

ASKING ALMOST TOO MUCH

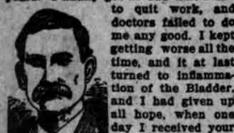
Strong Probability That Jack Podger Declined the Service He Was Asks to Do.

Jack Podger was the most obliging man that ever lived. His services were given gratis to all applicants.

A week or two ago after cobbling a neighbor's boots, lancing his cousin's gumbol, sweeping the vicar's chimney and writing a testimonial for his charwoman's nephew, he retired to rest.

SUFFERED FOR 25 YEARS.

Mr. R. M. Flesner, R. F. D. 39, Otterbein, Ind., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Kidney Trouble for about 25 years. I finally got so bad that I had to quit work."



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Not in Training. Dix—Can your wife keep a secret? Dix—Yes, she's generally out of form from lack of practice.

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PRICE OF A GOWN

By ELLA R. PEARCE.

When young Sibert looked across the breakfast table and saw the husband, sullen face of his wife, his own features grew stern and gloomy.

"It's no use sulking, Rose," he said, harshly for him. "I can't afford it; and that settles it."

"You'll excuse me for troubling you at this time of night," came the reply, "but the fact is, our baby is so very cross, and we would like you to come and pacify him. He always laughs when he sees your funny nose."

"Well, I won't wear that old silk dress any longer!" Rose raised her eyes bright with the sparks of flaring temper. "I won't, Brill Sibert! I don't care whether you can afford it or not. I must have that gown."

"Beneath his long, steady look, her passion had merged into a sort of panic, but she rushed breathlessly on to the kitchen. Her husband was on his feet, reaching for his hat.

"I wouldn't order it today, Rose," his voice held a chill warning; and he went out without another word or a backward glance.

"What made it harder to bear was the fact that Rose's dearest friend, a member of her club, and, like herself, one of the committee for the coming reception to be held in the Turkish room of the St. Moore hotel, had ordered an exquisite creation of yellow chamoisee and white shadow lace; and Rose had confidentially imparted the information to her friend.

"I'll economize—after this, Brill," she had offered coaxingly. "And I'll go to a cheaper dressmaker—Jean's is awfully dear—and I'll make it come within my budget."

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The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETH HARRIS

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman)

With a dragging footstep and a general air of lassitude, the janitor entered the boiler room and seated himself in the dilapidated rocker near the furnace, first ejecting his Scandinavian assistant who had been dozing in that particular seat. He did this by tilting the chair abruptly forward and sliding the stupored underling on to the cement floor.

"It's that you watch the gauge, you tow-headed, milky-eyed mutt!" the janitor demanded. He rolled some old plug tobacco between his horny palms and grimly surveyed the muttering northerner, who was slowly gathering his sprawling person into an upright position. "That's your idea of qualifying yourself for a first-class engineer's certificate, is it, you dumb, dopey square-head? Those alcohol lamp have been getting so hot for me that I can't get my back for a pleasant evening's visit with my wife's wealthy relations with you curling your big, ugly carcass up in my chair and snoring like a drove of hogs, can't I? Let me catch you in the office, a man's face, and make you see your native roiling-boring Alice. Everything's all right, is it? Lucky for you it is, or I'd not let you sit in the wheelchair."

"The janitor crammed his tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, lit it and emitted a smoky sigh. "I feel a little better now," he said, with an abatement of his truculent tone. "Forgive my harsh words, Nels, my friend; but I have been tried. I sure have! Five minutes ago I was wearing a clean collar and using stiff, starched and hand polished conversation to a leathery, elderly lady that ain't got no more use for me than a pig has for a pink persimmon. She's got the idea that my wife might have done considerable better than what she did when she married me. I don't say the old lady ain't right either, but how

"I heard—oh, they shan't take you away! It's all my fault!" cried the janitor, who was pale as a sheet. "I'll be quiet. I'm all right. I telephoned to the drug store. Didn't you get my message?"

"His tone more than his words calmed her. She swayed back and regarded him with beseeching eyes. "Isn't it true, Brill," she whispered, aware now of the presence of others. "Wasn't it you I didn't get any word; but I heard—I thought—wasn't somebody arrested? The cashier?"

"Yes, But—why, you poor girl! Don't you know I'm the assistant cashier here? Oh, Rose!"

"Their glances met, and Rose looked away flushing deeply. Brill patted her hand tenderly. He had read her mind as if it had been an open book. "Sit down a minute, and I'll go home with you," he said. "I only stayed to look over the books. I'll tell you all about it later."

Rose watched him in a fascinated way as he moved to and fro amid the familiar surroundings. She felt as if they both had just passed close to some terrible danger. The sense of shame that mingled with her relief made her very humble.

"She clung to her husband's arm as they walked up the darkened street. "It's been an awful day for me, Brill," she acknowledged. "I'll never be so foolish—no more. I'm glad you're so glad to have me here with me—oh, my dear, I don't care if I don't have a new gown for a year!"

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Comment on the War. "Just to think," said Mrs. Trickett, "that this great Balkan war should have been started by a little bit of country like Monte Carlo."—Christian Register.

Mutual Concessions. "Bliggins and his wife seem to be on the best of terms." "Yes. They make mutual concessions. He stands on the corner and shouts, 'Votes for Women,' while she cheers every time the home team scores a run."—Washington Star.

Blim Fare. "The high cost of living must be hitting 'Tweebles hard." "Did he ask you to split a bottle of beer with him?" "Worse than that. He asked me to split a pork chop."

Rare Quality. "Pa, what is meant by omniscience?" "That means, my son, knowing when an automobile breaks down exactly what's wrong with it."

Brain Work and Long Life

Two Would Seem to Go Together Provided That Element of Worry Can Be Eliminated.

English Judges, according to Lord Alverstone, are often at their best between sixty-five and eighty. The scientific explanation of this is that judges use their brains constantly and with great concentration, and are at the same time relieved of worrying about their material wealth.

Worry hastens death, but hard mental work is a tonic and life-strengthening. If you want to live to a good old age, use your brain. Mental exercise keeps the brain well supplied with blood. With the source of vital energy well nourished, it acts as a tonic to the whole system. Those, on the other hand, whose deficiencies in mental exercise deprive their brains of a sufficient blood supply.

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OF A

Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Car

Made at Tarrytown, N. Y. and New Castle, Ind., 1905 to 1913

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