

Dress Problem

Good Taste Shines in Suitable Office Attire

By VIRGINIA KEITH

THE business girl has had so many sermons preached at her no wonder she's a bit tired of them! Yet I know three young beginners who lost their positions this last week—in each case on account of a matter of clothes.

Girl number one dressed so richly and expensively that it made talk in the office. The other girls didn't like it, and her employers finally decided to part with her as a matter of policy. Her rings, her lace waists and silken rustle were the direct cause of the little note she found in her pay envelope.

The second girl was so untidy that she became a blot on the landscape. The same old ink stain staid day after day on the front of her shirt waist. Her hair looked always in imminent peril of coming down the next minute. Her fingers had the appearance of being total strangers to the manicure. The rim of black around their edge so fascinated her employer, he declared afterwards, he couldn't keep his mind on the letters when dictating. So she was paid for an extra week—and departed.

The third girl was scrupulously tidy and her clothes were not expensive. She chose their delicate fabrics rushing from one counter to another at lunch hour, and made them up herself in the evenings. But the perishable pinks and blues and lavenders that would have been so charming at an evening party caused consternation in the office. She had made the fatal blunder of mistaking the office for the home.

From all of which it appears that the business girl cannot be too careful in her choice of clothes.

The best dressed girl in the office is the one whose apparel best combines the cardinal principles, freshness, becomingness and serviceability. The fabrics may be as good as her purse can buy, the colors as blithely pretty as she desires, but not so delicate that the slightest touch leaves a smudge. And take thought, too, of rainy days and dusty car seats and uncertain laundresses. Dark colors are generally the best.

Good taste never shines out so brightly as from suitable office attire. The girl who can keep her office rig simple and smart and with pretty touches of individuality, even without the aid of a fat pocketbook, is the girl who is going to be noted for looking well anywhere.

But not frills and furbelows, please.



Much Good Found in Army Career

By CAPT. J. POMDER WALKER

If I had a boy who had no particular bent of genius for any specific calling, I would as soon see him enlist in the regular army of the United States as to take up any other line of work.

If a boy has any good stuff in him the army will bring it out. There is no better school to develop all the finer traits of human character. People sneer at the common soldier very often when that soldier is far above them in all worthy qualities and attainments.

Besides, any youngster with ambition can rise in the army from the humble status of a private, just as he can rise in civil life. He does not have to remain on the lowest rung of the ladder. He may become proficient in a dozen auxiliary branches, any one of which will bring promotion in rank with better pay, and there will always be superior officers to teach the aspiring one and hold out a helping hand.

I have no assignment of getting recruits for our army, but I am positive that there are thousands of splendid young Americans who would be better off in the ranks rather than in trying to fit themselves for some of the learned professions and who would be glad to don the uniform if they were only cognizant of the advantages that the army in reality has to offer.

Pneumonia Causes Many Ill-Timed Deaths

By ERNST WEDEL Chicago

According to the statistics furnished by the city health department, out of 655 deaths reported for the week ending December 27 no fewer than 138 died of pneumonia.

This is at the rate of more than one in five, or about 21 per cent. of the total deaths. Had the same number of deaths been reported of any particular epidemic disease, such as smallpox, measles or diphtheria, our spasmodically hysterical but otherwise sluggish natures would have been aroused.

We would have had the city council make immediate appropriation to fight the disease and we would take precautionary measures to prevent its spread. As it is, not a ripple has been caused.

In the week previous 136 deaths out of 604 were due to this dreaded peril. Is the increase of this disease over past records due to atmospheric conditions, the greater prevalence of heart trouble, bad air in street cars and buildings or to the greater general weakness and debility of mankind incident to modern life?

Younger Element Commit Many Bold Crimes

By GUY C. CRAPPLE

be solved now.

It is the younger element that is now committing the big crimes and burglaries. Why? Personally I believe that it is because too much liberty is allowed many of the boys.

Evidences of this can be seen in some districts where there are saloons and pool-rooms.

Where unemployed boys are allowed to loaf from morning to night we shall continue to have robberies and crimes.

So long as gangs are allowed to stay together evil plans will be formed.

The question of the boy criminal should

A Widow's Hero

By JOHN P. ORTH

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When the widow Colville received a legacy of \$5,000 she sat down and did some serious thinking. She had been a widow for five years, but was one of the overlooked. That is, because she had been left in poor circumstances, she had not been sought by any of the numerous widowers as a wife. The time had now come when she would be.

Mrs. Colville had had plenty of time during her widowhood to store her mind. She had run to romance, instead of cook books and family almanacs.

The widow didn't say to herself that she wouldn't marry again, but she said that if she did it would be a hero. A hero might be slow in coming along, but she had plenty of time to wait.

It wasn't a fortnight after the news of that legacy got around that Deacon Hindman made an afternoon call on Mrs. Colville. He was all dressed up and had his boots greased. For five years he had simply nodded to her when they met. For three years he had been looking for a second wife—looking right over her head and beyond. And now he entered her house with a bland smile on his face, and he gave her hand a hearty squeeze, and without saying a word about the cash he complimented her on looking younger and many other things.

The deacon had a home, he said. It was now a desolate home, because there was no wife there. Let a bright star step in there to cook, sweep, make the beds, put up the fall pickles and be a mother to the five children with unwashed faces, and his house would be a paradise on earth. Would the widow seize the golden opportunity? The deacon held out his arms, but the widow didn't see them. Instead she continued to sit on a cane-seat chair six feet away while she replied:

"Deacon, I feel that you have honored me, but I cannot give you my heart. If I marry again it must be to a hero."

"Do you mean the fellow who walks the tightrope at the circus?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I mean a man who has done a brave and gallant action and has thereby won the praise of his fellow men."

"Have you ever fought a duel with a villain?"

"No, ma'am, and I never shall. Groceries are my line, and I stick to 'em. Is it a hero you want?"

"Then our little deal is off, and I bid you good-day. Remember the cash-down grocery when you have an order to give."

The next caller was a wire-fence man, who had a job of fencing for a farmer two miles outside the village. He heard the widow Colville and her \$5,000 talked about, and it occurred to him that Providence was at last backing him for a good thing. He attended church of a Sunday to get a good look at her. No fault could be found with her looks. In the afternoon he called to see her. She divined his errand, and when he began to preface his remarks with words of praise for the way she joined in the morning hymn of "The Sweet Bye and Bye," she interrupted him with:

"You probably have matrimony in view?"

"Yes, I am a man who—"

"But are you a hero?"

"I—hardly know what you mean."

"Have you done anything brave—gallant—great?"

"Why, I licked an autoist who almost ran me down."

"That is a mere nothing, sir. Have you handled sword and lance?"

"Not that I know of."

"Have you rescued any one? Have you taken a motto and upheld it with battle-ax? Have you, sir—have you—"

But the wire fence man had faded away. He wasn't the last by five or six. A fair-looking widow with \$5,000 in the bank can't sink out of sight like a stone thrown into a pond. But there came a slack at last, and the widow was asked if she didn't despair of finding her hero.

"But I have found him," she replied. "It is Mr. Graham, the shoemaker. We shall be married in two months."

"But what great thing has he ever done?"

"Made me a pair of shoes that took away a corn that had bothered me for five years!"

Stole Employer's Trousers. George F. Gogano was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday morning charged with stealing a pair of trousers from his employer, Gustave A. Bickert, a tailor of 54 Bond street. Said garment was valued at \$8. The prisoner denied stealing the trousers, and said he merely took them home to try on with the intention of paying for them if they suited his fancy.

"You're as bad as the man arraigned before me a few days ago for stealing a baby carriage from in front of a store," said Magistrate Huse. "His excuse was that he expected to be married in a month and wanted to see how the perambulator worked. If it met expectations he was intending to buy it. I'll hold you in \$500 bail for trial."—New York Times.

"No sewing machine man can be a hero. This is my ironing day, and I am very busy."

Next day there came Mr. Griggs, the village grocer. He was red-faced, red-haired and fat, and he was a widower. He was a man of business. With that five thousand dollars he could enlarge his grocery and buy for cash. The widow Colville looked good to him as she opened the front door in response to his knock. He had left the grocery in charge of a clerk and must hasten back. He therefore led off almost at once with:

"Widow Colville? I am a widower."

"Yes?"

"I either want to get married again or I don't."

"I see."

"You are a widow, and you either want to get married again or don't."

"Exactly, Mr. Griggs."

"As for me, I want a wife. I am here to ask you to marry me. You know who I am. You know what my grocery is. You can realize the happiness of being able to send to the grocery for anything wanted in the house without having to pay cash down. Is it yes or no?"

"Mr. Griggs, you are an abrupt man," was the reply.

"I am, widow. When a farmer drives up to my grocery with potatoes to sell I call out the price I will pay. That settles it. He takes me or he leaves me."

"I understand all other grocers in the county. I've got codfish down a cent a box below them all, and kerosene is to take another drop next week."

"Have you ever fought a duel with a villain?"

"No, ma'am, and I never shall. Groceries are my line, and I stick to 'em. Is it a hero you want?"

"Then our little deal is off, and I bid you good-day. Remember the cash-down grocery when you have an order to give."

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A Change for the Better. A 9-year-old boy of a Baltimore family, who is compelled by his parents to practice daily upon the piano, may not be a clever performer, but he has a pretty shrewd notion of the worth of an instrument, as well as a rather mature wit, as is evidenced by an incident in the household not long since.

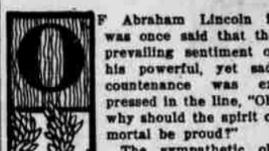
His father, upon returning home from a week's absence, heard the lad plugging away at the piano.

"When did you learn that new piece, son?" asked the parent.

"It isn't a new piece, dad," answered the boy. "The piano has been tuned."—Lippincott's.



Lincoln's Favorite Poem



Abraham Lincoln it was once said that the prevailing sentiment of his powerful, yet sad, countenance was expressed in the line, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" The sympathetic observer, who found there so splendid a significance, guessed the secret that lay within with almost clairvoyant insight. That is the opening line of the poem which was Lincoln's favorite. It was written by a young Scotchman, who died at the age of 37—the age fatal to Burns, Byron, Motherwell and other gifted poets.

To those who appreciate meritorious verse, the same pleasure can be enjoyed here, in the reading of the poem in its completeness, as was vouchsafed Lincoln on that night of rare peace and talk of beauty amid the tumult of war and stress of his people's peril. This is the poem in full:

Mortality
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade;
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant and mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection was proved;
The husband that mother and infant was loved;
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner that dared to remain unrepentant;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower on the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same as our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wall from the slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died. We things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim road.

Test hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the pale-ness of death,
From the glided saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

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