

'S'Matter, Pop?'

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By C. M. Payne



HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY.

D. WATTS says there is more money in doctoring him because you can always get your pay from their insurance policies. Everybody wants friends that he can trust until he finds out how expensive it is to trust them. The cashier of the Exchange Bank refuses to take a vacation this summer, but they are going to have his books examined anyhow. Mr. Darks says his wife doesn't pay much attention to past troubles because she is so busy talking about something worse that is going to happen. Roy Harsh bought his wife a new hat. But she is going to take it back because the dog doesn't seem to like it. The Palace Drug Store is going to take out its novelties and confectionery and put in a line of drugs.

"May, I'm going to send you a belt buckle with your name set in diamonds." "Oh, how kind, Mr. Oldboy! But please see my middle name." "All right, what is it?" "Clementine."

"TALKING about dry goods, have you ever been in Leavenworth, Kan.?" asked the commercial traveler in the smoking car. "No? Well, that's a dry town for you, all right." "They can't sell liquor at all there?" asked one of the men. "Only if you have been bitten by a snake," said the traveler, according to Tit-Bits. "They have only one snake in the town, and when I got to it after standing in line for nearly half the day it was too tired to bite."

"I'm glad to see your boy is such a help to you since he came back from college. I saw him out in the field killing bugs." "Well, you can't exactly say as his makin' a collection is much help. You see, he only collects one of a kind."

A NORTH DAKOTA farmer roused his new harvest hand from slumber in the hay-mow, says Everybody's Magazine, promptly at 3 A. M. "You can slip down and out that little patch of oats before breakfast," he ordered. "Are they wild oats?" sleepily inquired the hired man. "Wild? Why, no, they're tame oats." "Well, if they're tame, maybe I can slip up on them in daylight."

"You say you're sleeping because you're blind? But you have been blind forty years and have stood on this corner nearly every day. I never saw you keep before." "Well, sir, I never heard about hobble skirts until to-day."

YOU have heard much in political speeches this year about "Armageddon." Most people do not know what the word means or how it originated. According to ancient prophecy, the final conflict between the powers of Good and of Evil is to be waged on the Judgment Day at "Har-Magedon." This name has been corrupted into "Armageddon," and is translated from the Hebrew by some authorities as "the mountain district around Megiddo" (or Edmession, in Syria. Hundreds of fierce battles have been waged in the Edmession, or Armageddon, district of Palestine from the days of the old Assyrians down to Napoleon's time. From long use the phrase "Armageddon" has come to be a symbol for any great battle or slaughter. And of late months it has been appropriated for political use.

"At Arrow Sent." By Cora M. W. Greenleaf. I SHOT an arrow from the bow. I had no target handy, so I fired into the air, and I hit a stupid passing bird. That arrow was an idle word of course, and was overhead by one for whom it was never meant. Ah, me! the cruel shaft I sent without the least unkind intent! And all the wealth of land and main can never bring it back again.

True Courtesy. THE Mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and after a moment's reflection he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."—Argonaut.

Oh, You Ophelia!

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By Dwig



Betty Vincent's Advice

The Question of Age.

"R. K." writes: "I am in love with a man who is eight years older than myself. Do you think our marriage is likely to be happy?" There is always an element of risk when a number of years separate husband and wife, but your case may turn out all right.

"R. L." writes: "I am twenty-four and engaged to a young man, but my father says I am too young to marry. What do you think?" Twenty-four is an excellent age for marriage.

"L. M." writes: "I have been married a year, and my husband doesn't seem to care for me as much as he did. Shall I stay with him, or go back to my father's house?" Think carefully before you make any rash move. Are you sure you are making your husband a good wife?

Take Him Back. "S. B." writes: "A certain young man was attentive to me and then I thought I liked some one else better, so he withdrew to give the other fellow a chance. Now I want the first man back, and he wants to come back. Would it be dignified to make up?" It would be sensible—and the sooner the better.

"E. H." writes: "I quarrelled with a young man because he was jealous. But I liked him very much and went half way toward reconciliation. He did the same. Was I wrong to do my share of the making-up?" No, only I am afraid you won't find lasting happiness with a jealous lover.

Point of Etiquette. "E. M." writes: "When a young man takes a girl to dine in a restaurant who does the ordering?" The gentleman, after he has asked the young lady to express her preference.

"R. L." writes: "A young man has paid me numerous attentions for several months in appreciation of his studies. Would it be proper for me to give him a birthday present and what?" It would be proper, although not necessary, to make a simple gift, such as a book.

"V. N." writes: "Would it be all right to use a platinum wedding ring instead of a gold one? I know the latter is customary, but I prefer platinum." Your wedding ring may be made of any material you wish.

The Passing of the "Olden" School Days

By Sophie Irene Loeb

AND now the readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetick' days, together with the little red school house and the boys in the blue overalls, are passing. No longer will John remember that red letter day of the eventful 'lectin' for not knowing his geography lesson. And the boys in the blue overalls—the grandfathers of tomorrow—will be heard to say, "The last time I hoed the potato patch at school the teacher, &c." Of grand-mother will say, "I remember well the day when I got the recipe of chocolate pudding mixed up with the potato sauce and how the teacher, &c." For the general tone of the fiftieth annual convention in Chicago of the National Education Association proves that the above cherished early fundamentals have served their usefulness and must be passed up with the snows of yesterday.

Thus, let the cynic wall and the pessimist gnash his teeth; yet progress moves on apace and we are learning to live, as well as living to learn—and right in the school days, too. Said President Pierce: "With the tremendous changes that have come into our industrial life, with the continued clustering together of our people into the cities, we still maintain too largely a school curriculum formed under conditions which have passed away; conditions which, for a vast proportion of our people, no longer exist; and our programme of terms and vacation smacks still of the rural community, though an ever-increasing horde of our people dwell in towns."

"We have thus placed upon us the responsibility for recognizing the changed conditions and for so reconstituting the subjects of study in the schools, our daily and weekly programme of school exercises, and our arrangement of school terms and vacation, as to meet the changed conditions in which we live. It is for us to bring back the schools in such touch with life that the school may meet the conditions of our present day communities."

The slogan of the convention was "Light and Young." But not all lights suit all young. Some must needs have the soft light of home, while others the high light of ACTIVITY. To fit the need is the thing!

Strong protest is being made in South Australia against the continual slaughter of such rare birds as the ibis, the egret, crane and spoonbills to supply the demands of milliners. The slaughter renders South Australia even more prone to plagues of grasshoppers, and is a prime cause of the decline of its fish resources. As the wading birds disappear the crustaceans that destroy fish spawn increase in multitude.

The Day's Good Stories

The Reason Why.

HE was a poor, miserable looking dog, and the owner's heart was filled with pity. But how the dog was loved and he was so fond of the little girl who lived near by. "I'm afraid the dog is suffering, so he asked the little girl who lived near by to take care of him." "I'll do my best," said the girl. "I'll do my best," said the girl.

A Suggestion. THE little girl who lived near by, she was a poor, miserable looking dog, and the owner's heart was filled with pity. But how the dog was loved and he was so fond of the little girl who lived near by.

Artful Little Boy. "PAPA," said George, "I would like a new hat." "You had a new hat last week," said Papa. "I would like a new hat," said George.

Absolutely Without Air. "HOW long can a human being exist without air?" "At least five hours," said a doctor. "I can't see how you can do that," said a patient. "I can't see how you can do that," said a patient.

"On" Money. "I'M sure you made out of this convention," said a delegate. "I'm sure you made out of this convention," said a delegate.

The Man in the Brown Derby

By Wells Hastings

CHAPTER XIX. A Journey to the Country. "I," I whispered to Mrs. Lathrop, "that is the man of the seventh avenue station, the man who probably snatched me in the park." "He looks awfully enough," she whispered back. "I tell you what, Mr. Elsworth, he'll turn around and see us in a moment. You just get the tickets and we'll go through. Course you'll have to get anything to eat right here on the platform; besides, you've got your hands full of bags. So, when we're through the gate, we'll separate a little, and I'll meet you up by the information bureau at the Grand Central. If he sees you, you just wait as if you didn't notice, and when the train comes in, wait until almost the last moment, and then make a dash for the door. I'll manage, somehow, to get in his way. Oh, no, I won't get hurt. I know that a little, but I'm wily. Then, you see, I can come along by the next train. "But won't he simply follow you then?" "I guess you're right," said Mrs. Lathrop, and for a while we walked on in silence. Then Mrs. Lathrop shrugged her shoulders as if she were shrugging back common sense. "Are you just going for a walk through the town, or are you going to see some definite place in mind?" "I thought I would go to the post-office first," I said. "I have a letter to write and mail and, if there are lodgings to be had in town, we shall be apt to find notice of them there."

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