

TOM WENT TO WORK

By MARGARET SMEATON.
"Oh, Millie, I am so glad," said Lucy Wainwright. "I hope the same happiness will come to me some day," she added wistfully.

"Why, you little goose, any girl can get a man if she wants him," answered her cousin Millie. "And Mr. Lawson is as rich as Croesus—at least, his father is."

"But you love him, Millie?" inquired Lucy anxiously.
"Quite well enough," answered Lucy's cousin. "Of course when a girl gets to be twenty-five she has acquired a little common sense. How old are you, Lucy?" Millie continued.

"Just twenty," Lucy answered.
"Then you have five years to wait, my dear," said Millie. "Come, let us go downstairs. Tom will be here in a few minutes and I want you to meet him."

Lucy was visiting her cousins in Virginia. This was the day of her arrival, and Millie had just confided to her the news of her engagement.

Tom Lawson was the son of old Peter Lawson, whose speculations in Mexican oil fields were reported to have netted him a fabulous amount of money. And when Tom came in Lucy had to admit that he looked a rich man's son. The high-power automobile, his faultless clothes, his university manner made him a splendid catch for any girl. But what Lucy liked most about Tom Lawson was just himself.

How she envied Millie that night as she lay awake, her mind busy with the memories of the day. The Wainwrights came of a good old family, but Millie's family seemed to acquire all the money, while Lucy's remained poor. The magnificence of her cousin's home was like a wonder world to Lucy.

She did not know that they were living upon their capital, and that Millie's shrewd mother had staked her fortunes upon her daughter's making a brilliant match.

Millie had certainly done her credit. It was to be a marriage of youth and health and plenty of cash thrown in.



"It's fortunate you're only a poor country mouse."

As the days wore away Lucy began to feel less and less comfortable in her new surroundings. There was an atmosphere of worldiness and insincerity which almost terrified her at times. The ways of her cousins were so different from those in her father's household!

Her mother had died two years before and her father had been called west on an important business matter. Lucy could hardly go home to an empty house. For this reason she tried hard to adjust herself until the end of her visit should arrive.

Another thing which troubled her was Tom Lawson's evident liking for her society, and her own growing predilection for the young man. Money had not spoiled him, at any rate.

She was half afraid of arousing her cousin's jealousy, but Millie, who had not failed to notice Lucy's friendship for Tom, laughed at it.

"It's fortunate you're only a poor country mouse," she said, "and not likely to attract Tom, or else I should be jealous of you. Tom positively seems anxious to start a flirtation with you."

Lucy resolved to keep away from Tom. But one afternoon he came in unexpectedly, when Millie and her mother were out driving. They did not often take Lucy with them.

"My cousin is out," said Lucy, as she opened the door, anticipating the servant. Lucy did not know that that was not considered good manners. Her idea of hospitality was to welcome her guest in person.

"I'm glad to see you," said Tom brusquely. "I didn't come to see Millie; I came to see you."

"Mr. Lawson!" stammered Lucy indignantly.
He came in and sat down in a chair. "My father's lost every penny," he said bluntly. "The house is going to be sold and I'm going to work. I wanted to tell you."

"Me?" asked Lucy, feeling her heart throb unpleasantly, and conscious that she was looking extremely foolish. "Why me?"
"Because—" began Tom, and suddenly caught her in his arms and kissed her.

Poor Lucy! It was her first experience of love. She tried so hard to think what she should do. And all the while she was debating whether to box his ears or to reprove him indignantly she was lying passively in his arms. And then she found that she was crying.

"There! Forgive me!" said Tom. "I'm a cad, I know. Lucy, do you know I have loved you every minute since I saw you? Haven't you cared for me a little bit?"
"Yes," answered Lucy truthfully.

"But Millie—"
The thought saddened her; she sprang out of his arms and hurried from the room.
She began to pack her trunk. She could not remain there any longer.

Why, she was no better than a thief! Her eyes were still red when she came down to dinner, but nobody noticed it, because Millie's mother was half hysterical herself.
"I don't know what we shall do!" she burst out petulantly. "Do you know the Lawsons are beggars? Positively beggars. And Tom has written to Millie asking to be released from his engagement because he can't support her. The impudence of the man, to have won my daughter's heart under false pretenses like that!"
"Never mind, mother," said Millie. "Think how nearly I was deceived by him!"
"But you aren't going to let him go, Millie!" exclaimed Lucy in amazement. "Don't you love him?"
"Don't talk nonsense, child," said Mrs. Wainwright with asperity. "How can one love a pauper? Why, I hear he's going to work for twenty-five dollars a week!"
"I wish he'd taken to you, Lucy," sobbed her cousin. "Now I've been engaged once, and it isn't so easy to be engaged again when you've had an affair already."

Lucy went home next day, for a telegram from her father arrived, announcing that he had returned. Everything was greatly changed, she found. Mr. Wainwright had accepted a profitable position which would render them fairly prosperous. There would be no more scraping to make their income last from week to week.

"By the way, my dear," said Lucy's father that evening, "I have a piece of news for you. My assistant in the adjusting department is to be a young fellow named Lawson, who comes from the same town as your aunt. I've asked him to dinner to-morrow evening and I want you to like him, because he seems a thorough gentleman and we're likely to make a profitable thing out of our new concern."

"I'll try, father," answered Lucy demurely.
And Mr. Wainwright wondered why his daughter's face became so radiant.

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NEVER A MAN TO BE LOVED

Conspicuously Self-Complacent Individual a Personage Rather to Be Avoided.

A man must believe in himself before others will believe in him. Many a man's belief in himself amounts to a superstition. He has a stronger faith in his own wits and abilities than he has in the divine providence of mortal affairs. He trusts his own senses sooner than another man's word or any printed statement. He is right well pleased with all he has done in the past, and he takes it for granted that his future days will lead from strength to strength. He cannot see any outcome except felicity for any enterprise to which he sets his hand; he thinks that the sands of Paeonius are running in his hourglass. He seems the pampered minion of fortune, and probably he is envied by many. The steps whereby he rose he is a little too vaingloriously ready to tell of, and "his own vast shadow glory-crowned" is his favorite apparition—he believes in ghosts to that extent. But he is never quite deplorable until he comes to believe at last that there is nothing more for him to learn—that his own path is the perfect way to take, that it is fairly luminous with phosphorescence behind him and leads to a Roman triumph before his face. A flat and abject failure is more to be loved than the blatantly successful, the conspicuously self-complacent man. How tiresome are these who are always prating of possession—forever engaged upon an inventory—looking at everything with an appraiser's eye and planning how to get it, or else boasting that they got it and so have increased their stature in the public estimation! What discerning mortal cares how many things a man belongs to, how many strands of pearls his wife wears, how many servants run his errand, how much he paid for his gilded dinner service? Yet your ticket of admission to his gorgeous pleasure dome is your obsequious admiration. You must praise all or be put out. You may not censure, even by implication. You must find that "whatever is, is right." Moneybags does not want your construed rebuke of his possessions or his employments, for that is to depreciate what his whole life has been in getting these things together.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Street Cleaners Awheel.

Now that Berlin is trying to supersede Paris with a reputation for gay night life, the latter city will endeavor to take the palm from the kaiser's capital for clean streets. Hitherto, the boulevards of Paris have been a-flutter from morning till night with waste paper. Now comes a new squad of cleaners, mounted on tricycle carts, to rid the thoroughfares of every scrap of handbill and torn letter. The men pick up the paper with spiked sticks and drop it into a waste-paper basket that sets on a top of the cart. When this basket is full it is emptied into the box. Among the several advantages of this form of street cleaning is the important one that no dust is raised, as would be the case if the paper was swept up.

A New Excuse.

"So you are off the water wagon again?"
"Yes."
"How did you happen to fall?"
"I was riding along, not looking at anything in particular, when a woman passed by wearing a silhouette skirt."
"Yes?"
"I leaned over to look and lost my balance."

Trying to Crawl.

"I see that some fat man's friend has invented a shirt with the lower part a pair of trousers."
"Yes, I have some of them."
"That kind of a shirt cannot crawl up a man's back."
"No, but mine try so hard that they since I saw you? Haven't you cared for me a little bit?"

A Man-Eater.

"Did you ever have an experience with a man-eating shark?"
"Yes, before I joined the navy. The son-of-a-gun charged me 20 per cent a month!"

Different Arrangements of High Coiffure



Now that the high coiffure is certain of success, hairdressers are evolving many attractive arrangements, each making its bid for popular favor. It is certain a new order of things is coming. There is to be more elaboration in styles for the coming season than for a year past, more pretty curls and ringlets about the face, and the return to a modest pompadour at the front. This is something to be thankful for because it is immensely becoming to most women.

The simpler, the very plain, styles are well enough for youthful wearers. But older women require more intricate designs. The new high coiffures are stately and a great advantage to them. Little variations adapt them to youthful wearers—like the puff extending out at each side and covering the ears.

In all the new styles shown so far the ears are concealed, as in those worn during the past season. There are several pretty new arrangements of the hair both at the front and back to choose from. That showing the Psyche knot at the crown of the head or a little higher has been most quickly adopted, perhaps because this style is always good and never quite disappears.

In the style shown here the hair about the forehead is curled in short ringlets. Below these on each side a strand is parted off and rolled into a puff. All the remainder of the hair is brought up to the top of the head, except that portion parted off at the front to cover the pompadour. A small hair roll or support will be needed for the pompadour.

When the back hair is brought up coiled loosely and pinned into position, the short hair roll is pinned in across the top of the head. The ends of the hair which are brought over the pompadour are fastened under the coil at the top of the head. They then are brought down at each side and turned back near the temples and above the puffs which cover the ears.

A short fringe of hair about the face is curled and parted at the middle. When the hair is not long or thick enough it will be necessary to use a small switch to form the coil at the top of the head.

Very little wave appears in this coiffure, although there are models in which a long, loose wave is employed. But the waving of the natural hair is very natural looking, just enough to keep it from being quite straight and about like that which appears in the short switch shown here.

A switch of this kind may be used for many different styles and arranged in a braid or chignon or coil. It is the easiest of pieces to adjust.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

VOILE AFTERNOON GOWN THAT COSTS ONLY FIVE DOLLARS

COTTON voiles and challes come in beautiful colors and designs, and make up into the prettiest of inexpensive gowns for afternoon and evening wear. Besides the plain weaves, there are the printed varieties which are so attractive in themselves, and make possible combinations with the plain colors or other fabrics that are as artistic and effective as those achieved by the use of richer materials.



The voile afternoon gown shown here has a dull olive green ground, over which sprays of sweet peas are scattered. The blossoms are in shades of brown and tan, merging into a pink and pinkish lavender, with the brown tones prevailing. This coloring worn over a slip in light leather brown is very effective. The slip may be made either of silk or mercerized mull.

The design chosen for materials of this kind should be simple. In this gown the skirt is laid in narrow plaits at the back near the waist line, to take care of the little fullness which must be disposed of. It hangs straight from the belt, and is split at the bottom of the right side for a depth of 12 inches. There is a little drapery in the skirt formed by an extension of the goods, which is gathered into a fan and overlaps the seam where the skirt is slit.

This overlap is lined with the voile and held in place by a buckle made of buckram and covered with velvet or silk in the same green as appears in the gown.

The kimono waist is fastened in simple style, lapping from right to left at the front. The waist line is high, curving slightly upward at the back.

A finish of silk or velvet ribbon in green two inches wide is all the decoration needed except the introduction of a bit of colored passementerie or embroidery at the front of the bodice. This adds a bit of color in coral, blue, brown and green, with a little touch of gold. A half yard is enough to provide this finish in the bodice, both at the back and front.

To make such a gown in material a yard wide takes only four yards at most. The skirt is narrow, with little drapery. The slip of mull requires about the same amount or a trifle less. Twice the length of the figure is the allowance. This provides for a hem at the bottom.

As these voiles and challes are to be had for from 40 to 75 cents a yard, it will be seen the outlay for material is modest. The mercerized mulls are not more than 25 cents a yard. Allowing 15 to 25 cents a yard for the ribbon finish, and counting in the price of the bit of embroidery needed, all the materials required come within \$5. By watching annual or special sales even this small sum may be reduced a little.

Such a dress is good summer and winter. It may be developed in all the light and attractive colors that are fashionable for dressy wear, as well as in darker tones like those chosen for the gown pictured here.

For women who must hire the sewing done the expense will mount up to double the price of the material. But anyone who can sew fairly well should be able to put together a simple affair of this kind.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Mourning Frock of Serge.

A simple street frock for mourning, and morning wear this fall is shown blouse. The little yoke, which, by here, it had a plain peasant blouse. The little yoke, which by closing with a row of dull jet buttons, takes on the effect of a waistcoat, is made of dull black taffeta. This is outlined by two ruffles of the same. The turn-back cuffs of taffeta are finished in a similar manner. The skirt, which is slightly draped below the hips, is particularly well adapted to this material and produces a charming silhouette. The girle also is of the black taffeta.

THEN HE ABANDONED VISIT

Missionary Found Out Why He Was Being Sent as Messenger to Cannibal King.

Jack London, preparing to embark on another cruise around the world, told in Santa Barbara of the strange experiences of his last cruise.

"But we had no such hairbreadth escapes as that of a missionary who met in Samoa," he said. "This good fellow was preaching in one of the islands in which cannibalism is practiced. While trying vainly to make converts he was captured by a cannibal king. To his surprise, he was immediately released. His release, however, was made on the condition that he carry a small sealed packet to a neighboring king.

"The missionary was so grateful that, meeting unexpectedly a detachment of English sailors, he refused to accompany them to safer territory. The sealed packet from his benefactor would be delivered as he had promised. But an officer in the midst of the discussion opened the packet.

"Therein, besides a number of pungent little onions, was a letter containing these simple but significant words:

"He will be delicious with these!"

PIMPLES ALL OVER FACE

1413 E. Genessee Ave., Saginaw, Mich.—"Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me of a very bad disease of the face without leaving a scar. Pimples broke out all over my face, red and large. They festered and came to a head. They itched and burned and caused me to scratch them and make sores. They said they were seed warts. At night I was restless from itching. When the barber would shave me my face would bleed terribly. Then scabs would form afterwards, then they would drop off and the so-called seed warts would come back again. They were on my face for about nine months and the trouble caused disfigurement while it lasted.

"One day I read in the paper of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I received a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it was so much value to me that I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment at the drug store. I used both according to directions. In about ten days my face began to heal up. My face is now clear of the warts and not a scar is left." (Signed) LeRoy C. O'Brien, May 12, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Not Guilty as Alleged.

The man had been accused of committing an annoyance by flashing a mirror in the eyes of passersby.

"You are quite mistaken," he said to the big policeman. "I haven't any mirror. What these people saw was the reflection of my shining serge coat—I'm a married man and the coat is four years old."

And, turning hastily, he threw the dazzling reflection from his back and elbows into the policeman's dazzled eyes. And by the time the officer recovered he was well on his way.

The Result.

"There will be mourning in society when that handsome, rich young fellow is engaged."

"Yes, and all the belles will have to be told."

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.—Emerson.

Don't neglect a cold. It means Consumption or Pneumonia. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops check colds—5c at Druggists.

A poor imitation of wickedness is usually better than the real thing.

The only way to have a good time is to go ahead and have it.

Old People Need A Bowel Stimulant

The Ideal One Is a Mild Laxative-Tonic That Will Keep the Bowels Gently Active.



MRS. MARY A. P. DAVIDSON

Healthy old age is so absolutely dependent upon the condition of the bowels that great care should be taken to see that they act regularly. The fact is that as age advances the stomach muscles become weak and inactive and the liver does not store up the juices that are necessary to prompt digestion.

Some help can be obtained by eating easily digested foods and by plenty of exercise, but this latter is irksome to most elderly people. One thing is certain, that a state of constipation should always be avoided, as it is dangerous to life and health. The best plan is to take a mild laxative as often as is deemed necessary. But with equal certainty it is suggested that cathartics, purgatives, physics, salts and pills be avoided, as they do but temporary good and are so harsh as to be a shock to a delicate system.

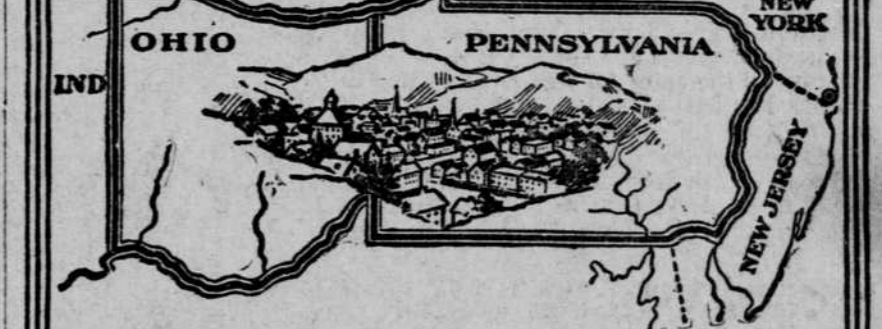
A much better plan and one that thousands of elderly people are following, is to take a gentle laxative- tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which acts as nearly like nature as is possible. In fact, the tendency of this remedy is to strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles and so train them to act naturally again, when medicines of all kinds can usually be dispensed with.

This is the opinion of many people of different ages, among them Mrs. Mary A. P. Davidson of University Mound Home, San Francisco, Cal. She is 78 and because of her sedentary habits had continual bowel trouble. From the day she began taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin she has had no further inconvenience and naturally she is glad to say kind things of this remedy.

A bottle can be bought of any druggist at fifty cents or one dollar. People usually buy the fifty cent size first, and then, having convinced themselves of its merits, they buy the dollar size, which is more economical. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded. Elderly persons of both sexes can follow these suggestions with every assurance of good results.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 419 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

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of this paper desiring to buy anything adver- tised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 42-1913.

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