

# Kin Hubbard Essays

## THE QUACK SPECIALIST

By KIN HUBBARD.

Nobdody us ever so brave that he couldn' be scared by a quack specialist. A feller kin distinguish himself on th' field o' battle er show his courage in a thousand different ways an' yit emerge from a short, crisp consultation with a fat, glossy quack specialist tremblin' like a dime's worth o' liver. That's th' quack specialist's business. He don't care how strong and brave you are. All he asks is a little heart t' heart, er liver t' liver, talk with you.

After a quack specialist gits you in his studio he first sets about t' git a line on your financial condition an' he expects you to be jist as frank an' honest with him on this subject as you are

A quack specialist with a frock-coat an' four column beard stopped for two days at th' New Palace hut-tel last week an' here's some o' th' questions he asked Tipton Bud, who went t' consult him:

Do you own any real estate?  
Are your muscles sore after diggin' a cellar?  
Are you hungry before breakfast?  
Does eatin' a Kiefer pear give you a warped view of life?  
Durin' th' heated summer months do you hesitate when confronted with some arduous task?  
Are you sullen an' melancholy after you've paid for a one-rib roast?  
Do you notice heaviness o' th' eye-



"He Don't Care How Strong and Brave You Are. All He Asks is a Little Heart to Heart, er Liver t' Liver, Talk With You."

when you try t' describe th' sharp, dartin' pain which departs ever mornin' at twenty minutes after th' hour from th' base o' your skull an' runs thro' without change t' your right heel. He has several ingenious little preliminary questions bearin' indirectly on your case which he asks, an' which, if answered truthfully, gives him a fair workin' clew on your income. No quack specialist in his right mind will disturb a tumor unless there's a farm behind it, an', while there's been great progress made in th' profession o' surgery, it's impossible t' remove a tumor without disturbin' th' farm. However, no feller wuz ever so poor that a quack specialist couldn't at least remove eight dollars from him for a bottle o' brown water. An' jist t' make th' operation seem more difficult he'll advise you t' give up ter-backer.

lids when you try t' watch a ten-thirty film?

Do you awaken with a start when a neighborin' planner strikes up after hours?

Do you feel a wantin' inclination t' fly a kite as th' years go by?

Are you ever seized with indecision when you have your choice o' two kinds o' soup?

Do you ever notice a low, muffled gurgle in th' region o' th' pipes that carry th' air back t' th' lobes o' th' lungs while plowin'?

So what could Tipton Bud do? I wuz up t' him t' either linger along for another week er begin treatment at once. He didn' know nothin' 'bout th' connection o' th' anastomosis o' th' capillary extremities o' th' vena cava with those o' th' portal vein an' he wuz in no mood t' take chances.

## REFORMS

By KIN HUBBARD.

Next t' th' letter that we long for ther haint nothin' that comes as slow as reforms.

After many anxious years o' waitin' two-thirds o' th' states o' th' Union have passed laws fixin' th' weight o' a bushel o' cowpeas at fifty-six pounds. It has been a tedious process but th' people won in the end. For years th' pruned hoghead stood uncovered near th' grocery door while th' tub oysters reclined agin' th' hitchin' rack an' th' mackerel barrel wuz th' prize fly catcher o' th' period. It's a wonder those who went t' hear Jenny Lind er Henry Clay ever lived t' tell th' tale when you think o' th' ole-time grocery.

Folks used t' wait patiently for Saturday t' come t' take a bath er depend on musk. It took years an' years t' break up th' ole musk practice. Th' business men used t' take ten minutes t' worry down a heavy dinner an' indigestion reaped a rich harvest. T'day th' humblest banker takes three hours. He's thinkin' while he eats, but he's away from th' din o' th' addin' machines an' th' odor o' musty bills. A feller's personal ap-

pearance never used t' occur t' him till th' church bells rung er a circus come t' town, an' it often took th' funeral o' someone near an' dear t' make a feller put on a Prince Albert. A feller used t' think that if he had better clothes at home he wuz all set. T'day th' advantages o' bein' dressed up kin hardly be overestimated if you're sellin' somethin'. There's a little reform wave t'day that is gatherin' force from many quarters regardin' th' free lunch fork. Th' free lunch fork used t' make th' whole world kin, but we're wakin' up. For years we've all been usin' th' same fork in friendly rivalry. Sometimes th' prominent merchant has t' wait

five minutes on th' leading drayman, an' then th' most pop'lar bill poster has t' wait on th' most prominent merchant, who attempts t' resign in favor o' a well-known attorney. It will take some time t' break up this practice but sure some more sanitary means should be devised whereby cold slaw an' beans kin be taken int' th' stomach.

Girls use t' shake with fear an' tremblin' as they were led t' th' altar. Now they beat you t' it. Folks use t' wear thick, soggy flannel underwear an' dance till daylight in close, stuffy halls without excitin' comm'nt. T'day they'd be put out o' th' buildin'.

Right now there is a little undercurrent o' objection t' our present day method o' handlin' soup. Th' feelin' 'll grow as time goes on an' finally crystallize itself int' a general revolt an' become allied with our world wide crusade agin' useless noises. It's bound t' come. Th' feller that eats soup like a walrus is doomed.

Why, it wuz as late as th' eighties before we begun t' question th' ad-



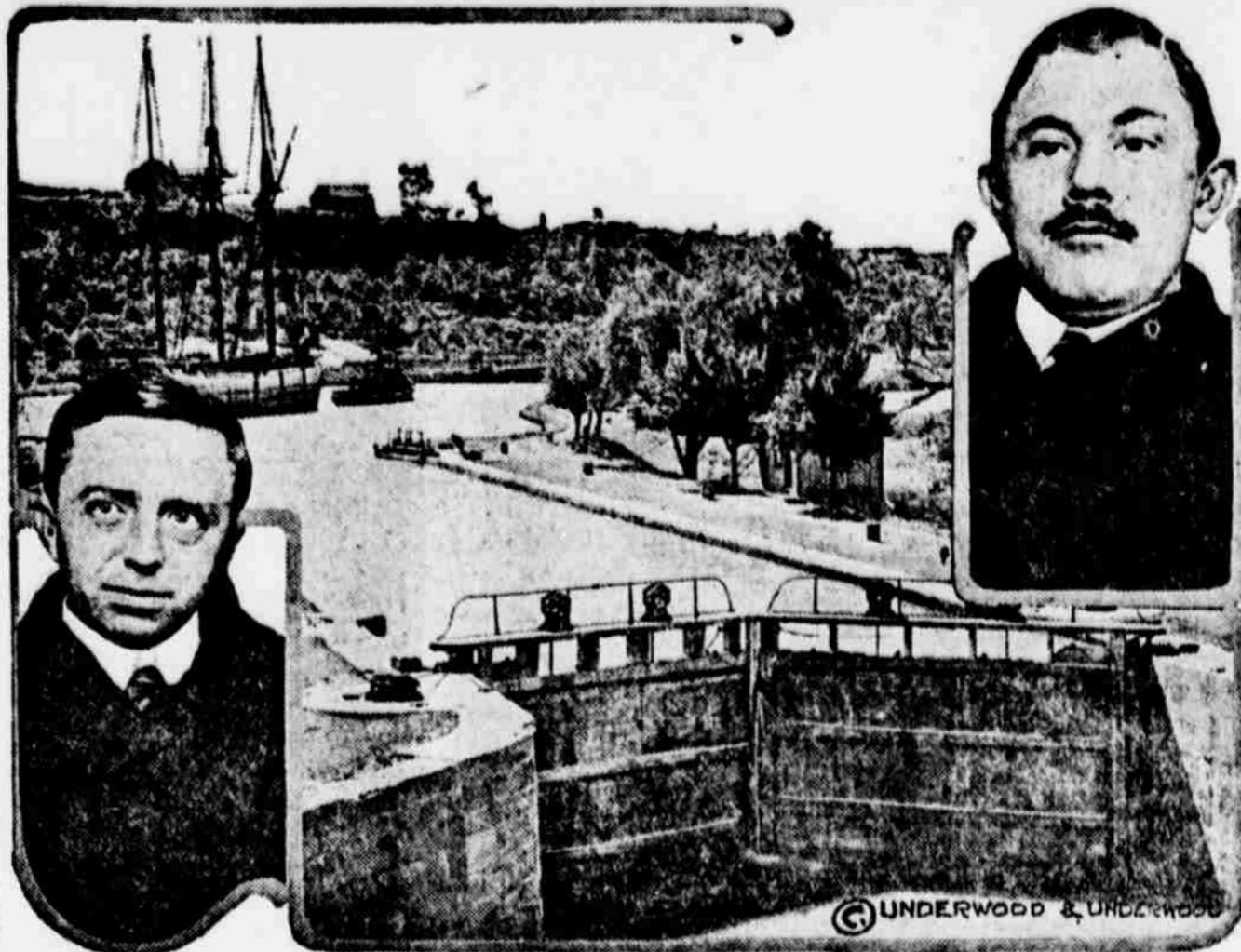
"Folk Used t' Wait Patiently for Saturday t' Come t' Take a Bath er Depended on Musk. It Took Years an' Years t' Break Up th' Ole Musk Practice."

visability o' sideburns. It took herote work, but t'day you won't even encounter a set in th' felt boot districts. Trousers used t' be lined as late as seventy years after th' Declaration o' American Independence, an' many o' us, even t'day, turn purple with rage when we remember how our big toes used t' get caught in th' linin'. All these reforms took time.

It is needless t' call attention t' th' women's clothes o' t'day. For years women stuck t' th' same ole waist line. T'day it fluctuates like an Adam's apple an' adds variety an' excitement an' robs th' passin' show o' it's ole monotony an' sameness.

(Protected by Adams Newspaper Service.)

## WELLAND CANAL OBJECT OF ALLEGED PLOTTERS



Federal authorities in the East believe the alleged plot of Paul Koenig, head of the detective bureau of the Hamburg-American line, to blow up the Welland canal is only an incident in a vast conspiracy. The illustration shows a part of the canal, which connects Lake Ontario with Lake Erie. At the right is Koenig and at the left R. E. Leyendecker, an art dealer, under arrest as one of the alleged conspirators.

## INTERIOR OF TURKISH FORT ON GALLIOLI



Interior view of Turkish fortifications on the Gallipoli peninsula, with a body of troops about to move to the first-line trenches.

## SHARPSHOOTERS IN WHITE AND ON SNOWSHOES



The mountain fighting in which the Germans are engaged has made it necessary to draw on those German soldiers who are snowshoe adepts. The photograph shows a patrol of these men, garbed in white uniforms to make them almost invisible against the white background and equipped with their snowshoes, taking a bead on the enemy in the Vosges mountains.

## KING OF ITALY WATCHING HIS SOLDIERS



A striking photograph taken on the heights of Cadore while the king of Italy, accompanied by his minister of war and the commander in chief of the Italian armies, was watching the movements of the fighting forces. King Victor Emmanuel has his eyes fixed to the great field glasses.

## GIVEN TO HER DESCENDANT



A beautiful statuette of Pocahontas, Indian maid famed in history and ancestor of President Wilson's bride, was presented to the White House couple by the Pocahontas Memorial association, an organization made up of Washington women. It is in bronze and is a replica of the statue that will be erected at Jamestown, Va. The statuette is 18 inches high and the sculptor, William Ordway Partridge of New York.

## BROTHER WASN'T REALLY TIGHTWAD

He Didn't Know That Man He Found Sleeping on Lawn Was Brother John.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—John McEwain came here from California to visit his brother, Thomas, whom he had not seen for 20 years. Having arrived in the night, he had his brother's house pointed out to him, but did not awaken the family.

John's accustomed to sleeping out of doors, so he lay down outside on the soft Bermuda grass, placed his head on his handbag and slept there all night. He preferred it to a bed in the house.

Tom came out in the morning and saw his brother asleep on the lawn. He did not recognize him, although he knew his brother was coming from California soon.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, not recognizing his brother. "You must be a tightwad to object



Was Handed Over to a Policeman.

to a man sleeping on your grass," John retorted.

"That's all right," said Tom, "but you'd better go on your way now."

John refused to go and was handed over to a policeman. Not until after they had reached the police station did he make himself known. Then Tom bought two boxes of cigars for the police officers to quiet their laughter and said he would buy every man a drink if they had not already closed the saloons.

John will hereafter have his choice of a bed in the house or on the sleeping porch.

## NECK BROKEN IN INITIATION

Candidate Tossed in Blanket by Lodge Members Is Fatally Injured.

Dubois, Pa.—Thomas Leon Reed, twenty-one, is dead at his home at Olanta, Clearfield county, as a result of an accident sustained while being initiated into the mysteries of a secret order.

Reed, a strapping six-footer, was the last of nine candidates to be initiated into a side degree of the order, and when it came his time to take the degree was required to walk, blindfolded, on a narrow plank, at the end of which he was required to jump off into a blanket held by the members of the order, after which he was tossed into the air several times.

In falling into the blanket young Reed, after being tossed the third time, struck on his head and broke his neck. He was taken at once to his home, where he died two days later. A coroner's jury gave a verdict of accidental death and exonerated the members of the order.

## JUST AFTER THE IDLE RICH

Maryland Highwayman, in Red Sweater, Proves to Be Modern Robin Hood.

Ammdendale, Md.—A modern Robin Hood in a red sweater, who attempted to hold up Sheriff Thomas Garrison and W. W. Rush of Hyattsville, after robbing an eighteen-year-old girl of her purse and returning it to her, is being sought by Prince George county authorities.

Mabel Jacobson was traversing the road when the highwayman stopped her, pistol in hand. The girl handed him her purse, containing her week's wages—a single five-dollar bill—and broke into tears.

"I worked hard for that," she sobbed.

The highwayman handed back the little pocketbook.

"I don't rob poor people," he said.

## Boy Killed Disobedient Sister.

Coalburg, O.—Frank Caccaville, aged twelve years, shot and killed his sister, Carmel, aged ten, when she refused to obey his orders while they were playing school in their home. The lad then fled to the woods, but was apprehended.

## Hanged Herself to Stop Sneezing.

New York.—Because doctors were unable to stop her fits of sneezing, Miss Margaret Ebert, a milliner, committed suicide by hanging herself from a bathroom gas fixture.