

The Man Who Laughs

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

Laugh and Conquer All Your Enemies

THE man who laughs is the man who wins—and who, in his power to laugh, has the very best sort of fortune that comes to mortals here below.

There are older men than I am, but I am old enough to remember the time when religion was the gloomiest thing in the world. On Sunday the minister preached on death and the judgment, and after those gloomy subjects the people reflected all through the week.

People could not imperil their "salvation" by permitting themselves to daily with the pleasures that met them by the way.

After a long, hard fight, however, human nature began to assert itself, going a little here and a little there, and to-day its rights are fairly well established.

Slowly the light of reason is falling upon the land, and people are everywhere coming to see that there cannot possibly be any sin in gladness, and that there is no law of God or man that prohibits our getting out of life all the joy that we can.

It is now quite legitimate to laugh, and one may "smile and smile" without the least danger of being dubbed a "villain."

It is well that such is the case, for the mightiest authorities assure us that from the viewpoint of health laughter is the greatest thing on earth.

These authorities tell us that there is not the remotest corner or inlet of the blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel the wavelets that are set in motion by good, hearty laughter.

They tell us that the "central man," or life-principle, is influenced to its innermost depths by this same laughter, and that new tides of life and strength are set forth, thus insuring fuller health to the laughter.

The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impetus to all the organs of the body when a man is laughing from what it does at any other time.

Every hearty, rib-twisting laugh that a person has imparts fresh stimulus to the vital forces and thereby lengthens the life.

A distinguished physician declared, "I doubt not that the time will come when doctors will everywhere prescribe to the torpid and melancholy patient a certain number of hearty peals of laughter as the best and most effective means of helping him out of his troubles."

"Laugh and grow fat" is a bit of advice that has come down to us from the experience of all the ages, and we would do well to pay attention to it.

Laugh and grow strong in body and mind.

Laugh and grow courageous and hopeful.

Laugh and conquer all your enemies.

It is impossible to down the man who laughs. Crush him a dozen times a day, and after every fall he will come up smiling.

It is only when the power to laugh deserts us and the blue devils have got control of us that we begin to set out upon the sorrowful hike to the LAND OF FAILURE.

GLIMPSES INTO THE NEW YORK SHOPS

THE shops are featuring light special demand, probably because they are so dressy. Fine organizes are largely used for neckwear and then there are neckties, lace and open-work embroideries.

The August for sales indicate a strong popularity for the dolman wrap. There are many handsome capes in evidence and coats are large and roomy. There are many small capes that extend almost to the waistline. The outstanding feature of these sales is the richness of the furs. In coats the squirrel seems to have the largest demand. Other fashionable furs in coats and wraps are seal, caracul, beaver, mink and mole.

If you are considering the color of your fall suit make it brown. Any shade you may select will be fashionable, as you will discover if you look around the salesrooms where advance displays of fall suits are in progress.

Seventy-five per cent. of the new fall gowns have the narrow giraffe of flat braid or silk cord finished off with long silk tassels.

One shop is showing a large line of quaint necklaces in black and white with a cameo pendant. They are very attractive and can be had at \$1.25.

The trimming departments are well supplied with jet in bands, motifs, over-blossoms, tassels, etc. The salespeople say it will be the most popular trimming the coming season. A handsome gown in black satin has a beige georgette blouse beaded in jet and it is decidedly smart.

As the new fall neckwear appears it is apparent that there is a wide range to select from. You can wear a collar, fichu, jabot or bertha, but to be fashionable it must be soft and dainty. The berthas seem to be in

To-Day's Anniversary

THE first demand of labor unions for an eight-hour day was made at a convention held in Baltimore fifty-three years ago to-day, Aug. 21, 1866. This congress also marked the first attempt to organize a national federation of the various trade unions, national and international, then existing in the United States and Canada. One hundred delegates were present, representing about sixty organizations. The demand for the eight-hour day was at an incident in the sessions of the congress, but at succeeding gatherings it assumed great importance and became the leading plank of organized labor's platform. The second convention was held in Chicago in 1867. The National Labor Union, after meetings in Boston, Philadelphia and Columbus, went out of existence in 1874, but at an international congress held at Rochester in that year the movement was revived under other names. Several organizations divided the allegiance of organized labor, but in 1881 the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada was launched, and out of this has grown the powerful American Federation of Labor.



UNDER this heading The Evening World conducts a short daily educational feature. Here are the answers to the questions printed in this column:

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S KWIZ

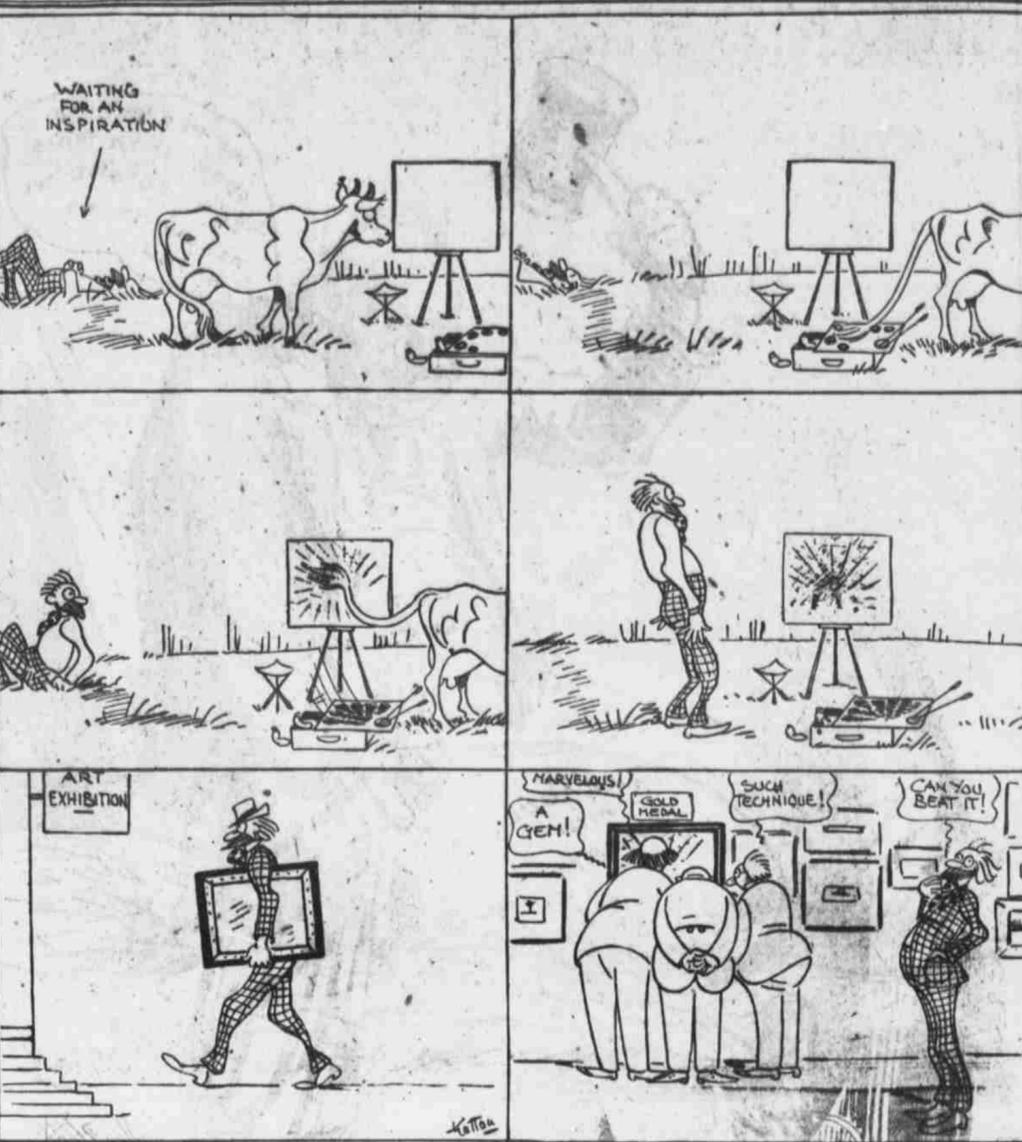
- 1—Psyche.
2—In Rome.
3—Laws adopted in Puritanical days prohibiting nearly all form of normal amusement, recreation, etc. many of which prevail to this day.
4—Popularly known as "Billy" Sunday, former baseball professional and now a conspicuous evangelist.
5—A room or parlor exposed on three sides to the sunlight; a term used in sanitarium, hospital or dwelling connection.
6—One of the notable engagements of the Civil War, May 6 to 7, 1864, in which total casualties were nearly 18,000 killed, wounded and missing.
7—Seven, a Chief and six Associate Justices.
8—A wooded spot, a dell thick with arborescent undergrowth.
9—A dead body; a cadaver.
10—The pyramids; the Colossus of Rhodes; Diana's temple at Ephesus; the Pharos of Alexandria; the hanging gardens of Babylon; the Statue of the Olympian Jove; and the mausoleum by Artemisia at Halicarnassus.

NEW QUESTIONS.

- 1—What is the final word in the familiar expression "bright as a new shiner"?
2—What is a scabbard?
3—What is clabber?
4—What great invention that is used in every household in the making of clothing and in fabric articles was perfected in 1867?
5—What is mother of pearl?
6—Who is Gen. Taaker H. Bliss?
7—What and where is the Quirinal?
8—Who was Cervantes?
9—Who was nicknamed "Old Hickory"?
10—What is a caboose?

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten



YUKON THE RAIL

By William Lloyd Rainey

A Story of Two Strong Men in the Wilds of Alaska—One Is a Fearless Miner, Who Fights, Right or Wrong—The Hero Turns Up a Few Tricks, Too, and Wins the Girl

considerable time thinking of what had transpired in the last few days. Macdonald's strong body lay at ease, relaxed. He was getting better each day. Sheba had returned his check for the money he called restitution. He, in turn, had remained it with a curt note telling her he never watched on bets; also that he would marry her in spite of all.

Macdonald argues with Sheba over the possibility of Elliot being guilty. In the mind of the loyal Irish colonel, there is no doubt of the status of the man of attacking the lumber king. He retaliates by asking her for proof. He agrees to free him from jail if the doors are right. The United States Government is back of me. It's known I left the Willow Creek Camp. I'll be traced here.

Through Gordon's mind there flashed a word of advice once given him by a professional prisoner: "If you get in a rough house, don't wait for the other fellow to hit first."

They were crouching for the attack. In another moment they would be upon him. Almost with one motion he stooped, snatched up by the leg a heavy stool, and sprang to the bed upon which he had been sitting. The four men closed with him in a rush. They came at him low, their hands protected by uplifted arms. His memory brought to him a picture of the whitewashed gridiron of a football field, and in it he saw a vision of safety.

The stool crashed down upon Big Bill Macy's head. Gordon hurled the crumpling figure, plunged between hands outstretched to seize him, and over the table cut through the window, taking the flimsy sash with him.

THE surge of disgust with which Sheba had broken her engagement to marry Macdonald ebbed away as the weeks passed. It was impossible for her to wait upon him in his illness and hold any repugnance toward this big, demoralized man. The thing he had done might be wrong, but his very openness and frankness in his relation to Meteskie redeemed it from shame. He was neither a profligate nor a squawman.

He embarrassed her with his downright attentions, hemmed her in with courtesy she could not evade. If she appealed to her cousin, Diane, she only laughed.

The picnic was a success. Macdonald was an outdoor man rather than a parlor one. He took charge of the luncheon, lit the fire and cooked the coffee without the least waste of effort. In his shirt sleeves, the neck open at the throat, he looked the embodiment of masculine vigor. Diane could not help mentioning it to her cousin.

"Isn't he a splendid human animal?" Sheba nodded. "He's wonderful." They had driven to Willow Creek over the river road. They returned by way of the hills. Macdonald drew up in front of a cabin to fill the radiator. He stood listening beside the car. The water bucket in his hand. Some-

The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer



OTIE lived in a little cottage on a hill, far off in England. Although she was a very obedient girl she was sometimes inclined to be curious. The story I am going to tell is about how she reformed. One day Dottie's mother said, "Dottie, bring me that bowl which is wrapped up. Don't open it."

Dottie got the bowl and she thought she would just put her hand in and see what was in it. Putting her hand in very quickly she made her shout, "Oh, Oh, Mother!" and dropped the bowl.

Her mother seeing the broken bowl, the water and dead gold fishes (for this is what the bowl contained) said, "Dottie, your curiosity had ruined your beloved gold fish."

You may be sure that after that Dottie never allowed her curiosity to get the better of her. My STELLA LYNCH, aged thirteen years, Freeport, N. Y.

Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

MY Dear Cousins: Yesterday my little make-believe friend Ruddy sat up on my desk right in the middle of a whole pile of letters, each of them addressed to a new Klub Cousin and stamped for mailing. But none of the letters was being sent because we had no Klub pins to send with them.

For the first time since we have been friends I saw a tear trickle down Ruddy's apple-red cheek.

"I think I can guess why that salty dew is on your face," I said, and caught a big drop that rolled off the tip end of her nose with the corner of

thing unusual was going on inside the house. There came the sound of a crash, a groan and then the crash of breaking glass. The whole window frame seemed to leap from the side of the house. The head and shoulders of a man projected through the broken glass.

The man swept himself free of the debris and started to run. Instantly he pulled up in his stride and turned to see those in the car as they were to see him.

"Gordon!" cried Diane. Out of the house poured a rush of men. They too pulled abruptly at sight of Macdonald and his guests.

Big Bill Macy came swaying forward, both hands to his bleeding head. "He's a spy, curse him. And he tried to stab me!"

"Did he?" commented Macdonald evenly. "What were you doing to him?"

"He can't sneak around our claim under a false name," growled one of the miners. "We'll beat his damn head off."

"I've had notions like that myself sometimes," asserted the big Scotchman. "But I think we had better leave Mr. Elliot to the law."

Elliot met him eye to eye. "I've changed my mind. I'm going to wait."

"That's up to you." CHAPTER XIX. THE days were short in Kuskiak. Soon the Alaska Sweepstakes would be in preparation. The Arctic winter had veritably crept in unannounced. The last river boat had gone. Elliot had mailed a report to his Chief at Washington, and Selfridge had departed for the avowed purpose of counteracting the harm the report was bound to cause.

Macdonald and Elliot were constant guests at the home of Paget. Sheba O'Neill favored both an order suspending Elliot from further pursuit of coal claims. Sheba slipped away from Kuskiak when she dared not allow Macdonald or Elliot to learn that she was visiting friends back of Katma.

Macdonald went immediately to Mrs. Mallory for consolation when he heard of Sheba's flight. The vampire attempted in her most subtle manner to make Macdonald love her. He did find her very pleasing. The sex appeal was strong in the beautiful woman.

Stepping behind the chair in which she sat, he tilted back her head of lustrous bronze, and very deliberately kissed her on the lips. For a moment she gave herself to him unreservedly, then pushed him away and walked to the little table. With trembling fingers she lighted a cigarette.

Returning home that night, Macdonald saw Old Holt bargaining for a team of dogs. Ten minutes later Macdonald might have seen Holt drive up to the hotel, about a few vague words and beckon to Elliot to join him. Elliot came down. The miner beckoned Elliot closer and whispered in his ear.

While Kuskiak slept that night the heavy shifting clouds of snow settled over the range. It was a veritable blizzard. Roads were faced as though none ever existed. But all this manifestation of heavenly power did not prevent Mrs. Wally Selfridge from giving her dinner-dance at the club that night. Wines flowed like water.

(To Be Continued.)

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

CLIP ON NO. 509