

Some men are born diplomats; others talk too much.

The D. F. S. (Daughters of Football Survivors) will be meeting in 1925.

It is also a wise hypnotist who knows whether his subject is dead or not.

Railroads soon to be learning how to divide and subtract, as well as add and multiply.

Kansas reports 2,000 babies short this year. All other crops were up to the average, however.

Next to fighting for his life a normal man will make his hardest struggle to keep out of jail.

Having unquestioned supremacy on land, sea and in the air, Uncle Sam is perplexed to know what next to tackle.

Scientists say the male hair turns gray eight years sooner than the female. Possibly forgotten birthdays vitiate the figures.

It would be unfair to blame the bookworm for all the laziness in the world. Much of it is shiftlessness for which there is no cure.

A Texas man has named his twins Cook and Peary. When they get older they can have interesting arguments as to which one discovered the world first.

The day will soon come when the aeroplane and the dirigible balloon will have a commercial value in time of peace as well as a strategic value in time of war.

American find themselves irresistibly drawn toward games of chance whether it be a land drawing, a turkey raffle or a bridge whist tournament where the prize is a nut cracker or a souvenir spoon.

Astronomers are quarreling about the craters on the moon, and two of the poets are threatening to fight a duel because one of them said a certain unnamed woman had a serpent's tongue. Isn't it awful, Mabel?

It is a popular impression—among men and boys—that a woman cannot throw a stone, but in a recent contest held under the patronage of a Western newspaper, the winner, a girl of 18, threw a base ball more than 209 feet.

A Texas town under the local option law voted for license, but the wide-awake prohibitionists applied for and obtained all the licenses allowed by law—and then refused to open any saloons. The Scripture which commends the wisdom of the serpent has evidently been read to some purpose in Texas.

A new consultant dressmaker advises that a woman have a dress for every mood. When she is feeling depressed, she should wear her gayest gown. The difficulty seems to be that when she got into her glad rag she would be so ungovernably exultant that it would be necessary immediately to change to something quiet, and thus the victim of moods would be forever changing. The male idea of trimming the coat-cuffs with the shears and letting it go at that, has its advantages.

Boston has just raised, by popular subscription, a half million dollars for a new Young Men's Christian Association building. Among all the contributions none is more interesting than that of a woman too poor to give anything in money. She supports herself by making little twine boxes, which she sells from door to door. To help the fund she sent seven of the boxes, with a letter apologizing for the smallness of the gift, but expressing the hope that it might bring in a dollar or two. The story of the humble gift was told at a public meeting, and the boxes were put up at auction. They sold for one hundred and thirty-two dollars—a sum greater than that contributed by many well-to-do givers.

For the fiscal year on which the adjutant general of the army has recently made report the number of desertions is placed at the astonishing figure of 4,992, or 4.97 per cent of the entire enlisted force. This is an increase of 38 per cent over the desertions of the year before. As to the causes of this remarkable defection from the ranks, Adjutant General Alsworth assigns the abolition of the canteen, the monotony of garrison life, the increased amount of work and study demanded of the soldier, and the ease with which remunerative employment can be obtained in civil life at the present time. All of these causes have been attributed before to army desertions, and undoubtedly each contributes to the dissatisfaction of the enlisted private. The restoration of the canteen would meet with strong opposition, and it is doubtful if efforts in that direction would succeed at the present time. One would think that the additional work and study complained of would destroy the monotony of garrison life. With the rewards which certainly await efficiency and intelligence even in the ranks, garrison monotony should be appreciably diminished. Dull times in trade and business increase enlistments, and when prosperous seasons return to the country the enlisted men naturally long for the freedom and opportunities of civil life. Monotony, we should say, is the worst enemy of the soldier in times of peace, but it would seem as though the War Department might easily devise means to overcome this and make the enlisted man more contented with his condition.

It is now a banker who takes his sting at the colleges, charging them

with inefficiency in preparing young men for business life. In an address before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, J. G. Cannon deplored the "surprising lack" of business training available for college students to enable them to meet the conditions of "what is essentially a business nation," and declared that in this particular "American colleges are one hundred years behind the times." Is there any side on which the colleges have been left unassailed? Their morals, the encouragement they give to extravagance; football, fraternity life, the endeavor of institutions with old-fashioned ideals to cling to a classical curriculum, have been attacked. College presidents themselves have denounced the failure of colleges to conform to "modern demands." But the muck-raking of the higher education takes a curious form in the indictment of its shortcomings in preparing young men for banks and brokers' offices. Is this the function of colleges? If it is, the stoner campuses are established in Wall street and in the great industrial centers the better for the quality of instruction. The necessity will then be indicated of including corporation presidents and chairmen of boards in the faculty. But in a larger sense the opinion that American colleges do not prepare for business careers is controverted by the testimony of competent foreign observers who have noted that business life in America, on account of the large element of college men represented in it, is now on a higher plane than in any other country. The colleges may not equip students for positions in offices or mills, but they do provide that broader foundation for future prominence in commercial affairs the evidences of which are on every hand. It is not without significance that industry in America has attained its highest development at the very time when the participation of college-educated men in business is greatest.

EMBARASSING POPULARITY

An amusing result of the popularity of Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate, is recorded in a recent book by Edward Gilliat, M. A., entitled "Heroes of Modern Crusades." Father Mathew had arrived in the dusk of the evening at the house of a parish priest in a remote part of Galway. His host conducted him to a room on the ground floor, in which was a large bay window without blind or curtain.

No sooner was Father Mathew in bed than he turned his face to the wall and fell into a deep slumber. Awakening, as usual, at an early hour in the morning, he opened his eyes, repeated a prayer, and turned toward the window. What was his dismay to see a crowd of people of both sexes and all ages standing tiptoe in front of the big bay window, some even flattening their noses against the glass, all eager to get a peep at his reverence.

A more modest man than he did not exist, and great was his embarrassment. He looked round furtively for a bell rope, but such a luxury was not to be thought of in a priest's house in Galway! He dare not even put a leg out to stamp on the floor; he was fairly in prison between the blankets.

The crowd was growing larger and the talk louder. He could hear bits, such as: "Do you see him, Mary, asthore?" "Danny, agra, lave me take a look, an' God bless ye, child!" "Oh, wisha, there's the blessed priest abed!" "Mammy, there he lies, a-noozin! I can see his poll!"

Three mortal hours did the prisoner wish for deliverance. Then his host came tapping, afraid to disturb his guest too early, saw the boys at gaze, and sent Pat to clear them off the house front.

MME. STEINHIL'S ESCAPE.

Conservative Paris Believes That Justice Has Been Defeated.

Despite the popularity of the verdict which freed Mme. Katharine Steinhil of the charge of murdering her husband and mother, there are not a few among the conservative element of Paris society who believe that justice has been cheated by the suppression of evidence for "reasons of state."

The court scrupulously excluded all evidence pertaining to the dashing career of the "Red Widow" from the time she made her debut in Paris bohemian society and became the acknowledged queen. It is known that among her worshippers were men famous in every walk of life. There is also no longer any question that President Faure died in her house, and to this day the circumstances of the demise are veiled in mystery.

The journalists who attended the famous trial noticed particularly that whenever the inquisition on the part of the prosecutor or judge became too dangerous for the safety of the defense, the woman accused uttered threats of making disclosures that would stir a hornet's nest in French politics, and despite the apparent defiance of the judge that she do so, the inquisition was gradually mollified.

Is Your Ideal Husband the Man Who Helps or the Good Provider?



The Ideal Husband—What is he? The man who helps as well as provides? In the opinion of the Denver News it's not living for Mr. Husband to dig out a living at his office all day long and then come home cheerful and smiling. It is also up to him to come home and be glad to go into the kitchen

after dinner, take a towel and help with the dishes. The really Ideal Husband, if there is such a thing beneath the moon, is the man who willingly dips into the household cares after his own have been piously holed in his office, and not the selfish, velvet-slippered, smoking-jacketed den dweller who smokes from his dinner to his cigar and forgets that wife is splashing about in a dish pan.

Another woman, who's got wind of the idea of Maggie Shand, Barrie's most winsome and illuminating heroine, says she will find the ideal husband when she can find a man who is willing and will laugh at himself. "The man who will laugh at himself," asserts Barrie through Maggie's lips, "claims relation to the woman who was made, not out of man's rib but out of his funny bone—and therefore may be counted on to keep the world and his home a sweet and wholesome place." What woman wouldn't go miles to find such a partner? For as sure as the sun does shine he would be a real soul mate. Therefore it is the duty of husbands, if they would be counted among the ideals of a woman, to be helpful; to be laughers, and to share—not to dominate.

The ideal husband would never for a moment imagine or demand that his ideal wife should not aim higher than mere success in the culinary depart-



ment, for if a man truly loves a woman a weight in his digestive apparatus will not affect the lightness of his cardinal region, according to the word of a masculine troubling over the ideal Wife-Husband controversy. One lady advertises most frankly for a gentleman "who looks like a sport," which would seem to be doing away with the domestic idea.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Youth takes its joy from hopeful dreams. Of future prizes to be won. Of voyages on unknown streams. In realms beyond the rising sun.

But Age, reflective Age, delights 'E'en in the twilight's dying rays In turning to the joyous sights Of forgotten Yesterdays.

I know not which more joy imparts, Which hath the sweeter taste, the dawn That tells of Hope in youthful hearts, Or tender memories of age. —John Kendrick Bangs in Success Magazine.

The Author's Wife

The spacious drawing room presented an animated appearance. "Who's that speaking to our hostess?" asked one of the guests of a friend.

"My dear fellow, moderate your curiosity. She's only an ordinary woman, though she may seem rather attractive to you. I've known other people the same way about her."

The two men approached as the woman moved in the direction of a window recess. She had not quite reached it, however, when hearing her name, "Elsie," she turned to be confronted by the men.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Ward," said one. "You'll find him very interesting on anything and everything connected with numismatics. He could tell a Caesar ha'penny from a Victoria one with his eyes shut." And with the slight grin that accompanied this attempt at wit the speaker bowed himself off.

"Madam, I beg you won't think it too ridiculous, but it's scarcely my fault. Mr. Molloy certainly introduced us in a sort of way, but he unfortunately neglected your name."

"How stupid of him. I thought you knew. I'm Mrs. Molloy."

This was the unexpected with a vengeance, and it was some time before Ward got the better of it.

"I really must beg your pardon. I ought to have known better."

"Not at all."

A very handsome girl who had just entered and was chatting animatedly with Molloy near the other end of the room brought the pair in the window abruptly to a topic that was for the time being one of the latest novel from the pen of Edgar Molloy, and the girl now standing at his side was the original of his heroine.

"You know Miss Lascelles, of course?" said Ward.

"Just enough to be aware of her identity."

"Indeed!" Ward raised his eyebrows; "I thought perhaps, considering the circumstances, you would have met often."

"Do you know Miss Lascelles?" was the remark by which she shut down the other's curiosity.

"Oh, yes, very well," he replied. "I believe I was the first man she got to know this side of the Atlantic. It was I who introduced her to your husband."

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

"Why won't my folks remember to address my letters as I've told them to? I've written repeatedly to tell them how my mail gets all mixed up with that of those Cartrights in the village, and yet they forget!"

Thereupon Miss Cartright sat down at her desk and wrote several emphatic postal cards—being quite at the end of patience, and having had trouble with her mail ever since she rented this place north of Croton.

A few days later she received the following letter from her favorite nephew, Bob:

Dear Aunt Betty. Having had from you a Roasting, Furious, Dictatorial communication, I—a youth ordinarily Radiant, Facetious, Debonair—have suddenly become Rueful, Frustrated, Despondent.

After Ransacking Forty Dictionaries in vain search for light on the cryptic signs, I nevertheless bow meekly to your stern command—at least I do on the inside of the letter, as you can see for yourself. But to a Rational Fellow, Deliberating profoundly, only one way, alas! suggests itself of working 'em in on the outside.

You yourself brought me up to third after Reasons For Doctrines, so, for goodness' sake, let me know by return mail why on earth you insist upon my inscribing cabalistic initials on your mail matter.

Yours, Robert—Flabbergasted but devoted still.

Turning hastily to examine Bob's envelope, Miss Cartright saw why the postman had been so "queer" this morning. He had handed out her mail, his face all in a broad grin, and had remarked, as he drove off, "I s'pose the original old Rural Free Delivery puts up here, don't he?"

Bob's letter was addressed to Miss Elizabeth Cartright—"In care of the Hon. R. F. D., Esq."

SCOTCH TEACHER LAUDS WEST.

Miss Bremmer Says Women Are Capable and Climate Is Ideal.

Kate F. Bremmer, "Infants' mistress," Albion road school, Edinburgh, Scotland, was one of the teachers from Great Britain sent to the United States by Alfred Mosley a couple of years ago. She was in Omaha, among other cities, and has sent to Superintendent Davidson's office a little pamphlet containing her impression of "the states," the Omaha Bee says.

"Rumors of the open-hearted kindness and hospitality of the American in his own country had reached me before I crossed the Atlantic. Rumor in this case fell far short of reality. The courtesy and consideration which met me wherever I went, in Canada or in America, made my visit an experience of such pleasure and profit as is a joy and inspiration even in remembrance."

Of her observations in this section, which speaks of as "out West," the Scotch teacher says:

"I found many most capable women principals and came to the conclusion that pioneer life, where men and women were comrades and colleagues, had engendered a certain type of colonial woman of broad outlook, large-heartedness and sound judgment, ready to fill any position of power with a capacity for rule which is not so generally characteristic of the women at home, because here, until comparatively lately, she never had an opportunity to map out her own career and take her chance alongside of her more fortunate brother. What she will become in a generation or two at the present rate of enfranchisement remains to be seen."

The grand climate of the West also made a distinct hit with Miss Bremmer, for she grows eloquent over it in several places, at one point is felt in the irrepressible optimism of the American people, who carry to their work the enthusiasm and strenuousness with which we also feel endowed when rejoicing in the glory of a day of sunshine and clear air."

How He Knew the Time.

"Lady," said the ragged individual at the door, "I'm a clock repairer. If yer clock runs fast or slow I kin fix it. It's jist 12:30 now."

"How do you know it is?" asked the housekeeper.

"Cause I always git hungry at 12:30."—Philadelphia Press.

Jests from the Jokesmiths

His Luck. "Why so glum to-day, Herr Professor?"

"Last time I walked through the forest the wasps bothered me frightfully. To-day I took my new wasp poison along and not a single one came near me."—Lachend's Jahrbuch.

An Eye to Profit. "My wife says she would rather go to cooking school than play bridge whist," said one man.

"So would mine," replied the other. "But I'd rather have her play bridge." "Is she a poor cook?" "No, but she's a good bridge player."—Washington Star.

A Long Wait. Golfer—The day I get round these links in under a hundred, I'll give you a shilling, Sandy!

Caddie—How will I want it when I'm drawin' me auld-age pension?—Punch.

Not Yet "Finished."



"Is your daughter a finished musician?" "Not yet. You see, the neighbors haven't dared to carry out their threats."

Pleasing Mother. Daughter—So, mamma, you desire me to marry Mr. Baldhead. I simply detest him; he's a perfect idiot; it would take too long to enumerate all his faults.

Mother—Very well, my dear; you'll be able to tell him all that when you are married.—Pele Mele.

His Chief Aim. "What will be your chief aim, now you are in Congress?" asked the interviewer.

"To stay there," answered the laconic young statesman.—Exchange.

A Proud Prerogative. "When can a boy be said to have arrived at man's estate?"

"When he begins giving his old clothes to his father."—Kansas City Journal.

Mush. "And what did you say you call this room?"

"The mushroom."

"What a queer name for a parlor!" "Yes; but appropriate; my seven sisters became engaged in this room."—Houston Post.

Definition. "How do you define 'black as your hat'?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils.

"Darkness that may be felt," replied the budding genius.—Columbia Jester.

A Novel Eruption. "I want to get a good novel to read on the train—something pathetic."

"Let me see. How would 'The Last Days of Pompeii' do?" "Pompell? I never heard of him. What did he die of?"

"I'm not quite sure, ma'am, some kind of eruption, I've heard."—Ideas.

Neighbory. "So you don't like that crowing rooster?"

"I haven't anything against the rooster personally. But every time he crows he reminds me that I don't like the people he belongs to."—Washington Star.

One Wish Unfulfilled. Wife—You promised that if I would marry you my every wish would be gratified.

Husband—Well, isn't it? Wife—No; I wish I hadn't married you.—Illustrated Bits.

Qualified Admiration. "How do you like my hair, Jane?" "Pretty well. But you can get better puffs than those at the store round the corner for 12 cents."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Better Not Said. Mrs. Myles—I must go now. Mrs. Styles—Oh, really, must you? "Yes, really."

"Well, I'll come down and see you out."

"Oh, you needn't put yourself to that trouble, Mrs. Styles. I can find my way out."

"Oh, it's no trouble, I assure you, Mrs. Myles. I shall be delighted to see you out!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Slight Mistake. Old lady (to druggist)—I want a box of canine pills.

Druggist—What's the matter with the dog?

Old lady (indignantly)—I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman!

The druggist put up some quinine pills in profound silence.—Leslie's Monthly.

The Highest Tribunal. Cheerless Chauncey—I tol' de loidy who owned dese tools dat I wuz once admitted to practice at de bar.

Drowsy Dan—What's dat you're sayin'?

Cheerless Chauncey—An' she asked me if I ever practiced at a bar o' soap.—Exchange.

Didn't Pay. "So you don't think advertising pays?"

"Nope; I advertised for a wife once."

"And failed to get one?" "Nope, got one."—Houston Post.

The Reason. "Ah, well, wealth does not bring happiness!"

"Then why not give your wealth to me?"

"I think too much of you to want you to be unhappy."—Houston Post.

Varied Formula. "Did he tell the whole truth?"

"Practically. He told the truth with a hole just large enough for him to crawl out of it."—Puck.

Show Pleased. Photographer—Look pleasant, please, Customer—One moment, then; I must take off these new shoes.—Flegende Blatter.

No Chance to Learn. Master—You should bring the glass of water on a tray; you learned very bad habits in your last place.

Servant—They never drank water.—Flegende Blatter.

Arrived at a Conclusion. "My husband is the biggest talker you ever heard," began the new acquaintance.

"Oh, I'm so glad," said the other lady who had been introduced; "my husband is a barber, too."—St. Louis Star.

Making Him Pay. "I say," said the messenger boy, "that near-sighted man in 496 just fell over a broom and spilled a pail of water on himself."

"Take him up a towel," said the hotel manager, "and charge him for one bath."—Tit-Bits.

The Candidate. "I hear he made his canvass in a touring car."

"Yes; he went around in a 1907 model." "And it was shrewd campaigning. He caught the old-fashioned vote."—Kansas City Journal.

Tommy's Only Reason. "You wouldn't be cruel enough to shoot a harmless little bird with a big gun, would you?" asked the kind lady.

"Naw," answered Tommy Tuffnut, "I kin hit 'em easier with a slingshot."—St. Louis Star.

Her Ambition. Mary Ann had been Mrs. Gunther's cook and had left her service to marry Pat Mahone. A year later Mrs. Gunther heard that Mary Ann had not only become a widow, but was for the second time a joyful bride. It was therefore with a sense of shock and surprise that she met her former handmaid in the street one day clad in the deepest and darkest of widow's weeds.

"Why, Mary Ann!" exclaimed the lady. "I am sorry to see this—I thought that you were happily married again."

"'Tis true, I am," responded Mary Ann with a great cheerfulness, "and me present husband is a fine man. But you see 'twas this way: When Pat died, I couldn't, but I says to myself, if ever I can I will—and now I am!"

The Wish to Scatter Joy. There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy around us.—Emerson.

Every time a man falls to make good he invents a new excuse.