

WAS TROUBLED WITH GERMS

Burrowing Into His System Like Prairie Dogs

And Began to Diet Himself and Grow Thin—Common Sense Ideas of George Ade.

Once there was a thoughtless man who had been plugging along, eating three square ones each day, gaining about a pound a month, and not taking any care of himself at all.

One night he happened in on a lecture course to find out the germ theory of disease. When the pictures were shot on the screen, he learned that ordinary drinking water and many kinds of food, such as he had been using, were chock full of three-eyed dinguses with curly tails and long feelers. The lecturer explained that when a few flocks of these organisms moved into a gentleman and began to play house and nibble around, it usually meant that there was going to be another order for satin lining and silver handles.

The man who had been knocking around for thirty-eight years, drinking out of hydrants and troughs and eating any old thing that could be masticated, was scared stiff when he realized how many thousands of times he had flirted with death.

From that moment he decided that he would not touch any water unless it had been boiled and skimmed. When he couldn't get boiled water, he would demand Visby or Deep Rock or a certain Lithia containing .007 parts of sillykilate of polarium, which is good for whatever you happen to have at the time.

Occasionally he would forget and take a swig of plain water, the same as other people were drinking. Then, when it was too late, he would recall those pictures of the germs, and he could imagine a whole menagerie of these little animals grazing around through his inwards and leading bold expeditions into the most remote corridors of his being. After he had thought about them for a while, they would seem to be about the size of oyster crabs and sometimes it seemed to him he could feel their little claw-tickle when they were doing a Mobile back on the gleaming surface of his diaphragm. He wondered what would happen to him when all of them strated to gnaw their way out.

He began to wear a haggard, persecuted look. The microbes were hidin' at every corner, waiting to pounce out at him. In order to be able to stand them off, he consulted the authorities and found that it was no use. The crafty little creatures were floating around in the air and the only way to beat them was to breathe through a sieve. They were camped out by the million on a moldy piece of bread, while one cubic inch of Roquefort cheese contained 14,500,000 of them, many of them bearded and wearing curved horns, the same as a Billy goat. He began to drink carbolic acid. It is horrible to know that while one is slumbering, the brutal bacilli are climbing up the brass bedstead and over the flowered spread and tunneling into the system from all directions. When a man begins to realize that he is merely a repository for a large zoo of micro-cannibals, he feels unworthy and discouraged.

This man became so worried and apprehensive that he could not sleep at nights. So he began to read up on nervousness and learned that he would have to let up on tea and coffee and cigars and pastry and nearly everything else that he really liked. He put himself on a diet of asbestos breakfast biscuits, and some other kind of health food which resembled the excelsior packing that comes around lamp chimneys. When he was thirsty he had a little sterilized milk or a nice refreshing cup of would-be imitation coffee, made out of parched barley. He began to take his temperature and examine his blood under a microscope. When he discovered that a minute form of tadpole was playing hide-and-seek among the corpuscles, he gave a low moan and ordered a fresh lot of insect powder.

Now, it is well established that he who begins to scrutinize his interior economy and brood over the conduct of the germs that he happens to be chaperoning, will get ready, sooner or later, to do what is known as the appendicitis act. Every time this man had a stitch in the side, he went and shaved himself and brushed his hair and got ready to make a neat, respectable appearance on the operating table. Then the doctor would come and go over him with a silver plated tack hammer and try to locate the imaginary lumps. It would require an awful argument to convince the man that he was all right.

As might have been expected, he began to get daffy on the subject of nutritive qualities in food. This was another wild tack, for which the scientific works and the health hints in the paper were responsible. At the table he would poke suspiciously at the dishes and want to know how much

nitrogen, carbon, starch, dextrine, sugar and albumin they contained. It took away the appetite of those who had to associate with him. Instead of going ahead and eating, he merely monkeyed with chemical compounds and used his stomach as a resort. He began to exhibit the jerky mannerisms of a Kansas reformer and it was whispered at the office that he was slightly touched. But he was not. He was simply making a consistent effort to conform to the new fangled science of living, and it was wearing him to a rack of bones.

One day while he was in a condition of panic from having, in an unguarded moment, eaten some undone ham which probably contained the deadly trichinae, in walked his brother Thomas, who was traveling auditor for an investment company. Thomas was fat and sassy, with a patch of red on each cheek.

"Ah, brother," said the germ gladiator, "I judge by your nippy appearance you have been subsisting on-gluten and dodging the bacilli."

"What in thunder are 'bacilli'?" asked brother Thomas.

"Surely you are aware that the universe lately has been overrun by small bugs, invisible to the naked eye," said the learned brother. "If a buff bacillus with a blue stinger gets into you, it means lumbago. If one of the six-legged fellows with a plaist hunk starts a bathery somewhere on your preserves, then you may consider yourself elected for spinal meningitis, and so on. There are now over 800 varieties running at large, seeking whom they may devour. I have figured that it is impossible for any person to escape them for any length of time. Our only hope is to prepare for the battle by eating petrified wafers, drinking anti-septic and keeping a private drug store in the closet. For three months I have been in a hand-to-hand struggle. I am still in the ring, but I am getting wobbly. I can never tell what minute a germ is going to sneak up behind me and soak me good. It keeps one pretty busy when one has to have one's eye peeled for 800 different kinds, knowing that the whole push has it in for one."

"That is strange," said brother Thomas. "I have been all over the country putting up at bad beaneries, eating and drinking everything I wanted from pie to Pilsner, drinking 87 different samples of well water in country hotels, and raising Cain generally. I have not carried any drugs with me. Neither have I sat up at night to throtle the animalcules when they came in through the window to do me dirt. How does it happen that I, who have taken no precautions, am strong as an ox and feeling boss, while you, who have been making such an intelligent warfare on the little rascals, look as if you were ripe for a plain white cot in the ward for incurables?"

"It seems," said the sufferer, "that the pesky things show a spirit of retaliation. They get after the people who are trying to investigate them. Moral.—Never arouse a sleeping germ."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
Our Indian population is not skillful in any line of manufacture save its own crude industries.

To copy nature seems to work well. The Holland submarine boats are built in the shape of a whale.

A piano manufacturing company in Ontario claims to have in its shop a piano made by the company's founder 60 years ago while he was in business in Buffalo and sold by him to Gen. Grant's mother.

The Massachusetts Frog Company has just been incorporated in Maine, with a capital of \$5000, its object being declared in the application to be "to buy, sell, breed and import frogs and like animals."

In at least three American cities there are athletic clubs in which the membership runs far up into the thousands. This is claimed as showing the marvelous development of high class athletics in this country.

In Sweden they have a land arrangement of this kind: The farmer will give a tenant so many acres of ground, provided the tenant will give him so many days' labor for so many years, the labor to be paid as wanted.

A little more than one-eighth of the amount annually expended for pensions goes to the south. Of the nearly 1,000,000 pensioners of the civil war 179,553 were residents last year of the 15 southern states, including Maryland and Missouri.

Tearing up a will is supposed to revoke it, but a Brooklyn woman, after tearing up her will, placed the shreds in an envelope, on which she wrote, "This will is all here."

The fragments were pasted together, and the will was probated in regular form.

Facts that came to light after the suicide of a young Russian in London last week give some idea of the misery involved in sweatshop labor. The unfortunate youth was paid 37 cents a dozen for "finishing" shoes, a process that comprises nearly half the work of making the shoe.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet Champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina club hotel.

Spolied Children.

Spoiling children consists in letting one's darling have its own precious way on all occasions, and the way is such a pretty, cunning, winsome way nobody can see any harm in it. But grown up willfulness is quite a different thing from baby willfulness. It has claws and teeth, so to speak, and is not nice to contemplate.

Spoiling appears to mean a great many different things. One of its mild forms is a total disregard for the feelings and convenience of others. If you notice a disagreeable, unaccommodating woman on the car or elsewhere you may know that she was a spoiled child.

Although poor people do contrive occasionally to spoil their children by indulgence, by making great sacrifices, this business is not carried on wholesale, as it is among the rich. Poverty is a severe yet kind stepmother. In a large family, not very well to do, the older children care for the younger ones and exert more influence often in their own way than their parents in teaching self denial and common sense.

Self control is the one thing spoiled children never learn. They must have everything they want and have it without delay. The child who kicks his nurse, bullies his mother and his younger brothers and sisters develops into the passionate, dissipated young man.

The spoiled girl becomes an exact-

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ing, disagreeable woman. The world must wait upon her, she makes everybody around her unhappy and all because she was a spoiled child. Her husband is a martyr to her whims and caprices, and her children are made wretched by her irritable and fretful disposition, and all because her early training was not what it should have been.—Bouquet.

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