

LOVE AND SCIENCE.

Says Love: "It often makes me laugh When Science claims the telegraph, Or when she says that she alone More lately made a telephone. And now she's ready to aspire To send remarks without a wire! Ah, Science! ho! ho! don't you know You're some ten thousand years too slow! When primal man began to woo I filed my claims ahead of you."

AN AMUSING WOMAN.



Lucy Armitage was diverted by her dearest friends that she made herself rather unpopular. People wanted to like her, but it was difficult when she was laughing at them, but without reservation they admitted that she was the brightest girl in town. So they made a great lamenting when she left there with her family and went to Chicago. Lucy was sorry to leave the little town, too, when she found that she would be lamented. She began to attach some importance to herself, a thing she had previously failed to do, because of all the absurd creatures in a world of absurdity she had seemed the most ridiculous. If she had even entertained an ambition, she laughed herself out of it. Her attitude toward herself, as well as toward the world, was that of a mocker. And if a ray of sentiment dared to find its way into her mental compound she gave chase to it with derisive mirth.

She did, whatever she attempted, well. In the village there had been only the home duties to offer vent to her activity, and she excelled in these. When other girls blundered in bread-making Lucy turned out white and feathery loaves. When experienced housewives fretted about the monotony of fare Lucy invented new dishes. She could make dresses and embroider, and mow the lawn, and curry the horse and drive a nail. Oddly enough none of these things had satisfied her. They had not seemed worth while, and she had not been interested in her own achievements. But when she got to Chicago, and found what an awful hurry everybody was in, she got in a hurry, too, though she laughed all the time at the senseless fret and rush and decided to become a part of the breathless and preposterous procession.

She went around and looked at the city, and made up her mind about men, and women, and business, and politics, and religion, with the splendid ease and dogmatism of the young. She sent away a number of ardent lovers. "Love?" said Lucy. "It's an illusion. Any one over forty will tell you that."

"But you are under twenty," said one of the protesting ones. "An accident," cried Lucy. "A mere blunder on my part. It will take me twenty years of my life to rectify it, and I shall be so busy doing it that I really shall be able to think of nothing else."

To herself she said: "When I marry it shall be for—reasons of state, so to speak. I shall marry a capable, brilliant, physically perfect man. I believe in the survival of the fittest. I believe in the selection of species. This girlish sentiment that entraps other girls shall not waylay me."

And for once she did not know that she was amusing.

One morning she awoke with an idea. "I am going to be a nurse," she said. The more she thought of the idea the better she was pleased. For what other purpose had that magnificently strong body been given her? She felt as if she could radiate strength and courage. She was taken for probation on the merits of her general bearing and intelligence.

"But I am afraid you are too fond of excitement," the head nurse said, kindly. "You seem to have high spirits. I fear you will not be able to stand the discipline and the confinement."

But it seemed to Lucy the place for high spirits. It appeared to be, moreover, the most exciting of places—as stirring and vital as a battlefield. Here were real tragedies, not mimic ones. Here was the actual heroism. She was interested to absorption. There was, moreover, plenty to laugh at—the pomposity of the doctors, the solemn reverence with which they regarded themselves even in the face of outrageous blunders and erroneous diagnoses and futile experiments; the dry sloughing off of all moral responsibility on the part of the nurses, who came to regard themselves as automata set in motion by the physicians. This phase of the comedy humane was deliciously funny to Lucy. She made herself both friends and enemies by her ill-advised merriment.

"Doctors are absurd," she commented frequently. "I have never seen anything so owlish and so ineffective as doctors. The way they set up theories before which we all fall prostrate, and the manner in which they knock the same theories over presently, while we servilely applaud, is truly entertaining. I am glad I came."

"You won't stay if you don't exercise more control of your tongue," one of the truly obedient nurses once said to her.

"Oh, well," said Lucy. "The cars still run by the hospital. I can't get away."

But for all her nonsense she was soon counted one of the best probationers the hospital had ever known. Her

steadiness of nerve was remarkable. Her pulse was normal when she witnessed or assisted at an operation. It seemed as if she could divert herself of her own personality entirely for the purpose of saving the inert creature on the operating table. The majority of life seemed a poem to her at such moments. To preserve at any cost the fragile, divine, mystic, elusive thing which all the science in the world could never synthesize seemed to her half godlike. The physicians gave her extravagant praise.

"But still I do not like doctors," she said.

Sometimes she did not like patients, either. There was one old lady, for example, who never could divert herself of the idea that Lucy was a common servant, and that whatever else she did she must never sit down. One day the girl had been on her feet for hours waiting upon the patient, rubbing her, feeding her and caring for her in fifty ways, and at length even her firm, young body ached in every bone. She dropped into a chair for a few moments of needed rest.

"Miss Armitage," said the querulous voice of the old lady, "the room appears to me to be untidy. I wish you would pick it up."

Lucy looked over at the discontented old creature and smiled tolerantly. "Miss Condry," she said, "never before have I been asked to do so difficult a thing," and sat still.

Miss Condry had no suspicion that her phraseology was at fault, and she reported the nurse. The head physician interviewed her on the subject. Lucy refrained from commenting upon the tyranny of the poor old hypochondriac. She turned the matter with a jest.

"I was asked to pick up the room," she said. "I am not the magnetic strong girl, so I said I couldn't do it."

The physician tempered his reproof.

The month of probation over, Lucy was accepted, and the first severe case committed entirely to her charge was that of a young doctor who had been severely injured in a railroad accident, and one of whose legs had undergone amputation. The case was a bothersome one. The young man did not gather strength as he should have done, considering his youth. He sank into a low fever, and drowsed along through life, weak in and weak out. Lucy stood by him loyally. She endeavored in every way to inspire him to make a fight for life. But for a long time she could arouse no interest. At last she had an idea.

"I will make him fall in love with me," she thought to herself. "It will do me no harm, and it will help him to get well, and as soon as he is strong again he will forget all about it. The others always have."

It was a silly comedy to play, but Lucy entered upon her role with enthusiasm. She was really a beautiful girl, but she seldom took time to remember it. Now she stuck a rose in her dark hair mornings and cap and apron over her gray gown assumed an indefinable coquetry. She took pensive attitudes and talked upon sentimental subjects.

"What a precious guy I am making of myself," she often chuckled in the recesses of her naughty soul. "Of all the idiotic parts I ever assumed I have most cause to be ashamed of this!" But it proved to be the prescription of which the young doctor stood in need. He watched for her coming in the morning. He hung upon every word, exulted in her springing, firm step, was soothed into exquisite peace by the touch of her cool white hand upon his brow, and when he felt the grasp of her two strong hands upon his in hours of pain, it seemed to him that with her by he would find strength to endure anything.

"It will soon be over," Lucy said to comfort her conscience. "And if I am clever perhaps I can get him away before he says anything to me."

But clever as she was she did not succeed in her desire. One day Dr. Halson, convalescent, turned from the contemplation of the passersby on the street, and said imperatively:

"Miss Armitage, come here."

"Aren't your pillows right?" asked Lucy with feigned solicitude. She knew in her soul that the fatal hour had come.

"My pillows are well. But I wish to say to you a thing you have been preventing me from saying for days. You are a beautiful tyrant, but I will not suffer tyranny, even from the beautiful. I find upon consulting with my—my physician, that I shall require your services indefinitely. I want them as long as life lasts. I must take you away with me. I must have you for my wife."

Lucy had many times prepared in her mind the rebukes that she would utter in answer to these remarks. She would bring him to an understanding of the absurdity of the thing.

But this is what she heard herself saying:

"My dear, dear, I knew you could not do without me. Of course I couldn't think of leaving you." And this time when their hands clasped it was hers that were trembling.

Then she laughed! She fairly shouted with laughter till the patients in the other rooms heard and smiled responsively. What mad absurdity. What a perversely amusing world! She would marry only a man of great physical superiority—she hated physicians!

And she had just kissed a one-legged physician, and promised to be his wife. "I was never so amused," cried Lucy.

"You were never so amusing, my dear heart," said her lover.—Chicago Tribune.

Hungary leads in glass jewel production

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Disillusioned—One He is Most Familiar With—One Needed—The Father's Suspicion—Primitive Woes—Really, It Was Too Bad, Etc., Etc.

I thought her a poem of beauty, of grace And scanning her, marveled in bliss, Her rhythm of motion, her sweetness of face, Her lips that seemed made for a kiss! But now, disillusioned, the thought I retract. A petulant anger I nurse. I thought her a poem, and woke to the fact To me she is clearly averse. —Detroit Free Press.

One He is Most Familiar With.

Hewitt—"What color is 'dun' color?" Jewett—"Red, I guess; that's the color I get when anybody duns me."—Harper's Bazar.

One Needed.

She—"They seem to be lost in each other's love." He—"Yes; they ought to advertise for a minister."—Pack.

The Father's Suspicion.

"Baby is smiling in his sleep." "Yes; he's dreaming of colic and that he's making me trot up and down the room with him."—Chicago Record.

Primitive Woes.

Lillian—"What awful hardships our forefathers must have experienced." Blanche—"Yes, just think, they didn't have olives."

Really, It Was Too Bad.

Raggy—"That howlid servant girl insinuated that I was a fool!" Fweddy—"Did she say 'fool,' dear boy?" Raggy—"Naw, but she said I was a 'freshet.'"—Chicago News.

How He Avoids It.

"Trivet never gets hot under tin collar." "He must be a very even-tempered man." "It isn't that. He never wears a collar."—Judge.

Another Intelligent Dog.

"I taught that bulldog of mine to put on his own muzzle." "Then I suppose you taught him to take it off again?" "No, he taught himself that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Feminine Consistency.

Mabel—"Why do you always buy two kinds of note paper?" Maud—"Well, you see, when I write to Tom I use red paper—that means love; and when I write to Jack I use blue paper—which means faithful and true."

A Completed Task.

New Boarder—"What kind of a book have you got in this house?" Waiter—"Woman, sir."

New Boarder—"Hub, and they say a woman's work is never done. Well, look at that steak, cooked into sals leather."—Detroit Free Press.

Progress Killed Him.

"You don't mean to say that you fired Plodder?" "Yes."

"Why, he worked like a horse for you." "Exactly. He was reliable, but out-of-date."—Philadelphia Press.

Woman's Way.

Tess—"Isn't she a peculiar girl? She wouldn't look at him when he was rich, but now, after he's lost all his money, she accepts him." Jess—"Oh, well, you know how crazy every woman is to get anything that's reduced."—Philadelphia Press.

It Puzzles Other Folk, Too.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank, as he was being put to bed. "Well?" acquiesced the tired mamma. "When holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

A Sure Cure.

Doctor—"It's a nervous affection that makes your husband hicough so persistently." Wife—"Yes; but what will cure him?"

Doctor—"One almost certain remedy is to scare him in some way." Wife—"Suppose you present your bill then."

Why He Didn't Recognize It.

Husband—"What is the name of that new piece you just played?" Wife—"Why, that isn't new. You have heard me play it a score of times."

Husband—"It doesn't sound familiar." Wife—"I had the piano tuned day."—Chicago News.

Its Softer Side.

"This is a hard world," said the gloomy man. "You ought to come out and live where I do," said the cheery friend. "You want to get away from these asphalt pavements and come to our neighborhood, where the world is characterized by nice, soft mud of every consistency, from oatmeal mush to angel cake."—Washington Star.

Something She Would Remember.

"Your refusal, Miss Quickstep," the young man said, "wounds me deeply, but you cannot deprive me of the recollection of the many happy hours I have passed in your company."

"I shall remember them with sincere pleasure, too, Mr. Spoonmore, believe me," she replied. "No young man of my acquaintance has ever brought me as delicious chocolate creams as you have."—Chicago Tribune.

RELIABLE DAIRYMEN.

DIRECTORY OF LEGITIMATE DEALERS.

The following dairymen are known to the Editor of the CITIZEN as reliable producers, who own their herds of cattle and deliver their own product. There are no milk hucksters in this list.

**BENNING FARM DAIRY,** J. P. REILLY, Proprietor. Benning, D. C.

**GRAND VIEW DAIRY,** JOHN S. ORRISON, Proprietor. Takoma Park, D. C.

**CHILLUM FARM DAIRY,** WM. MCKAY, Proprietor. Woodburn, (Terra Cotta), D. C.

Established 1882. Pure milk right from the farm served in sealed jars twice a day. Customers are invited to inspect my dairy at their pleasure.

Established 1895. The quality of milk I serve is gaining me new customers every day. My dairy plants will always bear inspection.

Established 1880. I serve pure milk right from the farm every morning. I think the best is none too good for my customers.

**HILLOCK DAIRY,** JOHN BEROLING, Proprietor. Mt. Olivet Road, D. C.

**RUPPERT FARM DAIRY,** J. O'KEEFE, Proprietor. Brightwood Avenue, D. C.

**Douglas Place Farm Dairy** EDW. PARKMAN, Proprietor. Douglas Place, Benning Road, D. C.

Established 1894. Pure milk served to my customers fresh from the dairy every morning.

Established 1890. I own my own herd of cattle and make two deliveries a day. My dairy plants and milk will always bear inspection.

Established 1895. I spare neither pains nor expense in trying to produce milk that is a No. 1 in quality. Plant always open to inspection.

**Chey Chase Farm Dairy,** GEO. A. WISE, Proprietor. Chey Chase, Maryland.

**BRIGHTWOOD DAIRY,** MRS. C. ROBINSON, Proprietor. Brightwood, D. C.

**TERRELL'S DAIRY,** E. TERRELL, Proprietor. Arlington, Virginia.

Established 1881. I try to serve the very best quality of milk it is possible for a man to produce. My herd and dairy farm are open to inspection at all times.

Established 1886. We deliver morning's milk only every morning. Our night's milk is all sold to dealers.

Established 1891. I serve milk straight from the farm every morning. My milk will stand the test every time.

**AGER'S FARM DAIRY,** I. B. AGER, Proprietor. Hyattsville, Maryland.

**GRANBY FARM DAIRY,** BARRETT BROS., Proprietors. Bunker Hill Road, Maryland. (P. O. Brookland, D. C.)

**Glen Ellen Farm Dairy,** GEO. T. KNOTT, Proprietor. Conduit Road, D. C.

Established 1879. I have a herd of thirty-five cattle—mostly Jersey's—and deliver whole milk fresh from the farm every morning.

Pure milk and cream, delivered to any part of the city. Prompt delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Established 1896. Milk from my dairy is guaranteed to be both clean and pure. I always solicit the closest inspection.

**GUDE'S DAIRY,** ALEX. GUDE, Proprietor. Hyattsville, Maryland.

**Sligo Mill Road Dairy,** ISAIAH KREGLO, Proprietor. Woodburn, D. C. (P. O. Address, Mt. Pleasant, D. C.)

**GREEN HILL DAIRY,** W. B. WILLIAMS, Proprietor. Riggs Farm, Maryland. (P. O. Address, Chillum, Md.)

Established 1884. Pure milk delivered fresh from the farm every morning. My dairy and herd will always bear inspection.

Established 1895. I serve pure milk right straight from the farm every morning. An inspection of my methods and dairy solicited.

Established 1894. I serve pure milk straight from the old established Riggs Farm every morning. Come out and inspect the place at any time.

**OAK GROVE DAIRY,** D. McCARTHY, Proprietor. Bladensburg Road, D. C.

**JERSEY DAIRY,** D. ALLIAN, Jr., Proprietor. 2111 Benning Road.

**PAYNE'S FARM DAIRY,** M. J. PAYNE, Proprietor. Bladensburg, Maryland.

Established 1895. Fresh milk delivered direct from my dairy farm every morning. Two deliveries a day contemplated soon.

Established 1893. The present proprietor was born and brought up in the business. Has a herd of 27 Jersey cattle. Two deliveries a day throughout the city.

Established 1896. It is my aim to serve my customers with the very best quality of milk. I invite an inspection at any time.

**St. John's Park Dairy,** Mary Harriet Hatcher, Prop. Brookland, D. C.

**Crystal Spring Dairy,** HUGH McMAHON, Proprietor. Brightwood, D. C.

**PALISADES DAIRY,** W. L. MALONE, Proprietor. Conduit Road, D. C.

Established 1896. Pure milk delivered every morning. We invite an inspection of our place at all times. My milk for children a specialty.

Established 1888. I have Jersey cows only and serve the very best milk I can produce. If you want to see a fine herd of cattle, come and see mine.

Established 1892. Pure milk and cream served in any part of the city every morning. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

**CHEY CHASE DAIRY,** H. G. CARROLL, Proprietor. Chey Chase, Maryland.

**HOYLE'S FARM DAIRY,** MRS. A. J. HOYLE, Proprietor. Congress Heights, D. C.

**BUENA VISTA DAIRY,** O. A. LANDON, Proprietor. Suitland Road, near Suitland, Md.

Established 1897. Fresh milk direct from the farm served to customers every morning. An examination of my premises invited at all times.

Established 1894. We serve first-class milk all bottled on the farm. Dairy always open to inspection.

Established 1880. I am on the farm with fifty head of cattle and deliver only pure milk that will always bear inspection.

**BURLEIGH DAIRY,** JOHN HERRIGAN, Proprietor. 3601 O Street N. W.

**SUITLAND DAIRY,** E. L. HILL, Proprietor. Suitland, Maryland.

Established 1896. Pure milk straight from the farm delivered every morning. Milk for Babies and Children a specialty.

Established 1895. Dairy farm on New Cut Road or T street extended. Pure milk from my own cattle. Two deliveries daily. Prompt service.

Established 1890. Milk delivered twice a day in Washington. Special attention paid to milk for babies.

**CEDAR GLEN DAIRY,** P. H. HORN, Proprietor. Benning, D. C.

Established 1890. Milk delivered twice a day in Washington. Special attention paid to milk for babies.

**WORKING MEN.....**

cannot afford to lose any time. Sick or well, they have to go to work early in the morning and often get home late. The loss of a single day means a thinner envelope on pay day and perhaps extra family privation. The confinement and bad ventilation of the workroom, together with the cold dinners many of them are obliged to eat, have a bad effect on the physical system and lead on to ill health.

Ripans Tablets are just what working men need. They keep the stomach in good condition and help digest the food; they keep the bowels open, and the liver active. No man is too poor to use them, for ten of the Tablets (enough to last several days) cost only five cents at any drug store.

WANTED—A case of bad health that RIFANS will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word RIFANS on the package and accept no substitute. RIFANS, 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten scientific and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 19 Spruce St., New York.