Making the merry land fragrant as the fairyland, Thrilling the heart with a wonderment new, Laughter and serious, moonlit, mysterious. April's a month that was molded for you! —Barton Biley, in Ainslee's.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

DR. LANCASTER'S "DR. MO" Quinine. It stops the progress of a cold and works off the cold. The only remedy of its kind. Each box, 25c.

Notice of Discharge.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, as guardian of the Manly Gregory and Alta Hinson, on the 20th day of April, 1914, make her final return as such guardian and apply to the probate court of Lancaster county for letters dismissory. SUBRINA J. GREGORY, Guardian.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

Which is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by a Lancaster Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment. Must be proved to be as represented. The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit. But the endorsement of friends is. Now supposing you had a bad back, a lame, weak, or aching one. Would you experiment on it? You will read of many so-called cures.

Endorsed by strangers from far-away places. It's different when the endorsement comes from home.

Easy to prove local testimony. Read this Lancaster case: E. W. Sistare, Merchant, Dunlap St., Lancaster, S. C., Says: "My back ached and there were pains through my loins and sides. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills which I got at Crawford Bros. Drug Store. They improved my condition greatly. I can say that this remedy acts just as represented."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Selling Goods is Easy

When you sell the kind that pleases the customer and causes them to come back and call for the article again. That is the kind of customers that pay and the kind of goods to sell. When we once get you to try a sack of Tip-Top or Melrose Flour, we know that you will call for another sack and that is why we like to sell you something good.

"Bread is the staff of life"—if it is good bread. We have this week made arrangements with the Rock Hill Bakery's new plant to furnish us GOOD SWEET BREAD made from an entirely new process. LISTEN: This bread is never touched by the hand from the time the flour goes into this bakery till it comes out bread. We have a fresh shipment now in stock. Send in your order and if you do not pronounce it the most toothsome you have ever eaten, there is something wrong with your taster.

SPECIAL FOR APRIL.

We are selling 3 pound cans King Carter Tomatoes for 10c a can for this month.

E. W. SISTARE

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT."