

Beware the grip. Do not let it get a hold on you.

Pride has many a fall these slippery mornings.

Baseball talk has moved on from postmortem to forecasts.

An extraordinary duel was fought in France the other day. One of the duellists was hurt.

Chicago is the gem center of the world, but there is such a thing as wearing too many.

Baseball bids fair to girdle the globe. The Japs and the Cubans are taking kindly to it.

One man's attempt at suicide is attributed to too much housework. Is this a sign of the times?

We are told that an Illinois woman has put an end to herself by jumping into a cistern. Well, well!

What do you think of a hen that laid 4,000 eggs in 22 years and never brooded? Can you beat it?

The house cat carries germs indoors and indulges out of doors in an excess of vocal expression.

Florida has a bride seventy-eight years old. And yet there are women of forty who have given up hope.

A New York publisher tells us that poor music sells best. So we should judge from the music we hear these days.

That proposed half cent coin would be about right for most of the things you get by dropping a 1 cent coin in the slot.

New York is to have a fifty-eight story building. Tenants on the top floor will be reasonably safe from porch climbers.

A new play in New York is called "Bought and Paid For." However, many a writer of vaudeville sketches has no such luck.

A Chicago man was shot for stepping on another's corn. Anybody who has ever nursed a pet corn will call it justifiable homicide.

A London man who was a contributor to Punch has just died, leaving a fortune of \$5,000,000, and we'll bet his jokes weren't worth it.

We are told that there will be no babies in these United States after the year 2020. Another reason for protecting our infant industries.

During the last 34 years, says an eastern paper, we have lost \$5,000,000,000 by fire. Even at that old "inadequate water supply" is still doing business.

Irmsk, the capital of Siberia, is described as the wickedest city in the world. It is now up to New York, Chicago and Pittsburg to renew their efforts.

Aviator Paulhan, who has made \$200,000 out of his aeroplane, says he is going to retire from the game. This looks to us like knowing exactly when to quit.

Curing paralysis by artificially inducing fever reminds one of the ingenious practitioner who always threw his patients into fits and then cured the fits.

It is bad enough to be a deaf mute, but when one so afflicted is sued for slander, it is carrying the thing too far. Some persons evidently "just can't make their hands behave."

Pupils at Wellesley must learn how to spell before they are allowed to graduate. It may be a good innovation, but we fear that it will detract from the quality of Wellesley fudge.

An army officer has invented a multiplex telephone, and it is claimed for it that ten persons can speak over one line. As if we didn't have troubles enough already with the four-party wire.

Mount Etna continues to smoke, but the innocent bystanders have come to the conclusion that there is nothing doing in the way of lava. Many a time and oft have we heard of persons who "didn't know it was loaded."

Paris has decreed war against rats. This does not mean a battle against the rodents, but the downfall of the present style of dressing ladies' hair. But while the hobble skirt remains Paris fashions will not lack for striking features.

Another instance of the hardship of military duty is the decree that members of the New Jersey National Guard must refrain from wearing patent leather pumps at drill. However, there is no order against chewing gum or using powder puffs.

A Cleveland man wants damages for having to answer telephone calls that were not for him and for the time he has lost in waiting to get the numbers he wanted. He will receive a large amount of public sympathy, if he never gets anything else.

"Venus is inhabited," avers Professor See. See that Professor See is something of a seer. We are not surprised, however, at what Professor See has seen. If Venus is as far as we are wont to believe, it is only natural that she should have plenty of company.

Carrots may be as nutritious as eggs, as one scientist declares, but they leave no sign of wealth on the mustache or fancy vest. Hence we are against them. A man rich enough to eat eggs likes to advertise the fact.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Have Hopes for Lakes-to-Gulf Canal



BELIEVE A CANAL WOULD BE ABOUT THE PROPER THING
LAKE MICHIGAN
GULF OF MEXICO

WASHINGTON.—The fact that congress continues to nurse various projects for artificial waterways may probably be taken to indicate that sooner or later some of these canals will be constructed. The rivers and harbors bill, as amended by the senate, and as it will probably stand when finally passed, directs the national waterways commission to make a careful study of the advisability and feasibility of the proposed canal from Lake Erie, by way of Port Wayne, or by some other direct and feasible route, to the southern end of Lake Michigan, and of a canal from the Ohio river, at a point near Pittsburg, to Lake Erie. The commission is also directed to look into the feasibility and practicability of a canal to connect the Anacostia river, here at the national capital, with Chesapeake bay, or some tributary of that bay.

In the case of the proposed canal from the Ohio river to Lake Erie, the bill provides that the expense of investigating as to its feasibility and practicability shall be borne by the local interests affected.

There are many reasons for believing that as soon as the Panama canal is completed, the building of artificial waterways here at home will be undertaken on a large scale. It is generally assumed that the lakes-to-the-gulf waterway will be the first of the projects put through.

The flesh of young antelope is said to be much superior to ordinary venison. That of mature animals, particularly the males, has a strong flavor; but this may be greatly improved by domestication. A full grown pronghorn weighs from 100 to 125 pounds, and will dress from 65 to 80 pounds.

The deer family stands next to the cattle and sheep family in general utility. The flesh is a valuable food. Venison was more common than beef on the tables of medieval Europe and was the flesh most commonly eaten by early settlers and frontiersmen in North America. Its dietetic value is enhanced by the fact that it is especially adapted to invalids who require a nourishing, yet easily digested food.

The American elk, with all its claims of attention is fast disappearing from the earth, with scarcely an effort for its preservation or domestication, the department declares. By domestication it does not mean simply taming, but a course of intelligent breeding and protection. A series of experiments has furnished the scientists with sufficient evidence to say confidently that this business may become of great importance to the country.

There is a story abroad in Washington, whether true or not, that the pampered men of the capital go about accepting invitations and then at the last moment turn a flip-flop if they get a card from a hostess where there is apt to be more fun going on. Anyway, it is the men of Washington who hold all the trump cards in the social game, as one may infer from this declaration of a dashing young American baroness who left here not a great while ago:

"Sorry to go to Turkey? Sorry to set up housekeeping in Constantinople? Not a bit of it! Why, my dear, things will be changed completely. Over there I will not have the delirium fidgets wondering whether I'll have men enough to go around if I give a dance or a dinner—no, indeed, it will be just the other way about. I'll be

plecking and choosing, and each dear man will be fidgeting properly as to whether I'll choose him or his brother. Turkey for me! The men here are spoiled fools. To be sure, you have enough of 'em and to spare; the only trouble is if they are so generally willing to consult their own convenience without regard to the anxiety they cause the women who entertain."

This baroness enjoyed the reputation of scaring the wits out of the other dames who were contemplating dinners or dances.

"For pity's sake," they used to wall, "does anybody know if the Baroness Blank has any notion of doing anything such-and-such a night? If she has, away will flock the men to her side—it will never do to pluck the night she hits upon for any of her doings."

Wherefore, putting two and two together, the baroness' departure was not accompanied with more grief than one could weep for—even though she did do things up so beautifully, and besides was a very kind and considerate personage when the debutantes and near-debutantes were concerned.

these objectionable barriers should be made higher and more nearly impenetrable.

We try at Ellis Island to maintain some sort of supervision of immigration and we do turn back many whose presence among us would be a danger and a burden. But we should go further than this.

What stronger object lesson of the necessity for careful espionage on immigration do we need than the report of the New York state superintendent of prisons, Cornelius V. Collins? He tells us that, notwithstanding the growth of the parole system, our prison population is increasing rapidly; that our state prisons are shockingly overcrowded, and that here's the point—more than 54 per cent. of this prison increase is directly traceable to the trend of foreign criminals to the United States.

Our government can do nothing more beneficial to the country than to prevent the incoming of foreigners of criminal record or tendency.

Roller skates were patented and used in France as early as 1819. Skates similar to those now in use were invented and patented by Plympton of Boston in 1865.

Originality. People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own, except energy, strength and will. If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries there would be but small balance in my favor.—Goethe

Rich Man. The richest man in our acquaintance is one who, although in middle life, has not accumulated a thousand dollars. His character is so lofty and gentle and his heart so genuinely true that his friendship carries with it a wonderful wealth of helpfulness and courage and those other qualities which lift men into high places in life—and these are things that money cannot buy.

Men Hold Trump Card in Social Game

WHICH SHALL IT BE!

ELLIS ISLAND

THIS is the land of the free and the home of the brave. It is the haven of the down-trodden and the hope of the oppressed. It is the asylum of the homeless and the opportunity of the willing. Millions in overcrowded Europe cast longing eyes hitherward and annually hundreds of thousands succeed in reaching our shores. We have room for them. There are work and opportunity here for each of them—if they are of the right sort. Our broad acres and our prosperous cities can care for another hundred millions as easily as they support those who are here. All we ask is that they be earnest in the desire to be good Americans capable of self-support, healthy of mind and body.

But, unfortunately, in our generous hospitality we are imposed upon. This great country of ours in fairness to ourselves should not be made the dumping ground of the mentally incompetent, the physically incapable, the morally perverted, and against

ing about as she talked and reducing the chaos to order. "You're Miss Goozle, all right, all right—trying to put it over me that way, when you know I know you so well—"

"Hush! I won't hear such language! I don't see where you ever learned it!" Mrs. Ray interposed despairingly.

Sybilla looked contrite and ran to her mother, pushing her down into the easiest chair and smoothing her hair delectly.

Mrs. Ray got up, saying, irritably, "I will go upstairs—but mind, Mabel, if you keep Peter too long I can't do very much. That left side-form has to be set in differently and without you to fit it on—"

"I know! I know! Only go," Mabel interrupted.

As her mother vanished in the wake of Sybilla, whose arms overflowed with inchoate finery, the minister knocked. Mabel welcomed him warmly—she had a warm heart toward any man who admired her, so warm, in fact, it was three hours before she let Peter leave, notwithstanding the state of the pink silk frock.

"You can finish it by twelve o'clock tonight—and we'll sleep late tomorrow," she explained when her mother complained of wasted time.

Sybilla, who had just come in, stood with clenched hands. "You know mother ought to be in bed early," she said, her voice singularly restrained. "And she shall be there, too—even if you go to the hop in your old blue tarlatan."

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Sybilla burst explosively into the sitting room, shouting subduedly: "Mother! Mab! Everybody! The new minister is coming—I saw him in the lane—and you know the road doesn't go anywhere else."

"Dear me! And this room in such a clutter!" Mrs. Ray cried, dropping her sewing and glancing at the shreds of pink silk, the tatters of tulle and snippets of gauze that littered the rug and clung wistfully to everything.

"That frock does look dance-y," Sybilla commented—but over her shoulder—she was on her knees gathering up the offending shreds and tatters. "But don't you worry, mother—L'll whisk everything out of sight. Besides, I believe his reverence will be so taken up looking at Mab he won't see anything else—not if it was as big as a grown dog."

"Hush! You dreadful child!" Mrs. Ray reproved.

Mab, the beauty of the family, pouted visibly. "I do hope he won't stay long. If he does my new frock will never get done in time," she said anxiously.

Sybilla laughed outright, saying proudly, "And if it shouldn't—why, the Hampton pound cake may turn out all dough!"

Mabel flushed angrily. "You deserve to be sent to boarding school—only you're such a savage you might disgrace the family," she said severely. Then she turned to her mother. "Why can't you go upstairs and sew? I'll make out you've got a headache—and send the Rev. Peter Benn away in a jiffy."

"You ask me to do everything except your lying," Sybilla bubbled, her eyes dancing. "I like Peter Benn. Why don't you leave me to entertain him? He's almost as nice as a big healthy two-weeks-old calf."

"You forward thing!" Mabel ejaculated. "Mother, send her upstairs. If you don't she'll make me cry—"

"No she won't—crying makes red noses for little Mabel—and she doesn't want even a minister to see her so," Sybilla stung back undaunted, whirling

She ended with a laugh of genuine amusement that had yet a sound unlike her usual bubbling. Still, she had her way about the frock after all, in- dicting her father to exercise husbandly authority for once, and send his wife to bed betimes.

All next day she was singularly gentle and singularly willing—not once did she say a bawdy thing, nor fall of doing the most exacting duty.

Rested and refreshed, Mrs. Ray did marvel with the pink silk. When it lay complete upon the bed in the spare room, Mabel surveyed it with a happy smile, and even said to Sybilla:

"Syb—when your time comes, I'm going to see to it that you have new things—and real pretty ones. Of course I'll be married then—but I shan't forget how nice you can be when you try."

"Thanky, ma'am," Sybilla said, her eyes dancing. "But isn't it lucky, I never cared for clothes? If I did care I would spoil all my fun tonight. I've nothing to wear to the hop, but my pink organdy—and I've had to let down every tuck in it."

"You must have your joke," Mabel said smiling indulgently.

Sybilla also smiled. "If you take it that way—I'm glad," she said. "I thought maybe you'd be mad as Tucker over my going, but when Len asked me why, I just had to say yes."

Mabel stared at her as if paralyzed. "You—you don't mean to tell me you're going with Len Hampton?" she gasped. "Why? I—I was sure—"

"I know," Sybilla nodded. "But don't you mind Mab. I won't ever cheep to him what you thought. He's going to take us both, and Mrs. Dean into the bargain—his car is big enough you know, though we don't actually need a chaperon, now we're engaged. Oh, say Mab, will it be too much out of the picture if I wear my diamond ring with the pink organdy?"

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

Rachel and Leah

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Sybilla burst explosively into the sitting room, shouting subduedly: "Mother! Mab! Everybody! The new minister is coming—I saw him in the lane—and you know the road doesn't go anywhere else."

"Dear me! And this room in such a clutter!" Mrs. Ray cried, dropping her sewing and glancing at the shreds of pink silk, the tatters of tulle and snippets of gauze that littered the rug and clung wistfully to everything.

"That frock does look dance-y," Sybilla commented—but over her shoulder—she was on her knees gathering up the offending shreds and tatters. "But don't you worry, mother—L'll whisk everything out of sight. Besides, I believe his reverence will be so taken up looking at Mab he won't see anything else—not if it was as big as a grown dog."

"Hush! You dreadful child!" Mrs. Ray reproved.

Mab, the beauty of the family, pouted visibly. "I do hope he won't stay long. If he does my new frock will never get done in time," she said anxiously.

Sybilla laughed outright, saying proudly, "And if it shouldn't—why, the Hampton pound cake may turn out all dough!"

Mabel flushed angrily. "You deserve to be sent to boarding school—only you're such a savage you might disgrace the family," she said severely. Then she turned to her mother. "Why can't you go upstairs and sew? I'll make out you've got a headache—and send the Rev. Peter Benn away in a jiffy."

"You ask me to do everything except your lying," Sybilla bubbled, her eyes dancing. "I like Peter Benn. Why don't you leave me to entertain him? He's almost as nice as a big healthy two-weeks-old calf."

"You forward thing!" Mabel ejaculated. "Mother, send her upstairs. If you don't she'll make me cry—"

"No she won't—crying makes red noses for little Mabel—and she doesn't want even a minister to see her so," Sybilla stung back undaunted, whirling

She ended with a laugh of genuine amusement that had yet a sound unlike her usual bubbling. Still, she had her way about the frock after all, in- dicting her father to exercise husbandly authority for once, and send his wife to bed betimes.

All next day she was singularly gentle and singularly willing—not once did she say a bawdy thing, nor fall of doing the most exacting duty.

Rested and refreshed, Mrs. Ray did marvel with the pink silk. When it lay complete upon the bed in the spare room, Mabel surveyed it with a happy smile, and even said to Sybilla:

"Syb—when your time comes, I'm going to see to it that you have new things—and real pretty ones. Of course I'll be married then—but I shan't forget how nice you can be when you try."

"Thanky, ma'am," Sybilla said, her eyes dancing. "But isn't it lucky, I never cared for clothes? If I did care I would spoil all my fun tonight. I've nothing to wear to the hop, but my pink organdy—and I've had to let down every tuck in it."

"You must have your joke," Mabel said smiling indulgently.

Sybilla also smiled. "If you take it that way—I'm glad," she said. "I thought maybe you'd be mad as Tucker over my going, but when Len asked me why, I just had to say yes."

Mabel stared at her as if paralyzed. "You—you don't mean to tell me you're going with Len Hampton?" she gasped. "Why? I—I was sure—"

"I know," Sybilla nodded. "But don't you mind Mab. I won't ever cheep to him what you thought. He's going to take us both, and Mrs. Dean into the bargain—his car is big enough you know, though we don't actually need a chaperon, now we're engaged. Oh, say Mab, will it be too much out of the picture if I wear my diamond ring with the pink organdy?"

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Bernhardt's Callers at Stage Supper. Boston society in the audience at Bernhardt's performance of "Camille" were surprised at the familiar look of certain of the dinner guests in the first act.

It happened thus: Some young men, who had met the divine Sarah in Paris, called on her at the theater. As they were in evening dress it was suggested that they have supper with Marguerite Gautier. They became actors at a moment's notice.

Mabel said nothing. In fact, just then it appeared to her there was nothing left to say. But when next Sunday Peter Benn preached about Leah and Rachel, she, of all the congregation, understood 'him best.

Every Man, Woman and Child Can SEE!

—THAT IS WHY—

Electric Lights Talk

You can have them at little cost. THEY TALK BUSINESS and are pleasure and convenience in YOUR HOME.

St. Tammany Ice and Manufacturing Co LIMITED.

P. J. Lacroix, General Merchandise,

Dry Goods, Feed, Furniture and Tinware.

FANCY G