Humorous Department

Jack's Car.—This is the agent, sleek and fat, with cloth top shoes and high silk hat, who sold the car that Jack bought.

This is the genius, all grease and oil, who charges like sin for his daily toil, and mends the car that Jack bought.

This is the dealer with friendly smile, who dresses his wife in the latest style on profts made from bolts and springs and lamps and paint and tires and things to patch up the car that Jack bought.

And this is the buyer of rubber and rags, and worn out Fords and paper bags, who buys the car in its second year when its lungs give out and its wheels won't steer, and melts it down with his other tin to make quart cans to put peaches in.

And this ——xz—!!!?—!—!!! pst grr——!! is a true and exact report of the cross between an oath and a snort that seems to set the air on fire when thoughtless, curious ones inquire, "Where is the car that Jack bought?"

Oh, where are the cars of yesteryear? And why do the mortagages linger here? When the cars are wrecked and the junk man gloats, why can't the banker tear up the notes?

Dodging the Beaten Path—Congressman Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina smiled the other evening when the conversation at a smoker turned to reversing the order of things. He said he was reminded of the case of Bowers, relates The New York Times.

Bowers met a benevolent party on a railroad train one day, and as the acquaintance ripened a bit he began to spread before the other the history of his life.

"When I was clerk in a grocery store," remarked Bowers, among other things, "I received only $9 a week, and like many other young men I fell in with bad companions and began to gamble. I——"

"I see," interrupted the benevolent party, sadly, "you were tempted and took money which did not belong to you."

"Oh, no," cheerily responded Bowers. "In less than a month I won enough money to buy the grocery."

Yes, They Asked Him.—When Wm. H. Crane was younger and less discreet he had a vaulting ambition to play "Hamlet," says the Kansas City Star. So with his first profits he organized his own company and he went to an inland Western town to give vent to his ambition and "try it on."

When he came back to New York a group of friends noticed that the actor appeared to be much downcast. "What's the matter, Crane? Didn't they appreciate it?" asked one of his friends.

"They didn't seem to," laconically answered the actor.

"Well, didn't they give any encouragement? Didn't they ask you to come before the curtain?" persisted the friend.

"Ask me?" answered Crane. "Man they dared me!"

Real Politeness.—A well-known New Yorker, now dead, who during his lifetime bore the appellation "Silent" was accustomed to employ various means to deliver himself from bores and timewasters.

On one occasion when the New Yorker was putting in his vacation in New England there was one native so bold as to visit the taciturn man at his bungalow.

"How did you get along with him?" asked some one when the bold one returned.

"Fine!" said the visitor. "Fellows, I've often heard that the man was a sullen cuss; but I want to tell you that he is one of the politest fellows I ever saw. I hadn't been settin' chattin' with him more'n ten minutes before he'd asked me five or six times to come and see him again."

Easy to Spell.—Young Arthur, the pride of the family, had been attending school all of six weeks, and his devoted parent thought it was high time he should find out how things were running. So he asked one afternoon:

"And what did my little son learn about this morning."

"Oh, a mouse. Miss Wilcox told us all about mouses."

"That's the boy! Now, how do you spell mouse?"

It was then that Arthur gave promise of being an artful dodger. He paused meditatively for a moment, then said:

"Father, I guess I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse teacher was telling us about. It was a rat."—Harpers Magazine.

Told of Quay.—Clifford Berryman The Washington Star cartoonist, tells the following story on himself, says Cartoons Magazine.

"Many years ago, when I had been in Washington only a short time and had a kid's propensity of asking questions I said to the late Senator Quay of Jennsylvania:

"Senator, how is it that you have kept your seat in the senate so long when there are so many other able and brilliant men from your state who must covet it?"

"'Young man,' said Quay. 'I have never kicked a friend to please an enemy.'"

Warned in Time—Former President Taft tells this story himself:

"There is a lad of my acquaintance in New Haven who used to bite his nails. 'See here,' said the nurse to him one day, 'If you keep biting your nails like that, do you know what will happen to you.'

"'No,' said the youngster. 'What?'

"'You'll swell up like a balloon and burst.'

"The boy believed his nurse. He stopped biting his nails at once. About a month after the discontinuance of the habit he encountered me at luncheon. He surveyed me with stern disapproval. Then he walked over and said to me, accusingly:

"'You bite your nails?'"

Impossible—Mrs. Jonsing—Dis hyah new minister am a fine preachah, but he am de leanest an' skinniest young man I ebbah see!

Mrs. Black—Yes, an' he done tole mah husband, what weighs two hundred and fo'ty to bewar' les' he should be weighed in de balance an' found wantin'!—Puck.

Kind Willie.—"Well, Willie, are you very good to your sister?" asked the friend of the family.

"Sure," said Willie. "I even eat her candy for her 'cause it makes her sick."

Miscellaneous Reading.

KILLING OF LEO FRANK

Graphic Story as Told by Atlanta Newspaper Man.

The Atlanta Georgian of Tuesday, contained the following story of the murder of Leo M. Frank:

Marietta, Aug. 17.—Leo M. Frank is dead. He was hanged at sunrise Tuesday morning in Cobb county, just two miles from the public square of Marietta and from the cemetery in which the body of Mary Phagan lies.

Leo M. Frank was hanged by the neck—hanged by a well organized and disciplined mob, a mob that took him from the state prison farm at Milledgeville, rushed through the country in motor cars, avoiding large towns and frequented highways, and reached Cobb county just at daybreak.

Leo M. Frank is dead—hanged by the neck. And all Tuesday morning a crowing crowd of curious people made the breathless pilgrimage to Frey's gin and went to peer fearfully into the dark little grove that concealed from the road all that was left of Georgia's most famous prisoner.

The news that Frank had been taken from the state farm reached Marietta at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. Extra papers came in later from Atlanta. They must have reached the town almost precisely at the time when the noose was being fitted about the neck of the doomed man not two miles from the courthouse.

Answer in Death Grove.

There was a lull. "Where is he—what have they done with him?" was the question. The extras said the mob had disappeared—that there had been shooting—that there were rumors the body had been found near Macon. "Where is he—what have they done with him?" was the question. And the answer at that moment was hanging in the death agony in the little oak grove on the Roswell road, not two miles away.

Suddenly the news broke.

A dust covered buggy with the horse in a lather, came dashing into the public square. As if by instinct a knot of men gathered about it.

There was a low hum of conversation. Then—

"He's there!" shouted a man, and he began to run to the east along the Roswell road. "They got him!" he shouted. Others began to run. A motor car buzzed out of the square. Another followed, men fairly dropping off the running board as it got under way. And the Roswell road was hidden under a thick cloud of dust.

It was then 8.10 o'clock.

When the first persons reached the spot, Frank's body was still warm. The wound in his neck had gaped beneath the rope, and the blood was still fresh and unclotted.

He had been hanged—hanged in a calm, deliberate and businesslike manner—hanged "by the neck until dead"—as the court had said so many times.

Body Is Left Hanging.

And the body of Leo M. Frank was left hanging, four feet above the earth, "an offense against the rising sun."

The body was clad in a silk night shirt, the initials, "L. M. F.," worked in red over the left breast. A burlap sack was tied about his loins. The legs and feet were bare, and showed the deep purple that follows death by strangulation. The ankles were bound with rope, the hands, also purple, were manacled by steel handcuffs in front of the body.

Across the upturned face was neatly bound a linen handkerchief, concealing the eyes and most of the features. The hair, long, black, and wavy, fell back from the brow, tumbled but not disordered. There was blood on the noose where it squeezed the freshly opened and gaping wound.

The noose was tied as if by an expert—it had not failed to draw taut and deadly upon the slender throat within. The work had been done neatly—in a workman-like manner. The new rope of hemp, was run through the fork of a large limb fifteen feet from the earth, drawn across and made fast to another tree, twenty feet away. There was no evidence of bungling.

All about the swinging object of their gaze the thickening crowd pressed and peered, and caught its breath—and there was no loud talking, and there was no demonstration.

But they said, "It's him, all right," and pointed to the great, gaping wound along the neck, and they peered at the limp purple hands, and said, "See where he grabbed the knife."

And again they said, "It's him, all right—they got him."

There were women in the growing crowds that reached a thousand before the coroner of the county started to the scene, just before 9 o'clock. There were women, many women. Some of them had children in their arms, very small children and others were led by the hand, and some were permitted to see the dangling thing in the quiet grove.

In the terrible way it was like some religious rite. Watching the curiously reverent manner of those people, a manner of thankfulness and of grave satisfaction it was borne in with tremendous force what the feeling must be on those Cobb county men and women toward the man who they believed had slain Mary Phagan.

The journey to Frey's gin was a sort of dreadful pilgrimage.

"I couldn't bear to look at another human being, hanged like that," said one woman. "But this—this is different. It is all right. It is—the justice of God."

Among the men there was evident a grim and terrible satisfaction.

"They did a good job," was the comment, spoken in many tones, but with a curious inflection that was always the same. "A good job," they repeated, and went on to speak of the deadly determination, and the care, and the precaution of the score and more of men who had done Leo Frank to death.

No man spoke a name. No man had a guess to make of where those men came from. No man had a hint to drop of where they were—of where they had gone, their dreadful work being done.

In the night they had stormed the state prison farm, in the night they had swept across 160 miles of countryside, striking the big towns, slipping along unfrequented roads. In the gray morning light they had approached the town where Mary Phagan lies buried. And then—

Secret Locked With Lynchers.

It is a secret locked in the breasts of the men who saw Leo M. Frank "hanged by the neck until dead."

Was there a demand for a confession? Was the half-clad prisoner with his manacled hands confronted by a grim array of men at once judges and executioners? Did they tell him to make his last and final statement?

And what did Leo M. Frank say? What did he do? Did the iron nerve that sustained him through, the trial, in the Tower, in the former shadows of the gallows, and on the road to Milledgeville, did the iron nerve sustain him still?

Did he grovel and plead for his life? Did he weep and shriek in the gray dawn that presaged his last living sun? Or did he front that terrible band, and once more and finally declare his innocence—his innocence some day will be shown?

Questions—questions that may never be answered—for who of the executioners will tell? Questions—only questions.

But the last stark answer met the sunrise hanging by the neck in the oak grove, just off the Roswell road.

And Leo M. Frank was dead. And the innocence of Leo M. Frank, if ever it is shown, can never solace a living man who has been martyr, but only revive the dreadful memory of what the rising sun of August 17 found in the little oak grove, just off the Roswell road, two miles from Marietta.

BLUE DYE.

Raising Indigo in South Carolina in Olden Days.

A reader of this paper has kindly sent us a copy of the life of Eliza Pinckney of South Carolina, in which reference is made to the very extensive production of indigo in South Carolina as early as 1742.

Mrs. Pinkney was the daughter of an English army officer, Lieut. Col. George Lucas who was the Royal governor of the West Indian Island of Antigua. He took his family to the province of South Carolina in 1737, on account of his wife's health. He had plantations near the Ashley river 17 miles from what was then known as Charles Town. Having to return to Antigua, Governor Lucas left the plantation in charge of his daughter, Eliza, then 16 years of age, and to her South Carolina was indebted for the indigo industry. In 1714 Miss Lucas married Col. Charles Pinkney, and they made their home at Belmont, five miles from Charles Town, on the Cooper River.

Here the young woman, with a view to exporting to England the indigo for which it depends upon France and Germany, began the cultivation and making of indigo. In her efforts she was greatly assisted by the earliest Carolina botanist, Dr. Garden, in whose honor we have today the "gardenia."

Mrs. Pinkney secured the seed from the West Indies, cultivated the plants, cut the leaves in due season, and produced indigo. She furnished seed to her neighbors, and in 1747 enough indigo was made to make it worth while to export it to England, where a bounty of sixpense a pound was offered by England. "in order to exclude the French indigo from her markets."

Indigo became the chief highland staple for more than 30 years, and just before the Revolution the annual export amounted to 1,170,660 pounds. So here is what one woman did for the "infant industries" of a new country. The interesting record shows that indigo has been and can be again made in this country.

We have no doubt that great improvement has been made over the brick vats and crude methods employed by Mrs. Pinkney, but she settled the fact that indigo can be raised in South Carolina and as England kept the French indigo from her markets, we may learn to be independent of Germany.—Norfolk Ledger Dispatch.

CITIES OF PRESENT INTEREST

Something About Some Places Where Great War is Raging.

The world's war-interest is now held by the German-Russian campaign and more particularly this interest is centered upon the Russian fortress of Brest Litovsk, the point ed'appui on the Bug, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, the central point in the Muscovite's European defense and offense, and one of the most important depots for, and distributing points of military supplies near the western frontiers. Brest Litovsk rated by military critics as a much more important strategic point than Warsaw, around which, according to recent dispatches, the armies of Russia are to be re-grouped for the defense of the empire, is described in a geographical sketch issued today by the National Geographic society:

"Brest Litovsk, a powerfully fortified Russian stronghold, is one of the oldest important fortresses in northern Europe, and its history has been a changeful and stirring one. It is first mentioned on the occasion of its capture by Boleslav the Brave, of Poland, in 1220. Next, Cashmir the Just, of Poland, built a tight castle here, in country where the outposts of several nations met. Princes of Galicia, Volhynia. Lithuania, grand masters of the Teutonic Knights, Tartar chieftans and kings of Poland held and stormed the city and ravaged the region around.

"Tartars swept over the place like a plague in 1241, moving most of the town into its muddy river. The Teutonic Knights devastated its suburbs in 1397, and Mengly Ghyrey, Khan of the Crimea, burned the city with conscientious attention to detail, his visitation coming in the latter part of the 15th century. Polish diets were held here. It was out of the deliberations of a council of bishops from Western Russia, held at Brest in 1594, that the Uniat rate was born. The Swedes gave the city its last thorough pillaging in 1706. At the second partition of Poland, it was incorporated in Russia, and patience, technique, and money have been lavished upon it by the great northern empire to make it as near impregnable as possible.

"Brest Litovsk is situated at the junction of the navigable rivers, Bug and Mukhovests, and at the point of confluence stands the city fortress. It lies upon the right bank of the Bug, are sharply cut where the river turns from north to northeast. Railway from Odessa, Viev, Moscow, Warsaw, Vilna and East Prussia intersect here. Further, it lies upon the inland waterway from the Baltic to the Black Sea, the course of which is connected up by canal behind Brest, between the upper Mukhovets river and the Pripet river. Thus, the city is served by a well nigh perfect system of communications, reaching to the north, the east, the south, and to points in the interior between, and expanding again from Brest toward the northwest, the west and the southwest.

"Brest lies in the government of Grodno, 131 miles south of the city of Grodno. It has a population of about 45,000 more than half of which is Jewish. The synagogue at Brest, during the 16th century was regarded as the first in Europe. Probably due to its large Jewish population, Brest Litovsk has never developed an industry, but rather a thriving commerce. Grains, hides, soap, wheat and timber are the staples of its trade. The lumber in which it deals was floated in great rafts down to Danzling before the war. Flax and hemp are extensively grown in the country around, and, also, form important articles of its trade.

The older fortifications lie about one mile east of Brest and have a circumference of 4 miles. The field works have been kept up to date, and everything possible has been done by Russia to make them unconquerable. Brest Litovsk is regarded in Russia as the most powerful individual stronghold in the empire."

Prof. R. D. Webb of Auborn, Ala., who was recently elected field secretary of the South Carolina Sunday school association has notified the association's directors that he will take up the duties of his new position on September 1. He will very likely make Spartanburg his headquarters.

H. Gould Welborn of Columbia, has resigned the presidency of the Hampton Cotton Mills company.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES

Items of Interest Gathered from All Around the World.

A case of bubonic plague has been reported in Havanna Cuba.

The body of Leo M. Frank will be buried in Brooklyn, N. Y., his boyhood home.

The Atlantic Coast Line railway has recently placed an order for 750 new freight cars and 10 locomotives.

The navy department has sent out proposals for the purchase of thirty-eight aeroplane motors.

John Riggins, a negro was lynched by a mob at Bainbridge, Ga. Tuesday following his identification as the assailiant of a white woman.

Since the beginning of the war, nearly half a million Iron Crosses have been given to German and Austrian soldiers for bravery in action.

Pennsylvania's anthracite coal mines last year produced 90,821,507 tons of coal valued at the mines at $188,181,399.

Beach guards rescued 22 persons from drowning in the surf at Atlantic City, N. J., and nearby beaches last Sunday.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels has issued a formal statement concerning the lynching of Leo M. Frank in which he bitterly denounced the action of the mob.

The striking molders, stove mounters and polishers at the Toledo Stove and Range Company's plant returned to work Monday after five weeks, their differences having been settled.

Donald Gregory, aged 24 years of Ann Arbor, Mich., an aviator on the United States militia ship Essex of Toledo was killed Tuesday when he fell 300 feet from an aeroplane.

More than 2,000 Americans are fighting for the Allies in the ranks of the Canadians, according to a statement given out by the Canadan minister of militia, Gen. Sam Hughes.

Between 1,500 and 1,800 employees of the Warner Brothers Company, Bridgeport, Conn, makers of corsets, struck this week for an eight-hour day, with ten hours' pay.

The body of William Compers, the young sailor who was killed in Haiti on July 30, was buried in the national burying grounds at the Cypress Mills cemetery, New York, Monday.

Ten thousand delegates are attending the annual meeting of the National Educational association, in session at Oakland, Cal. The association represents 700,000 teachers and about 22,000,000 children.

Silas N. Ebersole, a former Dunkard minister, held for the murder of fifteen-year-old Hasel Macklin in August, -914, committed suicide by hanging in the county jail at South Bend, Ind, this week.

A Catholic priest of Pittsburgh, Pa., has declined to receive an inheritance of $15,0000,00 left him by his uncle in Australia and Bolivia. He says he does not care to undertake to handle such a large sum.

W. L. McCarthy, of Danville, Ky, a midshipman of the Annapolis second class, died Monday night aboard the battleship Ohio, one of the United states naval practice squadron, which reached San Pedro, Cal, yesterday.

Twelve buildings, constituting about half of the business section of Upper Rochester, Nevada, a gold and silver camp, two hundred miles east of Reno, are in ruins as the result of a fire Sunday. The loss is estimated at $300,000.

A red flag, indicating that the shooter had made a clean miss, was very conspicuous on the rifle range of the military instruction camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., this week where the amateur soldiers were practicing shooting.

Speakers at the opening session Monday of the annual convention of the National association of Mercantile Agents, at Duluth, declared that the business outlook was brighter than it had been for three years and that a wave of prosperity soon would sweep the country.

President Wilson has approved the findings of the court martial investigations into the scandal growing out of "gouging" in examinations at the naval academy at Annapolis. Two midshipmen have been ordered dismissed and a number of others disciplined by being turned back to lower classes, demerits, etc.

An attempt was made to assassinate Gov. Jose Maytorena, right hand man of Gen. Villa of Mexico at Chihushua City Sunday, a time bomb having been placed in a room adjoining that occupied by the Villa commander. Capt. Rojas of Maytorena's personal guard, was executed for his alleged complicity in the bomb attempt.

The Longest Trolley Trip.—"Come on, let's take a trolley ride."

"Where to?"

"Oh, let's go to Chicago.

Two men boarded a trolley car at Little Falls, N. Y., and made the entire trip to Chicago by trolley. And, were they so minded, the could have gone on to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, to Bay City, Michigan, to Louisville, Kentucky and almost to St. Louis.

With only a couple of breaks in New York state, it is entirely possible for one to travel all the way from New York city to a point near St. Louis by trolley car. The fares will cost about $20, and the hotel bills en route will be about $12 extra. The trip will require about four days and it is needless to say that the route is through the most picturesque scenery in eastern America. From New York city, the trolley lines extend up the Hudson valley to Albany and thence up the Mohawk valley via Schenectady and Amsterdam. Nearly all the important cities are connected by trolley lines after leaving Syracuse.

Those Stranded Tourists.—The record of the American tourists stranded in Europe last year and brought home through the help of Uucle Sam is not flattering. From first to last they seem to have imposed on Uncle Sam's good nature.

To begin with, they raised Cain because the government didn't instantly dispatch a battle fleet to round them up and bring them home when they were caught in the war zone without cash. And then, when the government opened its treasury and paid their fare home, about half of them accepted the money as a gift, in spite of an explicit understanding that it was merely a loan.

Such, at least is the logical gist of a report published by the state department. Of half a million dollars appropriated by congress and advanced to tourists, only about $260,000 had been repaid at the end of June. There is no disposition to press those who really desire to pay. But as for the others, the attorney-general threatens to enter suit and publish their names if they persist in ignoring the obligation.—Augusta Chronicle.

WOMAN AND THE HOME

Fact, Fashion and Fancy Calculated to Interest York County Women.

When meats are being roasted and there is danger of their becoming too brown, place a basin of water in the oven. The steam will prevent scorching and the meat will cook better.

• • •

Tomato Sauce.

This is nice to serve with steak. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan. Add one cupful of hot meat stock or boiling water and one-half cup of tomato paste. Salt and pepper to taste, and thicken with cornstarch or brown flour.

• • •

A home-made filter for a small quantity of liquid may be made by putting a piece of sponge over the hole in the bottom of a large flower pot, which should then be filled three-fourths full of a mixture of clean sand and charcoal, pounded into small bits. Over this lay a white woolen cloth, large enough to hang over the sides of the pot. After the fine dust has washed out of the charcoal from a few fillings of liquid a clear stream will flow through the filter.

• • •

Just Hery Way.

Eyes? Well, no, her eyes ain't much;
Guess you've seen a lot of such;
Sort o' small an' bluey-gray.
'Tain't her eyes—it's just her way.

Hair ain't black nor even brown;
Got no gold upon her crown;
Sort o' ashy, I should say.
'Taint her hair—it's just her way.

'Taint her mouth—her mouth is wide.
Sort o' runs from side to side,
See 'em better ev'ry day.
'Tain't her mouth—it's just her way.

Nose, I reckon's, nothin' great,
Couldn't even swear its straight;
Fact, I feel I'm free to say:
'Taint her nose—it's just her way.

Figger's plain, complexion red,
Got no style, I've heard it said;
Never learnt to sing or play,
Or parley French—it's jest her way.

Love her? Well, I guess I do!
Love her mighty fond and true;
Love her better ev'ry day;
Dunno why—it's jest her way.

—Elizabeth Sylvester in Home and Farm.

• • •

You see caricatures in the journals very often of women running off to clubs and the dansants, while their homes go to wreck and ruin for want of a little attention. These caricatures may deal realistically with a certain phase of domestic life, they may be true about a particular kind of woman. But the woman who neglects her housework for clubs, etc., is not to be found in any greater numbers than the woman who takes her housekeeping too seriously. And it is a toss-up which is the worse of the two. How many women there are whose household duties are regular "old men of the sea" to them! They give themselves up so completely to their homes that they are hampered and burdened on every side. Every simple task becomes a bit of labor. The woman who neglects her home and the woman who takes her home too seriously might learn a good deal from each other and each would profit by the exchange.

• • •

Tomato En Casserole.

Mix one cupful of chopped nut meat with one and one-half cupfuls of boiled rice. Put one can of condensed tomato soup into the pan with an equal quantity of water, two chopped cloves or garlic, one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of pepper. Bring to boiling point and strain over rice and nuts. Turn into buttered fireproof dish and bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

• • •

Some Health Hints.

Mustard is the nearest approach to a universal cure-all. Few pains will not give way before a mustard plaster, and a wide range of internal inflamations, from colds and other causes, may be stopped by its timely application. It is the first and the best resort in threatened pneumonia, congestion of the lungs or determined colds on the chest.

Hot milk, heated to as high temperature as it can be drunk, is a most refreshing stimulant in cases of cold or over fatigue. Its action is very quick and grateful. It gives real strength, as well as acting as a fillip.

Toothache can be relieved by bathing the gum and cavity in vinegar as hot as can be borne.

The taste of made-over dishes may be improved by a few drops of onion juice, but not enough to give a strong flavor.

"Gets-It" for Corns, SURE as Sunrise!

Any Corn, With "Gets-It" on It, Is an Absolute "Goner!"

Yes, it's the simplest thing in the world to get rid of a corn—when you use "Gets-It," the world's greatest corn-ridder. Really, it's almost a

"Gets-It" Puts Your Feet in Clover.

pleasure to have corns just to see them come off with "Gets-It." It just loosens the corn from the true flesh, easily, and then makes it come "clean off." 48 hours ends corns for keeps. It makes the use of tape, corn-squeezing bandages, irritating salves, knives, scissors, and razors really look ridiculous. Get rid of those corns quickly, surely, painlessly—just easily—with "Gets-It." For warts and bunions, too. It's the 20th century way.

"Gets-It" is sold by all druggists, 25c a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

Bobs

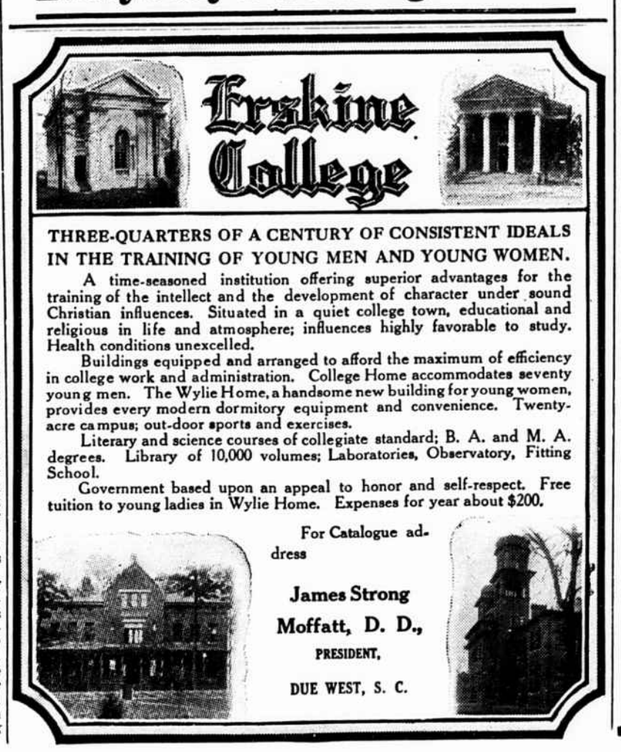
The Chewiest Chewing Gum ever Chewed 5¢

Chew "Bobs"

5c. the packet or two "Bobs" for a cent at all the better stands and stores.

POP a "Bobs" into your mouth and bob it closed on the finest gum you ever chewed—a heart of gum covered with peppy peppermint candy.

Everybody's boosting "Bobs"



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A time-seasoned institution offering superior advantages for the training of the intellect and the development of character under sound Christian influences. Situated in a quiet college town, educational and religious in life and atmosphere; influences highly favorable to study. Health conditions unexcelled.

Buildings equipped and arranged to afford the maximum of efficiency in college work and administration. College Home accommodates seventy young men. The Wylie Home, a handsome new building for young women, provides every modern dormitory equipment and convenience. Twenty-acre campus; out-door sports and exercises.

Literary and science courses of collegiate standard; B. A. and M. A. degrees. Library of 10,000 volumes; Laboratories, Observatory, Fitting School.

Government based upon an appeal to honor and self-respect. Free tuition to young ladies in Wylie Home. Expenses for year about $200.

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SHIPLOADS FIND THEIR WAY INTO NEW ORLEANS

THOSE FRAGRANT, MELLOW-AS-OLD-WINE COFFEE BEANS——THE ONES THAT MAKE NEW ORLEANS THE COFFEE PLACE OF THE WORLD——

This is THE KIND we use in Blending LUZIANNE—the Coffee that human hands never touch from the Sack, green, until it reaches your Coffee Pot AT HOME.

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR THE GOODNESS OF

-:- LUZIANNE -:-

We may be prejudiced—TRY a Can at OUR Expense—Get YOUR money back if YOU are not pleased. ALL GROCERS HAVE IT.

THE REILY-TAYLOR COMPANY

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

TAKE NOTICE:—
Use Only HALF as Much as of Ordinary Barrel Coffee.

BETTER COOKING— NO MORE DRUDGERY

NEW PERFECTION Oil Cookstoves have made cooking easier and kitchens cleaner for 2,000,000 housewives. No more drudgery—no more wood-boxes, coal-scuttles, and ash-pans.

The NEW PERFECTION lights instantly like gas, and regulates high or low by merely raising or lowering the wick. You can do all your cooking on the NEW PERFECTION—just as cheaply and twice as conveniently as on your coal range.

Ask your dealer to show you the NEW PERFECTION No. 7 with the new oven that becomes a fireless cooker merely by pulling a damper. Also the PERFECTION WATER HEATER. It makes you independent of your coal range—gives you plenty of hot running water.

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NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

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It is an old saying that **"Clothes don't make the man,"** and quite true is this saying—but YOU would give quicker attention and more consideration to the well dressed man than you would to the man who is careless of his clothes—especially if the wearer were a stranger. Wouldn't YOU? Yes. Well, **Good Printed Stationery, Booklets, etc.,** do not make a good, reliable merchant, a banker or other safe business man—but YOU know that YOU—unconsciously possibly—notice the difference in the quality of the printed matter that passes through your hands. If a letter YOU receive is written on a poor quality of paper and carries a cheap looking printed heading YOU—unconsciously possibly—put it down in your mind that the writer is on a par with his stationery and YOU think of him just that way. Well, if this be true then what does the OTHER FELLOW think of YOU when YOUR stationery is of the cheap, shoddy looking kind? Forms the same kind of opinion of YOU that YOU would form of HIM.

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