

A new institution, the "Baby Bank," will be opened with due ceremony at Long Beach, Cal., this summer. This provides a place where babies may be checked by tired mothers. The city of Los Angeles paid for the erection of a small building and kindergarten experts will be in of the place.

The Lancet says that few who have done some practical work in the pathology of cancer believe that it has analogies with any known form of infective disease.



Libby's Vienna Sausage

is distinctly different from any other sausage you ever tasted. Just try one can and it is sure to become a frequent necessity.

Libby's Vienna Sausage just suits for breakfast, is fine for luncheon and satisfies at dinner or supper. Like all of Libby's Food Products, it is carefully cooked and prepared, ready to serve, in Libby's Great White Kitchen—the cleanest, most scientific kitchen in the world.

Other popular, ready-to-serve Libby Pure Foods are:

- Cooked Corned Beef
- Peerless Dried Beef
- Veal Loaf
- Evaporated Milk
- Baked Beans
- Chow Chow
- Mixed Pickles

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



The Ignorant Roman.

"Luigi Aragno, of my native Rome," said Mlle. Cavallieri, "proposed to emigrate to South America. His destination was Quito, in Ecuador. There, you know, it is very hot."

"Luigi boasted one afternoon, seated before his uncle's cafe in the Corso, of the prosperous times he would enjoy in Quito."

"I'll do splendidly there," he said, sipping his liquor. "I have a job awaiting me at 200 lire a month."

"But, Aragno," said a friend, "you'll never be able to stand Quito's heat under the line. The temperature is 115 in the shade."

"Oh, well," the emigrant replied, "very little of my work will be in the shade, you know."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Mistake of a Night.
He saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come.

Noislessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, he had kissed her.

"How dare you?" she shrieked. "Pardon me," he bluffed, readily, "I thought you were my sister."

She stepped out into the light. "You silly fool!" she giggled, "I am!" He fainted.—Cleveland Leader.

A twelve-year-old lad and a younger sister got the better of a railroad company when Henry Horrigan and his sister Helen bought half-fare tickets from Seattle to Portland over the Northern Pacific. Henry weighs 323 pounds and Helen, eight years old, weighs 190 pounds.

Post Toasties

with strawberries and cream.

A delightful combination that strongly appeals to the appetite.

The crisp, fluffy bits have a distinctive flavour and are ready to serve from the package without cooking.

Convenient, Appetizing, Healthful food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Popular pkg. 10c. Family size 15c.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

AWAKENING OF KNOWLEDGE.

Wance me an henry beanst stopt before The big front windo av a drigoods store Awl flignt with hamsun thigs to ketch the

Uv wellyth wimmen when thare goen bi An henry saw a hat awl made uv lace With buries on fore sum ladyes face Markt ateen dollers an he hevyd a s

An henry saw an ostrich ploom markt down For twenty dollers an a hamsun gown Fore ninety dolls an a shoove fore at an

An henry fore sick an sed no wunder men Are up too get discurridged when they tri To save a littal munny too an bi The thigs thare wives an dotters want an

Felt in his trousers pocket just to see Wot he had an when he felt he sed The only thing wood be a spool uv thred.

An after henry lookt heez offe bloo An roat to any joans an sed he noo Thare chance uv getten marrieds offe slim An sed she did not wate to wate for him Az she had promist too not knowen she Wood proov to be so grate a lucksury.

An henry sed purhaps if not for this He mite had been an ignorant uv bliss An nevour lookt before he leupt uz tho That marriage was a simpat thing u no.

—J. W. Foley, in Youth's Companion.

PERILS OF BOYHOOD.

By REV. A. McLEROY WYLIE.

Our childhood was spent in the midst of an old fashioned family. There were seven sons and five daughters, and we knew nothing of that dainty care which surrounds the families in many of our present house holds. Our parents held a great city in horror. As for them, their children must be brought up in the country. Thirty acres about the house, within walking distance of the village, and an outlying farm, a large portion of it covered with the primeval forest, was thought to be little enough to furnish scope and right conditions for the sturdy development of the sons and daughters.

Work there was in abundance, and it must be done—such work as had to be met with ax, and spade, and shovel, and rake, and hoe, with horses and wagons, and plows, and harrows, and all the implements known and needed in a large garden or on a large farm.

The lighted candles and lamps anticipated the day by several half hours in the winter, and in the summer the early sun was the signal call to the early labors. Such a life, too, was not without its perils: colts were wild, and sometimes had to be broken, and horses would sometimes run away, and there was scarce a boy of seven who did not bear marks of the mishaps he had had with animals on the place.

But it was not all work. Our father knew how to recognize a boy's ir- repressible demand for recreation and fun; so he permitted us to have dogs and guns outdoors, and musical in- struments and some games for indoor life.

All work, he well knew, makes the lout and degrades to the level of a machine—turns a man's character into a hard and bare skeleton; while fun and recreation, in due proportion with work, clothe the bony structure with muscle and flesh, and puts the flash in the eye, and the roses in the cheek. If the work was well done through the week, school faithfully attended and lessons learned, Saturday afternoon was our own. How those closing hours of the week glowed in our anticipations, and the prospect brightened our animal spirits over the entire six days' tasks.

There was the hunting party for that afternoon, or the ball club, or the riding match, or the long excursion to the magnificent forests which approached to within a mile or two of the village. Or, at least, but often the best in the summer, was the party for a long tramp to the distant water, which was deep enough to challenge the skill of those lucky youths who had learned to swim.

With what profound admiration we looked on those boys who had come from a distance to attend the institution of learning in the village, and who told of the great rivers and lakes near their homes, and what wonderful feats in swimming, and diving, and floating they could perform. To our youthful minds, that had never seen a river or lake, these beings were looked upon as little short of supernatural. At the least they loomed up into the majesty of real heroes. We owe it to one of these river reared boys that we are here now to pen this incident.

Indeed, we owe all we have done in life to that sturdy swimmer who had learned his strokes in the Ohio. That Saturday afternoon stands most conspicuous in our memory, and is as yesterday, though it passed, with its incident, far back in the past.

The long looked for afternoon had come: our party was formed for a walking excursion some four miles to a splendid forest, where ran a clear, deep stream. It was a hot afternoon in July. Many were the walking challenges given and taken on the way, and many were the stones shield at the birds, and great was the excitement when a seven foot black-snake made his appearance, and the party surrounded the creature and gave it battle to the death.

Of course we were all in a red hot glow when we arrived at the bank of the far away stream. The knowing ones warned us we must not plunge into the water while we were so much overheated. What fun in a summer swim beneath the overhanging trees! The run over the moss covered bank, the high leap into the air, the upright position, arms laid close to the sides, the compressed lips, the closed eyes, the shouting into the flood, the shutting off of human voices, the gurgling of the waters, the refreshing coolness of the plunge to the bottom, the strokes downward, the wonderful spring upward, the buoyancy of the waters and the lightness of the body—all produce tides of sensation which fill to the overflow the boy's cup of joy.

But nearly all this we had to learn afterward, and subsequent to the peril of that day.

The Ohio and Mississippi trained boys disdained such a stream as that, and swam from side to side swiftly as ducks across a barnyard pond. But poor we were as helpless chicks, but ashamed of our fear and ashamed of our ignorance of the life preserving art. We moved shy of these good swimmers for fear they would drag us into the deeper water and half drown us.

They went off to chase each other on the bank at a distance. Now was the time to do a little practicing in safely shallow water. It seems no trouble for a duck to swim, and not much more for a man. Those strokes seem so natural, so easy, surely all one needs to do is to strike just so with the hands, and just so with the feet.

We move out bravely and are amazingly encouraged. How the confidence keeps up when one knows he can drop his feet down and stand on solid ground with his head above water! But who can describe the sensations of one who cannot swim, when he finds himself suddenly beyond his depth! Instantly the bottom drops out of his confidence, all his deliberation vanishes, and all order of movement merges into the wildest beating and splashing of the waters. You gasp for air and swallow a mouthful of water. The body turns to lead, and the more desperate the movement the more helpless one seems. You cry for help and the water fills your mouth and lungs. A whirlwind of confusion sweeps through your brain, you are sinking and all hope is vanishing. In an instant the sensations and thoughts change in view of the certainty of death. New impressions seize the mind. It runs with lightning swiftness through the entire past life. Every doubtful and every evil act starts forth with more distinctness than the magnified pictures on the illuminated canvas.

That act of disobedience which resulted in the horse running away and breaking your arm is now more heinous than it was then, and the ache in the conscience now hurts more than the ache did in the arm when it was broken. That mean act of revenge returns to give greater pain than the boy suffered when you thought yourself "even with him."

The school quarrels are all pictured on that canvas in lurid light, and even the little tricks to cheat the teacher all reappear to mock at you in that awful moment. You have gone during the second time, and now are sinking for the third time. A great horror of darkness drops on the mind and the senses. You have a faint impression that the crisis has come, and there is a clutching at the hair of your head—all then sinks into darkness.

The next is the awakening. You are lying on the bank and faintly, through a rift in the eyelid, you see boys as trees walking around you, and amid the terrible roaring of the ears you begin to hear tones you recognize.

"He's all right," shouts the Ohio boy.

You open your eyes, and you are thankful beyond words that you landed on this side the dark river, and not on the other.

That afternoon dates one of the most impressive of the writer's life, and it has never been for a day lost from his conscience. Saved! for what! For good and not for evil. It would be base and criminal beyond estimate to turn from the right into the wrong after such a signal token of mercy.

Newspapers and Public Confidence.

One of the magazines is advertising a series of articles on "The Decline of Public Confidence in the Newspaper Press." If memory serves us well it was Betsey Prig who said of Sairey Gamp's oft-quoted, but rather mythical friend, Mrs. Harris, "I don't believe there's no such person." We don't believe there's no such a thing as "the decline of public confidence in the newspaper press." There may be a decline of confidence in some journals that have forfeited their claim to public respect by slovenliness in gathering and presenting the news, or by vacillation of insincerity in their support of the ideals for which they profess to stand, or by pandering to debased tastes; but the press as a whole is holding its ground. Individual backsliders may be readily detected by that reliable indicator, the volume and character of their advertising patronage. When a newspaper loses public confidence the reputable advertisers are the first to find it out. When it gains in public esteem they are likewise early discoverers of the fact.

Flexibility of English.

English is not only, as Richard Jeffries asserted, the most expressive and flexible of tongues, but also, in Swinburne's opinion, the most musical. He proclaimed the lines:

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes." To be unmatched for melody in any language. And few would venture to contradict such a master of music and tongue. But surely French ranks next on the roll of languages. For clearness of diction it is unrivaled, and, thanks to its abundance of vowels (close on one for every consonant), it flows rhythmically from the tongue. Against Wesley's dictum, that French is to German as a bagpipe to an organ, may be cited a saying of another famous divine, Dr. Dollinger, "L'Allemand n'est pas une langue, mais une cuisse qui parvient en jargon se comprennent entre eux."—London Daily Chronicle.

Good Newspaper, Good Town.

The Gaffney (S. C.) Ledger remarks: "A good newspaper cannot be made these days without good advertisers." But what is of more general concern is the broad fact that a good town cannot be made in these days without a good newspaper. It costs money to make a good town, it costs money to make a good newspaper.

The Luggage Question.

DeLancey Nicoll, lawyer, is always a well dressed man, and abominates a slovenly appearance. At the Union Club he said of a Westerner one day: "He has come to New York for a peek and I don't believe he has brought a stitch of luggage with him."

Here Mr. Nicoll smiled. "Unless, indeed," he added, "he's brought something in the large bags he carries in the knees of his trousers."—New York Tribune.



The pawnbrokers of Great Britain issue over 190,000,000 pledges a year.

Queens is the largest in size of the five boroughs of New York City. It has an area of 124 square miles.

Broadway, beginning at Bowling Green and terminating at the Yonkers line, is about fourteen miles long.

A wind with a velocity of 100 miles an hour travels at a rate of 148.6 feet per second; 8800 feet per minute. It has a force in pounds of 49,200 per square foot.

All animals are terrified by airships. Partridges, quails and other game birds crouch and hide, while domestic fowl utter loud, warning notes the instant they perceive the monstrous bird of prey.

The first charter New York enjoyed was granted by King James II, of England, in 1686. It is known as the Dongan Charter. In 1730 King George II. granted another, in which no direct changes were made for one hundred years.

The highest velocity of wind recorded blew at St. Paul, Minn., at the startling rate of 102 miles an hour. The nearest to that was ninety-six miles an hour at North Platte, Neb. The wind once blew in New York City at a rate of eighty miles an hour.

Acting on the idea that a business man, or, in fact, anyone, will open and read a telegram where a circular would be thrown into a waste basket, many persons who have heretofore used the mails for reaching prospective customers are now using the new letter-telegram system of the telegraph companies.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

Veteran Reporter Takes Occasion to Roast Some Ordinary Specimens.

Albert L. Blair, a veteran newspaper man of Brooklyn, recently entertained the Business Men's Association of Bridgeport, Conn., with a description of the inside workings of the newspaper. During his talk he discussed different phases of the profession, which he declared is one of high calling and second only to the ministry and pedagogy. The reporter, he said, is a necessary nuisance, and is the man who really makes the paper. Many specimens of newspaper English came in for a grilling. Among them was the word "guttled," which he said happened to every house which had no fire. He said this word had no place in a clean and up-to-date newspaper. He also asked why it was that there were so few "fires" in newspapers, why they were always "conflagrations." He wished that some reporter would say that a criminal "broke sideways" or any other than "down" when he confessed. He always breaks "down," said the speaker. Again, a man never "says" a thing nowadays, he declared. He "makes a statement," he "states." The bride always "comes in on the arm" of her father or somebody else. I consider that a great feat, he declared, "to be able to carry a woman on one's arm. It is second only to the feat of Byron, who said he stood on the Bridge of Sighs in Venice with a palace 'on' one hand and a prison 'on' the other. Byron was a poet and an athlete, so I believe he did what he said." Another one is the "inclemency" of the weather. At a banquet there is always a "bounteous repast to which full justice was done." Whenever I read anything like that I hear a lot of people in a hall gobbling up food. All after-dinner speeches are of course "post-prandial."—From the Editor and Publisher.

Dante as a Sorcerer.

A correspondent of the Times sends a curiously interesting paper on "Dante as a Sorcerer," based on the recently published documentary records of the processes instituted at Avignon by Pope John XXII. against Matteo Visconti and his son Galeazzo of Milan. The Visconti were charged with having resorted to witchcraft in order to injure the Pope, and Bartolomeo Canholati, the chief witness against them, declared that in an interview with Galeazzo the latter stated that he had conferred with Dante. The evidence, which is in Latin, makes no definite charge against Dante. All that Canholati alleges is that Galeazzo had caused Dante to come to him on this business; and the general impression of his evidence is "that Dante had an uncanny reputation for some people, and that Galeazzo may have hoped that he would consent to exert his maleficent powers against a man whom he (Galeazzo) hated." The particular method resorted to in this case was the "embuffumation" of an image, so that as the image was consumed with heat so would the person be consumed "against" whom the image was made; and we have Dante's own testimony in the "Purgatorio" (XXV. 23) that he believed in the efficacy of that form of witchcraft.—London Spectator.



Concerning Children.

Children are often worried because their mothers are too attentive and continually reprove their small ones without reason.

A child should be left alone and be allowed to play or amuse itself in its own way without constant direction of a nervous mother.

A boy, for example, enjoys more a few simple toys, and something which his own ingenuity has worked out, than the most elaborate plaything which has been bought.

In the same way the little girl will lavish her affections on a misshapen doll, probably made at home, while the most artistic production of the toy shop will lie in state, to be taken up on rare occasions.

Keep children well, clothe them sensibly, let them understand they are to amuse themselves, and don't "fuss" them.—New York Press.

A Talk to Engaged Girls.

Above everything let your household linen be of the best quality and commence housekeeping with a good supply. Pinch in other departments—If you must pinch—but not in this. No part of the furnishings of a house marks the refinement of a woman's character as does the quality of her house linen. It is economical, too, for, although the initial cost is somewhat greater, the wear is more than double. You may darn good nappery, but common damask or linen will not bear darning; therefore, from whatever standpoint the question is viewed, the result is the same. One of the most useful of wedding presents is a quantity of house linen, says Woman's Life. It will be a substan-

Cream of Potato Soup.—Pare three large potatoes, cut them in quarters and boil for five minutes. Throw off this water and pour on a pint and a half of boiling water. Add one onion whole, and the tops of some celery. Cover and boil until the potatoes are soft. When thoroughly boiled take out the onion and celery and pass the potatoes and water through a sieve. Scald a pint of milk. Blend to a smooth paste one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour and stir it into the milk until creamed; then put in the potatoes. Let the soup boil for five minutes when it is ready to be served.

Our Cut-out Recipe.
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

that help and will last long after the showy gimcracks which generally form the bulk of wedding presents have departed the way of all trifles.

Judge Has Feminine Staff.

John J. Jenkins, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., recently appointed judge of the Federal Court in Porto Rico, will have a staff of feminine assistants. He has appointed four young women to fill important places connected with the judiciary of the island. The appointees and their duties are as follows:

Miss Lou Cosgriff, court reporter, salary \$2000; Miss Nell Colburn, deputy clerk of court at San Juan, salary \$1500; Miss Lulu Gross, deputy clerk of court at Ponce, salary \$1200; Miss Mary Nimmons, deputy clerk of court at Mayaguez, salary \$1200.

Judge Jenkins has received over three hundred and fifty applications from all parts of the United States for these and other posts of which he has charge.

The Misses Cosgriff and Colburn have been in Judge Jenkins' employ for some time. Miss Colburn formerly was his stenographer and has held a similar post with United States Senator Stevenson.

"Dirigible" Gown Now.

The "dirigible gown," so named because it is capable of many evolutions, and at the same time is perfectly safe and exceptionally modest, is ready to make its debut in Fifth avenue to supplant the startling pantalon creation of last season, and to become the subject of hours of discussion over the tea tables.

Stylish as a walking gown in city or town, the dirigible, simply by unbuttoning here and fastening there, may be changed to a garment of comfort and ease, especially adapted for the golf links, horseback riding or canoeing.

The new creation comes from a costume establishment in Fifth avenue, the American birthplace of the censored directory and of the pantalon. It is made of broadcloth, the upper portion of the garment cut in modest fashion, with three-quarter collar and the skirt on lines which allow, when used as a walking gown, for a neatly fitting front and back. The bottom of the skirt hangs halfway between the ankle and the instep.

It is not very different from any walking gown, except that the front of the skirt is divided, one portion overlapping the other and each held in position by stoutly sewed buttons.

For the golf links, the polo field, the balloon or the aeroplane the dirigible skirt is quickly transformed, almost before the invitation is ended. The skirt is unbuttoned down the front, and the divided sides are taken 'in on an angle, much like reefing a sail, thus relieving the weight from the bottom of the skirt and allowing freedom for running or jumping.—New York Special to Baltimore Sun.

The Adaptable Girl.

Ask yourself, "Am I adaptable?" This is the secret of much popularity. It is not clothes nor money nor looks that count so much as the power to adjust oneself to surroundings; in other words, to fit in.

Women are adaptable enough when it comes to clothes. They will let themselves out or pinch themselves in, be bored as for a straitjacket or take to girdles, be concave or convex, jiplips or hippled, befrilled or slinky, shuffle their flesh and their organs from one point of anatomy to another, plaster the hair or wear innumerable and disfiguring false locks to meet the latest fletcher of fashion.

So why not turn this adaptability

to account temperamental? It will make life easier to live not only for yourself, but for those who must live with you.

The girl who thinks nothing too much trouble to keep in fashion will not take time to adjust herself to family rules, dispositions or views.

Half the family troubles are due to lack of adaptability. There are varied tastes and natures among brothers and sisters, parents and children. Does the average girl recognize these differences and adjust herself to them?

Not she. She takes the Grant motto of fighting it out on these lines if it takes the rest of her life. Pliant, adapting, sinking one's own personality for sake of harmony never occurs to her.

Perhaps a girl has had more advantages than her parents. She has been to school or college, has outgrown home life. What results? Instead of adapting herself to ways of the household, biding her time for changes, she frets, grows superior in her manner, drifts away from her family, even is guilty of being ashamed of them.

Why are there so many unwelcome visitors? Lack of adaptability. However odd the customs of your friend's home may seem, accept them as your own, not grudging, carping, or with an air of suzerainty, but as it born to them. If you don't like them, say nothing, but don't go back.

Have you gone to live in a new town? The surest way to remain an outsider is not to be quick readjusting. It is not easy when one has reached mature years to make new friends, to shake down into strange

surroundings. It will never be done if you spend your time lamenting old ways instead of adapting yourself to new ones.

The girl who is adaptable will never criticize the customs of the place that is to be her home. She will not announce, "We did so and so in Blanktown." "How queer we never had such a bridge rule at home!" She may disapprove and feel she can improve as much as she likes, provided she keeps it to herself.

The adaptable girl does not force her opinions, obtrude her wishes, or become a regulator. She does not groan over past luxuries when fortune takes wing, nor be ever anxious for something that is not at hand.

She may not like circumstances, but she makes the best of them. So doing, she finds them not half so bad as pictured.

It is well not to be too adaptable. Where this trait is merged into yielding a point of conscience, because others see no harm, to become a nonentity with a mind that wabbles toward the last person, it is not to be desired. Better be a "stand-out" than a "stand-pater" under such conditions.—New York Times.

Three Acts and an Injunction.

"Has Mullet secured a copyright on his frisky comedy?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir. Why, mister, dey don't even let us serve whipped cream."—New York Evening Telegram.

It All Depends.

"Do drummers really get business by telling funny stories?"

"Depends altogether upon the customer," replied the traveling salesman. "Sometimes I tell funny stories and sometimes I abuse the trusts."—Pittsburg Post.

Had Yachts of Their Own.

McCarthy was boasting of the prominence of his family in bygone ages. "But there were no McCarthys in Noah's Ark," said O'Brien.

"No," said McCarthy, "our family was very exclusive in those days and had yachts of their own."—National Monthly.

A Great Help.

"I look forward to having a great garden this year."

"You do? Bought some new varieties or seeds?"

"No, but I've found a man in the neighborhood who owns a wheelbarrow, and that will be a great help."—Detroit Free Press.

Observation.

"Don't you think a man ought to admit it when he is wrong?"

"As a matter of theory," replied Senator Sorgium, "I do. But I've observed at baseball contests that the public would rather see the game go ahead than wait for the umpire to straighten out a poor decision."—Washington Star.

Metaphorically Speaking.

"What do you think of these new palaces I have been rearing?" asked Mr. Dustin Star.



Slow But Sure.

"Fiy with me!" her lover pleaded, "As he pressed her to elope; But his wiber went unheeded. For she calmly answered: "Nops! Not while 'aeros,' as at present. Are so apt to plunge and balk; But," said she, "the weather's pleasant; Don't you think we'd better wait?"

—Nixon Waterman, in Lippincott's.

In Quiet Company.

Aunt Martha, the short-sighted (after a five hours' wait by the side of the tailor's dummies)—"Well, if this theatre doesn't open soon, I shall go somewhere else."—Sketch.

The Boom.

"That's a fine pair of vases. What are they made out of—bronze or copper?"

"I made those out of rubber, my boy!"—London Opinion.

Wouldn't Sound Well.

Mrs. Bronson—"My husband is plain-spoken; he calls a spade a spade."

Mr. Woodson—"So does mine, but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn mower."—Life.

Reverse Process.

"They are talking about transmutation of metals again."

"Well," replied Farmer Corntosset, "after what happened to the gold brick I once bought, I dunno but the idea has something in it."—Washington Star.

The Limit.

Visitor—"So this town is strongly opposed to corporal punishment?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir. Why, mister, dey don't even let us serve whipped cream."—New York Evening Telegram.

It All Depends.

"Do drummers really get business by telling funny stories?"

"Depends altogether upon the customer," replied the traveling salesman. "Sometimes I tell funny stories and sometimes I abuse the trusts."—Pittsburg Post.

Three Acts and an Injunction.

"Has Mullet secured a copyright on his frisky comedy?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir. Why, mister, dey don't even let us serve whipped cream."—New York Evening Telegram.

Had Yachts of Their Own.

McCarthy was boasting of the prominence of his family in bygone ages. "But there were no McCarthys in Noah's Ark," said O'Brien.