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RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

LAUNDERED AIR A NEW FAD.

Los Angeles Hotel Will Wash All Germs Out of Atmosphere.

Persons who are under the impression that the Los Angeles atmosphere is the ne plus ultra of ethereal purity will have the surprise of their lives when they hear the startling intelligence that there is still room for improvement, the Examiner of that city says.

Additional wonderment, speechless in its character, will be occasioned by the announcement that this great health-giving air of the Pacific Riviera, or any other air, may be washed, brushed up, deodorized, purified, dried, chilled or heated according to individual discretion, and served in any first-class hotel room with no more difficulty than the mere touching of an electric button.

Accordingly, a number of rooms in the new Alexandria will be provided with a clean-air attachment that will permit the hermetical closing of any apartment and, at the same time, furnish dust-free, smokeless and noiseless atmosphere at any desired degree. To thoroughly ventilate a room every four minutes without opening either transom or window—that is what the Alexandria proposes to do.

In the future Clerk Sibbald will greet the guests, perhaps, as follows: "Yourself and wife? Yes, sir, delighted to have you. What temperature, please?"

"Sir?"

"I mean what degree of temperature do you desire in your room?"

Upon the surprised answer of the guest, for instance, that he wishes a nice 68-degree atmosphere, the clerk will simply move an indicator under the room number and before the guests reach the elevator their rooms will have the desired climatic conditions. It will be explained to them that the purest air is that which is cleaned by chemical processes, made dustless and germless and scientifically conveyed to the hotel rooms through large pipes that have their origin on the roof.

In this same manner guests will be provided with cool breezes of laundered atmosphere during the hot summer months.

"We will have the best ventilated hotel in the world," said Mr. Whitmore, "and propose to equip a number of rooms with this new device of furnishing pure air at any degree of heat or cold, according to individual desires."

ODD ELECTION SIGNS.

The Signs Are in Washington, the Elections Elsewhere.

"Of course we don't have any elections of our own," said a man from Washington, "but we have election intimations, if I may call them that, which can't be duplicated anywhere else in the country."

"You see, when we Washingtonians want to vote we've got to do it somewhere else, and as most of us have a lingering fondness for the franchise we are pretty likely to hang on to a residence somewhere outside the District."

"We especially like to do it because it makes us feel as if we had some sort of weapon to flourish before the observing eyes of the politicians who may have something to say about our hold on our jobs, and when the time comes to go home to vote we visibly swell with importance."

"Naturally a national election is the one that catches us all at once, and it is then that the intimations I spoke of do most abound. The papers are full of advertisements of loans for election expenses. Department clerks can be accommodated with sums covering their railway fare, new clothes for the trip and a substantial margin over and above necessary items. The interest is a bit high, but a clerk who is pining to go back home to splurge a bit is willing to mortgage his resources for the pleasure."

"These offers of loans fill columns of the daily papers. Alongside of them are other advertisements, all turning on the one theme, the election. 'Buy yourself a new suit to go home and vote in!' The grammar is a bit off, but the prices are asserted to be all right."

"In the shop windows there are dozens of election placards: 'Just the hat to wear when you go home to vote,' 'Specials in suit cases for the election,' 'Take a souvenir hat pin to your best girl when you go home to vote,' 'Swell suit for the election, only \$1 a week,' and in a shoe store window, 'Trap, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—home to vote; wear—s shoes and you won't get sore feet!'"

"The railroads offer special rates to voters, and so it goes. You won't find anything like it in any other town." New York Sun.

NEED NOT CHANGE NAME.

Married Women in Kansas Enjoy More Freedom than Elsewhere.

According to a decision of Attorney General Frederick S. Jackson, of Kansas, the laws of that State do not require a woman to change her name on marrying.

A young woman was commissioned a notary public and afterward decided to get married. She still wanted to retain her notary work and asked the Attorney General if it would be necessary to get a new commission and seal after the marriage. The Attorney General replied that this was not necessary.

sary and that she could continue to use her old name and pay no attention to that of her husband. Also, if she desired, she could use her maiden surname for all business transactions and use the name of her husband socially.

Just as a little extra advice, the Attorney General told the young woman, that if her powers of persuasion were sufficient she might prevail upon her soon-to-be spouse that her name was the best and that he ought to drop his own and take up her name in its stead.

"There is nothing to prevent this," said the Attorney General, according to the Baltimore Sun. "The taking of the name of the husband by the wife is wholly a matter of custom and not of law. The husband is the head of the family, and custom gives him the right to fix the name for the family. If yourself and your husband are not satisfied with either of your surnames, there is nothing except the criticisms of the public to prevent your picking out some other name in the dictionary of proper names and take it for your own. When you are married, your husband may elect to change his name to yours or he may decide on something else. That becomes the name of the family and you cannot change it. But there is no law which compels you to accept it. You may retain your own surname and you and your husband may live under different names."

While all these things are possible under the Kansas law, it is also possible for a man to change his name at will; still the Attorney General does not like the idea of a woman's retaining her maiden name when she is married. In his letter to the woman he says that she would not violate any law if she continued to act as a notary public and use her maiden name after her marriage; still he believes that she ought to give up the business and attend strictly to her household duties.

No Market for Umbrellas.

Former Secretary of State S. M. Taylor, of Urbana, now United States consul to Peru at Callao, is home on the first leave of absence from his post since he was assigned to Callao three years ago.

"We like life in Peru," said Mr. Taylor. "While my office is in Callao, I live in Lima. Callao is the seaport, a place of about 35,000 population, while Lima, seven miles distant, has a population of 150,000. We are 11 degrees south of the equator, so that this is their summer, but it is never very hot there. They get the sea breeze and it rarely gets over 85 degrees Fahrenheit, while the lowest temperature is about 65. Of course, frost never occurs there."

"The climate is one of perpetual sunshine. It never rains. All agricultural operations must be carried on by means of irrigation. A Peruvian girl came up to Panama with me, and though she was almost a woman, she had never seen rain. When we encountered a thunderstorm in Panama she was badly frightened. It was the first thunder I had heard for three years."

"A Bad Speculation."

There are penitents and penitents. Some are sorry that they did wrong; others regret the unpleasant consequences of their evil deed. Governor Barbour of Virginia once defended a man charged with stealing a pair of shoes. The man was convicted.

One day, years after, the Governor was standing conversing with several lawyers in front of the court-house, when a man approached and said he wished to speak with him. They walked off together, and the man asked:

"Squire, do you remember I once hired you to defend me?"

"Yes."

"Well, squire, the taking of them shoes was the worst job I ever did. I didn't keep 'em a week. They put me in jail; I gave you the only horse I had to defend me; my crop was lost 'cause I couldn't see to it; and then, squire, they gave me thirty-nine lashes at last. I tell you, squire, it was a bad speculation."

Extravagance.

"It takes a maid to be extravagant," said the woman of slender means. "My girl just exhibited to me with much pride something she had bought to send a girl friend for her birthday. It was a sublimated card, with a dove life size, made of paper that fluffed out when you pulled a string, all gay colors and cut out effects something like the old-fashioned valentines. She paid 50 cents for the thing and it probably will get smashed in the mails. Just think of the handkerchiefs, gloves, stockings, hat pins, collars and all manner of pretty useful things you can get for 50 cents. But the other girl probably will be delighted, so why should I worry?"

Tommy Points a Moral.

Tommy—Papa, will you please mend my hobby-horse?

Papa—Yes, Tommy, when I get time. And I'll mend the dining room sofa, and the arm chair, and the clothes screen, and—

Tommy—Gee! Won't you be busy, papa, when you get time?—Lippincott's.

Particular.

"He's a very particular man."

"Yes. If the doctor told him that he was going to die he would want to telephone ahead for a good room."—New York Press.

American Conservation.

And still with reckless wanton waste Our last resources go

Just as with rash, high-handed greed We laid the buffa-loat!—Kansas City Times.

It's often what the wife wants that the husband says he can't afford.

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Said a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."

Mark Twain, in the course of a speech, talked of his pet aversion, "Christian Science," he said, "reminds me of the apple cure for drunkenness. In Hannibal, in my boyhood, the apple cure was highly esteemed. I remember once hearing the Hannibal town drunkard expatiate on the apple cure. 'You believe in it, then, do you, Hank?' a listener asked. 'Believe in it? How can I help believin' in it?' the drunkard said, excitedly. 'Ain't it cured me eight times?'"

The consul in London of a continental kingdom was informed by his government that one of his countrywomen, supposed to be living in Great Britain, had been left a million of money. After advertising without result he applied to the police, and a smart young detective was set to work. When a few weeks had gone by his chief asked him how he was going on. "I've found the lady, sir," "Good! Where is she?" "At my place, I got married to her yesterday!"

One day a sympathetic old German gentleman was leisurely strolling past one of the city fire houses, when he was moved by tears of the captain. Stopping to offer consolation, he said: "Say, for what you grieve?" "Oh," replied the captain, with a fresh gush of tears, "my poor father is dead. If he had lived just one more day he would have been chief of the whole fire department, just think." "Do not so bad feel," said the friendly old German, patting the fellow on the shoulder, "maybe he is a fire chief now."

During the French revolution a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumblebug side by side through the wild streets of Paris, on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections. "A bas la noblesse! Down with the aristocrats!" shouted the red-capped mob. Thereupon the thief rose in the cart and cried: "My friends, you deceive yourself. I am not an aristocrat. I am a thief." The priest plucked him by the sleeve, saying reproachfully: "Sit down. This is no time for vanity!"

On an occasion when Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak in Manchester, the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor and overwhelmed him with cries of "Gladstone!" "Gladstone!" At last the misadvised and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs: "I'm not going to make a speech, I've got something to say!"

DISHONESTY OF SHOPPERS.

Little Tricks Sometimes Played on the Helpless Merchant.

Just before the curtain rose in one of the New York theaters the other night a keen-faced man strolled in and took an orchestra chair near a box occupied by a certain fashionable woman and her party, the Tribune of that city says. If any individual had taken pains to follow the keen-faced man's movements during the preceding hour that individual might have perceived him trailing the fashionable woman from her home. From his place in the theater he seemed much interested in her gown, which was a beautiful one, with Paris written all over it. Quite unobtrusively he took several good looks at it through his opera glasses. Presently he strolled up to the box. The woman in the Paris gown was going to be haughty at this uninvited appearance of a man she didn't know, but he gave her no chance.

"Madam," he said, "the firm of H— is delighted that you are so well pleased with the gown sent you on approval that you have decided to keep it."

Now, as a matter of fact, he knew, and she knew that he knew, that she had had no intention of keeping that gown. She was one of those customers, a class more numerous than people not in business imagine, who are constantly ordering things from the shops on "approval" and returning them in a day or two with the freshness gone; no definite tears or rips, but an indefinable something showing to the expert that that article has been worn. It was a critical situation for the fashionable woman, especially as her companions in the box might be moved to turn around and lend an ear to the conversation. But she never turned a hair.

"It is quite satisfactory—which many of the gowns H— has sent me were not," she said, serenely, and the next day the firm received her check.

Not many firms, perhaps, would do what this firm did, and it took the step only after long provocation. The good will of wealthy customers, even the tricky ones, is important. But there is not a house of any size dealing with woman's raiment that doesn't writhen under the deprivations of the women who must have new gowns every time they go out, and aren't able or aren't willing to pay for the privilege. "One of the puzzling things about a

puzzling sex," said a merchant, recently, "is that while women in business—cashiers, buyers for merchants, etc.—are almost invariably honest, women out of business are liable to have yawning gulfs where the sense of honesty resides. They wouldn't steal—oh, no! But the innumerable ways in which they evade the simple law of straightforwardness would make an oriental feel like a tyro. Not all resort to the crude method of wearing gowns sent home on approval. The subtler ones have them copied. The dressmaker will be in the house, and the minute the gown arrives she falls upon it, tries it on her patron, studies it, measures the lines, and in a few hours, with the help, perhaps, of a seamstress or two, is well on the way of turning out an exact copy of the Paris gown. This has even been done with the messenger waiting in the house, in cases where he refused to leave the package. Then the gown is returned—unharmful, it is true, but the firm is robbed all the same; for that gown was probably of exclusive design, and the woman who buys it won't be exactly pleased if she chances to encounter one just like it the first time she wears it."

"This sort of thing is done a good deal abroad, and by women of greater wealth and standing than those who descend to it in America. Only in one respect can the Parisian dressmaker protect herself against these female pirates. He can adorn the splendid garments he sends out with original trimmings which can't be duplicated. Otherwise he is helpless against the woman with the sliding sense of honesty."

WHEN IT MARKS ZERO.

The Chief Peculiarity of the Fahrenheit Thermometer.

The chief peculiarity of the Fahrenheit thermometer is that when it marks zero there are at that moment just 32 degrees of frost in the air, which is a fair start for a cold day. But when 50 degrees of frost are added, by the drop of the mercury this much below Fahrenheit's arbitrary zero mark, as is frequently the case in various parts of our country, what folks are really getting is 82 degrees of frost.

As a matter of fact, the point where things begin to freeze or to thaw is the natural dividing line, and not Fahrenheit's zero mark, which does not enter into consideration until things have been frozen up to the extent of 32 degrees. In other words, when one is told how cold it is, he should really be informed as to the amount of all the frost and not merely a part thereof, just as when things began to warm up, one would like to know just how warm it is from the freezing point, and not, as with the Fahrenheit thermometer, be obliged to subtract 32 degrees of non-existent frost, in July, say, in order to learn the actual truth.

It follows, therefore, that the truly sensible thermometers are those known as the Centigrade and the Reaumur. Both take the points at which water freezes and water boils as points fixed by nature. The space between these two points is divided on the Centigrade thermometer into 100 degrees, and on the Reaumur into 80 degrees. The division into 100 degrees is probably better than that into 80 degrees, but only for the reason that so many things in this world are divided by tens and hundreds that most of us are more or less accustomed to the decimal system.

Both the Centigrade and Reaumur thermometers are honest and accurate in making zero just at that point on the tube where there is actually "nothing doing," as between heat and cold—where, if any change is made, it must be made either in the direction of heat or of frost.

In Fair Preservation.

One winter some years ago, a large whale was killed near one of the Atlantic seaports. Its carcass was taken ashore, loaded on two flat cars, and transported far inland, to cities where a whale was a curiosity that people would pay to see. It was necessary, of course, that the exhibitions should be given in unheated halls, and as it was a cold winter, the whale kept in a fairly good state of preservation for a considerable number of weeks before it became imperative to close the amusement season, so far as that particular cetacean was concerned. While it was on exhibition in Chicago a merchant from a little town in Southern Illinois, who happened to be in the city on business, went to see it. When he returned home he could talk of nothing else.

"You may think you've seen big fish," he said, "but unless you've come across a whale somewhere, you haven't."

"How long was it, Jeff?" somebody asked him.

"It was mighty close to ninety feet, and about fifteen feet thick. It was the biggest thing I ever saw out of the water that swims in the water."

"Well," said the village doctor, "you didn't expect to find it a smelt, did you?"

"No," he answered, hesitatingly, "but it did, just a little."

Ancient Sacrifices.

Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog flesh. Before Christianity was established among the Danes on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed. But later on dogs were not thought good enough, and every ninth year ninety-nine human beings were immolated, the sons of the reigning tyrant among the rest, in order that the life of the monarch might be prolonged.

If you want to make a young man mad, call him "My boy."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Some men seem to think that the real cause of original sin was poor cooking.

A curse that is turned loose on others generally goes home to roost.

Nobody has ever missed heaven because he wasn't well posted on theology.

The Lord does some of His greatest work with little folks.

The real purpose for which we build school houses is to make giants out of little boys and girls.

The husband who does not blame his wife for his own blunders is harder to find than an honest man.

If it were not for the help he gets from the backslider the devil would have been used up long ago.

The word of God is a gold mine into which every man may sink a shaft and go to mining for himself.

Nobody spends much time in looking at wax figures in a store window, but when a live man is there doing something how quickly he draws a crowd.

A LABRADOR RESCUE.

In his work among the people of the Labrador coast Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell has often imperiled his life. One such instance is given in his book, "Adrift on an Ice-Pan," in which is told the story of his remarkable escape from death. What follows—an account of the rescue—is all the more impressive from being told in the homely words of one of the rescuers:

One day about a week after Dr. Grenfell's return two men came in from Griquet, fifteen miles away. They had walked all that distance, although the trail was heavy with snow. "We just felt we must see the doctor and tell him what 'twould 'a' meant to us if he'd been lost," said George Andrews. "Twas even when us knew 'e was on the ice. George Davis seen us first. 'E went to th' cliff to look for seal. 'E got 'is spy-glass an' made out a man an' dogs on a pan, an' knowed it war the doctor."

"Us had a good strong boat an' four oars, an' took a hot kettle of tea an' food for a week, for us thought 'ud have to go far, an' p'raps lose th' boat. I didn't hope to find the doctor alive, an' kept lookin' for a sign of an on th' pans. 'Twa' no' easy gettin' to th' pans w' a big sea runnin'."

"Us saw th' doctor about twenty minutes afore us got t' un. 'E was wavin' 'is flag, an' I seen 'im. 'E was on a pan no bigger'n this floe, an' I dunno what ever kep' un fro' goin' abroad, for 'twasn't ice, 'twas packed snow."

"Th' pan was away from even th' slob, floatin' by hisself, an' th' open water all aroun', an' 'twas just across fro' Goose Cove, an' outside o' that there'd been no hope."

"I think th' way th' pan held together was on account o' th' dogs' bodies meltin' it, an' froze hard during the night. 'E was level w' th' water, an' th' sea washing over us all th' time."

"'E 'ad ripped the dog harnesses an' stuffed the oakum in th' leg o' 'is pants to keep un warm. 'E showed it to us. An' 'e cut off th' tops o' 'is boots to keep th' draft from 'is back. 'E must 'a' worked 'ard all night. 'E said 'e drooled off once or twice, but th' night seem'd wond'ful' long."

"Us took un off th' pan at about half-past seven, an' 'ad a 'ard fight gettin' in, the sea still runnin' 'igh. 'E said 'e was proud to see us comin' for un. And so 'e might, for it grew wond'ful' cold in th' day, an' th' sea so 'igh th' pan couldn't 'a' lived out-side."

"'E wouldn't stop when us got ashore, but must go right on, an' when 'e 'ad dry clothes an' was a bit warm us sent un to St. Anthony with a team."

DROPPING FROM THE CLOUDS.

Aeronaut Describes How It Feels to Descend with a Parachute.

How it feels to drop from the clouds in a parachute is thrillingly described in Popular Mechanics by Captain Penfold, famous Australian aeronaut. He says: "Glancing up at your parachute to see if the cords are disentangled, you grasp your trapeze rope by one hand, your cutaway line with the other, cross your legs around your trapeze bar, collect your thoughts, and pull the knife. At once the wind rushes past you, the trapeze seems not to hold your weight, you fall as if pushed, unprepared, from a high stage into the water at the baths. You look overhead to see the parachute open, the parachute cloth is dropping in a bundle to reach you as it were, but before it does, your weight tells and pulls the cords straight, the wind catches under the cloth of your canopy, you have a few anxious moments as it slowly unfolds like a huge umbrella and with a slight tug as if a fish were running away with your fishing line you are supported like a feather, and you experience a feeling of satisfaction and safety. Down you float to terra firma like a bird on outstretched wings, and if it is a calm day, your descent is almost vertical at the rate of eight to ten feet a second. When nearing the ground the earth seems to rush up to meet you, and what at a height of 1,000 feet seemed a small box in an allotment, turns out now to be a good-sized house. You reach the ground as if in a free drop from a height of about four feet."

HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabattus, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you full permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs. H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabattus, Me.

Another Woman Helped. Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Generous Free Offer to All Rheumatism Sufferers.

Every rheumatism sufferer should send his name to the Samaritan Medicine Co. of St. Louis, Mo., for a liberal treatment of their celebrated rheumatism cure. Two kinds; both free. Your request creates no obligation; no future demand will be made. Simply ask for it now, as the offer is limited, and judge for yourself.

The Hand Kiss.

The kiss of the hand is undoubtedly ancient and therefore is not derived from that of the lips, but probably the converse is true. The hand kiss is loosely asserted to be developed from servile obeisances in which the earth, the foot and the garments were kissed, the hand and cheek succeeding in order of time and approach to equality of rank. But it is doubtful if that was the actual order, and it is certain that at the time when hand kissing began there were less numerous gradations of rank than at a later stage.

Kissing of the hands between men is mentioned in the Old Testament; also by Homer, Pliny and Lucian. The kiss was applied reverentially to sacred objects, such as statues of the gods, as is shown by ancient works of art, and also among numerous etymologies by that of the Latin word "adoro," and it was also metaphorically applied by the inferior or worshiper kissing his own hand and throwing the salute, to the superior or statue.

A Mean Insinuation.

Young wife—Yes, dearest, I'm going to favor you at dinner to-night with a new cake that I invented all by myself.

Young husband (gloomily)—Say, I guess this will be a good night for me to bring Jim Taggart home to dinner. I don't like Jim.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHAT'S THE USE

Sticking to a Habit When It Means Discomfort?

Old King Coffee kneads subjects out tolerably flat at times, and there is no possible doubt of what did it. A Michigan woman gives her experience:

"I used to have liver trouble nearly all of the time and took medicine which relieved me only for a little while. Then every once in a while I would be suddenly doubled up with an awful agony in my stomach. It seemed as though every time I took a breath I would die. No one could suffer any more and live."

"Finally I got down so sick with catarrh of the stomach that I could not turn over in bed, and my stomach did not digest even milk. The doctor finally told me that if I did not give up drinking coffee I would surely die, but I felt I could not give it up."

"However, Husband brought home a package of Postum and it was made strictly according to directions. It was the only thing that would stay on my stomach, and I soon got so I liked it very much."

"Gradually I began to get better, and week by week gained in strength and health. Now I am in perfect condition and I am convinced that the whole cause of my trouble was coffee drinking, and my getting better was due to leaving off coffee and taking Postum."

"A short time ago I tasted some coffee and found, to my astonishment, that I did not care anything about it. I never have to take medicine any more. I hope you will use this letter for the benefit of those suffering from the poisonous effects of coffee."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.