



SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1920

MIGHTY MEAN DEAL.

Engineered by the Champion Mean Woman of Washington.

Her Dearest Enemy Got the Dress She Wanted Herself and Then She Bought Another to Get Even with Her.

The address of the champion mean woman of Washington doesn't make any difference, but for the sake of convenience she is designated in this story as Mrs. Gethunk, by the Washington Star.

Mrs. Gethunk's dearest feminine enemy is another young matron who lives next door in the same row of houses. Mrs. Howsad will about fit her for the purposes of this narrative. A few weeks ago a Washington department store exhibited for sale in one of its windows a couple of "Paris model" pale blue pique dresses. They were mighty tidy looking affairs, both of the dresses. One of them was a little more elaborate as to the bottom of the skirt than the other, but they were both distinctly handsome and stylish, and, being samples, they were marked at a sacrifice figure.

Oddly enough, Mrs. Gethunk and Mrs. Howsad, next door neighbors and perfect loves of enemies, contrived to make a dead heat of it in getting into the department store after those gowns. They both wanted the one with the more elaborate trimming around the bottom of the skirt.

The wrangle waged pretty fiercely, but as Mrs. Howsad had crossed the wire, as it were, just a fraction of a second ahead of Mrs. Gethunk, she got the slightly more desirable gown.

Mrs. Gethunk must have framed her little scheme up then and there, for she took the other pique dress.

But she didn't wear it. She watched for Mrs. Howsad to emerge with hers, and she was bound to confess to herself when Mrs. Howsad did appear



MRS. HOWSAD AND LILY.

with her "Paris model" pique that she looked mighty stunning in it.

On the following Saturday morning Mrs. Gethunk, from her kitchen window, heard Mrs. Howsad, who was in her back yard, attending to her flower beds, tell the young woman in the next yard that she intended going to the White lot that evening to listen to the Marine band concert.

When Mrs. Gethunk heard this her eyes sparkled.

"It will cost me \$15, the price of the dress," one can imagine her murmuring to herself, "but it will be worth the money."

"Lily," she said aloud to her likely looking yellow maid servant, "I've bought a nice new pique dress for you, and I want you to wear it to the White lot concert this evening."

Lily executed the appropriate grin of delight, which changed to ecstasy when Mrs. Gethunk brought the unworn dress downstairs and handed it over to the servant. Lily slipped up to her room and tried the dress on, and it fitted her to a T.

"Your beau has half a day off on Saturday, hasn't he?" inquired Mrs. Gethunk of the colored girl, and the reply was in the affirmative. Lily's beau, as Mrs. Gethunk knew, was a ragtime-looking young yellow individual who drove a doctor's buggy, and who arrayed himself like a cake walker during his leisure hours.

"Well, get him to take you to the White lot concert, then," suggested Mrs. Gethunk, and Lily hustled out to nail the young colored person to the appointment.

That afternoon Mrs. Gethunk helped to tog Lily out. She even fixed the flowing green veil around Lily's hat, for she knew that Mrs. Howsad was addicted to the green veil habit, and would wear hers to the concert.

It went through magnificently, and just as Mrs. Gethunk had arranged it, Mrs. Gethunk, very neatly clad, was on the White lot, with her husband, waiting for Mrs. Howsad to see the dusky Lily in a makeup identical with her own. She saw the meeting between the two. Except for their difference in color it might have been thought that Mrs. Howsad and Lily had dressed so as to be taken for twins.

Everybody saw it, and of course everybody grinned over it and chuckled over it. As soon as Mrs. Howsad

came full tilt into the grinning Lily she flushed many tints of scarlet, and raced off the lawn for a car. She hasn't worn her pique model dress since, but Lily is more than reveling in hers.

TELEPHONE INCIDENT.

Eavesdropper on a Party Line Is Taught a Lesson Which She Will Never Forget.

Telephone party lines have their amusements as well as their discomforts. When the telephone rings for a neighbor across the way it is the greatest temptation in the world for some women quietly to take down the receiver and hear what is going on. One woman who has been quite annoying to the other people on her party line got a lesson the other day she will doubtless remember. The telephone, says the Kansas City Journal, rang and, as usual, she went to it and quietly took the receiver



"YES, MRS. M.— YOU KNOW."

down so that the two who were trying to talk could hear each other only indistinctly.

"Hello, hello, Mrs. Brown. Oh, dear, somebody's got down their receiver. Can you hear me? Oh, I wish they'd stop that!" The woman who was listening heard her distinctly.

"No, I can just barely hear you," came the answer indistinctly. "It's so provoking, isn't it. Now, I want you to come."

The rest of the sentence was lost. "Hello, Mrs. Brown—hello! Can you hear me now?"

"Yes, a little—that woman across the street has got her receiver down—that's Mrs. M. you know. I guess she rushes to the telephone to hear what I've got to say every time my phone rings."

"Indeed, and I don't do any such a thing," came the third voice, and the two women who were trying to talk heard the receiver go up with a soft click.

"I guess she got excited and forgot herself," said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I rather think she did," came the answer.

The party line of that neighborhood works better since the incident.

LOOKING FOR A BRIDE.

While Doing It George W. Barnes Pushes Invalids About the Atlantic City Boardwalk.

George W. Barnes, a chair pusher on the boardwalk, at Atlantic City, N. J., has not yet wound a wife to share his fortune of \$150,000 which awaits him in England if he does not marry Mary Ellen Dougherty. Between rests of wheeling invalids up and down the beach Barnes is keeping his eyes open for the desirable "one" and when he sees her he says: "I won't be long in popping the question."

Since the publication of his inheritance, which was left him by his uncle,



FLOODED WITH LOVE LETTERS.

William P. Barnes, under the one condition, Barnes has been flooded with letters from women who are "just dying to meet him."

"They're all too willing," says Barnes "Uncle William always had an aversion to Miss Dougherty and I suppose that's why he left me the money on the condition that I would not marry her. My lawyer informs me that as soon as I marry anyone but her I can legally claim the money."

A Hint for Bon Vivants. A great deal of the so-called champagne drunk in this country is really made in France of American apples. The apples are here, cored, sliced and dried, sent to France, and there converted into cider. Carbonic acid gas is added, with yeast and a little flavoring powder, and some of the connoisseurs smack their lips over it, under the delusion that it is real champagne.

He Knew. She—Do you consider yourself a good judge of poetry? He—I guess so. I haven't been in the advertising business all my life for nothing.—Town Topics.

MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

Tries to Get Tuberculosis to Prove His Pet Theory.

French Doctor Believes That Consumption Can Be Transferred from Cows to Human Beings and Inoculates Himself.

Paul Garbault, a young and promising French physician, has placed his life in the balance in order to prove or disprove a theory. He does not believe with Robert Koch, the eminent German scientist doctor, that the tuberculosis of men and animals is so widely different that neither can be inoculated with tubercular germs taken from the other, and in order that the world may know which is right Garbault has taken a step which he believes may end his life.

Unlike most persons who offer themselves up for the benefit of science, Garbault has gone into the matter from a positive standpoint. Heretofore, when scientists have been desirous of proving that such a condition is or is not true, they have taken up the problem on its negative side, and have shown how various contagious and infectious diseases cannot be acquired. Thus the subjects upon whom the experiments are performed are reasonably sure of passing through the ordeal and coming out safely enough. But Garbault occupies another position. He believes it is possible for man to contract consumption by inoculation from bovines.

Soon after Dr. Koch had conclusively proved one-half of his claim by demonstrating that cows inoculated with germs of human tuberculosis would not become infected with the disease, Garbault, who was intensely interested in the experiment, offered himself as a subject to test the validity of the other part of the claim—that the same results would be obtained by inoculating a human being with bovine tuberculosis. Dr. Koch was too conscientious to burden his soul with any such experiments, for, while he was convinced of the truth of his conclu-



WANTS TO GET TUBERCULOSIS.

sion, he was not willing to go to extremes in proving it.

Garbault, however was not so easily satisfied. He argued that the world should know wherein Dr. Koch's arguments were correct and wherein they were lacking in fact. He was young, in perfect health, had received the degree of doctor of natural sciences, and had held the position of chief of the researches in zoology and comparative anatomy at the University of Bordeaux. Therefore when he offered himself to Dr. Koch for purposes of demonstration there was a perceptible stir among medical men. Dr. Koch consistently refused to consider the offer and Garbault continued his investigation to show that the theory of the German scientist with reference to tuberculosis inoculation was incorrect. When he offered himself to science he was firmly convinced that he would catch the disease and in all probability could not be cured. He spent a year or more in further research of cases of tuberculosis with the avowed purpose of refuting the Koch thesis.

Even then he was not satisfied. He still believed that a practical test should be made, yet he was not willing to ask for or accept volunteers, so in order that the world might be made the wiser he determined that he himself should carry out the experiment which Dr. Koch had refused to attempt. With this end in view he gathered about him several eminent French physicians, and with them went to the great butchershops of La Villette in Paris to carry out the demonstration.

Baring his right arm, the courageous physician with an unflinching hand cut a wound in the forearm. Then for more than two hours he applied to the wound a fragment of a bronchial ganglion affected by tuberculosis and perfectly fresh, coming from a cow that had been seized by the sanitary inspectors of the stockyards because it was infected with the disease. At the same time a fragment of the ganglion was taken to be applied to another animal. Thus Garbault inoculated his blood with the deadly germs of tuberculosis and exposed himself to a terrible death should his claim that the theory of Dr. Koch is untrue prove to be correct. If however the outcome is contrary to his expectations, he has already fully decided to begin anew by using a form of injection still more dangerous being that of application between the veins.

Garbault's experiment has attracted widespread attention, and medical men throughout the world are eagerly awaiting the outcome.

Making It Higher. Dressmaker—Don't you think this bathing suit is cut a trifle low? Patron—All right. Just raise it about an inch more above the knees.—Brooklyn Life.

Direct from the Roof Garden. And so poor old Mr. Pussymann died of dropsy. "Yes, I was at the funeral." "Indeed? How was it?" "Swell."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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These Learned Graduation Essays.

"Each spring when I listen to the learned graduation essays of a class of wealthy men's sons at a college commencement I feel that I won't be able to hold my job two weeks after those smart youths get out hustling for their daily bread in competition with me," mused the gloomy-eyed middle-aged man in the back seat. "But on my way home, as I learn that the trolley-car conductor is a college graduate, and that the clerk at the owner cigar store is another, I begin to chirp up a bit, and in a day or two I get over my dismal forebodings!"—Push.

The Honeymoon.

In sweet content they drift upon the stream As round about the moonlight softly plays To each fond heart the calm surroundings seem Like symbols of the evening of their days.—Brooklyn Life.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.



Mr. Bargain Hunter—Say, this pillow gives me a pain. It's as hard as a rock. Mrs. Bargain Hunter—That's strange! It was marked down.—Philadelphia Press.

Well, Hardy.

"Is this your first love affair," he asked, tenderly. The up-to-date feminine representative of this progressive age looked at him scornfully. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "I'm almost 18 years old. What do you think I've been doing all my life?" "I mean," he corrected, hastily, "is this your first for this year?" "You must think I'm slow," she answered. "This is the third."—Chicago Post.

At Midnight.

"My!" he exclaimed, as "12" struck, "what a peculiar sound that clock has."

"Yes," she replied, eagerly, "almost human, isn't it?" "Human? How do you mean?" "It has such a sleepy and tired sound."—Philadelphia Press.

Sure to Be Prejudiced.

Friend—Don't look so blue. You have a good case. Jimson—No use. I'll lose. I know I'll lose. Every man on that jury either rented or bought a house of me when I was in the real estate business.—N. Y. Weekly.

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