

some blessed woman made his task a little lighter—even by the aid of a gentle and encouraging word.

That is all right with the men, but it is more rare in the case of women. How a girl ever stays good in the evil environment above painted is more than the mind of humanity can fathom. Yet many of them do. They are entitled to the greater credit because of it. And just because their lot is difficult, there is obligation on the rest of us to give them such aid and comfort as we can.

That detention home, and every other institution which can help the child through the years of growing, can and should be made the best investments of a community. There is little raw material so great in possibilities for good or for evil as is a boy. You and I and the rest of us can do a good deal in providing that he be good and not bad. It is wise business to lend a hand to help the badly-environmented boy become a good man. The investment is double, because in making a good man of him, society escapes the affliction of another bad man. It is sort of insurance, at small cost, of the most precious establishment in the world—the home.

But, if that be true of the boy, how much greater it is of a girl. She has more at stake, as society has more at stake in her. She has a harder row to hoe, just because of the bigger possibilities the Creator has laid upon her. And her influence in the future of that society in which your children and mine will have to take stand presently is greater than that of the boy because she will not only exert her personal influence, but her children will in time take their places there, too.

Let us give them a chance wherever we can. It is our duty, because they are our brothers and sisters, however little we may be inclined to recognize the relationship. And it is to our interest—our intelligent selfish interest—because it is protection for those of our own who will succeed us in the community life so very soon.

"Take it from me," said Eve, as she handed the apple to Adam, "between the fig leaf and these new coats there isn't much choice."

I SHOULD WORRY

It was to have been expected at the elaborate banquet given by the "tobacco queen" that cigarette etiquette would be observed.

Speaking of the puppy snuggle as an antidote for the grizzly bear and the turkey trot, why not try the banana slide or, perhaps, the prune pirouette?

Jack Rose, it is announced, is to become a truck gardener. It would seem that the word "become" is a bit ambiguous, since he has been peddling truck to the daily papers ever since he became father confessor.

When the income tax is on the job a man will become notable for his ability to live \$20,000 worth a year on exactly \$3,999.99.

Regarding the familiar fink who refers to President Wilson as "Woody," one is reminded that an infinite variety of individuals is necessary to the composition of our cosmic life.

New York City is to spend eight million dollars more for pure water and during the next few days we shall figure out just how much good liquor this much pure water would serve as chasers.

Because the guests at the grape juice diplomatic dinner were not impolite enough to protest, Bryan must figure that they were tickled to death.

We know him best as Tira Us Cobb.

The average rate of wages in Japan is 29 1-2 cents a day. No wonder the Japs feel like fighting somebody.

There is one good thing about the story of the Newfoundland dog that swam into the ocean and

rescued a girl. The dog is a hero, but he doesn't have to marry the girl.

Now that summer is approaching, we suggest the "snowstorm dance" as an innovation at Saltair.

Notwithstanding that the firemen are on strike, and that several hundred workmen are out of jobs because they can't get as much pay as they think they should have, the number of automobile sales is keeping up to the record.

The Deseret News naively remarks that James H. Anderson has been mentioned as a possible appointee as state bank commissioner, but that he "hasn't applied for the position." Our idea of something funny would be an application for a job signed by Mr. Anderson and in the hands of Governor Spry.

A man who can pull in the traces with an ass can ride in a chariot with the king.

MYSTERY.

With what mad magic have you wrought this thing?
But yesterday I had not seen your face;
And yet today my shy heart sings of you—
You kiss me and I thrill with sweet disgrace.

But yesterday we two were worlds apart—
Nor dreamed my eyes would ever droop beneath your own.
And yet today I know that all my life
My lamp has been kept trimmed for you alone.
—Caroline Reynolds in Los Angeles Graphic.

HIS LOGICAL REMEDY.

It was the lordly janitor,
One of that noble fold,
Who never will appreciate
Flat-dwellers may be cold;
The timorous approached him,
And all tearful prayed for fire,
Then asked for my assistance,
Since I'm masterful in ire.

It was the lordly janitor,
Like to a mandrill he,
A corncob stuck within his mouth,
As reeking as could be.
Assuming then, as is my wont,
Most magisterial airs,
I said: "It's warmer far outside
Than just now 'tis upstairs."

It was the lordly janitor,
Who looked me in the eye,
And snorted like enraged baboon,
As thus he made reply,
While indignation swelled his form,
Till herculean plump:
"Ph'well opin'ari d'ther winders, thin,
Yer rotin'-liver'd chump!"

DIPLOMACY.

"You never tasted finer wine,
'Tis passing rare, and quite divine."
His guest said: "I agree with you;
To me it is entirely new."

MISTAKES.

Carrying things too far when trying to deliver the goods.
Expecting a wife with a fetching way to bring you joy.
Thinking all girls with an elastic step will spring at a proposal.
Trying to make a poor rule work both ways.

Endeavoring to lead a forlorn hope without a pull.
Expecting an amateur's views of life to be well developed.
Thinking it cheaper to spend a honeymoon with a girl than an evening.
Trying to draw a business deal to a crisis without money to push it.

Expecting a woman to hide her feelings where she can't find them.
Thinking folks can hide their faults under the cover of religion.
Expecting to rise in the world with a hoost.
Thinking a man with a vaulting ambition will not try to jump his debts.

Thinking the depth of a woman's eyes doesn't mean a well of trouble.

Receiving expressed indignation without kicking about the charges.—The Sage.

THE WANDERER.

Oh, my beloved, to leave these restless streets!
To see again the glory of your face,
To watch the sun drop down behind God's hills,
And to forget the fever of this place!

Oh, my beloved, throughout the lonely nights
This dream rears up like wistful, perfumed flowers;
And gray the waking of the scentless dawn,
And dark the skies, and long the empty hours!

Oh, my beloved, should I retrace my steps,
Would the old door be patiently ajar?
Would you be there, to bless and to forgive—
Or have I stayed too long and strayed too far?
—The Sigher.

Buster—When I go across on one of the expensive liners I also come across, ha ha!

Duster—That's nothing. As soon as my doctor cures me of a cold, he makes me cough. Tee, hee!

MY LOVE.

What is there like to her on land or sea?
In field or wood, or gently flowing stream?
She is the spirit of the wind set free,
Nature incarnate and its perfect dream.

She is the perfume of the rose, the bloom of flowers,
A heaven of stars are hid within her eyes;
She is the peace and quiet of the twilight hours,
The splendid glow and glory of sunrise.

She is the song of birds, the hum of bees,
The call of the whippoorwill when the day is done;
The tender rustling of the forest trees:
Light, music, perfume, color—all in one! —The Adorer.

Hewitt—Gruet doesn't know enough to go in when it rains.
Jewett—Well, he's all right in a dry season.

It is a mistake to believe that loud talk gives tone to society.