

Clarence H. Wilson



San Bernardino, Calif.—"A few years ago I was down with the 'flu,' sick in bed for two months. When I was able to be about I suffered from general weakness—had no strength or energy, and had a hard lump, the size of a walnut, on my spine. I underwent an operation for its removal, but it left me with a running sore, an offensive pus being discharged all the time. I was in this miserable state for about four months, and nothing I did gave me any relief. I was told of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and began to take it. I found so much relief and help from the first bottle that I continued, taking several bottles, at the end of which time the pus ceased, my flesh healed up, and I was absolutely well. I have had no sign of the trouble since."—Clarence H. Wilson, 768 Spruce St.

When a Man's Hard-Boiled.

"Hard-boiled" came into general use during the world war. It is slang and is applied to a person hardened in mind or feeling and insensible to the sufferings of others. Originally, of course, it referred merely to the condition of a hard-boiled egg.

Manifestly Unlikely.

"The new minister must be mad," said the village woman, meeting another of the parishioners on the street. "He told my husband, who weighs 240 pounds, to beware lest he should be weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Formed Human Map.

Among the most striking episodes of the pageant of the empire at Wembley, England, was a human map of Australia, formed by hundreds of antipodean visitors.

Table Talk.

"I have lived in 869 boarding houses," says Bill Rigby, "and heard the same thing in every one of them: 'You'll like it the way we cook it.'"—Akron Times.

The Other Angle.

As long as the world's population is growing all the time, isn't it entirely possible that if sin is increasing so is virtue?—Detroit News.

Many of Them Do.

"My niece," said Mrs. Blunderby, "has had a college education. She speaks several languages quite flippanantly."

Uncle Eben.

"If yo' can't manage yoh conduct so's to keep in de straight an' narrow path," said Uncle Eben, "you'll be runnin' big risks, same as any other jay-walker."—Washington Star.

MR. PURVIS OF PENSACOLA

By HINTON GILMORE

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Here is a story that will start you chuckling. Of course none of us are superstitious and maybe that's the reason we never walk under ladders and always shiver when we see 13!

IF YOU chanced to read the journal of that date, you already know that on Friday, April 13, Mr. G. W. Purvis, dealer in hides, pelts, tallow and beeswax, left Pensacola bound for St. Louis.

But sometimes there is more to a casual journey to St. Louis than appears in the column devoted to "City Brevities and News of the Streets." Let us, therefore, violate the Interstate Commerce Commission ruling on that subject, and ride free and unobserved with the well-known Pensacola dealer in hides and pelts, tallow and beeswax.

Nothing of greater pith occurred between Pensacola and Mobile than the minor interruptions of a young man with a semi-uniform, who had vials and magazines to sell, for Mr. Purvis, with thrift, chose to ride in a day coach.

At Mobile they boarded the train one "Oriole Joe" Maxey. It would not be a bad guess to venture that "Oriole Joe" carried in his satchel an ordinary gold brick of commerce, whose core, were it piered-by a suspecting gimlet, would have assayed heavily in lead.

His purpose in getting on at Mobile was twofold—to avoid the awakened attention of the police, and to sell one gold brick to the best commercial advantage.

"Oriole Joe" entered the car and sized up the occupants. He was quick to note the trusting eye and the receding chin of the Pensacolan. In the third seat beyond, he also observed another promising-looking prospect. Truly, this began to look like a prosperous ally into the marts of trade, and he bemoaned the fact that his extreme poverty prevented his purchase of lead sufficient for two marketable bricks. With one, it was a question of choosing between Purvis and the other prospect, a farmer who had just settled a mortgage on his home and was heading for New Orleans to buy an automobile.

Drawing a coin from his pocket, he designated Purvis, the pelt dealer, "tails," and the farmer who pined for rapid locomotion, "heads." There was a trifling spin of the disk. Maxey observed the result with a satisfied smile, and forthwith struck up an acquaintance with the farmer.

Ensuing events have no interest except to a New Orleans automobile dealer, whose well-devised plan of follow-up letters failed to bring in a promising prospect just when he seemed clinched.

Miss Celeste Adair, very attractive, though overdressed, boarded the train of Mr. Purvis of Pensacola, at New Orleans, ticketed ostensibly for Meridian. But she had something more in view than a short smoky ride upon the cars. Briefly and bluntly, Miss Adair was low in funds. Life in New Orleans is expensive, and the young woman, being a devotee of certain refined palaces of chance, longed for the wherewithal to make an uphill climb against Luck. Her object in taking a trip at this time was to make the acquaintance of some married person of home-town respectability, from whom funds might be drawn by that elegant but often effective procedure of blackmail. Miss Adair chose the day coach as the most likely field for her endeavors.

Scarcely had the train left New Orleans when she observed Mr. Purvis. Here, in all innocence, was game. He looked just prosperous enough to stand for about a \$250 monthly gouge for perhaps a year, before thrashing it out over his own lares and penates, and then appealing to the police. Mr. Purvis, unconscious of the unkind scheme, scanned the quotations of the Hide and Pelt Dealer's Guide.

Miss Adair made her survey more inclusive. The car yielded, however, but one other prospect—a professor, perhaps, in a small school, or pastor tending the spiritual grazing of a small-town flock. From either of the two men the adventures felt that there might be an income derived. It was a matter of no consequence to her which one paid. Being a follower in the ragged train of Chance she left it to her fickle highness.

Thrusting a dainty finger between the pages of a book she carried, she agreed with herself that if the number under her hand proved to be an even numeral Mr. Purvis should by that edict be chosen to rehabilitate the lowering funds of the young woman; if the numeral were odd, the distinction would descend upon the dignified gentleman with the clerical costume.

At Meridian, a man with beetling brow and formidable chin boarded the train and hurriedly approached the seat where Miss Adair sat in mirthful conversation with her companion. There were harsh words spoken low. Threats of divorce proceedings with corresponding publicity were effectively voiced. Some agreement was reached, and Miss Adair accompanied her beetle-browed confederate back to New Orleans on the next train. The president of a little college for girls over near the Alabama line is sending her \$200 each month with which she is slowly recuperating her sunken losses.

Meridian added a few passengers to the train list, among them Harvey Collier, suavely itself. Dressed stylishly, manicured, polished and perfumed, he seemed out of place in the dingy day coach. But it was a question of business with him, and he lost no time in setting about his work. Standing in the doorway of the car, he sized up the field. Observing Mr. Purvis of Pensacola, he smiled. He almost went forward to take the vacant half of the seat, without further preliminaries. A second glance, though, revealed another promised dividend. Across the car and forward, sat a stout passenger, begirdled by a heavy gold watch chain.

Collier had a proposition in which he felt either might be interested. But complications might arise if he attempted to interview them both.

Collier, being weak on matters requiring instant decision, left the problem to Chance, ingeniously. If the next station bore a name of one syllable, he proposed to interest Mr. Purvis in his scheme, if of two syllables or more, the stout gentleman with the auriferous girdle was to be approached. The next station was Bartholomew, and two hours later Harvey Collier left the train at an obscure town in northern Mississippi, and the begirdled stout man perished a deed, reciting a consideration of \$900, cash in hand, paid for certain city lots in the town of Subaqueo, located, had he but known, twenty miles out in the Gulf of Mexico.

Without further incident, early morning brought the train to St. Louis, and the hide dealer from Florida, more wearied than rested by an awkward sleep gained while he crouched his angular self between resisting seats, arose, stiffened from his ungainly slumbers, and walked, blinking, into the station. Remaining just long enough at a convenient lunch counter to engulf a cup of coffee, he wandered aimlessly in a direction which he imagined would bring him into the business section of the city.

At five o'clock a. m. in outlying streets little traffic stirs in St. Louis. But at a darkened corner two men stood in the shadow and observed whatsoever might be moving. They saw the approaching Mr. Purvis and noted with satisfaction that he wore in the bosom of his seventy-five-cent shirt a diamond stud, which sparkled gayly.

The shadowed shadows decided upon seizure and forfeiture. A minute or so, and the prize was almost within grasp; being merely a question of a quick blow in the back of the man's head, a hasty pinch at the shirt bosom and a speedy getaway.

Closer came the prey. Suddenly "Lop-Eared" Hunt whispered: "Nuttin' doin' tonight, bo! I've lost the rabbit's foot out of me pocket!"

Which goes far in explaining why Mr. Purvis, in perfect good health and humor, much refreshed by his walk from the station, came into the Continental hotel, aroused a sleepy night clerk and inquired for a room.

The Continental had but two empty rooms for the price at which Mr. Purvis desired to be housed. They were numbered, if you chance to be interested in such trifling statistics, 1323 and 1313. Given but two chances, by the necessity of making a choice, the clerk became vacillation personified. He seemed unable to select. First his hand stretched for the key to room 1313, and back again to No. 1323.

At that moment bell boy No. 13, seeking instructions relative to ice water desired, urgently, by a bibulous reservoir in No. 417, came within view of the hesitant clerk. He saw the boy's badge with its emblazoned "13" and considered the matter settled propitiously, handed key No. 1313 to the man who had charge of the new guest's solitary suitcase—shabby security for a much-desired ransom.

"Please call me at eight o'clock in the morning," the Pensacolan admonished as he vanished toward the elevator.

At eight o'clock, a dutiful servant rapped lightly on the door of Room 1313. No response came, and the rapping increased in rapidity and vigor. Still no response.

There came through the transom a wisp of odor of fugitive gas. Quickly apprehensive (gas being expensive), the boy summoned his superiors, and the door was unlocked with a key sent up from the desk. There was an undeniable presence of gas. It wasn't even necessary to light a match to find the point of escape, for a low hissing from a pipe in the corner of the room gave a quick clue to the break. After pausing to shut off the supply at the point of intake, the hotel servants gave attention to the unconscious figure on the bed. Life existed in the crumpled heap of humanity, but at a low ebb. Physicians were summoned, restoratives were placed in operation, and very slowly the gentleman was brought back from the hem of the hereafter.

A reporter, inquisitive as his clan must ever be, sought, in addition to information gleaned from the hotel register, to learn more thoroughly the subject matter for his first yarn of the day. With no pang of impropriety he searched the clothing of the man who was being resuscitated. In an upper vest pocket, the reporter found a card which shall be read in your presence and the reading shall end the tale.

The card proclaimed the unconscious man to be:
G. W. PURVIS
Pensacola, Fla.
President National Association for the Eradication of Senseless Superstition.
Our creed:—"There's no such thing as luck!"

Blanche Sweet



This handsome "movie" star recently returned from abroad where she participated in one of her most successful picture-plays. She is a favorite of thousands of people who enjoy her clever work.

Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

OLD FRIENDS

WHEN Peg's train gave her, after twenty years, a couple of hours to spend in the city where she had been brought up, she telegraphed three of her oldest friends to meet her at Port's, that famous old caterer's, for whose ices and frappe in her exile from the land of her birth she had so often sighed. They had all come in from the country on their receipt of Peg's message on that hot day, and Ann had actually deserted her home and family for an afternoon. There they waited, Ann and Nan and Fan, and wondered if Peg's train had been late, for they had the big place to themselves except for a stranger years younger than they, at another little round table across the room.

"I dare say that Peg isn't as quick in getting about as she used to be," suggested Nan, who was rheumatic at forty, bookish, who never walked if she could ride, and who liked her full four courses at breakfast.

"I hope she hasn't had a giddy turn, or anything of that sort," forboded Nan, who considered herself a digestive invalid, who lived in a social whirl, who never walked if she could ride, and who picked at her food.

"Perhaps she changed her mind," said Ann, who was neuroathetic, had no tastes of her own, never walked if she could ride, and was house-kept with a cook book and a treatise on dietetics.

Just then the stranger from across the room approached them: "Is it—are you by any chance—can this be?" she hesitated, glancing from one to another of the three distinctly middle-aged and rather heavy ladies before her.

"Peg!" they all cried together, and made room for her at the table.

Then, when all the conventional questions had been asked and answered, Nan began: "My dear, how do you manage to look so—so active?"

"So blooming?" put in Fan.

"And so young?" ended Ann.

Peg hesitated for a moment and then she said, "I am active, and if I look blooming and young, as you say, it's for that reason. My husband and I walk ten miles in the country every Sunday."

"We believe in the habit of exercise," went on Peg, warning to her subject. "When there's skating, we're out on the ice an hour every afternoon before dinner. In summer we go swimming on hot evenings at a beach, a short ride from the city. We've fitted up our back yard as a playground for the children, and 'at our age' I'm learning to play baseball. The children are going to ride and sail, too; we ourselves haven't been able to afford that. I hope they will even fly!"

Her contemporaries slumped in upon themselves; bewildered and dull-eyed, as Peg ended: "This country must look out with all her hardheadedness if she doesn't want to become a soft nation. We can't disregard the habit of exercise and not pay the penalty."

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Food for Goldfish.
Animalculae in water are not sufficient food for goldfish. If commercial fish food is not available, goldfish may be fed crushed vermicelli, ants' eggs, small worms, aquatic larvae and green stuff in the form of lettuce and watercress. Bread crumbs may be used, but they should not be allowed to stand in the water.

Varnish for Wall Paper.
A home-furnishing suggestion is the use of varnish applied to wall paper. By this means it is said that the paper is preserved longer than ordinarily, and when necessary it can be cleaned with a damp cloth. The rather shiny finish might, however, prove a drawback.

Gave Names to Regions.
Mount Everest, the highest known point in the world, was christened in honor of Sir George Everest, surveyor general of India; the Victoria falls, on the Zambesi, in honor of Queen Victoria; and Albert Nyanza, a lake in East Central Africa, in honor of Queen Victoria's prince consort.

First Silk Stockings.
Henry II, who was king of France from 1547 to 1559, was the first to wear silk stockings, which he donned in 1559 for the wedding of his daughter, Elizabeth, to Philip II of Spain.

Fire Caused by Lightning.
That fires kindled by lightning cannot be put out with water is an old myth without foundation in fact. Fire started by lightning is just like any other fire.—Exchange.

Scentsless Flowers.
Only about one-fifth of the total numbers of flowers have any fragrance. Red and yellow flowers are the most liable to smell, white violet-blue flowers rarely have any scent. There are 308 varieties of violet-blue flowers, and only 12 bear fragrance.

Sentry Kills Corporal.
Honolulu.—Corporal William Crumb was shot to death here Sunday night when he failed to heed the challenge of a sentry at Schofield barracks. The sentry fired five shots, all of which took effect.

Crumb's home was in Detroit, Mich. The sentry was provisionally charged with murder.

The Lawless Average.
One trouble with the average man is that he generally considers himself above the average.—Des Moines Register.

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The trouble with a good many talkers is that they cannot get their tongues and their brains to collaborate.—Boston Transcript.

Had He Mentioned It?
The Ananias Club—"I've had a cold for three weeks and not a single person has told me a sure cure for it," said he.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Edible Muskrats.
The flesh of the muskrat for human food is variously esteemed, but these animals are sold extensively in some markets of the East and Middle West. In the retail markets they are sold as "marsh rabbits" and have a flavor somewhat like the wild duck.

Portuguese Dislike Mistletoe.
The Portuguese have a superstitious dislike for the mistletoe and will never use the plant as a decoration.

Another Theory Blasted.
Decision by beauty specialists that mental vigor makes hair luxuriant should set bald-headed men to thinking.—Rochester Herald.

Capacious Tub.
Kennebec Journal—"He returned Saturday from Bangor and passed the week-end in bath with his family."—Boston Transcript.

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