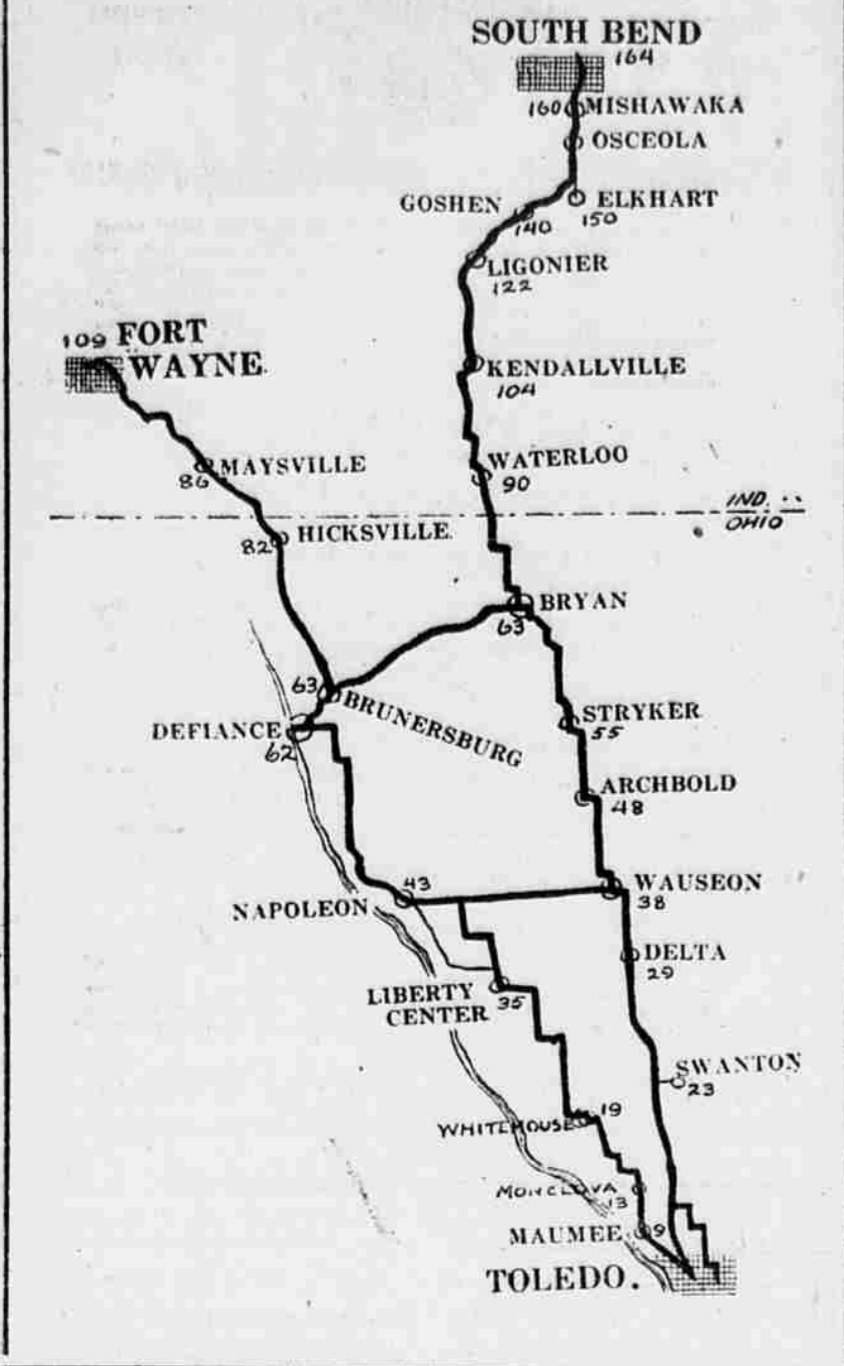


# Good Automobile Roads



**HOW DISEASES ARE "CAUGHT"**  
 In this scientific age, people still labor under the delusion that infectious diseases are transmitted by contact with things. Some people are afraid to touch a car strap or a book that has been used by strangers, and, much as they like to have it, handle paper money with greatest caution. In the Medical Record Dr. Alvah H. Doty, formerly the efficient health officer of the port of New York, shows how foolish the public is in its fear that infection lurks everywhere, in public conveyances, public assemblies, clothing, money, rags, books, car straps, etc., and that diseases are conveyed by these means. If disease were conveyed in this manner old rags would be one of the best transmitters. To test this theory one should go to the rag houses of Alexandria, Egypt. The rags brought here are the cast-off clothing of natives, largely from interior districts, where some form of infectious disease almost always exists. Yet the British sanitary officers have never found the slightest evidence that any of the women and children engaged in handling these rags ever contracted disease.

The best test of the theory that disease is transmitted through paper money would be, not in its ordinary use, but in the Treasury Department at Washington, where clerks are constantly handling an enormous amount of old and filthy money prior to its destruction. Yet this has never produced disease among the clerks. No one cares to read dirty books, but the fear of infection through the much-used books of a public library is quite as groundless as that regarding the handling of paper money.—Leslie's.

## GO RIGHT AT IT

Friends and Neighbors Will Show You a Way.

Get at the root of the trouble. Rubbing an aching back may relieve it. But won't cure it if the kidneys are weak. You must reach the root of it—the kidneys. Reach the cause; relieve the pain. Begin at once with Doan's Kidney Pills. Are recommended by thousands. Here's one case.

Peter Wilhelmson, Benton St., Oak Harbor, Ohio, says: "I had a bad attack of backache and could hardly endure the dull pain across my kidneys. I tried several kidney medicines, but got no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, on a friend's advice. They helped me in every way. I now keep Doan's Kidney Pills on hand and take a few doses now and then, always with good results."

Price five, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Wilhelmson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## COLD IN THE CHEST

Cold in the chest, head or lungs easily relieved by the use of Wa-Ki-Ton Ointment. Apply to affected parts before retiring. Wonderful results. Try it tonight. 25c. For sale by druggists or sent direct on receipt of price. Wa-Ki-Ton Chemical Co., 604 So. St. Clair St., Toledo, O.

## ANTHRACNOSE BEANS NOT UNDER BAN

Secretary of Agriculture So Informs Governor Ferris.

Lansing, Mich.—After the bean growers and shippers of Michigan have been greatly agitated over the prohibition by the federal department of agriculture of the interstate shipment of beans affected with anthracnose, it is discovered that the department has never issued any such order. The bean crop in Michigan this year is largely affected by the blight, and the prohibition of its shipment would have been a serious blow to Michigan growers.

Gov. Ferris has received a letter from Secretary of Agriculture Houston saying that the shipment of beans merely discolored by anthracnose is not and has not been prohibited, as

their food value is not affected. The shipment of beans, anthracnose or otherwise, which has been canned and are in a blithy or decomposed condition, has long been prohibited under the pure food act, but no ban has ever been placed on the shipment of beans which have been merely discolored by the blight.

Young man, don't take a girl's hand in yours and tell her you could die for her unless you are willing to earn a living for her.

Kindness and politeness would be appreciated more if they were not used so often as gold brick substitutes.

Blessed is the man who expects nothing but advice from his relatives, for that is about all he'll get.

## HUMAN CREDULITY COSTS MILLIONS

Human credulity passes all limitations. Before me lies a newspaper story from Chicago: A man was on the way to a savings bank to deposit \$145. Two smiling strangers met him, fooled him with the story that they had a "magic handkerchief which would double the stranger's money if he would fold his bank roll within it. After the operation the strangers told him to watch the handkerchief and see the money grow. They disappeared. They had his money and the handkerchief contained waste paper. Does this sound impossible?

Here is another story, even more improbable, but true. In New York a company, appropriating the name of a well known corporation, advertised to sell its shares at a bargain, and fixed a price that was just twice the stock market price. A circular was sent to the Italian quarter intimating that a great opportunity was presented for workmen to secure an interest in a wonderfully prosperous railway, that only a few shares could be had, and that they must be bought at once. A rush was made for the stock, although every daily paper printed the quotation of the same security at half the price at which the swindlers were offering it. The police put an end to the game.

If people are so credulous, is it surprising that the postoffice authorities report that \$150,000,000 a year is taken from the gullible by dealers in fake securities? If Wall St. did this kind of wretched business it would deserve reprobation.

None of the cheap mining, oil, plantation, real estate and similar schemes could get a foothold in the Stock Exchange because, before a stock can be listed, it must submit a detailed report and show that it represents a legitimate enterprise. This does not mean that occasionally a stock is listed that should not have been, but it means that as a rule, listed securities have merit. Nor does listing mean that they will advance in price. Securities only represent business institutions subject to the laws of trade, but chances of a profit in the purchase of listed securities, or those that are sold by representative bankers and brokers, rather than by irresponsible peddlers, should be the choice of everyone with money to spare.—Jasper, in Leslie's.

## FROM A SINNER'S DIARY

I know a woman who wants to be it without the simple thing of really being it.

If you hear a woman say she hates housework and another answers she doesn't, you're just as safe to take the one that hates. It may be she hates it because she does it, and the other likes it because she shirks.

I know a boy who went Halloweening and got a bulldog fast in the calf of his leg.

Do you hate to die? You'd make as big a fuss if you thought you always had to live.

I wouldn't want a 300-pound hired man—a good solid 100 of useless ballast for a team to tote around.

I wish I knew any one else had as much fun with me as I do. I was just picking up walnuts for little sister to shuck, and an old hard pear lying there looking exactly like a green walnut motioned to me to be put in. Whenever I think of little sister clenching that pear to shuck, I'm tickled that if ninety-nine sinners had come into the fold.

It does not matter which end of the keyboard you sit, trouble or bass, if the right one is the other in the duct. Then everything wears a halo—each cow track and sand bar and lily leaf.

I've crossed bats with a funny woman lately. One day she has boxes of candy come to me by parcel post, the next she wants to mop the earth with me. I eat the candy and regret exceedingly that I am not at liberty to invite her to undertake the other.

Science is not the proper spray for what infests humorists.

A neighbor has a baby, and in the newspaper office it got mixed and was laid where brother's new piano should stand. But it wasn't mixed as bad as brother when the congratulations began coming in!

Sometimes it's a wonderment to me that I'm not a bigger idiot than I am. So many jobs are always clamoring for me that absolutely I don't have time to watch the circus go by even. If I'm working by hand I go across the meadow and jump the ditch. If by team, I can go grandly out past the walnut tree, around the road and in by the graveyard.

Quick and Quit would be good names for twigs.—From Judge.

**Observations.**

Many a lightheaded girl wasn't born that way.

A stag party is no place to look for a dear.

A good way to lose a friend is trying to economize on a wedding gift.

Public display is often made possible by private economy.

It's a mistake to air your views if they are rank.

Some men who have words with their wives are proud of the privilege.

It flatters a girl almost as much if a man proposes to her as it does if he had sent her a dollar box of candy.

A married woman is fond of having her own way—and she can't understand why her husband isn't.

You may kick, you may shatter a boom if you will, but the hope of a candidate clings to it still.

## THE LONELY MAN

The city round about me roars and lifts its raucous voice again, and all the region out of doors is full of women and men. In such a humming humninn hve a man should have his friends, you say. Alas! there is no man alive who's lonelier than I today. I'm lonesome as the heartsick gent who dwells upon a desert isle and hopes a ship will soon be sent to take him back where cities smile.

I see a group of neighbors stand about the corner of the block, and I approach them, hat in hand, to hear and share their cheerful talk. But on beholding me they roar, as speedily they turn their backs, "Here comes the balmied jimtwisted bore who talks about the income tax!" The corner where they lately stood deserted is, as is the street, and all throughout the neighborhood I hear the sound of feeing feet.

I have a hundred vital views that I am sighing to express, and I could tell more sparkling news that all the columns of the press; I long to join my fellow-men, but when they see me forward stride they look disturbed and say again, "Is there no hole in which to hide? Here comes the jay who never told a story, since his day of birth, that wasn't forty times as old as any chestnut on this earth!" One scornful glance they cast on me, in whose sad heart grim sorrow reigns, and then like startled deer they flee and hide in culverts and in drains.

I seek the halls of dazzling light, where winsome maids and stalwart boys enjoy the glamour of the night—and I would fain increase their joys. I have a hundred playful jests that I to all of them would tell, but at the thought the brilliant guests throw up their hands and start to yell. "He takes as long to tell a yarn," I hear my vile detractors croak, "as I would take to build a barn, and there are sideboards on each joke. So let us to the basement fly and hide for seven hours or ten; perhaps the tiresome mutt will die before the band starts up a gahn."

I drift into the grocer's store, to buy some codfish and some mace, and there are loungers twenty-four on chairs and boxes in the place. I know they find existence stale, and so I think I'll cheer their way by telling them a merry tale that I got next to yesterday. I thus disperse the whole blamed gang; they mutter, as they doorward forge, "Before he winds up his harangue he'll dig up facts from Henry George!"

Oh, let me on an island dwell, some island in uncharted seas, where I my anecdotes may tell to helpless monkeys in the trees!—Walt Mason, in Judge.

## AGENTS

The "lady agent" always gets me, whatever junk she has for sale; with skillful tongue she soothes and pets me and blarneys me and draws the kale.

The gent who sells the works of Dickens, in eighty-seven cloth-bound books, pursues in vain; but, ah! the chickens—I can't escape their velvet books. I often vow, "Henceforth the ladies in vain will seek my humble home; I'll see the whole fair tribe in hades before I'll buy another time! Too long, with language false and fibby they have beset me on my way. I've bought the works of Laura Libbey, and also those of Bertha Clay; a five-foot shelf of old Nick Carter now ornaments my cozy den. Methinks the maidens must be smarter, if they can work me once again."

I grimly fame this resolution, that's viewed with pleasure by the frau, and pass around some elocution about my adamant vow.

And thus, with resolut'on laden, I to my musty office go, to which there comes a beaming maiden, who sells the works of Edgar Poe.

"It's no use," I firmly greet her. "The stuff is off—I will not buy." Whereat her smile grows all the sweeter, and humor twinkles in her eye. Ah, why is man so weak and waxy when round his chair fair damsels trot? I know I'll buy three volumes boshy, e'en while I tell her I will not. I always fall for female friskers, I still surrender to their snares, where I would take a man with whiskers and kick his person down the stairs.

My words don't daunt her or fright her, although I say, "Can't deal with you! I've bought the works of every writer that ever lived, and then a few! I have the works of Pope and Shelley, of Rex E. Beach and Richard Roe; I've Zola's books—they're rather smelly; I draw the line at Edgar Poe. I hate to raise this sort of holler when you come up here peddling rhyme, but I will give you half a dollar if you will let me off this time."

In vain, in vain! She smiles and twitters and lays a volume on my knee; I know I'll have to take my biters before she will consent to flee. She talks about the text and printing, but I am thinking of the way Dame Nature does her fairest tinting on damsels young and blithe and gay. She talks about the illustrations, but I am thinking how a maid can rattle kings and shatter nations, if she has eyes the proper shade. She talks about the leather binding, but I am looking at her hair, which like a rope of gold is winding above her forehead low and fair.

I might fill up a dozen columns about that agent and her charms, but, having bought some thirty volumes, I'll pack them homeward in my arms. —By Walt Mason, from Judge.

## BRIEF DECISIONS

Quite a Philosopher  
 "Don't you wish you had sense enough to make a million?"  
 "No. I wish I had sense enough to make a quarter of a million and stop with that and enjoy it."  
 —Judge.

## Was McClellan a Traitor?

In Harper's Magazine there are printed for the first time extracts from John Hay's diary, written when he was Lincoln's secretary. Writing in 1864, he recounts a story told him by Lincoln which reveals McClellan in a new light.

"On September 25, 1864, Hay records that a letter had just come from Nicolay, who was in New York, stating that Thurlow Weed, the dominant Republican leader in New York State, with whom Nicolay was to confer, had gone to Canada. When Hay showed the President the letter he said: 'I think I know where Mr. Weed has gone. I think he has gone to Vermont, not Canada. I will tell you what he is trying to do. I have not as yet told anybody.'

"And then Lincoln proceeded to unfold the following story of a remarkable intrigue:  
 "Some time ago the Governor of Vermont came to me on 'business of importance,' he said. I fixed an hour and he came. His name is Smith. He is, though you would not think it, a cousin of Baldy Smith. Baldy is large, blond, florid. The Governor is a little, dark sort of man. This is the story he told me, giving General Baldy Smith as his authority:  
 "When Gen. McClellan was here at Washington (in 1862) B. Smith was very intimate with him. They had been together at West Point and friends. McClellan had asked for promotion for Baldy from the President and got it. They were close and confidential friends. When they went down to the Peninsula their same intimate relations continued, the General talking freely with Smith about all his plans and prospects, until one day Fernando Wood and one other (Democratic) politician from New York appeared in camp and passed some days with McClellan.  
 "From the day this took place Smith saw, or thought he saw, that McClellan was treating him with unusual coolness and reserve. After a little while he mentioned this to McClellan, who, after some talk, told Baldy he had something to show him. He told him that these 'people who had recently visited him had been urging him to stand as an opposition candidate for President; that he had thought the thing over and had concluded to accept their proposition, and had written them a letter (which he had not yet sent) giving his idea of the proper way of conducting the war, so as to conciliate and impress the people of the South with the idea that our armies were intended merely to execute the laws and protect their property, etc., and pledging himself to conduct the war in that inefficient, conciliatory style.  
 "This letter he read to Baldy, who, after the reading, was finished, said earnestly: 'General, do you not see that looks like treason, and that it will ruin you and all of us?' After some further talk the General destroyed the letter in Baldy's presence, and thanked him heartily for his frank and friendly counsel. After this he was again taken into the intimate confidence of McClellan.  
 "Immediately after the battle of Antietam, Wood and his familiar came again and saw the General and again Baldy saw an immediate estrangement on the part of McClellan. He seemed to be anxious to get his intimate friends out of the way and to avoid opportunities of private conversation with them. Baldy he particularly kept employed on reconnaissance and such work. One night Smith was returning from some duty he had been performing, and seeing a light in McClellan's tent, he went in to report. He reported and was about to withdraw when the General requested him to remain. After every one was gone he told him those men had been there again and had renewed their proposition about the Presidency; that this time he had agreed to their proposition and had written them a letter acceding to their terms and pledging himself to carry on the war in the sense already indicated. This letter he read then and there to Baldy Smith.  
 "Immediately thereafter B. Smith applied to be transferred from that army. At very nearly the same time other prominent men asked the same—Franklin, Burnside and others.  
 "Now that letter must be in the possession of F. Wood, and it will not be impossible to get it. Mr. Weed has, I think, gone to Vermont to see the Smiths about it."  
 "Hay continues:  
 "I was very much surprised at the story and expressed my surprise. I said I had always thought that McClellan's fault was a constitutional weakness and timidity, which prevented him from active and timely exertion, instead of any such deep-laid scheme of treachery and ambition.  
 "The President replied: 'After the battle of Antietam I went up to the field to try to get him to move, and came back thinking he would move at once. But when I got home he began to argue why he ought not to move. I peremptorily ordered him to advance. It was nineteen days before he put a man over the river. It was nine days longer before he got his army across, and then he stopped again, delaying on little pretexts of wanting this and that. I began to fear he was playing false—that he did not want to hurt the enemy. I saw how he could intercept the enemy on the way to Richmond. I determined to make that the test. If he let them get away I would remove him. He did so, and I relieved him.'

## TURKS KILL ARMENIANS; BRING THEM TO U. S., MORGENTHAU PLAN



Abandoned homes of Armenians; fanatical Kurds who are slaughtering Armenians; Ambassador Morgenthau according to a trustworthy report from Constantinople, an offer to transport to America the Armenians now being driven from their homes by the Turks has been made to the American ambassador, Henry Morgenthau. "Horrible by the terrible massacres and cruelties which accompanied the removal of the Armenians from their homes, and by his helplessness to assist them through the regular channels," says the report, "the ambassador has offered to make himself personally responsible for \$1,000,000 and to find other men in the United States to raise another \$4,000,000, the money to be spent in emigrating the remaining Armenians to America."