"S'Matter, Pop?"

(Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).)

By C. M. Payne.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

HEZ KERK says that it is foolish to borrow trouble when it is so easy to get a wife permanently.

The Hedgeville Editor.

The alienist in the Craum case was not able to give his decision yesterday because he forgot which side had employed him.

Mrs. Derks says there are more dogs than people in the world, so she is going to be an anti-vivisectionist to keep in with the majority.

Mrs. Fork intended to go away and visit her mother yesterday, but the train was on time.

Since the two new doctors came to town the Council has passed an order to enlarge the cemetery.

The pianist at the Hall last night had good execution, but he didn't have any good tunes.

A sun shade that can be adjusted to any angle on its handle is an English invention designed for automobilists.

If it is true the sins of our fathers are visited on the children, our ancestors must have had all the fun there was.

"POOR old Alf!" sighed Mrs. Crimp, as the form of her husband vanished down the road, says the London Times. "He's growin' shookin' bald!"

"Yes, I've noticed it," assented her neighbor. "Ever since his last illness he's been moultin', as you might say. I hope he aint worryin' over it, Mrs. Crimp."

"Well, it do bother him a bit," she admitted.

"And well it might," said her neighbor. "When my old man lost his hair he felt the cold somethin' terrible."

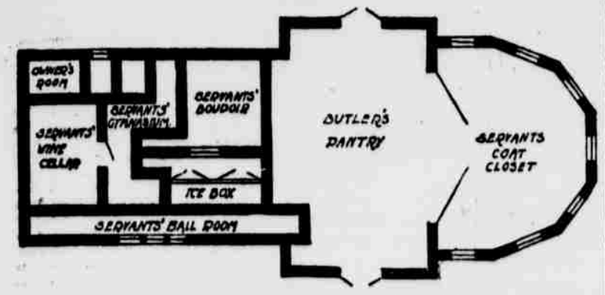
"Oh, it ain't the cold that worries Alf," replied Mrs. Crimp. "It's the bother he has when he's washing himself. If he doesn't keep his hat on, poor dear, he can't tell where his face finishes!"

Kipling's declaration that a woman is a "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" makes us all junk collectors.

A refrigerator to keep the contents in good condition features a new coin-in-the-slot sandwich-vending machine for public places.

A Bungaloafer's Paradise.

THE ideal bungalow is here at last. An architect would charge you $200 for drawing its plan. But by copying the accompanying diagram from the Harvard Lampoon you get it free. Every bungalow hitherto has been shy on servants' quarters. There were big living rooms, bedrooms, &c., all for the owner and his own. But when it came to a question of kitchen, servants' rooms, &c., there wasn't enough space left. The kitchen was all right—till you put a range in it. Then the cook had to stand outside and broil the steak through the window. She kicked. Also, her room was the size of a lean rabbit warren. Not



even room for complaint in it. So she left. But now the new style of bungalow robs the servant question of its horrors. Servants will stay in it longer than the owners.

A child's rocking horse moved by an electric motor has been patented by a New York man.

The British Post-Office controls 800,000 miles of telephone wires.

PROFESSOR—In the classification of your cases, under what heading would you place operations of the vermiform appendix?

Student—I would place them under the caption of "Internal Revenue."—Judge.

An electrically heated tray for keeping food warm while it is being served is one of the newest ideas in the line of electric heaters.

A Massachusetts woman has patented a wire gauze cover for bird cages to protect their occupants from cats and insects.

What You Don't Know.

HERE are some things you probably don't know, yet they are simple, every-day things with which you have been familiar from babyhood. Take a pencil and write down from memory the figures on your watch dial. Simple? Yet you are pretty certain to make at least two mistakes. You've seen pennies and two cent stamps all your life. Write down from memory the words and figures on a one-cent piece and a two-cent stamp. Can you do it? Ten to one you can't. Perhaps you can repeat, without mistake, a long poem or song that you have read only a few times. Nearly any one can do that. But you cannot repeat correctly from memory the few words or figures on stamps, coin and watch that you have seen every day all your life. Why not?

"Everybody's Doing It!"

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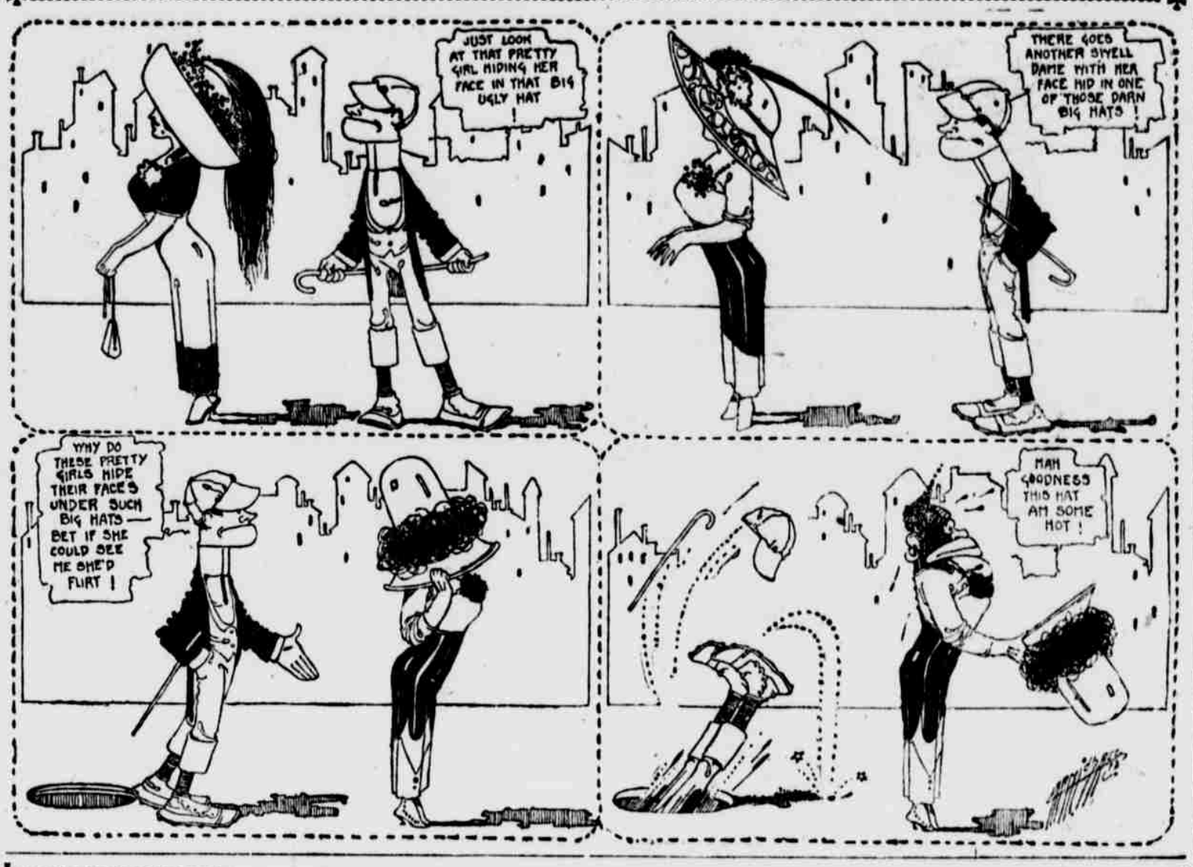
By Carmichael



June Roses and Wedding Bells

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

TO the June bride there is one day that is the RAREST of all—the wedding day. At present she is in the midst of "Something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." Grandmother took it literally; but not so with her granddaughter.

SOPHIE I. LOEB.

She has something old to look back upon, something new to look forward to, something borrowed from Cupid to return in equal measure, and something blue to forget. Thus the average bride views it all. And this gives Abdul Baha, the Persian Prophet of Peace, room to say:

"Of all freedoms that exist in your free country, the freedom of marriage is abnormal. There is not enough importance attached to it. Anybody can get married. It seems to be one of the easiest things you can do here. The coming existence is hardly considered. It is a case of one romance after another, and romance is indeed a very shaky thing to build from. If you would promote peace in the home, marriage must be made more difficult. The purpose of the present day marriage is haphazard in its conception.

"Given a little romantic stage setting and the thing is done. There is very little realization of the great importance of the couple's future together. They go into it willy-nilly and find it difficult to go out of it in the same way.

"There should be perfect understanding with respect to habits, temperaments and peculiarities. The great mistake is that people try to reform after marriage, to conform to each other, which causes the trials that they had not calculated they would be called upon to bear.

"Too much of this is hidden before the marriage ceremony. People do not speak plainly nor do they give an account to each other. This is most important."

And the sage of the Orient speaks words of wisdom. Have you then, little prospective bride, thoughts hidden? Have you spoken PLAINLY and given the account BEFORE taking; so you may get find a bitter medicine AFTER taking? Or you, of the masculine gender, who is ready "to have and to hold until death doth part?"

It is a long time. Has the sunlight of June entirely obscured a possible gray cloud that may bring a rainy day upon which you have not reckoned? And would you know how to find the silver lining, so that the demon of discontent might never find room at the hearthstone?

"Again all these things and more would the self-same prophet of peace insure everyday humans, in event of future ills.

"First of all," he says, "there should be equal rights in the home. Each should respect the wishes of the other. An equal PARTNERSHIP must exist; with the rights of each firmly RECOGNIZED. There must be a reasonable basis of livelihood to insure comfort and each must be physically fit."

Just so! The "spirit of oneness" can only come with the understanding of each. It is a give-and-take proposition; and when you give your promissory note at the altar, the joy of it all will be manifested when the interest demanded of each is not usurious and too DIFFICULT to pay.

In this mad maelstrom of demand and activities, there are TWO people to consider; and not ONE as the idealist would have us believe.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." But she must not forget to reckon with the rainy season. Love is the loaf of life and each of us needs a slice. But the WILLINGNESS to share even that slice long after the orange blossoms have faded will make for the lovers of June the future time worth while.

The Day's Good Stories

No Weather Talk.

"WHAT I can't understand about you people," said the man from Winnipeg to the group in the smoking car, "is the way you talk about the weather. You are at it morning, noon and night. It is the subject of half your conversation."

"Why, don't you talk about it up there?" was asked.

"In three years I don't think I have heard the weather spoken of five times, and then it was by American travelers."

"But you must talk of something."

"Oh, of course."

"If not about the weather, what then?"

"About taxes. They are raising us five mills a year on the valuation, and all the talk is about it. No, sir, not a word about the weather, but where two people are gathered together—"

"But it amounts to the same thing," was interrupted.

"Oh, no, sir. You know you have to pay your taxes, while the blamed old weather don't cost you a cent. Try our way and take no other."—Baltimore American.

A Full Report.

ONE day an eight-year-old girl, who had been taught to report her misdeeds promptly, sought her mother with an aspect of grief denoting great penitence, says Lippincott's. "I broke a brick in the fireplace," the youngster explained, between sobs.

"Well, that isn't beyond remedy," smiled the parent, "but how on earth, child, did you do it?"

"I was pounding it with father's watch."

Welcome.

"HAVE you any last message to leave—any final word to say?" his wife asked as she knelt beside the bed.

"There is one, Mary; but I think I had better say it to some one else."

"No, William, speak it to me. I can't bear to think of any one else hearing your last words."

"No, no, dear. Let me whisper my message to the doctor or to the minister if he is here. It would only make you sad."

"I insist on knowing what you wish to say. You must tell me—only me."

"Well, then, if you will have it, I merely wished to say that I die happy—that I am glad to go."

"Oh, William, why—why are you glad to go?"

"Why, you [illegible] the chair."—Boston Herald.

Familiarity and Contempt.

THERE is in a western town a judge who occasionally hits the flowing bowl a little too hard and gets "jolly." One morning, following an unusually swift encounter with the alcoholic foe, he appeared in his office sad and shaken up.

"How are you this morning, Sam?" inquired a friend.

"Worse than I've ever been," replied the judge, with a groan. "I'm to bad at home. When I left the house, a little while ago, the children were calling me Sam and my wife was addressing me as 'Mister.'"—Popular Magazine.

No Game for Edwin.

ON one occasion an old lady was in the same railway compartment as a party of golfers. "I found fearful trouble this morning," said one. "At the first I fell right into the middle of a prickly gorse bush, and at the second I was stuck upon the top of a tree. I pitched out of bounds into the farm yard at the third, got caught by the wire at the fourth. Stuck fast in a deep hole at the fifth, found myself buried in moss at the sixth. I was lying in a heap of rough flints at the seventh, got lost at the eighth and finished up at the bottom of that dirty ditch at the last hole." "Grandma me!" cried the horrified old lady from her corner of the carriage; "and they told me that golf was an old man's game! I'll never let my Edwin play again!"—Tit-Bits.

A Wit.

JAMES A. PATTEN, at a dinner in Chicago, advocated temperance ardently.

"Hereafter I shall help the prohibition movement all I can," said the noted financier. "Drink is an evil that takes an incredible hold on its victims. For instance"—

Mr. Patten smiled.

"A temperance lecturer," he said, "once displayed to his audience two geraniums. The first, watered in the usual way, was a beautiful and vigorous plant. But the other had been dosed with alcohol, and its foliage was shriveled and scarce, its stem twisted and its vitality decayed.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," cried the lecturer, "what can you say to a demonstration such as this?"

"It's all right, and if I were a geranium," said a shaky voice in the gallery, "I'd sign the pledge myself, but I am not a geranium, I'm a man."—Harper's Weekly.

OFFICER 666

A Fast Moving New York Story

By Barton W. Currie

Based on the Successful Farce of the Same Title

(Copyright, 1912, by H. K. Fly Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Travers Gladwin, an eccentric young New York millionaire, comes home secretly from Egypt. He falls in love at sight with Helen Burton, a Western girl. Helen confides to her cousin Sadie that she is privately engaged to "Travers Gladwin." She and Sadie call at Gladwin's house, where Travers and his friend Whitney Barnes are discussing the former's infatuation for the girl. Helen does not recognize Travers. He does not make known his identity to her. He learns she is in love with a man who poses as Travers Gladwin. She adds that she and the supposed Travers Gladwin are to elope that same evening and are going to take away with them the most valuable of the Gladwin art treasures. Travers then realizes an impostor has been impersonating him. But he does not tell Helen. Instead he warns her against trusting a man of whom she knows so little. His warning angers her, and she leaves the house. Travers, to avert the threatened robbery of his treasures, sends for a policeman. Patrolman Phelan (known as Officer 666) responds. Travers borrows Phelan's uniform and goes out to seek the robber. At a place he arrests Parkinson, a friend of his, for auto speeding. The girl who is motoring with Parkinson is much alarmed.

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

A Millionaire Policeman on Patrol.

JOHNNY PARKINSON turned the first corner and then turned again into Madison avenue. Gladwin could hear the couple on the front seat whispering excitedly, the girl almost in hysterics.

"You've simply got to do something, Johnny," she was saying. "You know if we get our names in the paper father will be furious. Remember what he said about the last time you were arrested for speeding."

Running along Madison avenue, Johnny Parkinson slowed down, turned again to the uniform in the back seat and said tremulously:

"Can't we compromise this, Officer? I—"

"Not on the aven-oo, Mr. Parkinson. You've got too bad a record. But if ye'll run the machine over into Central Park where there ain't so many sergeants roamin' round we might effect a sittlemint."

A smile of great gladness illuminated the features of Johnny Parkinson. He let in the clutch with a bang and it was only a matter of seconds before the ninety horse-power car glided in through the Seventy-second street entrance to Central Park and swung into the dark reaches of the East Drive. Slowing down again the young man at the wheel turned and said anxiously:

"The smallest I've got is a century and I really need some of that."

"That's easy," rejoined Gladwin. "Sure 'n I change hundred dollar bills ivry day. Slip me the paper an' here's a fifty, which is lettin' 'ye' off easy, seein' ye're an ould offender."

The transfer of bills was made swiftly, whereupon Gladwin commanded:

"Now run me back to me peg post an' drop me off, on'y take it slow an' gradual or I might haye to pinch yes again."

A few minutes later Gladwin heard the young girl say passionately:

"Oh, Johnny, how could you give him the money? He's no better than a thief. I hope you've taken his number."

"It wouldn't do any good, dearest," said Johnny, sadly. "They're all in together and I'd only get the worst of it. But did you notice, Phyllis, that he looks a lot like Travers Gladwin?"

"Impossible!" retorted the girl. "Travers Gladwin is good looking, and this man's nothing but an Irish monster."

The girl was about to speak again when she was sure she heard muffled laughter behind her. Then the car sped on into the avenue and just missed colliding with a Fifth avenue motor bus. Officer 666 was put down a block from his own home and resumed the patrolling of the immediate precincts of the Gladwin mansion. His only parting salute from Johnny Parkinson's car was a flashing glance of contempt from the girl, whose identity he strove in vain to place.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Old Grim Barnes Gets a Thrill.

THE precipitate departure of Travers Gladwin left Whitney Barnes and the shirt-sleeved Michael Phelan staring blankly at each other. The unfrocked policeman was anything but an imposing figure and the contortions of distress in his rubicund countenance were grotesque enough to kindle the sense of humor in a far less volatile mind than that of Whitney Barnes. His smile came to the surface and spread out in full blossom. But it failed to find reflection in the features of Mrs. Phelan's son.

"What the divvil! are ye grinnin' at?" snarled Phelan. "Ye wouldn't see no fun in it if it joint your job an' your pension an' your stiff-respect. Now, what is it all about?"

"There you have me, officer," responded the young man, lightly. "The riddle is dark on all four sides. You and I are in the same boat—guardians of the castle against the mysterious foe. While you guard the moat from the kitchen I will operate the portcullis."

"Talk sense, will yez?" hissed Phelan [illegible] particularly to be [illegible]

"Only in a way of speaking," laughed Barnes. "But calm yourself, Mr. Phelan, my friend is both wise and discreet. He will do no dishonor to your cloth, and together we will see that you suffer no material damage in this life. I am unable to explain further without uttering more confusion, so kindly take yonder tray down into the kitchen. That little door on the extreme right I believe opens the way to the lower regions. I am sure Batesto left the lights on."

"May the blessed saints preserve yez if it's a trap ye're riggin' for Michael Phelan," breathed that gentleman, shaking his head dubiously. "'Tis not a step I'll go down into that kitchen till yez lead me the way, and if there's any more ravin' maniacs down in them quarters I warn ye it's shootin' I'll be after doin'."

And Phelan patted the bulge in his hip pocket as he swung around.

Barnes led the way through the long narrow corridor to the rear of the house, while Phelan followed, muttering and grumbling every inch of the way. There was no further conversation between them while they investigated the elaborate quarters below stairs, and at last Phelan ceased his mutterings and accepted from Barnes an armful of cookbooks with which to regale himself until he was summoned to resume his uniform.

Returning to the big silent rooms above, Whitney Barnes was utterly at a loss how to occupy himself. The thundering stillness got on his nerves and he found himself thinking of a dozen different things at once. But an idea pursued idea the image of the shy and winsome Sadie persisted in intervening.

For a while he lolled back in one of the great chairs, shut his eyes and revolved pleasant visions. Suddenly he thought of his father and sprang to his feet.

"By Jove! I'll break the news to the pater," he cried. "There's a telephone somewhere in this house, and I'll call him up at his club."

He fairly danced out into the hallway in search, switching on lights wherever he could find a button to press. Presently he located the phone in a secluded alcove and slumped down on a divan with the instrument in his lap.

Barnes senior had just settled down to his cigar and coffee, in which he found immense comfort after a hearty meal. To be disturbed at this most luxurious moment of the day was, to a man of his temperament about as pleasant a sensation as being stung by a rattlesnake.

He sent the club attendant back to the phone with a savage growl and the message to his son to call him up in an hour or to come to the club in person. The attendant crept back with the report that Barnes jr. insisted that there could be no delay—that he had a vastly important matter to report on.

Old Grim Barnes flung down his cigar, gulped his coffee till he choked and stamped off to the telephone booth.

"Well?" he bellowed.

—That you, pater—sorry to disturb you, but—

—Of course it's important and no damn nonsense about it. I—

—No, I haven't been arrested and am not in a police station.

—Then what the devil—

—No devil, nothing of the sort. On the contrary, quite the opposite! I've called you up to report progress—

—You know better than that, dad. I've only had two drinks.

—I'd better take four more and sober up? Now, Father Barnes, will you oblige me by cooling off for an instant? You recall that this afternoon you gave me a year within which to find a wife. Well, I've found one already.

—Now you know I'm intoxicated? Was my voice ever soberer—now listen.

—You won't listen? But you must. This is all up to you. You commanded. I obeyed. Say, dad, she's an angel. I'm madly in love with her.

—Who is she? Well, er, I really don't know—that is, her first name is Sadie. I—

—Sadie what? Sadie Omaha—I mean she lives in Omaha.

—What is her last name and who are her people? To tell you the truth I haven't found that out yet. I—

—I'm an ass?—a blankety, blank ass? Just wait till you see her! I met her up at Travers Gladwin's, and—

—Travers is in Egypt! No, yes, of course he is, but—

The final outburst of paternal [illegible]

Betty Vincent's Advice

Congeniality.

BETTY VINCENT.

THERE should be no marriage without love, but true love is always based on congeniality.

That is the great objection to the marriage of old or even middle-aged people, with the very young. There can be no similarity of tastes. The delights and the discomforts of young men and women must, in the very nature of things, differ from the pursuits that please and displease persons of mature growth. A marriage between such conflicting elements is bound to be unhappy.

Money is often at the root of the unions between January and May, money and a momentary infatuation on the part of January. And in these days of opportunity for women it's so particularly base to marry for a fortune. But the girl who does it brings her punishment upon herself.

"M. B." writes: "A young man was to call on me a certain evening, but didn't come. The next night he appeared, but I was out. He told my parents he had been ill the previous evening. Now ought he to write first or shall I?"

I think you might write him a little note expressing regret that he had been ill. Then he will probably write and ask when he may see you again.

"K. T." writes: "I have been on friendly terms with a young man for some time, but have heard that he keeps bad company. My friends say I should give him up. Do you advise me to do so?"

It seems to [illegible] if you are not in love with the young man.