

JUST ABOUT GIRLS



It isn't the brilliant girl, and it isn't the unusual girl, it is just the commonplace girl who fits neatly into the house and is most comforting and desirable in society.

The commonplace girl sighs and says when she takes notes of the accomplishments and the dash of the unusual girl, "Oh, I wish I could be like her—I wish that I had such brilliant accomplishments." And because she often thinks and says these things I have assured her at this moment that, though commonplace, she is admirable. This I have discovered and so has the Young Bachelor, and for the further cheering of the commonplace girl I will tell her exactly what he has lately said to me, and this is it:

"A fellow doesn't always want to be soaring in the clouds, don't you know, and while he may admire the extraordinary young woman he finds it such a shock once in a while to discover himself regarded as too awfully ordinary. Vanity and pride offended?

that we do. And the commonplace girl is so apt to underestimate her worth. You know that time and again she has come to you for comfort because she declared she was such a social failure, such a commonplace mortal.

My dear little commonplace girl, it is the commonplace men and women who make up the greater part of the world, and it is the commonplace men and women who attend to the small but necessary matters that go to make up the great sum total of our lives and the world's affairs generally. The geniuses are too busy to look after the small matters, and besides, the geniuses are so few! Maybe out of a thousand folk there will be but one unusual one. The balance are just commonplace.

The commonplace woman is not the inferior woman. The commonplace woman comes just up to the accepted standard of what a woman should be, which all is said and done. Each of us

top of the ladder, he will hear it said that he is a "genius." But then he will only smile in a quiet, knowing way and say to himself: "I am nothing but a commonplace man, just an ordinary man, and that is why I have accomplished so much." The busy world has great need of the commonplace man, and the home and society cannot spare the commonplace girl. Great geniuses we need, and heaven is kind to send them, but we shouldn't weep a bit when we awaken to the fact that we ourselves are not to stand among the greatest.

It is in the social world that the commonplace girl meets her greatest trials. In the home she is so necessary that there is not the slightest chance of her feeling ill at ease. When there is a hitch in household machinery it is her fair little hand that regulates it, because she has time to attend to such things. Her writings and her painting and her music can all be put aside for a while very easily. She loves them all, but nobody has discovered any peculiar marks of genius about them—she has not herself, and it was her own consciousness of just being ordinarily proficient that gave her the first speck of a heart-stab. But nobody can fill quite so well the commonplace niche in the home as can the commonplace girl, and so the family unhesitatingly makes its demands. In society it is all different. She regrets her inability to "shine" and feels that the place that she fills is so small that she might easily slip out of it without

alone, for the quite natural reason I have mentioned. There are so few of us that can go with them—the most of us are so commonplace.

Of course you know the girl who "wears well," and isn't she a jewel? Maybe when you first met her you made note of the fact that she was a very nice sort of a girl, but quite commonplace. Now of all your friends she claims and holds the brightest spot in your heart.

If a girl cannot sing and dance and play exquisitely she can attain the delightful accomplishments of "wearing well." This all rests on her womanliness. She must be pure and honest of heart and soul. She must be willing to praise the brilliancy of others and praise sincerely, and when she is sincere in her praise her enjoyment is genuine, and so a lot of pleasure comes into her life that might easily be barred out by envy or jealousy.

The girl who "wears well" will never say harsh things about those she has met and never, oh, never, will she stoop to offer the "faint praise that damns." For this reason you feel perfectly safe in confiding in her the story of your ups and downs.

It is the commonplace girl who makes the dearest sweetheart in the world. She does not startle the commonplace young business man who believes that the world is round and swings smoothly and easily through space, with theories that maybe the world is not round after all and that

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Glib and Ironic. Original and selected—Fleetman and Johnson from the Title of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Be Remembered.

"Not long ago," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "the pastor dined with the family, and Master Tommy was at the table. He behaved pretty well until the cake was brought in. Then he suddenly lurched forward and snatched the piece he sized up as the biggest.

"Why, Tommy," cried his distressed mother, "you are forgetting that Dr. Choker is here!"

"The boy gave the worthy pastor a withering look.

"Naw, I ain't forgettin' it," he snarled; "if he wasn't here I'd git two pieces!"

Love Will Find a Way.



She—How do you suppose the armless man makes love?

He—Oh, he says things in an off-hand way.

The Prodigal Son in Africa.

The cannibal chief stood with his hand shading his eyes. A solitary figure was timidly creeping towards him from the jungle.

Suddenly the old chief stared. He took a quick step forward.

"It is," he cried, "it is my son! He is coming home again!"

Then with his eyes still fixed on the slouching figure he shrilly called to his head hunter:

"Mbonwa, the prodigal is returning! Kill the fatted Kaffir!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Obstacle.

Tommy, aged 5, and his cousin Willie, aged 6, had several little altercations, in which Tommy invariably got the worst of it. One day his mamma said to him:

"Tommy, tomorrow is Willie's birthday. Wouldn't you like to give him something?"

"You just better believe I would," was the reply; "but, you see, he's bigger than I am, and I can't."—Tit-Bits.

Triumphant Instinct.

Fuddy—Remarkable cure, that case of Mrs. Blanke's.

Duddy—Haven't heard about it. What was it?

Fuddy—She has recovered her voice. You know she hasn't been able to speak for three years. They induced her to play a game of whist, and she was talking before she knew it.—Boston Transcript.

And Had to Try Many.

Judge (to a man up for having five wives)—How could you be so hardened a villain?

The Prisoner—Please, your honor, I was only trying to get a good one.—Tit-Bits.

An Illustrated Definition.



Wrecked on the coast.

Far, Far Away.

"How do the really independent German thinkers feel about this idea of mine?" asked the Kaiser.

"The independent thinkers?" echoed the official vacantly.

"Yes. Those who aren't in any way personally influenced by my lese majesty threats or my other facilities for assuming autocratic power."

"I don't know how they feel, your majesty. I haven't heard from Cincinnati or St. Louis lately."—Washington Star.

The Regular Thing.

Parke—Step in here with me a moment. I'm going to get my wife a present.

Lane—On your own hook.

Parke—Oh, no. Something she has had set aside for me to select and give her.—Detroit Free Press.

Wholesaling at Retail. There is only one house in Omaha that has attempted this, namely, the Big Store of Hayden Bros. They have made a big success of it, having supplanted the eastern houses almost entirely in the Trans-Mississippi country. The saving in freight and time is quite considerable to western consumers and Hayden Bros' prices are as low, and in many cases much lower, than can be had from any other dealers. Their mail order patrons run in the neighborhood of 200,000. Send for free circulars giving prices of any goods you want. They will soon re-issue their free fall clothing catalogues and a postal card with your name on it will get you one. Hayden Bros. is the great mail order house of the country. Visit them when in Omaha and you will find it pleasant and profitable.

There is no such thing as free speech for the tongue tied man.

"Actions of the Just Smell Sweet."

The fragrance of life is vigor and strength, neither of which can be found in a person whose blood is impure, and whose every breath speaks of internal troubles. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.



New Inventions Bought.

Of the 399 inventors who received patents this week, 102 were able to sell

before the patent was issued. Among the leading firms who bought patents of this week's issue, are found the following:

- Draper Co., Portland, Me.
 - Arcade Manufacturing Co., Freeport, Ill.
 - Brown Straw Binder Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
 - S. S. White Dental Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
 - American Mutoscope Co., New York City, N. Y.
 - Pianophone Co., New York city, N. Y.
 - Eagle Pencil Co., New York city, N. Y.
 - Fitzgerald Meat Tree Co., Chicago, Ill.
 - Taughannoek Emery Wheel Co., Courtland, N. Y.
 - Mechanical Door Hinge Check Co., New York City, N. Y.
 - W. W. Kimball Co., Chicago, Ill.
- Parties desiring information in regard to patents should address Sues & Co., Registered Patent Lawyers, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A man does not like to hear a woman run down another woman, but he has not the slightest objection to her running down another man.

Good Housekeepers.

Immaculate linen is the mark of good housekeeping. To get the best results use "Faintless Starch." It makes collars, cuffs, shirt fronts, etc., look like new. All grocers sell it, 10c a package.

Don Jaime, the only son of the Spanish pretender, Don Carlos, has just won \$100,000 in a lottery.

Flo's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4225 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 5, '96.

Many a man whose heart has not thrilled at a woman in a ball gown becomes her devoted slave when he sees her in an apron.

Be Beautiful.

A clear, clean complexion is the foundation of all beauty. Cambric Cambric Soap and keep the skin soft and velvety. All Druggists, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Real religion comes from the human heart and brain.

Cut Rates on All Railways.—F. H. Philbin Ticket Broker, 1505 Farnam St., Omaha.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold.

\$118 buys new upright piano, Schmolzer & Mueller, 1313 Farnam St., Omaha.

The August Atlantic is unusually attractive as a fiction number. Miss Johnston's To Have and to Hold easily takes the lead among current serial fiction, while Mr. Hopkinson Smith's lively and patriotic story, the Man with the Empty Sleeve; Mrs. Phelpsward's thrilling Loveliness; Mrs. Prince's pathetic picture of French rural life, The Fall of Time; and Miss Dupuy's humorous and pathetic in a Mutton-Ham Boat, furnish an interesting variety. John Muir opens the number with a characteristically glowing account of the Yosemite National Park, describing its natural beauties and wonders, especially the remarkable glacial phenomena visible there, which record picturesquely and unerringly the history of tens of thousands of years of development of the globe.

Kindness—"Why did you laugh at that joke?" "Well, I expect to be old myself, sometime."—Washington Star.

The Sultan of Turkey has just built at Mecca the biggest house in the world. It is intended for the accommodation of pilgrims, and is capable of sheltering 6,000 persons. The next biggest house in the world is in a suburb of Vienna. It accommodates 2,112 tenants.

A ventilated shoe has been invented in Cologne, Prussia. A steel spring works a bellows between the heel and sole, and every step the wearer takes drives a stream of fresh air through perforations in the inner sole, to every part of the foot.



THE VASSAR GIRL AT HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

Well, yes, perhaps men may be accused of possessing these shortcomings of character, and yet you know that all of us like best the people who are contented with—contented with ourselves and the world at large, but ourselves particularly.

Now, I know that the Young Bachelor admires brilliant women, and far be it from me to say that they are not worth admiring, but I do so much want to encourage the commonplace girl, and where is the harm of my telling her the nice things that I think of her and the nice things you have said of her?

The brilliant and unusual girl gets more than her meed of praise, but we just go on loving the commonplace girl for the nice little part she plays in life and seldom think of telling her

may have an ideal, but we are all quite conscious that in some way, as time has passed on into eternity and Mother Eve's daughters have lived and loved and worked and smiled, a standard has been fixed. To sink below it is sadly disappointing to those who look for all that is best in womanhood; to rise above it puts one in the ranks of the unusual. Our greatness or our inferiority, as men and women, only stands out prominently because there is a standard.

The commonplace man enters into the daily routine of business, stands next to all its demands, accepts in his efforts because he is not above putting his shoulder to the wheel of commonplace things. Maybe when the day comes that he finds himself at the

being misled. This she has honestly confessed, and so I know I am reading aright what her regretful sighs mean.

But have you noticed that the commonplace girl almost invariably "wears well"? This cannot always be said of the girl with dazzling brilliancy or the genius that takes one "soaring," as the Young Bachelor claims she frequently does. To be quite honest, one must agree with the Young Bachelor that it is often somewhat of a trial to follow one into the clouds. One is apt to come down to earth with a very dull thud if one is not oneself a genius. And this thud is not at all flattering to the good self-opinion of other men or women.

I have a bit of sympathy in my heart for the geniuses, to be sure, for geniuses are likewise; they must so often soar

there is a chance that at any moment it may bump against something in its track and all of us go whirling goodness knows where. The commonplace young business man who has just purchased a nice piece of real estate whereon he will one day build a home for his bride would much rather think of that lot being a real fixed and substantial thing than to fancy the likelihood of its sliding off into space at a moment's notice. And if I were his sweetheart I would just be commonplace enough to talk for hours with him about the commonplace business affairs that occupy his time and never once care that he did not "follow" me into the fairy realms of genius, even if I could go there myself.

Somehow the commonplace girl's frocks always look very neat and dainty. She knows that she cannot afford to be dowdy in dress, because she is just an ordinary mortal.

MARGARET HANNIS.

Gloss for Shirt Fronts.

Pound two ounces of fine white gum-arabic to powder, put it in a pitcher and pour over it one pint of boiling water. Cover and let it sit all night. Carefully pour from the dregs into a clean bottle. Cork and keep for use. One tablespoonful stirred into a pint of starch produces a lovely gloss on linen and is quite harmless to the material.

Man is not a candle that burns out, but a lamp that God refills.