

MAKER OF PEACE

By FRANK FILSON.

When Uncle Will came back from the West at forty-five, with a wad of money, we were delighted that he should think of spending the winter in the old homestead, where he had not put in an appearance for ten years.

"But what gets me," he said, "is the way you folks here quarrel. Seems to me as though you hadn't any time to do anything else, and liked it."

I flushed. "If you are referring to George Bailey, uncle," I began. "Lydia," answered Uncle Will, "if you talk sassy like that you won't get any more candy from me. What do I care about George Bailey? He isn't half good enough for you, and I'm glad you had a falling out."

"He is!" I cried indignantly. "He's the finest boy in Surbiton." And then Uncle Will gave me one of his maddening smiles and walked away. It was true enough what he had said, though. We did have trouble in Surbiton. It was what you call a spinners' village, and everybody said I was a fool to let George go. But he humiliated me so, dancing with red-headed Miss Florence Smith twice that night, and only giving me eleven dances. And we had just become engaged, too.

Uncle Will was a Surbiton man. They said in his young days he had been engaged to Miss Barrett, the school teacher. If he had, nobody was the wiser. He and Miss Barrett greeted each other just as calmly as though they had always been acquaintances and there had never been anything else between them. And what puzzled me was how Uncle Will could want to put in so long a time at Surbiton. Instead of making for the white lights of the city, with his wad to spend.

Now I come to my story. It was about three weeks after Uncle Will returned that Surbiton was electrified by an itinerant peddler who came along the street. Peddler is perhaps a wrong way of describing him, for he had nothing to sell. He drove a broken-down horse and sat inside a buggy with a closed top. When he reached Hi Perkins' vacant lot he unbitched the horse and turned it out to



"I'm the International and Intercolonial Peacemaker!"

graze. Then he took down the top of the buggy and hoisted his sign: WILLIAM ITT International and Intercolonial Peacemaker of America.

Naturally half the village was around Mr. Itt's wagon in about ten minutes, gaping.

"What's it mean?" asked Hi Perkins, who didn't like peddlers pitching on his lot, though he was too kind-hearted to shoo them away.

"I'm the International and Intercolonial peacemaker," says Mr. Itt, who was a little, sandy, dried-up man. "I make peace. Bring on your quarrels. Now!"

"Why don't he try to make up between Jim Barnes and his wife?" shouted one of the wags. But Mr. Itt took a serious view of the situation.

"This ain't no joke, ladies and gents," he said. "It's a respectable profession, mine is. It's a necessary one, too. There's far too much quarrelling in these days. I made peace only last week between the mayor of Deedles and his lady, and the town's been clean of graft ever since. Now, ladies and gents, my fee is a dollar, and my tent's open by appointment at any hour after dark, when you can come in quietlike and nobody will see you."

Well, that raised a laugh, but would you believe it, Sadie Roach, our maid, declared that she saw Mr. and Mrs. Barnes stealing away out of Mr. Itt's tent, looking as pleased as a courting couple the next morning.

And as the days went by and Mr. Itt remained, it certainly seemed that an improvement had come to Surbiton. Folks who hadn't been on speaking terms for years began to say "Hello!" to each other, and spite fences were taken down, and nobody complained when the neighbors' chickens got into his garden any more.

Well, what happened next scared me. I was strolling near Mr. Itt's tent, just by chance, you understand, when the little man came out and accosted me.

"Mademoiselle," he said, executing a bow—for that is the only word suitable for the absurd little bob he made, "can I be of service to you?"

My heart went into my mouth and I couldn't find any words with which to answer him.

"If you was to come to my tent

about eight o'clock tonight," said Mr. Itt. "I might be able to help you know yourself. You have trouble in your heart, mademoiselle. I can trace it in the third line of your right hand, running from the Mount of Hercules to the Oasis of Luna."

And with these enigmatical words he beat a retreat into his tent, leaving me decidedly annoyed and a little humiliated.

I knew he couldn't possibly have heard about me and George, because our engagement had been kept a profound secret outside the family, and only the relations and the servants knew about it, and they wouldn't have breathed a word to anybody. However, I began to get pained by Mr. Itt's words, and about eight o'clock that night finding myself—quite by chance, you understand—in the vicinity of Mr. Itt's tent, I thought I would drop in to see whether there really was anything in what he had said about the Mount of Hercules.

Though it had begun to dawn on me that I had had my hands in my muff and that he hadn't seen them at all.

Mr. Itt seemed to have been waiting for me, for hardly had I drawn near his tent when he was outside, seizing me by the hands.

"You have come," he said. "I am glad you have come. Mademoiselle, you remind me of my dear friend His Excellency Ching Foo, the grand vizier of Tartary, who had a fearful quarrel with his wife last week over the spending money. He came to me. 'Mr. Itt,' he said, 'I have had a row with my wife and I wish I were dead. She wants a hundred yen a week to buy her own clothes with. What would you do?'"

"Give her two hundred," I answered, and he saw the justice of it and went away happy. They're reconciled now."

Mr. Itt's views seemed sensible to me, but all the while he was repeating this absurd patter he kept glancing back nervously over his shoulder, as though he were expecting somebody. And as he ended he made an abrupt little dive into the tent and pulled the flap to. I heard a murmur of voices inside, and I wondered whether I had happened along when another couple was there.

And I was still wondering when, to my amazement, somebody put his hands over my eyes.

And now my heart began to pit-pat. Yes, it was George.

"I'm so sorry, sweetheart," he said. "I see how wrong I was to dance twice with Florence Smith. I'll never look at her again. Mr. Itt persuaded me that I had been a fool. Won't you forgive me, dearest?"

Well, I was considerably hurt, but then I felt something being squeezed over my finger, and it felt like that half-hoop of diamonds, which I had loved so much, and which I had intended to have enlarged the day before I gave it back to George. So what could I do?

We had the happiest time there, and then we decided that we ought to thank Mr. Itt. It seemed too wonderful to be true. So we went up to the tent and called.

Mr. Itt seemed to be scolding somebody, I thought, and he didn't hear my voice. I wanted to thank him and so I opened the tent door. And who do you think were inside? Uncle Will and Miss Barrett.

Uncle Will was on his knees before her, and her face was as hard as stone. Just then Uncle Will saw us, and he sprang to his feet, looking rather foolish.

"Go away, you young vipers!" he bellowed. "What do you mean by intruding upon—why, it's little Lydia! And George!"

Somehow instinct told me just what to do at that moment. I went up to Miss Barrett and kissed her, and placed her hands in Uncle Will's.

Suddenly Miss Barrett's face softened, and a minute later she was crying in Uncle Will's arms. Uncle Will said afterward that it must have been the force of our example. I think this was correct. But would you ever believe that Uncle Will had hired Mr. Itt for the performance?

That's what Aunt Rose Barrett Templeton says. And Uncle Will doesn't deny it. He says he's got such a good wife he doesn't want to remember the trouble he had in getting her.

Strangely enough, George said something like that to me yesterday. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Necessarily Delayed.
For years he had dreamed of locating in sunny California. He was a young man—a telegraph operator located in Atlanta, Ga., but he never felt quite sure enough of himself to migrate westward.

Manager Bob Vaughn of the Postal Telegraph office here received numerous letters from the southern boy. They covered a period of several years. In each he implored Manager Vaughn to land him a job.

Recently the opportunity knocked. Manager Vaughn wired the Atlanta youth that the track was clear—that he had a job for him.

"Come at once," was all the message said. "Can't come at once," wired back the excited lad. "The next train doesn't leave for four hours!"—San Diego Sun.

Mother Cat Beated Hawk.

In a fight with a hawk on a farm of Northumberland, Pa., a big Maltese cat worsted the bird of prey and saved her brood from destruction. Taking her family from a manger to the barnyard, table was giving them a sun bath when the hawk swooped down and seized one of the kittens. Like a flash the mother cat was on the back of the big bird, and a battle ensued. Feathers flew and the pair rolled around and around. Finally the hawk rose into the air and darted rapidly away. An examination of the kittens found that the mother cat had won the battle.

Both Give Up.
"A woman has to give up a great deal after she gets married," sighed Mrs. Gabb.

"A man does nothing else but give up after he gets married," replied Mr. Gabb.

Cape of Satin for Dressy Wear



A LONG and ample cape of black satin, lined with satin in a contrasting color, and interlined for additional warmth, develops a new idea in treatment of the neck. Here a wide ruff, like the body of the cape, makes an attractive finish and a protection for the throat at the same time. The plaiting for the ruff is graduated in width, growing narrower from the sides toward the front. But it is sufficiently wide to enfold the back of the head, the ears and the throat when the cape is fastened in the front.

A long silk-covered cord extends about the base of the ruff, terminating in two cabochons (made of the cord), one at each side. Long ends terminating in heavy silk tassels fall from the center of each of these silk ornaments.

A narrow ruching made of satin like that in the lining outlines the hem on the inside of the cape all around. It is a dainty finish, handmade and elegant.

This is one of the longest of capes and one of the few intended solely for evening or other dressy wear.

The cape, which occupied the center of the stage as the newest and most chic of wraps at the beginning of the season, did not capture the popular fancy, but was admired by a few as an attractive novelty.

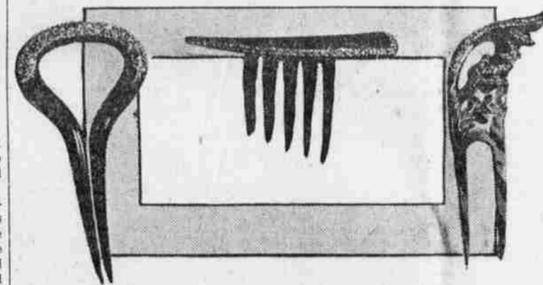
There are many jeweled hair bands discriminating following among those

who follow radical new departures in fashions. The cape has been featured in combinations with other wraps, where it is usually short and suggests the cape of the cavalier type. Its best and most attractive development as a garment for protection is portrayed in the picture given here, where it is shown as a rich and graceful evening wrap.

Velvet Dresses With Tunics.
Although many dress skirts are in circular cut, this is rarely the case with velvet dresses, as the long tunic is especially good in velvet, says the Drygoods Economist. These long overskirts, as they may be called, require weight in the cloth to make them hang gracefully, and are, therefore, an attractive style for velvet. Circular skirts are very apt to hang unevenly in velvet, as the weight of the cloth drags down the skirt at the sides.

New Silk for Winter.
For more dressy toilettes the new fabric known as satin-regence, a soft silk that seems to have an almost invisible stripe in it, and the graceful amalgamation of tulle and fur and velours will amply be exploited this winter. In the new claret or deep wine shade, satin-regence promises a flattering vogue.

Fancy Combs and Hair Ornaments



ALL sorts of fancy shell combs, or namental hairpins, hair bands and small barettes, bespeak the return to favor of more elaborate styles in hair-dressing. The combs are shaped in so many different ways and made in so many different sizes that one concludes they are fashioned to be worn in any position on the head which suits the fancy.

A great variety in shell combs, pins and ornaments are set with rhinestones and sparkling colored stones. The combs and other ornaments are shown in tortoise colorings, amber, black, white, and gray. Besides white rhinestones there are settings in emerald, amethyst, garnet and topaz colors.

A popular comb, of which an example is shown in the picture, is made to wear when the hair is done in a French coil. It is long and the teeth are joined to a band which is sometimes narrower at one end than at the other, and sometimes pointed at the ends. This comb may be had with the teeth hinged on so that it can be adjusted to the head in different positions. A single row of stones, or a row extending all around the edge of the band, gives a pretty sparkle to this comb. Often the band is entirely encrusted with stones. This more than doubles the price of the comb without adding much to its attraction.

A very popular large shell pin is shown in the picture. One or two of these pins is thrust in the hair at the sides when it is coiled low. Or a pair is sometimes seen in a long French coil.

The large Farrar comb is worn in

several different positions on the head and is a showy and splendid affair of many jewels. The teeth support a fan-shaped or scroll top which affords much surface for rhinestones.

A small ornamental pin to thrust in the hair coiled high on the head is shown in the picture, which is something between a comb and a pin, taking the place of either. It is of tortoise shell set with rhinestones, and made of filigree silver, ribbon and tinsel braid. And outside of ornaments of shell or metal are others of millinery and ribbon flowers.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Rolled Pique Collars.
Rolled pique collars that are attached to vest fronts of the same can be added to any coat front, or will go with the one-piece dress that is always opened with a deep V at the neck. The pique in all these models is neither stiff nor limp; it has to be wired if it is to stand up about the neck. All the pique models are not plain; some of them are in very fancy weaves or have a little running spray of white mercerized embroidery along the edges.

Some pretty sets for dresses or coats are made of silk in gay hazy-dream stripes. The deep gaudy cuffs are held together by cufflike buttons. The collars are of the same softallor shapes as the pique or the lawn.

Spring Colors.
Among the colors for spring are putty, greenish tans and grays, old tapestry blues and dark shades generally.

Milady's Morning Dress.
One-piece frocks, so easy to slip on and off, are the favorites for morning wear, and many of these practical models of serge, cheviot, mohair and mohair and worsted mixtures, are shown in the ready-to-wear departments for runabout morning wear under the smart topcoats, pocketed and belted in semiboth style. The ideal one-piece frock fastens with a minimum amount of trouble—usually a snap fastener at the belt line and another at the neck opening suffice, the

lap of the surplice bodice holding the lines of the frock trimly in place. The old style costume with a multitude of hooks and eyes which demand laborious adjustment has gone out of favor and the easy to get into frock is hailed joyfully by womanhood.

To Wash Greasy Kitchen Utensils.
When washing anything that is greasy, use hot sodawater. You will find it very good, as the alkali turns the grease into soap, which will do its own cleaning.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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SHOULD NOT BE A DRUDGE OR A DOLL.

"There are some things it doesn't pay us to get," said Vice-President Marshall in a recent address. "For instance, it doesn't pay a man to get so much money that he becomes ashamed of his old-fashioned wife and no longer wants to trot in her society."

Not long ago a man who abandoned his wife and who tried in every way to provoke her to get a divorce from him so he could marry a young and attractive girl, plainly told her that she was not good-looking or stylish enough for him, that now that he had money he wanted a wife who could show off in society.

This poor woman had made all sorts of sacrifices in their early days of struggle with poverty. For years she had worked and deprived herself of necessities to help her husband get a start in the world, and to care for and bring up his children without a nurse or maid. She made a drudge of herself, but when he had become prosperous he had no use for the worn-out wife, with her burned-out beauty and her wrinkles, which had paid the price of a large part of his property; he wanted to cast her aside for a young, fresh and attractive wife.

In the trial the wife said: "I worked from seven in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. But now that I am no longer needed in the business, he has heaped upon me insults untold. He has neglected and failed to properly provide for me."

"He repeatedly told me that I was not fashionable enough for him," the wife concluded. "He liked dressy women. He took me to one place and pointed out a Miss K, and said he had spent \$400 wining and dining her."

The world will never know the tortures, a thousand times worse than death itself, endured by wives of prosperous husbands, who so often prefer suffering to scandal and endure a living death rather than expose their husbands, who have been fascinated by younger and more attractive women.

One of the most pathetic spectacles in American life is that of the faded, outgrown wife standing helplessly in the shadow of her husband's prosperity and power, having sacrificed her youth, beauty and ambition—nearly everything that the feminine mind holds dear—to enable an indifferent, selfish, brutish husband to get a start in the world.

It does not matter that the wife sacrificed her own opportunity for a career, that she gave up her most cherished ambition in order to make a ladder for her selfish husband to ascend by. When he has once gotten to the top, like a wily, diplomatic politician, he often kicks the ladder down. He wants to make a show-in-the-world; he thinks only of himself. His poor, faded, worn-out wife, standing in his shadow, is not attractive enough for him now that he has gotten up in the world.

The selfish husband thinks that he should have a clear track for his ambition, and that his wife should be content, even grateful, to be allowed to tag on behind and assist him in every possible way in what he considers the grand life work of both of them—to make him the biggest man possible. It does not even occur to him that she could have an ambition welling up within her heart, a longing to answer the call which runs in her own blood, and a yearning to express it in some vocation as well as his.

I do not believe that the Creator has limited one-half of the human race practically to one occupation, while the other half has the choice of a thousand.

"But," many of our men readers will say, "is there any grander profession in the world than that of home making? Can anything be more stimulating, more elevating than home making and the rearing of children? How can such a vocation be narrowing, monotonous?"

Of course it is grand. There is nothing grander in the universe than the work of a true wife, a noble mother. But it would require the constitution of a Hercules, an infinitely greater patience than that of a Job, to endure such work with almost no change or outside variety, year in and year out, as multitudes of wives and mothers do.

The average man does not appreciate how almost devoid of incentives to broad-mindedness, to many-sidedness, to liberal growth, the home life of many women is.

The business man and the professional man are really in a perpetual school, a great, practical university. He is continually coming in contact with new people, new things, being molded by a vast number of forces which never touch the wife in the quiet home.

I believe in that marriage which paralyzes self-development, strangles ambition, and discourages evolution and self-growth, which takes away the life purpose. Nor is it necessary that the wife should work like a slave in order to grow. There is a certain class of men who go to the other

Bad Practice Discouraged.
Getting married in Burma is not entirely a pleasant operation. Custom warrants the practice of throwing stones at the house of the newly-wedded, but not blackmail, and when recently a band of Burman youth demanded money before they would depart the law stepped in and sentenced the leaders to heavy imprisonment and corporal punishment.

Eight nations in the European war have 17,000,000 fighting men.

extreme and make slaves of their wives—work them half to death. But physical drudgery does not develop power. The slave wife is as badly off as the doll wife.

A wife should neither be a drudge nor a dressed-up doll; she should develop herself by self-effort, just as her husband develops himself. She should not put herself in a position where her inventiveness and resourcefulness and individuality, her talent, will be paralyzed by lack of motive.

Everything in the whole environment of tens of thousands of American wives is discouraging to growth and tends to strangle a broader, fuller life.

A healthy mind must be an active mind. Vigor and strength cannot be built up in man or woman by inaction of a life of idleness or monotony. There must be a purpose, a vigorous, strong aim in the life, or it will be nerveless, insipid and stale.

For centuries women themselves accepted man's estimate of them, and were content to walk in his shadow. But since the higher discovery of woman in the last century a new order of things is being brought about. Women are becoming less and less dependent upon men and more inclined to live their own lives. They are beginning to see their own possibilities, that they can have careers and ambitions as well as men. The girl of today expects a liberal education and looks forward to a career of her own. Women have at last learned that men have not monopolized all the genius, that ability knows no sex. And the wife is beginning to realize that there is one thing she should guard as the very jewel of her soul; that is, the determination to keep pace with her husband.

HOME, SWEETEST WORD IN THE LANGUAGE.

The story is told of a perplexed young man who wrote to the query department of a newspaper to know whether the editor would advise him to buy an automobile or get married. He said he could not afford to do both, and was in a quandary.

The editor cautioned the young man to deliberate earnestly and not to make up his mind without due consideration. He was reminded that while an automobile costs more it doesn't talk back, and that a second-hand automobile could be traded for a new one. It is not recorded what was the decision of the irresolute young man.

There have been men, good men, whose lives, measured by ordinary standards, were successful, who never married; but those who hear or read of them feel that such careers were incomplete.

To a certain degree, a young man should look upon marriage from a utilitarian standpoint. A good wife is so much capital. She makes him a deal more than he is by nature. She contributes the qualities needed in order to convert his vigor into a safe as well as productive efficiency. She introduces, for instance, into his intellectual nature that ingredient of sentiment which intellect requires in order to be able to do its best work and makes home an Eden. "To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is paradise."

Most married men are saner, much more normal and level-headed, economical and careful, on account of their wives. A model home is a great corrective for a man. It keeps him up to standard and saves him from getting blue and discouraged. It develops the affectionate side of his nature and renders his character stronger and more symmetrical. Men can produce very much more because of harmony and affection in the home.

There is nothing else which will call out the divinest qualities of a man or woman like unselfish service. The very conscientiousness that one has others depending upon him tends to call out the best in him.

A happy marriage brings sunshine into the life and broadens, softens and sweetens the character. It is a great educator, a perpetual influence for good.

Who could estimate what civilization owes to man's dream of a happy home of his own? What an incentive to man in all ages has been this vision of a home of his own! It is this picture which holds the youth to his task, buoying him up in times of hardship and discouragement. This picture of a home, this vision of a little cottage and some fair maiden waiting at the door—this home vision has ever been the great incentive of the struggler, the greatest incentive of mankind! It is the dream of "a home of my own" that has lifted multitudes of youths out of obscurity. There is no spur on earth which has had anything like the influence over man that this home vision has.

The thought of his home and wife, dearer to him than life, keeps vast multitudes of men grinding away at their dreary tasks, when they see no other light in the distance. To multitudes of people home is the only oasis in their desert life.

Home is the sweetest word in the language. It has ever been the favorite theme of the poet, the author, and the artist. History is packed with the achievements of men for the sake of the home. They cross oceans, they explore continents. They endure the heat of the tropics and the cold of the arctic, they explore mines in the wilderness, cut themselves off from civilization for years for the sake of wife and home.

Women are always sincere when angry.

Military Dances.
The Highland fling symbolizes victory. The schottische militaire, that was popular some years ago, was another Scotch dance with a military suggestion. Many old prints show that the bagpipe of Scotland accompanied the military dance, as it does today, and to its strains fighting is being done that emulates that of past centuries.

Many trains of thought carry no freight.

The Cause.
"Why did they separate?"
"Photographic incompatibility."
"That's a new reason to me."
"He cared for nothing but tango tunes and she vowed she'd hear nothing but classical selections."

They Often Do.
"Gerald and Vanessa are to be married. I get the credit for making the match."
"Take all the credit you can get, my dear. In a few years they may be giving you the blame."

Home Town Helps

SEES ADVANTAGE OF TREES

Alabama City is Going About the Work of Beautifying in a Scientific Manner.

One of the attractive features of Birmingham is found in its trees. Many years ago arboriculture received the attention of the authorities in certain of the northern cities. Ornamental trees for parks and streets were planted and nurtured under men trained both in arboriculture and landscape engineering. The results have been manifold, and the outlay of money was nothing when compared with the benefits obtained.

But in the South arboriculture has been appraised at its true value only in recent years. Some of the old southern cities were famed for their wide-sweeping oaks and elms, but nature had been bountiful in providing those things that were beautiful. Nevertheless, the man who has made a study of trees in relation to the city beautiful idea has work to do in the umbrageous avenues even of stately old towns like Tuscaloosa and Savannah. In the larger cities and especially those without trees of primeval growth the arboriculturist has become a necessity.

Before science was so generally in vogue Birmingham was fortunate in making a good start in tree planting, but we can now do better. The city commission has turned over the arboricultural side of Birmingham's activities to the engineering department.

Many Nicholson, chief assistant to Engineer Kendrick, acts as the superintendent of parks and playgrounds and that position brings him directly in charge of tree planting. Mr. Nicholson is not only thoroughly equipped for this work, but he is an enthusiast. Every man and every woman in Birmingham who desires to add to the attractiveness of the city by planting trees will always have a patient and a sympathetic hearing from him.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

PUSH SCHOOL GARDEN IDEA

Manifold Advantages Are Apparent—Development of Horticultural Talent Is of Moment.

It must be quite evident to all that not every child is fitted, either by nature, inclination or education for clerical or professional work at the close of his school years. Therefore, the ordinary course of "words, words, words" only concerning every phase of study will but do for the skeleton upon which to build one's life-work. School gardens should, and probably do, discover many having undoubted talents in the line of horticulture who will follow some phase of it for life, yet would not have received the necessary introduction to the work except for the garden work during school years. Hence the necessity for productive and attractive school gardens should be apparent to all.

Adapting the Porch Box.

There is a growing fancy for bringing the porch boxes indoors in winter, and planting gay flowers that make the window charming both inside and out. Plant closely enough to cover the soil and do not be careful to have a harmony of color. Keep to one or two colors rather than an inartistic jumble. How often we see scarlet geraniums and purple-red petunias in the same box, sometimes with still a third angry color. Use all petunias, or grow scarlet and white geraniums. Pink and white geraniums with trailing ivy (Kinkorbocker or German) make a charming bit of gay color.—Philadelphia Press.

Why Darts Penetrate.

The steel darts which are being dropped from hostile aeroplanes are capable, it is said, of penetrating a piece of tank one inch thick, the Fall Mail Gazette remarks. In all probability this is understating their effectiveness, for the acceleration due solely to the action of the earth's gravity would cause the dart to arrive on the ground at a high rate of speed. Assuming it to be released 5,000 feet above the earth—lower than which the aviator runs the risk of being brought down—it would be traveling at nearly six hundred feet a second at the earth's surface, or at more than a quarter of the speed at which a bullet leaves the British service rifle.

Children Do Good Work.

One million flowering plants have been planted along the curbs of streets in Oakland, Cal., by the school children of the city this year under an organized movement directed by their elders.

One thousand or more American municipalities have made radical changes in their charters in the last four or five years, to make their laws and organization conform to present ideas of municipal service to the public.

Trees Need Space.

In earlier days a mistake was made in planting trees too close together. One of the first principles of arboriculture is to plant at proper distances, or, as Mr. Nicholson, tree expert of Birmingham, Ala., calls it, the spacing of trees.

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