NAMES CAUSE OF CONFUSION

Incident That Was Embarrassing Alike to Newspaper Man and Lady He Was Sent to Interview.

Names can produce sometimes a great deal of confusion. As when Florence D. White, now one of the head men of the New York World, went to a hotel in St. Louis when he was a reporter on the Post Dispatch to see a woman on business.

His card read, "Florence D. White," and the woman naturally inferred that Florence was of her own sex. Therefore she asked the visitor to come up. And as she was not dressed to receive one of the other sex, the climax was embarrassing.

A visitor from Columbus was telling a story of Ireland, the clever cartoonist of the Columbus Dispatch. Ireland's work is known to every man, woman and child in Columbus, and to a great many outside that city.

Last spring Ireland went on a vacation trip to the South. A few days later a teacher of geography in one of the schools of Columbus said to her class: "Can any little girl tell me where Ireland is?"

A little hand went up and a little voice replied: "He's down in Florida."

Unless a man has scored at least one failure he is unable to appreciate success.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

One thing funnier than hearing a woman whistle is to see her try.

Backache Is a Warning

Nature always gives fair warning whenever anything is going wrong inside the body. When warned of kidney weakness by an aching back or disordered urination, give the kidneys prompt help and avoid more serious troubles.

Kidney trouble is a dangerous thing, because the kidneys are the blood filters, and weak kidneys soon upset the healthiest system, causing rheumatic attacks, gravel, dropsy and Bright's disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills is a most reliable kidney remedy. Doan's are used successfully all over the civilized world and publicly recommended by thousands of grateful people.

A Michigan Case.

Mrs. J. L. Benham, 404 Washington St., Albion, Mich., says: "I spent nearly five hundred dollars trying to find a cure from kidney complaint, but to no avail. I was in the hospital for five weeks. The pain in the small of my back was awful and I had headaches, dizzy spells and urinary troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills permanently cured me and I can't praise them too much."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Every Woman Can Use

and ought to use occasionally, a proper remedy for the headache, backache, languor, nervousness and depression to which she may be subject. These troubles and others are symptoms of debility and poor circulation caused by indigestion or constipation

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are at once safe, certain and convenient. They clear the system and purify the blood. They exert a general tonic effect and insure good health and strength, so that all the bodily organs do their natural work without causing suffering. Every woman of the thousands who have tried them, knows that Beecham's Pills act

To Certain Advantage

Directions with Every Box of Special Value to Women. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Ltd., BUFFALO, N. Y.

HUMOR WORSE THAN WASTED

Probably in the Future Madge Lessing Will Be Wary of Joking With German Newspaper Men.

Miss Madge Lessing, who is now appearing in the Blue Mouse, has been playing in Berlin for some time, remarks Pearson's Weekly.

She was telling us the other day that soon after she went to Germany she was interviewed by the representative of a Berlin newspaper.

The interviewer complimented her on being able to speak her lines in the piece without a trace of a foreign accent.

"Oh," replied Miss Lessing frivolously, "I play in five languages—German, French, American, English and Irish."

Poor Miss Lessing expected at least a smile at her little joke, but the interviewer wrote it down quite seriously, and in due course the statement appeared in print.

Almost immediately another newspaper chided her, solemnly informing her that American, English and Irish were practically one and the same language. "Miss Lessing," it pointed out, "should know better than to make a mistake like this!"

ERUPTION OVER CHILD'S BODY

Route No. 3, Box 67, Little Falls, Minn.—"Our little boy was taken sick with a fever and after the fever he broke out with a sore eruption all over his body. We could get nothing to help him. The sores were large and red and bleeding. They started with blisters as if he were burned and when they broke they would bleed and they itched so that he could not sleep for some time. We had him all tied up with bandages and then we had to soak them off every day.

"We bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment which soon gave him relief. Now he is as well as can be for in three weeks he was all healed by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) George Wolters, Jan. 29, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Properly Resented Insinuation.

It was his first pair of long trousers, and he felt very pleased with himself as he swaggered boldly into the local shoe emporium.

"I want a brand-new pair of shoes," he announced, as a smart young man came to attend him.

"A pair of kids, I suppose?" asked the ever-obliging salesman, referring to the quality of the leather.

The youngster turned his nose up coldly, swelled his chest to its full proportions, and, fixing a stony stare on the young shopman, replied, indignantly:

"A pair of kids, indeed! A pair of small men's, thank you!"

English Strawberries.

Strawberries have been known in England from the earliest times, but the luscious berries now grown there are quite a modern variety. Until the fifteenth century none but wild berries were obtainable, and even the "good strawberries" which according to Shakespeare, grew in the Bishop of Ely's Holborn garden, can have been only transplanted "wildings." In the eighteenth century an improved variety was cultivated, known as the "Hautboy," which greatly pleased the taste of Doctor Johnson; but the modern berry comes from a cross with a Chilean variety introduced only a century ago.

Certainly.

"Do you think it is unhealthful for a man to keep his mouth open while he is asleep."

"No, but it is annoying to those with whom he comes in contact for him to keep it open while he is awake."

His Opportunity.

"It is said that the old-fashioned bustle is again coming back."

"Then the man who used to hide behind his wife's skirts will have another inning."

The Collector.

Mother (showing the new baby)—Isn't that a fine little brother to come by parcel post, Eddie?

Seven-Year-Old—Oh, mommy, did you save the stamps?—Puck.

His Preference.

"Dearest, I would die for you."

"I know you would, my Mabel, but I like your hair better as it is."

The Genevieves I Know

By Helen Help

THE GENEVIEVE WHO HAD HER JAMES SAFELY MARRIED.

"Genevieve, Genevieve, dear," jubilated young James as he came rushing in, caught his slim little wifey about the waist and whirled her around the room, "we won out, we won out, and the judge complimented me from the bench! What do you know about that for your kid husband?"

The person in question grabbed the slim little wifey a bit tighter, planted a resounding kiss upon her lips and fairly lifted her from her feet in a perfectly athletic two-step that jarred the chandelier.

Did Genevieve raise an ecstatic face to his and sigh with rapture, "Oh, Jim, I knew you could do it! And now everybody will see how clever you are and you will get more cases, and we shall be able to raise the mortgage and keep the little ho-o-me, and baby will be so proud of her papa! I always knew you had it in you, my own husband!"

Not at all, not at all! Genevieve? Not Genevieve!

"For heaven's sake, what are you talking about, James?" said Genevieve, in a voice that promptly put a wire edge on the goose feather soft cushions. "You slam around so I never can keep things decent, try how I will—"

"But, Genevieve," insists James, "you don't understand. Listen, dear: We have won the big case I have been telling you about and the fee is enough to live on for a year if we had to—"

But they do not have to. They keep a maid, and Genevieve goes to the lakes every summer.

"Dear, listen," begs James, "this is the biggest damage suit that has gone through the circuit court for years, and Judge Allard complimented me"—and here James' voice catches a little from sheer pride—"from the bench."

James was standing still now, his arms still about his slim little wife. His black eyes were blazing with excitement and his happiness was curling that red mouth of his—well, he had thin lips, rather—till it looked more like Cupid's bow than ever. James is an excessively good-looking husband to have about the house. Though Genevieve seldom thinks of that.

Lifted Her From Her Feet in a Perfectly Athletic Two-Step.

"Margaret," calls Genevieve, "you may serve luncheon. I wish you'd hurry about it, too, because I am going out this afternoon, as you know very well, and I suppose that's what makes you take your time so." And Genevieve snatches her chair out from the pretty little table in the pretty little dining-room in the pretty little home that James had given her for a wedding present. She always did say his taste in wallpaper was of the backwoods.

"Judge Allard said," continued James, his arm slacking down in emptiness when Genevieve is not, "Judge Allard said—"

"I wish you would take Jennie out in the kitchen, Margaret," thus Genevieve, as the fat two-year-old pounds on the table with plump fists. "Take her out with you and give her her bread and milk—she makes me so nervous. I wish,"—turning her attention to James—"I wish Mrs. Judge Allard would pay a little more attention to me, then, if her husband thinks you so wonderful. She is so exclusive she just makes me tired, I really think," cooed this dear young wife toward the door of the pantry—"I really think I've told you to take Jennie out in the kitchen often enough!"

"Well!"

Well, the black eyes of James have been smiling a bit. When he came in they blazed with excitement and success and vainglory and all those reprehensible things that make a young man worth his salt. You could almost hear the electric snap of them —when he flung himself into the door of that sweet little, dear little, pink little domestic nest of his.

You see, though James and Genevieve had been married for three long years, young James had never got over expecting the miracle. He had married the sweetest, most clinging little thing, and she thought him so wonderful! And every single time he has heart-throbbed and brain-throbbed his way to something very big, to something very promising, he has felt sure—sure—that now, once more, Genevieve would think him wonderful—that she would at least find the living soul that should show her what he meant, and bring her, thrilling and weeping and laughing, to his arms.

Every single one of those times James has come tearing home, his heart pounding, his voice strangling in his throat, till he could tell her—his own love, his own wife, and feel her soft arms about his neck in the embrace that was better—why, even better than those words of Judge Allard, booming in his deep tones from the bench, "I must compliment you, sir, upon the marked legal ability you have shown in the conduct of this case." And—"My dear, I am so glad for you"—thus should whisper Genevieve.

But she has never done it. Why, certainly not. She has James safely married. What use on earth to pretend interest in those stuffy old courthouse affairs that bored her to extinction anyway. So Genevieve has never whispered.

So the blazing eyes of poor James were changing, dulling, as they had changed and dulled before. But there lurked in the very depths of them a—something — that Genevieve would have been shocked at—a bitter fire, a craving hunger that might come to be, through unsisked love, something horribly like hate.

"Let Jennie alone, Margaret," was all he said, "let Jennie alone. I will wait upon her." And the fat two-year-old girl, with black eyes just like her father's, gurgled with happiness and consumed her bread and milk between snatches of more or less intelligible chat with regard to her old doll's head being off. Conversation languished a bit. Genevieve chattered a little about the card party she was going to, what she would wear, who would entertain with the hostess, and how she would have the club next time.

James ate in silence—youth has an appetite, thank the fates—and baby Jennie dropped sleepy-eyed, out of her high chair, swarmed up his knee and went to sleep in his lap.

He carried the baby to her crib and tucked her up for her nap, her little shoes off, her little frock loosened, her soft curls pinned up atop of her round little head—James was a perfectly tamable James, you see, and knew his duty.

Then he came out to Genevieve. "I will not be home to dinner this evening," he said gravely. "I will not be home to dinner, Genevieve. We are very busy, and I will dine at the club. Do not let it interfere with any of your arrangements."

Well, Genevieve wouldn't. She didn't hear what he said. She was as busy as possible at the telephone arranging for Mrs. Yards to call for her on the way to the card party. James waited —and waited—and then waited a bit longer. Maybe he was waiting for that belated miracle?

Then he shut the door. He shut it just as he had shut it often before—quietly, not letting the latch click even the tiniest bit. He shut the door as if behind him lay something out of which the breath of life had gone—something white and still and terrible —and very, very dear.

But, dear me, James is young—and James has the sweetest black-eyed two-year-old. So—"Baby Jennie," he murmurs to himself as he swings on his street car, "she'll miss me this evening. I'll have to take her home a new doll or something."

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LAID HEAVY TAXES ON MEXICO

Spaniards Wrung Every Cent Possible From Natives of That Unfortunate Country.

The rich Mexican land was divided between her conquerors and favorites of the Spanish crown, and the trade and commerce of the country handed over to that great monopoly, the Real Audiencia de Las Indias, which even more rigidly than the kings of Spain controlled the government, the business, the courts and the industries of all of New Spain, and much of the mother country.

So powerful that for some generations only one part of Spain could send vessels to the new world; that it could and did forbid the culture of the vine and olive in South and Central America; that it established extortionate freights and prices, which kept millions in poverty and discomfort, and utterly ignored any claims on the part of the colonists to official employment or economical consideration, is perhaps best disclosed by a declaration made in a Spanish legislative assemblage about the year 1814, "that as long as one man lived in Spain he has a right to the obedience of every American."

The miner had to give one-fifth of his gold and silver to the king; there were monopolies of salt, tobacco, quicksilver and other articles, and the tax gatherer let nothing escape which the monopolist had overlooked. There was a capitation or poll tax, duties on imports, a percentage on all sales of land, another on all sales of daily necessities, and import and export duties at the borders of each government, and sometimes at the gates of each city.

Rose to the Occasion.

Miss Dorothy Kelly, popular actress, recently introduced some real life into a situation besides demonstrating her ability to make what she has serve the purpose of what she needs. One evening after the shops were closed it came about that she was an absolute necessity. An old straw shape and some ribbon manipulated through her fingers produced a basis, but the house yielded no ornament. Just then her mother appeared from the market with a basket of cherries.

"Aha," thought Miss Kelly, quick to seize the suggestion, and soon a ruby cluster nestled in the folds, giving the exact "dash" requisite. Then the milliner put her achievement away in the icebox for safekeeping until the minute to wear it should arrive.

Sewing Machine Patents.

On the average 800 or 600 applications for patents relating to sewing machines are filed away every year in the United States patent office. Of that number about 400 are granted, almost all of them dealing with improvements in machines already manufactured.

HUNGRY CAT CAUSES A GREAT COMMOTION

Young Man Finds Himself in Lot of Trouble When He Breaks Up Feast.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—A wee black kitten, homeless and half starved, a ten-gallon can nearly filled with fresh milk and a young man from the country back of Warrendale caused excitement galore for a few minutes in an East Ohio street restaurant the other morning. The milk can had been left by a dairyman at the head of a pair of steps leading to the cellar beneath the restaurant. The kitten sneaked into the restaurant, and, being half starved, scaled the edge of the milk can and was lapping up the lacteal fluid greedily when the young man from the country entered upon the scene.

"Holy humped-backed mackerel!" he cried on seeing the cat helping itself

Made a Grab for His Catship.

to the milk. "That cat's got nerve. S-s-s-s-cat!"

This so scared the kitten that it fell into the milk and started a commotion therein that if kept up long would have turned that can of milk into butter. But the young man from the country, eager to save both the kitten and the milk, made a grab for its catship and yanked the drowning feline from its milky grave, only to get scratched and bitten so badly that in his agony he upset the milk can and it, himself and the cat rolled simultaneously down the cellar steps to the bottom.

And such a mess the proprietor of the restauarant and his help found when they rushed down cellar. The kitten had escaped through a sewer hole, but the young man from the country was there, bleeding and bruised, his clothing splattered with milk, and what milk his clothing had not absorbed was flooding the cellar floor.

PONDER THIS CHILD PROBLEM

Six-Year-Old "Jack the Ripper" Proves Puzzle to the Psychologists.

Chicago.—Did you ever meet a six-year-old "Jack the Ripper," so to speak? A mere child with a blood lust that impels him to strangle cats with his bare hands and attempt the slaughter of babies with gusto?

Such a one has been examined by the psychopathic laboratory of the municipal court and pronounced a perfect specimen of sadist. Chief Justice Harry Olson told about him before the alienists and neurologists in session the other day.

This boy has had an exciting career in the last year, and so have others, as he has been adopted eight times. The eighth adoption was a month ago, and he soon will be ready for the ninth candidate.

Grown men would hesitate about strangling cats with bare hands, but this boy delights in it. Wringing chickens' heads off is a mild amusement to him. The climax came soon after his seventh adopter had returned him to the county court as impossible. Dr. W. J. Hickson, head of the psychopathic laboratory, and his wife took an interest in the case when foster parent No. 7 reported the child had tried to throw a girl baby under a car.

"Don't you know it was naughty to throw the baby under the car?" queried Mrs. Hickson of the juvenile "Ripper." "Why, you might have killed her."

"Sure," responded the boy. "What do you take me for? That's what I tried to do."

An Oak Park clergyman, undismayed by his record, took the boy, asserting that, psychologists to the contrary notwithstanding, every one had been created in God's image and could be made perfect. The boy, he said, was no exception. The psychologists are awaiting a report from Oak Park with interest.

2 AMAZONS PUMMEL VISITOR

Then Mother and Daughter Summons Policeman and Have Man Arrested as Thief.

New York.—Two robust women—Mrs. Julius Wyzeski, who is in her prime, and her daughter Annie, who is just passing out of her teens—found a man in their apartment at 42 Van Winkle avenue, Jersey City.

The intruder, a short, stocky fellow, struggled, but he was no match for them, and they pummeled him until he yielded. Neighbors summoned a policeman and the man was taken into custody. A gold watch and a bracelet belonging to his captors were found on him.

The thief, who was booked as Zigmatz Ziegnelski, said he arrived from Poland recently, and having lost employment, was forced to steal.

Vigorously good—and keenly delicious. Thirst-quenching and refreshing.

The national beverage —and *yours*.

Demand the genuine by full name—Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

WINCHESTER "Repeater" Smokeless Shells.

If you want a good low-priced Smokeless powder "load," Winchester Factory Loaded "Repeater" Shells will surely suit you. They are loaded with the standard brands of powder and shot, good wadding and with that same care and precision which have made the Winchester "Leader" the most popular and satisfactory high-grade shell upon the market. Some shooters insist that Winchester "Repeaters" are better than other makers' highest grade shells. A trial will tell the tale. Don't forget the name: Winchester "Repeater,"

THE YELLOW SHELL WITH THE CORRUGATED HEAD.

Grievance of Suffragism.

One of the grievances of suffragists is the inferior position occupied by women as parents. A couple of days ago a woman, whose husband had, so far as she knew, gone down in the Empress of Ireland, applied to the Willesden magistrates for a vaccination exemption for her infant son. She was informed from the bench that the exemption order could not be granted until the father's death was legally proved, as "the law did not recognize her as the parent of the child." If the law does not enable a woman to rank as the parent of her children it must be a "bass" of the most asinine type.—London Globe.

Kind Editors.

Needless to say, the night was cold. Brrr!

"We have used up the last stick of wood in the house," said the young artist to the brooding poet as they sat beside the embers of a fire. "What shall we do? Must I sacrifice my latest canvas?"

"Hold!" said the poet. "I shall bring my rejection slips."

And they kept the fire going all night.

Poor Creature.

An egotistical man who believes himself the center, the object and the cause of everything that takes place, said to his friend one day:

"It is only to me that such misfortunes happen."

"What," asked the friend, "is the matter?"

"Don't you see that it is raining?" he answered.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

DISAPPEARED
Coffee Ails Vanish Before Postum.

It seems almost too good to be true, the way headache, nervousness, insomnia, and many other obscure troubles vanish when coffee is dismissed and Postum used as the regular table beverage.

The reason is clear. Coffee contains a poisonous drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble, but Postum contains only the food elements in choice hard wheat with a little molasses.

A Phila. man grew enthusiastic and wrote as follows:

"Until 18 months ago I used coffee regularly every day and suffered from headache, bitter taste in my mouth, and indigestion; was gloomy and irritable, had variable or absent appetite, loss of flesh, depressed in spirits, etc.

"I attribute these things to coffee, because since I quit it and have drank Postum I feel better than I had for 20 years, am less susceptible to cold, have gained 20 lbs. and the symptoms have disappeared—vanished before Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

Ill-Mannered Genius.

Francesco Berger, the composer and piano teacher, in his "Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes," speaks of Hans von Bulow as "a very eccentric man." Invited to dine with the directors of the Philharmonic, Von Bulow answered: "What have I done that, besides playing at your concert, I should also be expected to dine with your directors?"

Delicate Flattery.

"What makes you keep saying you wish congress would adjourn?" asked the statesman, a little resentfully.

"Well," replied the big business man, "my reasons are entirely selfish. You gentlemen make such interesting speeches that I can't help stopping to read them and it takes my mind off my work."

Misunderstood.

Bill—That man Sing has quite a repertoire, hasn't he?

Jill—Oh, yes; he has six children.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Quickens Tired Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

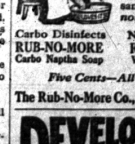
Montana's 1913 metals production was valued at $61,900,546, compared to $64,754,613 in 1912.

The millennium, like most good things, is in no hurry about showing up.

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

Only a doctor can repair some typewriters.

Throw away the washboard. Use RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPTHA SOAP. Save your back—save your temper—save your clothes—make washday playday. "Carbo" kills germs. "Naptha" cleans. Watch results.



RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPTHA SOAP is harmless to the finest fabric and makes your wash sweet and sanitary. It does not need hot water.

Carbo Disinfects RUB-NO-MORE
Carbo Naptha Soap

Naptha Cleans RUB-NO-MORE
Washing Powder

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings, Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is an ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE (NON-POISONOUS)

Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. $2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describing your case for special instructions and Book 5 K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., a antiseptic liniment for mankind reduces Strains, Painful Swellings, Wounds, Veins, Gout, Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. $1.00 per bottle, or postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

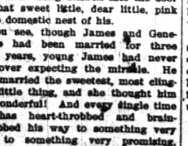
Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature



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FOR SALE Grain farm in Wexford Co., Mich. Well improved, and a good proposition. Will sell at a bargain if taken soon. For particulars write FRANK BOUTCHARD, Manton, Mich.