SAY! ISN'T IT THE TRUTH, KID?

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY—JIM NASIUM

"Ever Since Man Was First Planted on This Dump of a World He's Been Hitting the Trail of the Calico."

Woman, experience might have told me
That all must love thee who behold thee.
Surely, experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are naught.
Yet, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget but to adore thee.

OLD BYRON certainly got next to the right muse when he ground that out, all right. Ever since man was first planted on this old dump of a world, he has been hitting the trail of the calico like the society reporter on a banquet assignment. And, no matter how many times he ducks into an uppercut and goes down for the count, he is always up at the bell looking for more. Even the bonehead will usually cop off his little lesson and fight shy when he gets stung in any other walk of life but the love route, but it seems that when a guy mixes with the calico and picks a lemon in the garden of love, he is always Johnny-on-the-spot for another chance at the lemon crop. Isn't it the truth, kid?

ADAM lost his job as gardener by taking his wife's advice, and thus put the whole human race on the blink. And let me tell you that Adam is the only man ever known who could truthfully sing, "There's Only One Girl in the World For Me." It seems to us at this distance that Eve should have been satisfied to let Adam do the bossing, as we have no reason to believe that she had cause to be jealous of Adam and get it into her knot that he had an affinity elsewhere. She couldn't pick long golden tresses off Adam's coat collar when he hit the home ranch in the evening, and hand him the accusing finger as she compared them with her own raven locks.

We have no reason to believe that Adam spent any part of his evenings looking at the moving pictures; that is, the kind that move up and down the Rialto, and we have every reason to believe that no mothers-in-law butted in and caused the trouble.

On the face of things, peace and happiness should have been splattered all along the pathway of Adam's married life, as Adam certainly hooked up with his affinity. There was no chance for a mistake in Adam's case.

Yet the fact remains that when Eve butted into Adam's peaceful life she peddled in trouble in huge bunches.

Now, tell me, kid, if Adam couldn't find happiness with a woman made to order, when he had nothing to do but go out and club his breakfast off the trees, when he had no mother-in-law, what hopes have we to pick a winner out of several million chances when they might all be blanks?

[illegible] man will insist on playing it.

The yellow streak in Mother Eve seems to have been dissatisfied with that which she had, although she is the only woman who ever did have the earth, and a desire for that which she hadn't. And let me tell you, kid, that there was never but one model made for a woman. From the Garden of Eden all the way down the grooves of change to the Jamestown Exposition the feminine crop who are satisfied with their condition is about as heavy as the crop of snowballs on the Desert of Sahara.

Now, I'm not handing out a knock on the calico, as this is their misfortune and not their fault. It is their inheritance from Mother Eve, and they couldn't break out of it with a jimmy. And man's inheritance from Father Adam seems to be a hankering for the calico, and an inclination to freeze onto her dope and let her rule the roost.

The guy that wrote "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" was up to the situation, all right.

I'm not saying that the world isn't a blamed sight better for it. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't. There are lots of guys away up in G today who would probably be down around B flat if it wasn't for their wives. And again, there are other guys lugging around a ball and chain at Government expense who might have been in Congress if it hadn't been for the calico. There is just this about the calico, kid, they are either better or worse than the men. There is no half-way station where they stop to let women off, and they are never the article that is "just as good." A woman is either a man's "better half" or his bitter half, and she is right there with the goods at the influence gag.

When it comes to influence, love and the women have all other combinations backed clear off the board.

The kid who don't stick his mug into a basin of water often enough to keep the dust laid on his frontispiece will begin to secur up his complexion and slick up the tangled mass of foliage on his roof garden, and he will wear a path to the corner drug store purchasing enough different brands of pimple lotion to beautify the exterior surface of a horned toad, once he butts into his first case of "calf love" with the calico. The older guy, whose wife probably couldn't get him to change his shirt until the board of health butted in on the job, will slick himself up and keep an edge on his trouser legs like a cheese knife if a dainty piece of feminine bric-a-brac gets a job thumping a typewriter next to him in the office.

It's the same old dope, kid, all the way down the line. Tom Moore was hep when he pounded out that spasm:

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
"'Tis woman, woman rules us still."

Tom made a foozle on that last word, but I suppose he had to get it to rhyme some way. Woman rules us, all right, but she don't do it still, by a long shot. When woman is pulling off her ruling stunt she isn't any more still than a hen on a hot griddle, and usually spits out the chin music like a bunch of rival nickelodeons pulling for business. However, when you put all the facts in a bunch and sum up you get but one answer to the calico question. That is that woman is one of nature's agreeable blunders. She is one of these mistakes we all love, an error which would be worse in the omission than the commission. She is the alloy without which the metal is on the blink. You've often heard a guy thumping the tar out of a piano and butting into minors which in themselves would sound like a cart load of empty milk cans struck by a trolley car, but when pounded out in harmonious unison with the music blends into a harmonious and pleasing production.

Well, that's woman.

Now kid if you take my tip, when you mix with the calico you'll keep your fingers crossed. One of the punk streaks in human nature the world over is the fact that a girl will overhaul the entire stock of goods, examine all the stitches, and ask all her friends' advice when she goes to buy a peek-a-boo shirt waist, but when she selects a husband she just shuts her eyes and grabs, and if any of her friends butt in with their advice they are told to mind their own business. And a man will take any old guy's advice on buying a new necktie, but he won't thank you for yours on the subject of selecting a wife.

The guy who first turned out that dope about love being blind was all right as far as he went, because there is nobody any blinder than the guy with his eyes shut, and the guy who butts into love certainly has his blinkers closed. But the guy who wrote that dope should have gone further and stated that love is only blindness pro tem., because there are few cases where the victim doesn't finally bump his elbow and wake up. A dainty little hand-decorated Havelin china specimen of femininity butts into a taffy-topped, pink-cheeked imitation of manhood, they swap soulful glances and there's nothing to it. He marries her because she has a beautiful marcel wave, and she marries him because he is such a dream of a dancer. So far love is as blind as a political investigation. They hook up and hit the high place on a wedding tour, but inside of a year the alarm goes off and he wakes up. Then he takes a club to her.

Woman is the fall guy for this dope about love matches being made in heaven, but you can take my tip that most matches are made right out on the front veranda in the romantic light of the silvery moon, which is so dim that a man can't see what he's up against. Then when he gets next to the fact that he's picked a lemon instead of a peach, and that she has a cork leg and a glass eye, he kicks like a maverick and says that marriage is a failure.

If most guys run their business in the same way they do their love affairs they would be getting their chuck out at the poor farm.

Another thing, kid, don't you believe this dope they hand out about living on love, and that two can live just as cheaply as one. You can take it from me that there is a thundering lot of these young married couples who get rice and old shoes chucked at them on their wedding day who will wish before many pale moons have passed that they had this rice to eat and the shoes to wear.

Are We Slaves To Custom of Feeding Guests?

By IRENE GARDNER.

OPINIONS, like talents, differ. There are many men who consider that a woman never appears to better advantage than when she is presiding gracefully at a dinner party. Such a hostess they look upon as the acme of all womanly graces.

On the other hand, I know a man who seldom accepts an invitation to dinner because, as he puts it, "It seems positively vulgar for a woman to entertain her friends by feeding them." In his mind the most charming woman becomes common when playing the part of a dinner hostess.

Then, again, there is Ouida, the French novelist, whose present condition of poverty is becoming a matter of world-wide gossip. She, if you will remember, in her novel, "Othmar," stated that it was barbarous for the members of a family to gather together at one common table for the purpose of eating. In her opinion all eating should be done in private. As for entertaining at a dinner! Well, she considered that to spend one's time and money and thought on what and how to feed one's friends was nothing short of barbarous.

And yet, again, there is the writer in a British weekly who but a short time ago said: "It has been left to woman to make dinner an exhibition. She asks for the very things which her grandmother despised—spectators."

This is a fling, of course, at women who enjoy dining in restaurants in fine apparel.

If these various opinions could be all shaken together and one evolved as the result, it would, perhaps, be a sane view of the matter. The trouble is, when men and women begin to form opinions regarding such a phase of society they generally go to the extreme.

But when you come to think of it calmly, isn't it strange that a woman will exhaust all her best physical strength and intellect in getting up a dinner, or "feeding party" as one man has called it? She will ponder over her menu for days before the dinner, spend no end of time in doing her marketing, work like a slave over stove and ice cream freezer the day of the important event, then sit down and watch her guests fill themselves that their physical natures may be overnourished!

In this country no home seems really open to a friend until he has been asked to eat in it. No matter how talented the various members of that home may be, nor how much pleasure some exhibition of those talents might give him, the friend, is not entertained in that way. He must use knife and fork and spoon, and feed.

Do we go out to spend the evening, there must be refreshments for the body whether or not the soul has any. The whole spirit of the evening centers round the eating time. If nothing to feed upon is served then is the hospitality of that home looked upon askance.

It would be interesting to know how much money is spent in this country each day on the mere ceremony of eating, leaving out the cost of the food and its preparation, counting in only the money spent on its serving and the table appointments. Possibly the cost of the dinner gowns worn by the ladies might also be included.

Are we slaves to the habit of eating? Do we make too much of the dinner or luncheon or breakfast? Is it all a species of barbarism? Is a woman at her worst when she presides at her own table regaling her guests with food?

New Stars Light The Social Skies

(Continued from First Page.)

nounced, and it is earnestly hoped that Miss Nabuco will take her place among the buds of the season.

Miss Cecelia May, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. Henry May, also comes in the set of debutantes of the winter. She bids fair to be as attractive as her elder sister, Miss Isabelle May, whose engagement to Count von Hatzfeldt, of the German embassy, probably will be formally announced in a few weeks.

Prominent among matrons who will appear as hostesses in the Capital City the first time this winter, will be Mrs. Albert J. Beveridge, wife of the Senator from Indiana. Mrs. Beveridge is a bride of last summer, her marriage taking place August 7, in the American embassy at Berlin, where her brother, Spencer Eddy, is secretary. Mrs. Beveridge, formerly Miss Katherine Eddy, is extremely handsome, noted especially for her wealth of golden hair, worn in heavy coronet braid.

Another young matron who will be welcome, if she succeeds in getting a suitable house here, is Mrs. Paul S. Pearsall, formerly Miss Martha Hichborn, who, with her husband, has been house hunting in Washington recently. Mrs. Pearsall was accounted the most beautiful girl in Washington society when she made her debut here a few years ago and has hosts of friends.

Mrs. Eloise Stevenson Kernochan, of New York city, whose engagement to Alexander Butler Duncan, recently has been announced, probably will make her home in Washington after her marriage. The wedding is to be during the early winter and the bride and bridegroom-elect have been negotiating already for several handsome residences in fashionable sections. Mrs. Kernochan is well known and exceedingly popular in Washington, where she has frequently been the guest of Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Elkins, and of Mrs. Perry Belmont.

Mrs. John Reyburn, wife of the mayor of Philadelphia, also will be among the prominent hostesses at the Capital this winter, occupying an apartment in Wendell mansion, Massachusetts avenue and Sheridan Circle.

Mrs. Reyburn has been abroad since the early spring, but is expected about November 1 with her young daughter, Miss Eleanor Reyburn, who possibly may make her debut this season. The Reyburns have numerous friends in Washington, made during Mr. Reyburn's term in Congress, when they occupied a handsome house on Connecticut avenue and entertained extensively.

Mrs. Murray Cobb, formerly Miss Carolyn Huff, daughter of Representative and Mrs. Huff of Pennsylvania, will be an addition to the young married set of Washington, and probably will entertain extensively in her new home on Sixteenth street, just next to the Perry Belmont residence. The recent marriage of Miss Huff and Mr. Cobb in the home of the bride's parents in Pennsylvania was one of the smartest social events of the season.

For the last couple of winters the desire for shorter dinners of no more than eight courses gradually has become noticeable. With the demands upon the smart set, it is practically impossible for its members to spend the entire evening at one entertainment.

In striking contrast is the growing custom of giving after-dinner entertainments. Mrs. Roosevelt started the fashion by inviting a small company to dinner, followed by a musicale, to which additional guests were asked.

With all official Washington to entertain during the winter in an entirely impartial manner, this method of entertaining is permissible for the first lady of the land, but it does seem that the private hostess who feels in duty bound to hold her guests from 8 to midnight, is overdoing it a trifle.

Cruise on Nile

OUR trip led us at last to a boat on the waters of the Nile where we lived three weeks of glowing luminous days, while the hours passed even as the sands of time. In leaving Cairo and passing through the big bridge we were surrounded by the most etheral boats I ever saw, and they were but the curtain raiser to the continuous performance going on around us afterward. We steamed ahead by day, not so very fast, for the channel is treacherous, and the native, taking frequent soundings at the bow, often failed to prevent the boat from sticking her nose straight in the mud. No harm came except vociferous shouting in a language sounding much like turkeys gobbling. Meanwhile the sailboats glided by, graceful and swift in their clumsy framework. Some were ferry boats, old and tattered and crowded with laborers, family parties, donkeys, everything. Others were laden with water jars of "fodder for the kine," and still others were the far-famed dahabeahs, a kind of winged houseboat. They all came near enough for us to feel well acquainted with their passengers.—The Travel Magazine.

Reviera Villa On a Hill Has Sunken Garden

OUR villa was about ten minutes' walk from the center of the town, situated away from the sea because the beach is so very pebbly that the song of the wild at times degenerates into something like a nagging reptition to tired nerves. There were four excellent bedrooms, with a sitting room and dining room. For servants, there were two good bedrooms and a dining room. The kitchen was well equipped and there was a dumwaiter running (or more accurately, creeping) upstairs to the pantry. Our furniture was not artistic, but it was well made and well kept and our crockery and alleged silverware was most plentiful. We had no stationary bath, but we had no prejudice against English tubs, which can be bought or hired for the season in the town, and there was running water on every floor.

Then we had a garden, a sunken garden, because we were on the side of a hill, like all self-respecting villas on the Riviera. And in the garden were many delights, such as date palms and oranges and a heliotrope vine covering one entire wall, and, of course, roses and hyacinths and other flowers that bloom all winter long in the south of France. We loved our garden and insisted on lunching in it, regardless of the warning about the chill wind between twelve and two. Of course we caught cold, at least, the semi-invalid portion of us did, but you can't blame the garden for that.—The Travel Magazine.

Opium Fiends Myriad

"THE cultivation of the poppy, so runs the translation, "is the greatest iniquity in agriculture, and the provinces of Szechuen, Shensi, Kansu, Yunnan, Kweichow, Shansi, and Kanghual, abound in this product, which, in fact, is found everywhere. Now that it is decided to abandon opium smoking within ten years the limiting of this cultivation should be taken as a fundamental step * * * opium has been in use so long by the people that nearly three-tenths to four-tenths of them are smokers."

"Three-tenths to four-tenths"—the estimate seemed rather wild. From 100,000,000 to 150,000,000 opium smokers in China means three or four times the population of Great Britain, a good many more than the population of the United States! After all, I thought, statistics are meaningless to the Oriental mind; but my eye fell on certain quotations, already familiar, in my notebook. I read this from Mr. Hoise, the commercial attache to the British legation at Peking, an experienced traveler and observer.—Samuel Merwin in Success.

"Crops Is Fine!"

CHARLES LORIMER ABBOTT,
One Year and Eleven Months Old.

Reservoirs at Jerusalem

The Iron Age says that evidence exists that a work similar to the famous Simplon tunnel, but on a smaller scale, was executed some twenty-four centuries ago. Owing to the bad state of the water supply of Jerusalem, the King ordered a reservoir to be made at the gates of the city, to which water was to be brought from various springs. The Shiloh tunnel, by means of which water was brought down from a source to the east of Jerusalem and poured into a pool of Siloam, was 1,080 feet long and in a straight line. It has been learned that work was begun at both ends of the tunnel and the direction altered a number of times. The floor of the tunnel is finished with great care. The width varies from 1.9 to 3 feet, and the height from 3 to 9 feet. There is much speculation as to how these engineers gauged their direction so well as to be able to recognize and correct errors in alignment.

Changeable

When summer's sky is high and blue,
And beams the sun with all its power,
Ah, then you think there should be due
A shower;
But when clouds quickly gather round
And when from blue to rain they turn it,
And your umbrella can't be found—
Oh, durn it!

—Indianapolis News.

Tries to Solve The Problem of Flying by Man.

IT IS a queer thought that grave and famous scientists sometimes betake themselves in dead earnest to the childhood sport of blowing bubbles—not for sport, but to study some very difficult and hard-to-understand problems that trouble their learned minds. Perhaps it is even queerer to see a man whose name is known the world over for his learning, his inventions, his wonderful mind and his earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge, chasing after a queer-looking kite and noting its behavior, and doing this, too, in the most serious manner.

For it is a serious matter, this scientific kite-flying, and the work as it is done by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the Bell telephone and dozens of other useful things, is a task which he hopes will some day result in a practical solution of that most baffling of riddles—how is man to learn to fly?

That a plane surface of not too great weight, properly held at an angle with moving air, will rise in the air and stay up, is a fact known to every boy who ever begged rags from "mother" for the tail of his kite. The problem of "flying" is to get a kite big enough to hold a man or men, strong enough to stand the strain, steady enough to fly without danger and stable enough to fly without a cord and to alight without destroying itself!

It would seem that if a kite of, say, ten square feet surface would lift ten pounds in a certain wind, a kite of twenty square feet would lift twenty pounds, and thirty square feet thirty pounds, and so on. But, unfortunately for this easy solution of the problem, when two or more kites are added, each to each, they lack strength, and, to get the strength, more weight must be put into the frames and in cross bars, and braces; so that, when the kite gets very large, indeed, large enough to lift a great deal of weight, it weighs as much as it will lift! To make a kite which would grow stronger as it was made larger—a kite the lifting power of which would increase just as fast as the weight, and which would be just as strong (in proportion) big as it was small—was the first step in Dr. Bell's problem. This has been done, within wide limits, and the result is a kite called by the hard name of "tetrahedral." * * *

The tetrahedral kite flies easily; it will rise from the ground without a man's having to run with the cord, except in the lightest of breezes. It will fly in a dead clam if pulled fast enough. It has no tail, and needs none; but it flies more steadily in some shapes than in others, and better with the cord at one place than another, and these, also, are special problems that will have to be worked out to obtain the best results.—C. H. Claudy in St. Nicholas Magazine.

Artist in Spain

THROUGH the partly opened window of the second-class carriage, bleak, treeless, stretches of sun-baked country slowly moved before us, as the train from Gibraltar rocked and swayed over a narrow-gauge track, creeping in a very leisurely way up through old Spain. A shepherd in a lonely waste watched his flocks, and beyond arose a craggy formation like a miniature repetition of grim old Gibraltar crowned, as all prominences seemed to be, with a monastery.

As we passed out of this, a comparatively fertile stretch would appear like magic, planted in vineyards or low, gnarled olive trees; but before our eyes were accustomed to this luxuriance we were dragged through rocky gorges and the crevasses of a mountain pass, an ideal rendezvous for bandits. The stations were many, and shrill-voiced women carrying huge water-jars and glasses peered into the window, shouting "Aqua-a-a" (water). As in the song of old, we

"Stopped twenty minutes at every station,
Giving passengers ample time for meals;"

and our conductor, a pompous person in a gorgeous uniform of gold braid, opened the doors of the coaches so that the passengers might get out and walk about.

Passing a group of black-haired men with their heads tied in gay handkerchiefs and wearing flat-brimmed sombreros, I walked forward to inspect our engine and inquire, if possible, the cause of our slow progress and many delays; but an oval brass plate on the side of the cab of the locomotive, bearing the name of a German maker, explained it all—the date was 1869; and instead of berating the poor engineer, I inwardly complimented him for the remarkable preservation of his engine, and turned and rejoined my traveling companion.—From "Spanish Impressions," by Edward Penfield, in Scribner's Magazine.