CAP AND BELLS

REFORMING JIMMY

By LILY WAGNEL

Alvina had fallen in love with Jimmy Dale, the widow lown held his head high. "Huh! I got out of jove as quickly as she came in, Jimmy'll see to that," progressed her younger brother, Georgie.

"It's an awful disgrace," wailed her sister Marie. "The very idea of the best old family in the county, the aristocratic Mordreads—and D'Toole, the black sheep of even such a family as the O'Toole's! Bosh, he's younger than she!"

"Utterly incomprehensible to me," declared the mother generally. "Alvina has always been so conventional, almost too much, and as very particular with whom she associated."

The door opened and the family looked somewhat embarrassed as a tall, handsome woman, her refined, even features fairly shining with happiness, came in holding Jimmy's hand.

"Oh, you've been discussing me; don't deny it," she laughed. "Well, I'm glad the whole town is discussing you," her sister disgustedly. "I don't care. Neither does Jimmy," with defiant, good humour.

"Oh, Jimmie O'Toole, he's used to notoriety."

If Alvina winced no one noticed except her mother. "My dear," said the latter tearfully, "I am very much concerned about you. Jimmie O'Toole has not the best of reputations and I cannot see how such a skirl-rage will bring you happiness."

"May I add a word?" asked the brother and, without waiting for permission, "you'll never marry him, because Jimmie isn't the striking kind. He's flattered at present that he has succeeded in bent over the head one of our best girls in town.

Alvina's face was awful now, "Oh, Jimmie O'Toole, he's used to flattery."

If Alvina winced no one noticed except her mother. "My dear," said the latter tearfully, "I am very much concerned about you. Jimmie O'Toole has not the best of reputations and I cannot see how such a skirl-rage will bring you happiness."

"May I add a word?" asked the brother and, without waiting for permission, "you'll never marry him, because Jimmie isn't the striking kind. He's flattered at present that he has succeeded in bent over the head one of our best girl in town.

Alvina's face was awful now, one thing certain, she will have fight-line with Jimmie O'Toole, and, too, is going to reform Jimmie.

Things went along peacefully for a week or two, Alvina glowing with happiness, the lovers and her family still skeptical. Then one evening Jimmie was not at dinner and Alvina waited in vain.

It was George who brought the news. "Well, Jimmie's fallen off—a bit—with a girl again."

"Of course, I did, too," cause Al's more surprising reply. "So is Jimmie—it's difficult to break bad habits of a lifetime. He's a good fellow, just for one or two alphabets."

The family sat aghast. The next day Jimmie appeared repentant, full of new promises.

There were several more slipshod and Alvina's face became pinched and drawn and anxious.

Then one evening because love frequent and the family felt that the end of Alvina's misery effair was near when Alvina herself grew pale and pinched looking.

The physician, summoned when Alvina waited with growing anxiety, pronounced the case hopeless. There was torture on thought-control, and he last hope of Alvina's recovery was an operation. Alvina waited, her nervous force limited to the point of endurance. The clock struck eight, eight-thirty, and as Alvina's self-control broke Alvina burst into tears and went to her room, locking the door.

"I think she is writing him a letter or something," the mother said anxiously. "I'm afraid she will go to him."

"Oh, I'll watch her," said George, "I'll be on the front porch and if she goes I'll follow her."

The next morning a different Alvina came down to breakfast, a calm, sweet seriousness, anxiousness or hurry about her.

After one hour's shopping she called up Jimmie and vowed him to tea at four.

"Jimmie," Alvina was saying at a fashionable tea in her own room, "I've given up reforming you."

Jimmie coughed, I guess," he deducted with a sigh, high relieved, half smiling. "Not that I blame you, Alvina, you've been an angel and I'm not good enough to touch your gown. But I want to say this much, dear, that all you've done has not been entirely for nothing. There always was a reason of self-respect in me, but I had no realization for the fine things of life—"

"Jimmy O'Toole," interrupted Alvina emphatically. "I've given up reforming you, but not loving you! I've been a fool, a coward and I expected the impossible of you. Look here," she unwrapped a package, "I've been working on these, and bringing a shining article from her bag, "and on the other case." And here," she drew from her purse two tickets, "for a musical comedy tonight. Now what do you say?"

Jimmie did not touch the things before him, but took Alvina's slim fingers in his own, something in the tone of her voice he spoke was husky and low. That all the finer manhood in him, that I love you too much ever to give you up and that I will not make no more promises in the future. This partnership will be a fifty-fifty proposition because I've grown to like none of your ways."

He started at him through her tears and with a little cry of happiness, "I accept what we love each other!"

Must Have Been Pretty Bad.

Police Inspector—I describe the burglar ladies to me, will you, sir?

Detective—Well, madam, he was pretty, but the other—looked like a woman posing somewhere to buy pens.—London Answers.

Common Sense.

"Jack Neckyoke refuses to have quite a few of his wives' relatives over."

"Don't let his mother-in-law hear you that; she hates anything common."

Statesmanship.

"Some of our great statesmen have been defeated for office."

"I have observed this," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "The first thing a man is a student of laws and economics does not necessarily follow that he knows how to be timely and tactful in politics a crowd."

Fishing Was Good.

First Fisher—I'm sorry to hear of the death of your husband. What did he die of?

Second Fish—The hookworm.

Fresh-Water Sport.

The Stranger—That's a fine string of catfish you have. May I ask how you catch them?

The Old Fisherman—Well, sometimes I bait with a live worm, but most generally I use a trained dogfish and he chases 'em up a tree.

Instant Relief.

"So you think Katherine made a very suitable match."

"Yes, indeed. You know what a nervous, excitable girl she was? Well, she married a composer."

Paradise Plumes in Last Stand

Lovely Plumage Is Making Its Last Appearance in Millinery Shops, Due to Law.

PROHIBITED BY NEW TARIFF

Importation Prohibited Under Law of 1913, but Omission of Restrictions on Sale Left Chance for Smuggling.

New York.—The plumage of the bird of paradise, one of the most lovely and cruelest of feminine adornments, is making positively its last appearance in New York millinery shops this season. At the earliest year, it is expected, it will have completely disappeared, because by that time it is going to be dangerous to sell it. Consequently every fashionable milliner in the city now contains a gorgeous display of paradise plumes, ready for sale to bargain prices.

The sale is perfectly safe, however, considering the necessary restrictions in an amendment to the new tariff law which prohibits the importing into this country of feathers was the direct result of the efforts of the National Association of Audubon Societies, which for years has been conducting a campaign against the killing of birds for millinery. As a result of this campaign, the paradise feathers are the first to be put into effect.

Under the old law, it was thought a easement that had to supply the proof, which was impossible. Under the new law only was the federal authorities could obtain a conviction was to catch the smuggler in the act of bringing paradise feathers into the country. Even if they were here, they were so safe as if they had been openly advertised by the customs officials.

No Shortage of Plumes.

Thus the smuggling of paradise feathers into this country has been proceeding briskly since the first of the year, during which time the millinery market has never been better supplied with these plumes. According to one dealer, there is no shortage. The demand for the plumes, and the consequent high prices, have always been able to obtain all of their goods quickly. Most of the smuggling has been carried on by seamen and officers of merchant ships from the Mediterranean, who usually conceal the feathers under their clothing.

"Legal importation," one official tells us, have wedded off their ships available for the millinery trade. The demand for the plumes, according to one dealer, is the result of the fact that the wearing of them has always been able to obtain all of their goods quickly. Most of the smuggling has been carried on by seamen and officers of merchant ships from the Mediterranean, who usually conceal the feathers under their clothing.

"Legal importation," one official tells us, have wedded off their ships available for the millinery trade. The demand for the plumes, according to one dealer, is the result of the fact that the wearing of them has always been able to obtain all of their goods quickly. Most of the smuggling has been carried on by seamen and officers of merchant ships from the Mediterranean, who usually conceal the feathers under their clothing.

All of the confiscated plumes, as specified in the law, have been turned over to the National Association of Audubon societies which has formed them into exhibits which are being forwarded to different cities to arouse throughout the country. About fifteen worth of plumes is the most to be found in these collections.

In spite of these gratifying results, Dutton is sentence, the Audubon association is not resting on its laurels, and its president, T. Gilbert Pearson, issue a warning not to agitate for a more effective law. Their only fear has been that it would come too late to save the last of the "Manakin-wrasta" (birds of the gods), as they are called in East Indian islands. Red fallen victim to the plume hunters.

The birds are found in Papua, New Guinea and certain parts of Africa, where they are easily slaughtered by

Smallest Wireless in the World

One of the greatest achievements in modern science is the wonderful wireless receiving station made in the space of three inches by a Mr. Sanders of Bradford, England. With this he can receive messages from a distance of 100 miles. With the aid of powerful glasses he was able to construct the instrument, which is the size of a spider cells.

POLICEMAN KILLS GREAT SHARK

Smashes Pipe in Struggle 42 Years. Middletown, N. Y.—What is believed to be a clay pipe record for the state of New York, if not for the world, is held by Policeman Fred Hoeh, village of Ellenville. He smoked one pipe for 42 years and every year his birthday he would lay it on the floor and was never able to break it. Recently he gave Mr Hoeh following the discovery by his wife that he had broken the pipe accidentally.

Coddling won't cure a weakness.

WORDS WORTH REMEMBERING

Edward Everett stood deservedly high among intellectual giants, for his sweet statesmen and most eloquent orators. Here upon a time he gave expression to a thought that ought to be remembered by every one hundred times: "An intelligent people," he said, can scarcely ever fail to be a virtuous, and never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite."

Certificate of Terms File Stolen.

Centrifugal force fills middle and then ejects the water in a new one machine in which concrete objects, either solid or hollow, can be made at a speed of about one a minute.

Centrifugal Force Fills Molds.

Curiosity Saves Life of Turtle.

Edward Everett stood deservedly high among intellectual giants, for his sweet statesmen and most eloquent orators. Here upon a time he gave expression to a thought that ought to be remembered by every one hundred times: "An intelligent people," he said, can scarcely ever fail to be a virtuous, and never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite."

Addition of Trousers

Present-day trousers were evolved from the petticoat, and the petticoat was evolved from the kilt or shawl. The early cave man wore the skin of the slaughtered animal, which served as a rude intellectual riddle, and so he wore the skin around his loins. Then he learned that by putting a few thorns in the skin he could fasten it about his arm so as to make a kind of tunic. Then he found that the tunic gave no protection, so he put it on the ground and released one end, which he found made a very good protection from the cold.

But crookedness don't pay," he told the court, "and so I am sorry."

In Many Courts.

Cole had appeared before many different courts that he has picked up quite a smattering of legal terms and methods. When arrested in Omaha, Neb., on a charge of forging Henry Hahn, a peanutvendor, he refused the services of a lawyer and requested the court to grant him permission to act as his own attorney. This was granted and throughout the trial Cole acted as counsel for the defense.

Cole got a start as a "Man of Mystery" until the Bertillon experts got on his trail. He was sent to the penitentiary for twenty-two years.

Cole said he didn't pay. It don't pay," Cole told the court. "I am sorry I did it, but I am sorry I got caught."

Cole has seen the inside of many jails and penitentiaries since he has served time in Minnesota, Maryland, Ohio, Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas.

It took Cole just eight days to get from the Baltimore City Jail to the penitentiary. He was arrested in Baltimore—was convicted—was sentenced—escaped—robbed a burglary. A month later, before he could be tried for it, he escaped.

This time Cole stayed out of trouble for two months. He was arrested in Kansas City and escaped from the county jail. Then he was arrested in Texas and escaped from the county jail. Then he was arrested in Texas and escaped from the county jail. Then he was arrested in Texas