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SHALL YOU READ ABOUT THAW?

Thaw again. A man said the other day, "I see they are going to try Harry Thaw again. I'm sick of it. I was sick of it before.

This was a good man. He was a thinking man. But he ought to have thought further. The story of Harry Thaw is part of the story of your world.

Every day you may have the big world where you can look at it. There is the chronicle of the daily life of its men and women, how this one lived and that one died, what the criminal says of his crime and what the judge said of the criminal.

It is the experience of the world added to your own. What are you going to do with it? Isn't that the question?

There are lessons in the Thaw story—wonderful, great, mysterious, forceful lessons. Sermons are there by the score—sermons on habit, on the raising of children, on the safeguarding of young girls.

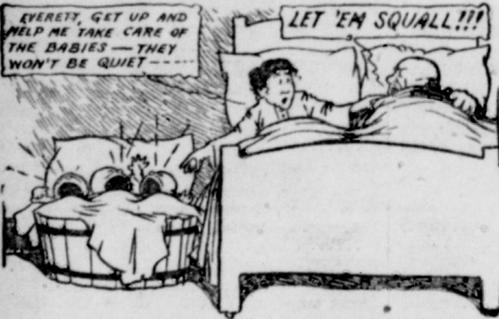
Well? There was one who was the great Example, of whom it was said, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

We must learn. We must grow. We must take from the lives and the experiences of those around us. It is the only kind of experience that is offered to us without tremendous cost.

But—that is where we shall stand or fall. In this tragedy, as in many tragedies, there is the grime and the pitch, and that which can harm and debase and defile.

If you read it, read it as you would read any of life's sad stories. Read it and be stronger. If you cannot read it and be stronger, if you cannot see the help and set aside the harm, don't read it at all.

OUTBURST OF EVERETT TREE



MR. SKYGACK FROM MARS

He Visits the Earth as a Special Correspondent and Makes Wireless Observations in His Notebook.



WATCHED TWO EARTH-BEINGS IN UNDERGROUND COMPARTMENT MALE EXTRACTED MANY IRREGULAR SHAPED CHUNKS OF MINERAL AND COPIOUS QUANTITIES OF FINE DUST FROM ODD MACHINE—BOTH DISCOURSED WITH RAPIDITY IN HIGH-PITCHED TONES.

AW FORGOT IT IF YOU'D A BEP BY DAMPERS OPEN IT WOULDN'T A GONE OUT!!

STAR DUST BY JOSH

A Word From Josh Wise.



"Love th'ts blind in courtship don't have t' consult an oculist after marriage."

Modern Way.

"Was it quiet in the court room after the divorce was granted?"

Sure Cure.

If sleeplessness to you should come, And nightly o'er you creep, You'll always find a cure that's sure in going fast to sleep.

The Effect Inevitable. "Borrowing money," remarked the village sage, "is not a good plan."

True," replied Senator Grabaw. "The man who lends money will sooner or later become sensitive to the touch."

Drives 'Em Away. "Don't you occasionally have company at the house that bores you?"

"Often. But we have a remedy. We always let our little Johnnie recite."

A Michigan man claims the spirit of his dead wife talks to him. Bound to have the last word, eh?

Transformed. "How did your son get along at college?"

"Well," replied Farmer Haystack, "he certainly made a new man of him."

"Indeed! In what way?"

"He's forgotten everything he ought to know about the farm and learned everything he ought not to know about the city."

Disappointed. "Have you any more figures in marble?" asked the old lady in the art gallery.

"Not any," replied the attendant. "Any particular one you wanted to see?"

"Yes. I wanted to see the statue of limitations my husband was telling about."

Love-Making Reversed. The expected has happened. Scarcely has 1908 started on its indefinite journey, when the girls have started on a definite plan of conquest—the winning of a husband being the incentive.

The question arises—will they become as intolerable as the Willie boys?

Will 1908 develop a type of female mashers who, for persistence, will make the opposite sex of mashers appear like novices?

Or, to take a more optimistic view, will the art of love-making as conducted by the girls be so that man will forever relinquish his claim to the mystic art that has thrilled down the ages?

However, depend upon it, the girls are out to win, and win they will! 'Tis true, there will be some blushing and stammering at first, but that will eventually be over-

come. Even man, that courageous beast, never proposed to beautiful woman without making a monkey of himself.

Boys, won't it be just lovely to have a shapely arm encircle your shapeless waist, have your hand squeezed, oh, so gently, and just the sweetest face upturned to yours, while a soft, melodious voice whispers, "Darling, will you be mine?"

Boys, that is what Leap Year will mean to some of us, and our only regret will be that time is too fleeting.

Lost in the Crush.



"Looking for something, sir?" asked the floorwalker.

"Yes," replied the bewildered man, "I'm looking for my wife."

Way of it.

Her eyes were blue, appealing. Her cheeks were like the rose. Appealing was her smiling—Appealing was her nose.

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DID THE GIRL COME BACK?

A Problem-Love-Novel Complete in Three Minutes.

By Phil Simms.

He had been very ill, delirious. All day he watched the trim little blue-striped nurse and wondered if he weren't really dead and in heaven in spite of the story of convalescence told by the chart at the foot of the bed.

When she took his temperature on the even hour, he held her hand. She was such an obliging girl; she'd let him do it now ever so many days.

"Dolores," he whispered while the thermometer was still under his tongue, "I love you."

"You must rest now," she said, quite professionally. "I note a moderate pyrexia—your temperature is a fraction above 99."

But the hand he held in his was off duty and tightened quite friendly even as the nurse's eyes were turned to the light, the better to read the markings at the top of the silver thread.

"I don't know anything about pyrexias, whatever they are," he replied petulantly, "and I can't rest until I know whether you can love me—can you?"

"I—er—perhaps—I—might." She was very tender as she turned to look into her patient's eyes.

"Will you let me kiss you?" "But what about—how can I tell you? Love means so much to me—are you sure you care for me?"

"Dolores—darling—" "That's just the way you talked when you were out of your head, only—" "Only? Only? Tell me, only what?"

—He was very nervous. One is liable to say such ridiculous things in one's delirium.

"Then it was—Dolly—darling! There was the merest suggestion of a pout.

"Oh, she was a girl I knew a long time ago! I'd quite forgotten her."

"But you must have loved her—once?" tentatively. "A mere flirtation. Besides, that was summer before last."

"At Atlantic City?" "Yes; how did you know?" "I was going to put it in the form of a question. Was she—er—pretty?"

"Not nearly so beautiful as you." "Don't! That isn't right."

"But it's true. You ARE beautiful, you know you are. I love you."

"Because I am beautiful!" "Because you are YOU! Might I kiss you now?"

"You are certain you have quite forgotten Dolly?" "Don't even remember what she looked like. All I know is, she had a beastly, ill-tempered Pomeranian with a face like a grandpa rat."

"The Pomeranian made a more lasting impression than the mistress."

"The pup was at least ill-tempered."

"And Dolly?" "Had no temper at all. She was just a butterfly—no thoughts, no fixed ideas, no anything—but a pretty face."

"So you do remember her!" "No. I arrive at those things by deduction. I detest temperless girls."

"Have—I—a temper?" "The dearest, sweetest!" "It's not necessary to take your temperature to know you are feverish. Your adjectives are sufficient proof."

"Please, may I kiss you now?" "How do I know you won't tell the next girl that this 'was only a hospital flirtation'?"

"Because I love you and will keep on loving you forever!" "And that I'm a 'temperless girl' and gave you such 'beastly' medicine?"

She laughed ever so lightly, but there was a pitiful little squeak in her voice somewhere.

"You're cruel! There's just one friend—Don't you think that now you are a man of wealth you ought to eat with your fork instead of your knife?"

New Millionaire: Should say not; don't want people to think I ain't used to nothin'.



Friend—Don't you think that now you are a man of wealth you ought to eat with your fork instead of your knife?

woman in all the world for me. That one's you, Dolores." Dolores looked away. When she again, he was sure he saw something upon the lashes that caught the light and brook it into a thousand rays.

WHICH DID YOU ENJOY THE MORE--



Dancing in the street to the music of a hurdy gurdy as a kid. OR, swaying to the strains of a waltz when you got to "going out!"

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Waists at . . . . . 98c. Think of It! Waists Worth \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00, on Sale Thursday at 98c. All kinds of plain and fancy colored Wool Batistes, Nun's Veiling, Henriettas, Albatross, Mohairs, French Satens, Lawns, Madras and Scotch Plaids. Some made plain, others with embroidery, lace, fancy buttons and braids. Regular prices up to \$3.00. On sale Thursday only . . . . . 98c.

DOMESTICS. Here Are Savings. House Lining, special, per yard . . . . . 3 1/2c. 10c Outing Flannel, nice, fleecy kind, per yard . . . . . 5c. 7 1/2c Outing Flannel, white with blue and pink stripes . . . . . 3 1/2c. 7 1/2c Unbleached Turkish Towels, each . . . . . 3 1/2c. 56-inch Half Bleached Table Linen, good weight; sale price, per yard . . . . . 15c.

STOP Paying Fancy Prices for UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY. Women's Wool Vests, ribbed or flat wool, a good \$1.00 value, for . . . . . 65c. Women's Fine Cotton Hose, with ribbed elastic tops, high spliced heel; our regular 35c Hose, for . . . . . 25c. Women's Fleece-Lined, Jersey Ribbed Vests and Pants, a good 35c value, for . . . . . 23c. Children's Wool Underwear, cream or natural gray, worth 75c, for . . . . . 39c. Misses' Corset Waist, with shoulder straps; all sizes; a good 50c value, for . . . . . 29c.

GLOVES. Dent's style Cape Gloves, made by one of the best makers in the world; pigskin sewn, with linen thread; colors brown and black; regular price \$1.75; extra special value . . . . . \$1.19. Ladies' Golf Gloves, in all plain and fancy colors; pure wool; very warm; values to 90c; special Thursday, per pair . . . . . 47c.

Brushes. Nail Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Shoe Brushes and Clothes Brushes, all very fine qualities, good backs and strongly made; regular values to 40c; special Thursday . . . . . 19c. Handkerchiefs. 30c Embroidered Handkerchief for 19c; made of India linen, with beautiful embroidered patterns worked on them and elegantly hemstitched; regular 30c value; special Thursday . . . . . 19c. Initial Handkerchiefs. Fine White Lawn, with a beautiful embroidered letter in the corner; these are very fashionable and durable; regular values 10c, 12 1/2c and 15c; special Thursday, each . . . . . 9c. Children's Handkerchiefs. Children's Fancy Border and Plain White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, good quality and nicely made; regular price 5c; special Thursday . . . . . 8 for 25c.

GOLF GLOVES. Ladies' Golf Gloves, in all plain and fancy colors; pure wool; very warm; values to 90c; special Thursday, per pair . . . . . 47c.

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BUY SHIRTS. We're making a special tomorrow on regular \$1.00 shirts; they're Madras goods, well made and worth \$1.00, but tomorrow they go for . . . . . 59c. Men's 75c Woolen Gloves, while they last, go for . . . . . 49c.

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