

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry On Vanity

SAY! have you ever noticed that the bug called Vanity can cook up more trouble for human beings than any germ that ever built its nest in a brain cell?

It's a subtle little disease, this fever we call Vanity. No man ever knows he has it but he can always recognize the symptoms in his neighbor.

Sometimes it breaks out in diamond rings on the fingers; sometimes it takes the form of ragtime clothing accompanied by rainbow neckties, and sometimes it drives a man into politics who should remain at his post as the chauffeur of a garbage wagon.

And then again there are occasions when it never shows in a man until after he is dead and his will reads, "I give and bequeath the sum of thirty thousand dollars for the purposes of scattering my ashes from the highest peak of the Himalaya mountains."

Hep Hardy has it for keeps. Around at the club the other night I saw him drink seven Scotch highballs because somebody swelled him all up by telling him he never showed the effects of liquor.

Then he had to lean against the buildings all the way home.

Even friend wife isn't proof against the Vanity microbe.

Not long ago some fresh friend told her that she was getting stout and Peaches promptly fell for every obesity cure known to modern science.

During her calmer moments Peaches has the general appearance of a Fletcherizing canary bird, but when some amiable idiot told her that day by day she was growing to look more and more like a public building she uttered a few shrill screams and started after that obesity proposition with a tomahawk.

I tried to flag her and talk her out of it, but she waved me back and said she wasn't going through this world chaperoning a double chin.

So Peaches started in to put the sabots to the fatty tissues, and for a week our erstwhile peaceful home became two reels in the Movies entitled "A Rough Night at Sea."

When I reached home on the eve of the Battle of Emboupoint I found Peaches strolling around the campus made up to look like a lady scarecrow. Her face was concealed behind a muslin mask, there was a feverish glitter in her eyes and in both hands she clutched a book which proclaimed itself "The Road to Beauty; or, How to Get Thin Without Calling in the Coroner."

As I breezed through the turnstile with a cheery "Good evening, Lassie!" she turned her acetylene lamps on me and burned me to a standstill. Then she threw both herself and the book on our nearly-Persian rug and began to roll around the room. Seeking new worlds to conquer, she rolled out into the dining room, bumped into the sideboard, and exit, rolling into hall with glass-crash.

"What's the idea?" I gasped, when friend wife rolled back into my life again and dropped anchor in a Morris chair.

"Reducing," she answered in the still, small voice of a Marathon runner at the end of the ninety-fourth mile. Then she rushed out and weighed herself and came back with the glad tidings that she'd lost six and one-quarter ounces.

"Eat one of our new cook's breakfast rolls and get it back permanently," I suggested, and Peaches didn't speak to me for twenty minutes.

The next morning Aunt Louisa Mir-

A day or two later Mrs. Fitzstanz, who tips the beam at 243, flopped in like an amiable seal and told Peaches that her system of physical torture was all wrong. Once more I hotfooted it for the shopping district and returned with one of those rubber contrivances which you carefully fasten to the wall, and then take hold of the handles and try to pull it off again.

Bright and early the next glad morning Peaches grabbed the handles and was getting away from her fat little self at the rate of an ounce an hour when one of the rubber strings suddenly quit the job and then something kicked Peaches just where a good singer gets her coloratura.

When Peaches fell wounded on the field of battle she decided hurriedly that something must fall with her so she selected our new talking machine, and there was such a crash that our new cook thought the end of the world had arrived and she ran screaming in the direction of Paterson, N. J.

I had to pour a pitcher of ice water over Peaches' facial expression before she came to, and then she found that all she had lost by the new process was her breath and \$24 worth of records.

She was sitting on a Caruso, with her left foot embedded in a Tetrazzini



Sometimes it Takes the Form of Rag-Time Clothing.

while fragments of a Victor Herbert melody nestled coyly in her hair.

Mrs. Gaffrey dropped in next day about lunch time and told Peaches that the only real way to reduce the flesh is to take a long walk; so Peaches picked out a long walk and took it.

After she was gone about six hours, and it was getting dark she called me up on the long distance and broke the news to me that she had walked some fifteen miles, and that she had been terribly exhausted and had used up all the walk that was in her, and would I please be so kind as to send a taxi and not leave her to perish in a strange land among the savage tribes in the Bronx.

When Peaches reached home that night she found that all the flesh she had lost was her pocketbook containing ten dollars, and I was set back ten dollars for cab hire, making a total reduction of four pounds—English money.

A few days later while I was down town Mrs. Carruthers dropped in, also at lunch time, and carefully explained to friend wife that the only way to beat back an attack of avoidipolis is to take electric baths.



"What's the idea?" I gasped.

fendale, who weighs 278 in her war paint, floated in and told Peaches that she had picked out the wrong kind of exercise, and presently I was chased off downtown for a rowing machine, a set of Indian clubs and sixty cents worth of dumbbells.

That evening Peaches jumped merrily aboard the rowing machine and bore away to the northeast, with a strong ebb tide on the port bow.

She was about four miles up the river and going hard when a strap broke, whereupon Peaches went c-o-broke with a splash that upset most of the furniture in the room and knocked her manicure set down behind the bureau.

One of the oars went up in the air and landed on the bridge of my nose, because my face happened to be in the way when the oar came down.

When loving hands finally untangled Peaches from the chain drive of a rocking chair, she found that, with the help of the rowing machine, she had lost nearly two pounds—mostly off the end of her elbow.

An hour later Peaches gathered up the family plate and exchanged it for an electric blanket, which she had sent home immediately.

It was cold that night so I wasn't at all surprised to see what I supposed was a Mackinaw coat spread over the bed.

I figured on reaching Dreamland by the fast express but, heavens! how warm it began to get.

"The janitor is sure annoying the radiators with a lot of steam tonight," I said, feverishly, but all I got was a sharp "Shush!" from the other half of the sketch.

A half hour passed and one by one my features trickled away from my face. The temperature jumped up to 211 in the dark.

"For the friendship of Mike," I pleaded, "can't we throw this asbestos quilt on the floor and come out of the fiery furnace?"

"Don't move!" snapped Peaches; "don't move!"

For another half hour I strolled with Dante through his favorite boiler

room. I felt something sharp and peculiar on my back. It was one of my shoulder blades peeping out to see what the matter was. The temperature had started to display itself in four figures when I gasped, "What is this thing that's over us—a plumber's blow-pipe?"

"Shush!" whispered Peaches, "It's an electric blanket—we're reducing!" Shrieking the battery of Freedom I pushed the volcano off the bed and jumped to my feet.

Peaches also jumped to her feet and with one of them stepped on an ohm or something, whereupon she let a blood-curdling yell out of her that could be heard in Winnipeg.

Then she put her other foot down and landed on a volt or an ampere or something equally exciting and became short-circuited.

She was the best little short-circuit that ever fused a fuse.

For two minutes that room looked like a thunderstorm with Peaches playing all the elements.

When I finally got the current turned off and all the live wires out of her hair Peaches collapsed on the sofa, screaming: "Take it away! Take it away! Now I know what a hard life the third rail must lead!"

I think the electric blanket has cured friend wife.

At any rate all the exercising do-furnys have been presented to the janitor's children, and Peaches has promised to be kind to a double chin if Nature slips her one.

Old King Solomon had the right idea when he said to his typewriter, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!"

If a surgeon could remove our Vanity as easily as he removes an appendix there'd be a lot more money in the savings bank.

What do you think?

HOW ONE MAN GOT HIS START

Couldn't Go in for a Literary Career, So Went Into Hardware Business.

"I got my start in life," said a wealthy retired hardware dealer, "in a singular manner."

"You might not think it, I having passed the major portion of my life in selling nails, padlocks, stoves and shovels, but in my early youth my great ambition was to be a writer, an author. I had no doubt whatever that that was what I was cut out for, and certainly I worked at it good and hard; but none of the publishers to whom I sent my things seemed to agree with me. As fast as I sent the things in to them they would send them back."

"But that didn't worry me. I knew that sooner or later they would come to like what I wrote and buy it. What got my goat was the expense. I was a very ready writer and I wrote long pieces. The stamps I had to use to send these pieces out and get them back cost me a lot of money."

"When I realized how much I was paying out for stamps I said to myself: 'Humph! I'll save up that money for five years and then I'll go to writing again.' And for the next five years I did put aside regularly the amount that I would otherwise have spent for stamps and you would be surprised if I should tell you how much it amounted to. But at the end of that time I did not again take up writing."

"Just at that time the senior partner of the hardware store in our town died and his heirs drew out all his interest in the firm. There was a chance for a man with a little capital to get into a good business. I had the capital, by accumulated stamp money, and I bought that interest in the hardware store."

"From that time on I was always too busy to write; but my great success in the hardware business you can clearly trace to my original ambition for authorship."

So-Called Humane Bullets.

We are told in the current newspapers that Alexander Foster Humphrey of Pittsburgh has invented a bullet supplied with narcotics and anesthetics, the former to relieve the pain of a wound and the latter to aid the healing operations. At least two patents have been issued for narcotizing bullets, both especially designed for use in capturing the lower animals. One patent issued in 1910 to James Francis O'Byrne and Thomas A. Flood of Salt Lake City, for a bullet carrying a narcotic whose anaesthetic effect when shot into a fleshy portion of an animal would so affect it as to render its capture and control comparatively easy. The other patent was issued in 1911 to K. Burgsmuller of Krefeld, Germany, for a cartridge filled with a mixture of capsaicin in an immediately gasifiable form for narcotizing animals.

Tall Hats of the Past.

In spite of statements made lately to the contrary, tall hats were invented long before 1813. A Mr. Toft of Tottenham, who died in 1767, left £50 to the governors of the Tottenham free grammar school, the interest of which was to be devoted to the purchase of three tall hats as prizes for the three best boys.

The hats used to be purchased from a hatter in Bishopsgate street, named Greenway, for 24s, but in 1811 he informed the governor that a duty of 1s each had been imposed, and the cost raised to 27s. The duty was again raised to 2s each, and in 1813 to 2s 6d. The duty was afterwards repealed, but by that time the governors were purchasing Bibles instead of hats for the boys.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Devil's Own.

The Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps is proud of its traditional name, the Devil's Own, a title which links it with the patriots of the four Inns, who formed a volunteer corps in the time of the Napoleonic wars. It was George III who bestowed the title on the corps. He was reviewing bands of volunteers and, as one particularly smart body of men passed before him, asked who they were. "Lawyers," was the reply. "The Devil's Own," the Devil's Own," said the old king, who had a habit of repeating his phrases. And the lawyers, who had a sense of humor, adopted the title with glee.—London Chronicle.

STOP CALOMEL! TAKE DODSON'S LIVER TONE

New Discovery! Takes Place of Dangerous Calomel—It Puts Your Liver To Work Without Making You Sick—Eat Anything—It Can Not Salivate—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

I discovered a vegetable compound that does the work of dangerous, sickening calomel and I want every reader of this paper to try a bottle and if it doesn't straighten you up better and quicker than salivating calomel just go back to the store and get your money.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your thirty feet of bowels of the sour bile and constipation poison which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable.

I guarantee that one spoonful of this harmless liquid liver medicine will relieve the headache, biliousness, coated tongue, ague, malaria, sour stomach or any other distress caused by a torpid liver as quickly as a dose of vile, nauseating calomel, besides it will not make you sick or keep you from a day's work. I want

to see a bottle of this wonderful liver medicine in every home in the South.

Calomel is poison—it's mercury—it attacks the bones often causing rheumatism. Calomel is dangerous. It sickens—while my Dodson's Liver Tone is safe, pleasant and harmless. Eat anything afterwards, because it can not salivate. Give it to the children because it doesn't upset the stomach or shock the liver. Take a spoonful tonight and wake up feeling fine and ready for a full day's work.

Get a bottle! Try it! If it doesn't do exactly what I say, tell your dealer to hand your money back. Every druggist and store keeper in the South knows me and knows of my wonderful discovery of a medicine that takes the place of dangerous calomel.

FEW WAR PLAYS HAVE LIFE

Writers Seldom Successful in Producing Dramas That Long Hold Public Attention.

To write a long list of plays which have in their day figured as war plays would neither prove nor disprove anything except this—that they were so written as to deserve recognition from posterity, or not; if they were they got it, and if they were badly done, nobody remembers them; certainly the fact that they exploit a passage at arms, a battle of war, never kept bad plays out of the limbo of forgetfulness.

Dryden's enormous product includes at least two dozen war plays, and they are the dearest in our literature, according to the Theater Magazine. He loves alarms and excursions, but while one ode devoted to them in a spectacular way is spouted by every schoolboy, the plays of this poet in which war as a spectacle figures even more grandiloquently are quite lost to all but the bibliophile.

The first war plays that naturally recur to the Anglo-Saxon mind are Shakespeare's histories. These are war plays, indeed, if any exist in English. Armies march and counter-march through them, battles are joined, lost or won, cities are besieged and taken, the sight and sounds of sixteenth century warfare are constantly heard and seen; they are perhaps the model war plays of our language; and Shakespeare's free hand was the only hand to deal with them.

Quite a Difference. Della, after a rain, begged to go outside to play.

"You may go," said her mother, "if you will stay on the walk, and not make mud-pies."

It was not long before Della was leaning suspiciously far over the walk.

"I thought you promised not to make mud-pies," mother called.

"I'm not, mamma," replied Della. "I'm making doughnuts."

Willings.

"Do you know how many gallons of intoxicating liquor are consumed in this country every year?" asked the reformer.

"No, I don't," said the man with the red nose, "but if you'll lend me a dime I'll go across the street and help the good work along."

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteful form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

His Way.

"Old General Putnam would be a good man to have in the emergencies of this war."

"Why so?"

"Because he knew how to jump into a hole and get out of one."

Hard to Please.

"Here's your bean soup, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Umm," said the patron, as he surveyed the watery mixture before him. "You might show me the bean."

Surely.

Patience—What does a woman have to do first to get a divorce?

Patience—Why, get remarried, of course.

Mighty Slow Pay.

Staylate—I always pay as I go. Miss Weary (yawning)—Your creditors have my sympathy.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

By Marine's Balm Remedy for Red, Swollen, Itchy and Granulated Eyelids; for Stinging, Hot and Irritated Eyes; for Redness, Swelling and Pain in the Throat; for Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs. Write for Book of the Balm by mail free. Marine's Balm Remedy Co., Chicago.

Go to a friend for advice, to a stranger for charity and to a relative for nothing.

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

The rule is that those who shave themselves hear less baseball.

Wounds on man or beast should be healed by Hanford's Balm. Adv.

The average man is always paid average wages.

ANGER IN CLOSE ALLIANCES

Investigation Has Shown That Cancer Is Most Probable When Cousins Are Wedded.

Speaking of the possible hereditary tendency to cancer, Dr. Charles B. Davenport of the eugenics laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., says of the fact that the incidence of cancer is highest in Maine: "I have no doubt that this is due to the presence of one or more races in Maine which are non-immune to cancer."

Doctor Davenport's studies "indicate that resistance to cancer is a positive (dominant) trait and that nonresistance appears in children only when both parents belong to a nonresistant race. And this result is commonest. Other things being equal, where cousin marriages are commonest, because that makes it probable that if one parent belongs to a cancer race, the other—the cousin—will belong to the same cancer race. Now, in rural Maine-cousin marriages are extremely frequent, especially in the islands off the coast, and here we have the conditions for the result—the high incidence of numbers of the cancer race in an inbred community."

Baby's Bedroom.

The room in which a baby sleeps should contain no upholstered furniture or heavy curtains on which dirt and germs can find a lodging and breeding place. The walls, if possible, should be so finished as to allow frequent wiping with a damp cloth. The temperature of the baby's room should be kept not higher than 68 or 70 degrees in winter and in summer should be kept as cool as possible with awnings and shutters. The windows should be kept open day and night in summer and in winter the room should be aired two or three times a day.

Trouble Ahead.

The person popularly known as the head of the house turned his key in the door and entered as quietly as possible.

"Where's your mother?" he whispered as his young son appeared.

"She's," cautioned the boy. "She's waiting upstairs in the war zone, and I think she's got your range."

Couldn't Put That in Print.

Doctor—That last case has made me miss the big dinner this evening to the distinguished Professor Jay. It's too late now.

His Wife—Never mind, dear: the speeches will be published. Doctor—Yes, but the dinner won't.

More Useful.

"Belle, it is a shame the way you keep those two nice young men on the string. You really should tell which one you prefer."

"No, I believe in maintaining a strict neutrality."

A Slight Mistake.

"Was it the Goodchild ranges the Russians have been driven from?"

"There's no such place as the Goodchild ranges."

"I mean the Beskids—same thing."

Cures Ivy Poisoning.

For ivy poisoning apply Hanford's Balm. It is antiseptic and may be used to kill the poison. Prompt relief should follow the first application. Adv.

A Left Hand.

"No matter how many times a girl gives her hand in marriage to a man," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "she always has one left."

For sprains make a thorough application of Hanford's Balm, well rubbed in. Adv.

A wise girl never turns down one offer of marriage until she gets a stranger hold on a better one.

When you dislike anyone, isn't it a fact that you dislike his laugh more than anything about him?

Sold upon merit—Hanford's Balm.

Adv.

Probably the biggest thing about a jealous woman is her suspicion.

It's easier to land a husband than to keep him landed.

People who are too fresh are always getting into a pickle.

GULL IN STRANGE MISHAP

Bird's Life Endangered When Its Beak Was Caught Between the Shells of Clam.

At first thought it is hard to imagine how a clam could endanger the life of a bird. That such a strange circumstance is not impossible is shown by the following incident.

A settler on one of the small islands near Vancouver was returning to his home by way of a beach of hard sand, when he beheld an unusually large flock of seagulls gathered in a compact mass and beating with their beaks and wings upon the sand. Evidently they were attacking some enemy. Overhead dozens of gulls wheeled and screamed in evident excitement.

The settler was almost upon the fighting birds before they burst apart and flew, chattering, toward the clouds. One, however, lay flapping upon the ground, and the man saw that a monster clam held the gull's beak in a vise-like grip. It was too heavy for the bird to fly away with, and for all the gull's frantic struggles, it could not loosen the clam's tenacious grip.

With his hunting knife the man pried open the shells and freed the captive. The gull was exhausted from its desperate efforts, and at first could only stagger like a drunken sailor toward the water. Finally, however, it flew away, and soon returned in the van of a cloud of gulls come to inspect the enemy that had trapped one of their tribe.—St. Andrews Beacon.

The Shirkers.

Mrs. Anna Steinauer, Boston's policewoman, was talking about her bete noire, the girl who smokes.

"The good, old-fashioned girl," she said, "turns up her sleeves at work, while the modern cigarette-smoking girl turns up her nose."

She laughed, and added: "Or else she doesn't turn up at all."

Those Holland Bults.

Bacon—I see British marines interned in Holland are receiving ten cents and noncommissioned officers 25 cents a day as pocket money.

Egbert—Why, that's hardly enough to keep 'em in bults!

No matter how insignificant a man may be, he is firmly convinced that his superiority will some day be recognized.

Beautiful, clear white clothes delight the ladies who use Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

New styles are usually old ones people have forgotten.

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

Because of Terrible Backache. Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered from displacement and inflammation, and had such pains in my sides, and terrible backache so that I could hardly stand. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can do any amount of work, sleep good, eat good, and don't have a bit of trouble. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman."—Mrs. HARRY FISHER, 1235 Doughton St., Nicotown, Pa.



Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman.

Another Woman's Case.

Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it. I had a displacement, bearing down, and backache, until I could hardly stand and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long, bearing down, and backache, and I can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ANNE LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

Danger Signals to Women are what one physician called backache, headache, nervousness, and the blues. In many cases they are symptoms of some female derangement or an inflammatory, ulcerative condition, which may be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of American women willingly testify to its virtue.



Kentucky Homespun Tobacco

Cross of the old, ripe, sweet, and carefully cured. Hold in the hand. Smoke slowly and savor the rich, pure, and fragrant. Satisfaction guaranteed. J. H. Finner, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

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