

Pimples and Blotches

are not the only signs that a blood-purifying, tonic medicine is needed. Drowsy, languid feelings, loss of appetite and general debility are other signs, and they may be worse signs.

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I swing my ax with youngsters, an' I never miss a stroke; I got a biceps muscle like a knotty piece of oak; I'm full of fizz an' ginger, an' I'm cheerful as can be; I'm fields an' streams an' pastures all look mighty good to me; I've earned my way by workin', not by settin' round asleep; I'm what I've earned by workin' I have got a right to keep. Lord may call me suddint-like, an' I may be surprised, but you bet your bottom dollar that I won't be Oserized.

I clover's just as purty as it ever was before; I roses that are climbin' all round th' kitchen door, I'm just as sweet to look at, an' I've got a right to be lookin' happy at creation when it all looks good to me. I'm sixty years th' limit that th' mean doctors give! I bless your soul, at sixty I have just begun to live I'm to take life eort o' easy! Forty years from now 'll be oon enough to talk th' rascals—about Oserizin' me!

—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

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NEW YORK LETTER

New York, May 26.—The city is now wooing the country, and being wooed by it. The two are carrying on their love making with the spring's choicest presents—the flowers. Nothing is more common than to see a commuter or a city gentleman or young lady trudging along with a full load of flowers brought from the gardens and lanes and woods of the country. The trolley cars coming to the city, the ferry-boats, the trains and the boats are full of flower bearing passengers, who distribute their loads in the offices and homes. Some take the sweet things to the hospitals, the asylums, the schools, the jails and police cells. Everywhere they are welcome. The cultivated flowers on the florists' stands are comparatively neglected; one would give more for one little blossom picked in its country home than for a dozen of the professional variety. Honeyuckles are plenty in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and the dogwood affords great bunches of fragrant white blooms on a single branch. The pendant wisters are also brought in by the armful. The passer-by always turns and takes a second look at the man who carries the bunch. Violets are here, and lilies in great profusion, but the robins still stay by the nests in the country side, and the woodchucks do not invade Broadway or Fifth avenue. They are said to be averse to trolleys and autos. Cherry blossoms have been holding sway for some time, and the boys and the girls bring in ferns of great beauty. Amid all its bustle and hustle the city will find time to look at them all, if they come in its way.

The Flower-mission has already gone to work, and the news from other cities is that the good ladies are hard at work in this beneficent method of conveying pleasure to the unfortunate. One needs no better argument as to the progress of humanity than to see this mission at work. Ladies in high society spend a large portion of their time every day of every week in this administering to the aesthetic desires of the inmates of institutions that have to deal with the weak ones in the walks of life, who cannot get out to gather in the blossoms themselves. Compared with a quarter of a century ago, the distribution of flowers has assumed immense proportions.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has astonished people by a decision he has made as to libraries. No one would have supposed that he would make any distinction as to the classes he would distribute his money among in the spreading of intelligence by way of libraries; but he has done so and he has discriminated against policemen the last class one would have supposed he would have put aside in his gifts. They are a very worthy set of men, and the request for \$40,000 to supply every station house in the city with a few books, magazines and newspapers seemed a very modest one, indeed, but the great millionaire rejected it and curtly at that. No reason is given, but it probably lies in misapprehension as to Mr. Carnegie's style of giving. He gives the building, not the books. The police already have library building in the station houses which the city supplies, so they have no use for a Carnegie building for them. Mr. Carnegie puts up his libraries, but he lets other people fill them. That is very well, but he might well have made an exception for the policemen. Time must hang heavily on their hands when in the station houses, and books and magazines to enliven the idle hours would certainly be a God send to them.

More than 50 families are cultivating their plots on the Burke farm in the Bronx, made available for the use of the unemployed by the Astor estate. This admirable philanthropy will prove a helping hand to many men with large families who are unable to pay high rents in this city, as there are yet available for a hundred poor families plots as good as those which have been taken up and cultivated. The recipients are very grateful. One of the men who received a plot wrote to the superintendent, "I have often prayed for just such an opportunity, as I was brought up in the country, and know that I can earn a living for my family on one of these small farms."

Rev. Robert S. MacArthur is one of the city's great pastors and preachers, and no day passes without some mention of some new enterprise, which always covers much space in endeavor and results. The latest is a great choir for Calvary Baptist church. This choir is a great sympathetic, well trained chorus choir, hundreds strong, and soloists of great efficiency, under the leadership of Professor Bowman, the distinguished organist-conductor. Dr. MacArthur's platform work, not only between Sundays in short trips near home, but in extended southern and western tours, attracts to his church large numbers of transients in

the city who have heard him in different parts of the country. Rarely is there a seat vacant in his church at the services.

An itinerant miniature carousel, with clockwork and piano attachment, has made its appearance upon the streets on the western uptown side, that has almost made the youngsters crazy. Six children can sit on the circular seat it carries, and with their grins and smiles and shouts they punctuate the notes of the piano, a high back to the seats keeping the children from falling off. All is mounted on a cart drawn by a gaily caparisoned donkey. When the circular seat is full there is a click, the piano strikes up a lively tune, and the miniature carousel begins to whirl with a gentle up and down motion added. The whole machine is operated by clockwork. After each revolution, which lasts about two minutes, the clock is rewound and carousel and piano are ready for another performance. The children pay two cents each for each ride.

The chimes of a great clock tolled 7 through the Thirty-fourth street lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria when a page started from the desk for the cafe. As he entered the cafe the boy stopped in the glare of many lights and glanced at the card. "Mis-s-ster—" he started to call, and then looked at the card again. He cleared his throat, passed a hand across his eyes, and holding the card closer, again lifted up his voice; "Mis-s-ster—" But that was as far as he got. Some of the hotel guests glanced at the youth, and saw that he was in trouble. But the page was there to stay. "Mister Mahahara Cicker," he called desperately. There was no answer. The boy was game. He took a section of the third stanza of the name on the card. "Mister Seenakaskel," he called a bit dimly, but still determined. The cashier asked the page what was the matter. The page held up the card and pointed to the name upon it. It read: "Sir Sayaji Rao III, Maharaja Gaekwar, Sana Kas Khei, Sam Sher Bahadur, Prandi-Kasi-Dowlat-i-Inglisha." He ain't in, tell 'em that," said the cashier. The boy departed much relieved.

A young man who wanted to get on the police force was six pounds under weight applied for advice to a cop who had been on the force several years. "It is the easiest thing in the world," said the experienced one. "Just before you go in to take the physical examination eat all the boiled cabbage and drink all the milk you can. Water used to be the regular thing, but it is not so heavy as milk and the stomach holds less of it. Milk and cabbage are the heaviest foods in the world. You can increase your weight five to ten pounds within an hour." The candidate followed the advice and followed with two pounds to spare.

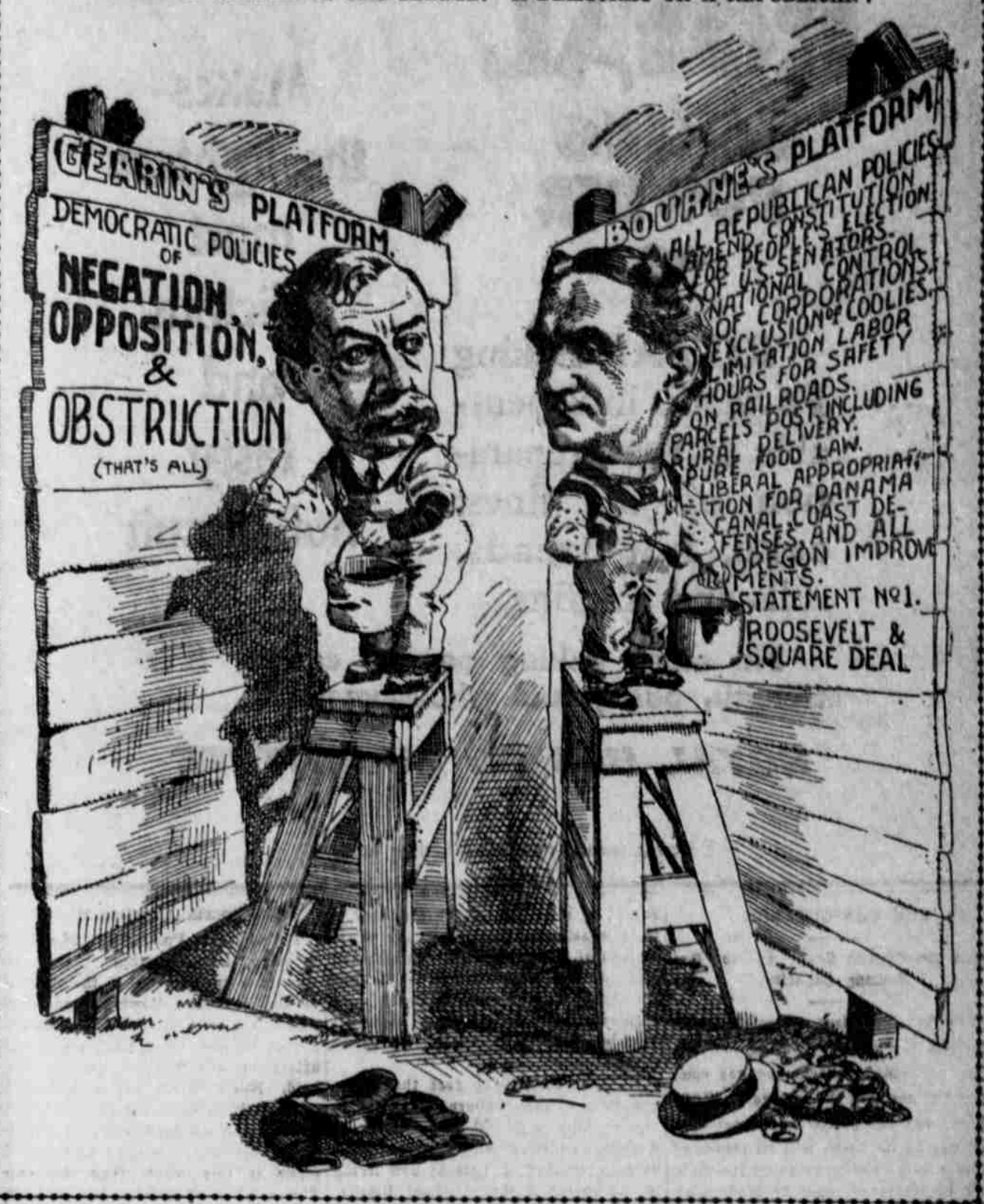
Broadway is delighted with its new pavement which is of wood the same kind that has been put down in some of the similar streets and has given good results. The change of pavement was made with comparatively little interference with the traffic. For the first two or three days before the police realized what they were up against there was a big interruption to traffic trucks stopping the cars, so they could maintain only the speed of the line of trucks, for the trucks going one way could go on only one track. But after an experience of a couple of days the police took a new track, and ordered all the trucks, carriages, autos and the like to turn off the street, and find their destination by a parallel street. This worked admirably, and soon all was working well again. The paving company also took especial trouble to hurry up the work, although they did not do any work at night or Sundays except on one occasion. The pavement is silent and so easy on the horses that it is a common sight to see the heavy teams trotting along with a load that weighs two or three tons.

There are two carpenter mechanics on the east side of Manhattan who make a specialty of constructing heavy doors and secret exits for pool rooms and gambling houses old Jack Woods of the Bowery and Sing Gow, who works for the Chinese gambling dens. Woods' doors are usually from 10 to 15 inches thick, of sheet iron and solid wood. This year Jack had added a 4-inch thickness of solid rubber, and when the police axes and slide hammers strike the door they will rebound. "I was knocked off my feet the first time I struck one of the rubber doors," said Detective McGee of the Tenderloin. "The force of my blow striking the sheet iron, wood and rubber drove me back five feet at least."

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