

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## Lemuel Was Wrong — He Came Back Next Day

WASHINGTON.—Lemuel ambled into the marriage license office the other day wearing his workaday clothes.

"Does I get my license heah?" Lemuel wanted to know.  
 "You do," responded the clerk.  
 "Den," said Lemuel with dignity, "you kin make it out fo' me."  
 He unhesitatingly gave answers to the various form questions propounded to him. And when this was concluded he reached for the paper which he had signed.  
 "Not yet," said the clerk gently, "not yet. You must take the oath and pay the dollar."  
 "Take de oath?" said Lemuel.  
 "Man, what kind of oath is dat?"

"You must take oath that what you have stated is the truth."  
 "And den," said Lemuel in a pained voice, "after I take dat oath I gotta pay a dollar besides?"  
 "It is the law," said the marriage license clerk solemnly.  
 Lemuel turned toward the door.  
 "I reckon I'll wait till next yeah," he stated. "I didn't reckon when I cum to get married you white folks would make me do all de wo'k."  
 But Lemuel was wrong. He didn't wait until next year. He came next day. And at the outside door of the courthouse the voice of his future bride could be heard as she dragged him toward the office. And these were her soft sentiments:  
 "Now, you triflin' no-account, you all gimme dat dollah en' I'll pay fo' de license. . . And if you don't tak' dat oath right I'll bus' you when I get outside sho's I live!"

## Shedding of Teeth Is a Most Interesting Subject

YOU are respectfully invited to consider the shedding of teeth. It is a most interesting subject of thought, in that it touches the memory-wire that connects with our own milk-molars way back in the last century, when we were—Remember? There is a young gentleman out Cleveland park way who had two loose ones, in front, that wobbled, but would not shed. He was offered every inducement to have them pulled—ice cream and other lures—but as every proposition had a very literal string to it, the young gentleman hung on to his teeth. And the teeth hung on to him—as a door hangs on by one hinge.



The other day the special Providence which plays nurse to small boys arranged that little cousin Virginia, in a hammock on the porch, should swing against the young gentleman with such satisfying results that, the first thing the Big Man heard when he whizzed home was:  
 "It's out, papa! Virginia kicked it out."  
 The household celebrated with due jubilation, and more enticing suggestions were thrown out as to the advisability of having mamma pull out the other tooth, which was—"so loose, darling, it couldn't possibly hurt—"

## Will Next Use a Net to Catch Train Robbers

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt shooting the train robber and getting the reward, and that's why Jim Yokum of Red Bluff, Cal., is going about these days with a rueful countenance on which the gloom is settled as thickly as the white powder on some of the artificial ladies we see nowadays.



Jim's a train hand of some sort. It may be he is an express messenger, or a conductor—of his real grade I know naught. All I know is what Francis John Dyer of Los Angeles and other Pacific coast points told your correspondent, and he said Jim is a train hand. At any rate, Jim saw two men crawl into the mail car of his train while it was stopping at Delta, Cal. Like a true moving picture hero, he drew his shooting irons and began peppering the robbers. They returned the fire, but Jim's unerring aim brought one of the villains to the ground silent. Jim had killed him. The other fellow ran.

Now that was a fair day's work for a train hand, and Jim began to get all swelled up over it, and applied to the post office department for that thousand dollars reward which he understood to be standing for just such cases. The post office department opened his letter, yawned, rubber stamped it, passed it on through several million miles of red tape and returned it to Jim with something like this:  
 "Sir: In reply to your esteemed favor of recent date we beg to advise that the reward which you claim is offered only in the case of mail train robbers arrested and convicted."

Jim was dumfounded. He had neither arrested nor convicted his robber. He had merely killed him.  
 The next time he sees a man robbing the mails he intends to throw a net over him and take him to Washington, to the postmaster general, in a box

## Gets Amusement Out of Being a "Doppelganger"

EVERY president seems fated to have somewhere in his neighborhood a "doppelganger," as the Germans call it; in English, a "double"—some one who resembles him so closely that he is continually being mistaken for him. President Wilson's double is also in public life. He is Representative McKenzie of Illinois, and they look as much alike as twins—although Mr. McKenzie is said to look more alike than the president, according to the wit of the house press gallery, who is an Irishman, of course.



As Representative McKenzie was leisurely strolling through the lobby of a Washington hotel one evening last winter a stranger approached him.  
 "Pardon me, Mr. President," he said, with a frown of concern, "I know you are most democratic in your habits and the people admire you for it, but really, sir, this is too great a risk for the ruler of the United States to take, thus wandering about the city at night, alone and unattended by even a single guard. You owe it to the people to be more careful."

Mr. McKenzie bowed in acknowledgment, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder in a friendly way, thanked him for his kind interest, and, promising to be more careful in future, passed on, leaving the stranger in an ecstatic trance.  
 "I didn't have the heart to tell the fellow the brutal truth and spell his evenings for the rest of the winter, at the lodge and the corner drug store and the table when there's company for dinner," remarked Mr. McKenzie

## GIVES CREDIT TO GORGAS

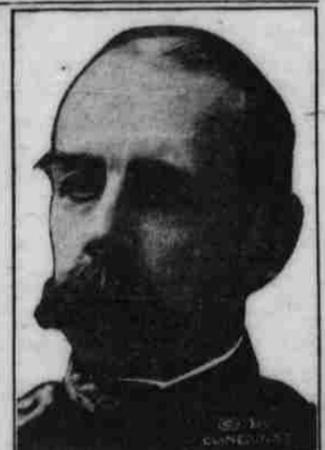


"America will get all the credit perhaps for completing the Panama canal, but in giving praise where it is due, the work of the French engineers and those engaged in the early digging of the canal ought not to be overlooked," remarked Henri Borgia of Paris, an engineer, recently. "The French overlooked the most important requisite in the Panama canal zone—that of proper sanitation. Had our engineers been supported in their work by a Colonel Gorgas, the American nation might not have had the opportunity to buy the canal."

"I think it only justice that some tribute be paid the French for their share in this great project. It is true they failed, but not through lack of funds, as is proved by the beautiful palace, the magnificent gardens, and the record of sumptuous living of the officials. Neither was failure due to the unwillingness of the French peasantry to contribute of their brawn, evidence of which is seen in the overfilled graves.  
 "The success of the American was not wholly due to his greater knowledge of engineering nor to his improved machinery; neither was it due to his ability to get into his hands large amounts of money, but to the victory over the humble mosquito."

## BRIGADIER GENERAL SHARPE'S BIG JOB

More armies have been destroyed by starvation than by battles. The duke of Wellington once said that he did not consider himself much of a general, but that he prided himself on being a first-class commissary officer. "Many can lead troops," he remarked; "I can feed them."



The big job of feeding Uncle Sam's fighting men is in the hands of Brig. Gen. Henry G. Sharpe, commissary general of the United States army.

In war there is unavoidable waste of food supplies, and for this reason it is necessary to furnish much more than is actually eaten. American soldiers in the field waste quite as much as they eat. The waste of our troops in the Philippines fed half of Agulnaldo's insurrectos in a way that surpassed their wildest dreams of luxury.

The quantity of stores required for one day's subsistence of half a million men in the field is: Hard bread, 500,000 pounds; bacon, 262,500 pounds; sugar, 100,000 pounds; desiccated vegetables (potatoes and onions), 37,500 pounds; coffee (roasted and ground), 49,000 pounds; beans, 75,000 pounds; tomatoes, 50,000; jam, 33,750 pounds; vinegar, 5,000 gallons; salt, 20,000 pounds; pepper, 1,250 pounds. These supplies have a total net weight of about 1,300,000 pounds, and to transport them requires 50 freight cars of 40,000 pounds capacity, or 214 army wagons.

## ALFONSO'S PRIVATE BARBER



An undersecretary of the Spanish legation told at a dinner party a little story about the king of Spain, according to the Rehoboth Sunday Herald. "King Alfonso," he began, "is fond of taking motor trips incoog. He motored recently through a wild region of Castile. He put up with his modest entourage at a more than modest inn. 'I am sure,' he said, laughing, 'that they won't know me here!'"

"Well, they did not know him there. They treated him like an ordinary traveler. So much so, in fact, that when he went to shave the next morning he found there was no mirror in his room. So he went down into the inn yard in his shirt sleeves and there a chambermaid brought him a broken piece of mirror, which he set up beside the well and proceeded to lather cheeks and chin.  
 "The girl stood chatting with him. Finally she said in an odd voice: 'You are not just an ordinary traveler, are you?'"

"Why do you ask me that?" laughed the king.  
 "I don't know," said the maid. "But there's something about you—perhaps you belong to the royal court at Madrid?"  
 "Yes, I do," he answered.  
 "Perhaps you work for his majesty himself?"  
 "Yes, I do."  
 "And what do you do for him?" asked the pretty chambermaid.  
 "Oh, lots of things," the king replied. "I'm shaving him just now."

## LOVE WINS KAISER'S SON

German nobility, society and officialdom are astonished at the announcement that Prince Oscar of Prussia, fifth son of Kaiser Wilhelm, is to marry Countess Ina Marie, daughter of Count Bassewitz of Mecklenburg. It is the first instance on record where a man of the reigning branch of the Hohenzollerns has been organically engaged to wed. While the young countess is a woman of rank, she is not of royal blood.

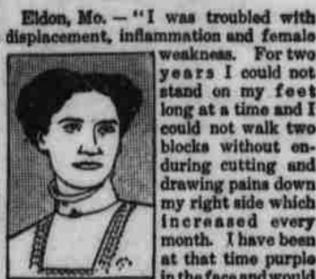


It is assumed that the emperor, who consented to the engagement, will confer a higher rank in the nobility on the young countess. The emperor's consent is said to have been granted owing to the lack of an available German princess and to his aversion to foreign marriage for his son. The countess met the prince while she was a lady in waiting to Empress Augusta Victoria.

By flatly announcing his intention to marry the girl of his choice, regardless of Hohenzollern precedent and family tradition, Prince Oscar won the instant admiration of the German public. The revelation of the romance was a sweet morsel under the tongues of all Berliners.

## WOMEN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE

### How Mrs. Hurley Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Eldon, Mo.—"I was troubled with displacement, inflammation and female weakness. For two years I could not stand on my feet long at a time and I could not walk two blocks without enduring cutting and drawing pains down my right side which increased every month. I have been at that time purple in the face and would walk the floor. I could not lie down or sit still sometimes for a day and a night at a time. I was nervous, and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried most every female remedy without success, my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained in strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. S. T. HURLEY, Eldon, Missouri.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For sale everywhere.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it? Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



## Why Suffer From Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism

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 A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas

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Not That Kind.  
 "Is this institution of an eleemosynary nature?"  
 "No, it ain't; it's an orphan asylum."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's  
 The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.