

# Gales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

## Philadelphia Ghost Has Fondness for Jewels

PHILADELPHIA.—An old, ivy-covered mansion in Philadelphia, which for years has borne the reputation of being haunted, has once more come to the front as the council chamber for wanderers from the realm of spirits.



Miss H. Maybard White, an artist who has lived there just to show that she does not believe in ghosts, has never been able to keep colored help because they said they saw night prowlers gliding silently across shining floors. Persons whom she had there as guests have quickly gone home after hearing strange noises like the slow tramp of hundreds of persons and the wail of a child. Her latest guest, Miss Netty Barry, deserted the mansion when an unprincipled

"hant" robbed Miss White of \$1,000 in jewels. Miss Barry insists she heard the ghost walk, heard the swish of its garments. With chattering teeth, she fell limp in a chair. A few minutes later the noises died away. When Miss White arrived she made search and found that her jewels were missing. Miss Barry is confident the noises she heard were not those of a human being.

Four times Miss White has been robbed and each time her heirlooms and jewelry seemed to attract the eye of the burglar, whether he be a "spook," as supposed, or a masked human robber.

Years ago an unhappy girl, a bride of but a few months, shot herself as she sat in the spacious dining room of this house. She had been a "sacrifice upon the altar of love." Her parents had forced her into a loveless marriage with a rich man and she sought death for freedom.

Now, the story goes, just as the last stroke of twelve booms across a sleeping city, a tall, stately figure clothed in white, exhaling an icy breath, appears in the dining room.

## Why New York City Has So Many Wealthy Waiters

NEW YORK.—This city is the greatest dining-out place in the world. Every diner has his favorite place to go, and above all, his favorite waiter. To the regular patron this model servitor is the paragon of all the virtues of waterdom. He knows what you like and how you like it and recommends some special dish to your jaded palate in such a confidential way that you can almost taste it before it's served. And while you are eating, this soft-voiced, clever-smiling servitor is always sympathetic when you tell him any of your troubles. He laughs at your jokes, pets and pampers you. He is always right at your elbow to attend to the hundred little things you may need.



"The best dinner in the world," the diner will tell the waiter when through. He has lost his grouch and is ready to look at the world with a smile. The waiter knows the trick of reaching a man through his stomach. That is why you hear of so many rich waiters. All these favorite bill of fare jugglers have salted their little roll and every one of the well-known restaurants have from half a dozen to a dozen thrifty waiters who own choice real estate. Apropos of this an interesting story is told that happened at Delmonico's. Seven or eight financiers were dining there. During the course of the dinner the host told his friends about the difficulty he had experienced in securing a vacant lot which joined his house on one of the side streets off Central Park east. "I don't know who owns it," he went on, "but I've offered the real estate broker \$55,000 for it." "Beg pardon," whispered the old gray-haired waiter who had been serving them; "beg pardon, but I own the lot you refer to. My broker never told me about any such offer, and if I can see you tomorrow I guess we can come to some agreement."

## Des Moines Experimenting With a Housing Plan

DES MOINES.—A practical demonstration to prove that individual apartments with modern plumbing, sanitary conveniences and absolute privacy for each family can be built to rent for from \$8 to \$12.50 per month and yet yield a reasonable profit to the builder is being made here. The Octavia Hill association, which has already won renown in solving housing problems, has worked out the plan to the smallest detail and is building the model houses. Forty-five families will be provided for in the first block now under construction.



The houses, which are of red brick, are simply finished, with sufficient trimming to keep them from being severely plain. One important feature of the property is the provision for the children. About 8,000 square feet of ground in the center of the block will be used for a playground. The rent collectors are trained social workers.

The Des Moines venture is a test case to prove that the unsanitary and bad housing conditions which prevail for the low-salaried workman are criminally unnecessary. It is voting an unanswerable protest against the crowded tenement, the dilapidated and unsanitary house which is virtually the only kind offered to the man who must pay less than \$15 a month rental.

## Nothing Under Father Knickerbocker's New Dome

NEW YORK.—If somebody said to Father Knickerbocker: "There's nothing under your dome," it wouldn't be slang and it wouldn't be a lie. It would be the truth. This big and foolish city recently spent \$16,000,000 on a 40-story municipal building. It cost about twice as much per cubic foot as the handsomest private skyscrapers. Long after it was started, work on the higher Woolworth building was begun; and long before it was anywhere near completed, the Woolworth building was humming and buzzing with busy clerks and stenographers, bank presidents and lawyers.



Moreover, the municipal building isn't completed yet and apparently never will be. The upper 15 stories are an utter waste, abandoned to bats, rats and stray felines. Father Knick, indeed, has nothing under his big, ugly dome with the gilt angel at the top. He can't find the \$50,000 to \$90,000 it would cost to put

With the budget up to \$212,000,000 no place can be found for this item, although there are several municipal offices in private buildings in the neighborhood, for which the city is paying good rentals.

The 15 stories form the tower above the larger main structure. They were originally intended for the standard testing laboratory of the city. But the intelligent gentlemen who located the laboratory here forgot the well-known fact that all high buildings vibrate and sway. The testers, when shown their assigned quarters, simply laughed and asked for the cellar. They couldn't have the cellar, the new subway was running through it.

## FRIENDSHIP HIS ONLY IDEA

But We Have a Suspicion That the Young Man Did Not Accept the Father's Offer.

He came into the old gentleman's office with a bright smile.

"I'm the young man who's been calling on your daughter, sir, and I just dropped into say I am not in love with her."

No answer.

"I want to be perfectly square. Ours is a friendship, pure and simple—genuine platonic. We respect each other. We enjoy simple and friendly communion. Just a case of comradeship, pure and unalloyed."

No answer.

"You may think—it would be natural for any man of your vast experience of the world to think—that, even if I feel this way about it, your daughter might unconsciously be falling in love with me, only to wake up some day and find her heart broken. Through no fault of my own, you understand. Just one of those unhappy accidents which come. No, sir. Nothing in that. She knows the situation. Purely mental, I assure you."

The old gentleman wheeled around. "Weren't you kissing my daughter last night in the back parlor?"

The young man smiled again. "Certainly, sir, certainly. Nothing in that. I assure you—the kiss of friendship. Ever hear of Damon and Pythias? They kissed each other frequently. Jonathan and David also. I, sir, am proud to kiss any friend of mine."

"Um! I suppose you'd put both arms around your friend, hold his lily-white hand in yours and lay his head on your shoulder—just for pure friendship?"

"That's it, sir. Your intuitive mind has grasped the idea. With me friendship is everything."

"And what is your idea of love?"

"Love, sir! Never experienced it. I'm not interested in love. Me for friendship, pure and unalloyed."

"I see—just a few friendly, platonic hugs and friendly kisses and—"

"Exactly, sir. You know."

The old gentleman smiled. "I'm glad you called," he said.

"Nothing like a frank talk to clear up these little matters. Young man, I feel friendly toward you already. No reason, is there, why you and I shouldn't be friends?"

"None, sir. In fact, it's the dearest wish of my heart."

"Good! Then I tell you what. I'm going to send my dear, friendly daughter away tomorrow for a month's vacation. But don't let that make any difference. I'll take her place. Come around and sit in my lap all the evening, will you?"—Life.

# CALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! ACTS LIKE DYNAMITE ON LIVER

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Doesn't Make You Sick

Stop using calomel! It makes you sick. Don't lose a day's work. If you feel lazy, sluggish, bilious or constipated, listen to me!

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile, crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a

spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel bright and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot sully or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clear your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

## EVIDENTLY HAD LOST SAVOR

Soldier's Insinuation Was That Meat Had Been Long in British Army Commissariat.

"Any complaint?" asked the British orderly officer of some men who were about to begin dinner in a certain barrack room.

"Yes, sir," instantly exclaimed a raw recruit; "the beef an' bacon in this 'ere Irish 'ash ain't fit for the likes of us to eat, an' I wish to report it."

The doctor was sent for to inspect the food.

"So you think this meat isn't fit for a man in your position to eat?" said he. "Allow me to tell you that greater men than ever you will have eaten it. Even the commander in chief wasn't above eating it in the Crimea, and made many a hearty meal of it."

"Oh, did 'e?" said our over-nice recruit.

"Yes, he did," replied the surgeon.

"Oh, well," retorted the man, "it was all very well for the commander in chief, 'cause the meat would be fresh an' good then. You see, sir, it's a long time since that 'ere Crimea job, and it can't be expected to keep good all these years."

**Its Nature.**  
"I hear a queer noise in this room like a muffled clock."  
"Maybe it's the bed ticking."

The girl with the biggest matrimony has the best chance for matrimony.

## Well Put.

Once in a while, when small children are witnesses in court, they have an original way of framing their answers to questions put to them by the attorneys, says the Boston Post. The other day a little girl in the district court was asked:

"How do you know that this statement is true?"

"Why, my papa told me so," instantly replied the little girl.

"And do you always answer your stepmother politely, no matter what she says to you, as your father told you to do?"

"No," said the small witness, and after a brief pause she added: "My heart did not bring forth the words."

## His Managers.

"Can I return this necktie in the style, color and cost do not meet with the approval of the board of directors?" asked the little man of the clerk at the haberdashery counter.

"I suppose so, but tell me, please, who are the board of directors?"

"My wife and daughters. I might also add that they are the auditing bureau and the committee on style."

## The Species.

"My dear Mrs. Comeup, are those mushrooms yonder edible?"

"No; I thing they're canned."

A good deal of boiled cabbage gets into society under the name of "cabbage-flower."

Suspensions are often worse than facts.

# Surgeon General Rupert Blue of the U. S. Public Health Service Says:

"I WANT TO WARN YOU AGAINST THE CRAZE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY HAVE FOR WHITE FLOUR. THE WHITEST FLOUR IS NOT THE BEST; IT IS NOT THE PUREST; IT IS ONLY THE DEAREST, AND WHEN YOU BUY IT YOU BUY LOOKS AND NOT NOURISHMENT. IN ORDER TO MAKE IT WHITE, SOME OF THE MOST NOURISHING AND ESSENTIAL COMPONENTS OF THE NATURAL WHEAT HAVE BEEN TAKEN AWAY."

These "nourishing and essential components" are the priceless mineral phosphates of the grain, known as the "tissue salts," indispensable for perfect health of body, brain and nerves.

Everywhere food scientists and physicians are sounding a like note of warning, for a host of ills is following the pernicious practise of casting out these elements in the milling process, and that, simply to make the flour look white and pretty. Neurasthenia, anemia, Bright's disease, constipation, rickets, and a lowered resistance against disease in general, are some of these ills.

# Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and barley, retains all the nutriment of the grains and those "essential components"—the mineral elements. This splendid food was devised years ago to supply this very lack in ordinary food and fortify the system against the onslaughts of disease. It does it wonderfully well.

Grape-Nuts comes ready to eat, convenient, economical and nourishing, and has become a household word in thousands of homes for its sterling food values and delicious flavor.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere