

In obtaining a legal determination of the value of a scream, Miss Grace Reals of Chicago has performed a distinguished service for her sex. Miss Reals, who is an actress, sued a druggist for injury to her vocal chords, alleged to have been caused through a mistake in filling a prescription, and has been awarded \$5,000, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times. The jury was told that in emotional roles, when the villain became perniciously active, Miss Reals had to engage another woman to do the screaming for her. The jury agreed that a screamless actress is sadly handicapped in her art, but its verdict should afford protection to women other than those who follow the profession of the stage. No woman can go safely and happily through life without a scream. From mice to burglars, there is a broad variety of emergencies, each requiring its own scream of peculiar intensity. There are married men of long experience who claim to be able to tell from the tone of a scream whether there is a mouse in the refrigerator or little Johnny has tumbled into the well. The occupants of a Kansas City flat building were saved from a horrible death by the scream of a woman, which summoned the fire department. Therefore, an impairment of her vocal chords which interferes with her natural screaming powers is easily worth \$5,000. In fact, the Chicago druggist who is to pay that sum to Miss Reals may congratulate himself on getting off so lightly.

The speed test of the new scout-cruisers Chester, Salem and Birmingham resulted in conspicuous victory for the first-named, which in a 24-hour trip made an average of 25.50 knots per hour, her competitor, the Salem, reporting an average of 24.54. The officers of the Chester assert she could have done still better but for a slight fault in one of her turbines, which can be readily remedied, says the Troy Times. The Birmingham dropped out when the contest was half over, some impairment to the machinery rendering this necessary. But with thorough "tuning up" there seems to be no doubt that the three vessels will be valuable additions to ships of their class, the function of which will be to scour the sea and do it with alacrity.

The letting of the contract for constructing the railroad to run from Arica, Chile, to La Paz, Bolivia, is another striking indication of the progress made in uniting the three Americas. The new line, to cost \$15,000,000, will cross the Andes mountains at a height of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea and is to be part of the longitudinal system which is to traverse practically the entire length of Chile, 3,000 miles or more. And it will be an important link in that enormously greater system which in time will make it possible to travel by rail from the United States to the extreme of South America. The late Hinton Rowan Helper should have taken heart of grace, seeing how rapidly his idea was materializing.

The American army mule is a valuable and useful beast, as has often been demonstrated, and he is holding his own, with no kick coming. The government stands by him. Orders have just been issued that army officers going to and from San Francisco and the military reservation near that city must ride in conveyances drawn by army mules and not automobiles. The officers formed the automobile habit at the time of the earthquake and as a matter of emergency and necessity. But the government regards the good old reliable mule as quite adequate to ordinary conditions, and so the animal comes back to his former dignity.

Residents of New York city are asking why, in the face of the casualty records of last year, and the growing movement for a safe and sane Fourth of July, the fire commissioner of that city has issued fifteen hundred permits for the sale of fireworks. This is inconsistency worthy of note; although even in cases where cities have rigid ordinances against the use of fireworks within their limits, dealers may be permitted to sell fireworks to outsiders who are not wise enough to heed the lessons of experience. The way to prevent the abuse of the privileges is to limit the permit in these instances to wholesaling.

The Young Turks want the moral support of the United States. Turkey is certainly progressing when the country, or any part of it, comes to recognize the value of moral support and the inadequacy of periodical massacre and summary executions to bring about peace and harmony with popular support of the government.

The Japanese government, it is reported, has dropped the sugar scandal for fear of getting into a sweet mess.

A big automobile manufacturing concern has just closed a deal which involves a contract for disposing of \$50,000,000 worth of the machines. Who says that the American automobile industry is not becoming a big thing?

A Chicago professor says that Niagara will run dry within 3,000 years. Young people who are planning to go there on their wedding tour should hurry and get married before it's ever-tastingly too late.

With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

A Charming Old Gentleman

By W. J. LAMPTON.

He was a charming old gentleman, full of anecdote and reminiscence, and so eager to talk that he was almost garrulous. Less elderly persons are sometimes so. He had come to our editorial sanctum with a letter from a friend and we had introduced him there to a professor of anthropology who had, without provocation, treated him to a dissertation



"A Dissertation on Prehistoric Man."

on prehistoric man. When the professor had departed the old gentleman heaved a sigh of relief. "Prehistoric man," he said to us cheerfully, "does not interest me at all. What I like are living men, or, at least, those who may, in comparison with the professor's acquaintances, be called modern. Now I quite well re-

Two Strangers Attend a Show

By FRED C. KELLY.

And now we come to the case of the two drummers. These drummers started to stroll up the street from their hotel one Sunday evening, wondering if it might be possible to find entertainment in a lid-on town.

"Well, well," observed one of the drummers gleefully, "here's just what I'm looking for—a good show. Somehow I got it into my head that there weren't any shows running here on Sunday, but I'm glad I was mistaken. This looks good to me."

The other drummer said a show would just about hit him, too. They bought seats about half way down. The orchestra was playing a fuzzy waltz tune when they got seated that neither of them had heard before. "They're handing us out some brand new stuff, anyway," remarked drummer No. 1. "They don't just play 'The Merry Widow' waltz, like they do in New York. Wish I'd thought to get a program when we came in, though, to see what it is they're giving us."

Then the curtain went up and a lot of people came out and began to sing. "Funny," observed drummer No. 2, "but I can't understand a word they say. Queer thing about songs. A fellow can't catch the words."

By and by a comedian tripped in and got off something. The audience nearly hurt itself laughing. But the drummers couldn't catch the joke. And if there's anything that makes a man sore it's to have a crowd laughing at something he's missed.

"We didn't get our seats far enough to the front," complained one drummer, irritably. "I couldn't get what that duck said at all."

"Naw," snapped his companion. "The fact is, I haven't caught a word that's been said. Certainly is a rotten show."

"Suppose we sneak out," suggested the other drummer. "I never tried to

sit through such a fierce show. The jokes are so involved you can't even spot an old one."

A moment later they filed out to the box office.

"That's a hot show, I don't think,"

member meeting Adam for example. It was shortly after he had given up his country place at Eden and moved to town.

We said there was some room yet in the world for that type of man. "Speaking of types," chirruped the old gentleman, "reminds me of a call I made on President Roosevelt a few days before he retired from office. I told him I thought he was the typical American."

"Typical I may be, old chap," he responded in that manner which has so endeared him to his enemies, 'but I'm not the kind of type that is easy to set."

We remarked upon Mr. Roosevelt's broad knowledge which included even printers' terms and added mildly that he was strenuous.

"Speaking of the strenuous," the old gentleman followed glibly, "reminds me of what Julius Caesar said to me on one occasion. It was in Rome and he was looking out for No. 1 in his usual vigorous manner. I asked him why he had crossed the Rubicon."

"By Jove," he said with a snap, "I crossed it because it was too far to go around. See?"

We ventured the suggestion that Napoleon might have said the same of the Alps. "Speaking of Napoleon," the old gentleman broke right in; "now there was a man. I recall meeting him on his return from Elba."

"Hello, sire," I said familiarly, for I had known him as a boy in Corsica. "You didn't like it on the snug little isle, did you?"

"No, colonel," he replied with that perfect candor which characterized all his utterances on important questions,

Why Is a Plumber's Bill?

By J. W. FOLEY.

The plumber had a rush order for 9 a. m. at No. 3343 Elm street. There was a leak in the water supply pipe to the kitchen sink.

"There is no hurry," he observed to the helper, "for our time is going on just the same."

The helper checked his pace to accord with the plumber's, for he was a very young man and enthusiastic. "I wonder if I forgot that small wrench," mused the plumber, as they neared No. 3343.

"Let's look in the kit," suggested the helper. "If it's not there, I'll hurry right back and get it."

The plumber frowned. "How many times have I told you to cut out that word 'hurry'?" he said crossly. "I forgot," explained the helper in an apologetic tone.

Eventually they reached the back door of No. 3343 and the maid admitted them. "The water's leaking

all over my floor," she explained in some anxiety. She said "my" floor because she was the maid and it was hers for that week, anyway.

The plumber, apparently, was not much interested, for he filled his pipe and lighted a little fire in a kettle he carried in his hand. Over the top of the fire he placed a number of tongs and pinners. Then he lighted his pipe and leaned over the kitchen table, where the sporting page had been used as a table cover.

"I didn't. There wasn't Elba room for me there and I left the island." In somewhat sly fashion I smiled at his wit.

"Oh, that's all right," he laughed. "I didn't have to leave it. It wasn't so big that I couldn't have brought it away with me, but I had no further use for it."

We said that Bonaparte was politic. "Speaking of politics," the old gentleman garruled on, "reminds me of a question I once asked George Washington. He had served his two terms as president and had retired to Mount Vernon, where I dined with him one Sunday."

"General," I said to him as we sat on the broad verandah overlooking the Potomac drinking mint juleps that were pure nectar, "did you really chop down the cherry tree?"

"Don't ask me, my dear fellow," he begged. "Once I might have been unable to tell a lie, but I've been in politics a whole lot since that time."

We intimated that Washington was a careful man. "Speaking of careful men," the old gentleman came up promptly, "reminds me of an experience I had not long since with Mark Twain. He was smoking one of my 25-cent cigars at the time. I made a remark for the express purpose of drawing a flash of his brilliant humor. He did not respond in words, but winked slyly."

"I catch on," he said nodding and rubbing his hands, "but I won't say what you want me to. I'll write it and get my established rate for it."

We intimated firmly but gently that Mr. Clemens was becoming quite thrifty with age.

"Speaking of age," chattered the old gentleman, "reminds me of a story Chauncey Depew told me the other—"

"German? Huh? Say, is that it? And that orchestra piece I thought was a waltz was a waltz?"

"I'm glad to know I was sober all that time, anyway," spoke up the other drummer with a sigh of relief. "The only German word I ever did know is 'gesundheit,' and I don't know what that one means."

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

STAMPED OUT PLAGUE



Dr. Rupert Blue, passed assistant surgeon of the public health and marine hospital service, deserves well of the people of this country. His campaign against the plague in San Francisco has been successful, and it is announced that the city by the Golden Gate is to-day not only free from the plague, but perhaps the most healthful city of its size in the country. When Dr. Blue was called to take charge of the campaign against the plague it threatened to not only devastate the city, but to sweep in a deadly wave across the continent.

FIRST GERMAN ADMIRAL



Admiral von Koester is at the present moment one of the little knot of individuals whose names are sufficient to spoil the night sleep of the haughty Briton with horrible dreams. There are others—a few—but responsible for most nightmares is this von Koester person.

UNAWAY BY CONGRESS



This Ohioan has the record of being the most precocious "new congressman" in the history of the house of representatives. It is customary for new members to sit back and listen for many months after they come to Washington. Some remain silent all through their first session in the house. Mr. J. M. Cox was not unfamiliar with Washington when he came there. He had done newspaper work in the city some years before.

SETTLED STREET CAR STRIKE



Senator "Jim" McNichol, the man who settled the big Philadelphia street-car strike after the public officials and almost everybody else had failed, is the political boss of the Quaker city. He is only a member of the state senate, officially considered. In a business way he is the head of a firm of contractors that does much public work at a reasonable profit.

WOULD MOVE PENN'S REMAINS



Representative A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania is one of the six members of the house affiliated with the Society of Friends, which is planning a movement to have the United States bring the coffin containing all that is mortal of William Penn to this country and have it interred on the banks of the Delaware.

Used a Longer and Uglier Word.

While Herman Whitaker was in Mexico, gathering material for his much-discussed novel, "The Planter," he wrote an article describing the cruelties of the plantation which, before it could be printed in a City of Mexico newspaper, had to be censored by the minister of interior affairs. That open-minded gentleman having signified, not only his tolerance but his approval, Mr. Whitaker marched with the article to the editor. The latter read it grimly. "I'll give you three days to make El Paso, Tex., he said, 'before I bring it out. If you don't go the government may decide to throw you into jail until you prove a few charges of murder.' "So out I got."

Mr. Whitaker told a friend. "When the article came out it brought the storm. Planter after planter rose up to call me liar, and that wasn't all. The paper discovered that it had made a mistake in attacking a vested interest, and sent a man down there with a pall of whitewash and an extra large brush. The business was all painted white again; and I, who had condemned it not on sentimental grounds at all, mind you, but as bad economics—I was not called a liar, oh no! but merely put down for a harmless humanitarian."

THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill. — "I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured." — Mrs. ALYONA SHERLING, 11 Langdon Street, Chicago, Ill.

If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

ACCENT ON THE "PUS."



Teacher—Now, Jimmy Green, can you tell me what an octopus is? Jimmy Green—Yes, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.

SORE EYES CURED.

Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—All Other Treatments Failed, But Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved, and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall always praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Va., Apr. 4, 1908." — Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston

Great Improvement.

The patient told the doctor all his symptoms. At the end of the recital the medical man looked severe. "My dear sir," he said "you must gradually give up whisky and soda."

Some months later he met the patient and inquired whether the advice had been followed. "To the letter," replied the patient, beaming. "Why, I've already given up soda completely!"

How He Stood Up for Him.

Dolan—So Casey was running me down an' ye stood up for me? Calahan—Oh did; O! siz to him: "Casey, ye're no coward—and ye work hard an' pay yer dibts—and ye don't get drunk an' lick yer wife—but in other respects ye're no better than Dolan!"—Puck.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

It is the only relief for Swelling Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Drug-gists and Shoe Stores. Do not accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Gonsist, LeRoy, N. Y.

A youngster describes heathens as "folks who don't fight over religion."

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars are now smoking Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

Your country manufactured 25,000 pianos.



World's Most Exclusive Club

English Joy That There Is One Door Riches Won't Unlock.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is probably the most exclusive club in existence, says the Gentlewoman, and wonderful to relate in this plutocratic age money is quite powerless to unlock the charmed portals of the castle. One or two millionaires with splen-

did yachts have tried in vain to pass the ordeal of the periodical ballot, while men of no fortune or only just enough to defray the upkeep of a small yacht have been elected without an idea of a blackball.

The only apparent qualification is that the candidate must possess a yacht of his own; but there are other qualifications much more difficult of attainment by the man of money, and

it is just here that the question of blackballing comes in, it must be owned, rather refreshingly.

For really one had almost said that there is no social "holly hollies" into which he who is rich cannot penetrate, until one recalls the pleasant circle of gentlemen who go to make up the Royal Yacht Squadron. There is, one remembers gratefully, just one institution left to which the mystic words "I am rich" do not have the effect of an "open sesame."