

"Beauty" and "The Beast"

By DR. JOHN

(Copyright by Joseph B. Bowles.)

About a year and a half ago I invested in a detective camera, and although I made the purchase with many doubts as to the merits of these machines, I candidly confess to-day that it has served me well. I look at it almost with reverence, and has not won me fame, but it has made my fortune.

And this is how it came about: I was attending a social affair, late in the afternoon, and I was invited to go to a certain railroad journey to and from the city every day. My train down in the morning, coming from away up north, was often late, so I sometimes took my camera with me and amused myself while waiting by photographing an interesting victim on the depot platform. One week in particular, I had unusually good success, and I found when I came to develop my plates that I had three fine negatives, so after I had printed my proofs, I carried them triumphantly down to the parlor to show "the girls" as the two missuses, my sisters, were usually called.

One of my pictures was the likeness of a young lady. I think it was one of the prettiest faces I have ever seen; nor was I alone in my admiration; all agreed that she was charming, such beautiful features, and a sweet expression, such an intelligent face.

Picture No. 2 was the round chubby face of a little, vagrant urchin, who I occasionally saw around the depot. Picture No. 3 was all pronounced the homeliest girl I had ever seen. I photographed her for that very reason; because she looked so plainly, contentedly ugly, resigned to her fate. We named the pictures as follows: "The Beauty," "The Beast," and "The Ugly."

My sisters loved to tease, and it was long before I heard the last of those pictures; it was a long time before I felt the last of them. I could not get that picture out of my mind. I watched day after day on the train, eagerly hoping for another glimpse of it. But I was again and again disappointed. I who usually care so much for a stranger, whom I had never met? I was thoroughly provoked with myself yet was obstinately determined that I must and would see her again. To judge whether my likeness was true? But the boy "The Beast" would have done as well for that.

About that time a friend, Fred Barnes, came to spend a night with me, and of course I showed him my pictures. He merely glanced at that favorite face and threw it aside. I would have shaken him, but he was more interested in the homely one, and he said that he did not think she was ugly. We made all manner of fun of him.

"If you call that good-looking," I remarked, "I truly pity an ugly woman."

Well, the term of lectures came to an end, examinations and the crowing time, when I found myself a doctor of medicine. All these important events, so much to fill my head and hands, and yet they had not crowded out that old lagging memory. Every day I tried to get out that picture and gaze at it. I hate sentimental yolk, and I could have kicked myself every time I did it, and yet I kept right on, and I kept driving me; I was not to begin my regular professional work until autumn. It was arranged that I was to spend a week with my friend, Fred Barnes, and then join a party going to the mountains.

Late one afternoon I reached Fred's home. The family were assembled to greet me, his mother, and Great-Grandmother. I do not swear, but I never came so near it in my life as I did that night. "The Beauty," his sister, if the floor had opened I would have willing been swallowed up; if I could have dashed out of the house, but no, I must stay and face them all. I felt as if I had forfeited all right to my friend's hospitality by my outrageous talk, when he said, "Fred, I wildly wonder whether the mother and the girl herself knew the difference between the two. It is possible that even Fred had not recognized the difference. But no, the little camera had been too true for that, and there it stood out there in the hall, with my valves, truly a detective marking me as it rimmed.

Well, I lived through it; one could hardly help being and being happy in so charming a place as that home, no matter what his past misdemeanors might be. And since I had to live, and had to stay, all I could do was to be as pleasant as possible to all, as I could, and make myself as agreeable as possible. I did not see how things could be so kind to me, and I felt as if I had known them all my life, and I was truly sorry when the time came for us to start on our mountain trip. There were ten of us in the party, a gentleman and a lady, the lived next door, two of my college friends, Mrs. and Miss Barnes, Fred and myself.

Four of us had cameras, and we were expected to do great things in the picture line, especially so, as one of our friends was an artist. He did beautiful work with his pencil and brush, and was also almost a professional photographer, so we hoped to learn much from him both in regard to finding the picture in nature, and arranging our group, etc., and also about executing the work.

The young ladies had promised that they would be as good as I was to our landscapes, so although we anticipated having a profitable as well as a most enjoyable time.

I talked about her; but I knew, and that was enough. She had mentioned a friend who lived near my home, thus explaining what had brought her to our town, and in range of my camera.

When we reached our journey's end, the physician of the nearest village everything exceeded our expectations. The place was grand, and the prospect for the next two months delightful.

Nor were we disappointed; it proved a glorious summer, the happiest of my life, childhood days excepted, when I was unconsciously happy.

But we were not without our troubles. Two days after our arrival, Mrs. Barnes was taken seriously ill. The physician of the nearest village was away, so I was alone responsible. My first patient! The symptoms were at first alarming, and I was much worried. Miss Barnes proved an excellent nurse, and I am willing to give her more than half the glory of the cure. Perhaps the others did not know how anxious we were. It seemed to amuse them greatly that I made six or eight professional calls a day, and the better my patient grew the oftener I went, they said.

Fred scolded because I would not at first alarm, and I was much worried. He and my sister were usually called. One of my pictures was the likeness of a young lady. I think it was one of the prettiest faces I have ever seen; nor was I alone in my admiration; all agreed that she was charming, such beautiful features, and a sweet expression, such an intelligent face.

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MARY HARRIMAN SOON TO BE BRIDE



MISS MARY HARRIMAN.

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METHOD IN HIS SOLICITUDE

Willie's Deep Interest in Playmate's Health Explained.

This story is well in keeping with the spirit of the age, says the New York Tribune. A Bronx man tells it about his wife's boy. The neighborhood young hopeful was very ill, and Willie and the other youngsters in the block were asked to make any noise in the streets. The neighbor's boy rang one day and she opened it to find Willie standing beautifully on her front porch.

"How is he today?" he inquired in a shy whisper.

"He's better, thank you, dear, and a thoughtful child you are to come and ask."

Willie stood a moment on one foot and then burst forth again, "I'm awful sorry, but I must go."

The mother was profoundly touched. She could find no further words to say, but simply kissed him. Made still better by the earnest, Willie began to back down the steps, repeating at intervals all sorrow for his playmate and looking up at "Jimmy" as he went, "he asked, 'kin I have his drum?'"

FOR FISHLESS ENDS

The Efforts Being Made by the American Medical Association.

The Political activity of the American Medical Association has become so pronounced as to cause comment on the part of the lay public. The avowed purpose of the Doctors of the "Regular" or Allopathic school, of which the Association is chiefly composed, is to protect the practice of their art as it will not only prevent the sale of so-called "Patent" medicines, but to restrict the practice of medicine and the conduct of surgery as well.

The American Medical Association has a "Committee on Legislation," and the committee has corresponding bills in practically every State. Some 16,000 correspondents in all. This committee at the last session of the annual report of the Association held in June of this year expressed the hope that a larger number of physicians than heretofore will offer themselves for election to the Association.

A surveyor employed by the St. Louis, Hartsville & Pacific Railroad company, which purpose to build a line from Joplin, Mo., to Pond Creek, Okla., saw a remarkable sight through the clouds of his train instrument while running a survey on Sand Creek, 15 or 16 miles northeast of Pawhuska, in the Osage Indian reservation.

HOUSE CONTAINING SNOW TELESCOPE

This instrument, for studying the sun rather than the stars, is already presented by Miss Helen Snow, of Chicago, to the Yerkes observatory in Southern California.—New York Tribune.

The animal set off in pursuit of the marquis, who had started for his mansion to warn his family. He found the marionettes and his two daughters sitting in the open near the door. The bull was close behind him, and the marquis seized his wife and children and literally flung them through the door, which he slammed behind him. An instant later the bull's horns pierced the door, and the marquis seized a rifle and shot the bull from a window. Five bullets were needed to kill the infuriated animal.

House Eleven Hundred Years Old.

St. Albans possesses the oldest inhabited house in England. This old house is said to belong to the old Round House, now the Fighting Cocks inn, which first came into the hands of King Offa about the year 785, and is thus over 1,100 years old. A subterranean passage, now blocked up, runs from the basement of the Round House to the ruins of the monastery, a distance of about 200 yards. There is a shed at the end of the passage which is said to have been the abode of a monk, and Oliver Cromwell is supposed to have himself sleeping under its roof during the civil war.

Overpaid Austrian Official.

That no man is too small to be taken into account by the lynx-eyed Austrian officials is evident from a case reported from Bregenz. The tax collector there has just received a formal notice from the high court of justice at Innsbruck stating that in view of the amount of the accounts of the Bregenz tax collector for 1906 shows an overpayment of one heller (one-tenth of a penny) in the salary of one of the officials.

Nature's Gift Wasted.

A Scotchman who recently took the street car trip on the gorge route, the New York side of Niagara river, was asked to state their views on the views and "Teddy bears," who make the afternoon hideous and do their best to spoil nature's grandeur. A Scotchman stated that he looked, angrily at the shouting vendors and then at the whirlpool rapids. "What's the matter with you?" he asked, "the extra help has not let the overpaid official be a help to the overpaid official."

Character in a Hat.

A German professor claims a right to the character of a man by the angle at which he wears his hat. This would scarcely be possible in the case of a woman, the angle of whose headgear varies as the seasons, according to the mandate of her milliner. The professor's question does not let the women escape, for he reads their character by the angle of their hats. This idea is not a new one, and women may be judged by the position of their footgear.

Clear Maker—Here's a new cigar I've just been putting up and I haven't any name for it. Suggesting you suggest one.

Friend (after smoking it)—They're naming a good many after characters in the Bible. Why don't you call this "Mrs. Wiggs"?

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, that directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Hester F. Ames.

KING OF THE TURF

ECLIPSE CONSIDERED WORLD'S GREATEST RACE HORSE.



MAN-A-LIN Is An Excellent Remedy For Constipation

There are many ailments directly dependent upon constipation, such as biliousness, discolored and pimply skin, inactive liver, dyspepsia, overworked kidneys and headache. Remove constipation and all of these ailments disappear.

MAN-A-LIN can be relied upon to produce a gentle action of the bowels, making pills and drastic cathartics entirely unnecessary.

A dose or two of Man-a-Lin is advisable in slight bilious attacks, in gripe, colds and influenza.

THE MAN-A-LIN CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO, U. S. A.

Deaths from X-Rays.

The death of Dr. Weigel, a surgeon of Rochester, from a disease due to the constant use of the X-rays makes the fourth who has lost his life from this cause, says the Christian Advocate.

The others were an assistant of Thomas Edison, a Boston physician and a woman of San Francisco named Fleitchman. In the case of Dr. Weigel since 1904, when his right hand and all the thumb and a finger of the left hand were removed, there had been four operations in trying to save his life. The first removed a part of the right shoulder; then a part of the muscles covering the right breast.

Mystery completely envelops the cause of death, the disease being due to the constant use of the X-rays makes the fourth who has lost his life from this cause, says the Christian Advocate.

The Revised Psalm.

"The father's portion was superb."—And departing, leave behind you the old man inquired, "Footprints on the sands of—"

"But here the son rudely interrupted: "Footprints!" he sneered. "Who wants to leave footprints?"

"Then what would you leave my boy?" the old man inquired. "Tracks," said the youth, haughtily. "Tracks of my 90-hour power race, to be sure. Am I a dog or a working-man that I should leave no footprints?"

Bobbin Boy's Wages. John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, delivered recently an address at a meeting. Turning to the amusing features of the strike question, Mr. Lennon said: "I remember a strike of bobbin boys, a just strike, and one that succeeded. These boys conducted their fight well, even brilliantly. Thus the day they turned out they posted in the spinning room of each employer a little great placard inscribed with the words:

"The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the bobbin boys is worse."

It's a Good Time now

to see what a good "staying" breakfast can be made without high-priced Meat

A Little Fruit. A Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream. A Soft-Baked Egg. Some Nips, Crisp Toast, Cup of Piping Hot Coffee.

That's all, and all very easy of digestion. It's a full, firm with nourishment and strength. REPEAT FOR LUNCHEON OR SUPPER. and have a meat and vegetable dinner either at noon or evening, as you prefer. It is a good diet for you an increase in physical and mental power.

"There's a Reason." Read the "Little Health" story.—"The Best to Weigh" in page.