The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Runaway Wagon Threatens Life of Invalid in Its Path

Crippled and almost absolutely helpless with locomotor ataxia, with no person near from whom he could secure aid, John Robinson, sitting in the bay window of the home of the late William Robinson at the foot of Elder street, Council Bluffs, faced what seemed certain death yesterday noon, when a wagon, laden with two tons of dirt and horseless, dashed down the street and towards him with terrific momentum.

Robinson believed himself a doomed man, but he struggled with his feeble strength to move from the path of the heavy wagon. He had hardly succeeded in rising from his chair when the wagon reached the lot line to front of the house, leaped onto the parking, shot over it, and was headed for the house, but a few feet back, when in some mysterious way the wheels swerved and it crashed into an elm tree only a few feet to one side of the window.

Elder street ends at Washington avenue and the Robinson home is located on the avenue that Elder street, if continued, would run directly through. From the avenue Elder street rises at a grade of more than 8 per cent.

Contractor Peter Nelson is excavating at the top of the Elder street hill. A wagon stood just at the brow of the hill at noon. The horses had been unharnessed and taken to a vacant lot to feed. A slight jar put the wagon in motion and the weight of its load carried it down.

BILLINGS PREPARING EXHIBIT

Montana City's Chamber of Commerce Interested in Land Show.

WALLACE FOR APPLE GROWING

Orchardist Urges Tree Planting as Means for Advertising Country While Producing Wealth—Railroads Getting Busy.

BILLINGS, Mont., Dec. 4.—(Special Telegram.)—Let the people of the Northwest know what can be produced in Montana by making a display at the Western Land Products exhibit to be held in Omaha in January. This proposition has been taken up at the luncheon given by the Billings Chamber of Commerce and a committee named to take definite action and report at a meeting to be held next Tuesday.

Louis W. Buckley, representing the Western Land Products exhibit, was introduced and spoke at some length, telling of the favorable impression received of this city during his stay here. "I prophecy that in 1920 Billings will have 100,000," said Mr. Buckley. "Your excellent location and opportunities demand this of you. Billings is bound to grow and it is up to the citizenship how well and how big this city shall grow. Intensive farming in this community will do much for Billings." Mr. Buckley then said he hoped Billings would be represented at the land show in a manner which would show the state in a fair light, letting the people know that the day of the big ranches is over and that small farms and orchards have come to take their place.

Mr. Wallace, who represented the Billings Chamber of Commerce at the International Apple show at Spokane early in the month, submitted his report.

Orcharding and the recognized value of orchard lands, Mr. Wallace pointed out, is what is bringing the northwest to the front just at this time. The apple, the speaker declared, was one of the best advertising mediums he could hope to have. "It goes into every state, every country, every clime, and people want to know about it, where it was grown, and many other things, all of which advertise the community.

"A small farm devoted to orcharding will bring returns that many acres devoted to agriculture may not bring. With the setting out of orchards, a town begins to grow, manufactures are established. Electric railways are the next step, and all this helps to develop a country."

The display to be made by the Burlington, Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads will supplement those to be made by the local Chamber of Commerce and those for the other cities of Montana.

Osborn in Favor of Rock Pile for County

Jailer Says Real Work Would Help Reduce Population of Jail Here.

Money could be saved for Douglas county by the establishment of a rock pile, in the opinion of F. F. Osborn of the Douglas county jail, who has returned from Leavenworth, where he and United States Marshal William Warner went to deliver to the federal prison Frank Markham and Paul Brady, recently convicted of passing counterfeit money here. In the course of a story of his journey Osborn mentioned the rock pile in the government prison.

"I saw Woods, Matthews, Torgeson and Jack Shelton, alias Lawrence, the famous Union Pacific train robbers; but I didn't see Grigware, the one who made the famous get-away. He hasn't been caught yet," said Mr. Osborne.

"Woods is a table waiter in the kitchen. Jack Shelton is in bad repute and is on the rock pile and on bread and water. He refused to work for five days so they put him on that bread and water diet. They told me he was just beginning to think maybe he wanted to work, after all. If we had a rock pile for Douglas county prisoners, we could cut down the number to be cared for about 75 per cent in three months. Look at the setup for Douglas county. Torgeson, the man who ate soap and claimed he had consumption, and only weighed 122 pounds, now weighs 198. Woods is getting heavy, too. Old Bill Matthews, the man who tried to whip our young giant policeman, Charley Walker, and came out of the fight in the patrol wagon at Twelfth and Farnam streets so badly disfigured that he stayed [illegible] nights to nurse himself, is getting quite [illegible] and putting on flesh. Old Tim Murphy, the safe blower that got away from most of the jails in the state before we caught him, got his eye on me and took the liberty of giving me a familiar smile. Pa Mayhery is a trusty in the prison and wears a big paper star."

MOVEMENTS OF OCEAN STEAMERSHIPS

Port.	Arrived.	Sailed.
NEW YORK	St. Paul	New York
NEW YORK	Italia	Furnessia
NEW YORK	Columbia	Batavia
NEW YORK		Minnewaska
NEW YORK		Koenig Albert
NEW YORK		Celtic
NEW YORK		Carpathia
NEW YORK		Madonna
NAPLES	Lazio	
HAVRE	La Touraine	
HAVRE	La Lorraine	
MARSEILLES	Germania	
BREMEN	Breslau	
AUCKLAND	Century	
MADEIRA	Cincinnati	
ANTWERP	Finland	Ad. Duperre
BOULOGNE		Noordam
CHERBOURG	America	
HONG KONG	Panama	Mars
AVONMOUTH	Royal George	
ROTTERDAM		Veendam
MONTEVIDEO		St. Nicholas
PLYMOUTH	St. Louis	
ANTWERP	Samland	
PALERMO		R. d'Italia
LIVERPOOL		Arabic
LIVERPOOL		Carania
SAN FRANCISCO		Tremble
SAN FRANCISCO		Siena
SAN FRANCISCO		Enterprise

Fred F. Flanagan Celebrates His Ninetieth Birthday

Surrounded by His Family and Many Friends Pioneer Enjoys Ripe Old Age.

Lacking ten years of being a century old, Fred F. Flanagan, 2729 Fowler avenue, celebrated his ninetieth birthday by entertaining his children and sixty-five friends and neighbors Thursday evening.

Despite his advanced years, Mr. Flanagan is in excellent health and he confidently expects to pass the hundredth milestone in life. His sight and hearing are as good as they were in his youth. For years he has not known an ache nor a pain.

FRED F. FLANNAGAN.

Mr. Flanagan has been a resident of Omaha for nineteen years. He and his wife came west in 1861, locating on a farm near Storm Lake, Ia. There they lived for many years, finally removing to Omaha. Mrs. Flanagan died in 1890.

While Mr. Flanagan does not believe that tobacco has a medicinal value nor that his good health is attributable to the use of the weed, he, nevertheless, is a faithful devotee of nicotine. Since the time when he was a boy on his father's farm near Grand Isle, Vt., until the present he has been a tobacco smoker and his pipe is one of his most faithful friends.

Mr. Flanagan is the father of seven children, all of whom are living, and all but two of whom attended his party. They are Watson Flanagan of Topeka, Kan.; Mrs. D. J. Knight of San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. George Crandall of Denver; Mrs. Henry Parker of North Randolph, Vt.; and Eugene, Frank and Ira Flanagan of Omaha. Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Knight were unable to come to the party, but sent their regrets and their good wishes.

Two-Lodge Team Wins Tug-of-War Contest

No. 195 and No. 200 of Danish Brotherhood Wins Silver Loving Cup for Championship.

In ten minutes of pulling the tug-of-war team of lodges No. 195 and No. 200 of the Danish Brotherhood gained an inch and a quarter over lodge No. 19 at Washington hall Saturday night, winning the silver loving cup which distinguishes the team as the champions of Nebraska.

More than 200 Danish spectators cheered the pullers as the rope became taut and then swayed back and forth almost imperceptibly under their strain.

The victory last night was the second in the last two weeks for the members of the two-lodge team and now they must defend their title against all challengers.

Sergeant Madsen was a member of the team which won the international tug-of-war held in the Coliseum in 1908. Hans Neble, captain of the team that lost the contest, was also a member of the international championship team.

The members of the team which won last night are: Captain, L. A. Corneer; anchorman, Neis Christensen; pullers, Chris Anderson, Louis Christensen, Charles Hansen, Ove Jorgenson and Jim Anderson. The members of the opposition team are: Captain, Hans Neble; anchorman, Carl Madsen; pullers, Emil Toldbad, John Rasmussen, John Kyhl, B. Toldbad and A. Jensen.

Take Care.

Remember that when your kidneys are affected, your life is in danger. M. Mayer, Rochester, N. Y., says: "My trouble started with a sharp shooting pain over my back which grew worse daily. I felt sluggish and tired, my kidney action was irregular and infrequent. I started using Foley Kidney Pills. Each dose seemed to put new life and strength into me, and now I am completely cured and feel better and stronger than for years." Sold by all druggists.

The DIARY of DOLLIE A Summer Girl

BY M.F.

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Friday—It is very annoying to make a tremendous sacrifice for some one and then have it turn out a complete waste of time. If Aunt Harriet can't get her dates straight, she ought to economize on something and hire a social secretary.

She received a card from a Mrs. Von Bastum, who was giving a tea for a Miss Stubbins. She asked me as a great favor to go with her. She admitted that she had only met the lady once, and from what she said I should have thought she would have avoided meeting her again. She said she had called shortly after sending the card, and particularly requested that aunt should bring me to the fight. I didn't see any good reason why I should go and said so. Aunt said vaguely: "She was so kind to Laura, you know, my dear, when she met them in the White mountains last summer."

I didn't see why, because she had been kind to a seventh cousin who was a perfect pill, I should have to meet her. In fact, if she liked Laura Draper, I should think that was a good reason not to. But aunt got rather pathetic about it, and as she had just presented me with a gold pin I felt I ought to please her in some way. She said there would probably be a great many celebrities in the way of artists and writers

"SHE WAS SO KIND TO LAURA, YOU KNOW."

there, as Miss Stubbins was a famous painter of flowers and vegetables on wood. Mrs. Von Bastum had told us that a cluster of onions she had done on a wooden shield has been very highly praised by the foremost artists of Europe. I can do almost anything if I make up my mind to, so I agreed to accompany her.

Charlotte Cooper called me up the morning of that day and asked me to go motoring with her. She told me she had a most attractive man she was very anxious for me to meet and we would go to the inn for tea. I said I'd take a motor ride, but would have to be home by 5 o'clock. Charlotte wouldn't hear of giving up tea, but we finally arranged to just go around the park and up Riverside drive a little way.

"HE IS COMING TOMORROW."

The man was named Berkley, and was very good looking and awfully nice. We were having such a good time it was hard to come back so early. He had the most expressive eyes, with wonderfully curly lashes. I think he rather likes me. Charlotte whispered to ask him to call, as he was very anxious to. So I did. He is coming tomorrow.

When we got back I went with Aunt Harriet to Mrs. Von Bastum's, and we got there about 5:20 o'clock. I was terribly hungry after the ride, and looked forward to some tea, if to nothing else. It was an old fashioned apartment house and was as silent as the grave. We went up in a depressing elevator that hardly moved. There wasn't the sign of a human being anywhere. It was going to be worse than I thought, because if there had been a crowd I might have lost myself in it.

We rang the bell and were ushered into a parlor that had a faint cabbage odor, mixed with a strong old fashioned smell.

There were only two people there, and a ghastly feeling came over me at once that aunt had made a mistake in the day and we were a week ahead of time. After what seemed like a great many introductions this fact was discovered. I slid into a chair in a corner and thought if I could only stay out of sight of the old lady maybe I wouldn't have to talk to her. She sort of fascinated me after awhile. Evidently she was too old and rickety for much effort of any kind. She looked as if she was strung on wires to make her hang together and tied up with twine to some places.

I am positive one of her hands was fastened to the waist with a piece of string.

Some white curls on her forehead grew out of a large bald spot on the top of her head. A dark brown toupee had got misplaced and had slipped back, leaving the bald spot fearfully exposed. I should think she would have taken cold. After a lot of conversation about vegetable painting and some peculiar disease M. Von Bastum had I tore aunt away. She promised we would get there bright and early on the great day.

"I SHOULD THINK SHE WOULD TAKE COLD."

If necessary I shall do something desperate.

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR

Tells Friend Wife to Do Her Christmas Swapping Early.

"All the newspapers are urging us to do our Christmas shopping early," suggested Friend Wife.

"Instead of doing it whirly, also hurly-burly, I presume," answered the Tired Business Man. "It is gratifying to see that this movement is becoming so general, we all mean to do it, for every little movement has a 'mean to' of its own. Of course, every one of us who reads the sermons about doing it now says to himself he will trot right off to the store just as soon—and then something happens to make him forget it.

"Still, 'tis gratifying to see so many people interested in rousing the masses to gallop to the bargain counter and get busy immediately. That means that the rousers believe there are enough people who can afford it so soon after paying the month's rent. Apparently the good-hearted souls don't take into account that it takes just one year for the majority of us to recover from last Christmas' spending in time to chip in for this.

"There's a fine rallying sound to 'Do your Christmas shopping early,' but do the railliers take into account the chances that it also means do your Christmas hopping early, to say nothing of doing your Christmas swapping early? Take the ordinary, one-cylinder shopper, and he—or rather she—dashes into the stores at the last minute, grabs what looks as though it might do and then hurls it into the mail or express office. But give her a month to take it home and look at it and she will become dissatisfied with it, just as if it had been sent to her, and she'll go chasing down a couple of times the last week to swap it for something different.

"We all feel sorry for the hard worked salespeople, the weary cash girls, the tired, ennuied floor walkers, and even for the store proprietors, who have to hustle considerably, but we pass it off with a few mild hopes and most everybody else will do the considerate thing and let us ramble in at the last moment. As a result we all leave it to the other fellow and come herding in during the final grand smear.

"That's us considerate people. But take the always unreliable human element. There are people—oh, not like us, bless you—but women who just dote upon shopping rushes. The stronger it smashes the better they enjoy themselves. Do you think for a moment that they are going to overlook the chance for the finest scrimmage of the year? Nay, never. If they enjoy a little crush on a Monday morning, how much better do you suppose they must appreciate wallowing into a week of packed intensity, climbing over other equally delighted females, charging down upon the counters which don't count anyway, and ramparing around frabjoposly.

"SHOPPERS."

"Why do they do it? I'm sure I don't know. Maybe they are training to sidle up to a prime minister or a home secretary. I thought it was awfully appropriate for the suffragettes to mash a home secretary's top hat. Be he ever so humble, there's no place like the home secretary's hat to land a good kick, particularly if he falls down.

"I can't think of anything more appropriate to tell a people who can't see farther than their next meal to do their Christmas shopping early. Sounds like a song: No one surly, no churls churly, do your Christmas shopping early. Get smiles pearly from sales girlie; do your Christmas shopping early. Dodge the hurly, duck the burly; do your Christmas shopping early. Heads so curly don't get whirly doing Christmas shopping early."

"Well," demanded Friend Wife, "do you think they'll do it early?"

"Sure. Early on the afternoon of December 24," declared the Tired Business Man.

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How a Woman Can Prevent Linen Collars from Making Her Neck Look "Stringy"

Constant wearing of high linen collars will make the throat of any woman stringy, and if any person doubts this, let her look at her neck, under the chin, as soon as she removes the stiff linen. Yet stiff collars must be worn, for so Dame Fashion decrees, and there remains only to do what one can to overcome the injury they threaten.

First and foremost in the prevention treatment, should be care in selecting collars which are as large as they can be to look smart. All requirements will be met if half a size larger than ordinary is used. When the linen is very wide it needs to be bigger, because it comes farther up on the throat. So a woman who usually takes a thirteen should choose a thirteen and a half, and feel perfectly certain that her neck arrangement looks well.

Beyond this, there is no way of making collars contribute to harmlessness. Whatever else is done must be through massage creams, and by using the throat muscles so they will not become flabby.

A flesh building cream should be rubbed in at night, I think, or whenever removing a collar after having worn it for hours. The fat thus applied will help to restore roundness to the tissues. None is more simple than cream of roses, or rose water ointment, which can be bought prepared at any drug store. The ointment has slightly astringent properties, which makes it specially fleshable for throat treatment.

On taking off the collar a bit of ointment the size of the end of a finger should be placed on the throat. One hand is then opened and laid over the throat cords so that the latter are at the base of the finger.

A brisk rotary movement should then be made, first with one hand, and then with the other, until as much of the grease has been taken up as the skin will absorb. Probably five minutes will be consumed in the treatment, and then the throat should be patted with cold water.

This done, an exercise should be gone through. Begin this by bending the head as far back as it will go, before bending it front until the chin touches the chest. This is repeated five or ten times, and then the head is turned first one way and then the other, as far around as it will twist.

If this is done morning and night, beginning at the time a woman is thirty years of age, her throat should remain a thing of beauty. But without such care it will betray her years sooner than any other feature.

MARGARET MIXTER.

How One Family Learned from Necessity that Servants Are Menace to Home Life

By eliminating servants and by doing the work themselves, says the Kansas City Star, a family living on the South Side in the Armour boulevard district has discovered that it has solved three important problems, to-wit: The servant problem, the problem of living economically and the problem of making the modern city household a home of old-fashioned family relationship. The last is prized as the greatest accomplishment of them all.

Servants were tried for years with varying success, but with unvarying increase in expenses. The family found itself existing with deference to Nora. Last year Nora took her savings and went to Europe. The family decided not to employ anyone in Nora's place for a few weeks and to "look around" and get exactly the right person for the work. The first day of Nora's absence passed with fear and trembling. A sort of vague fear of disaster hung over the place. Mrs. Jones (whose name is not Jones at all) was sure something awful would happen. Nothing happened at all. When Mrs. Jones' daughter, Jessie, came home from high school she assisted with the housework, Mrs. Jones' son, Jim, a big, broad-shouldered fellow, did a lot of chores, dusted and had a general good time with the novel occupation. Frank, age 8 years, was put to work picking up after himself and setting his own room to rights. When Mr. Jones arrived in his car he found the family excited, but with dinner almost ready.

After dinner the members of the family, having no Nora to drive them away from the table, sat and enjoyed the first secluded, frank and close communion they had ever recalled. They sat an hour and then all helped with the kitchen work, including Mr. Jones.

Finally, one morning the family woke up and found that it was supremely happy in a new relationship and that the particular thing it had absolutely no use for was a servant in the house. This was nine months ago.

Last Saturday night Mr. Jones sat on the edge of the kitchen table and talked to callers on co-operative home making. He said he was preparing to raise a new paramount issue with a name something like this: "The Servant a Danger to Our Modern Family Democracy."

Mr. Jones, far from being secretive concerning the experiment in eliminating the servant problem, was inclined to be boastful of it. It has become a form of vanity with him.

"We all take a hand at everything," said Mr. Jones. "Work commences the night before instead of in the morning as a rule. While Mrs. Jones is getting the oatmeal or other cereal ready for the fireless cooker, John is clearing off the dishes. Jessie is brushing up the crumbs and putting the food in the refrigerator, and Frank is feeding the cat, putting away napkins and picking up the evening newspaper. In the meantime I am washing the dishes with plenty of hot water and soap and a dish mop. I could deliver a good, long lecture on why the dish mop is the most thing on earth for washing dishes. I can wash dishes in evening clothes with a dish mop without fear of getting a spot. After a while you will observe me washing dishes in this suit I have on without removing my cuffs and with white vest in the danger zone.

"It has done many things for this family, this co-operative housekeeping. First, it has cut our grocery bill square in two. Instead of carrying waste to the garbage can by the shovelful, it is now going by the tablespoonful. From knowing what goes on in the kitchen I have become a superlative expert on dishing out the quantity the members of the family will eat. The cleaner the dishes are, you know, the less dish washing there is to do, not to mention the garbage can. The experiment has also given us many a taste of delicious little leftovers that only the lady of the house seems to know how to prepare.

"The scheme is no longer an experiment. We have a freedom in our home that we cannot have when there is an outsider around, even if that person is a servant. It has brought back to me that enchanting intimacy of our honeymoon days. And, best of all, it has brought the family into a unit, with a mutual exchange of ideas, experiences and interests.

"We are closer together now than we ever have been before; we have a new touch of companionship that was a stranger to us before Nora went out of our house and our affairs."

Love's Doing.

What is more beautiful to see
Than that great light in woman's eyes,
When love hath solved their mystery?

What is more beautiful to hear
Than laughter on the lips whence Love
Hath brushed the shadow of a tear?
—Henry Dumont.

PROOF.

"You don't like my new gown? Well, it simply proves that I have taste and you haven't."
"That has already been proved—by our marriage!"

FRANKNESS.

"Would it be conceited for me to tell my friends that I made this dress myself?"
"Not conceited, my dear—outdor flutus!"

Much Wanted Recipes

Orange and Grape Conserve—To six pounds of grapes allow two pounds raisins, four oranges and four pounds of sugar. Cut off the thin yellow rind of the oranges and cook together with the seeded raisins until tender. Pulp the grapes and cook until soft enough to rub through a colander. Add to the skins, cook fifteen minutes, put in raisins, orange peel, juice and sugar and simmer gently until jellied.

Metheglin—Pour over twelve and one-half pounds honey eight gallons of boiling water. Let it stand for two days, stirring occasionally, then add one-quarter of a compressed yeast cake, softened in a few spoonfuls of water and spread on a slice of dry toast. Cover closely and let stand for two or three weeks, then rack off and bottle. This is considered a strengthening drink for the aged, as it is the honey mead of the ancient Germans, who, according to Tacitus, attributed health and great age to its use.

Bisque Tortoni—Make a custard, using a pint of cream or rich milk, the yolks of six eggs, and a cup of sugar. Heat the cream to the scalding point, add a pinch of soda. Beat the yolks thick and smooth, add the sugar to the beaten yolks and beat again five minutes, then stir little by little into the scalding cream.

The moment it thickens set off the fire. When cold, stir into the custard a gill of maraschino. Put into the freezer, turn the crank until the cream is stiff, when the freezer should be opened and a pint of whipped cream stirred into the contents of the freezer. Fill a mould with the mixture, repack in ice and salt and let it stand for three or four hours before serving.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

The Way of a Woman.

They had been quarrelling, and although hubby was willing to take the blame all upon himself and smooth matters over peacefully, she was still snippy and indifferent.

"Come over here, Jessie. Aren't you curious to know what is in this package?"

"Oh, not very; I can stand the strain," she replied belligerently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world," he said coaxingly, trying to win a smile.

"Oh, is that so?" she sniffed. "I suppose, then, it's those suspenders you said you needed!"

Pageants Teach History.

Miss Lotta Clark, director of the civic pageant of the city beautiful to be given in Boston, believes that children love pageants and that it is the duty of this generation to teach them in this way something of the days of old. History may be learned most interestingly, she things, by means of the pageant.

WHERE IT HURTS.

"This attempted ballooning across the Atlantic must be a risky business."
"It is, for the financiers."

Daughters of Famous Men

Miss Laura Clifford Barney is one of the two daughters of the late Albert Clifford Barney, a prominent American manufacturer and financier. She is a sculptor, and sensational attention has been drawn to her work by the fact that her statue of "Ariadne" on the lawn of her mother's home at Washington was recently draped by order of the chief of police in the capital.

Miss Barney is said to inherit her artistic ability from her mother, who is a woman of imaginative temperament united to marked executive ability. Mrs. Barney has always been accustomed to wealth and luxury. When her husband died her fortune was estimated at $20,000,000. Since that time her investments in real estate and her other activities have increased her fortune to two or three times its original amount.

One of her most interesting operations was the purchase of an undeveloped part of Washington, known as Sheridan Circle. Here she built a spacious mansion after her own designs. Her friends were delighted with the new house and its charming surroundings and soon purchased sections of her property and built houses, many of them designed by Mrs. Barney herself.

Mrs. Barney's house in Washington is modeled after an Italian palace. In several of the principal apartments the walls are covered with replicas of the old Pompeian mural decorations. One gallery is finished in ebony in order to form a fitting background for a collection of marbles.

Mrs. Barney and her daughters spend much of their time abroad, chiefly in Paris. They are devotees of an oriental cult, Bahaism, which they encountered in Persia and which, in addition to its mystic teaching, encourages practical action in helping the weak and loving one's neighbor. Mrs. Barney brought over from Persia one of the Bahaist priests to expound the doctrines in Washington.

Mrs. Barney has written a number of poems and her sketches and plays have been performed by amateurs for philanthropic purposes. Laura Clifford Barney, in addition to the much discussed statue of "Ariadne," has modeled several other interesting sculptures.

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Gentle Cynic

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, or until you try to auction it off.

The pessimist expects nothing, and is disappointed if he doesn't get it.

It is much more unusual to see a man shot than to see two men half shot.

A man never knows half as much about himself as a woman knows about him.

The trouble with the man who makes an ass of himself is that he brays so about it.

It takes two to make a bargain, but one can make a failure of it.

A new broom sweeps clean, but the trouble is it won't stay new.

Gossip is quite as necessary to a woman's life as sugar is to her tea.

Daily Health Hint

Collodion for painting upon painful eruptions may be had at any drug store and the flexible form should be preferred.

Sligar Misunderstandings.

For some examination papers in a Massachusetts—we repeat, Massachusetts—town:

"Capillarity is when milk rises up around the edge of the bottle and shows good measure."

"The settlers gave a Thanksgiving dinner to the Indians for their kindness, and to the Lord for fair weather. They kept up their festivities for three days, eating all the time. A party of sixty Indian warriors came, rolling their warhoops down the hill."

"Henry VIII, by his own efforts, increased the population of England 40,000."

"Esau wrote fables and sold them for potash."

"The Lupercal was the wolf who suckled Romeo and Juliet at Rome."

"Lincoln has a high forehead which is a sign of many brains."