

The joy ride is generally its own Nemesis.

Diamonds are one thing that increase in value after decreasing in size.

Last winter was a very severe one, but we bear no grudge against it now.

Laughing may make people fat, but that is not what stout people care to know.

In his modest, unobtrusive way the cricket is advising you to lay in your winter coal.

Tobacco crop short and revolutions in Cuba again. There ain't going to be no "butts."

Will Thomas A. Edison please invent something to keep ice from melting in summer?

People who predict that this was to be a hot summer are around mentioning the fact.

When New York gets to selling bread by weight, maybe the young bride will make a fortune.

Having had her eyes insured for \$15,000, a New York chorus girl is prepared to make eyes at all corners.

Were you ever so tired that after lifting one foot up you dreaded to put it down again to complete the step?

Another \$20,000 diamond has been found in South Africa. All they have to do there is to pick up the wealth.

If your socks, your tie and your husband do not match in color you can still elude the critical by going swimming.

Bread is to be sold in New York by weight. Then the inconsistent customers will complain if it is light and if it isn't.

Now that an aeroplane has been struck by lightning we discover that wind isn't the only thing the aviators have to combat.

A homing pigeon has just flown 3,000 miles in about five days. That will keep the flying machine busy for some time to come.

A Chicago professor says that skunks are good to eat, but until we see the meat trust try to corner them we'll refuse to believe it.

Those billions of bacteria reported found in frozen eggs are not so impressive since we called with the figures about Halley's comet.

London reports the presence of 130,000 foreign waiters. Class in mental arithmetic, how much does this amount to, at one average tip apiece?

No man can sound sleepily after giving away a million dollars, says a New York preacher. Let's all get together and disprove this statement.

A New York couple got married the other day because, they said, they both loved the same bull pup. The silly season is showing results all right.

New York druggist thinks rattlesnake poison is a cure for consumption. Consumption is also a cure for rattlesnake poison. But who gets the first bite?

American tourists are reported to be the most eager patrons of dirigible balloons in Europe. Their experiences with the tip-customer in their travels seems to make them careless of life.

The only doubt to be thrown on the story of those quadrillions of microbes in frozen eggs is that it is almost beyond belief that any self-respecting microbe would relish that sort of food.

The man for whom the law should provide a particularly severe penalty when caught is the chauffeur who strikes a person down and then runs away from his victim.

We have got to have a copy of that new department of agriculture bulletin on "The Life History and Control of the Hop Flea-Beetle," even if the government does charge 10 cents for it.

A New York man shook pepper into his soup and then was seized with a fit of sneezing that killed him. Now the question is, did the restaurant-keeper make his heirs pay for the soup?

The alfalfa cure for snake bite is viewed with indifference, but the snake bite cure for tuberculosis is vouched for in a recent case. Cautious people will prefer to have neither ailment and use neither remedy.

Lady Dockrell has been instructing the young women of England that husbands must be healthy. Undoubtedly it is annoying to have a modern home cluttered up with an invalid husband. Husbands should agree to the reform with a corresponding stipulation on the part of the wives.

"Every time we buy a new suit the coat is too short and the vest too long," complains the Atchison Globe. The obvious thing for the editor of the Atchison Globe to do is to cut off the tails of the coat and use the cloth to lengthen out the vest.

That daring navigator who had sailed 40,000 miles of ocean in a yawl has not been heard from for two years after starting for the West Indies in his open boat. The fate of the pitcher that goes once too often to the well is proverbial.

REX DENHAM'S LUCK

By CLAUDINE SISSON

It was ten o'clock in the evening, and Rex Denham was strolling about the streets and smoking and thinking.

He had landed from an ocean liner that day. He had been two years abroad to forget things. He asked himself if he had succeeded, and he shook his head and sighed.

There was a woman in question. When men lose money they curse. When a man loses the woman he loves he sighs. It's not a matter for even his most confidential friends. He must fight it out alone.

No, he had not forgotten. She probably had, just as thousands of other women had. Had he been too hasty in speaking the words that brought on the quarrel?

"If you charge me with that I never want to see your face again!" she had said.

When a lover thinks he has a rival it is really worse than if he knows it to be a fact and can meet him. Was she a coquette? Was she flirting? Was it true, as some persons had whispered, that she gloried in breaking men's hearts? He had asked himself the question in London—Paris—Berlin—on the land and on the sea, but he had never answered it to his own satisfaction. He was asking it again tonight as he sauntered and smoked.

A girl ten or twelve years old walked rapidly past him. He saw her only as he had seen hundreds of others. She was thirty feet ahead of him when a man sprang out of a dark doorway and seized her and grabbed at the poor little purse in her hand. At her first scream for help the smoker leaped forward. He reached over the shoulder of the struggling girl and grasped the man by the throat and then struck with his cane. The released victim retreated to the curbstone and stood to watch the affair. She enjoyed it. She grinned and smiled.

"Say, let up, will you!" called the man after a minute. "I thought it

"Why, the lady who paints pictures and can't sell them afterwards. She's got a room in our house. She's four weeks behind on her rent, and almost starving to death. She's so thin you can see through her, and when she ain't painting she's crying."

"Seems to be a sad case."

"You bet! Hear sadder case than mine was a few minutes ago. Say, if you are a gent you ought to go up and see her. She's your big. She's a born lady. She talks so style we can't hardly understand her. Oh, she's been top of the heap, but had to come down. I guess it's what they call a romance. Mebbe she wouldn't see you, though. She never sees strangers."

"And her name?" asked Denham, without much interest.

"We call her the painter lady, but one day she told me I might call her Bab."

"What! What?"

"Say, don't scare a girl to death. Lawds! but I chered my heart that time. Yes, I call her Bab—Miss Bab. I ain't high 'nuff up to call her Bab alone. 'Twouldn't be manners."

"Can you describe her?"

"Blue eyes, chestnut hair, white teeth, and a real lady. One of my shoes would make a pair for her. Got slim hands. Never uses slang. Goes without eatin' two days and then pretends she isn't a bit hungry. If I was a gent like you I'd go up and see a lady like her. If you'll come with me I'll introduce you. I'll say:

"Miss Bab, this is the gent as saved your last ten cents and gave a fellow the awfulest kick you ever saw."

There had been a young lady named Bab two years before. She was hundreds of miles away when Rex Denham last saw her. She had a widowed mother who was fairly well off. Bab! Bab! The name spoken stirred him. If there was a Bab in trouble she should have aid. If the girl's description was correct—

"Got to go into the butcher shop after mutton to make broth," said his companion. "They might give you the guy if you went in with me. Don't make a sneak while I'm in there."

She found Denham waiting when she came out. It would have taken two stalwart policemen to move him on.

"Say," said the girl, "crackers go with mutton broth, but I haven't the cash. Butcher got it all and then said I was too chin-chin besides. Want to buy 'em for Bab?"

Denham accompanied her to a delicatessen store and filled a basket with goodies, and then insisted on carrying it home for her. She walked along beside him with her head held very high, and when spoken to by a girl she knew her austere reply was, "Anna, can't you see I am walking with a real gentleman!"

The mother could tell little more than the daughter. It was a cheap rooming house. Yes, the painter lady was a lady, it was easy enough to see that. She was something of an artist, but her pictures would not sell. She had sold most of her wardrobe, but had fallen behind. The description was right.

"And not a word to her," said Denham. "She'll ask, but make no explanations. Coax her to eat and get strong. Cheer her up a bit. Take this money and buy whatever she thinks she can eat. If she doesn't improve we'll have a doctor. I'll send in wine from the drug store, and tomorrow evening I'll call again."

"Ma, don't you see how it is?" said the girl to her puzzled parent. "We take in a lady. She can't pay. She comes down to hard-pan. I take her last ten cents to get her mutton for broth, and I meets a gent who rescues me and canes and kicks a loafer. Straight as a bee-line, ma. I tell the gent the lady is Bab, and he can't stand still. Romance, ma—romance! Romance, and I am in it! You are going to see high jinks around this hotel."

Denham came on the morrow. He came on the next day and the next. On the third day Miss Bab was reported better and he went up softly to find her trying to work. He was not introduced. There was no need of it. It was two hours before he came down and announced that the landlady was to lose her roomer.

In two hours much can be told—many misapprehensions set right. The two years had seen death—chicanery—false friends—illness, despair—poverty, but a brighter day had dawned. As the carriage drove away the landlady's daughter began to sniffle. "And what's the matter with you?" was asked.

"Just my luck. If I hadn't told him about Miss Bab he'd have married me!"

"Why is that?" the visitor asked. "They lie down to sleep in the jungle."

"Yes," said the trainer. "I don't know why it is. But you'll never see a captive elephant sleep lying down. Some people say a captive elephant never really sleeps—sleeps sound, I mean—at all. He never has complete confidence, you know. He grieves. He longs to be free. Why, as a matter of fact, this light, standing sleep of his only last about three hours at that. All the rest of the night he rocks from side to side in the dark."

"Do you think that dog of yours will bite me?"

"I haven't the slightest idea of what that dog will do. He's the most impulsive creature you ever saw."

"Just the Place."

Motorist—It does seem possible that the automobile will be useful down around the south pole, after all.

Nervous Pedestrian—Er—yes, I'd like to see all of them down there.

Caterpillar Devours Much Food. A caterpillar devours six thousand times its own weight in food during a single month.

Not Attractive. "That show is a fraud."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, it advertised 'The Grit Diver' as one of the sensational acts."

"Well, didn't she appear?"

"Yes—in a regulation diving suit—rubber, helmet and all that."

Grasped the Man by the Throat and Then Struck With His Cane.

was my own kid, and that she was going after something for her mother."

THE SLENDER HAND

UNROMANTIC ROMANCE OF A LONELY YOUNG BOOKKEEPER.

Illustrating What Cruel Jeats Fate Will Sometimes Play—Hunt for the Hand That Fed the Pigeons.

Every day as he sat at his desk he noticed the slender white hand that stoiled out of the window across the alleyway to throw crumbs to the pigeons.

It was an inconsequential act, that of throwing crumbs to the pigeons but it appealed to the young bookkeeper. Any girl that would bring bread to the office—or perhaps it was part of her meager noonday lunch—just to feed the pigeons that hovered about her window sill, must be a girl of amiable disposition, the sort one could tell one's troubles to with the assurance of finding a ready sympathy. It made him think of the picture on the back of a plush album at home showing a woman standing at the back steps of a farmhouse throwing crumbs to the English sparrows. The album had also contained many family portraits, and the recollection heightened the sentiment that the bookkeeper felt when he saw the slender hand across the court.

He found himself wondering about the appearance of the owner of the hand. She was not pretty, perhaps, but he was certain that she wore clinging, becoming gowns, and a sweet girlish expression, no matter how trying might be the day's work in the office; and that she had a complexion as soft and smooth as the goods in a high-priced dress suit.

Day after day he regretted that the windows were at such an angle that he could see only the slender, soft white hand. Just a glimpse of the face, with its indubitable expression of tenderness, would have brightened each day like the sight of the sunrise o'er a distant mountain peak.

The bookkeeper wondered, too, if the young woman of the slender white hand would not find joy and gladness in knowing of the sentiment she had stirred in the bosom of an entire stranger by her simple act of kindness in feeding the birds each day.

The other afternoon the bookkeeper made up his mind to make the acquaintance of the young creature.

It was not a difficult matter to calculate where the young woman's window would be. She would be on the floor corresponding to that on which he worked in the other building. By entering one or two office suites on that floor and looking across the court he got his bearings and soon found himself in the rooms where she must be employed.

An office boy with thick round glasses sat at a small table just outside the door—HER door.

"I want to see the—I wish to see the people in that room," said the bookkeeper, pointing to the door with his thumb.

"Well, gwan in," the office boy told him.

He looked about him. The sole occupant of the room was an underfed, anemic, sour-faced-looking man of perhaps 35 years, with watery blue eyes and a scrawled, ready-made necktie. He had long thin wrists in consequence of taking little exercise—which lack of exercise had made him a dyspeptic and given him an irritable, crabbed disposition.

"Who is it that feeds the pigeons there at the window every noon?" asked the visitor.

"I do," replied the dyspeptic. "I can't eat much myself, so I try to give the pigeons a good time. Got any objections?"

The bookkeeper said he had none whatever and made a hurried exit.

"Wonder what that guy's name was anyhow?" muttered the dyspeptic to himself after his caller had escaped.

Boy Tattooed by Lightning. Forest Hoppes, eight years old, was permanently marked on his arms and back when he was struck by lightning deflected from a tree on the lawn of the Madison County Orphan's home.

The boy was playing near the tree when a sudden storm came. The tree was struck by lightning, which seemed to glance in the direction of the boy. Hoppes did not suffer seriously. He screamed with pain and on examination it was found that his arms, back and one hip were slightly burned by electricity. On one arm was almost a perfect reproduction of a fern leaf, and on his back was the imprint of a leaf from the tree. The line of the burns inflicted was almost the same as that of a branch torn from a tree. The boy was not burned about the face.—Indianapolis News.

A Poor Sleeper. The trainer flashed for an instant his dark lantern on the long line of elephants.

"They are asleep," he said. "In captivity elephants always sleep standing."

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TRIFLES OF THE WARDROBE

IS ALL IN TRIMMING

PRETTY COSTUMES POSSIBLE AT A SLIGHT COST.

This is the Season of Clever Arrangement and Frenchy Fixings That Give Range to Inventive Young Woman.

Pretty touches and Frenchy fixings distinguish this summer from its predecessors. Given a natural taste and a gift for invention and the girl of today may have any number of pretty getups at comparatively small cost—that is, if she has the time for fixing and fussing.

A white lawn frock had a band of pale rose colored linen worked with white on the skirt and a little jacket-shaped garment on the waist worked in the same way. A white lawn frock flowered with roses was trimmed with pale pink linen bands, and a little shoulder strap arrangement was also of the pink linen.

With white lingerie frocks one of the fancies is the black belt either of patent leather or silk. The new linen dresses are often incrustated elaborately with soutache or embroidery. With all such costumes, the big flat leg-horns trimmed with flowers are the popular head covering. A lovely frock worn by a young girl at an outdoor birthday party had a skirt with five three-inch frills of white lace. The skirt was narrow, but not uncomfortably so, and the ruffles were scanty. Up both sides the front in narrow panels there went a row of these ruffles to the waist; there were 16 by actual count on each side. The tunic and bib waist was of crepe de chine printed with tiny rosebuds on a white ground.

This tunic came well below the knees at the front and was draped at each side up and back by a big Louis

Simple Pocket Either of Silk or Linen is Well Worth Time Necessary for Construction.

A pocket to hold needles and all work implements is most useful, especially when traveling, and it may be made from any pretty piece of silk or linen either with plain or broche silk or satin.

Our model is in blue art linen stenciled with a simple pattern in brown;

Made by Cutting the Band Away From Paper or Canvas in the Bedroom.

One of the newest ideas in decorations is the flower frieze the walls of the room are colored—perpetual cream or a delicate grand then an applique of flowers is put just below the cornice.

This applique is made by using away the background from their of a canvas or paper frieze, given the design the appearance of gipsy-work embroidery. A very sharp of scissors must be used, and not at all matter if the frieze cut into short lengths, so long as the joinings do not show. These should not be "conventional," of natural-looking flowers.

A very pretty effect is got by trying this idea out all through a room, choosing a different flower for frieze. One room has a frieze of pinkie, another of bunches of pansies, another of bunches of daffodils or michelmas daisies, a flower chosen for the frieze is tied in the pattern on the hangings, chintz on the chairs and on the wall.

Cream enamel or green-dyed wooden furniture looks charming a flower room, especially white tiles on the washstand and armoire grate match the color of the frieze. Any enterprising woman carry out this idea herself, use paste for the paper made by big flour into a pall with cold water then pouring boiling water slow to it, stirring all the time till it

Case for the Nightcap. It is a great time saver and aid to the lazy.

It is not the kind you imagine, but a real addition to midday's outfit. Lazy people may now appear breakfast in a presentable state without bothering to dress the hair afterward.

For in addition to the night cap there are a number of styles adapted for boudoir use, a little less fitting than the night cap, and with the strings tied under the chin.

The caps are made of the sheers bits of muslin, with Valenciennes Irish lace, according to one's pocket, and a perky bow of ribbon at side.

They are very attractive and are coming to almost every one. And the fad for them seems to be increasing.

Besides keeping the hair smooth the night, they may be made to part a delightful scent to it by the santon of perfumed catchets.

of the morrow. She takes all the of the present until it becomes a habit as such a strong habit that even the rires as they come fall to blur slant.

Try it just for one day. Begin morning to rub out of your recollection the things you failed to do, the things you may fall in doing, I termine, until you go to bed tonight to live for the next thing as well as cheerfully as you can.

If a day so spent is not entirely you would spend it, at least the average of happiness is higher than if passed the hours in vain regrets a vainer forebodings until no strength is left for same living.

Vanity. Vanity is to a certain extent a good thing. The wholesome vanity which makes a woman want to look her best at all times, that makes her take care of her hair and teeth and hand that keeps her shoulders back and head erect, that bids her eschew dressing jackets for housewear, and keep her frocks well brushed and mended—this is vanity worth having

Excellent Habit to Cultivate, Especially by the Girl Who is Given to Frattling.

Are you one of the girls who are given to moping, to looking fearfully into the future or to lamenting the past? There is no surer cure for these unhappiness breeders than to cultivate the clean-slate habit.

What is it?

Live a day at a time. Start each morning with a fresh record to be made. This must not be muddled with the blurs of yesterday nor the possible blots of tomorrow.

The girl who gets the clean-slate habit, realizing the value of living but a day at a time, determines to make that day as bright and helpful as she can. She seeks to write upon it only pleasant things. If the disagreeable ones must go down, she looks forward to the morrow when they can be rubbed out, though perhaps they must be rewritten.

The girl with the clean-slate habit does not force early wrinkles by dread

GOOD WORK IS PROGRESSING

Women in Every State Join Earnestly in Campaign Against Tuberculosis.

Four years ago the only active women workers in the anti-tuberculosis movement were a little group of about 30 women's clubs. Today 800,000 women, under the United States, are banded together against this disease, and more than 2,000 clubs are taking a special interest in the crusade. Not less than \$500,000 is raised annually by them for tuberculosis work, besides millions that are secured through their efforts in state and municipal appropriations. Mrs. Rufus P. Williams is the chairman of the department that directs this work. In addition to the work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Public Health Education committee of the American Medical association, composed largely of women physicians, has carried on an educational campaign of lectures during the past year in which thousands have been reached. The Mothers' congress, the Young Women's Christian association, and many unattached clubs bring the number of women united in the tuberculosis war to well over a million. There is not a state in the union where some work has not been done.

A Diplomat. "And how old should you say I am?" giggled the golden-haired spinster, with a coy glance at Bjones.

"Ah, Miss Smiley," replied Bjones, with a low bow, "I do not think you are old at all. Ask rather how young do I take you to be."

And she was so pleased she forgot to—Harper's Weekly.

Tit for Tat. "Miss Binga," stammered the young man, "I called on you last night did I not?"

"What an odd question! Of course you did."

"W-w-well, I just wanted to say that if I proposed to you I was drunk."

"To ease your mind, I will say that if I accepted you I was crazy."—Judge.

Detected. It was at a Fourth of July meeting in the little city. The mayor, William Smith, rose, and at dignified length read the Declaration of Independence. There was a pause; then from one of the mayor's old schoolmates came the loud whisper: "Bill never writ that. He ain't smart enough."

Not to Overdo It. Lily—I've givine to a s'prise party tonight, Miss Sally.

—Sally—What will you take for a present?

Lily—Well, we didn't cal'late on takin' no present. Yo' see, we don't wan' to s'prise 'em too much.

Get a Move On. The Loafer—Alas! my ship doesn't come in.

The Real Man—Then get a move on and help some other fellow unload his.

Human Nature. "A fool and his money are soon parted."

"Yes, but you never call him a fool till the money is gone."—Cleveland Leader.

Located. Old Gentleman (to waiter)—Can you tell me if my wife is here?

Waiter—Yes, sir, eight hats to the left.—Fleegende Blatter.

A man knows but little if he tells the missus all he knows.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R. F. D. Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures if female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

The difference remember this—

It may be your life. Cathartics, bird shot and cannon ball pills—two spoon dots of cathartic medicines all depend on irritation of the bowels until they weaken to move. Cascares strengthen the bowel muscles so they creep and crawl naturally. This means a cure and only through Cascares do you get it quickly and naturally.

Cascares—the box—won't's treatment. Advertisers. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

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