

TAKE TIME TO SMILE



A MINOR POINT.

"Have you any reference books on Napoleon Bonaparte," asked the timid old lady in a public library.

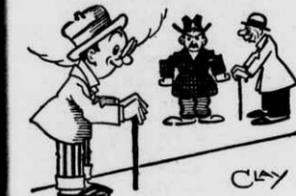
"Thousands of them, madam," replied the librarian, proudly. "What particular phase of the Great Corsican's career do you wish to study?"

"I don't suppose you'd call it a phase of his career, and I'm sure I won't have to study thousands of books, but I would like to know why he is so often pictured with his arms folded."

Beside the Stream.

"A boy with a bent pin and a piece of string will catch more fish than a man with a fancy outfit," remarked the affable sportsman.

"I have heard so," replied the small boy whose luck had been bad. "But you can't believe most of the fish stories these city fellows make up."



AN EASY MARK

"He's an easy mark."

"That so?"

"Yes. Everybody can get money out of him except his wife."

Luck.

He went to see the dentist. The picture of despair. But came back smiling broadly. The dentist wasn't there.

Different Calculation.

"What do you understand by the problem of unemployment?"

"I have only studied a few individual cases," replied the sardonic citizen. "In these the problem seemed to consist in figuring how to do as little work as possible without going broke."

Historic Figures.

"Do you think the historic figures of the future will be greater than those of the past?"

"I'm afraid so," replied Senator Sorghum. "The figures suggested in connection with congressional appropriations are becoming larger every year."

Seven—Count 'Em.

A correspondent, J. M., sends us a usable little joke, quite all right to the eye, though perhaps not so good to the ear. It is this:

"Miss Daycollette turned her back on me."

"The vertebrae thing!"

Too Loud.

"Oh, my," said the flapper at the soda fountain as the straw in her soda became bent. "my sucker's broke!"

"Hush!" whispered her escort. "You needn't tell everybody about it if I am."



LUCK

Young Doctor—I haven't lost a patient since I hung up my shingle.

Other Doctor—I wish I had your luck. All mine got well.

Think This Over.

It's wicked to deceive your wife, and any man who makes the great error of his life who thinks he can.

Nothing Serious.

"I heard Flibdub say he hadn't a cent left and now he's hunting for his revolver. Hadn't we better watch him?"

"I think not. He's a sensible man and is merely going to pawn it."

All Manner of Men.

"Some men," remarked the admirer of poetry, "go into politics with the idea of leaving footprints on the sands of time."

"Some do," replied Senator Sorghum. "And others are lucky if they get out without having their thumbprints taken."

Advanced English.

Jessie—Billy swears awfully.

James (absent-mindedly)—Yes, I can do better myself.—Notre Dame Juggler.

Our Parents' Wishes

By R. RAY BAKER

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"Do you think we were made for each other, Fred?"

Fred Hamilton's lip curled in scorn. "Hardly. I have never thought so—except back in our school days, when I used to carry your books and share my jaw-breakers with you."

Eva Marlow adjusted a bouquet of roses in a vase on the table.

"Then why carry on this farce any longer? It's making us both miserable. We don't love each other; in fact, it's quite the reverse. For one thing, you're terribly selfish and there are other things about you that I do not like."

"Thanks for the compliment," he said dryly, rising from the chair in which he had been seated. "Perhaps I am selfish, but remember I am an only child. To be frank, I have much the same opinion about you."

She lifted the vase and inhaled the fragrance from the flowers.

"Thanks for the compliment," she mocked. "Perhaps I also am selfish, but remember I, too, am an only child. It's nice to have an understanding, isn't it? It appears to be mutually agreeable for us to disagree."

"Decidedly," he acquiesced. "It was foolish for us to become engaged in the first place."

"We wouldn't have," she reminded. "If it had not been for our parents. Just because they had all been friends they tried to settle our destiny for us. It was all right when we were children, but since we've grown old enough to reason for ourselves it's different."

"You are right. We have been keeping the affair going simply because our parents wished it. It was not a question of love or money, because both of us are comfortably fixed, you with the money your father left you and I with my prospering business. I was simply honoring my parents' wish, but if they were alive they would not insist on it, I am sure."

"As I feel the same way about it, we will call it quits then," said Eva, and that is what they did.

When Fred left the apartment occupied by Eva and her aunt he was not in the best spirits imaginable. It was not pleasant to be called selfish, even by a girl he did not love. He leaped into his roadster and drove down town.

Selfish, was he? Well, perhaps she was right. Come to think of it, he never had gone out of his way to lighten anyone's burden. Still, it wasn't necessary for Eva to pick him to pieces that way.

Down through the congested streets he drove, unable to shake off a feeling he could not quite analyze. He was as glad to be free of Eva as she was to get rid of him, but that remark about selfishness rankled.

He had been driving abstractedly, when of a sudden a cry distracted him. A big touring car ahead had come quickly to a halt, but as abruptly it started off and disappeared. Jamming on the brakes, Fred managed to avoid striking a small, huddled human form on the street.

He looked with a feeling of curiosity for a moment. He did not think of mingling with the crowd that rushed from the curb and hovered about the huddled form. It was no concern of his, was his thought, until suddenly the trend of his recent recollection flashed back to his mind.

"You're terribly selfish," were the words that echoed in his ears, and they prompted him to leave the car and join the group.

A man held the limp form in his arms. Fred recognized the pale face as that of a diminutive newsboy familiar to this busy corner.

"Poor kid," said the man. "That big car hit him and hurled away. What had I better do with him?"

"Take him to Doctor Wilson's office across the street," Fred directed. "I'll be there as soon as I park my car."

When Fred entered the office the boy was lying on a lounge, looking about with wide, inquiring, timorous eyes.

"He ought to be taken home at once," said the doctor.

The boy looked up wildly.

"No—no!" he exclaimed in a plaintive little voice. "I can't go. I haven't sold my papers—my papers! Where are they?"

"That's all right," said Fred. "Come on with me and I'll take you home. I have the money for your papers right here. You see, I—I sold them for you."

The lad lived with his father in a hovel in the worst part of the city. The father was an invalid, and it was necessary for Little Jim, as he affectionately called his son, to get out and earn their living. The invalid was an elderly old man, who regretted that the boy could not attend school, but "what are we to do?" he asked.

The plight of Little Jim played upon some hitherto unused heartstring in Fred's breast.

"You will sell no more papers," he said. "You will go to school."

But Little Jim and his father were proud.

"We cannot permit it," said the invalid. "You may help us some if you wish, but we cannot let anybody support us fully."

Fred visited them twice a week, bringing them food, for they would not accept money, and Little Jim won

his way into the young man's heart.

"You are very good to us," said the father on one occasion, "and there are other people who are good to us, too."

"And I like you best of anybody in the world," Little Jim told Fred, "except daddy and one other."

Came a day when Fred called to find Little Jim in tears. His father had suffered another stroke and a doctor was busy about the sickbed.

"Don't leave me, daddy," wailed the youngster, throwing himself on his knees beside the bed. "Please don't go."

The sick man smiled sadly and raised his eyes appealingly to Fred. Then he uttered a deep sigh and lay back, closing his eyes. Little Jim's father had gone to a place where there are no invalids; and Fred understood that last mute appeal.

A little later Fred took the orphan in his arms and carried him away.

"Where are we going?" sobbed Little Jim as they started down the rickety stairs in the dimly lighted hallway.

"You are going home with me," said Fred gently, choking back a sob of his own. "I am going to be your daddy now."

The door at the foot of the stairs opened and a young lady started up the flight. Fred stepped aside with his burden to let her pass, but she came to a stop.

"What has happened?" inquired the voice of Eva Marlow. "And where are you taking my Little Jim? Why, it's—is that you, Fred?"

"It is," he said calmly but somewhat aggressively, "and I'm taking him home because his father is dead. And what do you mean by 'my little Jim'?"

She appeared indignant.

"Why, I've been coming to see these people for some time. It started by your calling me selfish. That very day I came into this district to see if I could discover a way to become unselfish, and I found Little Jim and his father. I love the little fellow, and I am going to take him home with me."

"Not much you aren't," Fred said firmly. "I am going to be his father."

"You are wrong," she declared firmly. "I am going to be his mother."

Little Jim smiled through his tears. "It will be nice," he said softly, "to have two nice people like you for my father and mother. It makes me almost happy."

He reached out with one arm and it encircled the girl's neck, while the other clung to Fred. It brought the two very close together.

First they looked at Little Jim, and then they gazed foolishly into each other's eyes, and slowly a smile crept across their countenances, a smile that seemed to light up the hallway as though the sun finally had succeeded in forcing an entrance.

"Eva," said Fred, clearing his throat, "I don't believe I dislike you after all. You are not selfish, and—after all, our parents' wishes—"

"Yes," she agreed, "our parents' wishes—"

SPORT SUITS ARE IMMENSELY POPULAR FOR COLLEGE WEAR

ALL WARDROBES are more or less permeated with a strong flavor of sports clothes, and in that of the college girl it is decidedly more. They suit her and she suits them, therefore the quiet paths of learning are destined to be brightened up this fall with snappy suits and hats a bit rakish. The style of clothes of this character, at once casual and spirited, strikes the right note for American young women, their endless variation keeps up a lively interest in them and makes them more and more successful.

One of the suits that is sure to please the college girl is among the earliest arrivals for fall and is pictured here. The neat, crossbar skirt, in two colors, makes all sorts of opportunity for color combinations and the coat of jersey cloth is selected to match either of the colors in the skirt, usually the darker and less vivid one. It is worth while to note the small details that distinguish this suit, the patch pockets bordered with pointed strips made of the material of the skirt, the cuffs and notched revers of the same. The vest of net and lace may take the place of a blouse when the coat is worn indoors—it is im-

mensely becoming. The skirt is short, top length—when the shoes are high.

The outfit of the college girl will include one or two suits of this character and one that may be classed as more conventional—of poret twill, serge or other suiting and probably somewhat decorated as to its coat. Skirts are still plain, coats longer with much attention given to collars and sleeves. This kind of suit is equal to almost any emergency in the experiences of the college girl. She may choose a plain model of jersey cloth, with coat cut on straight lines and belted with narrow belt of the material. Such a suit, well tailored and neat, may be bought in light and dark brown, navy, black, dark green or gray. Colored pipings on the pockets emphasize its youthfulness. The unmissable quality of the jersey make it a standby of the tourist and the college girl whose opportunities for keeping things neatly pressed are few.

SPORT SUITS ARE IMMENSELY POPULAR FOR COLLEGE WEAR

ADAPTABLE ALL-DAY DRESSES POPULAR WITH BUSY WOMEN



Now enters, with assurance, the trim and handsome all-day, one-piece frock for fall, made of the same cloths as suits, and equal to playing their part. In their company are other daytime dresses, more elaborate, destined to share responsibilities with the formal suit in the winter wardrobe—but they are another story. The all-day dress makes a strong appeal to busy American women, who have no inclination or time for changing often and primping, but are determined, nevertheless, to be well-dressed in their utility clothes.

Nearly all these one-piece dresses are cut in the straight-line style, but there are some very handsome models among them with a picturesque flare in their skirts. In this case we are more than likely to find them handsomely embroidered. The newly arrived frock shown in the picture, strikes a happy medium—with a very slight flare in the

skirt portion. It announces its support of certain new features in fall styles by adapting them to its own use—namely, the narrow strap belt, made of the material, the bell-shaped, three-quarter-length sleeve and panels ingeniously continued in the skirt by means of inverted plaits.

Rows of braid border the sleeves and bottom of the skirt, and this braid appears in whorls on bodice and skirt. The collar is that most becoming type which is high at the back, with "V" shaped opening at the front and wide revers. A vestee of plain satin is detachable and may be replaced by one of lace, or net, when the wearer is inclined to furnish up this adaptable frock. That is one of its many good points. It is a dress that will stand the test of continuous wear in all weathers, and it will prove becoming to most figures. It should be made in dark colors.

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The Truth Won the Pass.

When Dean Richmond was at the head of the New York Central, a boy asked him for a pass to his home town. Richmond could assume a very terrible aspect, and, looking as awful as he could, he roared at the youngster, "Why do you want a pass?" The boy was so terrified that he forgot the speech he had learned for the occasion, and blurted out, "Because I don't want to pay." Dean Richmond remarked that this was the first time anyone had ever told the truth in asking for a pass, and he gave the boy his first free ride.

Meat Importations From China.

Chinese meats imported into this country consist of hams and sausage. The hams are cured in a manner similar to ours, have a peculiar odor, are small, and of poor quality, judged by American tastes. The sausage is prepared from pork, and is about the size of thin frankfurter, is hard and dry, and has an odor pronounced unpleasant to the occidental nose. These products are consumed exclusively by the Chinese, who consider them quite a delicacy.

Controlling Dreams

There does not seem to be much doubt among mental specialists that dreams can be controlled to a certain extent. Don't have "downy" pillows, which cause too much heat. They should be low, thus relieving the work of the heart. Windows should be left wide open. Let nervous children have a night-light. These are among the hints given by an expert to those who would have pleasant dreams.

That's the Kind.

Self-determination may be the theory or which new nations are founded, but just plain determination is the only thing that ever enabled one of them to get anywhere.—Boston Transcript.

Metamorphosis.

"This is a fine picture. It was painted as 'Still Life,' exhibited as a landscape—and sold as a portrait."—From Die Musket, Vienna.

What Became of Them?

A French engineer claims to have discovered evidence that a great river once flowed northward across the Sahara desert into the Mediterranean and was lined with prosperous communities.

New Weapon for War on Rats

The exhaust of an automobile has been successfully used in driving away rats which resisted all previous efforts. The gas was turned into one of the rat holes and the rodents scampered out of others.