

CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

DID DRAW THE LINE AT THAT

After All, There Was Something the Victorious Insurgents Would Not Be Guilty Of.

The successful revolutionist (for that month) leaned back in his chair.

"While you correspondents have been reasonably accurate in your accounts," he remarked, "you have overlooked some of our good points. We acknowledge capturing the insurgent general, starving him a week, beating him regularly, cutting off his ears and finally banishing him, but—"

He paused that the force of the remark might be fully felt.

"When you say we have been inhuman and given to extreme cruelty, you overdraw it. We haven't even hinted at running him for vice-president!"—New York Evening Post.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Unconquerable Cat.

There is just one animal man has never conquered, never can conquer. Centuries ago every other beast became the slave of man or else fled far from human habitation. One and one only refused to flee or to submit. This only exception to a world of servants and of scared enemies is the domestic cat. When some animals became man's slaves and others fled from him, the cat did neither. It simply took all the favors and advantages man had to offer, and refused to do one lick of work in exchange. Beat a dog and he will fawn on you. Beat a cat and it will attack you and then desert you. You can't conquer the cat. You can't make it work.

For Nail in the Foot.

Horses and cattle are liable to blood poisoning from stepping on rusty nails. For such an injury apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and get it into the bottom of the wound. It should kill the poison germs. Always have a bottle in your stable, because you will find different uses for it. Adv.

Always on the Trail.

"What is a nemesis?" asked the politician's wife. "A nemesis," replied the politician, "is a man whom you once foolishly promised a political job."

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate relief in inflammation of the sinuses, colds, headaches, neuralgias and nervous headaches. Also, your money back if not satisfied. 10c, 25c, and 50c at medicine stores. Adv.

Alas, that a wise man can't help looking like a fool at his own wedding!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Adv.

Patent medicines are used largely by the Chinese.

NO KISSING AMONG JAPANESE

Osculation Regarded by Natives as the Height of Bad Manners and Foolishness.

Tokio, Japan.—In a recent number of the Far East, published in Tokio, a Japanese contributor, Srimasa Idi-chi, who writes excellent English, relates some of his surprising adventures among the kissing races of the west. He describes the horror of English women of his acquaintance when he told them that he had never kissed his mother in all his life. "The first thing an English child learns is how to kiss," he says. "The first thing a Japanese child learns is how to bow."



Maiden to Whom Kiss is Unknown.

Kissing is not practiced in Japan, he told his English friends, not because the people are stony-hearted, but because "it is regarded as the height of bad manners."

The kiss in Japan, it seems, is fit only to be bestowed upon young infants by their mothers. "A Japanese mother is often seen to kiss the baby in her arms," says this Japanese writer, "but when the baby leaves its mother's arms—that is, when it can get along by itself and feels a sort of semi-consciousness—it would not allow its mother to kiss it." He mentions the complaint of western visitors to Japan that "we Japanese expose too much our natural bodies." Though the natural body "is one of the most beautiful forms on earth," the Japanese critic of kissing concedes that it should not be too much exposed. He adds: "Our natural feelings are really exquisite. Their exposure beyond a certain limit, however, is equally offensive to our sense of decorum."

Much of the kissing that he observed in England distressed this sensitive Japanese not a little. "When I saw," he writes, "an old couple, with careworn faces and tottering steps kissing each other on the pavement of the London streets I could not help feeling rather unpleasant. I cannot give an adequate reason for it, but somehow I do not feel pleasant when I see the conventional custom of kissing between married people kept up to old age." Surely it is impossible for a westerner to fathom the Oriental mind.

This Japanese observer got into an odd predicament through other people's kissing. He was strolling about Hampstead Heath one day when he found himself in a narrow footpath, and in front of him he saw a young man and a girl seated on a bench. "Presently," he relates, "the two heads came closer, and they were finally lost behind the girl's hat. I knew what was going on behind the scenes, so I stopped short and pretended to be looking another way so as not to disturb their happy state. Now and then I turned toward the scene to see if it was already over. I was in this predicament for about half an hour (it seemed so long to me), but the two heads still remained in close attachment. At last I gave up waiting till the end of the scene and crossed the field, taking another path."

FIND COLONY OF RATTLERS

Exhibit on an Alabama Farm That Lost Its Owner a Prospective Renter.

Gadsden, Ala.—George Duncan took Osburn McQueen out to see a tract of land, expecting to rent it to him for the coming year.

In looking over the farm they saw two large rattlers, which they shot and killed, one of which had nine rattles and the other six. When they finished the killing of those two they discovered that the ground was full of these deadly reptiles and they then began the slaughter, and when they could find no more they piled them up and began to count and saw that they had killed 32. Thirty of them were small fellows, having one rattle each, showing they were only one year old, and measuring from 12 to 18 inches long.

It is needless to say that Mr. Duncan lost a renter. Mr. McQueen said one or two rattlers did not frighten him, but when it came to 30 in one pile he would let the other fellow take the place.

Bolt Kills Underground.

Pottsville, Pa.—Lightning struck at the bottom of a 1,200-foot shaft at the Blackwood colliery, operated by the Lehigh Valley company, near here, and instantly killed a workman. Another workman was seriously injured.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Postoffice Tower Loses Its Light Mystery



WASHINGTON.—The light in the tower of the Postoffice Department building in Washington no longer holds out to burn. It is not to be supposed that President Wilson and his postmaster general, Mr. Burlison, prefer darkness to light, but why the "glim was doused" is just as much of a mystery to the people of this town as it is the reason for its lighting when Mr. Taft was president and Mr. Hitchcock was postmaster general.

There is a huge open space above the clock in the postoffice tower. It is a chamber with nothing for walls but four corner pillars, which support the higher reaches of the pinnacle. One night during the Taft administration, and without any preliminary notice, a glaring, dazzling white light shot out over the avenue from the darkness of the tower room.

That light burned brightly all during the incumbency of Mr. Hitchcock and for some time after Mr. Burlison took command. Then it suddenly was extinguished, a night landmark disappeared and people who have asked

why have been met with a mysterious look just like that with which they were answered when they asked "why" during the days succeeding the first appearance of the glare.

It is true that Mr. Hitchcock once in answer to a query as to the whys and wherefores of this dazzling illumination said, "Ask Mr. Weed." Mr. Weed was then the chief clerk of the postoffice department. He in turn was asked the wherefore of the light, and he said, "Ask Mr. Hitchcock."

The appearance of the light and its disappearance are dark mysteries. Some one said that the blaze was originally kindled to frighten from their nightly roosting place a pair of falcons which preyed on the domestic pigeons of the capital. The falcons, however, were seen after the light had burned for some time. Now the light is out, and perhaps economy has something to do with it. The chances are that few people in Washington would care much about it one way or the other if it were not for the obstinacy of the government officials of two administrations in refusing to answer plain people's questions as to why the electric switch originally was turned on and afterward was turned off. The attitude of the officials is that of the schoolgirl who when asked who won the battle of Saratoga replied, "I know, but I won't tell."

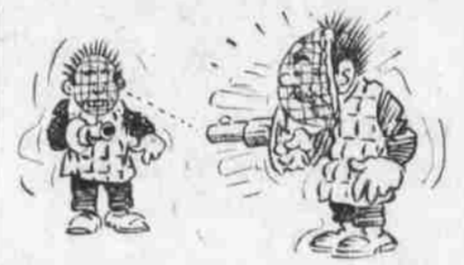
Pennsylvania avenue is darker than it used to be.

Revolver Duels in Club With Bullets Made of Wax

DUELING practice with regulation .44-caliber revolvers and wax bullets will be a feature of the instruction at the Washington Fencers' club, which will open its new home in Connecticut avenue northwest in the near future. The duellists will face each other in the salle d'armes 60 feet apart. They will be protected with wire masks and body guards. The hand gripping the revolver will be guarded by a metal shield, which is adjustable to any style of weapon.

M. Francois Darrieulat, maitre d'armes of the club, has sent to Paris for the dueling outfits, and expects to have them ready before the opening of the season. The shells for the mock duels are loaded with sufficient powder to propel the wax projectile in a straight line for 60 feet with sufficient force to make it stick to the mask or clothing or the "victim" of the attack.

"The wax bullet will shoot as true as a lead bullet, yet will not injure the participants," said M. Darrieulat. "The head will be guarded by a strong saber mask. This practice will be excellent for army officers and others who wish to learn to shoot accurately. The novelty of having another person for a target and being a target at the same time ought to appeal to persons in Washington as it has appealed to revolver shots in Paris. The salle d'armes is 80 feet long,



giving plenty of space for the "duels." The hall is 25 feet wide. At the rear is a dressing room, 20 by 25 feet. The wall is light bronze green, and the ceiling and woodwork is cream colored. Large windows at the front of the hall and several skylights afford plenty of light for fencers and revolver shots at day practice and numerous ceiling lights will make night contests possible.

The reorganization of the club has caused considerable interest in Washington society. The first fencing club was started about 17 years ago by Gordon Strong, Count Arthur Cassini, Russian ambassador, and a number of persons from diplomatic and society life participated in the bouts with foil and saber.

Robert M. Thompson is president of the new club, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador, is vice-president, Henry Breckinridge, assistant secretary of war, is secretary-treasurer, and his brother, Dr. Scott D. Breckinridge, is captain of the salle d'armes.

Shrieks of Locomotive Whistle Startle the Capital



A PALL of terror hung over the city's superstitious for more than a half hour the other night, when the prolonged weird shriek of a siren whistle, such as ordinarily goes up as an announcement of distress and tragedy, sent its distinctive and frightening tones to every corner of the District.

"A wreck on the railroad," "A steamer sinking on the river," declared the more alarmed, and scarcely had they uttered the words when the minds of the imaginative began working and telling those near by that, "Yes, ten carloads full of people, smashed to smithereens outside the Union station." In another quarter it was a "whole steambot full of

people sinking to their deaths in the river—another Titanic tragedy right at the city's gates.

And still the whistle shrieked. It was 8:10 o'clock, and the weird notes of distress had been coming to the city for nearly a half hour.

"Oh! can't somebody save them?" almost cried a woman as she took a taxicab in front of the Willard for the "scene of the tragedy."

"No, it's not a wreck," decidedly answered an individual on the other end of the telephone, after the territory in which the whistle was sending out "distress signals" had been located. "Please don't bother me," continued the voice, exhibiting tones of anger. "About a million people have asked me the same fool question."

Further inquiry elicited that a whistle on one of the locomotives in a railroad yard on New Jersey avenue had broken, and couldn't be stopped from shrieking until it had made its run to the station.

Despite the alarm and "corroborated" stories of the tragedy, no contributions for the sufferers were collected.

Onion Lovers Shudder at Deadly Devastatrix

LOVERS of beefsteak and onions were startled the other day when the department of agriculture announced that the tylenchus devastatrix had invaded the United States and the future of the onion industry was in jeopardy.

The invader with the imposing name is known also as the onion eelworm. Hitherto it has confined its operations to Europe, Africa and Australia, where it has wreaked havoc, but now it has made its appearance in this country.

The government experts, in warning the growers of onions, did not minimize the gravity of the appearance here of the eelworm. It seems impervious to chemical remedies that have been tried for its eradication and the eggs of the insect, the experts declare, will survive two years of complete dryness.

"The worms are seldom over one-twentieth of an inch long," says the



department experts, "and are very slender and transparent, so that their presence is not generally detected by the naked eye, and the grower, therefore, often remains in ignorance of his losses."

The pest attacks all floral and vegetable bulbs and is regarded as highly dangerous. In view of this the department urges that all infected plants be sent to it for microscopical examination.

POLITICS IN AUSTRIA

After Much Toil a New Party Is Formed in Dual Empire.

Count Julius Andrássy Has Succeeded in Forming a Formidable Political Group in Hungary Called the Constitutional Party.

Vienna.—After months of toil, Count Julius Andrássy, the able son of a great father, has succeeded in forming a new and formidable political party in Hungary, the so-called Constitutional party. It starts with a strength of 54 in the Hungarian parliament. There are also political leaders of experience and capacity within its ranks, outside of its illustrious founder. But there are, nevertheless, some peculiar features about this new organization. Political life in Hungary runs in two main currents; represented by the 67ers and the 48ers, so-called.

The first-named base their convictions and their action on the constitutional compromise effected with the emperor (as their king) and with Austria proper in 1867, giving Hungary virtual autonomy and independence save in a few stipulated points. The 48ers, on the other hand, otherwise known as the Kossuthers, remain irreconcilable and demand a republic and complete independence. At present and for many years past the 48ers are in the minority.

Now the platform of Count Andrássy's new party has just been published, and in all but non-essential points it is identical with the declared principles of the party now in power, at whose head stands the Hungarian premier, Count Stephan Tisza, and who is in great favor with the emperor and is doing excellent work for his country.

The new party, it is true, has taken some paragraphs from the radicals, the 48ers, such as a general grant of the franchise and a thorough reform of the election laws, and in this respect Count Stephan Tisza does not go so far. But in the main Andrássy's aims seem to be the same, notably in foreign politics, in tax and educational questions and in the handling of the nationality problems in Hungary, and the chief ambition of Andrássy and his followers appears to be



Austrian Rest House for Travelers.

rather of a personal nature, i. e., the ousting from power of the present government and the winning of such power for themselves. But inasmuch as this new movement practically means a split in the dominant party, it might be quite possible that the Radicals, the 48ers, would eventually be the winners in this game and enter parliament with flying colors and in the majority. Count Tisza, however, who is very shrewd and foresees this dilemma, will shortly confer with the emperor on this very point, and try to head off his opponents.

It will be many a day before the bubonic plague—first imported from the Balkan battlefields—will have been completely stamped out in Austria-Hungary, and this despite the excellent sanitary measures taken by the authorities here. As a matter of fact, the plague spreads more and more. In the western half of the empire, in Austria proper, there have so far been only isolated cases reported, as in Vienna and in Marienbad, where by dint of stringent measures further infection appears to have been prevented. But in the other half, in Hungary and its dependencies, these have not been so successful, although there, too, severe precautions are being taken.

Robin on a Jag.

Fort Collins, Col.—A robin with a joyful jag, making a frantic attempt to light on top of a fence post, was discovered by Mrs. A. J. Baker of West Mountain avenue. The bird was so drunk it was evidently seeing several posts and tried to light on a post that wasn't there. It finally crawled off under a tree, where it stood with one eye shut until the jag wore off. A can of cherries which had "worked" and which had been dumped in the backyard was responsible for the jag.

Father Spanks Young Woman.

Patchogue, N. Y.—Miss Ella Barney, aged twenty, has disappeared from her home because her father spanked her.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food. Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

LITTLE JOKE BY SKIMPS

Backed His Statement With Money, but Was Compelled to Compromise.

"Speaking of bantam chickens," remarked Skimps, when the conversation turned to poultry. "I have a hen whose eggs are so small that I put three dozen of them in a collar-box the other day."

"Give him the Ananias club medal!" shouted the rest, in chorus.

"Have any of you gentlemen money with which to back your doubts of my veracity?"

"I have a couple of dollars," replied Gaswell.

"So have I," added Dukane.

"Good enough! I'll cover both of those bets."

"Very well. Now show us those eggs in that collar-box."

"Well, I can do it if you insist, but perhaps it may not be necessary."

"Of course it's necessary! You don't expect to win our money without proof, do you?"

"Not at all, but I merely wish to observe that it was a horse-collar-box I put the eggs in."

With some difficulty the matter was compromised, and Skimps was warned that the next break of the kind would cost him his life.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy. Adv.

Father's Neat Rebuke.

This is a story told of an old Evangelical clergyman who had a son in orders. The young man became a full-blown Ritualist. On one occasion the father paid a visit to his son, who asked him to preach in his church. For some time the old man refused, but pressed to do so, he at length consented, and chose the text, "Lord, have mercy upon my son, for he is a lunatic."

BEST REMEDIES FOR SORES AND ULCERS

Mr. C. A. Butler, of Salem, Va., writes: "I can safely say that Hancock's Sulphur Compound is the best remedy I ever used for sores. One of my little boys, eight years old, had a solid sore all over his face, we tried different kinds of medicine, but none seemed to do any good. Our son, nineteen years old, had a sore on his leg for three months and nothing did him good. We used Hancock's Sulphur Compound on both and it did its work quickly and it was not over a week until both were well." Hancock's Sulphur Compound is sold by all dealers. Hancock Liquid Sulphur Co., Baltimore, Md.—Adv.

In Plunkville.

"Why do you keep your jail barricaded so strongly? These tramps don't want to get out."

"I know that," said the constable, "but there's plenty want to slip in."

To prevent gangrene use Hanford's Balsam because it cleanses and heals the wound. Adv.

Where some women are concerned beauty is only enamel deep.