

# WITH the OCTOBER MAGAZINES

**Unquestioning.**  
Oh, what's the use of this and that?  
The querulous do cry.  
"Where have I come? Where am I at?"  
Or, "Wherefore? Whither? Why?"  
Pray put no problems such as this  
To me, for don't you see,  
The very fact that what it is  
Sufficient is for me.

I seek no explanations of  
Things I can't comprehend,  
I only know there's nothing Love  
Can't quite completely mend.  
—John Kendrick Bangs in *Alms* for October.

**Straight Talk to Stage-Struck Girls.**  
That gives the stage six thousand girls a year, says Paul Armstrong, in "Success Magazine." Of course they do not all get on, but they try.  
Eliminating at once those who aim at the musical comedy stage, we come to those who "want to act."  
As to preparation, study, voice, or physique, they seldom take thought. They are restless, idle, and vain, and they know because they once recited the "Wreck of the Hesperus" or "The Death of Little Jim," that they "have talent."  
Of course, some one has told them. Some idiot of a man or fool woman has breathed into their ears that poisonous gas, "Why don't you go on the stage?"  
And that has settled it. The girl begins to talk of it, dream of it, read about it, think it over, worry her folks until they—likely for self-protection—say, "Go!"  
And then we get her.

**Training Dogs as Murderers.**  
Police dogs have proved so successful on the continent in tracking criminals or overpowering them when caught that the thieving fraternity especially in France, are claimed to be retreating by training dogs to attack their victims, and especially policemen. At Toulouse, France, a band of thieves were recently caught who made a business of training mastiffs for such work. The attention of the police was called to the gang by the fact that a landowner had been found dead outside his ransacked house with his throat bitten through.—From October Popular Mechanics.

**The Disappearing Negro.**  
The negro is dying.  
Cloak the matter as he may, that is the fact which Judge Harris Dickson brings clearly before every reader of an article, of which this expert is the author, in the October number of Hampton's Magazine. He presents the opinions of physicians and he gathers together vital statistics until this conclusion is inevitable.  
"Forty years ago," writes Judge Dickson, "the negro was the healthiest man in America. Today he is the weakest, most predisposed to disease, the man with the least resistive

power. Heredity and the white man's regulations made him what he is in '05; heredity and the negro mode of life makes him what he is today.

"Before the war the great mass of negroes—as they are today—were agricultural laborers. Their masters prescribed hours of toil and rest, provided homes and overlooked their amusements. Irrespective of any humane motive, the master's selfish interest demanded the best possible care of his property.  
"The planters had received from Africa a horde of barbarians, who had no idea of hygiene, sanitation, or medicine. The planter took this stock and made a healthy race in a new land. His system was simple. He enforced the primary laws of health. Every plantation constituted a separate community. The will of the planter was the supreme law. He located his slave quarters on the healthiest spot of his plantation, laid them out in the form of a little village, with separate houses, yards, and gardens for each family. There was good water and good drainage. Space and air were cheap; every negro had plenty of both and the over-crowding of cabins was never permitted. When a family became too large for one cabin, another was assigned.

**The Slap-Stick.**  
For the benefit of the incredibly ingenious it may be explained that a slap-stick is an instrument made of three barrel staves and a flat handle. By means of stout nails or bolts the staves of the barrel staves are fastened to the handle. This brings their forward ends into juxtaposition, but makes them miss actual contact by the space of from three-quarters to seven-eighths of an inch. It now becomes apparent that if the complicated slap-stick be grasped by the handle and brought down smartly upon some solid or semi-solid object, the two staves will come together with a sharp click. In the hands of a skilful virtuoso this click takes on a thousand varieties and meanings. In its primary form it may mean only "Tax, You're It!" but when keyed up, by superhuman exertions, to thunderous violence, it may signify anything you please, from a simple knockout to utter annihilation.  
Unless you have seen a true artist wield the slap-stick you have never fathomed the ultimate depths of comedy. Going further, it may be said with assurance that you have never really laughed. Behold the assistant comedian in the center of the stage, provoking the willing snicker with his stale wizzes. Suddenly, from the third groove, the chief comedian emerges, sneaking softly and with slap-stick in hand. Snorts of anticipation are shot through the snickers. The assistant comedian keeps on; the chief comedian sneaks closer. Then, while the whole house holds breath, the slap-stick rises in air and begins

to describe its exquisite parabola. Half second of dead silence and—Bang! Bang!  
"Har! Har! Har!" You laugh once more the cosmic laugh of a scoundrel. You lean back in your chair, throw back your head and howl. The tears run down your cheeks, and your merriment aches with the violence of your merriment. All around you sound the deep booming of a thousand whole-souled guffaws. The fat man across the aisle has fallen out of his seat. The newsboy up in the gallery raises the roof with his sarill cackle. The Bohemian for October.

**The Work of One River.**  
The hardest working river, the one most thoroughly harnessed to the wheels of labor in the United States probably in the world, is the Blackstone. It is not a large river, either. Its drainage area is only about 4,000 square miles and in its power-producing section it is only forty miles long; a very Tom Thumb of a river as rivers go in America. Yet this doughty little stream produces 23,000 horsepower, fifty for every square mile of its drainage area. If you will figure out this amount of horsepower in terms of coal you will find that the busy little stream represents a capitalization of about \$25,000,000. This is twice the developed horsepower of any other important river.  
Almost a hundred mills, catching with their whirling turbines its water almost from the very source in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, line its banks and grow in size and importance till in Woonsocket and Pawtucket, Rhode Island, you have some of the largest of their kind in the country.—From "America's Hardest Working River," in October Technical World Magazine.

**The Eternal Quest of the Editor.**  
In the October number of the American Magazine the editor tells about his plans for enlarging his periodical. In the course of his announcement he says something which all editors and more readers will appreciate as interesting and true. Here it is:  
"It is the eternal quest—this editorial work. It is our business to understand something of the world's doings, to get as near the bottom facts of events as possible, to delve into the doings of men—and to present the results fairly and always ready. We search the world for material—subjects, articles, pictures, writers. We follow many blind clues. We gather facts and material for many articles that we may print one; we read many books and printed pieces of fiction, and scores of manuscripts. We may appraise writers and get one acceptable short story. There is in it the zest of the hunt, as a great publisher said to me recently. There are failures, heart-breaking disappointments—when the other fellow succeeds in getting what we have failed to capture. Yet we trust we can play the game and heartily applaud the winner, for we are proud of our contemporaries.  
"It is the most interesting job in the world—that of editing."

**The Small-Bore Gun the Thing.**  
The little guns have been ready and waiting for their tuning this half dozen years, but they have been kept out by the manufacturers and jobbers who really heavily stocked up with large weapons and not yet ready for the change. Now they have yielded to the demand and the small-bore is to become a fad. Very soon we can expect to hear that a 16 or 20 will do all the work of a 12 and do it cleaner and better.  
However, there is a good deal of warrant in reason and common sense for the appearance of ligater and narrower gauge guns for upland shooting. Game laws are steadily restricting the number of birds that are allowed to you in a day or a season, and it is not to be disputed that there is more pleasure in cutting down a dozen quail with a close shooting 20 gauge than with a 12 or a 10. It is a more sportsmanlike weapon, too, and sportsmanship is rightly receiving its chance these days.  
Long ago the narrower gauges should have appealed to people for shooting such game as quail, grouse, woodcock and snipe, in fact, any bird of the uplands. The only danger to guard against is that of crediting the little piece with qualities which it does not possess. It should always be remembered that the larger the gauge of a shotgun the greater its range and power. This not only because the big gauges will drive a heavier load of shot, but they will handle large shot to better advantage.—From "Rifles and Shotguns of Today," by Charles Askings, in the October Outing.

**Why We Fall in Love With Actresses.**  
"Why are there so few old maids on the stage?"  
"Because the stage doesn't want them."  
"It is the trite but true saying," said the actress, "that the stage is the greatest matrimonial bureau in the world." The number of proposals of marriage that the speaker has received during her brilliant theatrical career has been limited, as she once confidentially expressed it to one of her women friends, only by the number of names on her calling list.  
"If I may be permitted to ask an equally worn out question," put in the novelist, "tell me just what there is about stage women that makes men, so many men, fall in love with them."  
"Well, then," the lady began, "the biggest factor of all, I believe, is the unanalyzed, oft repeated element of glamour—the glamour that two years ago caused the eldest son of a noble British house to marry a musical comedy actress who, before her entrance into Broadway shows, had been scrubbing floors in a house near Madison square.  
"This glamour," she continued, "is in reality almost nothing. It exists to a great extent only in the mind of the man. His day's work is finished. He has put on evening clothes, finished a good dinner, swallowed a tingling cordial and feels great. He goes to the theatre in what a hypnotist might term a submissive state. He expects the glamour and he gets it. He sees the actress looking her very best—as best as artful make-up and

attractive costumes can make her. He hears her applauded by men in the same mood as he is—a fact that he does not stop to ponder over. He hears a fellow man say to a friend, 'She's a beauty.' He hears another say the same thing to his friend. And he begins to believe it.  
"The man sees the actress during just the two and one-half hours of the day when she is at her best—and then at a distance; and distance certainly lends enchantment to an actress."  
"Distance—and the photographer" means less nutrition and in consequence less vitality. When the liver fails to secrete bile, the blood becomes loaded with bilious properties, the digestion becomes impaired and the bowels constipated. Herbine will rectify this; it gives tone to the stomach, liver and kidneys, strengthens the appetite, clears and improves the complexion, infuses new life and vigor to the whole system. 50 cents a bottle.  
Sold by W. A. D'Alemberte, druggist and apothecary, 121 S. Palafox St.

**Double Shift.**  
A practical joker recently made his first trip to Niagara Falls, and a guide that he hired was trying to impress him with their magnitude, says the New York American.  
"Grand!" suggested the guide.  
The visitor did not seem impressed.  
"Millions of gallons a minute," explained the guide.  
"How many in a day?" asked the tourist.  
"Oh, billions and billions," said the guide.  
The other looked across and down and up as if gauging the flow, and then turned away disinterestedly.  
"Runs all night, too, I suppose," he remarked nonchalantly.  
The guide never recovered.  
The Customer's Present.  
A customer who bought in a small way from the wholesalers and whose credit was not of the sort known as gilt-edged, visited the city and purchased a \$2,800 bill of goods, paying \$2,500 in cash and giving his note for the remaining \$300.  
After the transaction had been closed and the paper and currency had changed hands, the customer said:  
"Now, after a deal of that size it is customary to give the purchaser a present. Come across with it."  
"We'll throw in a pair of suspenders," laughed the salesman, temporizingly.  
"A pair of suspenders, eh! Say, quit fooling. I really mean it. I expect

you to do something in acknowledgment of my patronage."  
The salesman went to the manager with the problem and the manager said:  
"Well, if he feels that way about it we might encourage him a bit. We'll do something that ought to please him greatly. Give him back his \$300 note. Make him a present of his paper. That will make him a pleased customer, raise his credit and save him money besides."  
The salesman went back, pleased to be the bearer of such joyful tidings of liberality in business.  
"Well, sir," he said, "we've arranged about that present, all right. Here, with a flourish, 'is your note. We give it back to you."  
The customer did not seem enthusiastic. Instead, without looking at the note, he asked:  
"Is it endorsed?"  
"No," said the salesman in astonishment.  
"Then I guess you better gimme the suspenders," said the disappointed customer.  
"I'd Rather Die, Doctor," than have my feet cut off," said J. M. L. Bingham, of Princeville, Ill. "But you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away eight toes) if you don't," said all doctors. Instead he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. Its cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, Bolls, Burns and Piles astounded the world. 25c. at all druggists.

**Imperfect Digestion**  
means less nutrition and in consequence less vitality. When the liver fails to secrete bile, the blood becomes loaded with bilious properties, the digestion becomes impaired and the bowels constipated. Herbine will rectify this; it gives tone to the stomach, liver and kidneys, strengthens the appetite, clears and improves the complexion, infuses new life and vigor to the whole system. 50 cents a bottle.  
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# HOW HE CURED AN OLD SORE

I want to recommend S. S. S. to all who are in need of a blood purifier, and especially as a remedy for sores and obstinate ulcers. In 1877 my blood was very impure and I accidentally cut my leg on the sharp edge of a barrel. This, I suppose, made an opening for the discharge of the impurities in the circulation, and a great sore formed. For years no one knows what I suffered with the place, I tried, it seemed to me nearly everything I had ever heard of, but got no relief. The Doctors said I would have to have the leg amputated or else go through life with an angry, discharging sore that would injure my general health. At last I commenced to take S. S. S., and it was but a short time until I saw the place was improving. Greatly encouraged I continued the use of S. S. S. until it removed all the poison from my blood and made a complete cure of the sore. This was five years ago and my leg has remained healed and perfectly sound ever since.  
JOHN ELLIS.  
108 Wyckoff St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What S.S.S. did for Mr. Ellis it can do for everyone who is afflicted with an old sore or ulcer. He is just one of the thousands who have cured themselves of these offensive places through the simple process of purifying the blood, and removing the cause of an old sore with this great blood remedy.

No matter on what part of the body a chronic sore may be located, it is kept open by bad blood. The flesh tissues at the place have been broken down and the nerves irritated because the blood constantly discharges germs and impure matters at that spot. Thus a diseased and infected condition is maintained and all efforts of nature to heal the place fail because pure blood is the most necessary thing in the healing of any sore, especially those of a chronic nature.  
The impurities in the blood which produce chronic sores, come from different causes. A long spell of debilitating sickness which breeds disease germs in the system, the retention of the natural waste matters of the body because of a sluggish condition of the eliminative members, or even inherited bad blood will produce the infected condition of the circulation that keeps sores and ulcers open. But it does not matter what the cause may be there can be no cure until the blood is purified.

One of the strongest evidences of the deep-seated nature of these places is the fact that local treatment, such as salves, washes, plasters, etc., never have any permanent effect. Such treatment only aids in cleansing the outward impurities of the ulcer while the blood continues in its impure state. Nor will removing the place and surrounding flesh by surgical operation produce a cure. The blood cannot be cut away, the old cause is still there, and in every instance the sore will return or break out in a new location.

S. S. S. cures Old Sores by purifying the blood. It removes every impurity and taint from the circulation, and completely does away with the cause. When S. S. S. has cleansed the blood the sore begins to heal, and it is not a surface cure, but the healing process begins at the bottom; soon the pain and inflammation are gone, the discharge ceases, and the place fills in with firm, healthy flesh. S. S. S. is purely vegetable, made entirely from roots, herbs and barks of specific blood-purifying properties, and it is an absolutely safe remedy for any one to take. Under the purifying and tonic effects of S. S. S. the system is built up, and those whose health has been impaired because of the drain and worry of an old sore will be doubly benefited by its use. S. S. S. cures old sores by PURIFYING THE BLOOD and removing the cause. Book on Sores and Ulcers and any medical advice you may wish free to all who write.

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## Newbro's Herpicide

### THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERY KILLS THE DANDRUFF GERM

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A SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT.  
The world pays tribute to originality. Everyone wants the original. No matter what you are buying, one always seeks the original article, the real thing, the one that's genuine.  
Newbro's Herpicide is the original remedy that kills the dandruff germ. The announcement by Prof. Unna and Sabouraud of the discovery of the dandruff germ presented a problem and that problem was "how to kill the germ." Herpicide solved it. Herpicide was the first, the real genuine germ destroyer.

**COOLS THE SCALP**  
A Doctor's Endorsement.  
"My scalp was in places covered by patches of dry, scaly material and itching was incessant. Since using Herpicide all these places have disappeared, my hair is soft, smooth and growing. Hair has grown on spots before but didn't cover."  
T. A. MOORE, M. D., Duncan, Ark.  
Stops Falling Hair, Causes a New Growth.  
"I find that the use of Newbro's Herpicide stops falling hair and causes a new growth. I shall certainly continue it."  
MRS. JAMES STEVENSON, 5 Delano St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

**STOPS ITCHING**  
The Opinion of a Prominent Attorney.  
"I have been using Newbro's Herpicide for a number of years. At first I used it for dandruff, but since my troubles from that source have ceased I have continued for the pleasing effect it has upon the head. The use of Herpicide means a clean scalp, a good head of hair and a cool collar free from the appearance of grease. It is a luxurious habit hard to break off when you have once become accustomed to it."  
GEO. G. BINGHAM, ATTY.  
116 S. Commercial St., Salem, Ore.

Send 10c in stamps for sample and booklet on "The Hair and Its Care" to The Herpicide Co., Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.  
One Dollar Bottles are Guaranteed. For Sale at Drug Stores. Applications at Good Barber Shops. See Window Display at  
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end of the car.  
"I have the privilege of being a minister of the gospel, sir," he said.  
"Can I be of any service to you?"  
"Yes," said the large passenger. "A fellow back in the dining car has bet me \$5 that it wasn't Lot's wife who got Joseph into trouble, and I thought you might have a Bible with you, so I could prove he was wrong and get the money."  
Easy.  
A traveling man temporarily sojourning in one of the interior mountain counties of a Southern state at a time when the feud was in its flower, and noticing the great number of loiterers around the combined village store and postoffice, observed to the merchant, according to Harper's Magazine.  
"You take life pretty easy around here don't you?"  
"Well, yes," was the reply. "About one fair shot usually does the business."

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