

Pete and George V Are Both in the King Row—Crown 'Em :: Drawn for The Washington Times :: By C. L. Sherman



THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON And What It Should Really Mean BY PEGGY VAN BRAAM

ERENE and confident of their ability to cope with all the difficulties life lays out ahead of our stumbling feet, June's mighty army, so young, so full of bravery, so lightly armed with their sheepskin diplomas, has begun the battle for success. So many youthful eyes, masculine and feminine, are seeing dreams of fame and fortune, so many young heads, gold or brown, are held high in pride at the thought of the knowledge stored in dusty brains, and yet—so few realize that graduation is in truth "commencement," and not the end. How many, do you think, coming home, a trifle intolerant of the ways of the household, a trifle inclined to exaggerate their importance, realize that all their knowledge is but the wisdom of books and that the pages of the greatest lesson of all, the lesson of life and love and sorrow, is still awaiting them; while the others—the old folk—lacking all their modern "higher education," have none the less learned with tears and the passing years the courses of that great teacher Fate? A fine education means the improvement of one's mental ability—the training of the mind to absorb and accumulate facts. It means broadening of their point of view, and is often a short cut up the ladder to high positions.

The Beauties On Every Side

But diplomas do not mention the studies required to be kind, to be gentle, to be patient, to suffer with others, and share their griefs. They do not include the opening of the heart to the world, and the search for the beauties that lie on every side. College life teaches the brain, and it teaches the body, but only the struggle with life can teach the heart and soul. And that is why the graduates and the men with their mysteriously lettered degrees are at the commencement, not the end of lessons, and when they step from school or college it is to enter that greater institution of life—and the curriculum is long and hard. So don't be too proud and too learned, you youthful and brilliant June army, marching so gaily forth to do battle with business or professional platoons, but remember that you are young, and you have been carefully sheltered so far, and don't be too sure that your armor of learning and sheepskin will protect you from the bruises that come from contact with the missiles flung by fate in the battle for success.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"Here kid!" bawled the stage doorkeeper to the callboy, who was looting his job, "take this dollar bill and beat it down to the drug store on the corner and buy me four cigars. Four cigars for a dollar, mind you—real smokes—none of the imported Pittsburgh panatelas for mine." and the S. D. K. proceeded to store away a roll that would have given a cow tonsil trouble.

Why This Thustness?

"Why this thustness?" asked the stagestruck youth. "Four cigars for a dollar—that's goin' some. Always thought that you were of the opinion that a pipe was good enough for anybody." "It used to was, kid, it used to was, but not today. I'm going to have just as much satisfaction in seeing you smoke one of those cigars as I'm goin' to have myself, and that'll be plenty." "There must be a reason," said the S. D. K. "There's always a reason," said the stagestruck youth, "and this one is a bird. I'm buying these fancy torches in honor of a great event. Dextro, the great, the most marvelous card manipulator, is in our midst again. He opened here last night and mystified the thousands. He exposed the old gamblers' tricks and picked cards out of what the descriptive writers call the circumambient atmosphere, whatever that may mean. I always like to see Dextro come to town, 'cause he always draws a crowd, and he's a good sport. Say, the things that guy can do with cards and a bunch of poker chips fairly make your eyes bulge out. I've always been strong for card tricks since I was a lad, and I must say that this fellow has it on all the rest of the bunch."

Made a Little Touch

"I saw him," said the stage-struck youth, "a few minutes ago. He was putting up a fine line of strong talk with the manager for an advance on next week's pay. Seems funny that a guy with his talent, and pulling the money that he does, should be running short at this time of the week. Why, he only got paid yesterday." "Yes," said the S. D. K., "he got paid yesterday, and last night Dextro and I sat in a little game of draw after the performance. That's some of the great card expert's money that I just spent for the cigars."

The Husband Case; Or, Great Deception

The great detective removed his black slouch hat and sat carefully on its brim. "Now, madam," he asked kindly,



"when was it that your husband disappeared?" "Three months ago," she replied. "Or it may have been four, or it may have been five. I've had so many things on my mind—you understand—" "Exactly," replied the great detective. "You say it was just after an attack of heart trouble that you missed him?" "Yes."

After thinking rapidly but thoroughly, the great detective took from an inside pocket a file of newspapers. He began searching through them. "It is as I thought," he said at length. "Here is the death notice buried four months ago from this very house." She bit her lip. "To be sure," she exclaimed. "I remember now. I've had so many things on my mind, you understand—" "Exactly," replied the great detective.

Reddy Smith on The Pair of Shoes

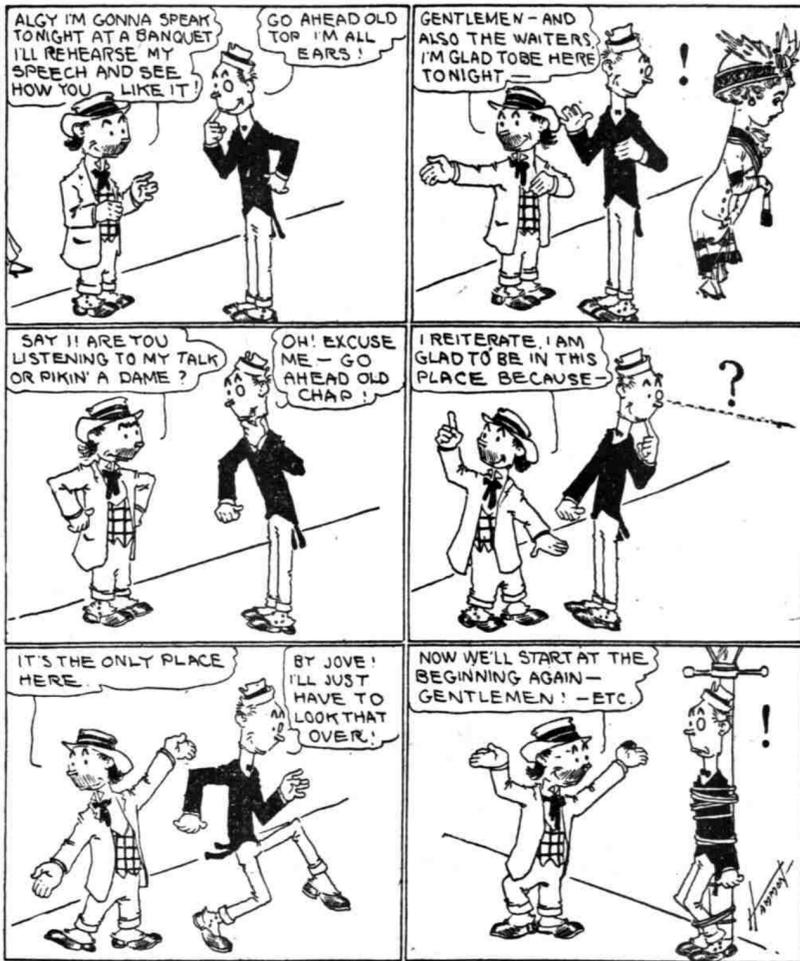
It was rainin' de udder mornin' when I started fur de square, Jimmie, an' de win' was as col' as it is in November. Dere was uh little girl in front uv me carryin' uh big umbrella. Oncest in uh while I cud see hur little face, pink-cheeked an' roun', an' hur little brown eyes jes danced, while uh stray stran' uv blak hair waven frum under hur big hat.

Hur clothes was de bes' y' could buy, an' dey fit hur tu uh "T." As I'm nearin' de furst street afore you gits to de square uhudder little girl, blond' hair an' blue eyes, cumas 'roun' de corner. Hur umbrella was ragged, hur drees was jes plain stuff an' she was in hur bare feet. "Oh," sez de brown-eyed gurl, "you're in your bare feet! Why don't you wear shoes?" "I can't," sez de blue-eyed kid, "dere in de shoemaker's gittin' mend." "Why don't you wear uhudder pair, den?" "Cause I ain't got uhudder pair." "You ain't got uhudder pair," sez de brown-eyed one. "Dat's funny. Why I got lots uv pairs!" "I know," sez de udder kid, "but I ain't, and what can you do when you ain't got no more? Den, wid uh sorter lauf, de blue-eyed kid run off tu git hur shoes frum de shoemaker's. I had tu stan' an' listen tu dem, Jimmie, cause I knows, an' you knows what it means tu have but one pair; but de udder—she couldn't understand! An' in some cases wid de grown people it's de same way."

By JAMES H HAMMON

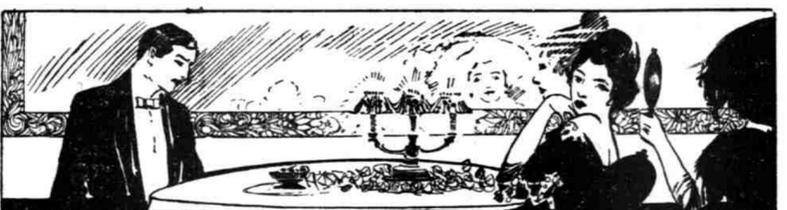
ALGY

HE SIMPLY COULD NOT RESIST



Loretta's Looking Glass

SEE HOLDS IT UP TO THE LISTENING GIRL



No eavesdropper, you! You need no architectural accessories to assist you in listening. You are the girl who listens with one-third of your attention to the person who thinks he is talking to you while you exercise an observant scrutiny over half a dozen other conversations.

You catch enough of the talk across the table to know that the two ladies there are criticizing the table decorations. You snatch enough of the whispered conversation to your left to gather that the young man is trying to make his peace with the pretty girl. You listen to the general discussion that is supposed to be absorbing the company; and you hear, too, the asides and assests of the man on your right who has the duty of entertaining you on his shoulders.

Caesarean Ability

Your interest in all the conversations you are not supposed to hear is an impertinence. Your effort to absorb the attentions of the man is a selfish deception. You have so much confidence in your Caesarean ability to do seven things at once that you think you can keep him from noticing that you are gathering general information while he talks.

But it is a mistaken delusion. Indeed, I have an inward persuasion that it is about as much of a success as Caesar's own multiplied effort. His biographers tell the flattering story of him. But he is read and naturally well spoken of. No such hallowing circumstances dignify your performance. The man sees his conversational efforts falling on stony ground. He realizes that his choice pearls of speech are being tossed to a social

swine who is rooting around in the remnants of gossip and quarrel and scandal and personality where she is distinctly trespassing. What possible advantage is it to

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

He was found in Regent street with a disconsolate look. "What is the matter?" was the obvious question. "My wife has sent me to Liberty's to buy a tabouret." "A what?" "A what?" "Oh, one of those things that stand about shin high in the dark," said the disconsolate one impatiently, and moved in the direction of Verrey's.—The Pink Un.

OUR DEVIL WONDERS



If George Five can take any more pleasure in his jeweled bonnet than a cullud person can out of a discarded silk hat.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE The Duchess and She Have Something in Common, and IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

W AN'A see somepin' nice, Belle? Take a look at this. Considered just as an op'ra cloak, don't you think it's almost too good for the op'ra? That's one fine thing about op'ra cloaks—anybody can wear 'em from the duchess o' Marlbor' to me without seemin' out o' place. The men can talk about suspenders, Belle, but op'ra cloaks are the real democratic garments. S'pose I went to the theater with Bill in one o' these V-back, ebb tide dresses that expose you to the multitude. I wouldn't feel natural, neither would Bill, and everybody that knew me would tell their friends they saw me givin' an amateur imitation of a third-year debutante. On the other hand, the duchess o' Marlbor' wore an evenin' gown that didn't make a runnin' start at least six inches from her Adam's apple, it'd tickle her shoulder blades somepin' awful, and she wouldn't feel at home at all. But she feels fine in an op'ra cloak, and so do I, and that's why they're so popular, especially, Belle, especially with the girls that can just barely afford 'em.

The Advertisement Fetched Mamie

I bought this one at Brown & Browner's, though I saw some han'some ones quite reas'nable in Coopenheim's window, nicer even than this, I think, and \$2 cheaper. But do you know why I went to Brown & Browner's? Because I simply couldn't resist their advertisement. There's no doubt about it, Belle, advertisin' will rank with electricity as the comin' power.

I'd about made up my mind to let Coopenheim's have my money, when I happened on Brown & Browner's advertisement. There's somepin' about print that gives you confidence, Belle. It may be the healthy lookin' black letters or it may be the way the men that writes the ads throw their whole soul into the work; anyhow, I began to doubt whether those cloaks I'd seen in Coopenheim's windows were as desir'ble as they looked after all.

So I took a peep, and though I wasn't as much impressed as I was with Coopenheim's showin', I kept rememberin' that glowin' ad, and fin'ly I paid \$2 more'n I'd 'a' paid at Coopenheim's, and took the package with me for fear they wouldn't wrap it up quick enough and somebody else'd come along and take it.

Yes, Belle, I'm a firm believer in advertisin'. You'll notice when the dukes and things come over here to look over our assortment of heireses, it's always the girls whose pictures have been in the papers the most times that they fin'ly choose. Advertisin', that's all, Belle.

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

It rained yesterday, so of course Pop couldn't find his umbrella. Pops umbrella is one of the funniest things in the house, becausa on the days it dont rane evrybody is all ways fawling ovir it, and on the days it does rane nobuddy can neviv find it.

Pop is verry proud of his umbrella, an' akkount of it havin' a silvir handel. Pop didnt always have it. He ust to have anuthir one with a wood handel, and one day he went down to the awlsh with the wood one, and cam hoam with the silvir one. Wat a luvly umbrelor, Ma sed, wate did you get it.

A Present

Its a present, Pa sed. From who, prey? sed Ma. If anybody asks you, Pa sed, jest tell them you don't know.

Once wen I was out in the rane with Pop and his umbrella, sumthin' hap-pened. We went in a drug stoar, and wen Pop was finished givin' stamps he reached for his umbrella jest as anuthir man, wich was a fat man, was reachin' for it. Pop bein' thin with lawng legs and the othir man bein' fat with short legs, Pop got thare first.

My umbrella, I believe, sed the uthir man, followin' us to the door.

I believe not, sir, sed Pop, this is my umbrella, sir and I dont no wat you are talkin' about.

The uthir man looked close at the silvir handel of Pops umbrella and sed, is that so, would you mind tellin' me wate you got it.

Sertainly Ill not tell you wate I got it, sed Pa, w' shoold I tell you wate I got it. I think you are talkin' ungaranteed libertes, sir.

Tit for Tat

Suppose you tell me wate you got it, sed Pa.

The uthir man thawt a mntin and then lafed, wich maid him shake awl ovir, bein' fat.

I never thawt of that, he sed to Pop, and I ges pizeashun is 9 tens of the law. Like wise, sir, I hope thare is honor among umbrella theeves.

Wat did he mean, Pop, I said, goin' hoam.

He ment, Pop sed, that awl men was created equal, dependin on wich one gets thare first.

Under Shady Trees Try Some of These

DIFFERENT NOW "You used to say," she complained, "that you could hear the rustle of angel's wings whenever I was near you." "Yes," he bitterly replied, "I thought that was what it was, but I have since learned that it was merely the creaking of your corset."

The Coupon Fad

Mrs. Lightly—I think, Helen, you ought to advise your husband against smoking so much. Her Friend—I couldn't think of such a thing at this time; why, we need only 15,000 more coupons to get a hand-painted sofa pillow.

A Tight Squeeze

Irena—I just dinged with that Mr. Allarms. Harry—Well, you seem to have pulled through all right. Irena—Yes; but it was a tight squeeze.

A Good-By

The Lamb—I've just bought a hundred shares of C. Q. & D. common. Think it's a good buy? The Wolf—It's a good-by to your money.

Hard to Decide

"Whom does the baby resemble?" "Well, we haven't quite determined yet. To tell the truth, none of our relatives have very much money."

Our Grocery Clerk Says Be Careful

Our customers have got themselves into the habit of refusing the kind offers of the telephone company to install phones in their houses because they



know they can phone right here to the grocery and have their messages delivered like orders. And we can't refuse, because men may come and men may go, but a customer is a customer.

Mr. Highly telephoned this morning and dictated this message to be shipped around to his wife: "Put on your glad-stick tonight, hon. I'm going to bring a couple of the boys around. Dick."

A minute afterwards comes a message for Miss Solitaire, the only old maid in the block. Oh, how she hates men! I hear she's insisting on having a lady liceman sent around instead of the brutal person on the job at present.

Well, you've guessed it by this time. I got the messages mixed and sent Miss Solitaire the glad rag note from "Dick." And did she sprint around and spit fire at the boss? She did. Meow! Meow! Fff! Sure I apologized; but nevah no mo'!

