

Humorous Department.

Peanuts and Sleep.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding floated in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a ball with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station 400 years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket. At this juncture the clown bounded off the ring and pulled the centre pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—Good Health Clinic.

A Merited Rebuke. At the age of 88, Mrs. Reynolds still found much zest in life, and having retained all her faculties, she felt that a few of the physical disabilities of her age were of small account and portended nothing. Her nephew Thomas was a man of much worth, but of a certain tactlessness of speech, which always roused the ire of his aunt.

A few weeks before the old lady's eighty-seventh birthday Thomas, who had been overweighed with business cares for years, started on a trip round the world which was to consume two years.

"I've come to say goodbye," he announced when he appeared at his aunt's house in a town fifty miles distant from his home. "I'm starting round the world next week, and as I'm to be gone two years and perhaps longer I thought I might not ever—well, you understand, I wanted to be sure to see you once more."

The old lady leaned forward, fixing him with her beaklike eyes. "Thomas," she said imperatively, "do you mean to tell me the doctor doesn't think you'll live to get back?"—Yuth's Companion.

A Knockout.—A young lawyer was engaged in a case when a witness was put in the box to testify to the reputation of the place in question.

"This witness in answer to a query as to the reputation of the place replied, "A poor shop."

The lawyer inquired, "You say it has the reputation of being a poor shop?" "Yes, sir."

"Whom did you hear say it was a poor shop?" "The witness did not recollect any one he had heard say so."

"What!" said the lawyer. "You have sworn this place has the reputation of being a poor shop and yet cannot tell of any one you have ever heard say so?"

The witness was staggered for a moment at the words of the lawyer. The lawyer was feeling triumphant when the witness gathered himself together and quietly remarked, addressing the lawyer:

"Well, you have the reputation of being a poor lawyer, but I have never heard any one say so."

Heard in a Restaurant.—"Say, waiter, I'm in a hurry. What can you give me for breakfast?" "Can't give you nothing, but ye kin git ham an' eggs for a quarter."

Miscellaneous Reading.

WOMEN IN NAVY AFFAIRS.

Petticoat Influence Leads to Constant Trouble.

John Hay, according to a Washington correspondent, had a saying that the ideal diplomatic service—if any government ever succeeds in having it—will be composed exclusively of unmarried men. Mr. Hay had had no experience in naval matters or he might have included the navy in his maxim.

There probably is no branch of the government service where petticoat influence is so strong as in the navy. Ask any ex-secretary of the navy about it, and he will tell you how the navy women in a thousand different ways, sometimes unaccountably and occasionally deliberately, annoy the navy department. He will tell you how they scheme to obtain desirable posts of duty for their husbands or sons and how they annoy the department with requests for a change of orders when their husbands are transferred from an easy job in Washington to sea duty on the Asiatic station or some other faraway tropical post.

The recent row at the Boston yard which culminated in the court-martial of two officers illustrates a prominent part of the women's play in navy circles. Almost everybody knows of the partial ill-feeling existing between the navy women and the department. Every one in a while something happens to widen his breach. Only a few days ago, Ensign Charles M. Austin, son of Representative Richard W. Austin of Tennessee, was deprived of an especially desirable berth by the navy department merely because he got married.

He had been detached from the dispatch boat Dolphin at the Washington navy yard and ordered to Japan for duty as a student attached at the American embassy at Tokio for the purpose of studying the Japanese language. On the way to his new post of duty he stopped at his former home in Tennessee and was married to a girl he had known for many years.

This was too much for the unromantic departmental authorities, who suddenly decided that a married ensign would not make as good a student of the Japanese language as an unmarried one. Accordingly his orders were revoked, and instead of spending his honeymoon in Tokio he will have less interesting service at the naval training station on the Pacific coast. He will, however, have his wife.

Before the days of steel and steam in the navy the wives and families of commanding officers of cruising vessels enjoyed the privilege of living on board. There was a vessel years ago cruising in the West Indies that was commanded by a mild mannered and quiet officer. His wife, who was on board, was of a different disposition. She was overbearing and had a bad temper. The officers on board regarded her as the real commander of the ship and obeyed her commands with even greater alacrity than those issued by the nominal captain. One day she decided that the ship needed painting and the sailors were ordered to begin work with their pots and brushes. She gave free rein to her artistic ideas. The captain's eye, which she used in going ashore, was decorated under her new varnish. At her behest it was painted green outside and pink inside.

"I thought it would be so pretty," she explained to her husband, "to have it pink inside and green outside—just like a seashell."

But sometimes in the old days there was an element of tragedy in the incidents. Such a case occurred on the sloop Tennessee years ago. It was a hot and sultry summer night while the Tennessee was cruising in the mid-western Hampton Roads. The captain and his wife had gone to their cabin, but the heat was so oppressive they could not sleep. Finally in the hope of coaxing sleep they exchanged bunks. Shortly afterward a light breeze sprang up and both went to sleep. In the middle of the night the rapid falling of the barometer gave warning that a storm was approaching. The navigator sent a midshipman below decks to awaken the captain. He spent several minutes rapping on the captain's cabin without avail. The middle knew that the captain must be heavily under the influence of alcohol and he had been directed to enter the cabin if rapping would not suffice. The young midshipman entered the cabin and stood in the middle of the room a minute or two yelling "captain," but without avail. Finally the middle realized that he had to shake the captain to rouse him. He figured out that the captain always slept on the berth on the port side, while his wife occupied the other. After convincing himself on this point the middle approached the captain's berth and grasping it by the shoulder shook him with more energy than judgment. There was a feminine shriek. The captain jumped out of the opposite berth and made a few emphatic remarks upon the impropriety of invading the captain's cabin without knocking. The bewildered middle had visions of court-martial and dismissal from the service in disgrace, but the captain was good-hearted and did not make a complaint.

Often the itinerary of a cruise was regulated by the wishes of the captain's wife. This occurred a number of years ago on a naval vessel en route from Naples to Hampton Roads. The captain's wife was a poor sailor and had had spells of seasickness if it was rough going. The vessel made a long detour to the South Atlantic so as to avoid the storm area. The vessel was many days overdue at Norfolk and the officers of the department became anxious. Finally, however, she sailed into Hampton Roads and reported her arrival to Washington. When the department asked the cause of the unusual delay, the captain reported that he had to steer an unusually long and roundabout course to save his wife from seasickness.

EGGING PUBLIC MEN.

The Recent Outburst of it in Old England.

We dare say many people share our opinion that there has been recently an unusual amount of egging, or uncomplimentary amount of detraction of our public men. No doubt when political feeling runs high, and all personal criticism of leaders in the struggle is a kind of canvass for votes, it is natural that there should be more innuendo and more gossip than at other times. It was said of a partisan writer on politics that he described all the members of his own party as handsome and witty, and all the members of the other side as ugly and dull. That is a habit of mind—perfectly sincere, perhaps, up to a certain point which is capable of particular and dangerous extensions. So far as mere personal animosity between politicians who continually meet one another is concerned, we may say, of course, that England is singularly free from it. A few days ago Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was complaining in the Prussian Diet that Germans had never learned how to conduct political rivalry without bitterness. And in France the bitterness, even the virulence, is notorious. Very likely it is discounted by every one who deals in it, but superficially it is unmistakable. Metternich, commenting on the fratricide of the French, sardonically declared that if he were a Frenchman and had a brother he should say he was his cousin. The detraction which has been so noticeable lately is not practiced, then, among those rival politicians who know one another fairly well, but rather by those who know little of the subjects of their criticism. Are we not all familiar with the current gossip? X, who recently went abroad, is said to have gone for the good of his family, and we are told that he will soon be divorced from his wife; Y, who showed a highly commendable independence in voting against his party for reasons which were well represented on the Pacific coast when the fleet had completed its cruise around South America. When the battleships stopped on their cruise across the Pacific the navy women were there too. At Tokio they donned the native costume and greeted their husbands even more cordially than the Japanese. At Gibraltar, where the fleet made its last stop before crossing the Atlantic a small crowd of navy women waved farewell to the departing vessels.

Several years ago the wife of a prominent naval officer thought she would like to spend some time abroad. Without her husband's knowledge she used her influence to have him assigned to the duty as naval attaché at one of the American embassies in Europe. Finally the orders were issued and she told her husband how hard she had worked to obtain such a desirable assignment for him. Unlike most naval wives, she had been able to save a small competence out of his salary, but he was by no means wealthy enough for a social campaign required of naval attachés at foreign capitals. He remonstrated with her, but she was too enamored with the social side of navy life to give up her ambition. After one winter abroad the financial phase of the question began to appeal to her more strongly as their savings gradually dwindled. She realized the tremendous cost of attaining her hobby. Her resourcefulness, however, was equal to the occasion, and after considerable cabling to friends in Washington her husband was transferred to a less expensive post of duty.

There is a large colony of navy "widows" in Washington, whose husbands are serving in different parts of the world. While they do not shrink from their household duties they seem to have plenty of time for recreation. Many own automobiles and are expert chauffeurs. Others go in for tennis and golf. There are others who prefer bridge, whist and euchre. With all their amusements and forms of recreation, however, they all hope for the day when their husbands will have shore duty in some habitable part of the globe.

MYRA KELLY, THE WRITER.

How Ghetto Child Life Depictor Got Her Start as an Author.

Myra Kelly (Mrs. Allan Macmichael), the American editor and author, affectionately known to many thousands of readers as the writer of stories of ghetto-childhood of New York city, who died recently in Torquay, England, was born in Dublin, Ireland, about thirty years ago.

Ten years or so ago a newspaper man was dining one evening with Dr. James T. Kelly, who asked for advice concerning his daughter's troubles with magazine editors. This seemed like the preface to a familiar story—the young woman had literary ability which the editors persistently refused to recognize. What was to be done?

But the story was not along that familiar line. "My daughter Myra," said Dr. Kelly when his companion asked how he could help, "is teaching in a downtown east side school. All of us at home have been entertained by her stories of her pupils, and I urged her to write some of them. She was timid about it because of the tales of often rejected manuscripts by unknown writers and the fact that she would make the trial."

"Unknown to me she did, though, and, determined to get over the agony of unanimous rejection as soon as possible, she made three copies of her story and posted one each to three magazine editors. This morning she came to me in dismay with three letters from three editors, three checks and three requests for more stories." Dr. Kelly's companion agreed to act as diplomatic agent, saw the three editors, settled the matter of first choice by lot and gave the bewildered young schoolteacher's promise of other stories in turn to the other two editors. That was the unusual manner of entrance into the field of story writing of Myra Kelly, then a teacher in the primary grade of public school No. 147, in New York.

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Perpetual Motion.

Little Jimmy had arrived at the questioning age. He had just made an inquiry concerning perpetual motion of his father.

"No," said his father, "nobody has ever discovered perpetual motion yet." But Jimmy was not quite satisfied. "What is perpetual motion like, dad?" he asked next.

His father thought a moment. "Why it's pretty hard to say, Jimmy," he replied, "but it's something that keeps going and going forever. Here is an illustration. I once saw a woman in a train who had put on her gloves. She then tried to button her right hand glove, but she found that she must take off her left hand glove to do so. She took it off and buttoned the right hand glove. Then she saw that in order to button her left hand glove she must take off her right hand glove, which she did. Then she put on her left hand glove, buttoned it and put on the right hand one again. But she couldn't button her right hand glove with her left hand glove on, so she took it off—'That, Jimmy,' he said after a pause for breath, 'is what perpetual motion would be like if you could get it.'"

Women are better than men, because they do not have women to tempt them.—Smart Set.

WHAT THE KIDNEY DO. Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood, and remove all the waste matter. When they are healthy they remove about 500 grains of waste matter daily, which brings the blood to its normal condition. When they are diseased, the blood becomes impure, and this causes many diseases and symptoms—pain in the back, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, indigestion, nervousness, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

W. A. McCorkle, 240 E. Black St., Rock Hill, S. C., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills with the most satisfactory results. I was troubled by severe pains in the small of my back for several weeks and at times sharp, shooting twinges darted through my kidneys. In the morning I always suffered most severely. Some time ago I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured the attack. I have not since been troubled, and consequently I again give this remedy my endorsement."

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"IT IS THRIFT" THAT BUILDS UP

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