The Green Pea Pirates

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "WEBSTER—MAN'S MAN," "THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS," Etc.

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HORRID WAR

Synopsis.—Captain Phineas P. Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer risen to the ownership of the steamer Maggie. [illegible]

CHAPTER IX—Continued
—5—

"Why?" demanded Captain Scraggs, instantly on the defensive.

"Not that I'm holdin' any grudge agin you, Scraggy," said Mr. Gibney affably, "but I wouldn't a had you no more now than I would when we was runnin' in the green-pea trade. It's because you ain't got no imagination, and the Maggie ain't big enough for my purpose. Havin' the Maggie sort of puts a crimp in my plans."

"Rot," snapped Captain Scraggs. "I've had the Maggie overhauled and shipped a new wheel, and she's a mighty smart little boat, I'll tell you. I'll land them arms in Ensenada bay all right."

"I know you will," said Mr. Gibney sadly. "That's just what hurts. You see, Scraggy, I never intended 'em for Ensenada bay in the first place. There's a nice healthy little revolution fomentin' down in the United States of Colombia, with Adelbert P. Gibney playin' both ends to the middle. And there's a dog-hole down on the Gold coast where I intended to land this cargo, but now that Scab Johnny's gone to work and sent me a tug scow instead of a sea-goin' steamer, I'm in the nine-hole instead of dog-hole. I can never get as far as the Gold coast with the Maggie. She can't carry coal enough to last her."

"But I thought these guns and things was for the Mexicans," quavered Captain Scraggs. "Scab Johnny and Lopez told me they was."

Mr. Gibney groaned and hid his face in his hands. "Scraggy," he said sadly, "it's a cinch you ain't used the past four years to stimulate that imagination of yours. Of course they was purchased for the Mexicans, but what was to prevent me from lettin' the Mexicans pay for them, help out on the charter of the boat, and then have me divert the cargo to the United States of Colombia, where I can sell 'em at a clear profit, the cost bein' nothin' to speak of? Now you got to come buttin' in with the Maggie, and what happens? Why, I got to be honest, of course. I got to make good on my bluff, and what's in it for me? Nothin' but glory. And you lost a chunk of glory for ham and eggs, Phineas Scraggs! Not on your life. If it hadn't been for you buttin' in with your blasted, rotten hulk of a fresh water skiff, I'd—"

Mr. Gibney paused ominously and savagely bit the end of his cigar. As for Captain Scraggs, every drop of blood in his body was boiling in defense of the ship he loved.

"You're a pirate," he shrilled.

"And you're just as big a hornet as you ever was," replied Mr. Gibney. "Always buzzin' around where you ain't wanted. But still, what's the use of howlin' over spilt milk? We'll drop into San Diego for a couple of hours and take on coal, and about sunset we'll pull out and make the run down to Ensenada bay in the dark. We might as well forget the past and put this thing through as per program. Only I saw visions of a schooner of my own, Scraggy, and—well, what's the use? What's the use? Scraggy, you're a naturalborn mar-plot. Always buttin' in, buttin' in, for nothing but the green-pea trade. However, I guess I can turn into my old berth and get some sleep. Put the old girl under a slow bell and save your coal. We'll have to fool away four or five hours in San Diego anyhow and there ain't no sense in crowdin' the old hulk."

"Gib," said Captain Scraggs, "was that really your lay—to steal the cargo, double-cross the insurrectos and sell out to a furrin' country?"

"Of course it was," said Mr. Gibney pettishly. "They all do such things in the banana republics. Why should I be an exception? There's half a dozen different gangs fightin' each other and the government in Mexico, and if I don't deliver these arms, just see all the fuss I'll be savin'. And after I got the cargo into Colombia and sold it, I could have got a reward for it besides there, and got a reward for it besides and saved a lot more lives, and come away rich and respected."

"By the Lord Harry," said Captain Scraggs, "but you've got an imagination, Gib. I'll swear to that. Gib, I take off my hat to you. You're all style and class and no house ends holdin' around you. [illegible] Gib, my dear boy, I never heard of such a grand lay in my life. It's a absolute winner. Don't give up, Gib. Act on your imagination and find a way out. Let's get together, Gib, and make a little money. Keep it all, Gib. I been bonehead ever since I seen you last."

"Well," replied Mr. Gibney, "I'll consent to try to scheme a way out, but I don't feel up to hope. Not a ray of it. I'm afraid, Scraggy, we've got to be honest."

Saying which, Mr. Gibney hopped up into his berth, stretched his huge legs and fell asleep with his clothes on. Captain Scraggs looked him over with the closest approach to affection that had ever lightened his cold gray eye, and a pang of sorrow at the companion-way. [illegible]

"Gib's the kid. I'll bet he will!"

At six o'clock next morning the Maggie was rounding Point Loma heading in for San Diego bay, and Captain Scraggs went below and awakened Mr. Gibney.

"What's for breakfast Scraggy?" asked Mr. Gibney.

"Fried eggs," said Captain Scraggs, remembering Mr. Gibney's partiality for that form of nutriment in the rich, [illegible] days of the green-pea trade.

"Ham an' fried eggs an' a nice hot oysters, and I reckon the [illegible]." [illegible]

"Not yet," replied Mr. Gibney as he rolled out of bed. "But eggs is always stimulatin' and I don't give up hope on a full stomach."

An hour later they were tied up under the coal bunkers, and at Mr. Gibney's suggestion some twenty tons of coal were piled on top of the forecastle head and on the main deck forward, in case of emergency. They lay in the harbor all day until about four o'clock, when Mr. Gibney, by virtue of his authority as supercargo, ordered the lines cast off and the Maggie steamed out of the harbor. Off Point Loma they turned to the south, leaving the Coronado islands on the starboard quarter, ten miles to the west. Mr. Gibney was below with Captain Scraggs, battling with the problem that confronted them, when the mate stuck his head down the companionway to report a large power schooner coming out from the lee of the Coronado and standing off on a course calculated to intercept the Maggie in an hour or two.

Captain Scraggs and Mr. Gibney sprang up on the bridge at once, the latter with Scraggs' long glass up to his eye.

"She was here to under the lee of the island, and the minute we came out of the harbor and turned south she came round after us," said the mate.

"Hum!" muttered Mr. Gibney. "Gasoline schooner. Two masts and bald-headed. About a hundred and twenty ton, I should say, and showin' a pretty pair of heels. There's somethin' up forard—yes—let me see—yes, there's two more—holy sailor! it's a gunboat! One of those doggoned gasoline coast patrol boats, and there's the federal flag flying at the fore."

"Let's put back to San Diego bay," quavered Captain Scraggs. "I'll be durned if I relish the idee o' losin' the Maggie."

"Too late," said the philosophical Gibney. "We're in Mexican waters now, and she can cut us off from the bay. The only thing we can do is to run for it and try to lose her after dark. Tell the engineer to crowd her to the doors. There ain't much wind to speak of, so I guess we can manage to hold our own for a while. Nevertheless, I've got a hunch that we'll be overhauled. Of course, you ain't got no papers to show, Scraggs, and they'll search the cargo and confiscate us, and about the whole blowin' crowd of us. I bet a dollar to a doughnut that fellow Lopez sold us out, after the fashion of the country. I can't help thinkin' that that gunboat was there just a-waitin' for us to show up."

For several minutes Mr. Gibney continued to study the gunboat until there could no longer be any doubt that she intended to overhaul them. He made out that she had a long gun for'd, with a battery of two one-pound ers on top of her house and something on her port quarter that looked like a Maxim rapid-fire gun. About twenty men, dressed in white cloth, could be seen on her decks.

Presently Mr. Gibney was interrupted by Captain Scraggs pulling at his sleeve.

"You was a gunner once, wasn't you, Gib?" said Captain Scraggs in a trembling voice.

"You bet I was," replied Mr. Gibney. "My shootin' won the trophy three times in succession, when I was on the old Kearsarge. If I had one good gun and a half-dozen crew, I'd show that gunboat silly before she knew what had hit her."

"Gib, I've got an idee," said Captain Scraggs.

"Out with it," said Mr. Gibney cheerfully.

"There was four little cannon loaded into the hold the last thing before we put on the main hatch, and the ammunition to load 'em with is stowed in the after hold and very easy to get at."

Mr. Gibney turned a beaming face to the skipper, reached out his arms and folded Captain Scraggs in an embrace that would have done credit to a grizzly bear. There were genuine tears of admiration in his eyes and in his voice when he could master his emotions sufficiently to speak.

"Scraggy, old tarpot, you've been a long time comin' through on the imagination, but you're sure arrived with all sail set. I always thought you had about as much nerve as an oyster, but I take it all back. We'll get out them two little Jackass guns and fight a naval battle, and if I don't sink that Mexican gunboat, and save the Maggie, feed me to the sharks, for I won't be worthy of the blood that's in me. Pipe all hands and lift off that main hatch. Reeve a block and tackle through that cargo gaff and stand by to heave out the guns."

But Captain Scraggs had repented of his rash suggestion almost the moment he made it. Only the dire necessity of desperate measures to save the Maggie had prompted him to put the idea into Mr. Gibney's head, and when he saw the avidity with which the latter set to work clearing for action, his terror knew no bounds.

"Oh, Gib," he wailed, "I'm afraid we better not try to lick that gunboat after all. They might sink us with all hands."

"Rats!" said Mr. Gibney, as he leaped into the hold. "Bear a light here until I can root out the wheels of these guns. Here they are, labeled 'cream separator.' Stand by with that sling to—"

"But, Gib, my dear boy," protested Captain Scraggs, "this is insanity!"

"I know it," said Mr. Gibney calmly. "Scraggy, you're perfectly right. But I'd sooner die fightin' than let them stand me up agin a wall in Ensenada. We're filibusters, Scraggy, and we're caught with the goods. I, for one, am goin' down with the steamer Maggie, but I'm goin' down fightin' like a bear."

"Maybe—maybe we can outrun her, Gib," half sobbed Captain Scraggs.

"No hope," replied Mr. Gibney. "Fight and die is the last resort. She's eight miles astern and gainin' every minute, and when she's within two miles she'll open fire. Of course, we won't be hit unless they've got a Yankee gunner aboard."

"Let's run up the Stars and Stripes and dare 'em to fire on us," said Captain Scraggs.

"No," said Mr. Gibney firmly, "my old man died for the flag an' I've smiled under it too long to hide behind it when I'm in Dutch. We'll fight. If you was ever navigatin' offshore on a Colombian gunboat, Scraggy, you'd realize what it means to run from a Mexican."

Captain Scraggs said nothing further. Perhaps he was a little ashamed of himself in the face of Mr. Gibney's simple faith in his own ability; perhaps in his veins, all unknown there flowed a taint of the heroic blood of some forgotten sea-dog. The fact is it may, something did swell in his throat when Mr. Gibney spoke of the flag and his working to hide behind it, and Scraggs' maggie teeth came together with a snap.

"All right, Gib, my boy," he said solemnly. "I'm with you. Mrs. Scraggs has slipped her cable and there ain't nobody to mourn for me. But if we can't fight under the Stars and Stripes, by the tail of the Great Sacred Bull, we'll have a flag of our own," and leaving Mr. Gibney and the crew to get the guns on deck, Captain Scraggs ran below. He appeared on deck presently with a long blue bunting on which was emblazoned in white letters the single word Maggie. It was his own house-flag, and with trembling hands he ran it to the fore and cast its wrinkled folds to the breeze of heaven.

"Good old diehards," shrieked Mr. Gibney. "She never comes down."

"Lord, if she does," said Captain Scraggs profanely.

While all this was going on, a deck hand had rove a block and tackle through the end of the cargo gaff and passed it to the winch. The two guns came out of the hold in jig time and while Scraggs and one deckhand opened the after hold and got out ammunition for the guns, Mr. Gibney, assisted by the other deckhand, proceeded to put one of the guns together. He was shrewd enough to realize that he would have to do practically all of the work of serving the gun himself, in view of which one, and one gun would have to defend the Maggie. He had never seen a mountain gun before, but he did not find it difficult to put the simple mechanism together.

"Now, then, Scraggy," he announced cheerfully when the gun was finally assembled on the carriage, "get a sizeable timber an' spike it to the center of the deck. I'll run the trail spade up against that cleat so that it keeps the recoil from lettin' the gun go backward, clean through the opposite rail and overboard. Gimme a couple gallons o' distillate an' some waste, somebody. This commodine's gettin' to come out o' the tube an' out o' the breech mechanism before we commence shootin'."

The enemy had approached within three miles by the time the piece was ready for action. Under Mr. Gibney's instructions Captain Scraggs held the fuse setter in case it should be necessary to adjust with shrapnel. Mr. Gibney inserted his sights and took a preliminary squint. "A little different from gun pointin' in the navy, but about the same principle," he declared. "In the army I believe they call this kind o' shootin' direct fire, because you sight direct on the target." He scratched his ingenious head and examined the ammunition. "Not a high explosive shell in the lot," he mourned. "I'll have to use percussion fire to get the range; then I'll drop back a little an' spray her with shrapnel. Seems a pity to smash up a fine schooner like that one with percussion fire. I'd rather tickle 'em up a bit with shrapnel an' scare 'em into runnin' away."

He got out the lanyard, slipped a cartridge in the breech, paused, and scratched his head again. His calm deliberation was driving Scraggs crazy. He reminded Mr. Gibney with some asperity that they were not attending a [illegible] festival and for the love of heaven to get busy.

"I'm estimatin' the range, you swab," Gibney retorted. "Looks to be about three miles to me. A little long, I guess, for this gun, but—there's nothin' like tryin'," and he sighted carefully. "Fire," he howled as the Maggie rested an instant in the trough of the sea—and a deckhand jerked the lanyard. Instantly Mr. Gibney clapped the long glass to his eye.

"Good direction—over," he murmured. "I'll lay on her waterline next time." He jerked open the breech, ejected the cartridge case, and rammed another cartridge home. This shot struck the water directly under the schooner's bow and threw water over her forecastle head. Mr. Gibney smiled, spat overboard, and winked confidently at Captain Scraggs. "Like spearin' fish in a bath tub," he declared. He bent over the fuse setter. "Correctin' three tens," he intoned. "Four eight hundred." He thrust a cartridge in the fuse setter, twisted it, slammed it in the gun, and fired again. "Over," he growled.

Something whined over the Maggie and threw up a waterspout half a mile beyond her.

"Dubs," jeered Mr. Gibney, and sighted again. This time his shrapnel burst neatly on the schooner. Almost simultaneously a shell from the schooner dropped into the sacked coal on the forecastle head of the Maggie and enveloped her in a black pall of smoke and coal dust. Captain Scraggs screamed.

"Tit for tat," the philosophical Gibney reminded him. "We can't expect to get away with everything, Scraggy, old kiddo." The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the Maggie's mainmast and about ten feet of her ancient railing were trailing alongside. Mr. Gibney whistled softly through his teeth and successfully sprayed the Mexican again. "It breaks my heart to ruin that craft's canvas," he declared, and let her have it once more.

"My Maggie's tail is shot away," Captain Scraggs wailed, "an' I only rebuilt it a week ago." Three more shots from the long gun missed them, but the fourth carried away the cabin, leaving the wreck of the pilot house, with the helmsman unscathed, sticking up like a sore thumb.

"Turn her around and head straight for them," the gallant Gibney roared. "She's a smaller target comin' bows on. We're broadside to her now."

"Gib, will you ever sink that Greaser?" Captain Scraggs sobbed hysterically.

"Don't want to sink her," the supercargo retorted. "She's a nice little schooner. I'd rather capture her. Maybe we can use her in our business, Scraggy," and he continued to shower the enemy with high bursting shrapnel. When the two vessels were less than two miles apart the one-pounders came into action. It was pretty shooting and the wicked little shells ripped through the old Maggie like buckshot through a roll of butter. Mr. Gibney slid flat on the deck beside his gun and Captain Scraggs sprawled beside him.

"A feller," Mr. Gibney announced, "has got to take a heatin' while lookin' for an openin' to put over the knockout blow. If the old Maggie holds together till we're within a cable length o' that schooner an' we ain't all killed by that time, I bet I'll make them skunks sing soft an' low."

"How?" Captain Scraggs chattered.

"With muzzle bursts," Mr. Gibney replied. "I'll set my fuse at zero an' at point-blank range I'll just rake everything off that schooner's decks. Guess I'll get half a dozen cartridges set an' ready for the big scene. Up with you, Admiral Scraggs, an' hold the fuse setter steady."

"I'm agin war," Scraggs quavered. "Gib, it's sure hell."

"Rats! It's invigoratin', Scraggsy. There ain't nothin' wrong with war, Scraggsy, unless you happen to get killed. Then it's like cholera. You can cure every case except the first one."

They had come inside the minimum range of the Mexican's long gun now, so that only the one-pounders continued to peck at the Maggie. Evidently the Mexican was as eager to get to close quarters as Mr. Gibney, for he held steadily on his course.

"Well, it's time to put over the big stuff," Mr. Gibney remarked presently. "Here's hopin' they don't put me with rapid-fire while I'm extendin' my compliments."

"My Maggie's Tail Is Shot Away."

"I'd Sooner Die Fightin' Than Let Them Stand Me Up Agin a Wall in Ensenada."

Captain Gibney, a victor, organizes "The Syndicate."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous London Bridge

Blackfriars bridge, a famous structure across the Thames, in London was built by Robert Mylne, in 1760 to 1769. Owing to its piers giving way it was replaced by an iron structure resting on granite piers. It is 1,272 feet long and 80 feet broad. The bridge derives its name from an ancient monastery of the Black Friars, which once stood on the bank of the river close at hand. It dated from 1276, and was the scene of several parliaments. It was there also that Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio pronounced sentence of divorce against Queen Catherine of Aragon, June 21, 1529. In 1599 Shakespeare acted in a theater that occupied part of the site of the ancient monastery.

Smokeless Furnace.

An Englishman has invented a smokeless furnace in which coal is coked, producing gas that is mixed with air and burned with the coke.

"Dandies" Among the Ancients.

According to a Greek writer, effeminate dandies in ancient Greece sometimes slept on beds of sponge. Fashionable people in Athens slept under coverlets of dressed peacock skins, with feathers on. Cushions of pink and purple supported their heads.

Irritates the Industrious.

Complacency is a good quality of disposition, but it is aggravating in the extreme to the industrious person who is aching to see the lazy man get a move on himself.

BOARD O. K.'S NEW SEA CUT

Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Waterway to Cost $252,728,000 Urged by U. S.-Canadian Board.

Chicago, Jan. 9.—A victory for Chicago and the great lakes in the movement to make this city a seaport was announced. The proposed lakes-St. Lawrence waterway was approved by the international joint commission, representing the United States and Canada. The commission transmitted a report to the American state department and the Canadian government. If the recommendations of the engineers employed by the joint commission are carried out the project will cost approximately $252,728,000. The report will be transmitted within a few days by the state department to congress and it was said that inasmuch as consideration of the project was undertaken by the commission at the direction of congress, the report will not be made public until submitted to congress.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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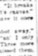


Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.—Dean Swift.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

A very tasty meat loaf, which will serve six to eight plentifully, is the following:

Meat Loaf.—Get one pound of meat from the round and three-quarters of a pound of fresh pork chops; add two eggs, one cupful of bread crumbs, or one-half cupful of oatmeal and bread crumbs, one cupful of stewed tomato, strained if desired, one teaspoonful of parsley, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, and pepper to taste. Stir well and bake one hour in a loaf tin.

Hot Tamales.—Take two pounds of lean beef or chicken, boiled, cooled and ground fine. One pint of chili peppers, seeded and parboiled, the water changed once during the cooking; then sift the peppers through a sieve, add one clove of garlic, chopped, and salt to taste. Scald a pint of cornmeal in the beef or chicken broth, spread on pieces of corn husks two by four inches, then spread on the seasoned meat; roll, making three turns, fold in the ends carefully and tie securely. Steam two hours.

Veal Loaf.—Take two pounds of veal and one-half pound of fresh pork, both chopped; one cupful of bread crumbs, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, the juice of one lemon, one teaspoonful of the grated rind, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, two eggs, a few dashes of cayenne pepper and one-half can of mushrooms. Mix well and pour the liquor from the mushrooms over the loaf. Baste and bake two hours.

Sauce for Loaf.—Take two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the same of flour and cook until bubbling hot; add the liquor from the loaf; season, if needed; add the rest of the can of mushrooms and serve.

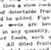
Farina With Fruit.—Drain a can of apricots. Scald four cupfuls of milk, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of farina, moistened with one-half cupful of the fruit juice; stir and cook for three minutes. Add the fruit which has been pressed through a sieve, and simmer for ten minutes longer. Pour into a wet mold and let stand in a cool place to become firm. Turn out, decorate with a few pieces of the fruit which have been reserved and serve with cream.

When baking griddle cakes add a tablespoonful or two of fat to the batter and no fat will be needed on the griddle, thus avoiding all smoke.

My stone and you perish,
No ideal and you're lost;
Your heart must ever cherish
Some faith at any cost.
Some hope, some dream to cling to,
Some rainbow in the sky,
Some melody to sing to,
Some service that is high.
—Harriet Du Autremont.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

During the winter when more fat and heartier foods are used, we must consider the serving of foods that keep the body in good condition.



Dried Fruits as Food.—Figs, prunes, apricots, raisins and peaches are cured by slow evaporation and only long soaking restores the juiciness, then a slow cooking will give a dish of delectable fruit; often no sugar need be added. Figs because of their fine seeds are best never served alone in any quantity, but cut up with other foods, such as fruits and cereals. All dried fruits should be carefully looked over and washed, then put to soak in water and the same water used for the slow cooking; thus none of the valuable fruit acids and salts are lost.

Graham Pudding With Figs.—Take one-fourth of a cupful of softened fat, add one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sour milk, one egg well beaten, then one and one-half cupfuls of graham flour well mixed with three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix all the ingredients and turn into a buttered mold after adding one cupful of finely cut figs. Steam four hours and serve with an egg sauce, using the yolks of two eggs well beaten, sugar, milk and flavoring to taste.

Celery With Cheese.—Take the outer stalks of celery, cut in half-inch pieces and cook until tender, saving the liquor to add to the white sauce. Prepare a white sauce using two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, one cupful of milk and a half cupful of the celery liquor; cook until thick. Put a layer of the white sauce then a layer of celery and a generous layer of cheese in a well buttered baking dish, repeat and bake in the oven until well heated through. Serve from the dish. If well seasoned with salt, paprika and pepper if liked, this makes a most appetizing and wholesome dish.

Nellie Maxwell

Prefer Privacy.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" asked the solicitous waiter who was hovering around a corpulent old gentleman. "Yes," said the corpulent old gentleman. "You can take your eyes off me for about 20 minutes. I never could stand to be watched when I'm eating spaghetti."—Houston Post.

No Attraction.

Rub—Do you care for ocean travel?
Dub—No; I signed the pledge years ago!—New York Sun.

Oodles of Carats.

He—I want to get you the finest engagement ring in the world. What kind of a stone would you like?
She—One like David in the Bible used.
He—Meaning?
She—The kind that'll knock 'em dead.—Wayside Tales.

A Questionable Exchange.

Rub—How did you come out in the poker game last night?
Dub—I lost a night's sleep and won three I O U's.

CONDITION HARD TO IMAGINE

What Would Happen to the Sun and Other Heavenly Bodies if There Were No Atmosphere.

Were the earth deprived of its atmosphere and existence possible under such conditions, we should find that no rosy dawn would herald the rising of the sun in the darkened east, or gorgeous colors mark its setting in the west. The sky would be dark by day as well as by night, says a writer in London Answers.

The stars would shine brightly through the entire 24 hours, but we should see thousands more of them than are now visible on even the clearest nights. They would not twinkle in the least.

They would be seen almost up to the very edge of the sun itself, but immediately round the sun there would be a glow having the appearance of broad wings, and red flames would add their grandeur to the impressive scene.

The zodiacal light would appear as a broad beam of light in the spring, up to the left of the place where the sun had set. It would be possible to study this remarkable object, and no doubt to solve quickly the mystery which has clung to it for so many centuries.

The appearance of the milky way would be far more magnificent than it is now, seen even from tropical countries.

A big comet would be seen months before it got to the sun, and we should witness it sweep round the sun with incredible speed and dart off into space again.

Mercury and Venus could have their movements followed with ease, and any other planet there might be between Mercury and the sun would soon be discovered.

In a Case Like That.

A family that moved recently to a new home on Prospect avenue, well out south, was visited at once by a budding young merchant. He presented himself at the kitchen, a little fellow, one dirty hand continually taking a pencil from behind an ear and then replacing it.

"Want to take milk from us?" he inquired, sure that everyone knew "us." The housewife said she didn't mind. Out came a scrubby pad of paper, which was handed over, with a request:

"Sign here."

"When can we have milk?" the housewife inquired, with an eye to making plans on the next meal.

"Well," said the young merchant, desiring to be specific, "just morning and evening, 'cause that's the only time our cows give it."—Kansas City Star.

Yeast Vitamon Complexion Secret

Banishes Skin Eruptions, Puts on Firm Flesh, Strengthens the Nerves and Increases Energy.

If you want to quickly clear your skin and complexion, put some firm, healthy flesh on your bones, increase your nerve force and power and look and feel 100 per cent. better, simply try taking two of Mastin's tiny yeast VITAMON tablets with each meal and watch results. Mastin's VITAMON Tablets contain highly concentrated yeast-vitamines as well as the two other still more important vitamines (Fat Soluble A and Water Soluble C) and are now being used by thousands as a tonic restorative and amazing complexion secret. Pimples, boils and skin eruptions seem to vanish like magic, the complexion becomes fresh and beautiful, the cheeks rosy, the lips red, the eyes bright. So rapid and amazing are the results that success is absolutely guaranteed or the trial costs you nothing. The source of a glowing, radiant complexion is from inside. You can't expect external applications to benefit a condition due to internal causes. Get some vitamines into your system! Be sure to remember the name—Mastin's VITAMON. You can get Mastin's VITAMON Tablets at all good druggists.

Of What Use Are Beautiful Features If You Have An Ugly Skin, Flabby Flesh, Hollow Cheeks, Or Scrawny Neck? Mastin's VITAMON Tablets Are Positively Guaranteed To Give You New Health, Beauty And A Nice Rounded Face and Figure, or Money Back.

MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS — THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE — YEAST VITAMINE TABLET

Are Positively Guaranteed to Put On Firm Flesh, Clear the Skin and Increase Energy When Taken With Every Meal or Money Back

if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON

Keep the Children Well!

During these days many children are complaining of headache, feverishness, stomach troubles, and irregular bowels. If mothers only knew what

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS for CHILDREN

Will do for children no family would ever be without them. These powders are so easy and pleasant to take and so effective in their action that for over 30 years mothers have used them and told others about them. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Do Not Accept Any Substitute for MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS.

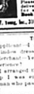
BUY A FORTUNE

NEAR FAMOUS OIL WELL NOW DRILLING IN RICH MEXIA DISTRICT OF TEXAS

[illegible]

JOE BENHAM, Box 474, MEXIA, TEXAS

ABSORBINE



Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is a Safe Antiseptic and Germicide

Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. $2.50 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 R free.

W. F. Young, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

LOOKING AT IT PRACTICALLY

Really There Is Something Worth While in the Assertion Made by Little Johnny.

The physician was telling little Johnny's mother about a railroad accident in which a teamster had both legs crushed from the effects of which he died the same day. Little Johnny, about six years old, stood by, greatly interested in the accident.

"Thay, doctor," he broke in with his eyes wide open, "wuth the horth hurt?"

"I don't know," said the doctor, "I was more interested in the man, and didn't think of the horse."

"Well, I don't care," Johnny said, taking the doctor's reply as an implied rebuke, "but a live horth ith bettr'n a dead man, anyway."

One of Those Busy Bees.

Wisconsin Paper—Charles Harker had a bee shingling his barn Saturday.

Really. We'd like to have watched the little beggar.—Boston Transcript.

Tailors make wedding suits, but lawyers make the divorce suits.

The Why.

Applicant—I see you advertise for a window dresser.

Merchant—Yes. Have you had much experience?

"I arranged the windows in the last shop I was employed at and every woman who passed stopped and looked in."

"You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in?"

"Mirrors!"

Completed.

Teacher—We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of any other examples?

Willie Willis—Our lawnmower from the Smiths, our snow shovel from the Joneses and our baby carriage from the Bumps.—Judge.

Curriculum.

"Slang is getting more and more prevalent."

"Yes, I guess the schools will soon have to give a course in it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The fellow who shakes the tree does not always get the most fruit.

Many ambitious men and women live only half a life—and don't know it

No person whose nerves are continually irritated, whose appetite and digestion are disturbed, or who doesn't sleep well has more than half his normal chance for success in life. For weakness, debility, anemia and general lack of tone are a serious handicap to anybody.

Those who drink tea or coffee are often sufferers from these conditions. Tea and coffee contain caffeine, a substance which has a decided stimulant action on the nerves and brain cells.

Each cup of strong coffee contains about as large a dose of caffeine as your doctor would ordinarily give to a very sick person.

You can readily see that the effect of giving this stimulant regularly to a well person might finally have a tendency to make him sick.

If you want to avoid a very common cause of irritation and enjoy restful sleep, good digestion, and all the feeling of vigor and robust endurance that comes to healthy, normal people, quit tea and coffee, and drink Postum, instead. It is a rich, coffee-like cereal beverage—perfectly delicious

Order Postum from your grocer today. Drink this fragrant, aromatic beverage and see how much better you'll feel—able to do more without becoming fatigued—as thousands have discovered for themselves.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

Postum for Health
"There's a Reason"

GEO. D. SPEAKES, Auctioneer

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

The Dream Superseded.

"Shakespeare said, 'All the world's a stage.'"

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But that was long before the motion picture and the phonograph were invented."

WHY DO THEY LIKE THIS MAN?

It Is Because He Has the Life and Energy that Red Blood Gives.

He has a good color. He is strong and virile, and looks it. He is good humored. He laughs easily. In short, he is "full of life," which is simply another way of saying he is full of red blood. If you are weak and run-down and nervous, don't sleep very well and have a poor appetite go to your druggist and buy a few bottles of Gude's Pepto-Mangan and take it for a few weeks at meal-time. See how it will build you up by giving you plenty of good blood. Don't drag around half sick and half well. Get some "pep" into you by taking Pepto-Mangan. Sold in both liquid and tablet form. Advertisement.

And the Nymph, Oh, Where Was He!

From "Messer Marco Polo"—And ever the desert the satyr called to her mate.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Advertisement.

Apropos.

"Where are you going?" "Hunting."
"For what?" "Money. I'm on the cent!"—Judge.

SUFFER PAIN?

Good Looks follow Good Health.

Health is Your Most Valuable Asset. How to Take Proper Care of It

Cincinnati, Ohio—"For the past few months I have had feminine trouble. I am now taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and have noticed a marked improvement. I know it has helped me wonderfully and I can recommend it to any woman who suffers from pain or womanly trouble."—Miss Anna Berninger, 4309 Jameson St.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes women happy by making them healthy. A great many women in every State in the Union owe their good health of today to this famous Prescription. Get it at your neighborhood drug store, or send Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for a trial pkg. Dr. Pierce will give you confidential medical advice free.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

DROPSY TREATED ONE WEEK FREE

Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling reduced in a few days; regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart; purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment.

COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. C. S., ATLANTA, GA.

PALMER'S LOTION SOAP

CONTAINS THE WONDERFUL PALMER'S LOTION AND I USE IT.

ALL DRUGGISTS. GUARANTEED BY SOLON PALMER NEW YORK

PALMERS LOTION REMOVED ALL MY PIMPLES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

PISO'S

SAFE AND SANE for Coughs & Colds

This syrup is different from all others. Quick relief. No opiates. 35c everywhere

Magazine Department

Interesting Features for Home Reading

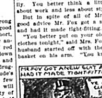
MR. FOX'S NEW SUIT

"I REALLY must have a new suit of clothes," said Mr. Fox, one morning to his wife, "and while I am about it I may as well have a stylish one. I noticed in the fashions that they were wearing the trousers tighter."

"You can't get about very well in tight pants," said Mrs. Fox, "and goodness knows that you are slow enough now about getting food for the family. You better think a little more about work and less about style."

But in spite of all of Mrs. Fox's good advice Mr. Fox got a new suit, and had it made tight-fitting.

"You better put on your old suit of clothes tonight," said Mrs. Fox, as her husband started off with the market basket on his arm. "You know that Mr. Dog up at the hill farm is a very restless sleeper and if he should chase you he might catch you with those tight clothes on."



"I guess I can jump and run faster than lazy old Mr. Dog, even if I am dressed up," replied Mr. Fox, as he slammed the door behind him, for he was tired of hearing so much about his stylish clothes.

As he walked along in the moonlight Mr. Fox looked at his fine-looking shadow and forgot all about his anger, or even about Mr. Dog, and, while he was careful not to tear his clothes, he jumped lightly over the wall and went to the poultry-house.

He soon had two plump birds in his basket and over the wall he sprang and started for home, but he had gone only a little way when he heard a bark behind him and, looking around, he saw Mr. Dog in full run coming after him.

Right in front of Mr. Fox was a high rail fence, and for this he ran, feeling sure that he could easily escape Mr. Dog by leaping over it and running home through the woods before Mr. Dog could crawl under.

But, oh, how little he reckoned on those new clothes. He forgot he had them on, now he was in danger, but he reached the fence and made the leap and but for a rail that stuck up where they were crossed to hold the fence he might have escaped.

Yes, Mr. Fox leaped, but he did not go over. Instead, he caught by the seat of those new trousers and hung there above the head of Mr. Dog, who by this time had reached the scene and was barking loudly.

Of course, Mr. Fox dropped the basket and the birds were crying loudly as they ran for home, and every second Mr. Fox felt sure the farmer would appear with a gun and he would never see his home and family again.

He jerked and he wiggled and at last the cloth gave way and, luckily, he fell on top of Mr. Dog and knocked him over, and while he was scrambling to his feet Mr. Fox lost no time, you may be sure, in running home.

When Mrs. Fox saw him with the torn trousers and no basket she was very angry, but she did not say a word. She just took those new trousers, put a big patch of red flannel on the torn part, and when her husband saw that he put on his old ones and never again wore tight pants.

When he goes out at night now he wears a pair that are large enough for him to make a wide leap and not get caught on rail fences.

(Copyright.)

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper

Underwood & Underwood

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, formerly Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the duke and duchess of Rutland, has long been known as England's most beautiful woman. She was the first British woman of title to enter the "movies." She recently completed her first work as a film actress in a large production in natural colors.

WHY—

DO OUR EYES "SPARKLE" WHEN WE ARE HAPPY?

THE term "sparkling," as generally employed, is equivalent to "bright" or "glistening" and the latter synonym provides the key to the question as to why people's eyes sparkle when they are merry.

There is some nervous reaction between the feeling of merriment or joy which makes one's eyelids move up and down more rapidly than usual. This movement of the eyelid causes a tiny drop of tear-liquid to spread over the ball of the eye, precisely what occurs every time we wink, thus washing the eyeball clean and leaving upon it a film of moisture which naturally glistens or sparkles in the light. The statement that a person's "eyes sparkle" is, therefore, not strictly true. It is not the eye, but the coating of liquid over it, which causes the reflection of light and produces the impression of brightness.

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE WAY

I LITTLE care for empty dreams,
Or statesmen's visionary schemes
To make anew this world of ours
By dint of arbitrary powers,
And bring to permanent reform
The wreckage of the martial storm.
My plan is simpler far, and came
Up from a Heart of living flame
That ever toiled for love, and died
By shameful mandate crucified—
A Heart that in the hour of stress
Dwelt ever on Unselfishness,
And dying proved the Immortal Good
Of Sacrifice and Brotherhood.
(Copyright.)

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

IN THE STREET CAR

Travelers must be content.—Shakespeare.

DOES the well bred man always give his seat to a woman in the street car? This is a question that often comes up for discussion. Now although in New York and some other large northern cities a good many men who are considered to be well bred do not make a constant practice of getting up for a woman who is standing it is generally regarded as an essential of the well bred man, that is, unless because of age or infirmity he is not well able to do so. When a man does not perform this act of courtesy it is sometimes because he does not notice that women are standing or because in a crowded car he feels that he would inconvenience more persons by attracting the attention of the ones who are standing.

When you do give your seat to a woman you should invariably do so with an air of courtesy. You should raise the hat slightly and say: "Won't you take my seat, madam?" This is the conventional, formal thing to say and really the simple act of offering a woman your seat does not entitle you to any further comment than that.

In entering a car it is usual for men to permit women to precede them but in crowded cities where traffic congestions are intense it is usually conducive of less disturbance if you simply enter the car in the order of your position. In getting out of a crowded car, while a man precedes the woman he is accompanying so that he can help her to alight, he makes no effort to do this for the other women present. However if a feeble or aged woman is alighting from the car he does not hesitate to assist her in alighting. Having performed this little courtesy he raises his hat as she thanks him.

The courteous person does not go his way through the street cars and other public conveyances without keeping his eyes open, for if one attempts to go about entirely taken up with one's own thoughts one is sure to be a very annoying traveling companion.

If you have a wet umbrella you must take care that it does not drip against someone else. If you have a suitcase or other sort of luggage be sure that it is as little annoyance to others as is possible. If you see two persons enter the car when there is a vacant seat beside you and another somewhere else in the car it is courteous to change your seat so that the two friends may be seated next to each other. One woman would do that for two other women or possibly for a man and a woman together if they were obviously engaged in conversation. A man would always do it for two women or a man and a woman for two men. Usually, however, a woman would not thus change seats with two men.

(Copyright.)

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

VIRGINIA

THE real origin of Virginia is curious and somewhat unexpected. It means "flourishing" and comes from an old Latin gens who called themselves Verginius. Their name was derived in turn from vireo, meaning to flourish, and was connected to the word "ver," translated as spring. Virginio was the name of the far-famed Orsini family.

The more popular and prevalent belief regarding the origin of Virginia has always been that she came from the Latin virgo, meaning "a virgin." Indeed, the first instance of her use in England was in the time of Queen Elizabeth when Sir Walter Raleigh, named his American colony Virginia in honor of the Virgin Queen.

It was under a similar belief that Bernadin de St. Pierre called the heroine of his tropical Arcadian romance, Virginie. The widespread popularity of this story in England, France and Germany brought Virginia into enormous vogue throughout Europe. France still adores Virginie, and her popularity is assured forever out of sentimental memory of the famous queen.

The first American colony established the name in this country. Likewise the first white child born on American soil, and named Virginia Dare did much to spread its vogue. The South has always abounded in Virginias, which, unfortunately, has been contracted to unmusical "Virgie" and "Jinnys."

The emerald is Virginia's talismanic stone. It promises her wisdom, prophetic vision, long youth and charm. The hawthorne bud, England's spring flower, is Virginia's flower. Wednesday is her lucky day and three her lucky number.

(Copyright.)

SO MOOCHA I know Columbus taka justa one chance and mak de reputash. So I feegure mebbe eef I taka coople chance mebbe I gotta beem skin leetle bit. I tella my boss wot gonna writa bout deesa time and he say I better maka preparash for go to hospeetal.

But I no care for da hospeetal so longa I tella da straighta goods. For longa time I gotta deesgust wot kinda shoos da women wear. Een da show plenta time I see women dance on da toes and no toucha heels once. Well, I feegure ees alla right een da show, but when wear da high heels for walka round on da street and go to work I tink ees somating wrong weeth da head.

Some women crowda more feet een one leetle shoe as was crowda een streeta car one town I veesit lasa week. I gotta idee eef each shoe wot da women wear now was twins ees no bif enough for be gooda fit. Eef we getta pinched every day lika da women's feet mosta time we gotta leeve een jail.

I know one guy wot runs private bugahouse for people whosa gonna craze een da head. So I suggests weeth heem to getta one cheecken weeth da high heels, tight skirt and plenta druga store on da face to work as demonstrator for hees bugahouse. Wot you tink?

(Copyright.)

Mercerized Goods.

Mercerized cotton is obtained by subjecting a cotton yarn or cloth under tension to a bath of strong caustic soda. The fiber gains in strength and loses its twist, becoming highly lustrous. It takes the dye more easily than ordinary cotton, and the colors produced are better and more permanent. The process of mercerization increases the cost of manufacture, but produces a beautiful, lustrous and more durable fabric, which is often used as a substitute for linen or silk.

Shoe Lore

Many superstitions are connected with the shoe; for instance, it is thought unlucky to put either shoe on the wrong foot. Because Augustus Caesar was nearly assassinated by a mutiny one day when he put on his left shoe first, a saying has arisen that the right "shoe" must be put on first unless its owner wishes to court misfortune. Pythagoras, old Greek sage, told his disciples to put their left foot into their baths first. In Anglo-Saxon marriages the father-in-law gave the bride's shoe to the bridegroom who touched her on the head with it to denote his lordly authority.

A Pointed Question.

Billy, age five, noticed a picture of "Darby and Joan" and asked who they were. Mother told him they were two who never quarreled or were never cross with each other. After a moment's reflection he said: "Do you suppose there are people like that?"

IN SPRING SUITS

Imported Fabrics Play Important Part in Compositions.

Cloth Outfits of More Formal Apparel Fashioned for Most Part of Twills and Tricotine.

Imported fabrics play an important part in suit compositions for spring, suits of sport intent evincing an especial fondness for foreign materials. Cloth suits of more formal apparel are fashioned for the most part of twills and tricotine.

Covert cloth is another medium added to the list of suit fabrics, models done in this practical material requiring no other adornment save fabric strappings which are applied with discretion. One covert suit shows the fabric strappings in ladder effect detracting not at all from the severely tailored appearance.

In the imported tweed suits, one number which is striking is developed in an invisible plaid, the upstanding leather collar edged with steel rings proving a noteworthy handling. The leather note is accented once more in the slender belt. Other well-liked touches are revealed in the big plaits and breast pockets. As is the case with the majority of the skirts, this one adopts straight, simple lines.

The matter of belts in the tailored suits is optional, although it is stated here that buyers demand them.

Suits of more formal appeal evidence a fondness for jackets which are in the neighborhood of thirty inches in length while the uneven lower edge is seen with marked frequency. In several instances this effect is gained through pointed cuts which mark the side sections of the jackets, the points dropping quite a bit lower over the hips. Many of these suits make a point of hand embroideries, the entire lower section of the jacket sometimes displaying embellishments of this sort, with embroideries noted in a lesser degree in borders edging front closings.

Semi-fitted jackets vie with flare models, with much favor shown a low fastening accomplished with novelty double links. Bell sleeves have been accorded attention, in some instances a flare cuff giving a youthful touch. One model, stressing sleeves of this description, shows the cuffs treated with floss and jet nail-head embroideries, the same garnishings being repeated on the flare sides.

A jacket with a collar convertible to upstanding or flat handlings strikes a note of color in its collar facing of American Beauty crepe knit.

TAN KNITTED FABRIC FROCK

A simple frock of tan knitted fabric is this with its clever panel of tan and brown cross bars. The low waistline is a notable and modish feature.

TWO-COLOR KNITTED FROCKS

Two colors, tan and orange, are introduced in this smart knitted frock. Simplicity of line is the keynote, though the novelty is evident. The belt fastens snugly under the blouse, covering the joining of the tasseled straps, the latter forming side panels.

POMPONS ARE EASY TO MAKE

Decoration Is Very Smart and Simple to Model—How Tassels Can Be Made at Home.

Pompons are very smart this year and it is quite simple to make them at home out of yarn. To make these, cut two round pieces of cardboard about two inches and a half in diameter. Punch a hole in the center and wind the yarn in and out until the card is covered. Insert the points of small scissors between the two outer edges and cut the threads after tying the yarn tightly between the two pieces of cardboard. Slip the cards off either end and trim the pompon down to the desired size.

Tassels are made by winding yarn on a piece of cardboard about half an inch longer than you desire the finished tassel to be. Slip two or three threads of yarn between the cardboard and the yarn at one end and tie tightly. At the other end cut the yarn so as to make the tassel part. A more attractive and finished tassel is made by winding yarn around the tassel a few times about three-fourths of an inch from the top.

Fan-Bags.

The fan-bag is one of the novelties. These fan-bags are usually made of feathers—that is, shell or imitation shell frames covered with feathers. They may be used either as fans or bags.

SMART DANCE FROCK OF TAFFETA

Silk Choice of Young Girls, While Older Misses Prefer Spanish Lace Type.

Dance frocks offer a wide choice in style and fabric. While the very young girl almost invariably selects the bouffant taffeta dress, those for the older miss are shown in tulle, crepe de chine, chiffon and georgette, always with a large proportion of the Spanish lace frocks which, it is pointed out, are having as heavy demand as ever in spite of the run they have already had. In the taffeta group, one that stands out for originality is of changeable orchid, with large flowers of deep purple feathers. Tangerine is spoken of as the most popular color for the "taffeta age," and it is shown with very little trimming, as it depends for effect chiefly on color. A smart combining of tulle and charmeuse is shown in pale lavender, with underskirt of plaited georgette. The bodice is plain, soft, with an airy fullness in the tulle and charmeuse skirt.

Ties between the regular straight overblouses, the tie-backs and the somewhat newer banded styles. There is such a diversity in sleeves that one can express individuality in these. The wide armhole is the newest type, but there are many blouses with the full sleeve caught in at the wrist by a tight band, or the three-quarter length bell sleeve that the conservative dresser will select. The kimono-cut and the set-in sleeve share about equal favor in selections.

Tailored Neckwear.

Since clothes of the sports types are now so generally worn, it is but natural that dress accessories should be designed along the same lines. This fashion trend is especially apparent in the neckwear. The tweed suit, which is so greatly favored now, requires tailored neckwear, and among the new displays are collars, guimpes and filets in pique, heavy Irish linen and the heavier flannel, kid and novelty fabrics. In the latter there are vestee effects attached to net guimpes. These are made up of a heavy pile broche material in green and orange tones. They are decidedly smart.

TO BE WORN OVER THE SKIRT

Many of the Newest Costume Blouses Show Small Collar Across the Back.

The new costume blouses seen in the shops are developed mostly along simple lines. The collarless types are paramount, but many of the newest arrivals show a small collar across the back, ending at the shoulder line. Most of the blouses are finished to wear over the skirt, and the choice

Homemade Garments.

More women are going in for homemade garments this season. It is usually easy to make a little afternoon or evening dress at home, and money saved in this way may be put into the tailored suit or frock. In the development of the dress with matching coat, a woman may often make the dress and have a good tailor make the coat.

SOME OF THE WHIMS OF FASHION

Colored velvet heels on slippers.

Gilded quills stuck at odd angles in small black velvet hats.

Flaming red blouses as part of three-piece suits of duvetyn of some dark color.

Brocade slippers for negligee wear that match the gowns with which they are worn.

Black velvet, both for frocks and hats, trimmed with silver lace or silver ornaments.

Rare bits of old lace applied to black silk and made into purses and small handbags.

Brocade negligees that would once have been considered quite gorgeous enough for dinner gowns.

Brown orange duvetyn vest, with orange braiding all over its surface, to wear with a brown street suit or coat.

Gloves of white kid with cuffs covered with an applied cutout design in black kid. Other white gloves embroidered with silver on a black cuff facing.

Huge ostrich fans. In spite of the vogue for eagle feather fans and for fans of spangled net and painted gauze there remains a fondness for huge fans of gorgeous ostrich in rich color.

Black astrachan trimming on gray velvet hats. One is made like a jockey's cap, in pie piece segments stitched together, with a visor of the fur pushed flat back against the little round crown.

Black Lace Veil.

One of the smartest sorts of hat trimming is the big, black lace veil. It must be put on the hat with distinction, for already the vogue of the black lace veil is a great one and there is danger of giving an ordinary appearance unless the veil is smartly draped. This is done in one case by swathing the veil about the hat and letting it hang irregularly over the brim edge, then fastening it into place securely with a big bunch of silver grapes. There is no other trimming on the hat—a big one of black chiffon velvet.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

At the Track.

"Where do I cash this winning ticket?"
"Follow those men."
"Which men?"
"The ones who are smiling."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Move for Peace.

Knicker—"How would you reduce undersea tonnage?" Bocker—"Tell how much the fish really weigh."

Pleasant Life.

"A fortunate man. Always sure to see people at their best." "Who is that?" "The photographer."

This would be a quiet and peaceable world were it not for the movements of the under jaw.

A legend is a barefaced lie that has grown old enough to wear whiskers.

The wisest of us can learn.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

MAD OVER A MERE TRIFLE

Surely Any Man Who Has Seen Service Will Agree That Corporal Was Unreasonable.

A couple of recruits of the latest vintage were discussing the pros and cons of service life at Paris Island.

"It ain't so bad," confided one. "Most of it is all right, but it's that blasted relief from guard duty that gets me."

"Relief from guard duty?" ejaculated the other. "Man, you're cuckoo! There's nothing to being relieved from guard duty. It's being on guard duty that's tough."

"No," maintained the first, "it's the relief. Why, the other day they put me on guard duty for two hours, and it wasn't bad at all just standing around and watching the rest of 'em drilling and knowing that I didn't have to do it myself, but when the time for relief came the corporal came up and gave me the devil."

"What for?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. I just couldn't remember where I left my rifle."—The Leatherneck.

No Friend of Humanity.

He who employs excellent faculties and good wit to humor and please men in their vices, is the greatest enemy of mankind.

There is no greater bore than Izaak Walton's book to a man who doesn't care for fishing.

HE HAD SOMETHING COMING

Five-Year-Old Got Drawing He Wanted, but Retribution Was Stalking Behind Him.

R. S. Grable, a St. Louis newspaper man, celebrated his fiftieth birthday in a unique way. He gave a birthday party and invited 75 children.

Cobb Shinn was in St. Louis at the time, and was asked to help entertain the youngsters by drawing pictures on the large paper hats which were given to each child. He would draw whatever the children asked for, and the subjects were many and various.

Finally a five-year-old handed up his hat and said:

"I want a pig."

The drawing was started, when a brother about a year older, spoke up:

"Aw, he don't want a picture of a pig"—and the argument was on.

When the drawing was finished, the five-year-old stuck out his chest and boasted:

"See, I got what I wanted!"

"Yes, but just wait until I get you home and see if I don't ruin you," replied the brother.

Jud Tunkins Remarks.

Jud Tunkins says very few people honestly believe all the world loves a lover excepting the slightly prejudiced young lady in the case.

There's a pleasure in being cranky that only a crank can know.

You wouldn't put on hobbles to run a foot race

Then why load up on handicaps for the day's work?

A good deal of food, unwisely chosen, does weigh the body down and clog the digestion, and dull the brain.

Why put on the hobbles?

Grape-Nuts is a breakfast or lunch-time dish for those who want food efficiency, and mind and body efficiency.

Grape-Nuts satisfies and nourishes. It delights the taste. It is ready to serve whenever you are ready to eat. And it digests easily, quickly and completely—leaving no handicap of heaviness and drowsiness.

Grape-Nuts is the food for health and action.

"There's a Reason"

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