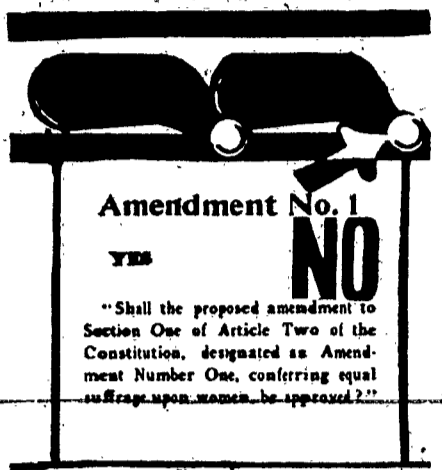


# VOTE NO

At upper left hand corner of Voting Machine



## ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Protect Your Home  
 PROTECT THE WOMEN  
 KEEP DOWN THE TAXES  
 VOTE NO ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE!

**Macbeth and McKinley.**  
 Long before William McKinley became a national and international figure I made his acquaintance and won his friendship and good will, which ended only when he passed to eternal rest. We often met at his home in Canton, O., and at the house of a mutual friend, M. Rubman, the son-in-law of Rabbi Levinsky, the editor of the family and school Bible.

When he was elected a member of congress this intimacy continued, and many social and pleasant hours were passed in my home and in his rooms at the Ebbitt House, where he lived during his whole congressional career. He was at all times genial, and no matter what he had to do, either for his constituents or for his friends, he was ever the same patient, courteous and self-sacrificing gentleman. In due course of time he was elected governor of Ohio. I telegraphed him, "Thank you, I am glad that shall be," to which he promptly replied, "Thanks, but not yet."—Simon Wolf in American Hebrew.

**First Aid For Fainters.**  
 Every member of the Washington Police force carries when on duty in crowds a pill box full of tiny glass tubes of aromatic spirits of ammonia, according to the Popular Science Monthly. These are for reviving persons who faint in the street.

The tubes are about an inch long and slightly more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. Each has a wrapping of absorbent cotton and over this a silk gauze covering.

Slight pressure between the fingers is sufficient to break the tube. The ammonia is promptly absorbed by the cotton about it, which also serves to prevent the sharp particles of glass, from doing any harm. Held beneath the nose of the person who has fainted, the fumes of the ammonia soon revive her. The tubes are stored in all the patrol boxes about the city and are carried in patrol wagons and police ambulances.

**Speculation and Gambling.**  
 It has often been asked if a man can speculate in the stock market without any one losing in the event of his making a profit.

On the floor of the New York Stock Exchange I once traded 100 shares of steel that passed through the hands of nineteen speculators in a single day. Each one of these nineteen bought and sold them, and each one made money. It is idle to say that some of these may have lost what they might have made, because that involves us in a double hypothesis. Actually each one profited, and actualities are what count in speculation as in every other form of legitimate business.

This incident illustrates one of seven reasons why speculation is not ex-

amined.—William O. Van Antwerp in New York Sun.

**The Perilous Age.**  
 If a man is going to commit a crime during his lifetime the chances are that he will do it at the age of twenty-nine. It is a curious fact that statistics have shown that man is more dangerous at this period of his life than at any other.

The general supposition is that men have attained the highest development of their mental and physical powers at twenty-nine, and they are supposed to be able to distinguish between right and wrong and to realize the consequences liable to follow the indulgence of either.

Next to the age of twenty-nine the greatest number of criminals have been aged twenty-one, twenty-seven or forty-five years.—London Answers.

**Death Warning.**  
 Oliver Wendell Holmes recorded his protest against the custom of telling a person who does not actually ask to know that he cannot recover. As that lowly observer of mankind asserted, so must every one who knows whereof he speaks assert that people almost always come to understand that recovery is impossible. It is rarely needful to tell any one that this is the case. When nature gives the warning death appears to be as little feared as sleep.

**Giving it a Name.**  
 The doctor treated me for a week for a cold," complained the victim bitterly, "and now he sends me a bill for \$50. Highway robbery, that's what it is!"

"I'd call it pillage," suggested his idiotic friend, with an explosive giggle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Medical Etiquette.**  
 Medical etiquette, instead of being kept up, as people so often imagine, in the interests of the doctors, is maintained in the interests of the public. It is the public, not the doctors, who would suffer most were it done away with.—London Spectator.

**Established a Record.**  
 "What did mother say when you proposed to her, daddy?"

"She hung her head and was silent for several minutes. And that is the only time I have ever known her to be silent for several minutes."—Detroit Free Press.

**Discouraging.**  
 "I'm always first at the office and have been for a long time."  
 "Anybody noticed it yet?"  
 "Only the janitor. He says that won't get me anything."—Exchange.

**Permission.**  
 "Fond Mother—My son, did your father forbid you learning to smoke?"

Young America—No, ma. When I asked him if I might smoke he said, "Not much!"

He hath a poor spirit who is not planted above petty wrongs.—Feltbam.

**Keeping Your Friends.**  
 It is almost impossible to be genuinely friendly with a person who manifests being too close to you, on knowing all your thoughts, feelings and affairs and on claiming your time and attention on the excuse of affection alone.

The bonds of true friendship must be easy, and its demands must be for something real and vital. The woman who calls on you perpetually because she has taken a sudden fancy to you is a blind and selfish egotist in a mild way. Her calls may interrupt your work and bore you intensely, but if you are a polite and courteous person you bear with her until she directs her attention elsewhere. She will probably tell the new friend that you are "very unresponsive." Some women clutch at every new acquaintance and then complain that they have no few friends. The reason is that friendship is not built on trivialities and whims, but by giving such valuable things as true consideration, real interest and manifesting a decent reserve as to the other person's confidences and nonconfidences.—Woman's Home Companion.

**To Tell a Fish's Age.**  
 Could you tell the age of a fish if asked to do so?

It has been found that the age of a fish may be read from its scales. These increase in size by annular growths, two rings being formed each year. The "otoliths," or ear stones, which lie in two sacs on either side of the base of the cranial cavity, afford another means of determination.

Like the scales, the otoliths increase by two rings annually. Each spring a white ring is formed and each autumn a black one. Thus the number of either white or black rings in an otolith gives the age of the fish in years. In the case of flatfish the latter method has been found more reliable, whereas in the case of the salt-water scales give a better result. Although varying much in size and shape in different species the otoliths show a remarkable constancy in the same species; hence they are of considerable value in the diagnosis of a species.

**A Voiceless Auctioneer.**  
 At the regular trade auctions held in the Netherlands instead of having an auctioneer call for bids there is a large dial provided with an index hand. The face of the dial is marked with prices, increasing in clockwise fashion. The hand is set at a price above that which the goods offered will probably bring, then is slowly moved to lower and lower figures until some trader indicates his willingness to buy. Electric cash buttons are connected

with the dial, which the traders press when a price satisfactory to them is shown by the dial. As the trader presses his button his number appears on the face of the dial and the lot of goods is sold to him at the price indicated by the index hand. There is no noise or confusion, and the auctions are finished in a remarkably short space of time.—Consular Report.

**Accurate Grinding Wheels.**  
 Grinding wheels have fine work to do, writes Ellwood Hendrick in the Scientific American. Limits of irregularity as low as 0.0006 inches and 0.00024 inches are often given. And it should be remembered that when 0.00025 of an inch is being ground the heavy slide that carries the wheel and wheel spindles moves forward only half that distance. If a piece of tissue paper were split twelve lines consecutively it would have the thickness under which these machines have constantly to work. And yet when we consider the forces present in a wheel weighing 200 pounds rotating at a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute we are not reminded of a watchmaker's lathe despite the exquisite precision of the operation.

**Ready, Go!**  
 An old farmer lay dying. The minister was sent for and prayed at the bedside. Then, at the last minute, the sick man rallied.  
 "Ah, my dear," he said to his better half, "it may be I'll be spared to you yet."  
 The old wife frowned and said grudgingly, "No, no, George. You're prepared and I'm resigned. Die now."—London Opinion.

**In His Class.**  
 "Is this liniment a fraud or will it really ease the pain in my ankle?" demanded the pompous and aggressive customer in the drug store.  
 "Well, you had a chance," responded the polite pharmacist, "but the label declared it good for man or beast."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

**Sea Lions.**  
 The fur seals are not closely allied to the hair seals, but find their nearest relatives in the sea lions, whose skill on land is often attested by their remarkable acrobatic performances in zoological gardens and even on the stage.

**Never Despair.**  
 He who despairs wants love, wants faith, for faith, hope and love are three forces which blend their light together, nor does the one shine without the other.—Metastasio.

**What He Wanted.**  
 "Budd—What was the sensation when you went up in an aeroplane for the first time? Greene—I seemed to want the earth."—Yonkers Statesman.

### SHE WON THE BET

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

Jim Underwood and his sister, Carrie, were at breakfast when the morning mail was delivered. Jim opened a letter which seemed to please him greatly. "My old chum, Charlie MacKnight," he said, "whom I haven't seen for five years, is to pass through the city tomorrow on his way to Montreal. He asks me to meet him at the Union station for a handshake."

"If I were ready to go north tomorrow instead of Thursday," said Carrie, "it would be a good chance for an escort, wouldn't it?"

"Can't you get ready?"

"I'll see, I think I can."

"Charlie says he has heard that I've been married. I wonder where he got that?"

Carrie seemed to be lost in thought for a while; then she said:

"Is this the Mr. MacKnight that you have said is the soul of honor?"

"Yes."

"The same that you had the conversation with about being so awfully particular as to his treatment of a friend's wife?"

"Yes. He once said to me that if I had a wife it would be impossible for her to tempt him into a love affair with him."

"Humph!" was Carrie's only reply.

"You consider that book?" asked her brother.

"I'll tell you what to do, Jim. The paragon has heard that you have been married. Introduce me to him as your wife. I'll bet you a pair of gloves against a box of candy that I need you present at the end of the journey that he is not so desperately honorable as you think him."

"Done!"

The introduction took place as arranged, and MacKnight was led to believe rather by innuendo than a positive statement that Carrie was Jim's wife instead of his sister.

Jim left his friend and his sister together, lawfully hoping that the former would bear out his statement as to his ability to resist temptation. He did not expect a letter for several days, and he did not receive one for a week. Then a telegram came from his sister: "Do come up here at once."

No explanation was given, so that Jim was obliged to infer one. The natural inference was that Carrie had been taken suddenly ill or had met with an accident. The bet was forgotten in the more serious situation. Throwing a few things in a suit case, he hailed a cab and hurried to the station, where he sent a telegram to his sister to wire him at an intermediate city for further information. To his astonishment he received the following: "Your friend is horrid!"

This dispelled the illness or accident theory. But what could MacKnight have been doing to bring about such a condition?

Jim arrived at his destination in the evening and was driven to the home of a friend of his sister whom she was visiting. He was expected and was shown into a room where he found Carrie waiting for him. She was the picture of health, but looked very much worried.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Jim, "what's the matter?"

"It's Mr. MacKnight."

"What has he done?"

"Why, I flirted with him—just a little bit, you know—and the first thing I knew he was talking silly. Then I told him he shouldn't say such things to his friend's wife. We were just pulling into the terminal when I said that, and he got up and rushed from the car like a crazy man. I want you to find him at once and explain."

"Why do that?"

"Because I don't want him to think I'm a—bad woman."

"Nonsense! You've won the bet."

"Yes, but—"

Jim looked at his sister wonderingly, then said:

"I verily believe, Carrie, you've been winged yourself."

"You go right off and find Mr. MacKnight and explain and say I'm very sorry for what has happened."

"How do I know where to find him?"

"He mentioned during the journey that he intended staying at the Lenox hotel."

Underwood that evening appeared at the Lenox hotel and, being told that Mr. MacKnight was in his room, went there, knocked at the door and was admitted. MacKnight was walking the floor like one suffering from delirium. On seeing Underwood he paled, then, baring his breast, he said:

"I'm a—bad woman!"

Jim burst into a loud laugh, threw himself into a chair and continued to laugh till he was interrupted by MacKnight saying:

"What is thunder are you laughing at?"

When Jim found his voice he told of the story of the bet, in which it appeared that Carrie was Jim's sister instead of his wife. As soon as this phase of the matter appeared MacKnight folded Jim in his arms.

"Come along," said the latter. "Carrie is in as bad a fix as you."

"All right, but, Jim, you've been winged and need rest. Don't trouble yourself further in the matter. It's too bad to have called you so far on such an errand. I'll call on your sister at once, and I dare say the matter will be settled."

"I don't doubt it."

The settlement took place and was followed by a wedding.

### HOW TO CAN CORN FOR WINTER USE

THE U. S. States department of commerce has just issued the following directions designed to guide the thrifty housewife, who is anxious to reserve summer's supplies for winter's use:

Can as soon after the corn is gathered as possible. Remove husks and silks. Blanch by placing in boiling water for five minutes. Remove and dip quickly into and out of cold water. Cut the corn from the cob and pack directly into hot jars or cans to within one-fourth inch of the top. Pour in enough boiling water to fill the container. Add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Put rubber rings and caps of jars into position, but do not tighten the wire clamps. Seal tin cans completely.

Place containers on a false bottom of wooden slats or wire mesh in a vessel of water deep enough to cover the containers completely. Keep the water boiling for three hours.

Remove the jars, tighten caps, invert jars to let seal and cool (not in draft, as jars might crack).

Tin cans may be placed in cold water for rapid cooling.

After the containers are cooled store in a dark, cool place.

Rapid preparation for canning is especially desirable, for only if a good quality of product can be obtained. The best results can be secured when one person cuts the corn from the cob and another fills the containers. If it is necessary for one person to work alone she should cut the corn on hot water. Add salt, place the rubbers and caps in position and put the jar or container into hot water at once. The extra cooking which will be given to the corn first filled will not be injurious and a better product will be secured than if the cut corn was allowed to stand until all jars were filled.

### A DIET OF FRUIT.

Why Care Should Be Exercised in Choosing It

Whoever eats fruit as a permanent article of diet soon learns that it has manifold disadvantages, especially in childhood, says the Medical Record. Because of the copious liver and refreshing quality of fruit the child is naturally attracted to it and will eat it to excess. The harmful orders that are apt to follow the use of candy are explained in part by infected dirt and dust.

Much must depend on the quality of the fruit—whether it comes from cold, humid, etc., have been infected with harmful matter. Certain kinds of fruit, as oranges, grapes and figs, bananas, are so bland that they can be eaten freely. Others are harmful, some are nutritious, while a few, like the strawberry, have for many persons some specially irritating or toxic property.

Fruit should be washed well, and all fruits that can be peeled should be peeled.

"Fruit," says the Medical Record, "is recommended especially for the weak, made good, arteriosclerotic (hardening of the arteries), and nervous system classes of invalids, for the content of organic acids. The apparent value of fruit in constipation is known to the public. Where there is danger of the Science classes, as in the case of the fed infants, sailors, etc., the value of fruit is also well known."

Since certain classes of children profit by being fruitarians to a considerable extent, but exclusive fruitarianism is a chimera for many reasons.

### Why Heat in Tires Is Caused by Friction

It is well known that after a long and fast run the tires of an automobile are found to be very hot, and many have supposed this to be the result of the friction of the tire on the road. In a recent issue of the Scientific American, the real cause of heating is explained. The real cause of heating is the internal friction of the tire. The heat is caused by the contact of the tire with the road, but it is not the friction of the tire on the road which causes the heat, but the friction of the tire on itself. The heat is caused by the friction of the tire on itself, and it is not the friction of the tire on the road which causes the heat.

### How to Make Carpet Look Like New

For 18 Cents

A suggestion for making a carpet look like new and bringing out all the bright colors again at a cost of 15 cents follows: Shave one bar of white soap in a dish and dissolve with a gallon of hot water. To this add 10 parts worth of salts of tartar. This forms a soft paste. When cold put a handful of paste on the carpet and with a scrub brush scrub this well into the carpet. Then with a dull knife, scrape the paste from the carpet and then remove a cloth out of clean water and wring it out and use it to wipe the carpet. The place just cleaned. In this process the surface of the carpet is polished and will be sprinkled at the