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And now, my dear reading audience, if I have succeeded in making you believe that a theatrical manager, after all, is a buman being like yourself, that his life is not entirely a bed of roses, Perfectos, and yellowbacks, that he too has his woes, that his

# SUPREME COURT IN LIGHTER VEIN

### BY EDWARD RIDDLE PADGETT

THERE is a room in the Capitol at Wash-ington, just off the main corridor and nearly opposite the Supreme Court chamber, in which the members of that august body on which the members of that august body meet for luncheon daily at one o'clock when the court is in session. The shutters of the meet for luncheon daily at one o'clock when the court is in session. The shutters of the window leading out on the balcony are drawn. The table is spread. The highest judiciaries of the land are boys again, if rumor has it right, sans gown, sans responsibility, and sans dignity. If the walls have ears and could talk, it is said, many a "screamer" would be repeated just as it came straight from the lips of these astute Judges of the highest tribunal.

Occasionally, however, a choice wittieism leaks out through the sacred portals. Generally it is at the expense of one of the members; for they enjoy that sort especially. The late Chief Justice Fuller was accorded the honor of being the best storyteller, while the late Justice Brewer was considered the wittiest of the nine. The late Justice Harlan, it seems, was inclined to monopolize the con-

wittest of the nine. The late Justice Harlan, it seems, was inclined to monopolize the conversation with lengthy narratives of long drives on the Chevy Chase Golf Club course and sensational putts from the edge of the green. To him is attributed the classic effusion, "Golf is the most blasphemous game ever invented."

effusion, "Golf is the most blasphemous game ever invented."

Not long ago Justice Harlan was playing on the Chevy Chase links with a friend. In driving from one of the tees the ball hit a cow in the mouth. As a rule, cows are not allowed the liberty of the golf course; but on this occasion the cow must have been there, for Justice Harlan said that the only conclusion left him, when the ball failed to reappear, was that the cow had swallowed it along with a yawn.

along with a yawn.
The friend attempted to make the animal The friend attempted to make the animal disgorge the sphere by pounding it on the back. Bossy gazed on in mild surprise at this unusual procedure for a time, and then whisked her tail and took to her heels straight for the next hole. More than that, she considerately dropped the hall on the green only a few feet from it.

Judge Harlan's opponent waited for him to come up, and then calmly holed his hall. The Justice followed suit.

"How many strokes, Judge?" inquired his friend.

friend.
Eight," replied the Justice modestly.
Well," said the friend with a smile.

made it in two. de it in two.

I beg your pardon," objected the Judge, at you mean thirty-two, don't you?

How do you make that?" parried the

I counted one for every whack you gave

e cow." was the reply.

And the decision of the Supreme Court

THE late Chief Justice Waite, a man of extreme dignity, started for Baltimore one afternoon many years ago from the old Baltimore & Obio station. He discovered, to his horror, that he had only a few pennies in his pockets. His train was due to depart in a few minutes, and his engagement was an important one. He looked round for a friend; but found none. So he filed boldly up in line to the ticket office. When he reached the window, he smiled pleasantly at the agent and asked him if he recognized him.

entrance of a saloon across the street he accested the proprietor, a short haired, freekled faced Irishman, with the frantic inquiry:
"Do you know me?"
"Sure I do, yer Honor," said the man behind the bar. "Ye are wan of the bosses of the Supreme Coort. I see ye ivery day only by here on the cars."

of the Supreme Coort. I see ye ivery day goin' by here on the cars."

"Will you cash a check for me? Quick! I have no time to explain!" And the excited Justice grabbed a pen from the desk nearby and began to write like mad.

"Sure I will, "agreed the Dishman promptly. "I have seen ould b'ys off on a tear before git out of money. Trust me, Sor, I'll say nothin'. Is it a twinty ye want? Here ye are. Will ye have a dbrink before ye go?"

But the Chief Justice was on his way across the street, and he just managed to catch his train.

ON a cold October night in 1882 a tall, elderly man with white side whiskers and almost ministerial dignity hurried noise-lessly up to the desk of the Arlington Hotel. He seemed to be laboring under intense emotion. He caught his breath and asked hoarsely:

Have you heard the score of the Yale-

"Yes, Sir," replied the clerk, "Yale, 6;

Harvard, 0."

The old man's face became wreathed in smiles. He fairly hugged himself with delight. "Just as I predicted!" he chuckled. "Won't I rub it in on Shorty Gray, though?"

And he danced out of the lobby like a two-year-old.

He was the late Justice Shiras, and Shorty Gray was his colleague, who had insisted that Harvard would win.

JUSTICE HARLAN and Chief Justice Fuller were riding home one evening on the back platform of a car, preferring that to a seat in order to smoke. The door of the car was open, and at intervals smoke from their cigars drifted in. Noticing this, the conductor informed them that smoking prohibited.

"But," objected Justice Harlan," the wind carries the smoke to the south and we are

carries the smoke to the south and we are traceling north."

"That's all right, Mister; but them's my orders, insisted the knight of the bellrope. During the conversation Justice Fuller had stepped down on the car step and hidden bioself behind the mammoth physique of his argumentative friend. He was enjoying his cigar to the fullest extent.

"Orders are orders, I know," continued Instice Harlan, determined to convince the conductor by logic of the fully of blind obedience; "but there are cases where a law conceive at one time may at another be veid. Allow me to cite a certain case in our common law statute book."

"I takes my orders from the Supe, and I don't care about no law!" persisted the conductor stubbourdy.

The car had turned into 15th-st, by this time.

time.

The little Chief Justice was just lighting his second eigar, entirely disinterested in the plea of his learned colleague.

"Now just listen to the logic of what I am saying," continued Justice Harlan, thoroughly warned up to the subject, the more so because his eigar was out and he saw no chance of relighting it. "A wind moving in a southerly direction samet possibly carry smoke north, can it?"

To all of which the barassed and puzzled conductor tried to turn a deal ear. He

at the agent and asked him it he recognized him.

"Naw, I don't!" snarled that amiable official. "What do you want?"

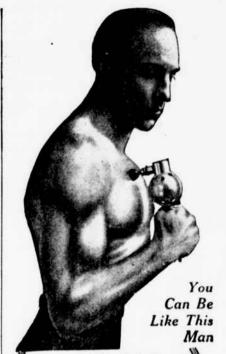
"I want a ticket to Baltimore and resturn," replied the Justice. "I am Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I have no money with me. I must have forgetten my purse. I can give you my personal cheek—"

"Oh, you can, can you?" interrupted the agent wrathfully. "You mean—you can't! That game don't go with me. I just had two members of the Cabinet try to work me for tickets, and the Supreme Court gag don't go half as good! Brush by! There's others behind you with the price!"

Justice Waite was dumbfounded. He couldn't fine the young man for contempt of court; so he just glared at him and blushed and perspired.

He dashed out of the station in hope of meeting someone who could identify him.

He had only a minute or two left. At the



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