



## ACQUIRES A FEW FOSTER MOTHERS

Pa was a hero after capturing the two tigers and the lion after they had inhaled gas from the gas bag of the air ship, because the crowd didn't know how it was done. Everybody thought Pa had scared the wild animals with the airship until they were silly, and then hypnotized them, and got them into cages, but when the wild animals came out from under the influence of the gas and began to raise the roof, and bite and snarl, the whole camp was half scared to death, and they all insisted on Pa going to the cages and quieting them by his hypnotic eye, but Pa was too wise to try it on wild animals, and he had to confess that it was the gas bag that did the work, and they made Pa fix up a gas bag under the cages and quiet the animals, and when the employees of the expedition found that Pa was not so much of a hero as he pretended, Pa was not so much of a king as he had been, except in the minds of the African negroes who were at work for us. That old negro who had 60 wives fairly doted on Pa, and the wives thought Pa was the greatest man that ever was, and the wives fairly got struck on Pa, and wanted to take turns holding Pa in their laps, until the giant husband of the 60 big black females got jealous of Pa, and wanted to hit him on the head with a club, but Pa showed him a thing or two that made him stand without hitting.

The black husband had a toothache and asked Pa to cure him of the pain, and Pa had him lie down on the ground, and he put some chloroform on a handkerchief and held it to the man's nose, and pretty soon the ne-

petition was settled out of court, and Pa was reinstated in good standing in our expedition.

It takes a hippo quite a while to go to sleep after eating a negro, as you can imagine, they are so indigestible, and it was annoying to stand around in the mud and wait, but we finally got two specimens of the hippo into the cages, and we killed two, more for food for the negroes, who like the flavor of hippo meat, after the hippos have been fattened on negroes.

On the way back to camp we sighted a herd of elephants, and Pa said he would go out and surround a couple of them and drive them into camp. Mr. Hagenbach tried to re-

fracture Pa's idea, but Pa was too wise to let him, and he was crazy and had a club.

He had been told of his death, and the marriage of his wives to the old man who owned the gas bag, and he wouldn't have it that way.

He knocked some of his wives down and some fainted away, and then he started for the man who had usurped him in the affections of his 60 wives.

Pa was scared and started to crawl under the tent and escape into the jungle, when I saw that something had to be done, so I got right in front of the crazy husband and looking him square in the face, I began to chant, "ene-mene-miny-mo, catch a nigger by the toe," and before I got to the end of the first verse, the great giant said: "Maybe you are right," and he fell to the earth in a fit, probably from the effects of the chloroform, but everybody thought I had overcome him by my remarks, and then they jumped on the husband and held him down while Pa escaped, and for Pa's safety they put him in a cage next to the newly acquired tigers and lions, who were cross and ugly, but Pa said he had rather chance it with them than with that crazy husband.

Pa, Astride of a Zebra, Had Frightened the Elephants Into a Stampede by Playing "A Hot Time" on a Mouth Organ.

son with Pa against the suicidal act, in going alone into a herd of wild elephants, but Pa said since his experience with old Bolivar, the circus elephant, he felt that he had a mysterious power over elephants that was marvelous, and so poor Pa went out alone, promising to bring some elephants into camp.

Well, he made good all right. We went on to camp and got our hippos put to bed, and fed the lions and tigers, and were just sitting down to our evening meal, when there was a roaring sound off where Pa had surrounded the elephants, the air was full of dust, and the ground trembled, and we could see the whole herd of about 40 wild elephants charging on our camp, bellowing and making a regular bedlam.

When the herd got pretty near us, we all climbed trees, except the negro husband and his wives, and they took to the jungle.

Say, those animals did not do a thing to our camp. They rushed over the tents, laid down and rolled over our supper which was spread out on the ground, tipped over the cages containing the animals we had captured, found the gasoline barrel and filled their trunks with gasoline and squirted it all over the place, and rolled the gasoline on the fire, and away the elephants went with gasoline fire pouring out of their trunks, into the woods, bellowing, and when the dust and smoke cleared away, and we climbed down out of the trees and righted up the cages, here came Pa astride a zebra, playing on a mouth organ, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," which had frightened the elephants into a stampede.

Mr. Hagenbach stopped Pa's zebra, and Pa said: "Didn't you catch any of them? I steered 'em right to camp, and thought you fellows would head 'em off, and catch a few."

I never saw Mr. Hagenbach mad before. He looked at Pa as though he could eat him alive, and said: "Well, old man, you have raised the deuce on your watch, sure enough." And then Pa complained because supper was not ready. Gee, but Pa is getting more and more the more.

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Prevention Which Saves.

Now, put it into money, this same saying to the race through intelligent observation. Hunter has estimated the average cost of preparing a man for usefulness at \$1,500. The loss of 400,000 workers, which occurs every year from diseases that are preventable, represents, therefore, an annual loss to the country of \$600,000,000. On Hunter's estimate the lowered death rate of England in about ten years would mean a capital saved of \$1,285,206,000. The epidemic of 1891-'92 cost Philadelphia an estimated loss of about \$22,000,000 to railroads, hotel keepers, merchants, manufacturers for care of sick, loss of time and expense of burial. A policy of prevention, on the other hand, would have cost about \$700,000, says Leslie's Weekly. The discovery of the yellow fever mosquito is supposed to save us more money in each single year than was spent upon the entire Cuban war. If we could master tuberculosis the saving in money in the United States would be \$330,000,000 per year. Is it any wonder, then, that the best physicians are heart and soul in the study of prevention?

Hurt by Will's Conditions.

To Bertha Schultz, a young dressmaker in Hamburg, Germany, \$10,000 was bequeathed on condition that she never married a man engaged in an intellectual occupation. She is already engaged to an accountant, and she and her fiancé are now endeavoring to persuade the law that the work is purely mechanical.

Viewed from the Rear.

"People at cafes," said the observing man, "never seem to think how their feet look from the rear. They appear to be of the opinion that you can't see under their chairs, that they are inclosed or something. Now, look at that girl's feet. She has tucked them around the rung of the chair until she shows a good deal more of leg than is absolutely necessary. It's cute from here, but I'll be willing to wager she'd have a dozen fits if she knew exactly how they looked."

Make Sunflower Useful

In some countries, notably in the Russian provinces north of the Caucasus, the sunflower serves other purposes besides ornamenting gardens with its huge golden bosses. The seeds are used to make oil, which is employed both in the manufacture of soap and in cooking. The stems and leaves are burned and the ashes used to make potash. Last year the sunflower factories of the Caucasus produced 15,000 tons of potash.

Hogfish.

Your thoughts concerning the end-seat hog are definite enough, but what do you suppose he thinks of you while you are marching over his feet?—Indianapolis News.

## RIDES FOR KING EDWARD



DANNY MAHER

Danny Maher, one of the greatest of American jockeys. With the decline of the racing game in this country Maher went to England, where he proved a worthy successor to Tod Sloan. He does considerable riding for King Edward.

## SEVERAL BIG LEAGUERS HAVE MANAGERIAL "BUG"

Kling, Bresnahan, Bransfield and Others Said to Aspire to Lead Clubs.

This is the season of the year that ball players of ability who aspire to become managers circulate rumors that they are to quit the team they have been connected with and purchase a minor league club or take the managerial reins of some other team. The followers of the team grow excited and the club owners are kept on the anxious bench, but in almost every case the star player is found at his old post the following season. Last winter the New York fans were constantly being informed that Roger Bresnahan would go to Cincinnati to manage the Reds and a number of other players throughout the circuit of the two big leagues were going to buy minor league clubs. When spring rolled around Bresnahan was still with New York and the others were again in harness.

This fall the managerial "buzz" started stronger than ever. The season had barely closed, when Kling, the crack Chicago catcher, announced that he would purchase the Kansas City club of the American association. Owner Murphy at once grew excited and came out with a statement that Kling would play with the Cubs next year or he wouldn't play at all.

As soon as the retirement of Manager McCloskey, of the St. Louis Cardinals, was announced, a story was started on the rounds that Roger Bresnahan would succeed McCloskey. It looks as though Roger would get his annual boost for manager, but it is not likely that McGraw will let him go.

Bransfield, of the Phillies, is another manager who is said to have the managerial "bug." Last season he wanted to buy a club in the Pacific Coast league and this year he has announced that he is still open for a good minor league proposition. He was the only Philadelphia player in the 300 class in batting this year and it is not likely that the club would care to part with him after his great showing.

The annual statement that "Hans" Wagner would quit has gone the rounds.

Norman Elberfeld, who has had a taste of the managerial job, evidently likes it and is said to be looking for a club in the Virginia league.

There are several clubs after "Kid" Gleason for next season, but he will most likely remain with the Phillies. Manager Murray last spring said that he would keep Gleason as long as the "Kid" cared to remain with the club.

The above list will no doubt be increased each week until the first of February, but we will have to wait until the time when the changes will really be made.

## Geers Gets the Fast Trotter.

The white-faced stallion, San Francisco, 2:07 1/2, who received his early preparation over the Detroit track, has been transferred to the stable of Ed. Geers, who will winter him next season. San Francisco was known as the "horse of mystery" while at Detroit, being one of the M. & M. candidates about whom little could be learned. There was a couple of thousand dollars by suspensions against his owner, and this kept him out of the early stakes, but he showed so well in his work that J. H. Brown of Detroit settled up for him and leased the horse for the \$50,000 Derby at Readville, in which the white-faced horse finished third, his winnings being \$5,000. Later at Columbus he won a good race, and taking his record of 2:07 1/2, but went lame, and was not started at Lexington.

## Comiskey to Build New Park.

Chicago fans are jubilant over the announcement of President Comiskey, of the White Sox, that he intends to erect one of the biggest and best baseball plants in America. If he cannot buy the site on which the park is now located, according to his announcement, he will select another site in the neighborhood. The improvements on the grounds will cost about \$500,000. The local ground has been worse than many used by minor league teams, and really has been a disgrace to the great American league. The renewal of relations between President Comiskey and Johnson is believed to have had a great deal to do with it.

## MORE BATTING IS DESIRE OF THE BASEBALL FANS

Rooters Anxious for Heavier Swatting Despite Close Races of Past Season.

More batting, please. This is again the insistent cry of the fans, and the magnates are beginning to sit up and take general notice of the yell. It is all very well to point at the close races and successful seasons of 1907 and 1908, and remark that these campaigns showed public satisfaction with the present rules, but, as a grammarian would observe, there are weaknesses to the whole.

The close races and great interest were not due to the rules, but rather in spite of them. Had the pennant struggles been at all lopsided, and become simple processions, there would have been all kinds of outcries against the feeble hitting. The big pitchers have become dominant; the batsmen are down and out, and the closeness of the contests was due to the even quality of the mighty pitchers, not the even skill of the batters.

The abolition of the foul strike, however, would soon lead to a renewal of the old trick; fouling off the good ones to tire out the pitchers. Games would get dragging and tiresome again. It is a debatable question whether the increase in batting would compensate for the delay in games.

Years ago the Brotherhood tried the experiment of a livelier ball. The result was an immediate increase in batting but the fielding was bad. The lively ball bounced erratically and took strange fliers when sailing through the air. That scheme showed itself impracticable; the present ball is as good a sphere as could be desired.

All things considered, the three-ball rule looks best. The complaint that it would cause too many bases on balls is wholly imaginary, utterly absurd.

Right now, every pitcher is accustomed to throw away from one to three balls. They feed them wide of the plate, out or in, to draw the batsman's fire and get his goat. When runners are on the bases they pitch out and usually pitch out twice in succession. A three-ball rule, therefore, instead of adding to the free tickets would simply make the pitchers lay them squarely across. That means, of course, much harder, heavier batting, for the batters could concentrate their attention on the shoots, while the base-running would be correspondingly boosted.

A three-ball rule looks best in every way. It would certainly have no evil effect upon the fielding, and its benefit to the batting and base-running would be enormous.

## IN THE PRIZE RING

Packey McFarland has a desire to try his fortunes across the Atlantic. Larry Temple knocked out Joe Walcott in the last two minutes of their round bout at Boston, recently. After his victory over Matty Baldwin, Jim Driscoll, the English featherweight, has been offered a match with Abe Attell.

Upon his arrival in Australia, Jack Johnson lost no time to start active training. He is confident that he will put Tommy Burns away.

Jack Blackburn has been offered a date with Tony Campoli, the Chicago fighter, by one of the Pittsburgh clubs.

Phil Brock and Young Corbett are slated for a whirl at Pittsburgh in the near future. Both have had their reputations built up by a series of light weight fights. But he declares he will never go 133 pounds ringside again. Many ring experts believe Gans made a serious mistake when he met Nelson at ringside weight, but the colored pugilist says Nelson could have beaten him under any conditions.



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Nicolas Palgrave lay on his plank bed watching the pale rays of dawn slowly lighten on his cell wall. His time was up that morning; he had served over four years out of the five, and had earned the full remission granted for good conduct, and at nine o'clock he would cease to be a cipher and become a free man once more.

But what would his freedom bring him? How would she for whom he had stolen receive him? And, above all, what greeting awaited him from little Maisie, his little idol, who had been but four when he was sentenced? Would she know him when he came out? Had she been taught to look forward to meeting him on his return, or when he was free would it be only to find himself a stranger in a strange land, and stranger of all in his own home?

His was a not uncommon story. A man in comfortable circumstances, he had married above him, and after marriage had found his wife looked for many things which his income could scarcely afford her; and then

him. The years may have softened her, and she may have forgiven him; say, and perhaps she might even welcome him back.

It had now grown quite dark, and with this hope gradually growing stronger, he straightened himself with a steady resolve to risk all and see what came of it.

At length he arrived at the little house his wife had taken when the crash came. He halted for a moment, and leaned upon the railings. The lower part of the house was well lighted, and a genial warmth seemed to come through the raised lattice of the blinds. Then came the notes of a piano, and a child's voice burst forth in a trivial little song.

He stood for a moment, with his hands clenched upon the railings until the iron heads bit into his palms, and a great, all-mastering longing surged over him to be once more the head of the happy little home, to take his place at his own fireside, with his wife sitting opposite him crocheting, while his sunny-faced little girl poured forth her songs in merry thoughtless glee.

He gulped quickly to clear his throat, and, approaching the door, knocked softly. No answer came, and after a moment he knocked again, louder. There came footsteps; the door was opened, and his wife stood before him. A smile was still upon her face, but as she recognized him by the light of the hall lamp her features changed, and a cold, hard look came into her eyes.

"Madge!" he said.

"You!" she answered scornfully. "So you've come back! What do you want?"

Her words struck him like a blow, and he drew back a step from the door.

"Madge, don't for heaven's sake, don't turn me away! Haven't I suffered enough for my fault? Have you no greeting for me?"

"Greeting! What greeting can I have for a felon? As you have sown, so must you reap. Haven't you brought sufficient shame and misery upon me? I thought you had passed out of my life forever."

"Madge, have mercy! You know the cause of my offense and how bitterly I have paid for it! You know—but, good heavens! how can you know? How can you imagine the horror of a prison cell? No, no, my child's father is dead, as my husband died when the prison gates closed on him."

"Our child, Madge!"

"My child, I say. Do you think I let her know her father was a felon working out his just sentence in a prison cell? No, no, my child's father is dead, as my husband died when the prison gates closed on him."

She stood with her hand upon the door, as if to close it. He looked at her despairingly, and as he saw his hopes of happiness drifting away from him he flung himself at her feet.

"Madge, Madge, for our child's sake, don't drive me back here! Can't you forgive me? Take me back and help me in my fight to be an honest man! I will slave for you and Maisie while heaven gives me breath, and with you to back me I can still hold up my head and face the world. But if you spurn me, what is before me but the jail?"

He tried to take her hand, but she pushed him back with her foot.

"Go!" she said, pointing to the gate. "Go, and never let me see you again. You have sown and you must reap. My house is my home, and you shall not soil it. Go, I say—go!" She stamped her foot and pointed to the gate, and, rising, he went down the path without a word.

Slowly he walked up the road, his shoulders sloping and his arms hanging loosely at his sides. He saw a policeman by a street lamp, and slunk furtively into the roadway. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a portly gentleman approaching with a heavy gold chain across his vest.

"Why not?" he muttered. "Why not?"

In a moment he had snatched the chain, and then stood still as he heard the policeman's hurried footsteps behind him; and that night the prison gates closed upon him once more.

## HAD AUDIENCE OF AUTHORS

A college professor had been invited to deliver his lecture on "Highways and Byways of Literature" at a little town in Indiana—the state that produced George Ade and James Whitcomb Riley among other favorites.

"As this is to be purely a literary lecture it seems fitting that practitioners of the glorious art of writing, if any are present, should receive due recognition and honor, and before I begin my discourse I wish to extend a cordial invitation to any author who may happen to be in the house to please come forward and take a seat on the platform with the chairman."

In the frantic rush that ensued the three front rows of seats were upset and demolished, four women fainted and had to be carried out, a half dozen derby hats were crushed to pulp, three men received black eyes, several others had their coats ripped up the back, and the reading stand was tipped over with a crash. When the dust had settled down so that it was possible to see across the hall once more one man alone remained seated

in the auditorium. The rest were on the stage.

The astonished lecturer gazed for a moment at the deserted man in front of him, and then, the humorous side of the affair appealing to him, he smiled indulgently down upon the solitary occupant of the auditorium and said:

"I forgot that this was Indiana. Perhaps you did not understand my invitation."

"Hey! What's that?" demanded the man, holding a trumpet to his ear and listening forward with a look of strained inquiry on his face.

"I say, perhaps you did not understand the invitation," repeated the lecturer. "This being a discourse on literature, any author who chanced to be present was requested to come forward and take a seat on the platform with the chairman."

"Oh, all right; I'm coming! Didn't hear you the first time," apologized the deaf man, and he, too, rose to his feet and started briskly for the platform—Lippincott's.

## PROVED BY TIME.

No Fear of Any Further Trouble.

David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk, and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed. I am still perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



She—Pooh! What is a kiss it is nothing.

He—Well you once said you could refuse me nothing, you know.—Chips.

## LAME BACK PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of "Toris" for lame back and rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it is as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

## Optimist and Pessimist.

Sydney Rosenfeld once wrote a comedy, entitled "The Optimist," which achieved success after the production, but was a long time reaching the stage. Manager after manager refused the manuscript, and one day Mr. Rosenfeld, whose patience was exhausted, blurted out to his sole auditor:

"Of course you don't appreciate the play! You don't even know the meaning of its name!"

"Yes, I do," protested the impresario.

"Well," insisted Rosenfeld, "what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

The manager hesitated: "An optimist is an eye doctor," he said; "a pessimist is a foot doctor."—Sunday Magazine.

## Why He Remembered.

By some shuffling of the social cards the clergyman and the dog fancier were at the same afternoon tea. The wandering talk unexpectedly resolved itself into the question. Who were the 12 sons of Jacob? Even the cleric with the reversed collar had forgotten, but the doggy man reeled off the names without error, from Reuben down to Benjamin.

The clergyman looked surprised.

"Oh, I'm not great shakes on Scripture," said the man with the fox terrier, "but those are the names which some chap gave to a dozen puppies I'm willing to sell."

## Expert Pocket-Picking.

An old lady was accosted in a London street by a well-dressed and refined-looking stranger, who effusively claimed her as a friend. "I really don't believe you remember me!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, and the old lady, never doubting that her memory was at fault, confessed that she could not quite recall the name. "Ah, but I have changed it since you knew me," said her interlocutor, gayly, and after a few more lively speeches she passed on, leaving the old lady's purse while of the old lady's purse.

## A Multiplicity of Fathers.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting: "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died." Ardyce interrupted: "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head aside, and in a very surprised tone gravely asked: "Two of 'em"?—De lineator.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT

Good Digestion Follows Right Food.

Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as dropping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of Cause and Effect in their daily food. A. N. Y. young woman writes her experience thus:

"Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines seemed useless."

"A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food, praising it highly, and as a last resort I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts."

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.