LAZY THING.

"Are you opposed to child labor?"

The Curtain Lecture.

Naturally.

Making Headway.

cat over for a musicale last night."

Just the Man for Her.

"So you think Katherine made

"Yes, indeed. You know what a

nervous, excitable girl she was? Well,

Accommodating.

"That rude fellow told poor little

Miss Flite that he didn't like her

A Reversed Compliment.

"That was a splendid paper you read

"Very much. I wish my husband

AN INSTANCE.

"She said I was a perfect gentle-

"She is always calling people

Advice From Crimson Gulch.

"Let not your angry passions rise.

It's better to act slow an' tame,

The Right Place.

ome where he sleeps?"

"Does the law consider a man's

Not for the Ear.

Changes.

"But he got up again, didn't he?"

The Uncertain Fallowing.

A leader marched along and found

And marched the other way.

For his procession had turned 'round

Flimsy Finance.

"I started in life on borrowed capi

"And now you have no debts what

"On the contrary, I expanded my

Specifications.

"Isn't that a fine line of the poet's

"Yes, especially when they're

"Does your next-door neighbor wake

"No." answered Mr. Crosslots.

wish he would. He has bought a new

Hens in Revolt.

What makes you think that?"

for himself these days."-Judge.

"Must be a feminist propaganda go-

"I notice the rooster is scratching

"Oh, yes; up to a Panhard.."

Himself alone one day,

tal," said Mr. Cassius Chex.

daily food?"

peaches and chickens."

mower as he did last year?"

ing up the street at midnight."

ng on in the barnyard."

"She changed countenance."

at the club yesterday afternoon."

could write one as good for me."

When husbands drive them to it;

talking

Most wives are inconsistent

They say: "It's no use talking Then go right on and do it.

very much admired."

people next door?"

very suitable match?"

she married a composer."

"What did she do?"

"Did you like it?"

face.

man."

"Yes."

from the church."

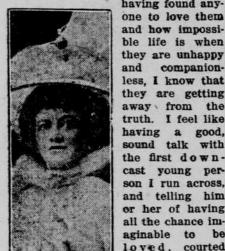
dance it. yet."

grows up.'

SEARCHING FOR OUR LOVE.

D my rapt soul! if thou hadst power
To choose all blessings earth can give,
is there a better, richer dower
Than for her tenderness to live?
Come, give the heart the sweet surprise
Though 'twere but for a single day.

to make unpleasant remarks about not



and how impossithey are unhappy and companionless, I know that they are getting away from the truth. I feel like having a good, sound talk with the first down cast young person I run across, and telling him or her of having all the chance imaginable to be

Providence intends.

start in to think that romances spring | mance. up from flirtations, coquetry and a liking from the first devotee that crosses one's path. If the dissatisfied could only get away from this unreasonable belief, half the way would be clear to search and find the one love that is pleasing and to whom the heart goes out to for a certainty.

"I am not quite sure whether I love him or if he truly loves me," is seldom on the lips if the hearts are in unison, the right chord touched. More than one secret wish is: The one great boon from heaven I crave is just a portion of true love of my own. Give me that devotedly and life would be roseate and complete with happiness. Is there any chance of this devotion being fulfilled? is the oft-repeated query.

Few stand in need of the answer if the thinking cap is put on. If a heart would go out to you with wonderful lasting love, search must be made from where it is possible to win one. Forget the little crosses that you have had; hope for brightness and that which can bring it to cross your lonely lot. No matter where you have an opportunity to go, start with a pleasant look on your face, light footstep and seek to become acquainted with the good young people who are there to welcome you. You will have a pleasant hour or two, and many times after you may see your own while friendship and love won the day at last.

Make a promise and keep it, that you will keep devotion's flame bright for all time.

Let me give the girls a timely hint that earnestly want to marry well: Don't take up with a gay, debonair free lance whom you innocently thought to be just the opposite. You will soon find out his tendencies, and, shorter than it takes to tell it, let him slip past you and persevere patiently in searching out a newer, different type of attraction. The secret is plain. The man who makes a girl's acquaintance while being a stranger to her home folks and hiding the past from those who introduce him, supposing that he is all right, never should make that girl his wife without undeceiving her as to his wildoats sowing. She knows then whether she could put confidence in him in the future or whether he would be apt to lead her a pretty dance and untold heart grief if she took the chance of wedding him.

Women who will take their own risks and believe that they can overcome any obstacle after marriage, start, after leaving the altar, handicapped. Different might have been fate had they not been easily satisfled but taken time to have searched for a love that they were convinced was worthy of their own.

SHE WHO IS A PENITENT DE-CEIVER.

In the year that's come and gone, in the golden weather, Sweet, my sweet, we swore to keep the watch of life together. In the year that's coming on, rich in joy and sorrow-We shall light our lamp and wait life's mysterious tomorrow.

ceive her mother, much as she may plainant. But worst of all, declares dislike doing so, by evading telling her the truth regarding hor meeting in his kisses. Instead of the spona lover? Do you suppose such artifice on her part would make an inter- short explosions with a few branching ested one consider that she would fizz pops before Mr. Husband can commake a good wife, loving and true, plete an osculatory demonstration, or would she be liable to deceive a husband?

This is an earnest appeal from a young man reader. I have no doubt that a young man looking for a girl whom he would marry would want one who loved, honored and was in full confidence with her parent. There should be no excuse of any kind which | Or, an interesting book, an hour with will palliate the wrongs of a girl deceiving her parent. The true-hearted, or some new light of interest or meanfrank girl has no secrets which she ing in one's favorite line of studydoes not share. If that mother, who it is such things as these, far more has her interest at heart, does not approve of the man of her choice, believe me, she knows best.

She sets at work very patiently to win her daughter over to seeing him as she knows him to be. At last she tries hard to consider that it is for the best of her to try to view him as favorable as she can. This is often done to keep peace in the family The result often follows that they marry in haste and repent at leisure.

The girl who is good, affectionate and truthful to her parent will be the same to a husband who is fortunate

enough to win her. Love which is built upon deceit is built upon the: quicksands—and is too treacherous to last for a long length of time.

Only honorable, truthful love proves happy and enduring. What man can trust absolutely the woman whom he knows is false to the mother who oves her, has faith in her and confides in her, hoping for good results? The habit of deceit is a fearful one, and leads to many a woman's undoing. One of the poets has said and with much truth.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave— When first we practice to deceive.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the lover who seeks advice is sometimes the very one who tempts the girl to meet him and "not tell mother." A man should be honorable in principle, and not lend himself to such subterfuge as that of deceiving. When young men and women begin Rest assured, he would be apt to hear of it accusingly after marriage, and having found any- to be reproached for his guilt.

It is cowardly to shift all the blame on the woman. Often she is penitent, ble life is when and makes up for deceiving by becoming most truthful. The sweetheart was inclined to deception by her lover. He respects her penitence, however, as does her mother. Both have been taught that it is grand to be candid with mother.

WHEN BACHELORS MARRY.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more. Men were deceivers, ever; One foot in sea and one on shore, To one thing constant-never.

I used to be under the impression that very few bachelors would ever loved, courted marry. But in this respect I have and married, if changed my mind. It is my belief that the right way was only gone about, as there never yet was a man so sure of his powers for unloving who lived In the first place, they must not all of his years without some ro-He may never have had proof that

> he had a heart for someone until he was aroused to the consciousness by its sudden loss. Up to that hour of awakening he supposed he was enjoying his solitary existence immensely. There is no one to call his attention to his careless appearance when he hustles to his breakfast, with collar and necktie on he had worn for days. No one he would have to answer to if she was in a quarrelsome mood and accused him of plunging at races, extravagance in automobile treats, whirling through space in airships, and all that she fancied kept pace

with his restless nature.

The jolly bachelor is not a mystery to those who observe him, yet only know him from afar—a puzzle as they imagine him to be. More than one suspects that his heart has been pretty well pierced by love's flaming arrows. Like a public conveyance, there is always supposed to be room for one more. Bachelors have been known to call and have a friendly little chat with former sweethearts once in a great while, but he don't care to marry any of those who struck his fancy so that he was almost sure he would be happy if he popped the ques-

tion. After breaking off with a few who claimed his steady attention, he feels that he is not half the gay, soughtthe bright faces which beamed into after man, the would-be "catch" of the fair sex, that he thought himself to be. His opinion of himself has gone down. He takes extra precaution not to show his heart wounds to the unfeeling world. He is sure to be watched with pardonable curiosity when he is brought in contact with the single of the fair sex. Habit is everything with the bachelor; from being a free lance, angled for by fair women. More than one pretty parlor he has found irksome, tame, compared to club, theater of men's company. Most all bachelors have their pet theories and mental pictures. Friends and old sweethearts do not always cater to them.

It is often, when he comes across some poor, but honest, village or city young woman, that his heart suddenly warms. She is his personification of innocence. She treats all men simply, with pleasantness. It's hard for them to tell if she is given to partiality toward every newcomer. Her eyes are not like those who seek conquests, but have the bewitching unconsciousness of girlhood.

Is it any wonder that bachelors become good husbands when they meet just the one whom their hearts have craved for? Then they jump to the conclusion that it's good-by single life, forever.

Stutters Even in Kisses. Demosthenes, and other victims of a partially tied tongue, please take notice. Today, for the first time in its history, the supreme court, where many curious tales have been unfolded, was asked to take official cognizance that, because a man stutters, he is not fit matrimonial companion. A bride of a few months asked to have her marriage annulled mainly because her husband has an impediment in his speech. Married life has been a blunder in two gasps, a lisp and a pro-Ought a girl, in your opinion, to de- longed stutter, according to the comthe plaintiff her husband stutters even taneous smack, there is a series of she asserts.

Worthy of Thanks.

A night's sleep, what a miracle of mercy it is; and a new day and the waking up with health to face it; aye, even a pleasant meal with one's house hold, is not that worth a thanksgiving? an old friend, a Sunday's quiet resting, than great special blessings, which make up the sum of the happy life: and it is such things if one would but think of them more, and not be always taking them as a matter of course, which would fill our days with thanksgivings.

A Good One. "I don't know what to name my new hunting horse." "Why don't you call him Sensitive?"

"Why Sensitive?" "Because I notice he so easily takes

Jathered Smiles

CHAT BY THE WAYSIDE.

"People take life much easier than they used to."

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel. 'There seems to be a growin' fear that the boys'll study too hard an' that the men will work too hard." "Still, there is every reason to be-

lieve that popular interest in a progressive civilization was never stronger than now."

"Yes. But I'm kind of afraid that civilization will have to watch itself so's not to be like Lem Carruthers after he got talked into spendin' all his money fur a fancy wagon. His outfit was all driver an' no hoss."

Always Humorous.

Art Editor-I'm afraid your work is too comic for general illustrating. Artist-I suppose that means I will have to spend the rest of my life doing comic supplements.

"Not necessarily. You might design women's fashions."-Life.

A Wrong Reading. "Ma, did the men in the old times do the housework?" "Of course not. What makes you hink so?

"Well, in our Sunday school, the eacher was reading about the husandman sewing tears."

JUST LIKE SOME PEOPLE.



"Rowell is a hard worker." "Yes-he'd make hard work of anything."

The Kicker. And still the kicker sings his song, A melancholy elf.

It's easier to show what's wrong
Than do what's right yourself.

This Didn't Really Happen. "I won't wear my new dresses at Atlantic City, after all."

"And after all the money "Yes; but you see they're packed so nicely that I hate to take them out

of the trunk Good Reason.

"My husband fairly choked with anger the other day." "Why?"

"Because I wanted him to cough up the price of a diamond ring."

A Suggestion. Young Widow-After all, I cannot wholly grieve that my poor, dear, old

husband is gone. Resourceful Friend-Then why not put on half mourning? Filling the Bill.

"I want to study, for my hero, a man of fine tendencies." "Then why not try a police magis-Letter for Letter.

"Why does a poet begin so many of his sentences with 'O'?" said the politician.

"There's no answer," replied Mr. Penwiggle. "Why does a speechmaker begin so many of his sentences with 'I'?"

Not at That Price.

Mrs. Exe-I bought these goldfish for a quarter-think of it! Mrs. Wye-Really? They can't be any more than plated.

Same Denomination. Lady (interviewing girl)-I may tell ticn meritorious?" you that we are vegetarians. Girl (anxious to be hired)-That's my church, too, mum.

His Failing. "That young surgeon carries his profession even into his social hours." "How so?" "He's such a cut-up."

Malapropos Invitation. "Mrs. Jigger declined very coldly my proposal to her to join our Shut-In society."

"No wonder. Her husband's in fail." Getting Back. "My cook left this morning merely

because I asked her to get dinner for a few friends of mine." "I hired her, my dear, and I don't ever?" mind giving you a chance to get back credit so that I could go on borrowat her. Bring your friends over to my

house for dinner." ing more and more." His Portion. "Will you share my portion?" asked about women being human nature's the poor young man.

"I fear yours is only a half portion."

said the girl gently. "You will need it

all for yourself." Thoughtful Worker. Your son seems to put a great deal

of thought into his work," said the city you in the morning with his lawn boarder. "He shore do," replied the old granger. "He works fer ten minutes er automobile and now he comes honkso, then sets deown an' thinks erbout

it fer an hour er more." A Further Obligation. "That man ouit drinking years

"Yes, but the reform is not yet com plete. He hasn't quit bragging about **ACTS WAITER TO** SEE PRIVATE PLAY

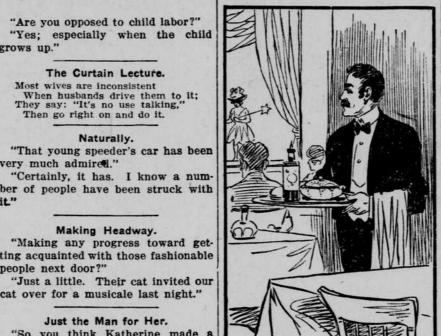
Young San Francisco Preacher Serves Soup So Well Friends Don't Recognize Him.

San Francisco.-"He also sees the play who only serves as waiter." This is a new reading by Rev. Arch Perrin, pastor of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, who in order to see a play acted as a waiter for members of the Family club on their annual outing to their "farm" in the foothills out from Redwood City.

Men he had married and whose children he had christened didn't recognize him. He wore a false mustache and a waiter's jacket, -and he dealt soup from the elbow without spilling it and passed unnoticed. The story has only just leaked out

among his parishioners.

The young pastor was very desirous of seeing Martin V. Merle's forest play, "The Spirit of Youth," presented



Enlisted With a Band of Extra Waiters.

with music by Case Downing in the new open-air theater of the Family club. He was not a member of the club, and invitations were extended only to out-of-town visitors.

So Father Perrin enlisted with a band of extra waiters for the dinner preceding the presentation of the play, and passed the evening undetected.

Also, he saw the play he went to see-and liked it.

TO RESCUE ON SURFBOARD

Officer of Steamship Carries Line to Save Light Tenders From Starvation.

San Francisco.-Two light tenders at Point San Lucas, the southerly end of Lower California, were saved from death by starvation recently by L. C. Hansen, first officer of the Pacific Mail steamer Newport.

Hansen said he would take a line ashore. He rode breaker after breaker on a surfboard until he finally was cast up exhausted on the shore. Hansen was unable to move for several minutes and the two lighthouse men were too weak from lack of food to haul on the line that Hansen brought them

After a rest Hansen was able to heave in the line, which brought a double line from the boat, and to this was attached a series of life buoys with the food made fast to them in watertight cans.

TOSSED TWICE BY BULL

Man Hits Rafters and Starts Up for the Second Time When Fur seein' red affects the eyes
An' likes as not will spoil your aim.' Rescued.

Berwick, Pa.-Tossed to the rafters of the cow stable by an angry bull, R. O. Shaffer, twenty-six, of Zenith, narrowly escaped death before being

rescued by his father. "Then my husband ought to register When the bull turned on him as he was taking it to a watering trough he landed on the bull's head and after striking the rafters was tossed a second time. The father then seized the "Is the music for your new produc rope fastened to the bull's nose and snubbed the rope around a pole, when "I don't know," replied the manager. it turned on him. His son had two 'I haven't seen the chorus try to ribs fractured and suffered contused wounds of the body.

"James got down at one time to hard LEGALLY DEAD, SHE IS ALIVE

Lost Woman Turns Up in Illinois Town and Claims Share of Estate.

Peoria, Ill.-Mrs. Anna Bergheart. who eight weeks ago was declared legally dead by County Judge Rahn at Pekin, has now turned up very much alive and has engaged an attorney to regain her share of her father's estate, amounting to several thousand dollars.

Mrs. Bergheart left her home at Mackinaw, Ill., 26 miles from Peoria. 11 years ago after a dispute with relatives. No trace of her could be found. though she spent the entire period in Chicago.

DOG SAVES WOMAN'S LIFE Carries Note Which Brings Help to Aged Woman After Girl

Has Died.

Dallas, Tex .- A report from Cisco. Tex., tells of the feat which a dog performed in getting relief to an aged victim of ptomaine poisoning on a

farm nine miles from that place. Miss Bettie Alexander, twenty-two years old, had died, and Mrs. Eliza Powers, seventy-two years, was dying when she wrote a note which she tied to the dog's neck and bade him "go home." The dog made its way to Cisco through a rainstorm, and relatives of the victims, hastening to the farm, found Mrs. Powers unconscious.

Folk We Touch In Passing By Julia Chandler Manz Of MICHIER NEWSPAPER SYMPICATE OF MICHIER N

TOMORROW

The Girl sank down on the bottom step of the flight that led up to her hall bedroom, and stretched out her hands as if in pleading to some unseen Presence. She did not cry out, nor did the tears come, although her gesture held all there is of pathos in the world.

"Today has been so cruel," she told herself in a voice that had grown so weary through the long hours of answering useless questions of thoughtless shoppers that it was little more

than a whisper. "You have me," came a cheerful

Evidently it was familiar to The Girl, for she lifted her head and smiled feebly at the small ethereal figure that appeared to her more like a clear white light than a materialization.

note from the head of the stairs.

"Tomorrow!" she whispered.

"Yes," called down the glad young voice. "You always have me, you know, and nobody knows what wonderful things I hold in my hand. Why, often I change the whole outlook of a human life."

"But," objected The Girl, "today has been so cruel."

"Today is often cruel, but I am never so. Put your trust in me," anmuch of promise in his voice that The Girl gathered her frayed pocketbook and shabby muff from the step upon which they had fallen, rid herself of some of the weariness of her overtaxed body in a long sigh, and lifted her face toward the figure at the head of the stairs.

And when she had gained the top of the flight the Presence had floated away to another vantage point, as was always the way when she tried to reach him and grasp the promise that he held out to her.

"Sometimes I think you are just

"Who are you?" he questioned anxiously, "and what do you mean by in- n. truding at such a time?"

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"I am Tomorrow," called the voice, and The Man grasped the hope that came with the tone and hugged it

"Why, yes," he said, "I had forgotten about Tomorrow. I was so closely companioned by Today that I had quite overlooked you."

Whereupon the iridescent figure of the day yet to be born danced gayly before The Man's eyes, and from a distance held out hands that brimmed with wonderful, beautiful hope.

"I am going," called Today weakly. And The Man, turning to his dying companion, told him that when he

went he would go alone. "For," he said, "I have Tomorrow."

The Sick-a-Bed Lady was so very ill that the doctors said she could not possibly live.

"You will go out into the Great Unknown with me at the setting of the sun," said Today, as he stood beside her bed, and The Sick-a-Bed-Lady would have held out her hand to him, had not she been stayed by a wonderful radiant Presence near.

Lifting her eyes she looked upon a face that held all the gladness of the dawn, and was afraid, because in swered Tomorrow, and there was so all her life she had seen nothing so wondrous fair.

"Be not afraid, WHATEVER THINGS ARE BELIEVED ARE TRUE. I am Tomorrow, and in my hands I hold the gift of life and of health. You have but to believe."

The heart of The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady gave a bound of happiness, for she was a mother, and the little feet that came and went down the hall on tiptoe needed he: guidance above everything else in the world, and with all her being she yearned to believe the words that came to her ear.

Then it was that The-Sick-a-Bed-



'Sometimes I Think You Are Just a Poor, Cheap Fraud

from his distance, and the smile as- in the promise of Tomorrow. suaged the pain at her heart, and

Through innumerable unwise moves such a terrible mess that there seemed no extrication from it. He sat alone in his office at the close of a winter's day, and beside him sat the Spirit of Today.

"What a loathsome creature you are," said The Man to his compan "I am what you made me."

swered Today, reproachfully. "And within the hour I die." continued the dejected Spirit. "Then," said The Man, "I will die

with you. It is a good suggestion. I have made a mess of my life, and most of all of you. You were good to me at the dawn, but now that twilight gathers, I see that it is all my fault. I have ruined you. We will ge out together."

So The Man put his affairs quickly in order while Today reminded him that the evening shadows were lengthening, and that if he was to die with him he would have to hurry.

"I am getting weak-I am dying," whispered Today to The Man. "Just a moment," answered The

Man. And while he hesitated there came to his consciousness a strange impression. At first it seemed like a dium other than words. Then distinctly it assumed sound.

the possibilities it holds," came the words clearly to The Man's ear.

a poor, cheap fraud," The Girl called | Lady summoned the very essence of to him, but he smiled back at her her being and demanded of it belief

Turning to The Husband she gave brought new hope to her cheerless him a tender smile, and because she was too weak, she merely nodded to-"Tomorrow!" she said, half to the ward the precious Presence standing Presence and half to herself. "Ah, if afar off holding out his hands that it were not for the faith and the hope were brimming full of life and health I have in Tomorrow I could never go if only The Sick-a-Bed-Lady would be-

And when she awakened from her wonderful sleep Today had slipped out The Man's business had got into of being-alone-and the doctors said that somehow a miracle had been wrought and that The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady would live.

Whereupon The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady answered back with a smile that she had only "believed in Tomorrow."

Destroying Germs.

Chemists employed by hospitals have found that disease germs die quickly on certain building materials. It has been found by the tests made that the strongest or most resistant germs perish within a day when placed on the surface of linoleum. This is due to the large quantity of linseed oil used with the cork in making linoleum. Tests have also shown that it is the use of linseed oil as binding medium which gives to many wall paints their claim of being effective for hospital use. It is claimed that as the oil leaves the paints they lose their powers of sterilization.

No Rivalry.

A visitor was being shown over a big cotton mill by the proprietor, who proudly displayed some of the fabrica produced. Holding up a piece of printed calico, he said: "Our latest pattern message expressed through some me Excellent work, isn't it?" "It's all right," said the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we turn out "There is always Tomorrow and in my works!" "Same line?" asked the host, somewhat offended. "No," rejoined the other; "ours is gunpowder!"