

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING



Until You Get After The Cause Nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. Lame when you awake, Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to work, or to rest. You sleep poorly and next day is the same old story. That backache indicates bad kidneys and calls for some good kidney remedy. None so well recommended as Doan's Kidney Pills. Grateful testimony! I am feeling much better. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and am today a well, happy woman.

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Relieves Feverishness, Constipation, Colic and corrects disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mothers for 25 years. Sample mailed FREE. Write to: M. Gray, 100 N. 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Extra Inducement.

Cohen, the clothier, allowed a customer out to his buggy. "That's a pretty fine horse you are driving," he commented approvingly. "Yes, he's a good one." "How much would you sell him for?" "Seventy-five dollars." "Main Galt! Is he silk lined?" "Everybody's."

A splendid and highly recommended remedy for tired, weak, inflamed eyes, and granulated eyelids, is Paxtine Anesthetic, at drug stores. Or a box or seal postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Misunderstood Gator.
The winter afternoon was like June, and, taking tea under a palm on the lawn of the Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach, a sportsman said:
"This morning I photographed an alligator. My boy, to get him, striped and waded into the water up to his chin. The boy felt about with his feet in the mud till he found a big gator. Then he ducked down, grabbed the gator by the nose and dragged him slowly ashore to the waiting lens."
"But," said a girl in white, "wasn't it dangerous?"
"Not a bit."
"But I thought alligators ate you?"
"No, no," said the sportsman. "You are confusing the alligator with the crocodile. The Indian crocodile eats men and women, but the Florida alligator is as harmless, literally as harmless, as a cow."

Medical Genius.

An old doctor, seeing a young one who was going along the street with half a dozen shabby-looking men and women, called him aside and asked: "Who are all those people, and where are you going with them?"
"I will tell you in confidence," was the reply, "that I've hired them to come and sit in my reception room. I expect a rich patient this morning, and I want to make an impression on him."—Judge's Library.

The Sailor's Chest.
Bobby—This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat.
Mamma—Why, dear?
Bobby—Because the book says, "Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest."—Sacred Heart Review.

A Tempting Treat—

Post Toasties

with cream

Crisp, fluffy bits of white Indian Corn, cooked, rolled into flakes and toasted to a golden brown.

Ready to serve direct from the package.

Delightful flavour!

Thoroughly wholesome!

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS



Keepers Put Ban on Dances in Zoo



WASHINGTON—Keepers at the National Zoological park are horrified. Monkeys there are doing the "turkey trot" and the "grizzly bear." The little animals do the dances in the most unseemly style. Where the monkeys discovered the dance is the mystery that is puzzling the keepers. Some believe that it must have been danced in the house by some embusied. Others contend that it is the result of the monkeys' "artistic temperament."

A discussion of the way and manner they were enabled to become familiar with the famous pastime is not so important as the fact that they were actually caught in the act. Steps were at once taken by the keepers to immediately put an end to the performance, as the antics of the young monkeys met with violent disapproval on the part of the older animals, thereby causing a noisy demonstration.

That the monkeys were indulging in the disfavored dance was discovered yesterday when a passing keeper happened to see Julius Caesar, the dean of the monkey house, and Cleopatra, the fascinating, heart-breaking first lady of monkeyland going through the intricate steps of the dance.

He stopped, he looked, and he listened. The face of Julius, according to the keeper, was lighted up with a grin which seemed to denote a happiness and a self-satisfaction that has been strangely missing from the guests of the rustic mansion overlooking beautiful Rock Creek ever since the keepers found it advisable to give them cold-storage eggs in lieu of the fresh laid kind.

The keeper who discovered the monkey's dancing said that in a few minutes the entire population of the monkey house was swaying to the steps of the dance. He said that it seemed so lifelike that he was almost convinced that he heard Julius say to Cleo, "Everybody's Doing It" and "Roll Your Eyes, My Honey."

The two monkeys then have set the fashion, according to the keeper, do not seem to approve of the younger monkeys indulging in it, and stopped dancing in a vain endeavor to have them desist. The youngsters refused to do so, and the whole affair ended like a "Bowery ball."

Chief Justice Fuller Was Courteous



JUSTICE HARLAN and Chief Justice Fuller were riding home one evening on the back platform of a car, preferring that to a coach in order to smoke. The door of the car was open, and at intervals smoke from their cigars drifted in. Noticing this, the conductor informed them that smoking was prohibited.

"That" objected Justice Harlan, "the wind carries the smoke to the south and we are traveling north."

"That's all right, mister; but them's my orders," insisted the knight of the bell rope.

During the conversation Justice Fuller had stepped down on the car step and hidden himself behind the mammoth physique of his argumentative friend. He was enjoying his cigar to the fullest extent.


"Orders are orders, I know," continued Justice Harlan, determined to convince the conductor by logic of the folly of blind obedience. "If there are cases where a law coercive at one time may at another be void. Allow me to cite a certain case in our common law statute book."

"I take my orders from the superintendent," said the conductor. "I don't care about no law!" persisted the conductor stubbornly.

The car had turned into Fifteenth street by this time.

The little chief justice was just about his second cigar, and entirely disinterested in the plea of his learned colleague.

Roughness in Reviving Is Not Assault



A CHARGE of assault, which had been pending against William Hart, a foreman in the employ of the Washington Gasoline company, was dismissed by Judge Pugh in police court the other day.


Against Hart had a peculiar origin. He was foreman of a gang of men who were working in the gas mains in Takoma Park this winter. December 12 of the men were overcome by gas and several of them had narrow escapes from death. Hart, with the assistance of Dr. Archibald L. Miller and several citizens of Takoma, got the men out of the trench and revived all of them but one.

The man was in such a serious condition from the effects of the gas that he failed to respond to the methods used, and Hart adopted strenuous means of bringing him around. He rolled the man on the ground, kicked the soles of his feet, thumped him roughly on the back and chest and otherwise mistreated him. It is said, with the result of restoring consciousness and saving life.

Bystanders, including Dr. Miller, who is a dentist at Takoma Park, objected to Hart's manner of resuscitating men overcome by gas, and the assault charge was filed. Hart entered a plea of not guilty and demanded a jury trial.

After considerable delay the case was called up, when Hart withdrew his plea and demand for a jury trial, and asked Judge Pugh to dispose of the case at once. Hart explained that the method he had used was one he had used successfully in many other cases, and that it has always been successful. The court held that if men who help resuscitate persons overcome by gas or almost drowned are to be held liable for the necessarily rough treatment that must be administered a feeling of timidity will obtain; which may result in the death of many who otherwise might be revived.

Scorns to Work on Cobbler's Bench



THERE is a limited diet in store for Marcellus Wilson, an inmate of the Home for the Aged and Infirm, and possibly expulsion from the institution, if Wilson and Superintendent William J. Fay do not adjust their difficulties shortly.

Exasperated by alleged repeated refusal by Wilson to work, Superintendent Fay has brought the matter to the attention of the commissioners of the district, suggesting a limited diet and confinement in a room as a means of enforcing obedience. The commissioners have decided to inform Mr. Fay of their support in the infliction of proper discipline, and if Wilson does not conform to the rules and regulations he will be ordered to leave the institution.

The case is such an unusual one that Superintendent Fay was in doubt as to his authority to inflict discipline. In his letter to the district heads he states that Wilson is in rugged health, although both legs are off at the knee. He is 51 years old and is said to be an expert cobbler, but, according to the head of the institution in which he is given a home by the district, the suggestion that he have his time and attention to the mending of shoes is received only with scorn. The decision of the commissioners to enforce obedience on the part of Wilson with the rules of the house was reached following a report by George S. Wilson, secretary of the board of charities, who says that his "namesake has been a disturbing element in the institution for some time."

Something in It.

Governor Beryl Carroll of Iowa has an amusing story of a state legislator whose amusing appearance might possibly lead one to mistake him for a laboring man, but who is as sensitive as a woman to all unpleasant circumstances.

"This man," said Governor Carroll, "happened to be standing outside a Des Moines undertaking establishment, conversing with a friend on political matters, when one of the employees came out of the shop and said:

"Say, will you give us a lift with a casket?"

"The senator shuddered and replied hesitatingly:

"Is there is there—anything in it?"

"Sure," came the hearty reply, "there's a couple of drunks in it!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Up and Down.

Senator Davis, in an interview at Oark, declared, with humorous aristocratic pretensions that too many Americans, as soon as they get rich, assume.

"It is hard to be aristocratic in a democracy like this," said Senator Davis. "We've got no criterion, no measure, and hence, as aristocrats, we never can tell where we stand."

"Mrs. Davis is no longer in our set," a woman once said at a tea.

"Yes, so I understand," said another woman.

"Yes," went on the first woman, with a laugh; "never; yes, she dropped out some time ago."

"Is that so?" said the other. "I was under the impression that she climbed out."

Filipinos Dislike Autos.

The reckless and insolent automobilist is hated the world over. In the Philippines, where most of the automobilists are foreigners and where the natives have been used to loiter comfortably in the roads after the fashion of easy-going southern countries, the automobiles have long been a grievance, and, failing to secure effective regulation, the Filipinos have adopted the practice of rolling big boulders into the roadway as a hint not to turn corners at a breakneck speed.

Convenient Code.

Frank I. Cobb used to be a reporter in Detroit and knew intimately a former governor of the state of Michigan, who was renowned among other things for his ability as a free-hand sewer.

One time Cobb was dining with the ex-governor and his family. A message came in to tell the host that one of his pet political schemes had just been defeated through the bungling of a lieutenant. The old man ripped out a string of dark blue ones.

"Gee," said his wife, "you promised me you would cut curing."

"Marlo," said the ex-governor, "I'm not cursing—this is just the way I talk!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Denied the Allegation.

"You are being trodden under foot," howled the campaign orator. "You are surrounded by neutrals—there is a paranoiac standing at your very elbow, an—" "Stop right there," yelled Pat. "Stop there. There's not a paranoiac standing at your elbow, there's fellows in the whole crowd, Me and Mike don't associate with such bloomin' furnurers."

Defined.
Freddie—Say, dad, what's morbid curiosity?
Cobvurger—That's what the fellow has who butts in ahead of you and keeps you from seeing anything.

Why Should a Chicken Lay a Soft-Shelled Egg?

Because, Willie, the chicken don't know how to create a hard-shelled egg unless it has some food with lime in it.

So chicken-raisers often provide limestone gravel, broken oyster shells or some other form of lime.

Let the chicken wander free and it finds its own food and behaves sensibly. Shut it up and feed stuff lacking lime and the eggs are soft-shelled.

Let's step from chickens to human beings.

Why is a child "backward" and why does a man or woman have nervous prostration or brain-lag? There may be a variety of reasons but one thing is certain.

If the food is deficient in Phosphate of Potash the gray matter in the nerve centres and brain cannot be rebuilt each day to make good the cells broken down by the activities of yesterday.

Phosphate of Potash is the most important element Nature demands to unite albumin and water to make gray matter.

Grape-Nuts food is heavy in Phosphate of Potash in a digestible form.

A chicken can't always select its own food, but a thoughtful man can select suitable food for his children, wife and himself.

"There's a Reason" for

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Gentle and Sure

You, also, should give approval to this efficient family remedy—your bowels will be regulated so surely and safely; your liver stimulated; your digestion so improved by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere in boxes 10c, 25c.

DEFIANCE Gold Water-Starch

makes laundry work a pleasure, 10c, 15c, 25c.

Facts for Weak Women

Nine-tenths of all sickness of women is due to some derangement or disease of the organs directly feminine. Such sickness can be cured—is cured every day by

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorred by every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar afflictions incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only or, in cloth binding for \$1.00.

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Gal-Vanite is attractive in appearance, easy to lay, suitable for steep or flat roofs, adapted to all kinds of climates. It is proof against fire, wind, rain, snow, and all other elements. It is proof against rust, and will last for years. Put up in rolls of 100 sq. ft. with patented nails, cement and directions.

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DUTCH VIEW.



His Number.

He gazed tenderly into her eyes as she spoke.

"Life," she murmured dreamily, "is after all, nothing but a romance in which we are characters, moving hither and yon as the supreme author of our being directs."

"And in the novel of your life," said he, tenderly, "where do I come in?"

"You!" she answered with a smile. "Oh, you are—let me see—no, two, three—you are Chap Seventeen."—Harpers Weekly.

Years had passed, the political equality of the sexes were fait accompli, and a certain candidate for the presidency had not been kibbled, in a dignified manner, into a cocked hat.

Her humiliation was complete. But although she declined to talk for publication, her friends were less reticent.

"That of that shape," they protested, with much feeling, "went out ages ago."—Puck.

Very improper.

Howell—Why is it that Harvard doesn't want to play Carlsbad again?

Powell—I believe the Cambridge boys caught the Indians, doing something reprehensible.

Nothing disappoints some women more than to find that a scandal isn't after all.