

## SAID BY THE YOUNGSTERS

Some Bright Remarks Worth Preserving, That Have Fallen From Childish Lips.

A little girl, after listening to the hymn, "In heaven there stands an ever open door," remarked that there must be two heavens, "cause grandpa'd never have any open door where she is." And a dear little country lad, visiting a city Sunday school and hearing about the "many mansions" of the better land, later explained that they had been "studying all about 'Paradise Flats.'"

Ecclesiastical modes and matters frequently are puzzling to the little ones. A small Chicago citizen was taken to a fine church, where the music, windows, furnishings and all accessories were as impressive as the building. The minister, living up to his enviable reputation as an orator, indulged in a brilliant rhetorical flight.

"I know," he declared, "who gilds the sun and silvers the stars and paints the flowers and tints the sky and lends to the rivers their beauty, to the ocean its glory, to the skies their perfect light" and so on through long and effective periods. Finally came the interrogatory climax: "Who is it, my friends, who performs all these wonders? Who is it? Who?" From the front pew where the baby listener had been all eager attention came a shrill, disappointed pipe: "You said you knew!"

## WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limbs, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there, I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope.

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Ostrower Unt-Verein, Kampfer Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc."

## SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW.



Cholly Soft—May I have just one aw-good-night kiss?

Miss Wise—Why, certainly, you poor, dear boy! How you must miss your nurse when you are away from home!

## Childish Reasoning.

"Look at the brownies, papa!" exclaimed a little miss as she gazed upward at a Wall street skyscraper.

"They are not brownies, dearie," replied papa. "They are big men, like me, but they look so tiny because they are so high."

"If they were twice as high, would they look twice as small?" she asked, showing the mathematical turn not unnatural in the offspring of a successful broker.

Papa answered "Yes."

She made a quick calculation and remarked: "They won't amount to much when they get to heaven, will they?"

## A Good Job.

Jacob H. Schiff, at a dinner on the yacht Ramona, condemned a concern that had gone up.

"Straight business methods are the only ones," he said. "There is a moral in the receiver story."

"A man, you know, said one day to a little boy:

"Well, Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A receiver, sir," Tommy answered promptly. "Ever since papa's been a receiver we've had champagne for dinner and two automobiles."

A careless philosopher says a man never knows who his friends are until he hasn't any.

# In the Old Mill

By DONALD ALLEN

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On entering the village postoffice that afternoon Miss Kitty Havens beheld a stranger. She knew it was a stranger because he didn't look a bit like Deacon Thompson or Elder Stebbins. She judged his age to be twenty-five. She judged he was five-feet-something tall. She was going to judge whether he was good looking or not when he turned his back to her and walked out.

"An ill bred man!" said Miss Kitty to herself.

The next thing was a conversation between two small boys. They spoke of the ice going out of the river, and one of them asserted that the suckers were running "to beat the band." Any one could catch a barrel of them in half an hour. Miss Kitty decided to go fishing the very next afternoon. Down by the old sawmill was the place, and she wouldn't have to take any boy with her to bait her hook.

Miss Kitty Havens was an orphan who had been "brought up" by her Uncle Elijah and Aunt Mary. Nineteen years old, fair looking, and most of the villagers would look after her as she walked along the streets and say something about somebody being "smarter'n a whip." That was the highest of praise. They couldn't have got off anything better after thinking over it for a week.

"Uncle 'Lije, the suckers are running," announced the girl when she reached home.

"Well, let 'em run," was the quaint reply.

"But I'm going fishing tomorrow."

"Well, don't fall in and get drowned."

"But there's a stranger in town. I saw him at the postoffice."

"Yes. I heard he was down at the old mill fishing. He's stopping at the tavern, and he won't tell Mr. Stevens where he comes from or anything about himself. He just said he'd take the best room in the house and didn't care for expense. I hear that Constable Baker thinks he's a suspicious character."

"He must be," said Aunt Mary. "A man who won't answer questions is bound to be a pirate in disguise."



Miss Kitty Walked Right Up to the Stranger.

Elijah, you want to see that the kitchen door is fastened every night until he leaves town."

"Well, I know one thing," added Miss Kitty, in a very determined way. "There's only one good place at the old mill to sit and fish. I'm going to have that place. If this person gets there first he's just got to take himself off. Strangers mustn't think they can come here and crowd girls out of their fishing places."

Uncle 'Lije hunted up pole and line and dug bait, and next afternoon at two o'clock Miss Kitty was at the mill. On the way down she passed a boy with a string of fourteen suckers, and he halted long enough to say: "They are thicker than fleas down there, and you orter see that fellow haulin' them out! He don't even have to spit on his bait!"

"What fellow?" was asked.

"Why, the fellow who's stoppin' at the tavern. He's got the best place, and he's hangin' right to it like a hog!"

So the stranger was there, was he? And he's got the best place and was sticking to it? Well, he would get a jar. She wouldn't speak to him, of course, but there are other ways of jarring a man. A fixed look and a toss of the head has done it times out of mind.

Yes; he was there. He sat on the beam, and he was using a patent pole and reel. That alone will provoke ire in any villager's breast. The way to haul up a fish is to haul him, instead of turning the handle of a coffee mill for fifteen minutes.

Miss Kitty walked right up to the stranger. He didn't even turn his head. On the contrary, he caught an other sucker. She coughed lightly. Another sucker. She got ready her pole and line. A third sucker! She felt like striking the man over the shoulders with the pole, but walked off up stream. He had the deep hole,

and there was no use fishing in the ripples.

"If I can't fish, then he shan't!" was the determination arrived at, and presently a log came drifting down to spin around in an eddy. Then came a board, a beam and a slab. He knew the girl was throwing them in from the other end of the mill, but he didn't look her way. He simply suspended his fishing and sat looking over the river. Nothing could be done with a man like that, and after an hour Miss Kitty went home. When she had told her story, which she did almost with tears in her eyes, Uncle Elijah drawled:

"Well, thar's folks as is nigh-sighted, and thar's folks as is deaf. Mebbe he didn't see nor hear you."

"Didn't see nor hear a girl!"

"And a girl like her!" added Aunt Mary.

"I'll make him see and hear tomorrow if I have to hit him with a club! If he's in my place again I'll throw all the old mill into the water to bother him!"

The morrow came and the stranger was there. The girl had come half an hour earlier, but so had he. He was pulling out the suckers the same old way. No wooden Indian could have been more heedless of her presence. She walked to the far end of the mill, gathered all the drift wood in sight and heaved it into the water.

The deep hole soon became unfishable. She was rejoicing when there came a flash of lightning and a rumble of thunder. A sudden spring storm was at hand. Almost before she could seek the shelter of the mill it grew dark and the rain began to fall heavily. A thunder storm was the one thing Miss Kitty Havens was afraid of. She sat down on a beam and covered. It seemed as if night had set in for good. The lightning was fierce and the thunder awesome. In two minutes the stranger was forgotten.

"I shall surely be struck dead!" moaned the girl, "and I know I shouldn't have been so mean to that man. He didn't know that he had my place. He ought to have seen a girl when she stood so near him, but perhaps he's almost blind."

A tree on the other side of the river was struck by a thunderbolt, and the old mill shook and trembled. The girl screamed out, and the next moment she felt a hand on hers. It must be the stranger's.

"Say, it was mean of me!" she said as the thunder died away.

No answer, but he held the hand with firmer pressure.

"You had my fishing place, you know, and I was mad about it. Girls do get mad sometimes, you know. That is, I do. I stood and stood and stood, and you wouldn't notice me. Hadn't I a right to be mad?"

No answer.

"But I'm going to be killed, and I don't want anybody to be glad of it. I threw all that stuff into the river to spite you. I just hated you. If you were a girl would you do like that?"

"H'm! H'm!" was the reply.

"What? Can't you talk?"

"I guess so, if I try."

"And can you see and hear?"

"Both."

"Will—the lightning hit the mill?"

"I don't think so. The worst seems to be over. Yes, I can see clear sky."

"Then, sir," said Miss Kitty, as she pulled her hand away and reached her feet, "if I am not to be struck and killed I want to know why you didn't speak to me?"

"Oh, I saw at once that you were snippy and conceited and needed taking down a peg. I am Mr. Charles Earle, of Boston, and I believe you are Miss Kitty Havens."

"No, sir, I am Miss Snippy Havens, and you please to remember it! You can return to your fishing!"

"But, Miss Havens—"

"And I, sir, am going home!"

"But during the storm—"

"But the storm has passed and I am snippy! Fish, sir—fish!"

And two years later, when they finally became engaged, the snippy girl said to the artist:

"If you hadn't tried to take me down a peg we might have been married a whole year ago. That is, we might if there had been a thunder storm and a preacher together!"

## Finally Opened Safe.

They have a new fireproof and burglar-proof room for department records at fire headquarters in New York. Commissioner Waldo wanted a certain record the other day and sent a clerk for it, relates the Sun. The clerk couldn't open the steel door, and the lock had got out of commission. He tinkered at it for an hour, while the head of the department waited. "Send down to the Yorkville court and get a burglar," a visitor suggested. A locksmith was sent for instead. He worked at it for two hours, but could not open it. Then he did as a burglar might do. He drilled holes around the lock and got the door open.

## Extravaganzas.

"I'm afraid you were very foolish to write those poetic love letters," said one New Yorker.

"Maybe so," replied the other. "But when it comes to expressing ardent affection, writing verse isn't as foolish as signing deeds to real estate."

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## '49ers Going Into History, Unwept



CHICAGO—The '49ers of California gold fever fame are passing into history. The epoch of which they are survivors is closed and the last of them are becoming too feeble to come to the annual reunion which has been held in Chicago on "admission day" each year for the last twenty years.

A notice reluctantly admitting these facts was issued recently by Secretary George W. Hotchkiss, the youngest of the California gold hunters, who at the age of seventy-nine is in too feeble health to take charge of a convention. The entire executive committee of the organization appointed last year is either dead or under a temporary disability preventing them from serving, and half of the fourteen pioneers who attended last year's meeting have since died.

A heroic effort to get trace of all surviving pioneers in the middle west resulted in the return "not found" of half of the hundred letters sent out by Mr. Hotchkiss, and, while he hopes to find a few '49ers for a meeting on "discovery day," January 18, the secretary said sadly that in ten years they would all be gone and nothing but printed pages could tell of a movement whose like the world can never see again.

"It was a picked lot of young men

who reached California in those days," he declared. "Only those who had the grit to spend months at sea or across Indian-infested plains and mountains succeeded in getting there. The people of today do not know how much their country owes to the '49ers. They did more toward the development of the United States than the men who fought in the revolution or any other single group of men. Most of them were very young. The man among them who was over twenty-five was rare. And they did not get rich. The men who came afterward on the railways, with capital and improved mining methods, or who went into real estate were the ones who reaped fortunes."

The pioneer who got enough for his railway fare and \$1,000 more with which to buy a farm considered himself lucky. Those who came afterward on the railway we do not consider real pioneers. They are not eligible to our society.

"We were privileged to take part in an epoch of history unlike anything that had ever gone before, and it is something whose like can never be seen again. There may be other countries still to be developed, but there is no place left in the world where such a spreading of civilization over an enormous wilderness can take place in so few decades as it did in the western United States. The '49ers, as they went west in their prairie schooners, saw miles upon miles of fertile country whose existence had been scarcely known, and they were the most important factor in developing the entire west."

## Puzzle to Trace the Lost Pennies



PHILADELPHIA—What becomes of the vast volume of copper pennies that are turned out each year by the government? They are never called in and redeemed like some kinds of currency and coins, but they seem to disappear as fast as they are stamped and put in circulation.

It is unusual if the date on any of the pennies in a man's purse at the end of the day is over ten years back, yet the Philadelphia mint, which coins all the copper pennies, sends out in some years as many as \$1,000,000 worth of them to the trade centers—100,000,000, one-cent pieces. If laid flat, edge to edge, in a row they would reach more than one thousand miles. And still there are some sections of the country where the penny is little known.

In many of the mountain districts of the south the "York shilling," 12 1/2

cents, is still spoken of in trade, but no one ever hears the one-cent piece mentioned. In many towns in the south and west the tradesmen offer nothing for a penny, a five-cent purchase is the smallest that can be made. But of late there have been more demands for pennies from the west, and the government experts have declared that this is a sign of increased frugality.

In the east, the chief use of the penny, outside of filling the child's bank and buying the daily paper, is for the purchase of chewing gum and one-cent candles. The increase in the number of penny-in-the-slot phonographs and moving picture machines in the last few years shows another way to which the public has taken to get rid of its pennies.

Uncle Sam takes in many pennies for stamps and post cards, and many of them flow into the contribution box in the churches and religious societies. But all these ways in which the penny is put to use does not explain where they eventually go or what makes them disappear in such vast quantities every year. Even the government coinage experts do not give a satisfactory answer to the problem.

## Circus Lemonade Tabooed in Kansas



TOPEKA, Kan.—Dr. S. J. Crumblin, secretary of the Kansas board of health, has put his official foot into the mixture always present at circuses, fairs, Fourth of July celebrations, picnics and other gatherings of a like nature. This mixture is known as lemonade—according to the Barker who spouts before the refreshment stands. Generally it is something that looks a little like lemonade because there is a lemon peel in the tub, but it hasn't the taste of the refreshing beverage mother makes.

Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the one chief delight of the small boy and girl and the big boy and his sweetheart has been to drink circus lemonade at the circus fair or picnic.

No one knows who invented the

glad refrain of the lemonade stand barker, who in stentorian tones, calls: "Lemo, lemo, lemonade, Made in the shade, Stirred with a spade— Five cents a big glass!"

These things have been among the sights and sounds of all picnics, celebrations and fairs and circuses since Kansas became a state. But no more will one hear these sounds or drink the "lemonade" about Kansas unless the dispenser has real lemonade to sell. The state board of health has put a damper on the noise of the barker because the board of health has ruled that a tub of water, in which is put some tartaric acid and saccharine and the peel of a lemon is not lemonade, but the imitation article, and cannot be sold as the real thing.

In Kansas all lemonade offered for sale must be made from the juice of lemons, water and sugar only. Imitation lemonade can only be made from citric acid and sugar and water. The use of the most common materials for making fake lemonade, tartaric acid and saccharine, is absolutely prohibited in this state.

## The Lid Put on Tight in New York



NEW YORK—Spurred on by Acting Mayor John Purroy Mitchell, Police Commissioner William A. Baker has caused several raids to be made on the gambling joints of this city, and the lid has been jammed on so tightly that \$1,000,000 of capital invested in such places is idle just now, while the owners are wondering "what next?" Impatient over the taxing delay, Acting Mayor Mitchell in a letter, following several raids, has put squarely up to Commissioner Baker all responsibility for the non-enforcement of laws against gambling and vice. He charges the police with being grossly derelict in their duties, and declares that the situation his secret service men report could not exist without police connivance. There is panic in

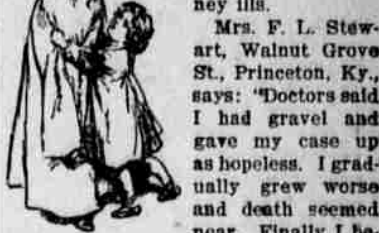
the ranks of the gamblers as well as with the police.

Since the shooting of Mayor Gaynor placed him at the head of affairs Acting Mayor Mitchell has received many complaints. Some were appeals from mothers who declared that their sons were losing money in gambling places, and many were specific in their character.

Men from the office of the commissioners of accounts, the secret service department of the city government, found for Mr. Mitchell the violations of the law. The raids began and keys were soon in the doors of 40 gambling places along the Great White Way between Thirty-second and Sixty-ninth streets, and \$1,000,000 of invested capital went out of business. The managers who were not crating their roulette wheels, their faro layouts and their Klondyke sets in preparation for the exodus, were mournfully parading the streets in the vicinity of their houses, warning away prospective customers. It was the saddest day the gamblers have known since the Agnew-Hart racing bills went into force.

## DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS.

Little kidney troubles gradually grow more serious and pave the way to dropsy, diabetes and fatal Bright's disease. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at the first sign of trouble. They cure all kidney ills.



Mrs. F. L. Stewart, Walnut Grove St., Princeton, Ky., says: "Doctors said I had gravel and gave my case up as hopeless. I gradually grew worse and death seemed near. Finally I began with Doan's Kidney Pills and soon received relief. In six weeks I was completely cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Prize Fighting and Prayer.

The little son of Nelson T. Wender of Seattle has been trained by his father to box. He is only six years of age. His father puts the gloves on with him and usually, after a few rounds, holds him down on the floor until he counts him out in the regular fashion of:

"One—two—three—"

One night the youngster knelt down at his mother's knee to say his prayers and he began:

"Oh, Lord, one—two—three—four—five—"

Then he remembered himself and said quickly:

"Scuse me, God. I thought I was being counted out."—Popular Magazine.

## Simple Expedient.

An American student at a German university tells of a professor who was reading aloud in a classroom papers on a celebrated living German novelist, who had been written by the members of the class. After reading one he commented upon its excellence. "You show an exact comprehension of the matter," he said, addressing the student who had written the paper; "tell us what method you used."

"Oh," replied the student, "I just wrote to X—, stating what I wanted to know, and that was what he sent back."

## The Privilege of Man.

B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the executive board of the Frisco system of railroads, on one occasion took to task a young man in his employ who had announced his intention of marrying. The youth in question was drawing a small salary, and Yoakum remonstrated with him on the ground that he could not afford to marry and that his wife would have to suffer great privations.

"Oh," said the young man, "I guess I've got as much right to starve a woman to death as any other man has."—Popular Magazine.

## She Has Changed Her Opinion.

"I hear your maiden aunt is visiting you."

"Yes. Came yesterday."

"How long does she expect to stay?"

"Oh, I don't know—probably for some time."

"I feel sorry for your wife. I believe I heard her say not long ago that she despised the old lady."

"She used to, but she has changed her opinion—in fact, has great respect for her now. Aunt Hetty brought three trunks, two of them filled with things she smuggled in from Europe."

## Indications.

"I might know this conservatory belonged to a baseball enthusiast."

"Why?"

"Because it has so many pitcher plants."

Cheerfulness should be the gift of the sunlight, the air should suffice for inspiration, and radiance of wisdom in the lonely waste of the pine woods, making us dance and run about happily like children.—Emerson.

## DAME NATURE HINTS

When the Food is Not Suited.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food. The old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried various kinds of breakfast food, but they were all soft, starchy messes which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating.

"A friend persuaded me to quit the old coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice. I began using them three months ago.

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way. "Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

## There's a Reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.