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CHAS. J. DEAN, M.D.
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MENTION THE BARD WHEN WRITING

Check Forger Learns to Sing While in Prison
Berlin.—Paul Karmann, once a reputable business man, who forged checks because of the insane movement of mark exchange, obtained his release from prison by proving himself an artist fitted for a stage career as a singer. Karmann, who had never sung before, expects now to enter vandyville as a singer.
A staid, if unscrupulous, business man when arrested, he was stricken

Her Birthday Party

By RUBY DOUGLAS

Rosana Weeks had worked in the office of Turbell & Co. for four years and she felt as if her place were secure enough to permit of her committing the somewhat unbusinesslike sin of having a party at her desk. "It is my twenty-first birthday," she explained to one of the girls who filed papers near Rosana all day long, "and I have not had a party nor a cake since I was eleven. Do you suppose Mr. Turbell will care—if he is here and knows about it?"

The other girl was a frightened little person who just naturally presupposed that any one of the lords of creation who happened to be over her in point of office precedence would undoubtedly care. "I—I hope not," she said, looking around.

"Well, I'm going to do it anyway—if I lose my job for it," declared Rosana, gayly. "I hate the boarding house where I live. I love it down here where I work. I love you all who work with me. I hate all the old sisters who sit and rock in the parlor at home. Therefore, this is the logical place to have my party, and here I am going to have it, candles and all."

The pale little person looked at her in awe. Think of anyone having so much courage.

"And you're invited—you and Grace and the office boy who just arrived this morning, and Joe the shipping clerk and Miss Nancy and—yes, I believe I shall invite Mr. Turbell himself." Rosana was waxing enthusiastic as the gala thought of a birthday party grew in her mind.

"When is it?" asked the pale little person softly.

"Today, of course!" almost shouted Rosana. "And it's this afternoon at 4 o'clock that we're going to have the party right here on my desk. I'm going to get the cake and the candles and paper cups for the hot chocolate—"

"Chocolate?" gasped the little one.

"Yes, chocolate. The scrub woman has an old burner in her cleaning closet and she's going to help me make it and I'm going to give her a piece of cake. Oh, it is all planned and I am twenty-one!" Rosana's spirits on this, her natal day, were soaring high.

In the eyes of the world, she had little to be cheery about. Her father and mother had long since passed along into the eternal pathway and she had been supporting herself and living in a hall bedroom, more or less, for the past few years. But she had health and spirits; she was pretty and proud of her ability to be independent. She had many beaux, but not one for whom she cared more than another.

At 4 o'clock she appeared at the door of Mr. Turbell's private office. He happened to be lingering later than usual at his desk.

"Mr. Turbell," she began, "this is my birthday—"

Rosana thought he started and she was taken aback a moment. Was he displeased? She went on.

"I haven't had a birthday party for so long that I thought I should like to have one here at my desk that I love so well. I—I have a cake and candles—twenty-one of them—and, oh, I wish you and Miss Nancy would come to it."

Mr. Turbell's eyes had filled with tears. Miss Nancy, his secretary smiled at Rosana. "I should love to come," she hastened to assure her. It is—ready? That's what the children say, isn't it?"

Rosana was still looking at her employer's face. He had not spoken. And yet she felt that his emotion was not of displeasure.

"Miss Weeks," he said, "I'll be there in a moment. I'm glad to see so human an act in this cold office of ours. And—today would have been my own daughter Helen's twenty-first birthday, too." His voice broke and Rosana would have gone to him if she had dared. "That is why I am loitering at my desk. I haven't the courage to go home to my wife—I know how she is feeling."

"I'm sorry if I've stirred up your sorrow, Mr. Turbell," she said.

Miss Nancy had left the room.

"Oh, no, don't say that. Perhaps I can help you to make your birthday brighter by joining in your festivities. Come."

The little office force of Turbell & Co. had never come so close together in the years they had worked side by side. Archy, the new office boy decided that this was a peach of an office to work in—cake and candles and everything.

There was no more work done that day and Rosana did not forget to wrap up a piece of cake for Mrs. Brady, the cleaning woman.

She was about to leave when Mr. Turbell stepped up to her. "I wonder if you wouldn't like to come along home with me and—help me to cheer up Mrs. Turbell. We'll tell her all about it—your party and all. Would you come?"

Rosana could not refuse and it was not long before she was being welcomed by the wife of her employer. Tears came to the mother's eyes when she heard the story, but she quickly had a place made for Rosana at the family table and tried to make her feel at home.

Just before the maid announced dinner a tall young man strode into the room. "Hello, mother; 'lo dad," he said. Then he stopped at the sight of Rosana.

"My son, this is Miss Weeks of our office, you know. It is her twenty-first birthday and—"

The lad shook hands with Rosana. "I—I understand," he said, looking from his mother's countenance to his father's. "Helen would have been the same age today. I'm three years older," he announced proudly.

Dinner was merry and Rosana felt as if she had never had so wonderful a birthday in her life.

"My father and mother would—would be glad," she tried to say, but she was too full of joy of being in the home with really genuine folks on this day. She could not speak.

"We, alone, know how glad," said Mr. Turbell.

"You haven't a corner on all the joy," laughed Ned Turbell. "And I'm going to add to mine by being permitted to take Miss Weeks home. Am I not, dad?"

Ned did take Rosana home. What they talked about was inconsequential. What they thought about would make more interesting data.

At breakfast the following morning, the young man looked at his father rather diffidently. "Did you say you thought you'd be able to find a place for me in your office, Dad, for the summer holidays?"

The father laughed. "Bad as that?"

Ned was only temporarily discouraged. He found occasion to talk to Rosana on the telephone on the following day. He found further necessity for calling at his father's office on Saturday at lunch time. In fact, he found that he had only begun to live on the day on which Rosana Weeks had celebrated her twenty-first birthday.

"Mother and father have both said, when I explained to them how it was, dear," he found himself saying to Rosana not many months later, "that they could think of nothing happier than to have you in the family to be their daughter. Could you? Would you be their daughter, Rosana?"

Rosana decided that she could.

THE RIGHT THING
at the
RIGHT TIME
By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

THE UNWELCOME RAP

TOO BUSY FOR OWN AFFAIRS

Hustling Is All Right, but This Man Is Proof That It Can Be Overdone.

One of the first jobs I ever had was as assistant to a middle-aged bookkeeper whose activities made those of an electron look like absolute repose. He hustled all the time. When we walked down the street I dog-trotted, with such demoniac fury did his legs quiver. He always ran upstairs. Never had time to wait for the elevator.

"I have never seen so energetic a man," I said, after I knew him well enough to talk to him. This in a tone that suggested that I admired him beyond words. It was an utterly false suggestion. I thought he was a nut.

"One must hustle if he is to get ahead," said the virtuous bookkeeper. He is still hustling. I met him the other day, still in high speed. He can go through a mass of books like lightning through an egg. But I cannot see that he has got ahead. He is a starling man, owns his own home, and has the finest set of dyspepsia I have ever listened to. When he has hurried into his grave his wife will take in roomers in order to live.

That sort of hustling does not get anyone anywhere. If he had made it a rule to sit down for two hours each week, smoke a meditative pipe, and try to discover where he was going and why, he might not be on salary today. He might own the business. He certainly knows more about it than the man who does. When any information is wanted by anyone in the plant, they look up the head bookkeeper. But he has been so busy hustling that he has never made use of his own assets.

But a frenetic agitation of the muscular system is not the surest way to success. Unless one plans to be a juggler.—Boston Herald.

Interest in Extinct Mammal.
The famous cave of Ultima Esperanza, in the Magellan canal, Patagonia, belongs to the haunts of the "Grisly Folk." It was here that the mylodon was discovered about fifteen years ago—a find which caused a sensation in the whole civilized world, because the mylodon, a giant extinct mammal of the class of the ground sloths, possessed the peculiarity of having its skin covered with small bones, something never observed before in any other archaic or living species, and, according to the scientific commissions sent out from various countries, might have survived until rather recent times, as there was still dry flesh and reddish hair clinging to it.

Men Have Own Language.
The Yana language of northern California represents a distinct linguistic stock and had formerly three dialects, one of which is now extinct. It possesses two forms of speech, one of which is employed by men speaking to men, while the other is used in all other cases. Practically the language has only nouns and verbs, the adjectives, adverbs, numerals, interrogative pronouns and conjunctions being formed from the verbs.—Washington Star.

Reports in Embryo.
Seattle has a number of free-distribution weekly community papers, devoted entirely to news and advertisements of certain sections.

Students in the reporting class in the University of Washington handle assignments for the community paper nearest the university. Those living in the district are also required to dig up and turn in news items suitable without assignments.

David Powell



Born in Glasgow, Scotland, of Welsh parentage, is the proud claim of David Powell, well-known star in motion pictures. Before entering the "movies" he had had several years of stage experience. He is distinguished as one of the best leading men of the day and has achieved world-wide reputation for his ability as an actor, his finesse, intelligence and general air of good breeding.

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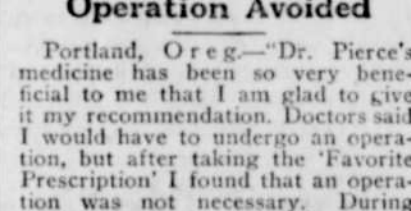
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Top-Spinning.
The Japanese carry top-spinning to great perfection. The tops used by them are of delightful variety, both in size and construction. The spinners balance their tops on the edge of a sword or along a thin cord.

Storing the Votes.
Voting papers used in the general election in London are stored in the Victoria tower of the house of lords, where they are kept for one year as a precaution against any belated dispute arising.

Mrs. Isabella McLachlan



Operation Avoided
Portland, Ore.—"Dr. Pierce's medicine has been so very beneficial to me that I am glad to give it my recommendation. Doctors said I would have to undergo an operation, but after taking the 'Favorite Prescription' I found that an operation was not necessary. During one expectant period I suffered with inflammation and became so weak and rundown I could not do my work. Doctors again advised an operation, but instead I began taking the 'Favorite Prescription' and it soon put me on my feet. My health returned, and my baby was very healthy. Since that time whenever I have felt badly I have taken the 'Favorite Prescription.' It always makes me well in no time."—Mrs. Isabella McLachlan, 768 Mich. Ave.
Go to your neighborhood drug store and get Favorite Prescription in tablets or liquid. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo N. Y., and receive good medical advice in return, free.

Character in the Face.
The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes indicate the antiquity of the soul, or through how many forms it has already ascended.—Emerson.

Doing and Saying.
There is no proverb which strikes a truer balance between two things than the old one which weighs example over against precept.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Handicapped.
A man who in the struggle of life has no home to retire to, in fact or in memory, is without life's best rewards and life's defense.—J. G. Holland.

Better Parts of Speech.
Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.—Bacon.

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