# Smoking the peace pipe in wartime

**A late report from an A. E. F. veteran who found a can of tobacco in his soldier mail**

It was during the thick of things in France that Gen. Pershing sent the following frantic cable to Washington:

**"Tobacco is as necessary as food. Send a thousand tons at once."**

As any ex-doughboy will tell you, a thousand tons of tobacco distributed over a fighting force of 2,000,000 men showed good intentions, but it didn't fill the need—not by a few million pipefuls.

Even today letters still come in from veterans who have forgotten the horrors of war and remember only the thrill of "a real American smoke" in France.

For one, Hugh Livingstone, Adjutant of Yankee Division Post, No. 272, V.F.W., remembers:

Providence, R. I.

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

My introduction to Edgeworth took place over in the training area in France under circumstances that left a lasting impression of the good qualities of Edgeworth.

One night, after a hard day's work, my bankie drew a package from home, one of those mysterious affairs that might contain everything but what you wanted.

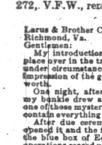
After due ceremonies of guessing he opened it, and the first thing we saw was the blue box of Edgeworth. All further operations ceased until we filled our pipes. After using the French *tabac* for several weeks and burning our mouths and throats to a raw state you can imagine how cool and satisfying that Edgeworth tasted to us.

We smoked until we were ordered to bed, and I fell asleep smoking. You can just bet a letter went home for more Edgeworth.

Since that time I have used about every kind of tobacco that is put up, but it is Edgeworth for me when I can get it. Thank you for putting such a satisfying and cool tobacco on the market.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed) Hugh Livingstone.

Probably any good American smoking tobacco would have brought the same joy to Mr. Livingstone and his bunkie in France. But it is a fact that when Edgeworth makes a friend, more often than not it is a lifetime affair.




Edgeworth's one great asset for most smokers is that it is always the same. You can buy a package in Chicago, another in New Orleans, another in San Francisco, and each package will give you the same cool, satisfying smoke.

If you are not an Edgeworth smoker, you are cordially invited to accept some free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Just drop a postcard with your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 76 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and the free samples will be forwarded to you immediately. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

*To Retail Tobacco Merchants:* If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.


**The Proper Use of Words.**

Mother, who had been out the greater part of a rainy morning, came in with damp skirts and dripping umbrella and said to Urmil, three years old, standing in the hall:

"The day is so inclement it's no pleasure to be out."

Some time that afternoon, Urmil, whose curly locks had been twisted and pinned in a knot on top of her head by mother, approached the latter and said:

"Mother, I wish you'd remove this hairpin. It feels so inclement."—Indianapolis News.


**Hall's Catarrh Medicine** will do what we claim for it.—and your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

*Sold by druggists for over 40 years*

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

INFLAMED EYES Don't treat sore, inflamed, smarting eyes with powerful drugs "Stronged" in by haste. A soothing, effective, safe remedy is Dr. Peal's. 25 cents — all druggists. MITCHELL EYE SALVE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Restores Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 60c. and $1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15c by mail or at Druggists. Hinder Chemical Works, Peekskill, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—BIG MONEY-MAKER. Sells to Ford owners on simple demonstration. Gives 30% to 50% more mileage. New and patented. Money-back guarantee. Universal Gas Saver Co., Box A, Rockford, Illinois.


**Golf Balls Kill Birds.**

Driving a long, low shot from the tenth tee, W. L. Wass, playing on the Thorpe Hall golf course, Essex, saw his ball hit a titlark as it rose about fifty yards from the tee, and such was the force of impact that the bird was killed. Ten minutes later, Wass's partner, A. F. Hart, playing his second shot, struck a lark in flight, the ball killing the bird outright.


HAY FEVER and Summer ASTHMA

stop all physical and mental distress. Don't snuffle and snuffle and wheez your summer away. *Raz-Mah Capsules*—harmless—easily swallowed relieved thousands in Detroit and Michigan of all distress last year. Let it free you this year. No case too severe — or too chronic. Don't wish for relief or wait away. At your druggists for $1.00. Just send 4c in stamps for prove-all trial of *Raz-Mah*.

RAZ-MAH COMPANY
232D Congress Street West, Detroit, Michigan




## No Way to Restrain Enterprising Thugs Who Sell Others' Thoughts?

By ROBERT H. DAVIS, in New York Herald.

WHEN Gabriel blows his final trump a million musicians will bend an ear to the blast, hoping to capture a new theme. The moment a new novel appears, an army of imitators seize upon its style, its texture and its motive. Mortal poets are helping themselves to the works of immortal poets. Short-story writers are following the O. Henry model so closely that it amounts to impudence. Jokes are deliberately stolen by the thousands, remodeled and thrown on the market in bales. Epigrams are the common property of those who see them last.

There isn't a magazine that hasn't received dozens of manuscripts stolen bodily, with a few characters, dates, and locations mildly altered, the title changed and a paragraph here and there modified. We have all been caught repeatedly. Plagiarism is on the increase.

The plagiarist is not only a foe to the editor and the reading public, but also to the new authors. An editor whose fingers have been burned by stolen manuscripts finds himself unavoidably prejudiced against writers whom he does not know. Ten years ago contributions from strangers were accepted on their merit and printed under the assumption that the writers were honest men. It is now regarded as a necessary precaution to write to a new author, whose manuscript has attracted attention, and ask for references. Even these precautions do not always succeed. One must wait for the publication of the plagiarism before a comparison with the original can be made. In the interval the fraud is accomplished. A comparison of the two stories supplies the evidence of guilt.

It is the opinion of the writer that unwarranted leniency has been shown these offenders. The usual penalty is a severance of connections, followed occasionally by the return of the money dishonestly collected. A period of agreeable silence follows, after which the malefactor sits down with a ream of white paper, selects another alias, and continues in the business of selling old tales for new.

It is inconceivable that in the exalted profession of letters the occupation of plundering can be made so profitable. Is there no way to restrain by court procedure the enterprising thugs who sell others' thoughts?

## As the First Move, People Must Be Helped Back to the Power of Faith

By A. H. DESLOGES, Quebec Director of Asylums.

As the first move, people must be helped back to that power of faith, that capacity for believing in their own power for good and their neighbors' will for good, as well as in the ability of providence, God, the laws of nature, or whatever name they choose to employ, to run the universe satisfactorily without any human intervention or guidance.

When we get the ten commandments back in their place as the guiding star of respectable men and women, and the criminal code back where it belongs as the danger signal for the evil-minded minority, we shall be well on the way to that mental repose which will allow us to recover our nervous health and stem the tide which is leading mankind to universal insanity.

I am not preaching any religion in saying that. The ten commandments are the basis of the Jewish, Buddhist and Mohammedan religions as well as the various sects of the Christian faith. We want genuine religion, not fakirisms and faddisms. We need sincerity in religion, and we need belief in the goodness of things, of nature, of destiny, of our neighbors and ourselves, and unless we can get these things there is no hope for the stopping of the headlong downward rush.

## Still One Field Open to Women Where They Have Outrageous Advantages

By LAURA BRECKENRIDGE McCLINTOCK, in Motor.

Thank heaven, there is still one field left open to women where they have some outrageous advantages over mere man—and that field is motoring.

Why take the men along? Why, even if their resistance can be overcome, and a lukewarm enthusiasm results? There are few difficulties to be met with in touring that cannot be just as well, if not more easily, dealt with by women traveling alone than if in company with a man.

And, oh, the advantages! And the larks that result from such experiences! For there are advantages from the time the car is left to be overhauled at the corner garage in preparation for the trip until the last spare tire is cut into ribbons on the homeward flight. I know. I have had experience with and without the dear things along.

The police with one accord are more lenient with women making mistakes than they are with men—no matter if the latter are strangers also. Inn-keepers, fellow-travelers, proprietors of roadside filling-stations, strangers in stranger towns, etc.; while mechanics seem to blossom forth into fits of unheard-of speed under a fire of ignorant questions and feminine flattery. Likewise, the fewer the questions and the greater the flattery, the gentler mechanics are with women when the time comes for terms. There are advantages, yet, even unto the police courts!

## "It Is by Hope That Nations Live and It Is of Despair That They Die"

By DR. ZIMMERMAN, in New York Times.

Austria can be and is being made self-supporting by the intensification of her agriculture and the development of her water power to take the place of coal. Great projects for water-power development are already under way. The first stretch of railroad run by electricity will be opened this fall. The government monopolies of tobacco and salt both show a profit. The railroads are run at a loss, but are being georganized; they will still belong to the state, but with the advantages and economy of private direction.

Austria's stabilized exchange, the only stabilized currency in Europe east of Holland, and the fact that she is being run on a business basis, is bringing in investors. The savings banks deposits show that for the first time in years the people are beginning to save. Nobody could save or invest while the crown that was worth a cent one day might be worth the seventieth of a cent the next. For six months now the crown has been worth about 70,000 to the dollar. It will not fall, and it must rise very gradually.

What you see in this country today is not so much recovery as the hope of recovery. And it is by hope that nations live, and of despair that they die.

Francis Birrell, in the Dial.—Royalties are interesting because they have retired from business, aristocrats because they have nothing left but their manners; the bourgeoisie still carry with them the relics of their old servility, the people have not yet realized their power; and a social flux results therefrom, the study of which can never grow boring to the onlooker, as long as superficially the old order continues, though it represent nothing but an historic emotion.

Count Harry Kessler, German Diplomat.—The inevitable result of the French policy must be social break down and social anarchy throughout Germany, resulting in revolution.

# CAPTAINS OF ADVENTURE

By ROGER POCOCK

Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Company

### THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO
### A. D. 1519

"Hernando Cortes spent an idle and unprofitable youth."

So did I. And every other duffer is with me in being pleased with Cortes for setting an example. We, not the good boys, need a little encouragement.

He was seven years old when Columbus found the Indies. That was a time when boys hurried to get grown up and join the search for the Fountain of Youth, the trail to Eldorado. All who had time to sleep dreamed tremendous dreams.

Cortes became a colonist in Cuba, a sore puzzle to the rascal in command. When he chipped Cortes in irons the youngster slipped free and defied him. When he gave Cortes command of an expedition the fellow cheeked him. When he tried to arrest him the bird had flown, and was declared an outlaw.

The soldiers and seamen of the expedition were horrified by this adventurer who landed them in newly discovered Mexico, then sank the ships lest they should wish to go home. They stood in the deadly mists of the tropic plains, and far above them glowed the Star of the Sea, white Orizaba crowned with polar snows. They marched up a hill a mile and a half in sheer height through many zones of climate, and every circumstance of pain and famine to the edge of a plateau crowned by immense volcanoes, a land of plenty, densely peopled, full of opulent cities. They found that this realm was ruled by an emperor, famous for his victorious wars, able. It seemed, to place a million warriors in the field, and hungry for captives to be first sacrificed to the gods, and afterward eaten at the banquets of the nobility and gentry. The temples were actually fed with twenty thousand victims a year. The Spanish invading force of four hundred men began to feel uncomfortable.

Yet if this Cortes puzzled the governor of Cuba, and horrified his men, he paralyzed the Emperor Montezuma. Hundreds of years ago a stranger had come to Mexico from the eastern sea, a bearded man who taught the people the arts of civilized life. Then birds first sang and flowers blossomed, the fields were fruitful and the sun shone in glory upon that plateau of eternal spring. The hero, Bird-Serpent, was remembered, loved and worshiped as a god. It was known to all men that as he had gone down into the eastern sea so he would return again in later ages. Now the prophecy was fulfilled. He had come with his followers, all bearded white men out of the eastern sea in mysterious winged vessels. Bird-Serpent and his people were dressed in gleaming armor, had weapons that flashed lightning, were mounted on terrible beasts—where steel and guns and horses were unknown; and Montezuma felt as we should do if our land were invaded by winged men riding dragons. To the supernatural visitors the emperor sent embassy after embassy, loaded with treasure, begging the hero not to approach his capital.

Set in the midst of Montezuma's empire was the poor valiant republic of Tlascala, at everlasting war with the Aztec nation. Invading this republic Cortes was met by a horde of a hundred thousand warriors, whom he thrashed in three engagements, and when they were humbled, accepted as allies against the Aztecs. Attended by a Tlascalan force he entered the ancient Aztec capital, Cholula, famed for its temple. This is a stone-faced mound of rubble, four times the size and half the height of the Great Pyramid, a forty-acre building larger by four acres than any structure yet attempted by white men.

By the emperor's orders the Cholulans welcomed the Spaniards, trapped them within their city, and attacked them. In reply, Cortes used their temple as the scene of a public massacre, slaughtered three thousand men, and having thus explained things, marched on the City of Mexico.

In those days a salt lake, since drained, filled the central hollow of the vale of Mexico, and in the midst of it stood the city built on piles, and threaded with canals, a barbaric Venice, larger, perhaps even grander than Venice with its vast palace and gardens, and numberless mound temples whose flaming altars lighted the town at night. Three causeways crossed the lake and met just as they do today at the central square. Here, on the site of the mound temple, stands one of the greatest of the world's cathedrals, and across the square are public buildings marking the site of Montezuma's palace, and that in which he entertained the Spaniards. The white men were astonished at the zoological gardens, the aviary, the floating market gardens on the lake, the cleanliness of the streets, kept by a thousand sweepers, and a metropolitan police which numbered ten thousand men, arrangements far in advance of any city of Europe. Then, as now, the place was a great and brilliant capital.

Yet from the Spanish point of view these Aztecs were only barbarians to be conquered, and heathen cannibals doomed to hell unless they accepted the faith. To them the Cholula massacre was only a military precaution. They thought it right to seize their generous host the emperor, to hold him as a prisoner under guard, and one day even put him in irons. For six months Montezuma reigned under Spanish orders, overwhelmed with shame. He loved his captors because they were gallant gentlemen, he freely gave them his royal treasure of gems, and gold, and brilliant feather robes. Over the plunder—a million and a half sterling in gold alone—they squabbled; clear proof to Montezuma that they were not all divine. Yet still they were friends, so he gave them all the spears and bows from his arsenal as fuel to burn some of his nobles who had affronted them.

It was at this time that the hostile governor of Cuba sent Narvaes with seventeen ships and a strong force to arrest the conqueror for rebellion. The odds were only three to one, instead of the usual hundred to one against him, so Cortes went down to the coast, gave Narvaes a thrashing, captured him, enrolled his men by way of reinforcements, and returned with a force of eleven hundred troops.

He had left his friend, Alvarado, with a hundred men to hold the capital and guard the emperor. This Alvarado, so fair that the natives called him Child of the Sun, was such a fool that the massacred six hundred unarmed nobles and gentlefolk for being pagans, violated the great temple, and so aroused the whole power of the fiercest nation on earth to war of vengeance. Barely in time to save Alvarado, Cortes re-entered the city to be besieged. Again and again the Aztecs attempted to storm the palace. The emperor in his robes of state addressed them from the ramparts, and they shot him. They seized the great temple which overlooked the palace, and this the Spaniards stormed.

In face of awful losses day by day the Spaniards, starving and desperate, cleared a road through the city, and on the night of Montezuma's death they attempted to retreat by one of the causeways leading to the mainland. Three canals cut this road, and the drawbridges had been taken away; but Cortes brought a portable bridge to span them. They crossed the first as the gigantic sobbing gong upon the heights of the temple aroused the entire city.

Heavily beset from the rear, and by thousands of men in canoes, they found that the night of their transport had jammed the bridge which could not be removed. They filled the second gap with rocks, with their artillery and transport, with chests of gold, horses, and dead men. So they came to the third gap, no longer an army but as a flying mob of Spaniards and Tlascalan warriors bewildered in the rain and the darkness by the headlong desperation of the attacking host. They were compelled to swim, and at least fifty of the recruits were drowned by the weight of gold they refused to leave, while many were captured to be sacrificed upon the Aztec altars. Montezuma's children were drowned, and hundreds more, while Cortes and his cavaliers, swimming their horses, back and forth conveyed the column, and Alvarado with his rear guard held the causeway.

Last in the retreat, grounding his spear butt, he leaped the chasm, a feat of daring which has given a name forever to this place as Alvarado's Leap. And just beyond, upon the mainland there is an ancient tree beneath which Cortes, as the dawn broke out, sat on the ground and cried. He had lost four hundred fifty Spaniards, and thousands of Tlascalans, his records, artillery, muskets, stores and treasure in that lost battle of the Dreadful Night.

A week later the starved and wounded force was beset by an army of two hundred thousand Aztecs. They had only their swords now, but, after long hours of fighting, Cortes himself killed the Aztec general, so by his matchless valor and leadership gaining a victory.

The rest is a tale of horror beyond telling, for, rested and reinforced, the Spaniards went back. They invested, besieged, stormed and burned the fam ine-stricken, pestilence-ridden capital a city choked and heaped with the unburied dead of a most valiant nation. Afterward, under the Spanish viceroys, Mexico was extended and enlarged to the edge of Alaska, a Christian civilized state renowned for mighty works of engineering, for splendor of her architecture, and for such inventions as the national pawnshop as a bank to help the poor. One of the so-called native "slaves" of the mines once wrote to the king of Spain, begging him to come to visit Mexico and offering to make a royal road for him, paving the two hundred fifty miles from Vera Cruz to the capital with ingots of pure silver as a gift to Spain.

**Sickness.**

Many of our infectious diseases are of relatively recent origin and due to the artificial, unnatural life of civilization, declares W. B. Scott, Princeton professor.

As man's history goes, typhoid is a youngster among diseases, Scott says. Typhoid never bothered Caesar's armies. It was 1822 before typhoid was differentiated from typhus. Panama, hotbed of yellow fever until a matter of months ago, had no germs of this disease as late as 1674.

We'll find a flu cure and preventive one of these days. Then nature will send along a new disease. She does, as fast as we conquer the old ones—competition, to keep us battling for existence. That battle breeds strength.

**Lace Scarfs for Evening Wear.**

In evening gowns of taffeta where the bouffant mode is supreme, the costume is not complete without its accompanying scarf or shawl of metal lace, which is a feature of these numbers.

**Letters marked "Private" are apt to contain something unpleasant.**

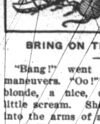
# Scraps of Humor

**BRING ON THE BIG GUNS**

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers. "Oo!" screamed a pretty blonde, a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the arms of a young man.

"Oh," she said, blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go nearer and watch the artillery.—Pathfinder.



**IT WAS ONLY A MANDOLIN**

Bug — Jumping crickets! I didn't know any of us ever got that big!

**Habit.**

I would not work eight hours a day,
Nor six, nor four,
When ever loafing comes my way
I want to loaf some more.

**Just the Well.**

"They tell me you have an oil well on your farm."

"There's some truth in it," replied Farmer Corntossel, "I got the well."—Washington Star.

**From Personal Experience.**

He—There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married.

She—How do you know?

He—I've asked them.—Stockholm Sondag Nisse.

**Then She Showed Her Claws.**

Miss Oldum—When I asked papa to let me marry you, he said you couldn't keep an old cat alive.

De Broke—Wasn't that a rude name for your father to call you?

**Game.**

A visitor in a mountain town inquired, "What game can we shoot around here?"

"Pool."

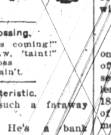
**Unusual.**

"It's an unusual case."

"What is?"

"Brown's. His wife is perfectly satisfied with his table manners."

**TIME TO GET BUSY.**



Dancing Instructor: It is time for me to invent another dance.

Friend: Think so?

Dancing Instructor: Yes, I understand there are two towns dancing my last one alike.

**At the Crossing.**

Maw said: "It's coming!"
Ir said: "Naw, 'taint!"
He tried to cross
And now Ir ain't.

**One Characteristic.**

Rub—Dobbs has such a faraway look in his eyes.

Dub—Why not? He's a bank cashier.

**Getting Practice.**

Jack—Why did you kick that medical student out of the library?

Tom—They caught me trying to remove the appendix from a book he was reading.—Virginia Reel.

**Fellow Feeling.**

Crabshaw—I always thought you said you'd never lend money again?

Mempeck—But this was to a married friend who needed it to keep his wife away in the country another month.

**More Than Interest.**

"Does your wife take much interest in your business?"

"Interest? She takes a mighty big share of the capital."

**All Wrong.**

Waiter—I hope you were satisfied with your dinner, sir.

Diner—Absolutely not. Everything was cold except the ice cream.

**Failed to Note.**

"When you refused him my hand, papa, did he go down on his knees?"

"Well, I didn't notice just where he landed."

**AN EXCEPTION.**

Mrs. Knagg: After all, I suppose we're about as happy as any married couple.

Mr. Knagg: Just about. The only married couple I know that's any happier have lived apart for the last six years.

**The General Generosity.**

Every one his care redoubles,
As he speaks in lofty tone,
Minding other people's troubles
When he can correct his own.

**Bright Idea.**

"I got this daylight savin' dispute all settled, I have," said Buckum, the head bookkeeper.

"You have?" yawned the third assistant cashier.

"Yeah; my idea. It's this: Let's get the boss to have the standard time in the morning and the daylight saving after lunch, huh?"


# Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER

Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds — Headache
Toothache — Lumbago
Earache — Rheumatism
Neuralgia — Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.


**Looks Like a Pull in Some Cases.**

Even the Hall of Fame needs a catalogue explaining to many why those in it are there.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.


## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

**Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.**

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of cures.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common. Other physicians also state that the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation, send a postal to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

**Professional Instinct.**

The Minister—Do you promise to love, honor—

The Lawyer's Best Man (absentmindedly)—Object to the question as irrelevant.—Life.

**The Cuticura Toilet Trio.**

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparation. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.


**The Drama of the Sea.**

Twenty-two days in an open boat on the ocean affords an experience not often equaled in the records of the sea. Perhaps an exposure of such length has not been recorded since 1884, when three members of the crew of the yacht Mignonette endured a memorable and ugly journey in an open boat for 24 days. The story of the Treyessa's crew, when set out in full—in which we hope may be included that of the boat still missing—will add one more to those true thrilling stories of the sea with which our annals are full. Those know well that for the telling of a tale of the sea narratives of fact, gave the best material. Captain Marryat could not surpass or equal Hakluyt, and Stevenson envied the experience which enabled Herman Melville to deal in real events.

**Queer Craft.**

Montreal had some queer-looking craft in her harbor 81 years ago when Spain sent three exact copies of Columbus' ships across the Atlantic to the Chicago world's fair. Equally queer is a quaint craft just launched in the English river Thames. It is a model Japanese fishing boat. It has an overwhelming prow and is rowed by a pair of sweeps over the stern. A mast is stepped amidships. Blue lozenges on the sides for ornament show the only paint on the vessel. Immediately after the boat's arrival it was put into the water, and, in spite of lack of paint or varnish, it did not ship a drop of water.

**Can't Fool the Farmer.**

If an artist makes an error in a rural picture, a farmer will point it out first thing.

There are 200 islands in the Fiji group.


Wishing for sleep is a poor way to get it. Try Postum instead of coffee "There's a Reason" Iced Postum is delicious