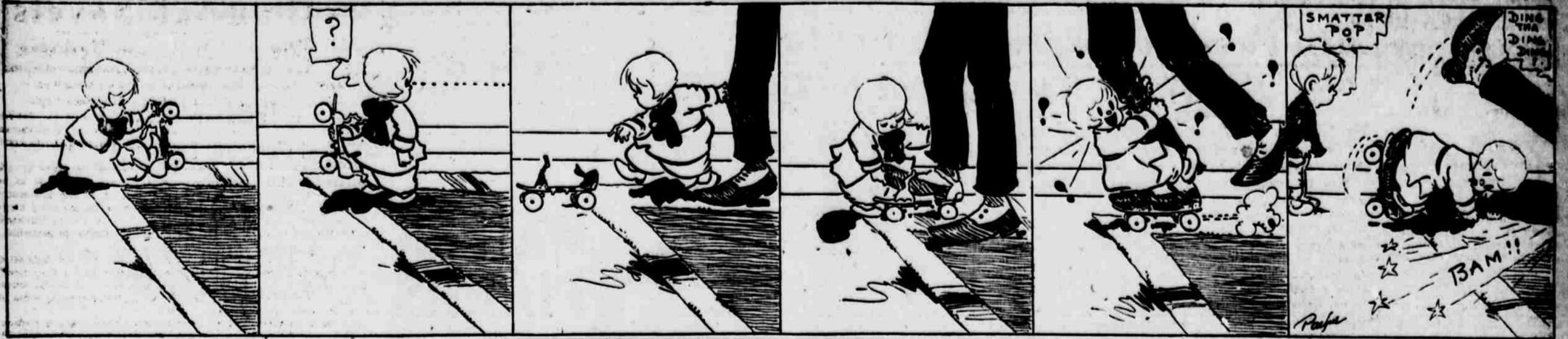


"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



Bachelor Girl Ballads

HELEN ROWLAND

LOVE SONG OF A SUMMER MAN.

I was many and many a June ago, On the sands by the sounding sea, That a maiden I met, whom you may know, As "The Beautiful Ceryphoe;" And this maiden seemed glad, for a whole, whole—WEE, To love and be loved by me.

Oh, I was bewitched, and she was bewitched, As we never had thought to be, And we loved with a love, far more than the love, Of a summer-day dream by the sea; With a love that even the gossips, themselves, Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason I lingered so By the dangerous, deep blue sea, Lingered, knowing I ought to go— Knowing I ought to flee, 'Till her millionaire FIANCE came And bore her away from me Bore her away in his limousine From the love of the treacherous sea.

The married man, not so happy by far Had gone envying her and me But that was before the man with the car Came bounding along by the sea— Before he came down in a cloud of dust, And called to us, "Twenty-three!" (And the sea echoed "Twenty-three!")

Yes, that love lasted longer than any, by far, That I've known by the summer sea, Then ANY, I've known by the sea; And neither the man with the motor car, Nor the thought that I still am free, Can make me forget or regret that I met— And was torn from my Ceryphoe.

For the moon never glows, but my heart overflows With the jubilant memory Of the man with the car, who bore her afar, And left me bereft—but FREE! And so, all the day long, I go humming this song, "Romance is so short but marriage so long!" Oh, beware of the sounding sea— Of the moon by the sounding sea!

No Wonder!

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Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

Don't Elope.

It is an elopement ever advisable? I doubt it, and I doubt if it is ever necessary; at any rate, in America. It may be a question whether two persons, either one of whom is under age, ever ought to marry. But people of that age should most certainly not undertake marriage without the consent of their parents.

On the other hand if both are over twenty-one, who's going to stop them from marrying freely and openly? The medieval father who locked up his daughter on bread and water if she chose to marry against his command is as out of date as the medieval bathtub. "People don't do such things." And the remedy for "such things"—the clandestine flight—is therefore not needed any longer.

For Her Birthday. "P. A." writes: "I have been paying attention to a girl for six months and like her very much. Her birthday is coming soon. What would you advise me to give her?"

"F. A." writes: "I should like to gain first the friendship and then the love of a young man who has been deceived by another girl. At present he only speaks to me out of politeness. What shall I do?"

You can be nice to him when you see him and perhaps he will become interested in you. It's not your place to make any aggressive move.

"C. D." writes: "I am in love with a young man who has been paying me attention for about nine months. I am exceedingly jealous and we often quarrel on this account. I worry a great deal and am getting thin through my jealousy. Please advise me."

Make up your mind to rest out this

When It Is Time To Stop Working

By Clarence L. Cullen.

RECENTLY the papers told of a man who had not missed a working day from his desk job for forty-seven years. The papers mentioned this fact in announcing his death.

There are no available facts upon which to base a presumption that he might have lived a few years longer had he pulled down the lid of his desk for a few weeks each year and gone off somewhere and forgotten the job and enjoyed himself.

Parts of machinery that move in a groove have to be renewed pretty often. They wear out quickly. The human organism is a machine of very high resisting powers, but the human machine resembles the inanimate machine in respect of its ability to withstand the grind. The worn machine can go on working, of course, but it shows a lot of what the mechanics call "lost motion" and its efficiency is on the decrease all the time.

Efficiency is the most important word in modern life. In the sense of on-the-jobness, but efficiency does not mean that its possessor must make a fetish of it. Generally speaking, the most efficient folk are those who are wholly unconscious of their efficiency. When we begin to make efficiency a mania we are inadvertently undermining our efficiency to just the extent of our adherence to the mania.

Efficiency is a normal, not a morbid, virtue or quality. And the man whose efficiency or on-the-jobness is not improved by the right sort of a vacation simply does not exist.

The job will keep. The work can be ought to wait. Man, being human, needs renewal. We begin to get a better grasp of the meaning of life when we ascertain that we are not indispensable. Modern business conditions permit of and call for every man having a vacation. Not to take the vacation out of an over-ripe conscientiousness is an injurious form of penance that has long been out of date.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" "I guess so. I go somewhere quite often."

Just for Fun.



"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" "I guess so. I go somewhere quite often."

The Silent Bullet

An Absolutely NEW Type of Detective Story

By Arthur B. Reeve

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Craig Kennedy is a scientist who has been ordered by the government to investigate the mysterious disappearance of a man named Vincenzo. He has been working on this case for some time, and has discovered that the man was a member of a secret society. He has also discovered that the man was a member of a secret society.

CHAPTER X. The Black Hand.

WITH your assistance I'll get this man and the whole gang to-night," exclaimed Craig, rapidly sketching over his plan and concealing just enough to make sure that no matter how anxious the lieutenant was to get the credit, he could not spoil the affair by premature interference.

The final arrangement was that four of the best men of the squad were to hide in a vacant store across from Vincenzo's early in the evening, long before any one was watching. The signal for them to make their move was to be the extinguishing of the lights behind the colored bottles in the druggists' window.

A taxicab was to be kept waiting at headquarters at the same time with three other good men ready to start for a given address the moment the alarm was given over the telephone.

We found Gennaro awaiting us with the greatest anxiety at the opera house. The bomb at Cesare's had been the last straw. Gennaro had already drawn from his bank ten thousand-dollar bills and already had a copy of Il Progresso in which he had hidden the money between the sheets.

"That night we met at Vincenzo's drug store. Kennedy minutes to twelve," said Kennedy, placing the oblong box on the table. "Gennaro will be going in soon. Let us try this machine now and see if it works. If the wires have been cut since we put them up this morning Gennaro will have to take his chances alone."

Kennedy reached over and with a light movement of his forefinger touched a switch.

Instantly a babel of voices filled the store, all talking at once, rapidly and loudly. Here and there we could distinguish a snatched conversation, a word, a phrase, now and then even the whole sentence above the rest. There was the clink of glasses. I could hear the rattle of dice on a bare table, and in each a cork popped. Somebody scratched a match.

We sat bewildered, looking at Kennedy for an explanation.

"Imagine that," said Kennedy, sitting at a table in Albano's back room. "This is what you would be hearing. This is my 'electric ear'—in other words, the dictagraph, used, I am told, by the secret service of the United States. Wait. In a moment you will hear Gennaro come in. Luigi and Vincenzo, translate what you hear. My knowledge of Italian is pretty rusty."

"Can't you hear us?" whispered Luigi in an awe-struck whisper.

"No, not yet. But I have only to touch this other switch and I could produce an effect in that room that would rival the famous writing on Belshazzar's wall—only it would be a voice from the wall instead of writing."

"The babel of voices seem to be waiting for some one," said Vincenzo. "I heard somebody say 'He will be here in a few minutes. Now get out.'"

"The babel of voices seemed to calm down as men withdrew from the room. Only one or two were left.

"One of them says the child is all right. She has been left in the back yard," translated Luigi.

"What yard? Did he say?" asked Kennedy.

"No, they just speak of it as the 'yard,'" replied Luigi.

"Jameson, go outside in the store to the telephone booth and call up headquarters. Ask them if the automobile is ready with the men in it."

I rang up, and after a moment the police central answered that everything was right.

"Then tell central to hold the line clear—we mustn't lose a moment. Jameson, you stay in the booth. Vincenzo, on efficiency to just the extent of our adherence to the mania. Efficiency is a normal, not a morbid, virtue or quality. And the man whose efficiency or on-the-jobness is not improved by the right sort of a vacation simply does not exist. The job will keep. The work can be ought to wait. Man, being human, needs renewal. We begin to get a better grasp of the meaning of life when we ascertain that we are not indispensable. Modern business conditions permit of and call for every man having a vacation. Not to take the vacation out of an over-ripe conscientiousness is an injurious form of penance that has long been out of date.

A Glimpse Into New York Shops

THEY are new featuring graduation gowns and it is a noteworthy fact that for simple beauty and moderate price the present models are models. However, many graduates prefer to have their gowns fashioned at home and for these there is a large assortment of weaves that need be no difficulty in making a selection.

Particularly effective are the new furnishings, among which are imported patterns known as Carrot, Lienna. These are of a delicate semi-open, small square mesh with an applique border effect, having slender Van Dyke points extending either upward or downward. The price tag on one handsome pattern is marked \$3.50 and on another \$3.00.

Since crepe weaves are the leading summer fabric many graduation gowns will be of this soft material. A fine crepe, embroidered in dots, is \$1.50 a yard and many dainty crepes, 34 inches wide, in a varying assortment of designs, can be had at 31 cents a yard.

Those who prefer the smartest materials will find a soft, white silk mill at only 24 cents a yard.

Gifts have become a part of every graduation and accordingly present shop displays are offering appropriate suggestions along these lines.

There are beautiful scarves, in chiffon and delicate crepes with dainty colored borders or in all-over floral designs that the girl will find convenient on the stage where there is usually a bit of draught.

A fancy collar might prove a long-winded gift. There are exquisite ones made up in the new, shoulder-point effects of Venice, point studs and

A Phonograph Scare.

TIBET'S dajal lama was greatly disturbed by the first phonograph he saw, Edmund Candier, when in Lhasa, with the Younghusband expedition, heard from the Papal resident how he had recently brought the uncanny toy as a present from the maharaja of Nepal to the priest-king. The dajal lama walked round it uneasily as it blared forth an English band piece and an indelicate Bhutanese song. Then he thought for a long while, and finally said he could not live with this voice without a soul. So it was passed on to somebody else.

The Stolen Billion Is Found.

THE \$1,000,000,000, stolen in New York, has been recovered. The tale of its recovery is one to stir the blood. It involves the "King of Crooks" and a beautiful girl known as "The Violet Widow" who was right to claim. Read it.

(To Be Continued.)