

# Why CAN'T Married Folks Be Happy?



**I**F YOU are happily married, these little stories will make you realize how lucky you are, writes Maude Neal, in the New York Sunday World.

If your wedded lot is more full of thorns than roses, then you may provide a little company for your misery.

If you are contemplating matrimony, they may tend to have the salutary effect of Punch's advice to those who are planning marriage—'Don't!' At any rate, they show what an ironic little god Cupid is sometimes, and how he wears a cap and bells as often as the bow and arrows.

## Moved to Avoid Rent.

**S**HORTLY after James E. Jarrett of Fort Wayne married Jennie Newman he told her one evening after dinner that he had solved the whole question of the advanced price of living, and when she leaned breathlessly forward he imparted the somewhat worn aphorism that it is cheaper to move than to pay rent.

Mrs. Jarrett laughed and took it as a joke, because the next day was the one fixed for the visit of the landlord. However, she found that Mr. Jarrett was in earnest, because within the next week or so she had her first experience with an angry rent gatherer, papers of eviction and a visit from the sheriff.

After that Mr. Jarrett put his theory into continuous practice, and in the next seven years the Jarretts crated their household goods no less than 23 times; 16 moves being only two jumps ahead of the officers of the law. Finally Mrs. Jarrett found that her love had broken all the pieces with so much moving, as she had not always had time to crate it properly. When she sued for divorce she declared that her husband had failed to provide a home for her, and Mr. Jarrett answered that he had, but the judge sided with the plaintiff.

## Had to Nurse the Chickens.

**W**HEN the wife of Herman Roemer of Denver left him he had his share of troubles. He had to turn in and do the cooking, and the washing, and to complete the disaster, some pet chickens got sick, and there Herman was left all alone with them on his hands. He inserted "personal" after "personal" in the columns of the daily paper beseeching "Pauline" to come back to her desolate home, but not even the thought of the suffering fowls moved her fickle heart. Finally, we are glad to relate, Herman nursed them back to health, and then he sued for divorce.

## Sewed Runaway Husband in Sheet.

**E**RNEST STEWART of New York got tired of too much domesticity a few months ago and decided to return to the adventurous life of a rover. So one night he failed to come home, and his wife went through various stages of anxiety, fear and grief until she discovered that he had sailed away over the sea as assistant steward on an ocean liner. On the day the ship was expected in port on its return voyage she sent her 15-year-old son to the pier. So, when the recalcitrant Ernest came, he was the gangplank the first person he saw was his boy. But Charles brought no reproaches to his parent, but said: "Papa, mamma says that she isn't angry or anything, but she has fixed you up a nice dinner and wants you

## The Institutional Church.

"An institutional church is a church that scientifically studies and canvasses city life, and then, by every agency in its power, and with large staffs and numerous volunteer workers, who keep busy every day and evening in the year, it undertakes to remedy conditions, and to help the classes of people, at a disadvantage economically, under the present arrangements of things, to better conditions of life."—Rev. Dr. Percy S. Gillet.

## Not Spoken in Jest.

Spank! Spank! Spank! Tommy was undergoing maternal chastisement at the hands of his loving mother for eating the jam.

"Tommy," she said, when she had paused for breath, "do you know this hurts me more than it does you?"

And when Tommy was alone with his brother he produced a square board he had concealed, and murmured: "I thought that bit of wood would not do her hand any good."—Tit-Bits.

mitted that he might be in his second childhood, but denied the same right to his wife that he had to his mother, to suffer correction in such a humiliating way. Minnie admitted his allegations, but declared that Zolbe had grossly deceived her, as before marriage he had told her he was wealthy, and when she found out the falsity of this statement she felt that he had entrapped her into marriage so that he might have some one to look after him, and she was merely doing this.

## The Silent Husband.

**S**OON after their marriage, Frank Beekman and his wife of Asbury Park had a tiff, and Mrs. Beekman angrily and tearfully said: "I don't want you ever to speak to me again."

"All right I won't," shouted Beekman, seizing his hat and making for the door.

By night Mrs. Beekman had forgotten the quarrel, and was ready to tell her husband the news of the day when he returned from work in the evening. But Beekman came in, returned no answers to her questions, ate his supper and went to bed without speaking. His wife thought he was suffering from a spell of sulkeness and tried to coax him out of it by persuasion, tears and finally anger. But from that day for 4 years Beekman never spoke a word at home. Mrs. Beekman tried burning the soup and putting salt in his coffee, in the hope that his anger would drive him to speech, but Beekman never went further than shaking his head. Once—it was a red letter day for Mrs. Beekman—he moved his lips as if about to say something, but evidently changed his mind, and closed them firmly again. Adhering to his policy of silence, Beekman interposed no answer to his wife's suit for divorce.

## Romance Versus Commuting.

**I**F THE time-tables had been different, if Dermot Holden's hours at work had been shorter, if Delawanna, N. J., had been nearer to New York, Isabelle Holden is sure that the dream of her married life would never have been shattered. For the irksomeness of arising at 4 a. m. to start her husband's breakfast, of blacking his shoes at night so that he would not be late in starting for his train, of seeing that he really arose when the alarm clock gave its warning, wore all the romance out of her life.

"The wife who stays at home," she said, "commutes just as much as the husband." The rush to the train and the rush home made Dermot nervous and irritable, and he was tired at night to take her out any place or to be any company to her. The pair owned a house at Delawanna, they were not able to dispose of it, and until they did they could not move into the city, so each wearied of the joys of a commuter's life, and a divorce suit was filed.

## He Impersonated Satan.

**A**NDREW BLAES of Chicago became much interested in hypnotism and occult science several years ago, and insisted upon performing many of his experiments at home, much to the discomfort of his wife. He burned incense, which made her sick, and on one occasion, after she had retired, she heard such strange noises proceeding from the kitchen that she arose, tiptoed to the door and peeped in. What was her horror at finding her husband dressed in red to represent Satanic Majesty, burning red fire and screeching like a fiend. When he caught sight of the frightened face of his wife he started toward her, and as she fled he followed. He chased her all over the house, and each time he caught her he tore a piece out of her night dress, until she was almost nude. He also, on another occasion, erected a throne in the bedroom, and dressed as a devil, he seated himself upon it and made her bow down and worship him.

## Retort Practical.

A too convivially inclined young clubman was introduced at a reception last week to a clever society woman whom he understood, in some hazy fashion, to be a great artist. She was not an artist, nor had she ever made any attempt to be. But the young man, whose wits were apt to go wool gathering at times, thought she was. And he was very anxious to make a sufficiently pretty speech to her.

## Honey Sixty Years Old.

One thousand pounds of honey, some of it more than sixty years old, is the remarkable exhibit now being viewed by hundreds of people at East Lee, a village of Massachusetts. The entire quantity was obtained by workmen while tearing down a tavern built one hundred and fifty years ago. They discovered in the garret more than fifty swarms of bees and their half-ton accumulation of honey. For more than a century the tavern has been in the hands of a single family. No person now living can remember ever having entered the garret.

## No Doubt.

"I have just been reading in a newspaper about an armless man who is writing a book with his toes."

"Ahem! I presume it will consist largely of footnotes."

## Couldn't Miss the Chance.

"I was awfully surprised when I heard you had applied for a divorce. What in the world is the matter? I always thought your husband was such a good man."

"Yes, Henry is good—one of the best men in the world, and he has always been very kind to me. I really am sorry to give him up, but I have a perfectly lovely chance to marry a man who has so much money that I shall be able to make Mrs. Wadsworth awfully jealous."

# NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. Edwards

## Origin of a "Best Seller"

Charles Dudley Warner's Explanation of How He Came to Write His Famous Book, "My Summer in a Garden."

After a brilliant career as an officer in the Civil war, Gen. Joseph R. Hawley returned to his home at Hartford, Conn., at the close of the hostilities. He proposed beginning over again as an editor, for he was the editor of a Republican paper at the time he laid down the pen to open the first recruiting office in the state of Connecticut in response to Lincoln's call for volunteers on April 15, 1861. And 24 hours after the call had been issued, he had raised his state's first company of volunteers.

General Hawley, however, was obliged to defer that purpose, for, in 1866, he was elected governor of Connecticut. A year later, when he returned to private life, he brought about him an able body of associates, five in all, who bought the Hartford Courant and consolidated with it the Hartford Press, of which General Hawley had been the editor before the outbreak of the war. One of these associates was Charles Dudley Warner, who was known to a circle of cultivated literary men and women as a master of English style, but whose name was not then familiar to the public.

General Hawley's election to the lower house of congress in 1868 and his long service in that body (followed by four terms in the senate) made it necessary for Mr. Warner to assume the duties of editorial chief of the Courant. It was while he was serving in that capacity that Mr. Warner began the publication of a daily series of articles without the slightest thought that upon this trifling work, as he called it, was to be based his mastery reputation, and that by reason of it he would join the ranks of those who in that day published what nowadays we would call a "best seller."

While Mr. Warner was occupied with conducting the department, entitled "The Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine, a task which he assumed in 1884, I asked him if he would tell me how he was led to write the little

## Refused Chief Justiceship

When Speaker, Carlisle Was Offered Position by President Cleveland and Afterwards Thought He Made Mistake in Declining.

With Mr. George F. Parker, the biographer and intimate friend of Grover Cleveland as my authority, I told recently that John G. Carlisle, lieutenant governor of Kentucky, member of congress for six and speaker of the house for three terms, United States senator for three years, and secretary of the treasury throughout President Cleveland's second administration, refused to become chief justice of the United States when President Cleveland, toward the close of his first term, offered him the exalted post. Today, in Mr. Carlisle's own words, I tell you that offer was made and how it was refused—a hitherto unchronicled bit of national history, and one of dramatic simplicity while it was happening.

Mr. Carlisle himself was the first to let it be known privately that he had been offered the place of chief justice of the United States by Mr. Cleveland. A few days after Mr. Cleveland's funeral, in 1908, when Mr. Carlisle had been practicing law not too successfully in New York for a number of years, he said to a friend:

"I owe much of the success of my career to Grover Cleveland. I also owe to him an expression of confidence which I have never before made any reference, except to my immediate family. I called one morning in 1888 upon the president; as speaker of the house of representatives I had some official business to transact with him.

He received me cordially in his private office. Suddenly, while we were chatting about the business in hand, he arose from his chair, went to the window which gives upon the south lawn, or White House lot, thrust his hands in his pockets, and stood for a long time looking out of the window in the direction of the Potomac. I knew from his manner that he had something on his mind. Then, as suddenly as he had left his chair he wheeled

## A Man of Mystery.

The death has taken place in Dunfermline, Scotland, of a man whose identity has been a mystery for ten years, says a dispatch.

## It Was Not a Legal Laugh.

Talking over the telephone constitutes a personal conversation, but laughing over the telephone may not be a legal laugh. This is the official opinion given by Municipal Judge Edwin K. Walker.

The question arose in a lawsuit being tried between E. Goodfriend, 5253 South Halsted street, and H. Klugman, 491 Wells street. Goodfriend sued for the price of a fur collar that did not suit him.

"Did you have a personal conversation with Klugman about this collar?" Attorney Lloyd M. Brown asked.

"No," Goodfriend replied, "I talked to him over the telephone. He didn't talk much, though. He began laughing as soon as he heard my voice."

"Well, that was a personal conversation," replied the judge.

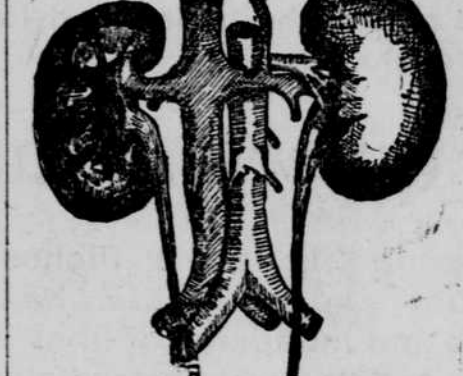
"He laughed loud at me and seemed to be mirthful because I did not get what I wanted when I bought the collar of him."

"We won't consider that a legal laugh," Judge Walker said.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## \$3.50 RECIPE FREE, FOR WEAK KIDNEYS.

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES, BACKACHE, STRAINING, SWELLING, ETC. Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say good bye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent



quest passage of the urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many doctors would charge you \$5.00 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you and will return it in plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-removing power.

APPROPRIATED IT.



George—They say there is only one person in fifteen with perfect eyes. Evelyn—George (with uncommon fervor)—In fifteen? There's only one in a million!

Evelyn—There you go again, George! Always flattering somebody!

## DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS.

Kidney troubles are too serious to neglect. Slight ailments are often forerunners of dangerous kidney illness and should be treated without delay.

Obadiah B. Crane, 222 First Av., Watertown, S. Dak., says: "I was taken with rheumatic pains and my left limb was almost paralyzed. I hobbled around with a cane as weak as a child. I was afflicted with a bladder weakness and was compelled to arise several times during the night. Shortly after I commenced to use Doan's Kidney Pills, I could do work, that was before impossible. I am stronger and better than in years."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Dragging Their Hosiery.

Little Arlene was familiar with the appearance of the garden hose at home, but when she observed a line of fire hose, with its great length and bulk lying serpent-like in the street, she immediately inquired what it was. Her mother replied that was firemen's hose, and the child went on watching the fire.

In the meantime two additional fire companies dashed up, and these newly arrived fire fighters were carrying their respective lines toward the burning building, when little Arlene spied them.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, craning her neck out of the crowd, "here comes more firemen dragging their hosiery behind them!"—Lippincott's.

## IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

Many a time this summer 'ou're going to be just about done out by the heat—hot, and so thirsty it just seems nothing could quench it. When such moments arrive or when you just want a delicious, palate tickling drink step into the first place you can find where they sell COCA-COLA. It's delicious, refreshing and completely thirst-quenching. At soda-fountains or carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send to the COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga., for their free booklet "The Truth About COCA-COLA." Tells what COCA-COLA is and why it is so delicious, cooling and wholesome.

## Hypnotic.

Margaret—I think Mr. Baker could easily hypnotize people. Katherine—Why do you think so? Margaret—He often holds my hand till it falls asleep.—Puck.

## Getting-On.

"Well, little boy, did you go to the circus the other day?" "Yes'm. Pa wanted to go, so I had to go with him."

## SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Paste, the Antiseptic powder for Tired, aching, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort. Makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Wrath and wine unweave the heart of friend to friend.—Plutarch.

Tell the dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar.

Your wife as well as your sins will find you out.

Garfield Tea regulates a lazy liver.

Occasionally a girl doesn't try to flirt because it's involuntary.

## Libelous Yarn of the West

Ex-Governor Adams, at Alfalfa Banquet in Colorado, Points Moral With a Good Story.

Ex-Gov. Alva Adams was the guest of honor at the recent alfalfa banquet in Rifle, Colo.—a banquet wherein appeared alfalfa biscuit, alfalfa-stuffed turkey, mashed alfalfa, alfalfa-leaf spinach, alfalfa tea and cider, alfalfa salad and alfalfa toothpicks.

"Alfalfa is delicious," said Mr. Adams at the banquet's end, as he drew his napkin across his mouth. "I have eaten and drunk heartily of it. I can only speak of it in terms of the highest praise."

"The people misjudge alfalfa. They misjudge it as the 'bled clothes' story misjudges the civilization of the west."

"According to this libelous yarn, a Harvard professor visited the west on a geological expedition. In Albertus he put up with a rancher. The first night on the ranch he slept in his

clothes, like the rest of the boys, out of politeness, but the second night he complained about this.

"I can't stand it," he said to the rancher. "I don't seem to get my rest. My boots especially incommode me."

"So the rancher stretched a cowskin across the shack and that night the Harvard professor slept in his long white nightgown by himself."

"At daybreak the night foreman came in while the professor was still slumbering. The foreman cast one glance at the sleeper, then tiptoed forth and said to the rancher:

"Rather sudden, wasn't it?" "What?" the rancher asked.

"Why, the death of the old prof?" "He's not dead," said the rancher. "He's sleeping!"

"Then what in tarnation is he wearin' them bled clothes for?" snorted the foreman. "Never seen a chap laid out in 'bled clothes' afore 'ceptin' he was dead."—Washington Star.