



"The Blues."

There are two opposite tendencies in medical practice of the present day. One regards mental disturbances as dependent upon abnormal physical states; the other looks upon the mind as the regulator of, or at least exerting a very marked influence upon, the health of the body. Both these views are undoubtedly right in part, and both are wrong in their exclusiveness, in refusing to admit that the mind and the body exert a reciprocal influence upon each other. Mens sana in corpore sana, a sound mind in a sound body, was the ancient definition of perfect health. It was the recognition of the fact that both mind and body have to do with health, and that neither can be disordered without acting reflexly upon the other.

Putting aside the discussion of the influence of the mind upon the body, which no one who has given thought to the subject, however materialistic in his conceptions he may be, can doubt, it may be interesting and profitable as well to note an instance of the opposite influence; of the effect upon the mental vision of a slight bodily defect.

Every one knows from sad experience that uncomfortable condition most appropriately called "the blues." It is a state of temporary pessimism, during which the unhappy victim can see no

contracting the walls of the abdomen fifty to one hundred times, at the same time expanding the chest and taking long breaths. Follow these exercises by a good brisk walk, and then search yourself for the blues.

Apples and Insomnia.

A medical writer declares that the apple is such a common fruit that very few persons become familiar with its medicinal properties. The best thing just before going to bed, he says, is to eat an apple. "Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit," he continues, "are likely to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of a ripe and juicy apple before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruit. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all; the apple prevents indigestion and throat diseases."

President Roosevelt's Good Time.

When President Roosevelt was leaving Washington this summer for his Oyster Bay vacation, some friends expressed their sympathy for him on the great burden of his arduous tasks and tremendous responsibilities. "Oh, do not waste any sympathy on me," he said, "I have enjoyed every minute of my stay in Washington. I have had a perfectly corking time."

Most men would take the Presidency so seriously, they would be so weighted down with its tremendous responsibility and so anxious all the time lest things should not go right, lest they should make some terrible mistake, that they would not really enjoy themselves very much. Sensitiveness, timidity, would keep many Presidents from



Said She—It is said that married men are braver than single men. Said He—Yes; they have to be.—Chicago Daily News.

"Would you give up your seat to a woman in a car?" "How do I know? Never had a seat yet myself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Maud—But do you believe in vaccination? Bessie—Rather. It kept my sister from playing the piano for nearly a week.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"What do you want with this automobile catalogue?" "I propose to write some dialogue for it, and then it will be a motor novel."—Washington Herald.

Marks—Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding-day? Parks—S-s-h-h! No man should speak that way about your wife!—Clover.

Dowager—So you are commencing a practice here. You're rather young, aren't you? Young Medico—Oh—er—well—I only expect to start on children first, you know.—Punch.

Restaurant Keeper—What, you can't pay your check? Out you go then. Guest at the Next Table—Here, landlord, while you are about it, throw me out, too.—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Are you related to the bride or groom elect?" asked the busy usher. "No." "Then what interest have you in the ceremony?" "I'm the defeated candidate."—Christian Register.

"I trust we shall make you feel quite at home," remarked the hotel proprietor. "Don't you try it," expostulated the married man. "I'm away for a good time."—Philadelphia Record.

"Sometimes," said the press humorist, "I think my jokes are rotten. I s'pose that's my modesty." "No," explained a friend, "that's your common sense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Yes," remarked Farmer Hodge, "my boy Joe gets a good deal o' fun out of motor cars." "But he doesn't own a machine." "Of course not. He's one o' the constables."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"What sort of a table do they set at your boarding-house?" asked the young man who was contemplating a change. "A table of warts and measures," replied his friend. "The first long and the latter short."—Tit-Bits.

"When I was your age," said the stern parent, "I was accumulating money of my own." "Yes," answered the graceless youth, "but don't you think the public was easier then than it is now?"—Washington Star.

"How fast do you usually travel?" "I don't pay much attention to that," answered the motorist. "I get most of my excitement in watching the rapidity with which pedestrians move out of my way."—Washington Star.

Tom—Of course the bride looks lovely, as brides always do. Nell—Yes, but the bridegroom doesn't look altogether fit; seems rather run down. Tom—Run down? Oh, yes, caught after a long chase.—Philadelphia Press.

Officer (to new recruit doing "sentry go" for the first time)—Now, mind you, let no one go by without challenging them. Recruit—That's all right, gov'nor. Don't you worry. The slightest noise wakes me up!—Punch.

"Is your husband up yet?" asked the early morning caller. "I guess he is," replied the stern-looking woman. "I'd like to say a few words to him." "I'd like to say more than a few. He hasn't come home yet."—Philadelphia Press.

The Powder Manufacturer—Fancy old Bill, of all people, going into the gunpowder shed with a lighted candle. I should have thought that would be the last thing he'd do. The Workman—Which, properly speakin', it were, sir.—The Sketch.

Hubble—My dear, if I cannot leave the office in time for dinner to-night I will send you a note by a messenger? Wife—You need not go to that expense, George, for I have already found the note in your coat pocket.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Garge—Ef t' missus doan' get better by next Tewsday fortnight I'll sen fer t' doctor. Farmer—Why not before, Garge? Garge—Will, it'll be fowrty years nex' Tewsday fortnight since we 'ad t' doctor, an' I'd like t' make it even fowrty.—The Tatler.

Mrs. Shopper (after inspecting everything in the store)—I don't see anything here that suits me. I suppose I may as well go down to Stacy's and see what they have. They usually have a good assortment. Salesman—Here's a card of one of their salesmen; won't you kindly ask for him? Mrs. Shopper—Ah! A friend of yours, I presume? Salesman—No, madam; he has owed me \$10 for the last three years.—Puck.

S.S.S. DRIVES OUT BLOOD HUMORS

The skin is not simply an outer covering of the body, but through its thousands of pores and glands it performs the great and necessary work of regulating our temperatures, and also assists in disposing of the refuse and waste matters of the system by the constant evaporation that goes on through these little tubes. To perform these duties the tissues and fibres which connect and surround the pores and glands must be continually nourished by pure blood. When from any cause the circulation becomes infected with impurities and humors, it loses its strengthening powers and begins to disease and irritate the delicate tissues, and produces Eczema, Acne, Tetter, or some other itching, disfiguring skin trouble. S. S. S. cures skin diseases of every kind by going down into the circulation and neutralizing and removing the impurities and humors. It changes the quality of the blood from an acid, fiery fluid to a cooling, health-producing stream, which, instead of irritating and inflaming the skin, cures and nourishes it by its soothing, healthful qualities. Salves, washes, lotions, etc., may be used for any temporary comfort or cleanliness they afford, but skin diseases cannot be cured until S. S. S. has purified the blood. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice sent free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Force of Storm Waves.

The average storm wave is thirty feet in height. The highest storm waves ever measured were between forty-four and forty-eight feet high. The gigantic force of storm waves is shown by the fact that at Skerryvore lighthouse, off the west coast of Scotland, a mass of rock weighing five and a half tons was once hurled to a height of seventy-two feet above the sea level, while a mass weighing thirteen and a half tons was torn from a cliff seventy-four feet high.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Gains Distinction in Queer Way.

Newitt—He's anxious to be considered a man of some social distinction. Bunker—He's taking a queer way about it. Newitt—Why? Bunker—He says golf is "merely tommy-rot."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Struck for a Good Deal.

Lady Interviewer—Your wife's devotion to you is regarded as a model of married happiness. Now, how as a public man does a wife's devotion strike you? Aspiring Candidate (truthfully)—Well, mine struck this morning for twenty-five for a new hat.—Baltimore American.

A New Name.

"What do you call a man who drives an automobile?" "Well, judging by the way in which he takes possession of the road I should say an auto-crat."—Baltimore American.

Insisting on Accuracy.

"Did you arrest this man?" asked the police justice. "I did not, your honor," answered the officer, formerly a resident of Boston. "Obviously I could not arrest him, for he was not in motion at the time. I merely effected his capture, your honor."

Out of the Dim Past.

Nebuchadnezzar was eating grass. "But I'm not yelling 'Ee-yah!' and pretending to like it," he said. Regardless of what the fans in the grand stand and on the bleachers might think of him, he continued to tear up handfuls and chew it because he hadn't anything else to eat.

Too Late.

Mifflins (to Piffer)—She's a stunning woman, old man, and you're bound to be stuck on her. But don't mention laundry or anything like that! Her grandmother was a washwoman.

Piffer (later, to the lady in question, as he relates a story)—Yes, indeed! I can tell you, it took the starch—beg pardon! the nerve—right out of me.—Life.

Poor Guesser.

The eminent statesman summoned his private secretary. "This is the third letter I have had from Mannheim," he said, "at the end of which he has marked 'Confidential.' B. T. L." "What does he mean by B. T. L.?" "Don't you know?" said the private secretary, lowering his voice. "He means 'Burn This Letter.'"—Chicago Tribune.

SEA-BATHING ON OCEAN LINERS.



NEW AMUSEMENT FOR PASSENGERS ON BIG STEAMERS.

A new amusement for passengers on ocean liners has been introduced on board some Pacific steamers. It is a swimming bath on deck big enough to hold about a dozen people at once. The bath is filled with sea water. Passengers can enjoy their swim without fear of sharks.—Illustrated London News.

silver lining to the clouds that beset his soul. The mental faculties are not impaired, reason and judgment remain, and one will even admit, when argued with, that things are not as black as they seem, yet he cannot dissipate the fog that surrounds him and shuts out from his mental view all the blessings of his lot.

It seems as if nothing is more purely mental than an attack of the blues, yet in fact nothing is more purely physical. It has no foundation of real grief, neither is it due to any apparent disease of the body. In fact, as has been argued very plausibly by a California physician, it is frequently due to abdominal congestions. This may seem absurd, but its explanation is rational.

The mind, in its prison of the body, is dependent upon the healthy function of the brain cells, and this function depends upon a supply of good, pure blood. Stagnation anywhere in the system prevents this supply, and nowhere is stagnation more apt to occur than in the abdominal organs. Any one suffering from the blues can prove this by nerving himself to a course of abdominal exercise, bending over to touch the toes, twisting from side to side, and

real enjoyment because of an embarrassing self-consciousness as to how they were deporting themselves, how others were regarding them. They would dread the cartoon, caricature and criticism of the press so much that they would get very little pleasure or comfort out of their office.

But Mr. Roosevelt always gives the impression that he is really having a good time. He says he gets lots of fun, as he goes along, from the humorous and ludicrous things that are constantly happening, and that there are plenty of them in his home life.

When your husband or father comes home again with a thundercloud on his face, looking as though he thought he were Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders, just laugh him out of his seriousness; tell him how President Roosevelt manages to carry the welfare of a nation, and still keeps himself fresh, sunny and happy.—Success Magazine.

Like a Clock.

"Our business is all run down." "What shall we do?" "I guess we'd better wind it up."—Exchange.

Shy.
"I think I'd like something to read on the train," said the austere spinster. "Well, here's a copy of the latest issue of Pick-Me-Up," suggested the news-dealer.

There being nothing else on the counter she bought it. But she tore off the conspicuous title of it before she carried it into the car. She was no giddy young thing.—Chicago Tribune.

The Rich Turkish Beggar.

Beggars are never suppressed in Turkey. The story is told (and they say it is true) about an American lady who by mistake gave a beggar of Constantinople a goldpiece. The man had left his post when she returned, but one of his colleagues told her where he "resided." It was a fine house, and at the door was a servant, who politely informed the lady that "my master is dressing. He will be down soon." And then the well-groomed beggar, dressed for dinner, appeared and gladly returned the gold piece, exclaiming in the meanwhile that such mistakes were highly embarrassing.—Charities and Commons.

Recalled Them Distinctly.

"What were your sensations when the automobile struck the tree and threw you out? I presume, though, you didn't have time to think." "O, yes, I did. I distinctly remember thinking, as I flew through the air, 'Gee! What a repair bill I'll have to foot!'"

HOWARD E. BURTON, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, silver, Lead, \$1; Gold, Silver, Tin; Gold, Zinc or Copper, \$1. Cyanide tests. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire work solicited. References: Carbonate National Bank.

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