

Amos Butt-in's Family Has Moved—So Has Pete's .. Drawn for The Washington Times .. By C. L. Sherman



THE TRIO DISCUSSED in View of a Recent Development By PEGGY VAN BRAAM

HE husband, the wife and the other—out of that trio has grown tragedy since the beginning of the world. Sometimes the third one is a man, more often it is a woman, but the shadow that grows out of the combination of "I, thou and the other one" spreads its bleakness over homes north, south, east and west, wherever you may turn. And from each story told in murder and divorce trials there rises always the inevitable question, whose is the sin? Whose the crime and upon whom should the punishment fall? There is, for instance, a young wife over in New York for whom the whole world of women has sent forth sympathy; a wife who learned, while she was planning to go to Ireland that the baby soon to come into the world might be born upon the Emerald Isle, that the little child would be fatherless because her husband was planning to desert her for another woman. She shot him when she found she had lost his love and made no defense to the police, asking only that punishment come to her swiftly. Her story, her suffering and the questions as to whether her crime was justified have started a controversy that is still sweeping across the country. But how about the other woman? Is there no sympathy for her? No momentary pity for the lonely woman who is dishonored in the eyes of the world, mourning for the dead man and for her lost dreams, and haunted, too, by the fact that it was her love that wrecked his home and brought death to him? That is the other side of the picture, isn't it? And of the three, who was to blame? The husband whose heart went astray, the girl wife who, in a wild fit of jealousy, shot him, or the third woman who accepted his attentions, at first believing him unmarried, and then when she learned he had a wife, loved him too well to give him up? Which? Then, too, what does the wife or husband gain by it? What does the wife gain if she shoots the other woman? What does she gain if she shoots her husband? What does the man gain by killing his unfaithful wife or her lover? If revenge is all they seek, sentiment and the "unwritten law" should not be dragged into it. If it is love which prompts the act, love should also stay their hand, and, after all, has the man or wife a right to consider personal happiness when there are little children to be thought of, and the question of the honor of the name their sons and daughters bear to be remembered? That is the side of the question that the women want brought forth now; let us hope they will succeed in making home greater than a question of love, unlikely as it seems.

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

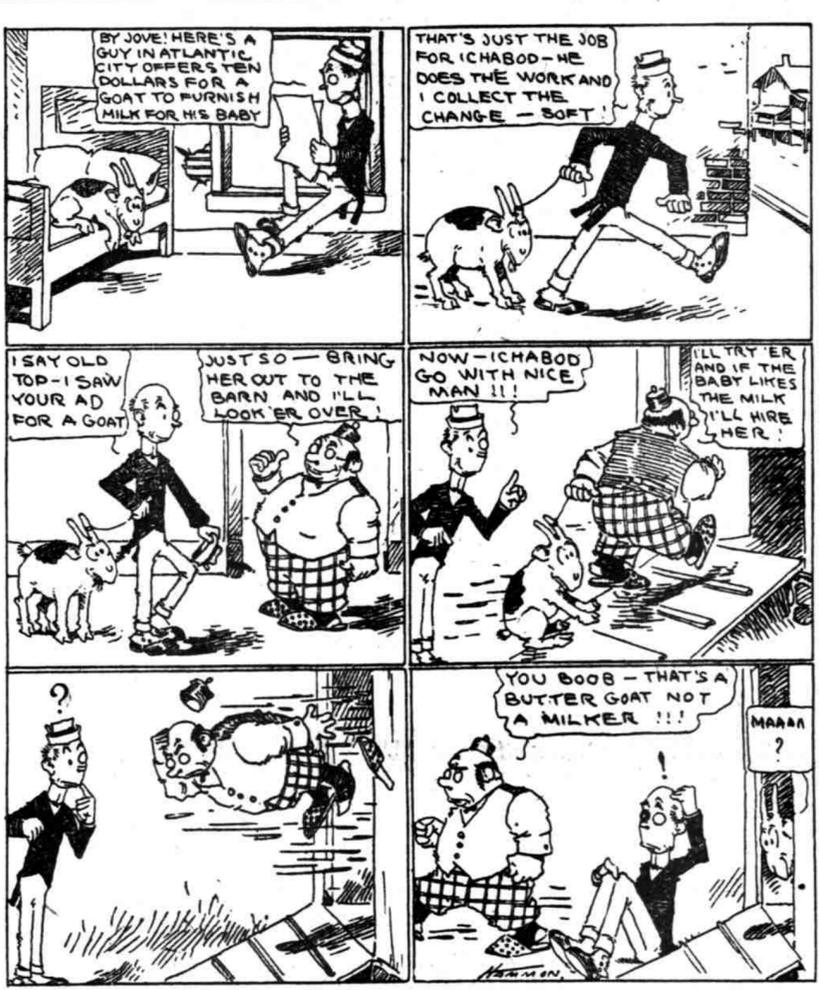
"Say no more about it," commanded Mr. Peeved. "You'll get no more of my hard earned money for fool sucher prizes, and that's all there is to it. I gave you money enough to buy prizes for an army, and you're at it again. Confound it, Mrs. Peeved, do you think I'm a mint?" "No, John," replied his wife, meekly, "but the money you gave me was only enough to buy the first and second prizes, and now I haven't any third prize. The ladies—"

Enter the Shirt "Hang the ladies!" retorted her husband. "If two prizes aren't enough, call off your old sucher. Now, that's the last of it! Let's change the subject to something cheerful. Did you see that peach of a shirt I brought home tonight?" "No," said Mrs. Peeved, and Mr. Peeved hurried upstairs to get it. "H'm!" commented Mrs. Peeved, when he had brought it down. "H'm!" "Well, what does that mean?" demanded Mr. Peeved. "H'm, addidicticks! If you don't like the shirt don't hesitate to say so. I always have told you I'm open to fair criticism. "I'd never have selected it," admitted his wife. "Why wouldn't you? It's a \$3 dollar shirt, and the salesman told me—" "Is it returnable?" "Why-er-no; as a matter of fact, they don't take anything back at that store. But the salesman told me—" "That's just the trouble with you," interrupted Mrs. Peeved. "You take whatever the salesman tells you for gospel. Now—really, blue never did become you and you know it. You look exactly like a carpenter or something in blue. I'll never say you have good taste again."

Miss Fortune Was Her Name

She always comes at lunch time. She always smiles the same. I always take her out to lunch—Miss Fortune was her name. It happens every payday. Now, tell me who's to blame? I always sign the lunch check—Miss Fortune was her name.

By JAMES H. HAMMON ALGY Ichabod Wasn't That Kind of a Goat



WAR NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY

SOUTHERN VIEW. May 18, 1861. Advice from Texas say that Colonel Van Dorn has succeeded in causing the surrender of the remaining Federal troops in that State. It is also asserted that Texas in considerable numbers will most probably appear on the frontier of the State to defend it against incursion. Northern View. May 18, 1861. From reliable sources it has been ascertained that the Government will not strike a blow unless compelled by the Confederacy until after the Virginia election. It is also asserted that the Union man of that State can find a voice sufficiently strong to redeem the reputation of the old Commonwealth the seat of war will be removed farther South. Little hope is entertained of such a result, but the Government is willing to give the State the benefit of the doubt. It has just been discovered that the Secessionists have planted a battery at Mattison Point, not quite half way between Washington and Fortress Monroe, placing a force of 10,000 troops there for the protection of the Capital. It has just been discovered that the Secessionists have planted a battery at Mattison Point, not quite half way between Washington and Fortress Monroe, placing a force of 10,000 troops there for the protection of the Capital. The military department of Virginia has been created, and Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler placed in command. It embraces eastern Virginia, to the summit of the Blue Ridge, North and South Carolina, and eastern Tennessee. The Fifth and Sixth Massachusetts Regiments, now stationed at Relay Junction, will be ordered to proceed at once to Annapolis, and there to embark for Fortress Monroe, where General Butler will establish his headquarters. The garrison of the fort will then consist of 3,000 men, and a camp of 15,000 or 20,000 men will be established in the immediate vicinity, and under the protection of the guns of the fort. General Butler will have all the Massachusetts troops under his command. It is highly probable that a conflict may take place at Culpeper Court House, a town of about 1,000 inhabitants, sixty miles from Washington and one hundred miles from Richmond. It will not be precipitated, however, by the Federal troops. At this point Brigadier General Cooke has 5,000 well armed troops, who are expecting an early attack from the rebels. Scattered at convenient points between Alexandria and the Court House are nearly 3,000 additional troops, who will not make a stand or show fight until they have retreated to the main body at Culpeper. Where the Southerners Obtained Supplies. One of General Butler's coast brigades has discovered that the rebels of Virginia have been obtaining supplies by the way of the Rappahannock river, and today the river was blockaded, so that now the Old Dominion is thoroughly invested. Jeff Davis has issued a statement to the effect that by a vote of the Confederate Congress on the 13th instant it was finally decided to remove the capital of the Confederacy from Montgomery to Richmond. A large hotel has been rented by the Government and is being fitted up as a hospital. It is located near Georgetown College, in one of the most healthful and pleasant parts of the city.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE The Fellow That Blows His Own Horn Is Heard the Farthest, and IT'S BAD TO BE TOO MODEST

AVEY this, Belle, it makes me feel sort of as if I'm in a foreign country to pick up the papers nowadays and not find so much as a column about Roosevelt. Thank goodness, I don't know much about politics, Belle, but I certainly do love that man. I think everybody but the trusts and their families have got a sneakin' affection for Roosevelt, though some people'll deny it, just to be original. And do you know how he did it, Belle? Do you know his twentieth century method of bein' first in the hearts of his countrymen? Just blowin' his own horn, that's all, Belle. Whether he's a great man or not, he's got a fixed idea he is, and he made so much noise tryin' to prove it that now everybody else thinks he is. I don't say Roosevelt ain't really the prize pumpkin, Belle, only no matter what the p'fessors say, in this funny world you're accepted at your own valuation, and many a lead mine has got into big print because he knew how to make a noise like silver. Bluff a Little; It's Good For You. Modesty's one of the most desirable little qualities in life's department store, but if you know what's good for you, Belle, don't run that tells his girl he knows he ain't good enough for her is runnin' an awful chance. He doesn't believe it himself, but she might; and though it may seem unreason'able, when a girl's lookin' for somebody to pay the rest of her expenses through life, she likes to have the satisfaction of bein' able to brag that she got the biggest bundle in the matrimonial grab bag. And the girl ought to give a little toot once in a while, too, just to be sure she hasn't forgotten how to blow. It may make her feel like an illustration to Robert W. Chambers' latest when he whispers that he loves her for herself alone, but if she's wise she won't harp too much on the fact that her cookin' ability consists of 'makin' burned molasses candy and that her experience in bein' economical is limited to savin' up for matinee tickets. And it ain't enough to refrain from apologizin' for your short-comin's, Belle; every time you see a hole in the conversation, jump right in with both feet and do a song and dance about what a clever little fellow you are. And in the absence of expert testimony, as the papers report it, people'll take you at your word, and tell their friends there's really more to you than they thought at first. You have no idea what pretty music your own horn makes, Belle, when you learn to play it right.

LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS

She Holds It Up to the Bargain Counter Thrall. THAT is the sixth dressmaking calamity through which that insertion has passed. And you are at it again. You tried it in some curlicues, and they looked as if you had hung your petticoat sounces up at the windows. It is the sign of your thralldom. The Bargain Counter Witch has got you. She insinuated the suggestion into your mind that it was a wonderful bargain. Marked down from \$3 a yard to 75 cents. Think of it! Brain Force. Think of it! That's about all you have been able to do since you acquired it. You have spent enough brain force on trying to make it serve some purpose to have conducted a model dairy or made pin money pickles and a fortune. Can you not accept the knowledge that this insertion is pressing in upon your brain with the weight of tons of bricks? No. Lulled, lured, fascinated by the Bargain Counter Witch, you wrestle with this chain of lace, then, for change, for diversion to your tattered nerves you rush downtown—and shop! You "pick up" more bargains. Have you no eyes for the signs of near rebellion in your family? You are unharded by the stiff upper lip—it is held so to keep it from trembling—that your small daughter wears? She sees you making for the bargain trunk! She needs a "party dress." She knows that trunk. Her small heart has had the joy squeezed from it before by the extracted contents of that hateful trunk. The last time she drew a hideous challois. A dull, horrid pink, with queer little brown buglike wads that you vainly tried to tell her were rosebuds. Of course, it is an "excellent piece of goods." It will wear well—too well and ruined digitions of the slaves who make her wares. She revels in the worn nerves and weary feet of the slaves who buy. Oh, if some God-taught sculptor would carve her hideous face and crouching maniacal figure so that you enchanted ones might see truly the evil genius who makes you thralls and oppressors, too! You help her to kill your sisters, who toil to make the bargains with which she enchants you. The Old Hag Chorlies. The old hag chorlies and hugs her shakins sides. She glows over the bent back and ruined digitions of the slaves who make her wares. She revels in the worn nerves and weary feet of the slaves who buy. Oh, if some God-taught sculptor would carve her hideous face and crouching maniacal figure so that you enchanted ones might see truly the evil genius who makes you thralls and oppressors, too! You help her to kill your sisters, who toil to make the bargains with which she enchants you.

Our Grocery Clerk Says Drink 'er Down

"What you don't know won't hurt you." Say, the old fellows that thought up all these old proverbs and things must have gone through grammar school, all right. Mrs. Bagstock don't know, anyhow, so I guess it won't hurt her. This is all about cider. Mrs. Bagstock loves cider, and every day or so they get their old brown jug filled with fresh fermented. But it has to be some fresh, because Mrs. B. is wildcats on the liquor question, and nothing stronger than ginger ale is ever allowed to pass down old Bagstock's main portico. It seems that the old man is some authority on cider, so the old lady totes him along every time to taste the brew before she hands over the jug. Well, I don't know whether the boss ever talked it over with him or not, but believe me, it's not the cider that goes into the jug that old man Bagstock tastes. It's the hardest kind of hard cider, hard as nails, and then some. And you ought to see the old fellow smack his lips and tell his wife it's "all right." Well, what she don't know—

Wail of the Fans; Or, Suffrage Outdone

Now comes the lady suffragette. All cluttered up with mission. She gets her high-browed photograph in nearly each edition. We thank the sporting editor for his breezy, timely chat. And dodge the woody suffrage stuff—We haven't time for that.

