

Why Take Life Too Seriously?

Some of us are beginning to realize that we have taken life too seriously; that we have not had enough play; that we have not had half enough fun. Many business men see the fallacy of working too many hours a day.

A Clean Sport.

The future of baseball ought to be bright. Even the crowds which are now looking at the major league games are small when compared with the attendance at great, crucial sporting contests in England, where often 100,000 people pay to see a football or cricket match.

The fisheries congress has discovered the interesting fact that the Massachusetts cod on which the Pilgrim fathers and their descendants subsisted is responsible for the development of American intellect, as a steady brain diet, but also—and here is where the Puritan settlers will turn in their graves—its salty qualities developed the great American thirst which water alone will not quench.

A pastor in a Pennsylvania town has been compelled to resign his charge on account of an attack he made upon the powder puffs used by the feminine contingent of his congregation.

It now appears that when Queen Victoria of Spain recently visited England it was a regular case of "going home to mother," just like the ordinary wife who has grievances to be redressed.

It is said that there are more blonde criminals than any other kind. First study the complexion and the weight of a man before imparting this information to him.

A man in New Jersey was tried for the murder of three people, found insane and sent to an asylum, all in the same day. There are some things about Jersey justice which other communities might do well to imitate.

A boy of three in Connecticut saved a girl of five from drowning. The infant phenomenon is usually an unbearable nuisance, but a specimen of the kind can be not only tolerated but also voted highly desirable when he begins the hero business at this early age.

"Aeronef," kind friends, is the proper word for that kind of aeroplane. The art of flying is going to give the dictionary makers an excuse for selling you several new editions before long.

CHICAGO HAS 5,000 POLICEMEN - ATHLETES

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON



TRACTION TEST OF ARMS



DOCTORS GIVING MEDICAL TESTS



ABDOMINAL MUSCLES TEST



LEG LIFT TEST

service law the Chicago police, fire and stationary engineers' departments now have a standing eligible list, the number of names running up into the hundreds.

Scarcely a month passes but that new themes of work are suggested to the civil service commission, tried out and either accepted or rejected.

Maj. Boudet and his "beauty squad" head the list of Chicago policemen-ideals and the force is proud of them.

EAST of Pittsburg they look upon the man who goes to Chicago as brave. A woman visitor is hailed as a heroine upon her return.

Such is not the case to-day. Perhaps it was a quarter of a century ago, but the present-day Chicago is perhaps the most carefully guarded city in the country.

The why and wherefore of this greatly improved condition is 5,000 policemen-athletes. And the reason for the athletic force is the civil service law with its physical requirements, which the man who would become a "cop" must equal or excel to become a full-fledged minion of the law.

He must have a perfect chest, heart, lungs, his muscles must be strong, his bones well knitted, he must be at least five feet eight inches in height, and not more than six feet five inches.

Obesity, muscular weakness and poor physique are insurmountable barriers to the man with a craving for a place among the "finest." Every muscle in the body undergoes a test, which is made by the use of machines and weights.

In fact the Chicago force to-day is one which demands that a man be a soldier, athlete and minion of the law combined.

Civil service tests are severe and absolutely honest. It is up to the applicant himself to pass the tests. You cannot be appointed upon the Chicago police force by possessing acquaintance with a man "with a pull."

Physical Examiner Edward G. Westlake is in a measure responsible for bringing out the best bodily qualifications in the men who are turned over to him for inspection.

Says Examiner Westlake: "Stage fright during the physical examination is one of the worst setbacks which the tests meet. When a man becomes 'flustered,' knowing that a good job depends upon his every movement, it is quite natural that the best he knows will not push itself to the surface.

"Consequently I have found that it helps men to do their best by applying suggestions and occasionally allowing a man to lay off for a few moments until he can compose himself. When the period of embarrassment passes, as it invariably does, the best that is in the applicant is bound to come out.

Successful applicants must be able to expand their lungs about four inches, exhibit strength of back, legs, upper and lower arm. Then there is a test of the pectoral muscles, a traction pull, the lifting of dumb-bells weighing 60 and 70 pounds, testing of the abdominal muscles by the lifting of a 30-pound weight behind the head from a prostrate to a sitting posture.

Porpoises in New York Harbor.

New York harbor was treated to a strange visitation one night recently. A school of porpoises, numbering as many as 100, and headed by a venerable patriarch in gray whiskers, swam in, took a leisurely survey of their surroundings and then returned to the open, something for which the oldest inhabitant could recall no precedent.

seem difficult to the observer, but try it just once and you'll feel that passing the physical test is far from easy."

Mr. Westlake is a newspaper man on the staff of the Chicago Evening Post and his 20 years in the newspaper business, part of which was spent in knocking about in police districts as a reporter, taught him much regarding the needs of the department.

Firemen and stationary engineers are also included in the civil service physical tests and to-day Chief Horan of the fire department is working hard with the civil service officials to have the standards raised so that an even sturdier force may be secured to battle with Chicago conflagrations.

Only recently the beauty squad, about 100 strong, gave militiamen of the First Illinois infantry, stationed at Chicago, a drill exhibition in the big First Regiment armory.

Gaining a place on the Chicago police force to-day is perhaps as difficult a feat as the average man of middle age would care to attempt, and for that reason the department is composed of the best physiques that the city can furnish.

Capacity of lungs 290
Strength of back 245
Strength of legs 599
Strength of upper arm (H. P.) 16-19
Strength of fore arm (H. L.) 68-67
Pectorals 82
Traction pull 57
Dumb bells 100
Abdominal muscles 59
Adductors 145
Rope 100
Ladder 100
Agility 108
Condition (Excellent, Good, Poor) Good

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Following these tests come rope and ladder climbing, which, with the agility examination complete the physical work. Then the applicant's condition is marked "excellent," "good," "poor." As a result of the requirements of the civil

of the force and is perhaps something of an experiment in the proposition of introducing military tactics into the work of the policemen.

Maj. Boudet's charges perform a manual of arms, which, if anything is more complicated than that which the soldier is compelled to learn. One of the prettiest sights imaginable is the series of evolutions which these policemen carry out.

The squad is formed on the order of a military company. There is Maj. Boudet at the head, a first and second lieutenant and the regulation number of sergeants and corporals.

The medical test, which firemen as well as policemen undergo, follows:

IS THE RESPIRING MURMUR clear and distinct over both LUNGS?.....
IS THE CHARACTER of the Respiration Full, Easy and Regular?.....
Are there any indications of Disease of the Organs of Respiration or their Appendages?.....
IS THE CHARACTER of the Heart's action Uniform, Free and Steady?.....
Are its Sounds and Rhythm Regular and Normal?.....
Are there any indications of Disease of this Organ or of the Blood Vessels?.....
IS THE HEARING Good?.....
IS THE APPLICANT subject to Cough, Expectoration, Difficulty of Breathing, or Palpitation?.....
ARE THE FUNCTIONS of the Brain and Nervous System in a Healthy State?.....
Has the Brain or Spinal Cord ever been diseased?.....
IF THE APPLICANT has had any serious Illness or Injury, state expressly what effect, if any, is perceptible in the Heart, Lungs, Kidneys or other Abdominal Organs, or the Skin, Eyes, Ears, Limbs, etc.....
Has Applicant been successfully vaccinated?.....
Any TUMORS or Evidences of Surgical Operation?.....
ARE THERE any hereditary or acquired, or any constitutional disease, as PHthisis, Scrofula, Rheumatism?.....
HABITS use of Stimulants and Tobacco?.....

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Reperte. "I'd like awfully to make a happy home for you," drawled the young man as he nudged his chair closer to hers and grasped his left hand in his right, because hers had eluded his grasp.

"Do you know," he continued, "I'd carry water for you all my life and never once think of seeing the elephant—I would be such joy just to know I served you."

"Really?" scoffed the girl, curling her lip disdainfully.

"Yes, really and truly, I'd stay at home every night, quit smoking, wind the cat, put the clock out and split the kindling—all in a maze of de-light. Just to feel your loving presence ever near would be pay enough for Little Willie, meaning me. Do you know?"

"No, I don't know," interrupted the girl, reaching for a hon-bon box on the table at her right. "I don't know and neither do you. Of course I'm crazy about you, too. I am so interested in you that I can't sleep nights without dreaming of you, and when any of the boys ask me to go to the theater, I stay at home always, because I don't want to hurt—"

"Whew! Yes, you do! What were you doing out last night with Frank Hitechuck, then? One would think you would be shaming yourself into a nunery just to be walking around with another man when you think so much of me. Now, honest, Mame, I think a lot of you! The fact is, I'm coming into the die-for-you class just as fast as the Colorado express will bring me, because I know when it comes to girls you are city broke and a high stepper. There never was another like you, and that's no kid. You better believe me when I tell you that I'm wearing my heart away for you. Do you know I—"

"Yes, I do—but you don't—and besides I've ordered my wedding dress already and it's blue to match your pink mustache, Arcy-bawld. I knew a week ago, when we met, that I had better hurry awa' to the dressmaker's and be ready for Christmas bells! Somehow I could tell from the color of your eyes that you were going to be affectionate. I was simply crazy over you, too. It was evidently the psychological moment for two hearts to beat as one, the vital period for crystallizing our protoplasm of affection, as it were, and—"

"Stop, woman, stop! The first thing you know you will be hoist by your own petard, whatever that means. Anyhow, if you knew what I think of you, you would—"

"Let me talk. I want—"

"No, pardon the assumption; let me talk because I have more to say, and—"

"More to say than a woman? Im possible!"

"More to the point. Now, Mame, you love me to distraction—and I love you there and back again—and we're both dying to get married! Now watch me closely, lady."

For a moment he fumbled in his vest pocket.

"Presto! Let me put this ring on your finger—and we will awa', as you say, to the preacher man."

Suiling the action to the word, he reached for her hand, slipped the ring on her finger and made an attempt to lift her hand to his lips.

"Snatching it free, she held it up to the light.

"Three for a dollar any day at The Globe. Is that how you love me?"

"Far be it, dearest. They are only two for a dollar—and at The New York store, not at The Globe. They are better than those at the Globe. Listen, birdie. Will you or will you not take a look at this license?"

"The what?" she gasped.

"The license. I got it this morning on the way down town."

"Now, really, Mr. Fowler, don't you think this is carrying good-fellowship too far? Suppose this license is published, and Frank—"

"He won't take you to the theater any more, of course, Miss Quitter. Of course not! Alas! My heart is broken—but I have found a yellow streak in you after all. Good night, I'm going. Can't tear myself away, hardly, but I've got to crawl off by myself and weep my eyes out! Adieu, until tomorrow night!"

"That's the time I made her quit kidding, all right, all right," he mused as he walked homeward under the trees, "but, say, she would have had it on me good and plenty if she had looked at the names on that 'old license of dad's. Whee!"

A Helpful Suggestion. Miss Cunning—Why don't you propose to her by telephone, then? Mr. Hamley (timid)—Maybe she wouldn't know who I was. Miss Cunning—Exactly; that might help your chances.—Half-Holiday.

Antiques. De Style—I hear your wife is a connoisseur in antiques and is fond of bringing old things into the house. Gunbusta—Yes; we were hardly married when she sent for my mother-in-law.—Puck.

PERUNA A TONIC OF GREAT USEFULNESS.



HON. R. S. THARIN. Hon. R. S. Tharin, Attorney at Law and counsel for Anti-Trust League, writes from Pennsylvania Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C., as follows: "Having used Peruna for catarrhal disorders, I am able to testify to its great remedial excellence and do not hesitate to give it my emphatic endorsement and earnest recommendation to all persons affected by that disorder. It is also a tonic of great usefulness."

Per-ru-na Tablets. Some people prefer to take tablets, rather than to take medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet is equivalent to one average dose of Peruna.

TROUBLE AHEAD.



He—I fear the worst. She—What's happened, George? He—Your father has paid back that \$25 he borrowed.

Where Willie Was. There is a humorous story of Mark Twain's "absent-mindedness," but it doesn't match the following:

The Professor (at the dinner table)—Oh, by the way, Mrs. Chopsticks, have you seen your little boy, Willie, lately?

Mrs. Chopsticks—No, professor, I have not seen him since ten o'clock, and I can't imagine what has become of him. In fact, I am very much worried about him.

Professor—Well, seeing Martha pour me out that glass of water just now reminds me of something that I had on my mind to tell you some time ago, but which unfortunately escaped my memory. It was just about ten o'clock, I think, that I saw little Willie fall down the well.

His Lucid Answers. They were asking the eminent lawyer why he took such a large fee for the trust.

"I think it was its largeness that made it easy to take," he smilingly answered.

Then the state's attorneys conferred.

"And didn't you stop to consider that the money was tainted?" they asked him.

"No," he ingeniously replied, "I only stopped to count it."

ASTONISHED THE DOCTOR Old Lady Got Well with Change of Food.

A great scientist has said we can put off "old age" if we can only nourish the body properly.

To do this the right kind of food, of course, is necessary. The body manufactures poisons in the stomach and intestines from certain kinds of food stuffs and unless sufficient of the right kind is used, the injurious elements overcome the good.

"My grandmother, 71 years old," writes a N. Y. lady, "had been an invalid for 18 years from what was called consumption of the stomach and bowels. The doctor had given her up to die."

"I saw so much about Grape-Nuts that I persuaded Grandmother to try it. She could not keep anything on her stomach for more than a few minutes."

"She began Grape-Nuts with only a teaspoonful. As that did not distress her and as she could retain it, she took a little more until she could take all of 4 teaspoonfuls at a meal."

"Then she began to gain and grow strong and her trouble in the stomach was gone entirely. She got to enjoy good health for one so old and we know Grape-Nuts saved her life."

"The doctor was astonished that instead of dying she got well, and without a drop of medicine after she began the Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "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.