

# Deaf and Dumb—and Blind

By PAUL CALVIN ANDERSON

When the tide is out at Palm Beach hundreds of hotel guests walk up and down the hard, wet sands. Others spread up and down in their autos. Others, still, sit on hired chairs and gaze out seaward and imagine they can hear the songs of mermaids.

On a certain day in the present twentieth century Philip Gillett was among those who walked. He was a young man at the beach with his mother and sister, and his occupation when at home in New York was preparing himself for architecture. He did that mostly by looking at one or two skyscrapers a day from the outside and spending \$500 per week allowed by his father. It was his father who had insisted that the young man take up architecture. There never had been an architect in the Gillett family, and he wanted one. He had a mansion house, and he wanted a hennery built, and he wanted to point to it after it was finished and say: "A Gillett did that!"

On this particular day Philip Gillett had toothache and he set out to walk it off. His sister had told him to hold a wad of cotton saturated with peppermint essence in his mouth, and to keep his mouth shut. He thought a good deal of his sister, and he was obeying her.

Toothache affects a person peculiarly—particularly a man. It gives him what is known as a grouch. He wants to stand on the beach and see a dentist drown in the sea. He isn't to blame, but everybody else is. And what made young Mr. Gillett crosser still was the fact that he had to chew cotton and keep his mouth shut. It was not dignified. It was taking undue advantage of a fellow.

Among those who motored that day were Miss Edna Blair and Miss Kitty Waldron, girl chums. They were in



Resorted to More Peppermint.

Miss Kitty's auto, and she was running it herself. After getting out of the crowd, and heading up a mile ahead of them, he was suffling along on the hard track and was in their path. The honk! honk! was sounded, but he paid no attention. He wanted to be run over and have that aching tooth smashed out.

The automobile passed him within two feet and in spite of himself he gave a jump and swallowed the peppermint-soaked wad of cotton. He then had to produce more cotton and more peppermint for his aching tooth.

Mr. Gillett's walk had extended two miles when he sat down on a hummock and resorted to more peppermint. His sister was right; it began to have a soothing effect. He began to feel glad that he was alive and away from the snow heaps of New York city. Just then he caught sight of the auto returning. As it drew near, he saw that Miss Edna Blair was unusually good looking and that Miss Kitty Waldron was more so. The auto was aiming to pass him within a few feet, but that was all right. He reasoned that the girls desired a nearer view of the young man, whom they had so frightened, and he was right about it. They didn't seem to see him, of course, but that was false pretense.

After that fate stepped in. The auto was exactly opposite Philip to an inch, and exactly six feet and one inch and a half away, when a front tire exploded with a bang. Two young ladies screamed. The auto ran wild until buried in the sand. The young man was blown over on his back by the concussion and swal-

lowed his wad of cotton for the second time in an hour.

Yes, he would help. As a gentleman he must do so; but he made up his mind to do no more. That is, he wouldn't speak a word to those girls. They had fed him on cotton, so to speak, and he would have his revenge. He advanced and raised his hat. Then he inspected the tire.

"I hope you were not hit by one of the flying pieces," said Miss Kitty in her most ingratiating manner.

No reply.

"Will we have to walk back to the hotel?"

No answer.

"You see we have a spare tire here."

Mr. Gillett owned an auto himself. In fact, his mother and sister were down the beach in it at that very moment. He knew all about tires. He took the jack from its place, and without motoring the girls to descend he went at it and had the tire replaced inside of 12 minutes. He might have done it in ten except for overhearing such observations as:

"Say, Edna, he must be deaf."

"Yes, deaf as an old tin pan."

"And he hasn't spoken a word. Do you think he's also dumb?"

"He looks it."

"Poor young man! It's just awful! He's got considerable style about him."

"Oh, I don't know. Wasn't it funny to see him go over on his back. If his hat hadn't blown off he'd have swallowed it!"

"Hush, you bad girl! I'll tell you what he is. He's a professor in some deaf and dumb school. And he owns an auto, too. See how handy he is. I wish we hadn't frightened him so."

"If we had scared him worse, he might have got his voice and hearing back. Think what it would be to marry a deaf and dumb man! Are you going to thank him?"

"Not in words, but I'll just look my thanks."

As Mr. Gillett finished and stood back and raised his hat the thanks were duly looked and the auto whizzed along. He followed at a slow pace. The toothache was all gone, but he had been humiliated. He had been made to jump aside like a kangaroo; he had been blown flat on his back; he had been made to swallow wads of cotton; he had almost been called names to his very face. No wonder he wouldn't speak to his sister for an hour after getting back to the hotel, and that his mother laid her maternal hand on his locks and said:

"Philip, I hope you won't go into a decline, as your grandfather did at this very place."

There is fate and there is revenge. Fate had come—revenge had to wait a day or two. Then the sister came running to Philip.

"Oh, Phil! she exclaimed; 'I've met just the nicest girl you ever saw! She's stopping at the Royal. I've invited her to take a spin in the auto, and you are to be chauffeur. I want you to meet her.'

As the aching tooth had gone out of business and the world looked rosy again, Philip consented, though eagerly to please the sister. They differed on the girl question.

It was only when they had rolled around to the hotel and picked up their passenger that Mr. Philip Gillett would have swallowed a whole roll of cotton batting had it been handy. She was the girl of the other auto—the girl who had looked her thanks—Miss Kitty Waldron!

Mr. Gillett tried to say things, and Miss Waldron did likewise, and the sister sat there and wondered if both of them had toothache. And when they got back at last and Mr. Gillett, assisted Miss Waldron up the steps of the veranda, she turned to him to say:

"Sir, have you any explanations to make?"

"I have, and will call this evening to make them."

The explanations must have proven satisfactory, as an auto ride became a thing of daily occurrence thereafter, and the season had not yet closed when Miss Gillett put her arms around her brother's neck and murmured:

"Oh, Phil, I'm so glad—so glad! I just hoped you two would take each other, and now you have!"

Just as Easy.

Nervous Lady on her first ocean voyage—And, captain, what in the world would you do if your crew suddenly mutinied?

The Captain (smilingly)—Simply write a "help wanted—male" ad, and hand it to the wireless operator.—Puck.

## BANDIT A POOR "AD."

Excelsior Springs Boomers Decry Nearness of James Home.

Story of Jesse's Death Told by C. E. Flanders Who Sent First Message of Ford's Act to World.

Excelsior Springs, Mo.—Officers of the Commercial club, who are desirous of making Excelsior Springs a wintering resort rivaling the pretentious ones of Europe, are not particularly pleased with the proximity of the old Jesse James home, because of which they find their city associated with outlaw exploits in the minds of thousands of persons in all parts of the country. And this impression was helped along, they say, by the widely Home of James' Mother.

At the time of the shooting Mr. Flanders was a young man in the only telegraph operator in St. Joe, Mo., where it occurred. He sent the first message to the outside world, telling of the occurrence. Jesse James, with his wife and two traitor cousins, "Bob" and Charley Ford, were living there. A reward of \$5,000 had been offered by the government for the outlaw, dead or alive. The story of how James when asked that fatal morning by his wife to hang a picture in the



parlor unstrapped and laid aside his two revolvers for the first time in months and Ford, entering the room, saw him through the back of the head is well known.

"The first we knew of the killing was a report which spread around town that Jesse James was dead," said Mr. Flanders. "For months reports had been coming in almost daily that he had been killed or captured in this or that part of the country, but we paid little attention to them. I stepped to the front door and looked at the big house on the bluff where the man we had known as Mr. Howard had lived. The hill looked like an artillery with men swarming up its sides from all directions.

"Before I could start for the scene two men came into the telegraph office. They were the Ford boys. Charley kept nervously pacing up and down, pulling his little black mustache, while 'Bob' started laboriously filling out a blank. He was having considerable trouble with it and I said to him:

"Shall I write it for you?"

"I can write it myself, all right," he growled.

"He wrote out two telegrams. One was addressed to the governor and simply said: 'We've got our man.' The other was to the chief of police of Kansas City and said: 'We've got our man, will bring the body.'

"As I took them 'Bob' Ford pulled out a revolver at least eighteen inches long, broke it and dropped out an empty shell on the floor. The bullet from it had killed Jesse James. I was young then and inquisitive and determined to find out who was shot.

"Have some trouble up on the hill?" I said.

"Yes," he vouchsafed.

"Anybody hurt?" I insisted.

"Killed a man, that's all," he replied.

"By that time Charley had nervously edged 'Bob' as far as the front door.

"Who was it?" I shouted.

"A horse thief who got away," growled 'Bob.' "If any answer comes to the telegram sent to us, we'll be uptown."

"I was too excited to get any more definite address than 'Uptown,' and the two went out and gave themselves up to the police. They told their story and an undertaker went up the hill and took the body to his shop. At 4 p. m., when it was laid out in state and he opened the doors, everybody for miles around was waiting to pass through and see it.

"That was the last seen of the Ford boys around there. They took the reward and went west, where 'Bob' was shot in a dance hall, possibly by some revengeful member of the old gang, and Charley committed suicide, both a few months later."

Remembered Her Voice.

Colombus, O.—Although they have not met in 40 years, Mrs. J. E. Brewster of Stewartville, Minn., aged sixty-four, recognized at a distance the voice of her classmate, Mrs. Fawcett McMillen of West Mansfield, O., age sixty-five, at the state school for the blind, and a pleasant reunion followed. Both are blind and are here to attend a meeting of the school's alumni.

Burbank Produces Two Blooms.

## DICKINSON ON WORLD TRIP

Secretary of War Starts on Journey Which Recalls Taft's "Cupid voyage."

Washington.—Secretary of War Dickinson is off on a trip that will take him around the world. Several years ago William H. Taft, while the head of the war department, made such a voyage and it came to be known as the "Cupid voyage." At least two weddings resulted from that long jaunt, that of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Representative Nicholas Longworth being among them. In this trip of Secretary Dickinson, however, the party consists mostly of married folk.

The objective point of Secretary Dickinson's trip is the Philippine islands, where he will spend five weeks familiarizing himself with conditions there.

On the steamer Siberia, on which he sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines via Honolulu and Japan, the secretary was accompanied by



Secretary Dickinson.

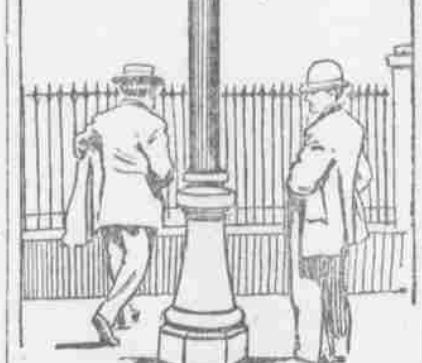
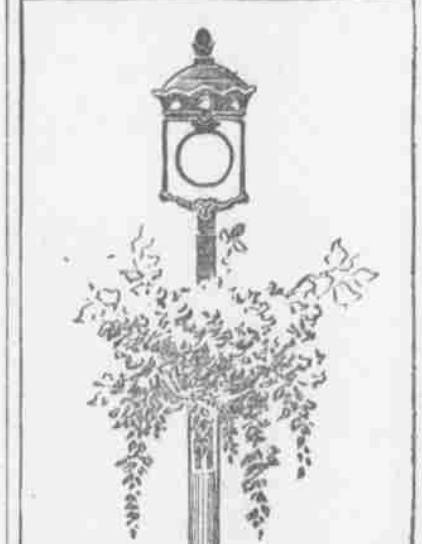
Mrs. Dickinson, his son, J. M. Dickinson, Jr., Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, Mrs. Edwards and daughter, Miss Bosse Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Lars Anderson, Lincoln R. Clark, confidential clerk, and George Long, a messenger.

The secretary inspects Pearl Harbor and the fortifications at Honolulu and is due to arrive at Yokohama July 15, and will be in Japan until July 20, going overland to Nagasaki, where they will sail for Manila. The party is scheduled to leave Manila on September 6, returning via Hongkong, Peking and the Trans-Siberian railroad to Moscow, thence to Warsaw and through to France, taking the steamer at Cherbourg about October 8 or 10. They will arrive in New York about October 14.

## FLOWERS ON LAMP POSTS

Kansas City Bank Follows a European Custom of Decoration of Streets.

Kansas City, Mo.—Every one who passes the corner of Ninth and Walnut notices the flowers and vines in the urns on the ornamental lamp posts in front of the Fidelity Trust building. There are eight of the poles, four on the Walnut street side of the building and four on the Ninth street side. The urns are just underneath the lamps. Blooming geraniums, lantana, arabis and hibiscus fill the urns, and a



trailing fringe of green and white-leaved yucca vine drapes down a foot or more around the edges of each. The flowers and vines are planted in wire baskets, semi-circular in shape, so that two just fill each urn. When the flowers in one lose their fragrance it is to be replaced immediately by another. A sufficient number of baskets that fresh flowers always will be in the urns. The baskets were chosen because of their ability to withstand the sun and winds, and it is not expected to be necessary to replace the baskets more than three or four times in the summer. The insides of the iron urns are lined with moss to protect the roots from the heat of the metal.

The idea to have the flowers on the poles was obtained from public buildings in Europe by Henry C. Flower, president of the Fidelity Trust company.

## Fish Answer to Names.

Boston.—Superintendent Leonard W. Ross of Mt. Hope cemetery, possessor of the most marvelously educated schools of fish to be found in the country. The fish are kept in a small pond in the greenhouse within the cemetery grounds. Each fish answers to a name. There are 29 in the school, all goldfish, and they are as well acquainted with Mr. Ross as are his Jersey cows or his horses. As soon as he whistles the fish come to the surface and nibble from his hand the dainty morsels he holds out to them.

## THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBITT

## THE IS AWAY



She is away. He sits alone. And looks about the empty room. With heart as heavy as a stone. With eyes that are deep-set in gloom. Each thing is as she left it there. Her book with marker at the place. Where she stopped reading. Ah, the cars. And longing that is in his face.

She is away. The sunlight streams in through the window, and it makes a pattern of its glints and gleams. Where through the shadowed spots it breaks.

He sees the music that she sang. Still opened, ready for her hand. And to his heart there comes a pang. That few of us may understand.

She is away. And so he broods. As strong men brood, who feel the weight Of all the soul's deep sorrows. That come from out the hands of fate. He listens for her step to fall. And for the rattle of her train. Or for her low, sweet, sobbing call. But listens all the while in vain.

She is away. And he sits still. His weary eyes upon his palm. And nerve himself with all his will. To bear it bravely and be calm. But there are times when strong men quail. When brave men tremble with their fears. When fortitude and firmness fail. And he must dread the thing that nears.

She is away. But she'll return. And he sits wrestling with his thought. For then he knows that he will learn. What he must pay for what she's bought.

She has gone shopping—that is all—For summer dresses, hats and shoes, and hostery and bathing suits, and some embroidery, and some ribbons, and a piece of that silk like Mrs. Or lost got at such a bargain, and some shirtswaits, and belts and one or two other things, perhaps. And that's the reason she's away. While he waits for the blow to fall. When she'll find what he has to pay.

## ANSWERS TO THE ANXIOUS.

New Suburbanites—We fear you will not have very much success with your sweet peas, if, as you write, you added a cupful of sugar to a can of peas and planted them. Lord Byron did not write "Come into the Garden Maud." It is not included in any of the manuals of gardening on our reference shelf.

Mrs. P. H.—Soak a salt mackerel good and hard. Then send it to the poor.

Dietarian—You've got us. We fear for the minute whether the fetching fizing system is thirty-two chews to the bite or bites to the chew. No doubt, as you say, one may do as he chews.

Amateur—The best way to get your piece into a magazine is to whittle a poem into a wedge and with this pry the leaves apart, then insert the manuscript.

Alarmed—We do not apprehend any trouble if the comet should strike the earth. Our market man is ready to show it a price list and when it finds out the expense of living here it will sheer off immediately.

Lucretia—Yes, eggs may be kept in definitely by placing them on a shelf in the cellar where they are exposed to a draft. But they are apt to spoil in a month or so, and after that are only serviceable as ornaments.

## Maybe So.

"They say she had the play writer to fit her," whispers one of the people in front of us, while the star is singing the latest unpopular success.

"Some man wrote it, I suppose," comments the other.

"Of course—but why..."

"I noticed he didn't think it necessary to write any skirts."

## Solved.

"I have it, girls!" exclaims the lady with the sharp nose and the cold eyes, rising in the suffrage meeting. "I have a plan that will show the met we are in earnest in our fight for the ballot."

"Let us resolve that we will not marry them unless they give us the vote!" cries a militant sister.

"No!" exclaims the sharp-nosed one. "I say, let us declare that if they do not give us the ballot we will marry them!"

## Such a Mistake.

The war correspondent in Nagasaki sent his Jap servant to the store for some supplies. The man has been delayed so the correspondent calls up on the telephone.

"Hello," he says to the clerk. "Is Takachus Bito down there?"

"No, sir," is the reply, "but we have 16 other kinds of breakfast food."

## STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

## CROSSED LONG BRIDGE FIRST

One of General Kearney's Men Relates Entertaining Tale of Events of Civil War.

Let me give the true statement of the first soldiers that crossed the long bridge in 1861. The writer was a member of Company A, Third New Jersey, a portion of the New Jersey brigade, credited with helping save Washington, writes Joseph Lawton, in National Tribune. Our regiment was the first to cross the long bridge on the night of May 23, 1861, at about eleven o'clock and as we carried a company flag ours was the first flag to cross that bridge. A portion of this historic flag is still in Aaron Wilkes post room, at Trenton, in a glass case.

The passing over the bridge was witnessed by President Lincoln and General Scott. When we got to the bridge General Scott called Captain



In the Rear of the Enemy.

Joseph Yard to him, who was a close friend and had served under him in the Mexican war. The general gave orders to the captain to tell the men not to make any noise in going over the bridge. Our company was stationed at General Lee's home, Mr. Lee was there at the time. At the end of the three months I reenlisted in Company B, Fourth New Jersey, for three years. The regiment was in General Kearney's brigade, and was in constant and active service. The effective service of our regiment was largely due to General Kearney, who constantly kept his men training, not only as to army discipline, but in target practice. It was the target practice that made the regiment so strong in battle, little ammunition being wasted. It gave it the power to cope with and defeat large numbers. At the battle of Gaines Mill it was Corporal Joseph Lawton that went in front of the Fourth New Jersey. About three o'clock the regiment went into a most important position for the protection of the brigade. It was in front of General Longstreet's division. The enemy charged, but was driven back; then there was steady firing for awhile, when the enemy charged again, but was driven back with heavy loss. Then the enemy stopped firing. Major Birney asked me if I would go out and see why the enemy had stopped. I came back and told the major that the enemy was getting ready to march on our right and left in large numbers. I had before gone into the enemy's lines over the Chickahominy river. Captain Johnson of Pennsylvania came and went in our front. It was late in the day. The enemy soon charged on the Eleventh Pennsylvania, driving them back on us; we again facing another charge. It was then discovered that we were surrounded. We were compelled to surrender. The suffering in Libby prison and Belle Island cannot be told. When exchanged we marched from Belle Island to Harrison's Landing. The captain and men of the boats waiting to take us shed tears to see 3,000 half-starved prisoners. It was like being in Heaven to see friends and the old flag again. An officer came aboard and read a paper, saying that there was going to be another battle that would decide if the government should stand. The officer called for all who would try to carry a gun, and said the government will reward us, the wages vary on knapsacks. Nearly all the Fourth New Jersey and many more of the other regiments shouldered guns. After marching for a few days we got to Crampton's Gap, September 14, 1862. Gen. Stocum talked to us as we were ready to lead the charge. He said he had seen the New Jersey when it was newly a thousand strong, able men; now it had only a few hundred. He told us to keep in good heart, that the darkest hour was just before the break of day. We got the order and made the charge. We got to the stone wall at the foot of the gap, driving the enemy away and up in to the gap to the turn of the road; they made a stand there. I was with those who got on top of the cut and we drove the line back. In doing so we got the flash of two cannon in our faces with canister. It thinned our line. The enemy fled. Going a little way I saw that I was in the rear of the enemy, and looking down saw an officer encouraging his men. I saw Alfred Hoffman and got him to fire with me at the officer. The enemy saw their officer fall, and that they were getting a flank fire. They ran, but we got some of them. I believe that this was the turning point of the battle.

## KIND TO KIDS.



Clara—He's a kind-hearted automobile, isn't he?  
Clarence—Exceptionally so. I never knew him to run over even a child unless he was in a hurry.

## UNDEFEATED CHAMPION OF THE NORTHWEST.

T. A. Ireland, Rifle Shot, of Colfax, Wash., Tells a Story.

Mr. Ireland is the holder of four world records and has yet to lose his first match—says he: "Kidney trouble so affected my vision as to interfere with my shooting. I became so nervous I could hardly hold a gun. There was severe pain in my back and head and my kidneys were terribly disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after I had doctored and taken nearly every remedy imaginable without relief. I will give further details of my case to anyone enclosing stamp."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Wrong Angle.

"There's a bright side to every thing."

"A bright side? Bah!"

"Well, there is."

"Do you mean to tell me, doctor, that there is a bright side to my having had my leg amputated?"

"Indeed, there is; and if you could put yourself in my place you could really see it."

## Oh, Mr. Wright!

Wilbur Wright was talking to a Dayton reporter about the Daily Mail's \$50,000 aerial race from London to Manchester.

"It was shocking, though," said the reporter, "that Graham White, an Anglo-Saxon flying man, let himself be beaten by a Frenchman."

Mr. Wright smiled.

"Shocking?" he said. "It was more than that. It was a Paulhan."

## The Luggage Question.

DeLancey Nicoll, lawyer, is always a well-dressed man, and abominates a slovenly appearance. At the Union club he said of a westerner one day:

"He has come on to New York for a week and I don't believe he has brought a stitch of luggage with him."

Here Mr. Nicoll smiled.

"Unless, indeed," he added, "he's stowed something in the large bags he carries in the knees of his trousers."

## Authority on Soup.

A little boy, promoted to company dinner at the family table, enjoyed his oyster cream hugely until he came to an unrecognized object at the bottom of the plate.

"What is it? Oh, just an oyster, dear," responded the child's mother, sharply appealed to.

"Why did Dorra put it in?"

"Oh, to make the soup good."

"She can leave it out next time, the tiny oysters decided. 'The soup's good enough without.'—Exchange.

## A Hibernian Verdict.

A New Yorker is the happy employer of an aged Irishman, who grows eloquent over the woes of the Emerald Isle. Said the boss: "Pat, the king of England is dead."

The old man was silent for a moment. Then he took off his hat.

"Well," he said slowly, "as a man he was a fine bit of a boy. As Englishmen go, he was as good as any could make them. As a king, there was nobody on earth as could beat him. But still, I'll keep me eye on George."

## A "Corner" in Comfort

For those who know the pleasure and satisfaction there is in a glass of

## ICED POSTUM

Make it as usual, dark and rich—boil it thoroughly to bring out the distinctive flavour and food value.

Cool with cracked ice, and add sugar and lemon; also a little cream if desired.

Postum is really a food-drink with the nutritive elements of the field grains. Ice it, and you have a pleasant, safe, cooling drink for summer days—an agreeable surprise for those who have never tried it.

## "There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.