

FOR WOMEN R

SET A STANDARD AND LIVE UP TO IT

Object in Life Necessary for All, Especially Women Not Very Busy

There is nothing like an object in life to make living worth while. To live aimlessly and go to bed every night bored almost to death is a series of suicides. It is suicide because every twenty-four hours that passes makes the aimless person thankful that he has killed and gotten through another day. Each one of us should have an object in life. Each of us should try to do some one thing well, and trying to do that thing better and increasing the number of things one can do well will make life interesting.

It is not always necessary that a woman should have some great ambition which will make her famous, or an object in life. She may have some aim that, if talked about, would seem trivial to her friends. She may try to be each day a better wife, or mother, or house-keeper, or dressmaker. The mother of blues is aimlessness, as a writer recently said in a different way. The reason why, said this writer, a man does not seem to grow old as soon as a woman, is that his business, and success in it, becomes an object in life and keeps him young. Take two women of the same age, one leading a life of luxury with nothing in particular to do, the other, perhaps a business woman, at all events a busy woman with no time left to sit down and bewail her misfortunes, and the latter who will look the younger. For the very good reason that she has a definite object in life, which preserves one from the ravages of time.

Blues sometimes come from sitting down and thinking about one's self. It would be too sweeping to say they always come from that source, for, alas, many a poor woman has a definite reason for depression which is beyond her control. But given a woman with a good home, plenty of money and nothing to worry about, and in nine cases out of ten you will find she is a victim of the blues.

If you have nothing real to work for, find something. Set yourself a standard and try to live up to it. Make up your mind that you want to reach a certain goal; it may be a material one, or perhaps it is a spiritual one; at all events it means that you must work and keep it ever in mind. It may be some defect in your character which you would like to cure; make it your mind to rise above it and get rid of it. But set yourself a standard of some kind, and it will make all the difference between an aimless life and a busy, interested one.

Hunt up some child, or some friend whose way is hard, and try to make it easier. That will be an object. Sometimes a woman makes up her mind to be the best dressed of her friends. Well, that may be a foolish standard, but it is something.

Women are so constituted that they must have something to do. It is their salvation, and it is only when their natural energy is misdirected that it becomes pernicious. Minding other people's business is sometimes the result of misdirected energy. But minding the business of others, when well and tactfully done with the intention of making life smoother for them, is to be commended.

It is a good plan to take account of stock once a week, to review the past, see where you have fallen and how in the future you may improve. It is really wisest, too, to keep these things to yourself. The moment you tell even your dearest friend what you are struggling for and what you want to make of yourself, you are giving her the privilege of discussing it with you, and the whole matter becomes trivial and useless. Our mental processes when they relate to ourselves are best kept to ourselves. Who does not want to laugh when some friend confides to us what conditions she has to contend with her own temperament, and how sure she is this kind of a person or that kind. Let some one else discover what your troubles are, and you are yourself with correcting what are obvious faults. The woman who sets herself a high standard and tries each day to come a little nearer to it will be the happy and the busy woman.

Mainly About People

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church will hold an Easter sale today from 11 to 6 at the church parlors, corner of Lincoln avenue and Grotto street.

The Jolly Dozen was entertained by Mrs. Richard Freeman, East Congress street, Tuesday afternoon. High scores were made by Mrs. R. Freeman, Mrs. Alfred Getty and Mrs. Jps. The club's next hostess will be Mrs. Hampt, East Isabel street.

Properly Hive of the L. O. T. M. gives a dance at Dowby hall, corner Sixth and Robert, Easter Monday, April 24. Committee in charge is Mrs. Stahl, chairman; Mrs. Dore and Mrs. Southern.

Mrs. Ludden of 424 Charles street entertained the Clover Leaf Euchre club Thursday afternoon. High scores were made by Mrs. Shultz, Mrs. Lemen, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Krueger. Mrs. O'Malley of 389 West Central avenue, will entertain next.

Mrs. E. E. Donald of Benndj, Minn., is visiting Mrs. T. S. F. Hayes of Lincoln avenue.

The No Telling Euchre club met last Thursday afternoon with Mrs. H. Pfeiffer. Favors were won by Mrs. Aaron Hauser, Mrs. A. J. Schweitzer.

Nasal CATARRH
Ely's Cream Balm
Ely's Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug Store by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

A DIGNIFIED CLOTH AND BRAID COSTUME

(Copyright, 1905, by R. F. Ayers)
Spiral trimming has taken the world of fashion by storm. Gowns of every description and of the latest mode are being treated to this newest ornamentation, and the remarkable part of it is that these treatments look less like windmills or pinwheels than one would believe.
The most approved method of applying

curls and spirals is with tiny ruchings or frills made either of the same material as the gown, or else of the trimming material. These are put on in wonderful effects, curling up over the skirt almost to the belt, and wreathing neck, shoulders and waist. Street costumes, however, are a bit more conservative in the use of this novel trimming scheme, and the braids

which are usually employed in carrying out the motive are inconspicuous as to color, and small and moderate when it comes to covering the straight pieces into series of circles. Of the many smart dress costumes already placed before the eager feminine eye there has been no one so far this season of more quiet, dignified and altogether attractive appearance than today's fashion offering. The very color of the gown, which is a soft, most indescribable shade hovering between a mode and one of the new grayish tans, recommends itself to the woman of exquisite taste. The braid decoration in this instance is the same quiet tone, and even the narrow vest lacks the usual contrasting color note.



Though the braid is twisted into spirals, they are not woven in their flourishes that one cannot gain a proper idea of the manner in which curving applications are being used. The skirt of the gown is exceedingly plain, touching, as the round habit of the Parisian woman does, at the present writing. It is arranged with sufficient fullness to give a fluted effect at the foot, and between the long divisions there are clusters of three braid ornaments starting at the seam and curving upward to end in circles. The braid used in this instance is the plain silk pattern, probably not over three-quarters of an inch wide.

On the short coat there is more of it than on the rest of the gown. From the front the jacket seems to belong more to the Eton type than any other; at the same time it is supplied with a belt and basque, which give it a slightly different feeling. From the back blouse ever so little, and starting at the shoulders to grow narrower at the bust, and then continuing on down to the waist in a covering line are two extra pieces of braid, which are finished with braid, which is twisted into a curl at the broadest point below the shoulder seam, and at the bottom the revers are rounded off smartly.

Turning back over these wide revers are small lapels adorned with braid in the same fashion, and a collar thickly covered with a conventional pattern in narrow souchette to match the other braid. The coat closes well up to the base of the throat, and down here extending narrow revers, which are souchette to match with the collar. The belt is a pointed tailorlike one of cloth stitched with braid, and starting from the sides just back of the ends of the revers is the braids, which widens at the back and is finished all round with braid.

The full cloth sleeve is plaited in at the armhole and later drawn into a double cuff. At the hand is a plain braid trimmed cuff, which has above it a turnback one of the same kind into which it stitches the sleeve fullness.

With much more dash this spiral decoration is used on an afternoon gown of mousseline taffeta in a stunning shade of heliotrope. The skirt is rather fuller than the ordinary cut, and it is trimmed with two inch frills of the silk, headed with a silken fold. These frills start in two separate pieces, one each side of the front, and round upward smartly, to continue straight across the skirt toward the back, where they form other almost complete circles. A second arrangement of frills reverses this order, that is, the spirals curl upward around to the waist, while the straight part follows the same line as the lower motive. The pointed bodice fastens in the back, and the front is laid in folds running across. It is cut in a V at the neck to allow a lace yoke to show. There is a silkenish tie at the waist point here, both in the front and back, and two other similar ruffles start at the outer end of the shoulder seam and are twisted to give the effect of a spiral, which is a very nice way to trim a dress of this order.

Mrs. T. Gorman and Mrs. William Tamborino. Mrs. A. Schweitzer will be the club's next hostess.

Miss De Coster of Summit avenue entertained her bridge club yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. E. F. Berrisford and Miss Kathleen Berrisford have returned from California, where they spent the winter.

Mrs. C. W. Fogarty and daughter of Valley, Minn., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Berrisford of Robert street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Espey of Western avenue, have returned from the south.

Hears Her Son Preach at Last
CHICAGO, April 17.—The first "sermon by telephone" ever preached in Chicago has enabled Mrs. Mary F. DeBlais, who is blind, to follow every word of the first sermon she has heard in twenty-five years. The sermon was preached by her son, Rev. Austin K. DeBlais, at the First Baptist church. Although he was ordained seven years ago, Mrs. DeBlais never had heard her son's voice from the pulpit, and her dearest wish was gratified. She was connected with the pulpit by means of wires concealed under the carpet. By placing a small receiver carrying almost invisible wires to her ears, she was able to hear the sermon. On the reading desk of the pastor stood the transmitter in an inconspicuous oblong box. The pastor spoke in his usual tones.

Her Long Watch Ends
LAPORTE, Ind., April 17.—Miss Harlette E. Colfax, a cousin of former vice president Schuyler Colfax and for forty-three years keeper of the Michigan lighthouse on Lake Michigan, is dead, aged 81 years. Until her retirement last fall, Miss Colfax was the oldest lighthouse keeper in the United States service. She had a remarkable record, the first woman in an automobile never falling to show its rays no matter how fiercely storms might rage. Her companion during her years as lighthouse keeper was Miss Ann Hartwell, who died two months ago, aged 70 years. Both were born in Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Fair Heiress Dies
PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 17.—Mrs. Hannah Nelson, mother of the late Mrs. Charles L. Fair, died at her home in Newark today. She was at one time a "bushel" woman in a clothing factory here. With other heirs of Mrs. Fair she brought suit for a portion of the big estate of Charles L. Fair, the wealthy Californian, after the death of both Mr. and Mrs. Fair in an automobile accident in France. The case was settled by agreement between the heirs.

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE JUVENILE FASHIONS



A Girl's Serviceable Spring Coat
As the season advances, the question of a smart, serviceable coat for little girls is an important one with moth-ers. The wear of a lightweight wrap for children is sure to be hard and constant. The design shows a pretty jacket for a little girl that is both simple and stylish. Any lightweight cheviot, cloth or flannel would develop well after this model. With skirt and jacket of check or solid color this makes a pretty suit, or the jacket of white cloth or in plique. The jacket is box plaited on a yoke, with or without the deep pointed collar. A medium size requires 1 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide.

A pattern of this garment, No. 2843, which is in four sizes, 1/2, 1, 2, 4 years, may be obtained, postpaid, by filling out the blank below and sending it with 10 cents to the Fashion Department of the St. Paul Globe.

Name
Address
No. of Fashion Size

MUFFS HAVE BEEN WORN FOR AGES

In many of the portraits of the sixteenth century one often sees a strip of rich, soft fur wound about the neck and over the noble face. This was used to cover the neck or fulfill the function of the muff, and to be worn in the same manner as the head or skull, cunningly wrought in metal and adorned with precious stones.

As was the case with so many articles of dress, the muff was first the exclusive property of the nobility, and afterwards was carried by the commonest women of Venice as well as by the women of the highest rank.

The first Venetian muffs were small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur, the opening enriched with gold or silver buttons set with precious stones. By 1662 the muff had become a necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a woman of fashion.

Hymen Is Hindered
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 17.—The new Indiana law, which was intended to effect Saturday evening requires certain question blanks issued by the state board of health to be filled out. In many counties no licenses are being issued as the necessary blanks have not been received. Here the licenses are being issued under the new laws. The blanks have been received.

Adjudge Mrs. Craven Insane
BURLINGTON, Ia., April 17.—The Des Moines county commissioners of the insane today adjudged insane Mrs. Nettie Craven, who once sued the estate of Senator Fair, alleging that she had been a common law wife of the senator's. Mrs. Craven will be sent to the Mount Pleasant asylum.

Pension Examiners Resign
WASHINGTON, April 17.—Several of the pension examiners against whom Commissioner Warner has preferred charges handed in their resignations today. Commissioner Warner will report to the secretary of the interior on the case shortly. In the meantime it is expected all ten of the examiners will resign. If they are exonerated on the report, reinstatement will be sought. The resignations have not been accepted. The charges resulted from disclosures that applications for civil war pensions have been illegally passed on by this examining board, the claimants being members of Pennsylvania and New Jersey regiments which have never seen actual service.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

HALL IS DEDICATED

Gallant French Ambassador Compliments the D. A. R.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Patriotism and love of country formed the keynote of the ceremonies held today in dedication of the memorial Continental hall, the new handsome home of the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. While the white marble and steel building is not completed its construction has progressed so far that the annual meeting of the society, which began this afternoon, is being held within its walls. The auditorium seats about 3,000 persons. The basis of the decorations was great American flags, the names of the states of the starry banner bordered with wreaths placed on the balcony front and rear of the stage. The ceremonies were elaborate. France, in the person of Ambassador Jusserand, was represented.

The president general of the society, Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, was escorted into the hall by the First regiment of the minute men acting as a guard of honor. As she passed down the main aisle in the personal escort of Col. Charles S. Bronwell and of Commander Cameron of the navy, who were directors of the ceremonies, she was received by the members of the society standing, the orchestra of the Marine band playing the "Star Spangled Banner."

The Right Rev. Henry V. Satterlee, bishop of Washington, pronounced the benediction. The assembly sang "America" and the Rev. Dr. Percival Mendez, minister of the Spanish and Portuguese congregation of New York, led in prayer.

Mrs. Fairbanks delivered an address. She gave a resume of the history of the memorial hall project. She said it was a tribute of gratitude to the promoters of the war of independence, to those brave sailors and soldiers who had turned the struggling colonies into a vast republic.

Senator Deliver of Iowa delivered an address in which he paid tribute to American womanhood and particularly to the women whose energy and patriotism had enabled them to erect this lasting monument which he said had been created out of the dust of the earth by 50,000 patriotic women. He suggested that one of the objects of the society ought to be the preparation of a complete history of the United States.

At the conclusion of the rendition of "The Marseillaise" by the Marine band Ambassador Jusserand was introduced by the president general. He was given a cordial reception and responded with a glowing eulogy to womanhood and particularly to the women of revolutionary days.

He said he had received a letter from the daughter of the famous French sculptor, David d'Angers, in which she had asked him to inform the society that it was her purpose soon to present to the society a replica in bronze of the famous relief of Gutenberg, which her father's statue of Gutenberg, on which are grouped about fifty of the more famous Americans of the early days of the republic.

France is in the middle holding to view the new printed sheet on which is to be read the act of independence. Washington, Jefferson, Hancock, Adams, Lafayette and a great many others surround him. It is certainly the most interesting of his works from the American point of view and one very little known.

The first formal session of the fourteenth congress of the Daughters was held in memorial hall this afternoon. Mrs. Fairbanks delivered her annual address. During the session she pointed out, 4,181 members have been added to the society. Every member was a good omen to the country, because she made for patriotism and love of country, which never would be eradicated so long as the society should exist. Mrs. Fairbanks said that since the last meeting of the society the officers had performed much arduous and absorbing labor in connection with the organization. She praised the conduct of the work of the departments of the organization, saying the unity of purpose manifested by all had contributed materially to the welfare of the society. She paid a tribute to those who during the year had joined the "innumerable martyrs" who had died in the death of Mrs. Leland Stanford. She expressed the hope that the enthusiasm of the women would overcome all difficulties in the way of the completion of Memorial hall.

Responses were made by representatives from the north, south, east and west. Mrs. W. M. Kendall, state representative from Minnesota, in addition to cordial praise of Mrs. Fairbanks for her conduct of affairs, eloquently referred to the Daughters of the north, west, who she said, often desired to march to quicker music than their sisters of the east and south. "They glory in the past, but they dream of a brighter destiny for the country and look forward to the future full of hope and promise."

Mrs. Henry M. Richardson, state representative of South Carolina, presented as her response a scholastic paper on the intellectual development of the country and concluded by saying to President General Fairbanks: "No greater love can be cherished for you than among the daughters away down south in Dixie land."

In responding for the east, Mrs. Alfred Kendall, state representative of Maine, pictured in glowing colors the ideals of the north, south and west. She earnestly urged the kindling of fires of patriotism in the breasts of the children of foreign born residents of the country. At this point she proposed the following toast to Mrs. Fairbanks:

"She who has guided for four years ever toward the heights, who has kindled through the fire of patriotism in her heart the flame of patriotism in the breasts of the thousands of daughters who have ruled with love, fairness and justice toward all and who has shown to her noble example the fairest type of American womanhood, who has been a dealer and dealer with each meeting and who has been the heart of the daughters as our first lady. May we live to see her some time as the first lady of our time in the position which she so eminently fitted to fill. But wherever her life she will be bound to us by the strongest ties. May she live long and prosper."

The daughters en masse rose to their feet and the hall resounded with applause.

Mrs. Abraham Allee, state regent of Nebraska, who wrote the response for the west, was unable to be present on account of illness, but her paper was read by Mrs. M. H. Everett. Mrs. Miranda Barney Tulloch presented the report of the twenty-one chapters of the society, not having conformed to the rules, would not be able to participate in the business of the congress. During the past four years the membership has increased from 35,998 to 51,662. The increase during the year indicated was nearly 3,000. The report indicated that 1,093 delegates were entitled to vote in the present congress.

BETTY'S BETS

SUPPOSE that's a fresh victim. Miss Betty," drawled a stout and languid man from the depths of a garden arm chair.

Miss Betty was a slender young person in green muslin who stood near the man, and with a racket in her hand and chain in the pocket of her skirt, she waved her hand toward the tennis lawn below.

"I dare say," she answered composedly, stooping to tie her shoe. "But you he isn't," returned the stout man quickly, and a couple of bystanders joined in his laugh.

"I don't care if I do," she returned, with a look of scarcely veiled contempt at the laughing group of men. "What will you get?"

The fat man pulled himself up in his chair and his eyes twinkled. He knew Ralph Pyne pretty well, and he knew he would not easily be made a fool of. Also he did not at all wish Pyne to fall into the snares of Miss Betty Langley. There was a certain lovely Rebecca Cohen, his own niece, who would make a more satisfactory Mrs. Pyne to his thinking. But Betty was dangerous—decidedly dangerous, unless she could be kept under a close watch.

"Well, I'll go as far as a pin." "Diamond?" "Hum—yes—hanged if I won't stand a diamond pin."

"Doris, Mr. Juarez," answered Betty as she moved away, and Mr. Juarez chuckled as he sank back among his cushions. "If Miss Bet tries any of her games on with that Johnnie he'll bolt, possibly, I may have the catching of him."

Ralph Pyne had already spent two days in Betty's company, and had enjoyed himself as most men did under the circumstances, and he was not at all loath to escort her home by the short cut through the covert after she had supervised the shooting of tea at the gamekeeper's cottage. Betty was uncommon good company, as good as a younger brother, and much better to have than the dickerens who were so brusque and boyish that most men found themselves proposing to her—quite unexpectedly to themselves, for no one could think of sentiment and Betty Langley in the same hour. "No humbug about her! regular good sort," the blinded victims used to say, and played on—lawn tennis, billiards, hide and seek, and all the other games, and their dom never varied.

"How hot it is," cried Betty suddenly; "don't you think there is going to be an earthquake?" "It is hot before earthquakes?" returned Mr. Pyne. "That is an interesting bit of general information."

"Oh, people always say they feel queer before earthquakes," but a sharp rustle among the leaves interrupted her lecture. "Good gracious, it's raining! And there is thunder! Now we are in a fix, and gathering up her skirts she started to run.

"All right, there's a pile of fagots just beyond," cried Pyne, "no end of a fine shelter. See!" as he dashed on his side; and he pulled back the dripping branches and showed the pile which the woodcutter had arranged as a sort of wigwam.

"Creep down in," shelter Betty soon regained her breath and began to chatter again. "Now this is romantic, and it will end in my getting bronchitis and you'll get pneumonia, and we can't go to the Lorimers' dance."

"But alas! I shan't go to the Lorimers' dance anyhow. I am off tomorrow." "Oh, I say! What for? What a shame!" "My sister has wired she's coming back from India and will be at Southampton before an earthquake, and as a trifle, compared to the tempest if I didn't meet here tomorrow night."

"Betty is silent. He is going tomorrow night, and she is going to meet her. She feels rather sick at it—and yet, no, that odious Mr. Juarez would chuckle. He has always hated her, she knows, and she said no to him and his shenanigans and he would have to up his bet; and how she would like to own—just one—diamond! Betty's face is her fortune and has not brought her even a diamond as yet—only a pair of them, for an equivalent. But she can't flirt with Ralph Pyne. She has, she knows, amused herself a little something with some men, but they are such idiots. Mr. Pyne is different; she can't treat him so. And then she recklessly determines to make a clean breast of it.

"Mr. Pyne, I wish you'd do something for me." "With pleasure." "You can get me a diamond pin if you like." "Delighted, I am sure; but how?" "I want you to propose to me. Don't be frightened; I'll say no, and I won't tell you're gone." "Oh, but I presume," he answered a trifle grimly.

"Yes, that odious Mr. Juarez. They are all odious, but he is the worst. He bet you wouldn't propose, because you see, they all do; and then, of course, they talk and uncle swears at me. But we've been kind of friends, and you're too good sort for that," she ended a little incoherently, "so I thought it might as well tell you about it."

"Yes; uncommonly good natured of you. And he's bet a pin, and Mr. Pyne considers what a charming uncle Miss Rebecca Cohen owns." "Yes; I haven't any jewelry, and I do want a score of that best, and Betty suddenly grew serious from anger. Her blushes were not in the habit of intruding themselves.

"I thought we were friends," she ended with a smothered sob and vanished among the trees, and Ralph Pyne muttered something between his teeth about a fool and went back to the house.

An hour later a very pale and subdued Betty came gliding through the shrubbery. It was already evening, and the house was brightly lit up and the sound of voices and click of balls sounded from the billiard room. As she put her foot on the veranda Mr. Juarez strolled out of the open billiard room window.

"Hello, Miss Bet," he shouted hilariously. "I've got news for you." "I am afraid I cannot stop to hear it; the dressing gown has sounded." "Oh, but you've got to stop," he laughed, laying his fat hand on her shoulder. It was obvious that tea had not been the afternoon refreshment in the billiard room.

"You've got to stop and hear my news. Pyne is off. Says he's sent for by telegram and must be off by the 8.10. We know better, don't we? He's scared. But don't fret, my dear," he continued, changing his tone to one of maudlin tenderness, "you shan't be a loser by him. You shall have your pin all the same. Now doesn't that deserve a kiss for thanks?"

His odious arm was round her. Betty gave a cry of disgust and twisted herself away. At the same moment a gentle push sent Mr. Juarez staggering to the end of the veranda, and a cool voice said, "I'll thank you to treat this lady with a little more respect."

"What the dickens have you got to say to it?" shouted Mr. Juarez, who was brought up short by the trellis at the end of the veranda and stood leaning against its friendly support.

"Only that she has done me the honor to promise to be my wife," the quiet reply in a different tone to the impassioned whisper that implored, "You won't go back on me now, Betty?"

Betty was sobbing too heartily on his shoulder to say no, and silence gave consent.—Doretha Townshend, in the Tatler.

Current Verse
An Idle Wish
Oh, give me back the good old days;
I want the simple life,
The care free time before we knew
Bacteria were life.

We never boiled the crystal stream,
And disinfected our buttry milk,
The oaken bucket drew,
And if our mud vies reeked with germs,
At least we never knew.

But now we boil, and bake, and steam,
And disinfect and bury;
We wash and spray and shake and stir
And fume and scrape and churn.

We think it will prolong our days
No nook or cranny shirk,
And just as every man's nose flees,
We die of overwork.—Puck.

The New "America"
[President Roosevelt, as he entered to address the Mothers' congress, was greeted with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," sung by the audience.]
My country, 'tis of thee,
Land of the patriarchs, hero,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the patriot's noble pride,
From every cradle side,
Let "God go" ring.

Let "da da" swell the breeze
From every part of knees,
All day long
Let infant tongues awake
Throughout the night, and make
"Anti-bacterial" music right,
This, without mistake,
One grand, sweet song.

"Author" that is to be,
Father of family,
In thee we trust,
Let every groom and bride
Fling the brave slogan wide:
"Anti-bacterial" music right,
Pike's Peak or bust!"—Puck.

In Cartoonland
Cartoonland is surely the queerest of places in the world. It is a show. What happens there has but the merest resemblance to things that we know. And the people themselves—why, you'd say each
Does things that a weak mind denote;
The oddest, perhaps, is the way each one
Wears his name on the tail of his coat.

In Cartoonland they do not seem able
To tell what a thing is by sight;
Every object they have heard a label
To set the observing man right.
And perhaps otherwise he'd not catch it—
The folks there may know what they
What clearly may look like a hatchet
May be plainly marked, "Corporato
Greed."

And what you suppose is a fat pig
May be "Court of Appeals" for a
brand.
But don't think from your knowledge of
the pig
That you know all the pigs in the land.
For the next may be labeled "The Sen-
ate."
Or anything under the sun—
How queer, it occurs as I pen it,
Is the way that their government's run!

And a gun may be "Public Opinion,"
And a pistol may be the "New Hebet,"
And a dog bear the name of a "Minion."
Of some "boss" with his name on his
vest.
And a "bomb" is the "Coming Election,"
And a pistol some law never made,
And a pistol some law never made,
And a wheelbarrow "Interstate Trade."

But to name all Cartoonland encloses
Is certainly not for my pen;
The folks' tremendous high noses—
The animals looking like men—
The dollar marks spread without sparing—
The astonishing things that are said—
And the way that a man has of wearing
His remarks in a loop o'er his head.
—Hayden Carruth in Harper's Weekly.

To a Bon Vivant
Oh, rich autumnal tinting of his nose,
What radiant, rosy tinted dreams you
bring,
Of vine clad slopes, and autumn vintag-
ing,
And ripe grape fragrance, sweeter than
the rose!
Dreams of old pagan days, when Bacchus
goes
All luscious with vines, or lolls to
sing,
And, singing, slumbers, till long shadow
leaves
Their cool arms eastward and the stars
unleash.

What tall, moist beakers have you lin-
gered in—
Pagan prophets of the sunset tip!
But beer cools not while fancy's fingers
spin
A fat glass stem, and each roman-
bered slip
Warns you with blishes for some older
sin.
You beacon light of too good fellowship!
—Margaret Lee Ashley in May Smart
Set.

They act like Exercise.
WATERBURY'S
-for the Bowels
Ten Cents
All Druggists