

"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY.

Most people find living an agreeable job. Kindness soon sours unless kept in circulation. Pointed Paragraphs: Doing beats wishing, but it requires far more manual labor. A good husband is one who doesn't think his wife talks too much, says the Chicago News. Every man believes he is entitled to a lot of credit he doesn't get. He also waits who serves—especially if he tries to serve a woman. Sometimes the blifed girl solves her own problem by getting married. A scheme seldom pays any one—with the possible exception of the seller. "I can look the whole world in the face." "You've got to. No one'll trust you out of sight." A young Englishman came to Washington and devoted his days and nights to an earnest endeavor to drink all the Scotch whisky there was, says the Saturday Evening Post. He couldn't do it, and presently he went to a doctor, complaining of a disordered stomach. "Quit drinking!" ordered the doctor. "That, my dear sir, I can't. I get so thirsty." "Well, said the doctor, "whenever you are thirsty eat an apple instead of taking a drink." The Englishman paid his fee and left. He met a friend, to whom he told his experience. "Bally rot!" he protested. "Faunoy eating forty apples a day!" "Who was it that was sold to 'od the cradle and the grave?" "Whoever it was, I guess he's content nowadays with the 'ultimate consumer."

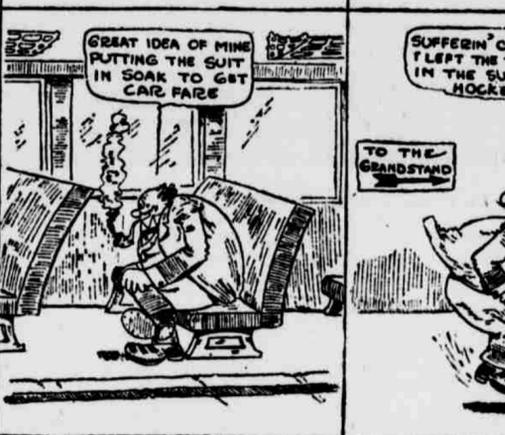
Teacher—If I gave you a dollar and your father gave you a dollar and a half and your sister gave you sixty cents, what would you have? Johnny—Heart failure.

What is Your Weight in Gold? You often hear of a man or a woman or an object of some sort that is proclaimed to be "worth his (her or its) weight in gold." Did you ever stop to figure out what your weight in gold would be? Or your sweetheart's? Or your baby's? Or your favorite pipe's? You can do it—approximately. The value of gold fluctuates. Usually it runs in price somewhere between \$19 and \$20 an ounce. Let's take the latter amount. It's easier to figure with. Gold is weighed by troy weight, twelve ounces to the pound. In other words (at \$20 an ounce) \$240 a pound. Do you weigh 150 pounds? Then your weight in gold is about \$36,000. (The "capitalization" of a man who gets an \$1,800 a year salary.) Is your girl's weight 110 pounds? She is worth only about \$22,000. Nearly \$10,000 less than yourself, though you probably won't acknowledge it—to her. If your pipe weighs two ounces its weight in gold is \$40. Your ten-pound baby is worth only \$2,000 in gold. So you see "worth his weight in gold" is not such exorbitant praise after all. Next time tell her instead that she is worth her weight in radium. Even Rookefeller isn't worth that much.

Proposals in the Alps. In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers. If a maid accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man she at the same time accepts him as her fiancee, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman he loves. Another method which is used in the Canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flower-pot

The Boob!

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TO THE GRANDSTAND

He Falls for an Old Game



LET ME EXPLAIN!

The Diamonds

By J. S. Fletcher

Romance of a Hoard of Missing Jewels and the Mystery Which Followed Them

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.) He laid the waistcoat aside and began to examine the body. The pockets of the dead man's trousers yielded little more than a pound or two in loose silver and copper, a bunch of keys and one or two insignificant odds and ends. But when Finney turned the body over he found that Hollins had a deep and convenient pocket at the back of the hips, and from this he drew a small canvas bag, which on examination proved to contain two five-pound Bank of England notes and a two-eighths-pound in gold, together with some papers which showed that Hollins had three hundred pounds invested in the Bradford Third Equitable Building Society.

CHAPTER XII. The Furnace in the Glass Works. MR. STAFFORD FINNEY'S first action on discovering that his friend, Mr. William Hollins, was dead was strikingly characteristic of Mr. Stafford Finney's particular virtues and qualities as a man. He walked quietly back to the door, took the key out of the lock on the other side, transferred it to his own side of the door and locked himself in with the corpse. Then he went back to the bed and re-examined the body, but only in a superficial fashion—just sufficient to ascertain that Hollins was really dead, and while he did so he ruminated in a quiet fashion. "No one who had seen Bill on the night I missed Mr. Finney," could possibly feel surprised to hear of Bill's death from drink. He drank all but about a wineglass of the contents of two bottles of whiskey, and he was a precious little water with it. The strange thing is that he didn't get fighting mad. But he was not a bit like that—I never saw a more lamb-like drunkard.

CHAPTER XIII. A Band of Nurses. who do most of their work on horse-back. They wear a khaki uniform with the St. John badge across the shoulders. As the superintendent of the corps, Mrs. Norman received a personal letter from the Duchess of Connaught thanking her for the street and field work done by these nurses during the Duke of Connaught's tour of South Africa.

G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t!

By Ferd G. Long



Back to the Farm. MISS FRANCES LYON of Westwood, Mass., has the distinction of being the only woman in New England who lives in a house literally built with her own hands. Miss Lyon belongs to a club whose members are practicing the doctrine of going back to the farm. The club is limited to forty members and owns property to the amount of \$1,000 and about seventy acres of farming land not far from Westwood. Each member holds a deed to one acre and the remainder of the land is held in common to be rented by any member who wishes to try farming back to the farm. The club is limited to a larger club.

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