Outwitted

A Political Boss Is Brought to Time

By GEORGE V. LEMOYNE

When George Sterling's competitive plan for the state capitol building was accepted he was in a condition of supreme delight. To a struggling architect engaged to be married the obtaining of this job seemed to leave nothing to be desired. The moment the acceptance was announced to him he rushed off to Genevieve Wilson, his fiancee, to transmit the good news to her. After a joyful embrace they began to lay plans for their marriage.

Sterling was directed to superintend the cutting of the blocks of marble of which the capitol was to be built. In the papers composing his plans was a description with measurements of every block of marble of which the building was to be constructed. Not only this, on each stone was a mark corresponding to one laid down in this description.

The young architect had got most of the marble out and ready to put in place when a man with a red face, a large jewel in his shirt bosom and a waistcoat of many colors came to him and told him that since he had not thought proper to signify to the political boss that he wished to contribute to the funds needed for the coming campaign a discovery was to be made that his plans were defective and the work would be placed in other hands.

Sterling looked at the man aghast. He had not yet received a cent for his plans and realized at once that he was at the mercy of the boss. Undecided what course to take, he asked the messenger what contribution would be acceptable. He was informed that 25 per cent should go to campaign funds, 25 per cent to members of the committee who accepted his plans and 25 per cent to the boss. This would leave the architect only 25 per cent. The messenger gave no name. He named no boss and no member of the committee who was to receive a perquisite. Sterling told the man that he would think it over and he might return the next day for an answer.

George went at once with the unwelcome news to Genevieve. The first thing she did was to give that womanly encouragement which men know is not based on any solid reason, but serves its purpose. "Don't be discouraged, George," she said, with a kiss. "It will come out all right."

"How can it come out all right?" he cried bitterly. "These rascals have me in a tight grip. I might as well try to dam up Niagara as to oppose them."

When Genevieve had quieted him she began to talk to him about what would happen if he refused to contribute the bribe money. He told her that the payment of his bill would be delayed through technicalities till they would be dead and buried and wouldn't need the money. Meanwhile the construction of the capitol would go on as he had planned it. One architect after another would be employed, each architect suggesting changes in the plans, each change costing the state three or four times what the expense should be, the surplus going to the officials whose duty it was to see that the people who were paying for the building were treated fairly.

But Genevieve was determined to learn all about the work—who was competent, how far the politicians could go in the matter and all else. When she had learned these things she gave George an idea. He threw his arms about her, gave her a bear hug and a dozen kisses and left her ready to give his answer to the nameless messenger when he came again.

"Well," said George when the messenger turned up, "I have considered the delicate matter of which you were speaking yesterday."

"I'm glad you understand it's a delicate matter."

"Why so?"

"Well, when the state prison was built the architect thought he knew more than the leader of the party under whose rule it was built, and he landed in the building he'd planned."

"How did they accomplish that?" asked George.

"Oh, they accused him of offering a bribe for the job and convicted him."

"Well, I have decided on my course. I throw up the job."

The man looked surprised, but he said nothing. He simply went away.

Two weeks passed, when George received a call from a state official, who asked him for information as to the marking of the blocks to go into the state capitol building. George told him that he had given up that job and was about to begin suit against the state for $6,000 for the plans he had furnished.

George saw by the man's expression that he had struck home. Genevieve during her interview with her lover had brought the fact to his attention that it would be impossible for any one except himself to tell the position of the blocks as the building was erected. A week passed, and George received another visit from an architect, who, by pumping, endeavored to elicit from him the system by which he had marked the blocks. George shut himself up like an oyster.

A month passed, and the newspapers began to comment on the delay attending the building of the state capitol. Then one day George was summoned to the office of the state superintendent of construction. The young architect left the office with his charges paid in full and an order to go on with his work.

A DIVORCE CASE

By EVAN BURLING

"De case befo' de jury is a divo'ce case," said the judge. "Geo'ge Washington is tryin' to git rid of his wife, Ginnie Washington. De correspondur is Aaron Arnold. De lawyer fo' de husban', Josiah Hicks, is a poo' white trash pettyfoggor. De lawyer fo' de wife is Tom Barber, a nigger. If Mist' Hicks t'inks kase he was gradivated at da University of Virginny he kin teach de co't how to try de case he mighty much mistaken."

The judge paused and glared at Mr. Hicks, as much as to say that if he presumed to find fault with the court's rulings he would be jailed for contempt.

"De fust evidence is fo' Geo'ge Washington to say why he want to git rid of Ginnie," the judge continued, and Mr. Hicks, knowing that his time had come, called William Glison, a very black negro, to the stand. After getting in the preliminaries the lawyer asked:

"Where were you on the 12th of October last?"

"Walkin' by Geo'ge Washington's house."

"Tell the jury what you saw on that occasion."

"I saw Aaron Arnold go into de yard, and I saw Mrs. Washington washin' clothes in a tub just outside de kitchen. Auron he stole up behind Mrs. Washington, put he arms around her and hug her."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer, "I would explain that Aaron Arnold is the corespondent in this case."

The jury looked at one another. Then the foreman glanced appealingly at the judge.

"De corresponder," his honor informed them, "is de rascill or de gal what comes into de fambly to break it up."

"Exactly, your honor," said Mr. Hicks. "Now, William Glison, tell the jury how Mrs. Washington received Aaron Arnold's caress."

The witness looked wildly about about him, as if afraid of something. It was evident that the word caress had frightened him.

"Caressin'," the judge informed him, "is what Miste' Arnold done at de washtub. Now, tell de co't what Ginnie Washington done to de corespondur."

"Missus Washington," said the witness, summoning courage, "she up an' hit Miste' Arnold ober de haid wid de washboard."

This bit of evidence was unexpected by the attorney for the plaintiff. He didn't seem to know what to say next. Presently he decided:

"Call George Washington.

"George Washington," he said when the husband took the stand and had answered a few preliminary questions, "you say you saw the defendant enter your yard, steal up behind your wife and hug her. Now, did your wife receive his endearments as the last witness testified?"

"No, sah."

"How did she receive them?"

"She didn't need to take de washboard. She got knuckles lak iron. She jist hauled off and tuk Miste' Arnold under de jaw and sent him sprawlin' on de grass. Ef you don't bellebe, jedge, how hard ma wife kin hit all yo' got to do is to bring her into co't and let her try it on yo'self. Look a hea'."

He pointed to a scar on his cheek.

The plaintiff's attorney was again nonplused. The judge took up his cause.

"Geo'ge Washington, wha' fo' yo' tak' up de time ob dis co't tryin' to git divo'ce from yo' wife on account of such evidence as dis? Do yo' reckon to prove yo' wife bad wooman kase when Misto' Arnold put he arm about her she hit him?"

"Yes, judge. I want to prove dat ma wife might' hard 'ooman to lib wid."

The judge looked puzzled, but was equal to the occasion.

"Ginnie Washington," he said, "what fo' yo' hit yo' husban', who befo' de Lawd yo' promise to lub, honah an' obey?"

"Jedge, I neve' hit ma husban' dat way but once. Dat was when Pinkey Smith was washin' clothes and I seen Geo'ge come up behind her and put he arms aroun' her and give her a smack."

There was another pause.

"Why didn't you apply for a divo'ce?" asked the judge.

"Kase I didn't want no divo'ce nohow. I kin tak keer of my ol' man, and I don't want no co't and no lawyer to help me. Whenebe I ketch him foolin' I jist put my fist on him, and he don't do it no mo', for a spell anyway. De wimmen bring a heap of trouble on demselves, jedge—anyway de weak ones does, and eben dey might do bette'—by not trainin' deir husban's. Lots of fool wimmen allers tryin' to lead odder wimmen's fool husbau's off, but dere hain't no necessatury fo' it. Ennyway, my husbau' don' try dat on ag'in atter I hit him once. And what's de co't good fo'—to gib de husban' a divo'ce and let him go off wid anudder wooman and leabe he wife to tak keer ob de chillen?"

This harangue had a marked effect on the judge.

"Geo'ge Washington," he said, "yo' good fer nothin' nigger, yo' git out of dis co'troom, go home and behave yo'self. Dis co't hain't no place for niggers to git divo'ces kase dey want to marry somebody else dat hain't as good as deir own wife. What is de next case?"

Two New Year's Resolutions

By A. N. JONES

Jack Carmody couldn't meet a girl without making love to her, to the terror of his father and mother, who were always in dread that he would marry some one far beneath his social status.

Jack woke up one New Year's morning, and the first words he said were these:

"I solemnly resolve on this first day of the new year not to pay the slightest attention to any girl for the whole twelve months. But," here comes a saving clause, "if I do pay any attention to any girl it will be only such person as my mother shall approve."

How pleasant one feels upon making a resolution! It seems as if all past weaknesses are dead and buried and a new pure life has opened up before the resolver. Jack had especial reasons to feel thus, for the night before he had seen the old year out with a party—none of whom would have been admitted to his paternal domicile. One of them, a girl with whom he had been training for months, Moll Dugon, had been lying in wait for him and during the festivities had induced another girl to suggest a wedding with Moll as the bride and Jack Carmody as the groom. Having imbibed more than was good for him, he consented, but was saved by a friend, who put him into a closet and locked the door.

It was the serious contemplation of this escape that led Jack, waking up at 11 o'clock on New Year's morning, to make the resolve mentioned.

To one who makes a resolution with a saving clause, the moment temptation comes the clause looms up splendidly. Jack found it dull associating only with men, so he looked about him for some nice girl of his own class with whom he might pass an occasional idle hour. Miss Gwendolin Kingsbury was a very ladylike young woman to whom Jack's mother had introduced him, trusting that the two might make a match. It made very little difference to Jack who was the girl, and he became—much to his mother's joy—quite devoted to Miss Kingsbury. But just as Mrs. Carmody was congratulating herself that her son was about to close the deal with her favorite her husband took it into his head to buy a ranch. Thereupon Jack announced his determination to go west and become a ranchman.

Mrs. Carmody was in despair, and Miss Kingsbury was both miffed and disappointed. But Jack comforted his mother by reminding her of his resolution not to devote himself to any girl of whom she would not approve and to return before the end of the year and "fix it up" with Gwendolin. "You see, mother," he said, "when a man thinks of marrying a girl he should be sure she is going to be constant. If Gwen is fancy free, except for me, when I come back I'll lead her to the altar and you can give us a bang-up wedding."

Jack had no sooner got settled as a ranchman than, cantering along a road, he met a little greaser girl cantering in an opposite direction. She was about sixteen years old and pretty. When she came to be twenty-five she would probably be a hag, but beauty is not what it will be, but what it is. Her costume was tawdry, but calculated to catch an eye that had begun already to miss seeing feminine apparel. Jack doffed his hat, and joined the greaser girl.

Unfortunately or fortunately, as the case may be, the greaser girl had a greaser lover. Nevertheless month by month Jack became more and more enraptured with her, and the greaser lover became more and more dangerous so far as Jack was concerned. The girl was really true to the man of her own class, but her parents did not propose that she should throw away the chance of a lifetime and insisted that she should throw over the man of her choice for a gentleman and a fortune.

In November Jack wrote a letter of twelve pages to his mother, stating that he was about to marry the daughter of a Spanish grandee and explaining in detail why the match was a very advantageous one for him. The missive threw his mother into a fever, but she wisely said nothing about the matter to Miss Kingsbury.

The next letter Mrs. Carmody received from her son stated that the match with the Spanish girl was off and he would be at home by the end of the year.

Something had intervened. It was this: One morning the greaser lover met Jack riding with the "daughter of the Spanish grandee." Love and jealousy long pent up burst their bounds, and the greaser opened fire on Jack. Jack drew and wounded the greaser, whereupon the girl pulled a pistol from her holster and opened fire on Jack. In the scrimmage all three were wounded, though none of them dangerously. Since the girl preferred the greaser Jack was disenthralled.

Jack arrived at home on New Year's eve, went to bed at 10 o'clock and woke up the next morning at 7. His arm was in a sling and a scalp wound was bandaged. He made the following resolution:

"I solemnly resolve that I will today propose to Gwendolin Kingsbury and that if she accepts me I will ask mother to lock me up till we are married."

He kept the first part of this resolution, and since his mother watched him carefully till the wedding the second was not necessary.

An Unintentional Wedding

By MARJORIE CLOUGH

"Dear me," said a middle aged gentleman who was walking away from a station where he had just been to see his daughter off for school, "I've forgotten to give Jessie the ticket." He stopped, felt in his vest pocket and pulled out the pasteboard. "By Jove, isn't it lucky I met that young fellow? I hope he's got money enough with him to pay her fare. Anyway, I can do nothing about it now. The train's gone."

The meeting with the young fellow was by no means accidental. There was a youthful attachment between him and the girl which was unknown to any one except the lovers. The youngster knew she was going away for her last year of schooling, and he had come to the train for the final parting. The meeting was a pretended surprise. The father said: "Going on this train? If you are I would like to have you keep an eye on my little girl." On the impulse the youngster replied, "Yes, and it will give me great pleasure to take care of her!" He boarded the train with some loose change in his pocket and nothing more.

Such is a brief statement of the antecedents of a very interesting young couple who pulled out of the station on an express train that did not make its first stop for an hour.

"I didn't know you were going," said the girl, with a happy smile.

"I didn't intend to; I'll have to borrow from you to pay my fare."

"Good gracious! Papa forgot to give me money or the ticket."

"You haven't a ticket?"

"No."

"Well, here's a pretty how do do."

Soon after the train started the conductor came through slowly, taking tickets. The young man arose and, putting his lips close to the conductor's ear, whispered:

"See here. I've left my money at home and haven't anything to pay fare with. Pass us on and I'll pay up at the end of the journey."

"Runaway couple?"

Here was a chance for sympathy. "Yes," was the reply.

The conductor passed on and when he had gone through the train came back and asked the young man what he proposed to do. Unfortunately the lover was unable to satisfy him.

"I don't see what I can do for you," said the conductor. "I'm afraid I'll have to put you off."

The protestations and appeals of the young couple attracted the attention and the sympathy of the passengers. Several of them gathered round the conductor to get information concerning the matter. They were told, among other things, that the young couple were elopers. That at once won the hearts of the inquirers. All the world loves a lover, and a gentleman after inquiring as to the price of the tickets needed took out a five dollar bill and asked if any other gentleman would match it for the benefit of the youngsters. It was duplicated at once, and their fare was paid and the problem solved.

Then the young man asked for the addresses of those who had put up the money that he might return the loan.

"No loan at all," said one of the leaders, "a wedding gift. Wasn't that your intention?" looking at the man who had advanced the other half.

"Certainly—it was, and here's another fiver for the parson. My advice to the young people is to get spliced at once. They will probably be intercepted at the end of the route. Got a clergyman aboard, conductor?"

The suggestion of a wedding captivated the passengers. Several men went through the cars calling for a parson, and one was found.

"What's wanted?" he asked, joining those near the young couple.

"These two wish to be married," said one.

"Tie 'em up quick," said another. "They may be overhauled at the first stop."

"Do you wish to be married?" asked the minister.

"Y-e-s," faltered the young man.

"N-o," cried the girl, blushing crimson.

"No always means yes with a woman," sang out a voice behind the couple.

"Stand up," said the parson.

"I won't," cried the girl. "This is awful."

Her lover whispered something in her ear. She blushed deeper than ever and covered her face with her hands.

"Give her time," "She'll be all right in a few minutes," "Don't hurry her," and such brief suggestions were made by the lookers-on.

Then the young man whispered again. "We can't get out of this any other way. We can keep it secret till you have finished school."

Taking her hand, he pulled her on to her feet. A lady furnished a plain gold ring, and the clergyman began the marriage service, got a sonorous yes from the groom, a whispered one from the bride, and it was all over.

Then the passengers insisted on the bride and groom standing at one end of the car to receive congratulations. They were impelled to do so, and a carload of people passed in review.

At the end of the term the girl returned from school and made a confession. After a family conference it was decided to announce the marriage as having taken place on the day the pair went traveling together.

SPARING HOUSE LINEN.

Same Sheets and Pillowcases Should Not Be Used Too Often—Wear First in the Center.

Few housekeepers realize that all linen in constant use will keep longer if it is allowed to "rest" at times. This same principle holds good with garments and various toilet articles. Take, for example, the plan followed by a woman whose house linen is limited and who likes to make it last. She has a family of three and keeps out eight sheets each week. As soiled ones come in fresh from the laundry she places them always at the bottom of the pile, so in this way the same sheet is not used two weeks in succession, but is sure of a fortnight if not three weeks of "rest." In a store closet she keeps two other piles of eight, and every two months the sets of sheets that have been in use are put into the store place, another set being put into the cupboard for weekly use. The arrangement takes very little time, and it is more than worth while in the saving of linen. Pillowcases and towels she manages in the same way, only the quantity of the latter is greater.

Her table linen is used for six months and then put away for a year.

Luxurious as it may sound to have such a quantity of linen, the gathering of it is inexpensive, for the woman buys a sheet or table cover occasionally and puts it away, thus keeping her store in condition. At the same time pieces wear out so slowly that there is never much loss to be made good at one time, and the pocketbook is saved accordingly.

Linen sheets, like others, wear first in the center, and it repays to slit them down the middle to get the edges in the place. This is done by tearing them in two lengthwise. The selvages are then overhanded together with very fine cotton, that a big seam shall not be made, and then the raw edges are hemmed. The life of a sheet is greatly prolonged if this is done in time.

STRIPED EFFECT IS SEEN.

A Convenient Zebra Bag Can Be Made at Home—Colors Should Match Costume.

Stripes, stripes everywhere is the Paris cry. Hats have striped trimmings, and even the reticule swinging from its long cord is striped. The

Bag of Striped Silk.

shopping bag illustrated is of black and white taffeta lined with brilliant red moire. A convenient little change purse fitting into the bag is fashioned of the striped silk.

Such bags can be made at home by the woman who is neat with her needle. The clasps and cords to fit to the bags may be purchased in the shops. The color of the bags should never be too gay and should always harmonize with the tones of the costume.

Fold Damp Clothes.

Some housekeepers when wash day comes prefer to take down the plain clothes when still a little damp, so as to do away with the necessity of sprinkling before ironing. The starched pieces of course need sprinkling and should be allowed to dry thoroughly.

One clever housewife finds it a great time saver if in taking down the plain clothes from the line they are folded then and there.

She says that if they are crowded into the hu[illegible] innumerab[illegible] been avoid[illegible] ironing wi[illegible]

Then, to[illegible] in not hav[illegible] second tim[illegible] ready to i[illegible]

The same [illegible] the large [illegible] first, there[illegible]

LINGERIE.

New Models Show Very Little Change From Other Years.

The Slit Petticoat of Nainsook and Lace Is the Latest Wrinkle in Underwear—If Made at Home a Great Deal Can Be Saved.

The lines of the new underwear show little change from the lingerie of the past year. The wearing of undergarments has been reduced by women who follow in fashion's wake to the least possible number of garments.

Perhaps the newest model in the lingerie class is the slit petticoat of fine nainsook and lace. Such a skirt is illustrated, and every woman who loves dainty underwear will be "just crazy about it."

Now is exactly the time when the home maker of underwear may pick

Slit Petticoat of Lace and Nainsook.

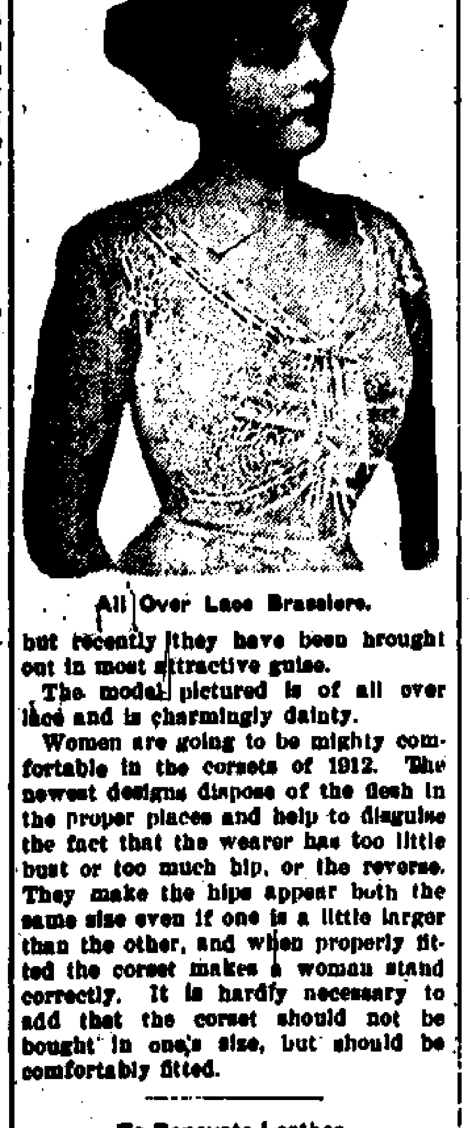
up for such a skirt odd lengths of muslin fine enough to draw through the proverbial ring.

And exquisitely fine bargains in lace are to be found in the shops at every turn.

In this way a woman clever with her needle may own a petticoat the price of which would be prohibitive if it were purchased all ready to wear. Good patterns in the most approved lines are to be had for 10 cents, which make the matter of turning out such a piece of lingerie merely a matter of careful putting together and neat sewing.

The brassiere, a little piece of underwear resembling a corset cover, but made on close fitting lines, is to be found in the wardrobe of every woman who "is inclined to be stout."

At first these brassieres were very practical, unattractive looking affairs,



All Over Lace Brassiere.

but recently they have been brought out in most attractive guise.

The model pictured is of all over lace and is charmingly dainty.

Women are going to be mighty comfortable in the corsets of 1912. The newest designs dispose of the flesh in the proper places and help to disguise the fact that the wearer has too little bust or too much hip, or the reverse. They make the hips appear both the same size even if one is a little larger than the other, and when properly fitted the corset makes a woman stand correctly. It is hardly necessary to add that the corset should not be bought in one's size, but should be comfortably fitted.

To Renovate Leather.

Books bound in leather may be freshened by using equal quantities of white of egg and water beaten together. Apply this with a soft flannel cloth and polish when dry.

The Mean Thing.

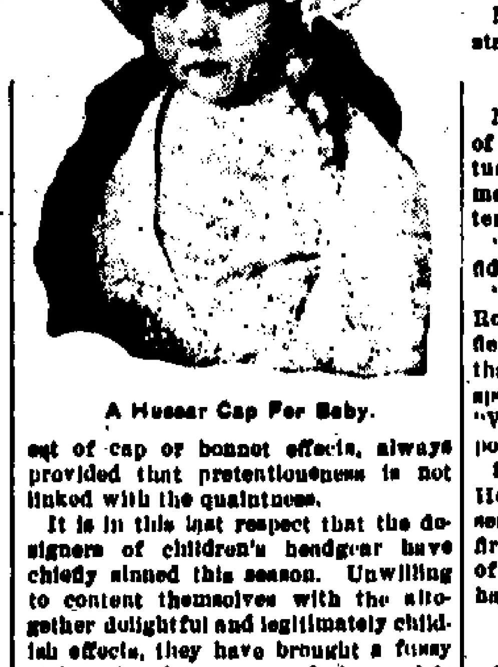
[illegible] intimate [illegible]."

[illegible] au about [illegible] d them- [illegible] placed [illegible] of palms [illegible] with a

QUAINT CHILDREN'S HATS.

Winter Millinery For the Baby Is More Elaborate Than Usual. The Hussar Cap.

Quaintness rules in the millinery for small children, as in the millinery for grownups, and it must be admitted that quaintness as a general thing suits the babies better than it suits their elders. Pretty babies may be as few as pretty women, but the small tots have at least a certain indefinable charm that belongs to babyhood, and this charm enables its possessor to carry off successfully even the quaint-



A Hussar Cap For Baby.

est of cap or bonnet effects, always provided that pretentiousness is not linked with the quaintness.

It is in this last respect that the designers of children's headgear have chiefly sinned this season. Unwilling to content themselves with the altogether delightful and legitimately childish effects, they have brought a fussy elaboration into many of the models for the wee girls and have used gold and silver laces, metallic nets and such incongruous splendors in the making of bonnets designed to frame baby faces.

For example, the hussar cap illustrated is hardly in keeping with a babyish chubby little face, yet it is one of the smart hats for everyday wear. This cap comes in white and dark cloth, with trimmings of gold braid.

When Cooking Oysters.

Oyster canapes are delicious. Try them. Cut ten large oysters in pieces, rejecting the hard muscle. Add to them one tablespoonful each of capers and cucumber pickles, chopped, two tablespoonfuls horseradish and seasoning to taste. Spread this over cold toasted bread, cover with a dressing made of one-fourth cupful of mayonnaise and two tablespoonfuls Worcestershire sauce.

A new way to cook oysters is to griddle them. Clean, scald and drain two dozen large oysters. Have a griddle evenly heated. Drop on it a bit of butter as large as a pea and put an oyster on it. Lay on one dozen in this way, giving them plenty of room. Put on another bit of butter and turn first oyster on that. Proceed in this way for all. They must brown quickly.

Oyster chowder is a good as well as an inexpensive way to prepare oysters. It provides a means of serving a large family with a dish of oysters at small expense. Take three slices of pickled pork, two onions, three dozen crackers (soaked), five dozen oysters, one quart of milk, and season to taste; boil the pork, onions and five sliced potatoes together until nearly done, and put into the pot the oysters, milk, crackers and seasoning then boil five minutes and serve

Some New Salads.

Pineapple In Lettuce Nests.—Cut a pineapple into small pieces, add one cupful of finely chopped celery, one cupful of walnut meats and one cupful of orange pulp. Shred one head of lettuce very finely and form into nests on individual plates. Mix one cupful of mayonnaise and stir it lightly with the pineapple, etc. Add more mayonnaise if the fruit is not sufficiently moist and heap into the little lettuce nests. Decorate with chopped walnuts.

With cold chicken serve a salad of carrots, cucumbers and hard boiled eggs, all cut in rings and sent to table with this dressing: Two tablespoonfuls of olive oil with one of lemon juice, with salt, pepper and a speck of sugar to taste.

Shrimp Salad a la Bretagne.—Shell a quart of boiled shrimps and lay them on young lettuce leaves in a salad bowl. Chill some mayonnaise sauce on ice, pour over the shrimps and serve.

Cleaning Fur Rugs.

Before laying the rugs for the fall be sure that they are clean. If you do not want to go to the expense of sending your fur rugs to a professional cleaner they can be washed at home with a little trouble.

First remove the canvas backing and lightly tack the rug over an empty barrel. Make a strong suds of good white soap and warm water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved and scrub the rug thoroughly, rinsing with two or three pails of cold water. As the skin dries rub the fur the wrong way. Before it is perfectly dry comb it with a coarse toothed comb. Be sure that it has become absolutely dry before replacing the backing. Any colored rug can be treated in this manner without injury to the fur. Put a tablespoonful of borax to the water if you wish to wash a white rug.

Worse Still.

They tell me Simpkins' wife is a perfect tyrant. The poor fellow actually goes round, they say, without a nickel in his pockets."

"Worse than that; she's cut off his supply of pockets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Queer Customer.

"Mandy," said the village tailor to his wife, "I'm going to give Sam Billings a suit of clothes for a pig."

"My goodness, papa!" exclaimed his little daughter. "What does a pig want with a suit of clothes?"—New York Times.

Evidently No Friend.

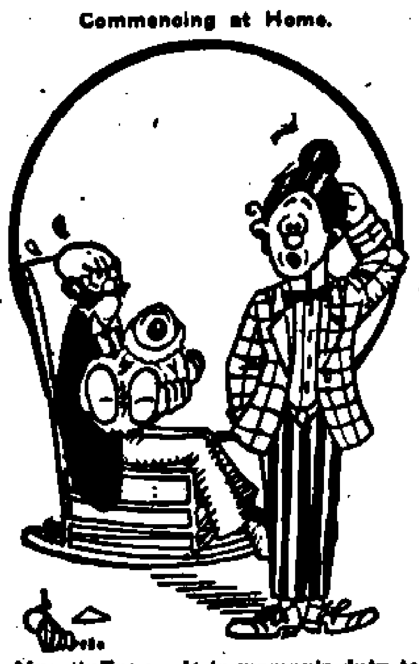
"I thought you were friends."

"Friends! Friends! Why, the man's enmity is so malignant that he gives every book agent and canvasser who comes to his office my address and tells him I'm no easy mark!"—Chicago Post.

A Colleague.

"And so at the seashore
The summer you spent."
"Not only the summer;
My very last cent."

Commencing at Home.



Mrs. Suffrage—It is woman's duty to correct the crying evils of our times.

Mr. Suffrage—Then you had better start spanking baby.—New York Mail.

Durable.

Now, a certain Emilius Priscus was of the lobby that year. Meeting Brutus one day, he spoke of a pending measure in which he was deeply interested.

"Of course," quoth he with airy confidence, "you will pass the bill!"

"What for?" demanded the noblest Roman of them all, turning upon him fiercely. Emilius perceived at once that the game was up, but he was just sport enough to let fly a Parthian shot. "Why—er—for the usual rates, I suppose!" he made answer.

Showing that the countrymen of Horace and Cicero not only had a sense of humor, but were perhaps the first to make intelligent use of some of the most durable jokes the world has ever seen.—Puck.

Too Much of a Risk.

The beautiful girl had fallen into the lake, and, much to the displeasure of the moving picture man, the tried and tested hero refused to go to her aid.

"What's the trouble with you?" demanded the moving picture man angrily. "Why don't you jump in and rescue the maid?"

"Skeered I might get drowned," responded the hero nonchalantly.

"But you are wearing your new hero medal?"

"That's just the trouble. The blamed medal weighs so much I'm skeered I'd sink."—Chicago Daily News.

Lingerie Modes.

The daintiest nightgowns are so cut that they are square and just show the neck. The lace is dotted all over with small colored satin buttons, mostly pink. Corsets are becoming more and more elaborate and longer. The bones are by no means the length of the material, permitting much greater freedom, and end so that the wearer can be seated without inconvenience, while any redundancy of flesh is held in by the fabric, which is often made of the white tricot, having a delightful satin-like sheen and sufficiently elastic to be most acceptable to the figure. Some of the dainty full dress petticoats are trimmed with lace and adorned with appliques of colored floral wreaths in natural tones made of ribbon.

Burning Omelets.

If your omelets burn because you have no omelet pan put a tablespoonful of common salt in the frying skillet. Put it on the stove and heat very hot. Empty salt from the pan and wipe it with a dry cloth.

RISE AND FALL.

A boy was driving along a road in Ireland a donkey and cart which belonged to his widowed mother when he was accosted by a snobbish young man, who, wishing to impress his cleverness upon a young lady who accompanied him, said, "Watch me take a rise out of this boy."

He shouted to the boy, "I say, do you think your mother would sell me that donkey?"

The boy took a good look at him and answered, "Do you think your mother could keep two?"

The smart young man didn't laugh, but the young lady did.

Queer Fishing Customs.

The Japanese are a race of fisher folk and, like all of their kind, are superstitious, particularly regarding fish. Among the primitive races the men fish in large companies, and when they go out upon the sea they shut up all their women folk and forbid them to talk lest the fish hear and disapprove. Another queer fishing custom and superstition of the olden time was connected with the first fish that was caught. This was taken into the house through a window that the other fish might not see and refuse to nibble at the bait.

Game of Button.

English children play "button" with a fruit stone. Instead of saying "Button, button, who's got the button?" the player sings:

Something for all, a pip for one;
Four o'clock seeds and pineapple bun;
Pewter, please, and powder run:

As the leader shouts the last word the child who has the stone starts for the goal, which he sometimes makes without getting caught. Then he has the stone a second time.

Very Considerate.

A tender hearted youth was once present at an Oxford supper where the fathers of those assembled were being roundly abused for their parsimony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after having long kept silence, he lifted up his voice in mild protest.

"After all, gentlemen," he said, "let us remember that they are our fellow creatures."

Little Doing.

"De man dat brags about paintin' de town," said Uncle Eben, "ginerally ain' got real energy enough to whitewash a gate."—Washington Star.

For the First Comer.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?

Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Boston Transcript.

Insult to Injury.

Fatigued Philip—Did the lady t'row bollin' water on youse?

Wandering Walter—Worse'n dat, Phil, worse'n dat. It was soapsuds.—Toledo Blade.

And They Stay Out.

"They say that successful men are generally bald."

"Yes. I notice they mostly come out on top."—New York Telegram.

Nursery Nature Notes.

Father—Well?

Tommy—Is a centipede a trotter or a pacer?—Judge.

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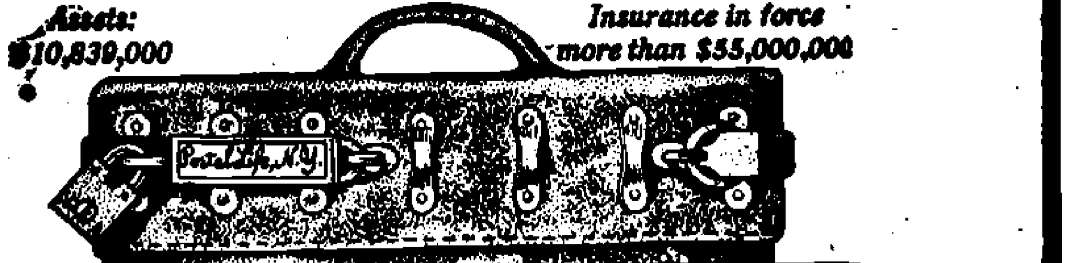

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