

NEWS and GOSSIP WASINGTON

Small Dog Bars Dignitaries From White House

WASHINGTON—Miss Bones, the cousin of the president, had released her small, shaggy, little dog, with hair hanging in his eyes, but with a proud and important swagger, befitting his position.

How Uncle Sam Sets Drinking Water Standard

NOW that Uncle Sam, through the United States public health service, has set a standard of purity for all drinking water furnished on common carriers entering into interstate traffic, many inquiries have begun to pour into Surgeon General Rupert Blue's office about the manner and method used by the government's chemists and physicians in setting this new water standard.

American Mule Still Holds His Own in Our Army

THE American army mule needs no fear for his laurels because of the great part gasoline motors have played in transportation problems of European armies in the present war. Until American roads generally are brought up to the high standard of the roads of Germany, France, Belgium and other European countries, the army mule will determine through his capacity for hauling, the limitation of operations for American military forces.

Albino Sparrow Returns to the National Capital

THE albino sparrow that has for a number of years made its home in some cranny in a building on the east side of Eleventh street between the Avenue and E street, has returned to its accustomed haunts, after an absence of several months.

Laura Jean Libbey's Talks on Heart Topics

There are girls who boast that their hearts are too fond of them to be stung with them—that they are constantly showing, by costly gifts, that they are never out of their mind.

NOT A HOME LEFT TO VISIT.

So Love returned, when twilight fell, And found his flower dying—dead! The queenly rose he loved so well, Lay in his arms with drooping head.

IF THE HEART IS YOUNG.

The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow, The devotion to something afar, From the sphere of our sorrow.

Parents who are so eager for their daughters to marry that they consent to their taking on the matrimonial yoke at the age of sixteen years have given many a year to regret having given their sanction.

Don't Conceal Affection.

Girls have always believed that it is a mistake to lay bare their whole hearts even when they feel the deeper love for a man; they have an idea that a man's serious interest is more firmly held and endures the longer when he is kept in ignorance of how truly he is cared for.

Could Follow Them.

It was a small western boy, given to language more picturesque than poetic, of whom this good story was told. The child adored his eastern school-teacher, young, pretty, fond of dainty blouses and high-heeled shoes.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D. (Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray) MORE ABOUT CANCER.

PREVENTION OF CANCER.

It is coming to be quite generally believed that cancer is essentially a problem of growth. If this be true, then the search for the "cure" or for the prevention of cancer leads us inevitably into the broad field of biological study of reproduction, because, as Haeckel says, "reproduction is nothing more than a growth of the organism beyond its individual mass, which erects a part into a whole."

SHE KNEW.

Mrs. Smith—The fire in my range always goes down. Mrs. Jones—Use a gasoline stove. That'll likely go up.

No Perfect Man, However.

There was a man in our town Who always knew just when to quit, But those who loved him with a fervor He did not know when to remit.

CHANGES WROUGHT BY TIME

Letter Writing and Fine Art of Conversation Goes—Is Book Reading Also to Go? In my younger days, and up to a time which may be roughly estimated at twenty or thirty years ago, we had three main resources for the spending of idle hours, and these in their order of importance were reading, the art of conversation, and letter writing.

Reward of Industry.

Our idea of a nice man is an industrious and well behaved young fellow thirty-four years of age who abandons the shame and disgrace of bachelorhood and marries a widow with five children.—Houston Post.

GOOD JOKES

UP TO HIM.

"Oh, Geoffrey, I like you well enough, but—"  
"Well, if you love me, Geraldine, isn't that sufficient?"  
"No, dear! Years ago I took a solemn vow—"  
"What was it, darling?"  
"That I never would marry—"  
"A vow of that kind is better broken than kept! It isn't—"  
"You mustn't interrupt me. The vow I took was that I never would marry any but a handsome man!"  
"Great Scott! Am I so—"  
"And so, Geoffrey, dear, I hate to have to tell you, but—"  
"Go on! I can stand anything now."  
"You'll have to shove off that dinky little tuft of hair on your chin!"

QUEER.



Gills—What's the excitement?  
Dills—Man run down by an auto, and they can't find anything to carry him.  
Gills—H'm. With all those rubbers it should be no trouble to find a stretcher.

Slim Fare.  
An optician, methinks, is one Who makes a little time. Even though he goes when work is done To dine upon a prune.

His System.  
"You seem to have no trouble in finding your way about the intricate streets of Boston."  
"That is true. I must, however, admit that my system is purely guesstwork."  
"What do you mean by guesstwork?"  
"I always go in the opposite direction from what I think is right."

The Lazy Rascal.  
Tired Employee—Is it true, boss, that a penny saved is a penny earned? Busy Boss—Sure, it is true!  
"Then I guess I'll knock off for today. I just earned \$2,000 for the firm by refusing to buy a motor truck a fellow wanted to sell the house."

If Truth Were Told.  
"Why do you want to earn such a lot more money than you and your wife will ever need?"  
"So that I can have enough to keep my children from learning to do anything to help themselves if ever they should need it."

How It Started.  
Ninny—Wonder who originated that saying, "Busy as a hen with one chicken?"  
Cynicus—Somebody, probably, who had observed the activity of a hen with one chicken just ready for the matrimonial market.—Judge.

Immune.  
"I understand your Canadian hunting party had a disastrous time."  
"Yes, it was the only one that escaped injury."  
"How did that happen?"  
"Why, I missed the train when the party started."

Celebrating.  
"If the czar and his Russian army are really victorious and carry out their purposes—"  
"Well!"  
"I'll bet they go to Berlin on the Spree."

What He Got.  
Farmer A.—How much did you get for yer 'aters?  
Farmer B.—Well, I didn't get as much as I expected, and I didn't calculate I would.

NO KICK COMING.

Dinks—Don't you find it pretty expensive to keep up that big touring car?  
Winks—Yes, I do. But I'm not grumbling. You see, Helen agreed to give up playing bridge at the Skiffina's if I'd buy the car. Oh! I'm saving money all right.

Drowning No Boater to Them.  
Old Gentleman (who had just finished reading an account of a shipwreck with lots of passengers and all hands)—Ha! I am sorry for the poor sailors that were drowned.  
Old Lady—Sailors! It isn't the sailors—It's passengers I am sorry for. The sailors are used to it.

Domestic Discard.  
"My husband used to call me his lovely lute."  
"And now?"  
"Now he picks on me."

Flattering Attention.  
"Why is Dobby so pleased this morning?"  
"A young woman cast reflections on his last night."  
"I don't see why that should tickle his vanity."  
"She was singing on the stage and used a hand mirror."

Sure Way Out of Difficulty.  
Gabe—The boss is looking for a manager, but he can't get anyone capable of filling the position.  
Steve—Why doesn't he get married?

The Cruel Censor.  
"Then you think my daughter's contract will not get her into grand opera?"  
"Never, madam. If she could lower it a notch she might make a freak female basso for a vaudeville turn."

Cause for Sorrow.  
The old hog wore a melancholy expression.  
"Why are you sad every time you see a hen passing?" asked the little pig.  
"I cannot help thinking of ham and eggs," replied the old one.

The Difficulty.

"It is a wonder that the Germans did not find it easy to march into France."  
"Why is it?"  
"Didn't they find their way paved with Belgian blocks?"

Same Object.  
"Why is a lynching party in the West the same thing practically as a hand of art judges in the East?"  
"Why are they alike?"  
"Because they're both hanging committees."

Mrs. Smith—The fire in my range always goes down. Mrs. Jones—Use a gasoline stove. That'll likely go up.

No Perfect Man, However. There was a man in our town Who always knew just when to quit, But those who loved him with a fervor He did not know when to remit.

Do You Believe Opals are Unlucky? "I know it. I bought a peach of an opal one time."  
"And it brought you bad luck?"  
"Well, I offered it to a girl thinking she was superstitious, and she wasn't."

Flah That Bite. "You'd think," said he eagerly, "that fish would know better than to bite at those artificial baits."  
"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "It isn't so long ago that you bought a lot of very pretty automobile stock."

Misleading. Sergeant—Halt! You can't go there. Private Murphy—Why not, sir? Sergeant—Because it's the general's tent. Private Murphy—Then, bedad, what are they doing with "Private" above the door?

The Duffer's Lament. Old Player—Well, how do you feel after your first two-omes at golf? Duffer—Feel? Huh! I started ahead of about forty two-omes and a half dozen four-omes, and I had so many people say, "Would you mind our going through you?" that I feel like a human sieve.

An Obliging Spirit. "I thought you were going to move into a more expensive apartment."  
"The landlord saved us the trouble," replied Mrs. Flimgit. "He raised the rent of the one we have been occupying."

Wished He'd Been Forgotten. "Did your uncle remember you in his will?"  
"Yes; he directed his executors to collect the loans he had made me."

Very Unusual. "I can't understand why they appointed Wombat on that board."  
"Why, he understands all about it."  
"And that's why I can't understand the appointment."

A Diplomat. "How do you like your new music master?"  
"He is a very nice, polite young man. When I made a mistake yesterday he said, 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take so much pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"—Paris Figaro.

Affaire du Coeur. "So Maud is married. Was it an affair of the heart?"  
"Yes, she married a rich old man whose heart, she was told, might give out at any moment."

The Long Run. "When she refused him he said she would learn to love him in the long run."  
"And did she?"  
"Yes. After he had won first prize as a marathon sprinter she married him."

Not Flattering. Blippy—Blippy doesn't seem to understand the new dances." Flippy—Blippy dances very well for a man of his age. Blippy—Is he as old as that?

Inland Well. "And now there won't be any yacht races."  
"Too bad. Hundreds of girls in such seaports as Kankakee and Kokomo had arranged for yachting costumes."

Cruel Comment. Belle—I wear black generally because I think it is more in harmony with my complexion than anything else. Nell—Yes; black and yellow do harmonize.

Indian Child's Grave House in Museum. A little grave house—the little wooden shelter the red men used to put over the graves of their dead—has been secured recently by the historical museum at Madison.

Popular Move. For our part, we are willing to try to make old clothes fashionable this fall.—Dallas News.

Indian Child's Grave House in Museum. This little weatherbeaten house came from a child's grave and was found in the northwestern part of Wisconsin. In the front is a small opening through which food, water, and sweetmeats were passed for the sustenance and pleasure of the departed.

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