# WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

## Statistics Show Passing of Horse a Motor Myth

WASHINGTON.—Here is something that will surprise you.

In spite of the tremendous growth of mechanically propelled vehicles, the "horseless age" which has so often been heralded as just about to arrive is not in the offing, apparently it is not even "en route;" today there are more horses in the United States than there have been since the time when the mind of the census man runneth not to the contrary.

And not only this, but horses today have a far greater value than they had a dozen or more years ago, when the first workable "horseless carriage" poked its crude nose over the horizon and threatened to sweep all horsedom into the discard.

Furthermore, those poor relations of the horse—the mules, the asses, and the burros—have also increased in number and in value.

In short, all our old-fashioned four-footed means of traction can kick their heels for joy and neigh or bray, each after his own fashion. Though horseless carriages, horseless wagons, horseless plows, horseless reapers, horseless whatnots are in our industrial midst in surprising numbers, still our old, time-honored friends—the horse, the mule, the ass, and the burro—loom larger than they ever have before in our national life.

Let us consider these facts which have been extracted from a recent number of the Crop Reporter, that publication of much esoteric interest, issued "by authority of the secretary of agriculture:" On January 1, 1913, the total number of horses on farms and ranges in the United States was 20,567,000, valued at $110.77 per head, with an aggregate value of $2,278,222,000. Compared with January 1, 1912, horses had increased 58,000; mules increased 24,000; milch cows decreased 202,000; other cattle decreased 1,230,000; sheep decreased 880,000; swine decreased 4,232,000.

Without pausing here to discuss what bearing this decrease during the year 1912, in the numbers of cattle, sheep, and swine, may have on the future of these useful quadrupeds, we will just say that so far as is indicated by those impartial records—the United States census reports—neither the horse, the mule, the ass, nor the burro has ever suffered any such setback.

## Washington Furnishes Prize Summer Fish Story

FISH stories may go and fish stories may come, but the piscatorial yarn related by Capt. Charles H. Thompson, a sea-beaten mariner of Miami, Fla., makes all others appear like a bush league alongside of Ty Cobb. Said fish was right in the midst of Washington for more than five months while a Washingtonian, J. S. Wärmbeth, mounted it.

As Captain Thompson, in company with W. I. Brooks and a Norwegian sailor, were cruising off the coast of Miami, Fla., on June 1, 1912, there hove into sight a huge monster, the like of which man never before had laid eyes upon. A mighty struggle for supremacy ensued and man was declared the victor.

Five harpoons and 151 bullets were required to subdue the monster, and it took five days to kill it. Before it was under control it smashed a boat into thousands of pieces and knocked the rudder and propeller off a 31-ton yacht. The crew was towed around the ocean for 39 hours by the monster at a speed of about 45 miles an hour. When it was finally brought into shore more than 5,000 people were on the steamship ways at Miami. City officials, judges, ministers, the chief of police, bankers, and the greater part of the population of Miami will vouch for the story, according to the captain.

Attempts to classify it have been made in the Smithsonian institution, but so far all have proved futile. It weighs 30,000 pounds, is 45 feet long, 23 feet 9 inches in circumference, 8 feet 3 inches in diameter; has a mouth 38 inches wide and 43 inches deep, and a tongue 40 inches long. It has several thousand teeth. An animal weighing 1,500 pounds was taken from its stomach. Its liver tipped the beam at 1,700 pounds.

The monster had all the characteristics of both fish and animal, contrary to all laws of natural history. Its tail measures 10 feet from tip to tip. A pectoral fin is 8 feet long and 3 feet wide, and a dorsal fin 3 feet long and 2 feet 9 inches wide. Its hide is 3 inches thick and has no scales, resembling that of an elephant's coat.

## Washington City's Only Democratic Newspaper

WITH the Democratic party in full control the only Democratic newspaper in Washington consists of a single sheet pasted three times a day on the walls and windows of cigar stores, cafes, hotel lobbies and other places where men congregate.

Although the Bulletin is little known outside of Washington except among newspaper men, it is a unique and successful newspaper. Established in 1894, it has grown in news gathering efficiency and prosperity until its publishers now assert that its 600 copies are read by not fewer than 75,000 persons. While most newspaper publishers seek to interest women, because women read advertisements as well as news, these publishers address themselves almost exclusively to the interests of men.

Mr. Dwyer, the editor, dreamed of the Bulletin 20 years ago when he saw his copy blue penciled by the press associations. He yearned for an untrammelled medium for the expression of his views without the intervention of copy readers or editors. The result was the Bulletin, a single sheet newspaper, 22x25 inches in size, printed three times a day—at noon, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven o'clock in the evening. Bicycle messengers distribute it to the subscribers.

You can see it in almost any public place. The page is filled with about 800 words of news. This is "fringed" with a prosperous array of advertisements, mostly of amusements, liquors, cigars, men's wear and resorts. The evening edition carries a story of the local baseball game and the major league results. The noon and afternoon editions carry no baseball news except the standing of the American league clubs.

## Secretary of State Bryan Is an Early Riser

SECRETARY OF STATE BRYAN is an early riser. Moreover, he not only rises early, but he goes out early. He mounts his saddle horse many mornings at six o'clock, and even earlier, and hies himself out to the cool lanes and shady bypaths of Rock Creek, Soldiers' home and environs for a brisk canter in the delicious coolness of the day before the sun dries off the dew and gets in its scorching work. Punctuality being one of his virtues, the secretary is always back for breakfast.

On his way home, whether alone or in company with some boon companion, the secretary's fancy often turns lightly to radish—white radishes, not the little red variety, but the long, crisp white ones. Sometimes he stops at one of the nearby markets to get a supply of those favorites of his. More often he pulls his horse up beside a passing huckster wagon; indeed, he seldom passes one of these vegetable carts without hailing the truck-vender with the query: "Any white radishes this morning?"

If there happen to be radishes on that particular wagon, the premier of the nation loses no time in argument, but speedily effects a purchase.

Recently one of the political sages of the capital city happened along while Mr. Bryan was investing in this little appetizer, and he has since been busy evolving a theory as to the part the humble little vegetable has played in the career of the great commoner. While he is not ready to give his solution to the public, he says that a fondness for radishes may not be an indication of political success and preferment.

### Proper Training of Boys.

John Wanamaker says, "Save a man and you save one person; save a boy and you save a whole multiplication table." An old scout says, "Boys is like pups; you've got to help 'em some, but not too much, not too soon. They've got to learn themselves."

### Proper Focusing of Binoculars.

In focusing binoculars the tubes should be extended to their limit before placing to the eyes and then adjusted, for, if extended afterward, an optical nerve strain is caused that sometimes results seriously.

### Keeping Cheese.

To prevent cheese from getting hard cut a small piece off for present use and place the remainder in cool safe. Spread a thin film of butter over the cut part and cover with a clean cloth. This will prevent that hard, cracked condition which ruins the best of cheese.

### What He Means.

When a man says the world won't take him at his true value, what he means is that the world won't accept his own exaggerated opinion of himself.

# MODEL YOUNG MAN

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"Yes, sir, there goes a prodigal son," declared Seth Ramsey.

"With the fatted calf sort of left out, though, eh, Seth?" and Ethan Bannister, the village gossip, poked his crony in the ribs with a sly wink and a gleesome chuckle.

"Oh, he's being treated all right, for I've tamed down some of his notions," declared Ramsey. "I tell you, a feed of the real husks of life does some of these smart fellows good once in awhile."

"Tell about it, Seth, urged the scandal loving Bannister.

"Well, as you know Paul and Vernon are my stepsons. Their mother left them something substantial, but I am guardian and trustee for ten years."

"Yes, I know about that," nodded Bannister.

"Well, they have a yearly allowance. Young Paul thought it wasn't enough and went to the city a few months since. I refused to advance him a penny and I reckon he hates me for it. Last month I had to send Vernon to the city to collect a claim of his mother's estate. I knew he hankered to see that shiftless brother of his, so I let him go. Instead of coming back in two days as planned with the $500, he was gone a week and came back without a cent."

"Why, where was the money?"

"Collected and spent. He faced me squarely. He confessed that most of it had gone in 'a fling at city life,' as he called it. Automobiles, six dollars a day hotel, a little gambling. Sorry, but the only thing to do was to cut out his year's allowance. That squared it. Vernon has been meek and industrious ever since. Glad to get home and going to behave himself."

It took Ethan Bannister just twenty-four hours to spread the news all over Clifden, garnished with all the frills his lively fancy could add to it. The serious ones of the community shook their heads at the appalling break of a model young man. The lively youth of the village rather admired this exponent of a finished education in the traps and glories of a great city.

"I Have Seen Her Tonight, Secretly."

Vernon had indeed quieted down. He acted as though he had something on his mind, but he carried himself as erect as ever, as handsome and manly as ever and looked everybody squarely in the eye. When he went one evening to call upon Eva Cross he was a trifle embarrassed at the rather cool reception of her mother, but that soon wore away as he sat in the rose bower with the daughter.

"Eva," he said after a time, "I have brought a letter to you from my brother, Paul."

His lips twitched as he noted the expression of glad delight that came into her beautiful face. In fact she reached so eagerly for the proffered missive that it slipped from her hand. In stooping to recover it a rose fell from her bosom. Unnoticed by her Vernon secured the flower and concealed it in his pocket.

Then in a few minutes he went away. Once alone he pressed the prized flower to his lips, then carefully placed it between two leaves of his memorandum book.

"And now to forget," he said grimly as he returned to his cheerless home—"for Paul's sake."

It was a humdrum life with miserly, mean spirited old Seth Ramsey, but Vernon shared it without a murmur. He gave up all social pleasures and Clifden viewed his penitent behavior of the restored outcast approvingly.

One night, dark and stormy, Vernon sat reading in his room when there came a sudden rat-tat-tat at the window. At first he fancied it was the wind blowing the tree branches against the panes. Then peering out he discovered a beckoning form near some bushes.

"It is Paul," he said, and was quickly down in the yard to greet his brother. "Come into the house," he invited.

"No," responded Paul definitely, "I will never cross the threshold of the miserly old man who refused me help when I needed it so sorely. You good dear brother!" and the speaker passed an affectionate arm through that of Vernon, "only for you who have been so good, so loyal to me, I would not even have come to Clifden. Vernon, I have something to tell you—vital, serious. Let me get under shelter somewhere, will you?"

Vernon led the way to a roofed summer house in the garden. They sat down on one of its side benches.

"Vernon," said Paul, "you know how dearly I love Eva."

"Yes," said his brother in a low tone of constraint.

"I have seen her tonight, secretly. I am to see her later. She is all the world to me. I want you to let me tell her the whole story of my trouble in the city."

"No!" spoke Vernon, and his words were incisive and mandatory.

"I feel like a cad, a craven, to think that you should be blamed for what I did. I was reckless, wicked when I took that $500 from your pocket and spent it, claiming that our step father owed it to me, which morally he did. Then your kindness, your sacrifice. Since then, oh, believe me! I have not touched a card or tasted wine. I am offered a splendid position in the west. The firm has even advanced me two hundred dollars. Vernon, brother, release me from my promise not to reveal my blame about that money."

"You are telling me the truth about your prospects, your reform?"

"Sacredly."

"Then I glory in the joy it would have given poor dead mother. My boy, I am working out your salvation. Thank God for the privilege!"

At seven o'clock the next morning with a batter and bang on his bedroom door Seth Ramsey shouted out excitedly:

"Get up, Vernon. Here's great news! Your brother Paul eloped with Eva Cross last night. They have gone out west and left a note asking forgiveness and all that pother. What do you think of that?"

"Are you sure of this?" asked Vernon in a husky tone.

"Oh, yes. They drove to Virden and were married by the minister there."

The old man went down the stairs chuckling and talking to himself. With his stepson at a distance he could hold on to the trust money.

Vernon arose, dressed himself, went down the stairs and into the little front parlor of the house.

He paused before a picture, that of his dead mother. He looked up into her sweet patient face and thought of all the kind deeds she had done, and then with an affectionate glance at the portrait of Paul, and smiled.

Then, his shoulders strengthened for the burden he had chosen to bear, Vernon took from his memorandum book a pressed faded rose and kissed it.

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## RELEASED TO VISIT DENTIST

Plea of Sufferer Softened Heart of Justice—Similar Circumstances Recorded in History.

Recently Theodore Roberts, the actor, was released temporarily from Ludlow street jail, New York, in order that he might call upon his dentist during five different days and have his teeth fixed. Roberts was serving out a commitment because he had failed to pay alimony to his wife under a decree of separation. Before he could be permitted to go to the dentist an affidavit had to be submitted in which Dr. Frank E. Seely, the dentist, declared Roberts had Riggs disease and would lose all his teeth if not attended to immediately. The court granted permission because the dentist could not make use of his electrical instruments at the jail.

From the time of the story of Damon and Pythias various reasons for temporary release from jail have been given. It is related that in the Napoleonic era a soldier confined in a military prison for a minor offense against the service during a brief time of peace was released in order that he might be present at the christening of his infant son, born during his imprisonment. But Napoleon, in order to test the intensity of the man's desire made him agree to serve a year longer for the privilege of a three-day furlough. The soldier gladly did it and when he returned found a pardon and a corporal's warrant for his infant son, to be valid when the son had "served with credit six months in the emperor's army of the future." Frederick the Great released an audacious captain under sentence of death so that the captain might "tell him a few beneficial things about himself." The things told face to face influenced the great king to pardon the blunt death-defying soldier.

### Nightmare Law.

The effect of a man's declarations in his sleep when offered as evidence was involved in Martineux vs. people, before the supreme court in Colorado, in which the court held that nightmare utterances in the nature of admissions or declarations are not competent evidence against a defendant. The court held also that where a witness testifying to such declarations said he didn't know whether the man was asleep or awake, but thought he was asleep when he spoke, an instruction that the jury might consider such declarations was erroneous. The court ruled:

"It is the voluntary statements of a party that may be used against him. One is not responsible for what he says in his sleep, because he is unconscious and it is not voluntary. In 12 Cyc. 432, it is said: 'Words altered by the accused while asleep are not competent evidence against him, since he is unconscious of what he says, and it is for the jury to determine whether the accused was awake or asleep when he spoke.'"

### Japanese "Movies."

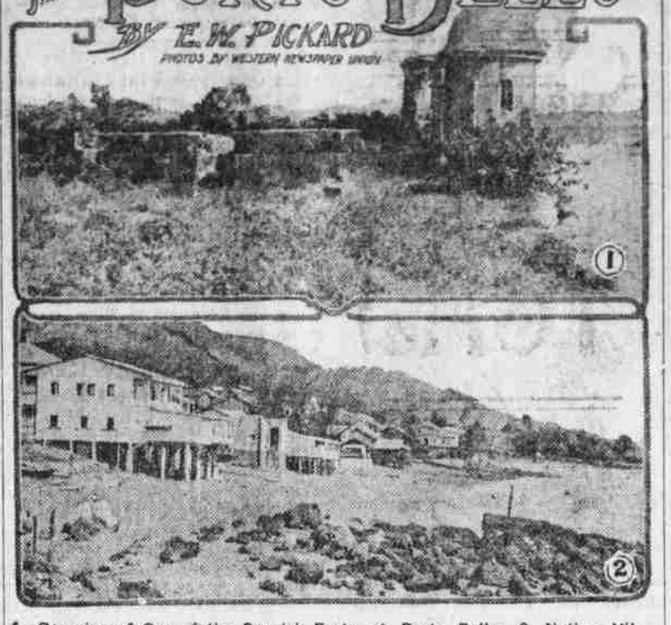
Even the remotest towns in Japan have their moving-picture shows and in large cities they seem to be nearly as plentiful as on this side of the Pacific, says Popular Mechanics. In Yokohama there is a whole street of them, and as the program of each is endless and each picture is announced in huge symbols on a separate variegated banner flying from a tall bamboo pole, the aspect of Theater street is startlingly unique. The pictures illustrating the sensational points of the program above the entrances and at their sides have a certain quaintness about them, which is accentuated by the fact that they are all originals, not mere stereotyped advertisements printed in raw colors. The "getas" or wooden sandals of the spectators are deposited on a rack before the entrance to a moving-picture show, for where other people take off their hats, the Japanese leave their shoes.

Mrs. Harriet Johnston-Wood, a practicing lawyer of New York, is waging a determined campaign to be appointed to the bench in the Children's court in that city.

# TABOGA ISLAND AND PORTO BELLO

By E. W. PICKARD

PHOTOS BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION



1—Remains of One of the Spanish Forts at Porto Bello. 2—Native Village on Taboga Island.

"Down verdure-clad slopes and terracing reaches
Where orange and mango and pineapple grow,
One wanders through Eden to ocean-washed beaches—
An Eden that only the sun-children know."

Thus James S. Gilbert, the late lamented poet of Panama, wrote of Taboga Island. It was so enticing that I determined to be one of the sun-children for a day or two and so steamed away in a little launch twelve miles out into the Pacific to that beauty spot. It is all that Mr. Gilbert called it, and more, and it is no wonder that the sanitarium, established there by the French canal company and reopened by the Americans, is so well patronized. If you are a canal employe—white—and have been ill, the doctor may be kind enough to send you over to Taboga for two weeks to recuperate. If you are a mere visitor you can put up at the unpretentious little hotel conducted by William Jones, the American six-footer who looks like a miner and dances like a cotillon leader. In either case you will be fortunate, for you will find those "verdure-clad slopes" gorgeous with flowers and alive with brilliant birds, and the "ocean-washed beaches," the finest places in the world for a swim. You can sail about the pretty bays with the native fishermen, or you can climb up the hills where the boys are vociferously driving the kine home to be milked, or you can merely lie in the shade and dream dreams of the Spanish galleons and the buccaneers. A more delightful place for rest and the repair of shattered nerves would be hard to find.

Taboga has a history, too, small as it is. De Luque, the second bishop of Panama, looked upon the island, saw that it was good and established there his country residence. In fact he maintained a household there the year round, for, like many another churchman of the old days, he did not adhere closely to the rule of celibacy. His memory is preserved by a bathing place in a stream that runs down the mountain side, called the Bishop's Pool. It was reserved for the use of him and his retinue. Above it is the Family Pool, for women and children, and still higher up is the Pool of the Letters, for the men. The last one derives its name from the inscription "J. F. B., Ohio" carved on a near-by rock. This is a reminder that in 1852 the Fourth infantry, U. S. A., crossed the isthmus en route for garrison duty in California, having sailed from New York on the United States mail steamer Ohio. Cholera was prevalent at the time in Panama and the American soldiers and the sailors from the Ohio were attacked by the disease, about eighty of them dying. Some of the sick were left on Taboga island to recover, and evidently one of them did recover sufficiently to climb up to the bathing pool and leave the record that is a mystery to the native inhabitants of this day. Incidentally U. S. Grant, then a captain, was with the Fourth infantry on that trip.

If you climb up the hill, following this stream most of the way, you will come to a place at the summit of a pass called Las Cruces. There, set in cement, are three small crosses commemorating the most exciting incident in the island's history. According to a Spanish work written early in the last century, a shipload of Peruvian pirates came sailing up the coast in 1815 and decided Taboga was a good place to loot. They landed and drove the small Spanish garrison out of the village and up the mountain. But in the pass the soldiers rallied, the inhabitants came to their assistance and there, says the chronicler, a most bloody combat raged for hours. Finally the pirates were routed and fled to their ship, leaving three men dead on the field of battle!

The isthmus reeks with history, some of the most interesting passages of which have to do with Porto Bello. But the visitor who goes there with mind full of the mighty fights and great trade of the old Spanish days will be woefully disappointed by the town as it now is. Romance, commerce, everything attractive has fled long ago from that place and Porto Bello is nothing but a dirty, immoral little village, full of low cantinas, slatternly natives and mangy curs. At each side of the town is the ruin of a Spanish fort, its picturesqueness marred by fishermen's nets and the local washing hung up to dry.

Thus the work of man has decayed, but Nature is as kind as ever to Porto Bello. Its bottle-shaped harbor is one of the prettiest to be found, with promontories guarding the entrance, beautiful hills on both sides and entrancing little rivers meandering down from the mountains and through the jungle into its upper end. One hill opposite the town boasts the remains of three unusually interesting Spanish forts. One is at the water's edge, another several hundred yards up the slope, and these two were once connected by a covered stone stairway the ruins of which still provide the easiest means of ascending. On the summit of the hill is the third fort, a mighty square tower surrounded by a deep moat. The walls are almost intact but the roof has fallen in and the fortress is full of trees and shrubbery.

With these three forts, two others protecting the harbor entrance, the two at the ends of the town and another just above it, Porto Bello might well seem to have been impregnable, yet it was taken twice by the English. Sir Francis Drake planned to capture it in 1596, but just as his ships were about to begin the attack Drake died and was buried in the mouth of the harbor. Dispirited by the loss of their leader, the English sailed away, but Capt. William Parker took up the project in 1602. With two ships he got past the first forts at night and after a desperate fight captured and sacked the city, carrying off 10,000 ducts' worth of plunder.

The second taking of Porto Bello was the first notable exploit of Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, as an independent commander of a fleet. Sailing into what is now Colon harbor, he took his men up a river in canoes, landed at a place called Estera Longa Lemos and marching through the jungle, attacked the city from the rear. First capturing the castle above the town, he shut the garrison in one room and blew them and the fort to pieces with gunpowder. The governor, the citizens and the rest of the soldiers, surprised and terror-stricken, were soon driven into one of the other forts and for hours they bravely withstood the assaults of the buccaneers until, as Esquemeling tells us, Captain Morgan began to despair of the whole success of the enterprise. Finally he had a number of ladders made and forced the priests and nuns whom he had captured to set them up against the walls. Many of these poor creatures were killed by the defenders, but at last the ladders were placed and the buccaneers swarmed up them carrying fireballs and pots of powder which they kindled and hurled among the Spaniards. The garrison surrendered at discretion, but the gallant governor defended himself so obstinately that the English were forced to kill him. Morgan remained in Porto Bello several weeks, plundering the place and torturing the citizens to induce them to reveal the hiding places of their riches.

Though an important place in the transshipment of gold from the west coast of South America, Porto Bello never was a large town, but for several weeks each year it was very populous. This was at the time of the annual fair, when the galleons from Spain were in the harbor waiting for the mule trains to bring the gold from Panama. Then merchants and adventurers from all that part of the world gathered in the village and trade was brisk in the big building now called the custom house, whose ruined walls still are standing. Merchandising, drinking and fighting divided the time until the galleons set sail for Spain with their golden cargoes.

### Getting Up Speed.

"Well, George," said a Georgia man not long ago to an old darky in his employ, "I understand that you intend to give your son an education."

"Dat's my intention, suh," responded George. "I knows myself what 'tis to struggle along widout learnin' an' I has determined my son ain't going to have no sich trouble as I's had."

"Is your son learning rapidly?"

"He shore is, sah. Las' week he done wrote a lettah to his aunt what lives more'n 20 miles from yere, an' after-while he's going to write to his aunt dat lives 'bout 50 miles from yere."

"Why doesn't he write to that aunt now?" smilingly asked the employer.

"He kaint write so fur yit, sah. He kin write 20 miles fust rate, but I tole him not to try 50 miles till he gits strongah wif his pen."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Jollying the Doctor.

Doctor—When I started out in my profession I had to cultivate patience.

Friend—And now you plant patients, eh, doc?


## Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year.

Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys.

**An Indiana Case**

Mrs. John D. Whitaker, 405 N. East St., Madison, Ind., says: "Dark circles appeared under my eyes and my ankles were inflamed and swollen. I was all crippled up with rheumatism. My back ached constantly and I was a physical wreck. Doctors and expensive treatment of specialists failed. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first and before long, restored me to good health."

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



## Ithaca Guns

The U. S. Government buys Ithaca Guns for Navy Officers—Uncle Sam always buys the best. Locks simple, hammer one piece, cut main spring guaranteed forever. Cannot unnecessarily timed our lock. Hammer falls as the of a second—will increase your score. Beautiful catalogue FREE—describes 16 grades—$17.75 up. Free horse—36, 28, 16, 12 and 10. Send us this adv. with 10c. and get beautiful hanger—regular price 25c.

ITHACA GUN CO. BOX 76 ITHACA, N. Y.


### New Name for Golf.

Farmer Foddershucks—Haow do them summer boarders of yourn keep busy?

Reuben Robbins—They play golf.

F. F.—What is that?

R. R.—'S near's I kin figger, it's solitaire shinny.—Burlington Free Press.


**Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure**
The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. Relieves pain and heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, $1.00.


### Discretion.

"Your office doesn't seem to be doing a great deal of work."

"No. I'm trying to be as quiet and obscure as possible so that nobody will ask me to resign."—Washington Star.


**Important to Mothers**
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria


### Never at Loss.

"It is hard to beat American enterprise."

"How now?"

"A friend of mine who got stuck with a lot of Billikens is shipping them to Africa for use as idols."

### Receipt.

Miss Summit—I must answer his letter and I want to write something that doesn't mean anything.

Miss Palisade—Why don't you tell him you love him?—Puck.

### Nothing to Retail.

De Garry—Won't you give me a kiss—just one?

Madge—Oh, pshaw! I like a man who makes love on a large scale.—Judge.

### His Act.

"That porter of ours certainly reminded me of a gun."

"How so?"

"He kicked so when he was fired."

### Her Capacity.

"A waitress is born to the work."

"How so?"

"Isn't she maid to order?"

### Well Equipped.

"That star has the face of a seraph."

"And what's better still, she has the backing of an angel."

It may be easier for an actor to forget that he has an audience than that he hasn't one.

It sometimes happens that a girl's reason for wanting to marry a man is that he doesn't want to marry her.

A patient seldom knows any more about the medicine the doctor gives him than the doctor does.

Young people seem to have a monopoly on good luck.

But most men prefer a dimpled cheek to a classical high-brow.


**THE DOCTOR'S GIFT**
**Food Worth Its Weight in Gold.**

We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines.

A Penn. doctor brought a patient something entirely different and the results are truly interesting.

"Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, being allowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat.

"He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts and even as its golden color might suggest it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no avail, but consented to try this new food.

"Well! It surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My mind was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.