

FAILURE OF A BROKER.

It Was a Heavy Blow to Many Women.

THEY WEPT.

The Great Majority of His Customers Were Women... They Speculate on Wall Street and Lose Their Money.

(Brooklyn Eagle.) The Brooklyn women who dabble in Wall street got another hard blow in the failure of Alfred M. Lamar, broker on the Consolidated Stock Exchange.

There were many pitiable sights around the Temple Bar today. The men who lost their money didn't waste time going to the Branch office. They went direct to Lamar's headquarters in the Consolidated Exchange Building, in Manhattan.

way to get in communication with them. Louis Werner, Lamar's counsel, said that Lamar had not left town, and that he was here to make a settlement with his creditors to their best interests.

Lamar was at one time very active at the race tracks. He ran several horses under the name and colors of S. J. Smith. S. J. Smith is the name of the great young woman who managed his business.

HOME CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Fresh Air, Sunshine and Good Food the Chief Needs.

(New York Herald.) The popular idea that tuberculosis of the lungs when once fairly developed means almost certain death to the sufferer is such that the poorest man or woman who is afflicted has equal chances with those who can afford to get everything within the reach of money.

readers of the Herald are already familiar. The new idea is open air life against indoor life, no matter where the patient may be.

"Experience is proving," says this high authority, "that abundant food, fresh air and rest are the essentials of such a cure and that they can be applied practically in all climates."

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

Melancholy follows bad digestion. The most easily digested food that has body building qualities, is "SWISS FOOD." Try it.

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AMONG THE HUMORISTS.

Markins—"Are the Willbergs pretty well to do?"

Shiley—"Oh, yes, they're pretty well off. At least, they're well enough off to be able to call their suits a suit; they don't feel it necessary to speak of them as an apartment house or a family hotel."

Barker—"Isn't it a little queer to speak of a young man's 'suits'?"

Shiley—"Oh, no; that's all right."

Barker—"Then, I suppose if it was a young woman you'd call it her 'backshop'?"

Butts—"I say, it must be awful for you to have to depend on these crutches."

Dillon—"Oh, I don't know. Crutches aren't nearly so hard to keep in order as legs are."

Greene—"Brown seems to think himself a guy boy."

Greene—"He hasn't any idea there is any gambling going on in this world outside of the church fair."

Ha—"Well, I'd like to know what sense there is in stirring up the dust with a feather duster."

Shiley—"By stirring it up it gets into our nostrils and lungs, and so calls attention to its unwelcome presence. I suppose everybody knows that."

Fancy—"I wish it 'ud clear up."

Booby—"Why, die? You won't hurt d'you?"

Fancy—"That 'ink how 'ill swell de boards in de deck?"

"A claim adjuster."

"Suppose I was to tell you you must not go to the matinee today?"

"Oh!" ambiguously replied his young wife, "how would you like that?"

"I wouldn't mind."

Bacon—"I heard Bumpston was confined to his bed, this morning."

"Yes, I did. I met him down at the post office."

"How would you like that?"

"Oh, no," he wasn't confined more than half an hour. You see, it was a folding bed, and the peasy thing closed up on him."

"I should think, doctor," she said, "that you would feel terrible to have a person die under your knife."

"Oh, no," he replied, "I get the practice just the same."

"The city water is so bad we have to buy our drinking water by the gallon."

"Well, you're a stock broker, aren't you?"

"The young man with the uncut hair and hungry look had submitted a poem for editorial consideration."

"How do you strike your?"

"Well, that's the best I can do."

"That's all right," he said, "I couldn't print a poem like that for any man."

"The proprietor is out a good deal, is he not?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, he is, according to the book," replied the clerk.

"That advertisement of yours was a fake," complained the disgruntled guest.

"Oh, well," demanded the proprietor of the mountain hotel.

"My own advertisement said: 'Quals are always to be shot here,' and I haven't found a single person who has shot one yet. They are still to be shot, ain't they?" (Philadelphia Ledger.)

Teacher—"Suppose your father gave your mother \$20 and then took \$5 back again. What would that make?"

Penny—"All kinds o' trouble."

Backus—"I suppose your wife is still dear to you, old chap? Oyrus-Dierke has the running accounts in three of the biggest department stores."

They are saying that you bought and paid for your education. That's right, answered Senator Sorghum. I can look the world in the face and say, "I owe no man a penny." (Washington Star.)

Uncle Ephraim, what do you do for a living? I franchises an I raises pumpkins. Which pays you the better? Well, o' co'se, I gits 'em money, cutts de pumpkins, but I gits and distinction cutts de pumpkins' to make up de difference. (Chicago Tribune.)

True Politicians (an incident at a tenant's ball—Daughter of the house dissatisfied and took after one spin around the room with clumsy partner?) Do you mind very much Mr. Quickstep, if we sit out the rest of it? Mr. Quickstep—Just as you like, Miss. I'm only dancing for your pleasure.—Push.

Goat No. 1.—Did Miss Hanson get her good looks from her father or her mother? Goat No. 2.—From her uncle, he keeps a drug store.—(Princeton Tiger.)

Dyer—So Higbee has become bankrupt? Wild—Yes. He tried to run a forty horse power auto on a five horse power salary.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

O'Hafferty—Do you ever walk in yer slaps? O'Hafferty—No, if I could O'd be on the force yet.—(Chicago Journal.)

Mrs. McFlub—Do you read much fiction? Mrs. Sleeth—Not but I listen to a good deal of it. From my husband you know.—(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"It's bitter cold," remarked the shivering husband. "Why don't you button your jacket?"

"The ideal" exclaimed the wife. "Why I'd did that no one would know it is lined with fur."—(Indianapolis Sentinel.)

"Don't be afraid of a little silence," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat talks without thinkin' runs a heap 'ot risk dat de man dat thinks without talkin'."—(Washington Star.)

Mamma—George, what do you think of a little boy who doesn't get up when his mamma calls him? George—I guess he'd rather lie in bed.

Banner—So you claim to be an independent voter? Fackley—Yes, if one party won't give me anything for my vote I make a trade with the other side.

"I don't see why you call him stupid. He says a clever thing quite often."

"For instance I don't know how you manage to secure an occasional client."—(Chicago News.)

"The youth who says 'wild oats,' 'tis true, must reap as he hath sown; but then his father ought to do some threshing of his own."—(Philadelphia Press.)

"Oh," I'm afraid the self important lawyer who was cross examining, "you think you know it all don't you?"

"Not quite," replied the witness. "For instance I don't know how you manage to secure an occasional client."—(Chicago News.)

"Money doesn't make the man," said the high browed and haughty youth.

"No, answered Senator Sorghum "it doesn't make the man, but sometimes it makes the candidate."—(Washington Star.)

School teacher (showing off her best boy before visitors). "Now Perkins, can you name some of the important by-products of the steel industries?"

"Perkins: 'Yes; Zarnegie libraries.' (Puck.)

Teller—"Why is it they call a com-came he is sort o' on the beat?"

Buman—"Perhaps, and the things he beats are calves, 'eh?"

Mrs. Loverton—Is Mrs. Upperton at home? Servant (emphatically). She's out.

Mrs. Loverton (quietly). I happen to know that she is in, but her directions to you are quite circumspect. She probably thinks that I am a bill collector.—(New York Weekly.)

Smith—See that man on stilts. It must be quite a feat to walk on those things.

Brown—Oh, I don't know. My wife gets along on her French heels all right.

"I should not think such a prominent man would care to have a cheap cigar named after him." "Why not? He likes to have his name in every one's mouth."

Dorothy—What kind of a woman is that Miss Dobbins you were speaking of? Uncle George—She is the kind of woman that makes a good wife, but also the kind of woman that a man does not like to appear with in public. She makes her own laws, you understand.

"Why don't you sell that yellow dog?" "Watch," said Erastus Finkley, "dat proposition is so easily to my friends. If I knew anybody foolish enough to buy dat dog I wouldn't associate wid him."

Nosey. "It seems rather strange that you should be so down on your best friend, as you appear to me, simply because he took your part."

Strutler. "I'm an actor, sir, and wanted that part for myself."

"The Office Boy (at luncheon). 'I wonder how doughnuts ever came ter be called 'sinks'?"

The Messenger. Boy (disdainfully). "Over a bright Sherlock, you are! Boy, did yer ever notice de family resemblance between a doughnut an' a life-preserver?"

She—I'm afraid you don't love me as you did.

She—Oh, yes, I do, just the same, but I don't have to dissimulate, you know, now that we are married.

"Who is the football season like a wash day?"

"Give it up."

"Because that's the time time to see the line up."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Bibbed—How times have changed since Adam's time? Skypel. Well, yes, I suppose they have a little.

Bibbed—What I mean is that Adam gave up everything for an apple, and now it is next to impossible to give away a whole orchardful of apples.

His Best Girl—Good bye darling, I'll be home every day. How do you get on in Maine will think you are a perfect dear! Answer Hunter—That would be just my luck, I'm afraid.

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BAD COMPLEXION?

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Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men or Women. If taken regularly contributes to Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living.

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