

# PALE PEOPLE

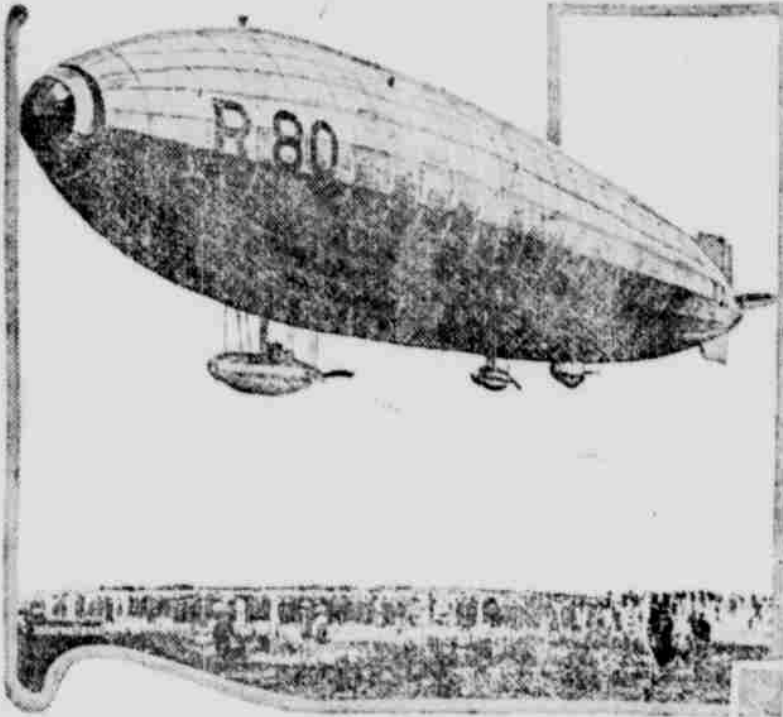
Ziron is a tonic medicine for pale, weak, nervous people. Its success in the treatment of conditions of simple anemia and general debility has been shown in thousands of cases of men, women and children. Ziron contains no dangerous, habit-forming drugs. It is a safe, mild tonic, compounded in accordance with modern medical science, by chemists of high pharmaceutical skill.

# ZIRON

## The Scientific Iron Tonic

Many men and women, grateful for the benefits they have obtained, write about Ziron, hoping their experiences may be helpful to others. "I was very nervous; had bad headaches, loss of appetite and could not sleep well at night," writes Mrs. Laura F. Smith, of Route 1, Springfield, Tenn. "My husband bought a bottle of Ziron, and I began taking it and began to pick up. I think it is a very good tonic for run-down people. My little boy was thin, and looked very pale and delicate. I gave him Ziron, and he mended up and is looking fine." Sold by druggists on a Money-Back Guarantee. ZJ. 4

## Latest of British Dirigibles



Photograph of the R-80, latest British dirigible, in her maiden flight at Harrow. She is of the same type as the R-34 which crossed the Atlantic, but larger.

## FOREIGNERS SENDING VAST RELIEF HOME

### Over 90 Per Cent of Food Drafts Sent to Europe Gifts From Immigrant Population.

Out of their earnings, for the most part as unskilled laborers, living from hand to mouth, the foreign-born element in the United States is contributing largely to the funds for food supplies to aid the starving peoples of their native lands.

Figures from the Food Draft section of the American Relief Administration show that \$563,110 had been sent to Poland, up to the end of November. \$158,170 had been sent to Czechoslovakia, Hungary had received \$382,700, Germany had \$1,443,619 and Austria \$2,043,720. It was estimated that more than 90 per cent of this money had been spent by nationals of these various countries who are now in the United States. There are about 1,500,000 Poles, 800,000 Hungarians, 500,000 Czechs and 600,000 Slovaks in this country.

The profits which resulted from the sale of these food drafts have been turned into the fund for general child feeding. It is to bring this fund up to the point where it can meet the demands on it, to save the lives of 3,500,000 children that the European Relief Council has been formed by eight great relief organizations.

### Camera Tells Tar's Quality.

A tar camera for colorimetric tar deterioration in producer gas and other operations, is being manufactured by the Steere Engineering company, Detroit, gas engineer and builder. The operation is based on a rough relation between the shade of tar stain and its weight. The stain is made by passing a certain amount of gas through a piece of special white paper which may then be compared with a standard stain chart for estimating the tar content.

### The Exception.

"The trouble with biographers is that they usually emphasize a great man's good points and ignore his bad ones."

"But not invariably."

"I've just been reading an interesting work entitled 'Forty Famous Criminals.' — Birmingham Age-Herald.

Less suspicion and more co-operation will insure advancement for all of us.

## NECESSARY TO KEEP BOOKS

### Without Accurate Accounts No Form of Business Can Be Successfully Carried On.

Accountancy, which is the science of systematizing business, has a history that runs back at least 4,000 years. Very early in the development of nations it was found that in commerce as well as in the affairs of state, systematic and careful account-keeping were indispensable. These systems were, at first, crude and laborious, but they at least kept the finances of the nation and the marts of trade from being chaotic.

The invention of double entry book-keeping early in the fifteenth century by the merchants and bankers of Venice gave to the commerce of Europe an invaluable trade instrument, and one without which the great commercial enterprises of the later centuries could hardly have existed.

And so it has been on down to the present time; there has been a parallel progress between the accomplishments of commerce and the science of accounting, and it is known to every man in business that the former could not continue without the latter. Even the most unbusinesslike people know this much, and we can hardly imagine anyone silly enough to attempt to carry on any kind of a business enterprise without keeping books.

Bookkeeping, as a formal subject of study, is taught in most of the public and private schools of this country, but it is only that form of bookkeeping that applies to the affairs of the merchant or the shopkeeper. The public has yet to learn that bookkeeping is quite as necessary to the prosperity of the wageworker, the salaried man, the farmer and the housekeeper as it is to the shopkeeper, the merchant or the manufacturer.—Exchange.

## FLOWERS' HOURS OF SLEEP

### That They Differ Is a Proof of the Adaptability of Everything in Nature.

That flowers sleep is evident to the most casual observer. The beautiful daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset, whence its name "day's eye." The morning glory opens its flower with the day. The "four o'clock" awakes at four o'clock in the morning, but closes its eyes in the middle of the day, and the dandelion is in full bloom only while there is strong light. The habit of some flowers is certainly curious, and furnishes one of the many instances which prove the singular adaptability of everything in nature. The reason is found in the method by which this class of flowers is fertilized.

Flowers which are fertilized by night flying insects derive no advantage from being open by day; and, on the other hand, those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. Nay, it would be a disadvantage, because it would render them liable to be robbed of their honey and pollen by insects which are incapable of fertilizing them. It is possible, then, that the closing of flowers may have reference to the habit of insects, and it may be observed, also, in support of this, that wind-fertilized flowers never sleep.

### Blind Horses.

The manner in which blind horses get about without coming to more harm than they do is remarkable. They rarely, if ever, hit their heads against a fence or stone wall, and will sheer off when they come near one. It appears from careful observation that it is neither shade nor shelter which warns them of the danger. On an absolutely sunless and windless day their behavior is the same. Their olfactory nerves doubtless become very sensitive, for they will poke their heads downward in search of water fifty yards before they come to a stream crossing the roadway.

It cannot be an abnormally developed sense of hearing which leads them to do this, for they will act alike though the water be a stagnant pool. Men who have been blind for any great length of time develop somewhat similar instincts to blind horses.

### "Catch the Dog!"

"Mrs. Howe was always thoughtful of animals. During the reign at 241 Beacon street of the little fox terrier Patch, it often fell to her lot to take him out to walk, and she felt this to be a grave responsibility.

"One day Patch ran away on Beacon street, and would not come when she called him. At this instant Doctor Holmes, passing, paused for a friendly greeting.

"Mrs. Howe," he said, "I trust this fine morning—"

"Catch the dog!" cried Mrs. Howe. One author flew one way, one the other; between them Patch was caught and brought in triumph home.—From the Life of Julia Ward Howe, by her daughters.

### Women and Mice.

It is contended that woman's fear of mice arises from their being classed as vermin. The fact that rats carry disease and plague is not disputed. Mice may not be quite so dangerous. Their bites and scratches are trifling. But they carry disease and dirt, and a baby sleeping in a cradle, for instance, may suffer in consequence. Mothers have for ages been affected by this dread, and in seeking to protect their offspring from contact with mice have unconsciously, we are told, bred that feeling of nervousness which has provided the comic artist with his periodical picture.

## When Sham Became Real

By ROY BAKER

"You've got to be a success professionally, my boy, before you can marry my girl. It's all right about your having plenty of money in your own name, but three square meals a day isn't everything I ask of my son-in-law."

"But, Mr. Jenkins, it's only two months since I got my license to practice and I have a few patients already. Besides, I just know I'm going to make good. I love the work and graduated at the head of my class, and down in the slums I've had quite a success." Kingston ended earnestly.

"All the same, I've said my say. There's no such great hurry about your marrying my girl—Claire isn't twenty-one yet, you know."

"I guess that's final?" the young man said as he rose to go.

"I'm afraid so, Kingston; nevertheless, I'll be glad to welcome you into the family when you're a little further along."

With a heavy heart the doctor left Jenkins' office and turned his car toward his home, for he knew Claire would be there anxiously waiting for him, as they had planned this interview with the father as a last resort. Kingston thought with bitterness what a failure it had been and how little hope he had to give.

"Never mind, Frank," she consoled, after she had heard the word, "we'll do something to bring dad around somehow."

"But what?" the man asked desperately. "I've done my level best and I can't think of another thing to try."

"Let me do some thinking," said Claire, puckering her pretty white forehead with the effort. "Dad told me the other day he was going to drop in on you from time to time. If we could only get a good showing of patients for that psychological moment!"

"Yes, if," he answered listlessly, "but how?"

"I don't know. Let me see, I feel as if I had an idea coming."

"If that's the case, honey, I'd better get out and give you a chance to concentrate."

"All right and I'll ring you if anything occurs to me."

As Doctor Kingston reached his office he heard the telephone ringing and his heart leaped with joy at the prospect of a professional call. He took up the receiver and said "Hello!" in his most business-like tone. It was Claire.

"Frank, I've got an idea. Do come over and let me tell you about it."

"Be there in a jiffy," he said as he hung up the receiver and dashed for the door, and a few minutes later he had reached the Jenkins home.

"Tell me, Claire, quick for goodness' sake!"

"Sit down, dear," she said, enjoying the moment. "You're too excited."

"All right. Now shoot."

"Well, from what I learned in psychology human beings are monkeys, sheep; in a word, imitators."

"Yes, yes, but what's that got to do with it?"

"Wait a minute, now. To go on, you were awfully popular in your class. Now, if you had a lot of patients you'd have a lot more, because people are like sheep and they always flock to a popular doctor."

"But how to get them," he groaned.

"In the next place, you were popular at school and your college mates would do anything on earth for you."

"Sure! Do put the puzzle together now."

"Very well. Suppose you went out to the school, took your best friends into your confidence, told them how determined dad is and then made a speech something like this—" Claire rose and addressed an imaginary audience:

"Friends, knowing the situation, it is obvious to you that I must have my reception room filled with patients, sham, bogus or real, so that dad-in-law-to-be will be impressed. Now, if there are any students here who would like to drop into my office while up town they will be conferring a great favor and in return will receive 50 cents for all young men, all men over forty \$1, and all women students 75 cents an hour."

Claire sat down, breathless and red-cheeked.

"I wonder," he exclaimed, rubbing his chin. "You know, I believe that might work, and the more I think of it the better it sounds."

"Do let's try it, anyway, Frank," she begged.

"I'd try anything on earth, honey. And lots of those students' would be blessed glad to make the money. I know. I'll start the ball rolling tonight."

Two weeks later Mr. Jenkins decided he'd drop in on his prospective son-in-law and see how things were getting along. As he glanced quickly around the reception room he was surprised to see six men and one woman sitting around anxiously awaiting their turn. A moment later Doctor Kingston opened the door of the inner office and ushered a patient out.

"Next!" he said in his most professional tones; then his eye caught sight of Mr. Jenkins, apparently for the first time.

"Well, how are you, Mr. Jenkins?" he stilled going over to greet him. "I'll be able to see you in just a min-

ute," and he backed into the consulting room and closed the door on another "patient."

A few minutes later the two reappeared, the patient carefully folding prescription blank on which was written: "This entitles A. S. Stillman 50 cents."

"I'm sure that'll help you," said doctor patting him on the back.

"I'm sure it will, too," replied patient earnestly.

Some weeks later Kingston's plan rang and upon taking down the receiver he recognized Jenkins' voice.

"Come up to the office this afternoon," it said. "I want to speak to you."

"All right, sir, but I'm afraid I'll be pretty late before I can get off."

"I'll wait for you," and Kingston heard the receiver go up at the other end.

At about six o'clock he walked into Jenkins' office.

"I've decided you can have her now, if she's willing," said the elder man.

"Thank you, sir," replied Kingston, gratefully. "I'll try to persuade her."

"I'll have to tell you, young man, that I'm more than pleased with the way your practice has grown. I've dropped in several times for a second when you were in the inner office and found your reception room always full."

"It was Claire who inspired me," said Kingston, naively.

"That evening Claire said in rapture, 'I just knew it would work, Frank, dear.'"

"But the fact is, my practice is actually growing very fast," he answered. "And I'm really curing them. One old lady told me this afternoon she felt better than she had in years."

"And here's a young lady who can tell you the same thing," laughed Claire, as she crept a little closer into his arms.

## HERMIT'S LIFE TOO SEVERE

### Wealthy Englishman Unable to Find Man Who Would for Long Maintain Required Pose.

The grounds of Pain's hill, near Cobham, Surrey, were considered a marvelous achievement of landscape gardening when first laid out during the ownership of the ninth duke of Hamilton. The head gardener, who was given a free hand, produced a bewildering variety of supposed amenities—groves, cascades, chapels, temples, and even a hermitage.

When the job was finished the noble owner of Pain's hill advertised for a hermit willing to live there seven years. It was stipulated that he should wear a camel robe, never cut his beard or nails, and never stray beyond the limits of the grounds. He was to sleep and eat in the hermitage, a mat serving as his bed, and food (washed down solely with water) being sent him from the house. He was strictly forbidden to exchange a syllable with any servant or to speak to anyone who visited the hermitage. If he lived there the full term of seven years under these restrictions he was to receive 700 guineas (\$3,500), but he was liable to instant dismissal without any payment if found departing from the regime laid down for hermits.

The advertisement attracted several applicants, one of whom was selected; but he fled at the end of three weeks and henceforth the hermitage was untenanted.

### Interest in Japan.

Among the numerous things which show the interest that has developed in regard to the true possibilities of Japan is the enormous increase in the number of letters of inquiry received by the American consulates in Japan. Where the letters received by the American consulate general at Yokohama formerly numbered hundreds, they now number several thousand a year.

From all parts of the world these letters come—from Alaska, from Africa, from the most remote hidden-away towns in the States, and from the cosmopolitan centers of the world. They contain queries on all sorts of subjects. Besides the trade letters touching on Japanese exports, hosts of them are inquiries about missing relatives, requests for postage stamps, information about positions in the far East, nondelivery of goods bought in Japan, highway transportation and innumerable other subjects.—East and West News.

### Fish Are Perfect Brutes.

Twenty-two alligator gar, or garpike, big fish which the aquarium has long desired but never had, reached that place in good shape after a troublesome voyage from Louisiana on the steamer J. R. Gordon.

Alligator gar are vicious. In Louisiana they are called fresh water shark and treated with the respect due to man-eaters. There are tales of them having bitten men. They grow to be as long as fourteen feet.

James Legg, a messenger from the aquarium, who brought them up, said he had a hard time getting them and keeping them. First the natives about Lake Charles, where they lived, were afraid of them, and it was difficult to get assistants. Then the steamer ran into rough weather on the way up and the fish, in canvas-lined boxes, were occasionally washed out on deck by the vessel's rolling. They had to be recaptured several times.

### Imagination Necessary.

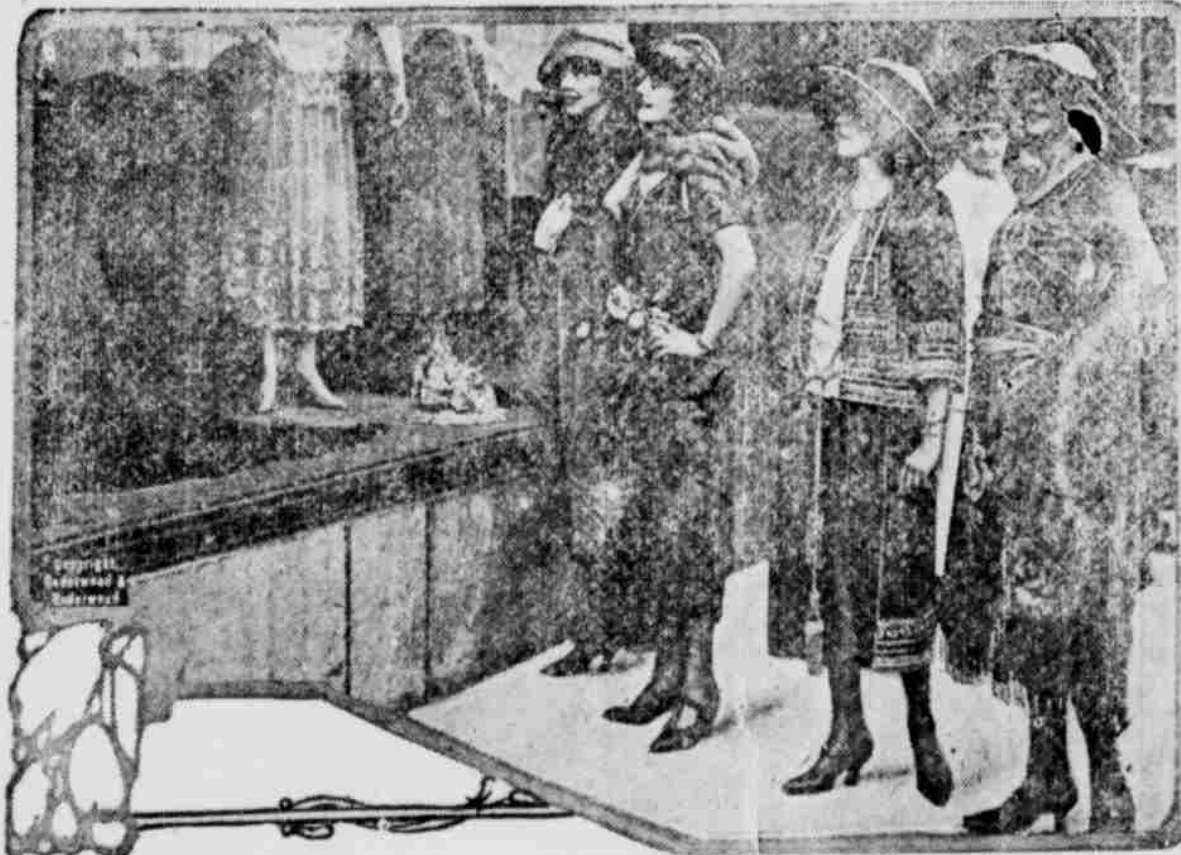
The Girl—I suppose one must have imagination to write stories. The Author—Yes, you must imagine that you can sell them or you won't start any.—Boston Transcript.

## American Bishops Visit Sulgrave Manor



The American bishops who went to England to attend the Lambeth conference, visiting the ancestral home of George Washington at Sulgrave Manor, North Hants.

## Parade of Fashion Models in Chicago Streets



Afternoon strollers in the downtown streets of Chicago were entertained the other day by a dazzling parade of models wearing the latest and most beautiful designs in women's wear. Some of the manikins are here seen admiring a window display on Michigan boulevard.