

AMERICAN BEAUTY. M. Paul Hellen of Paris, whose head...

The court of appeals of New York in Gillespie vs. Brooklyn Heights railroad company...

Lord Methuen, the British field marshal, delivered in London recently an address against the use of tobacco by women.

The surplus of women in Great Britain is in the proportion of 1,029 unmarried females to 1,000 unmarried males...

The certainty of a new age development is manifested in two recent examples, that of an actress in New York who refused to give out details of her divorce action...

Ignorance underlies many of the big losses of life. A stray dog in West Virginia stole a purse and chewed up over a hundred dollars in bills...

A Paris correspondent notes that at a recent ball a young woman suddenly dismissed her dancing partner at a signal from her mother.

Western man says that inhaling a little cement dust will cure hay fever. He told the newspapers the story of his relief...

A man who had to be "sliced" a second time because a sponge was left behind has sued for \$50,000. The vaudeville stage suggestion of hooks and eyes recurs.

IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS BY WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building...

It often seems that the style or appearance of the house doesn't make so much difference as the site on which it is built.

Then for every one of this kind there is one of the other sort to keep the balance, probably. Every town has them—the house is large and pompous, quite an architectural creation in fact...

The experienced home builder will always, if possible, select a rough and wooded site; if it is slightly hilly so much the better.

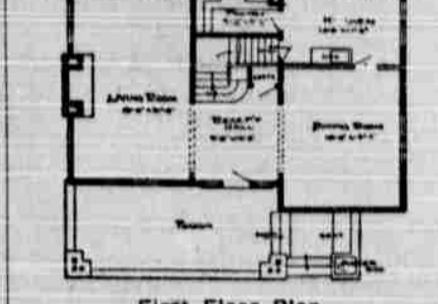
Lord Methuen, the British field marshal, delivered in London recently an address against the use of tobacco by women.



6065x

tion and success of the project is also greater and the attractiveness of the place increases as the years go by...

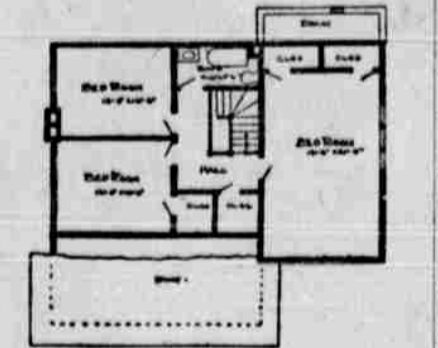
A distinctive feature of this design is the use of cobble stones in the large chimney and fire place. These could also be employed very effectively for the foundation of the building.



should be rather large and laid at random, not in rows, and should fit together closely, so that few of the mortar joints are more than one-half inch thick.

A Paris correspondent notes that at a recent ball a young woman suddenly dismissed her dancing partner at a signal from her mother.

There is a large central hall, with a living room occupying the entire space at the left, while the dining room with the kitchen back of it is at the right.



Second Floor Plan.

is estimated at \$4,000 including a good grade of plumbing and lighting and first class basement heating plant.

EATABLES MANY AND VARIED What One Race Looks Upon With Loathing May Be Considered a Delicacy by Others.

It is a fact that grasshoppers from an early time were regarded as a favorite food by the Israelites. They were called under the more familiar name locust, which resembles the grasshopper so closely that in modern times they would have, passed for one.

The favorite way of preparing them was to crush them with wine or boil them in hot water and dry them in the sun. They formed a salad course of many a famous dinner in the old, old days.

In Africa, even in modern times, ants are considered the most delicious form of food. One prominent English historian quotes having received as a present 20 baskets of ants pounded into a paste.

Chinese eat roasted dogs, as do many Russians and our Sioux Indians. A century ago dogs were favorite meat with our Louisiana darkies.

Catching Fish With Dynamite. In many countries of the east where fish is the staple article of diet it is caught in large quantities with the help of dynamite.

Kept Scholars at Work. In Scotland up to the middle of the eighteenth century, the usual school hours were from 6 a. m. till 6 p. m., with two breaks of an hour each.

Bed Divided Against Itself. Tom—Mother, Jack's got half the bed! Mother—Well, you take the other half.

Seeking Light. Ikey—Fader, why is dis socialism? Fader—It's robbery, dot's vot it is—robbery!

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Philadelphia Rooster Defies Mandate of Court



Wister said she was in sympathy with his efforts, and that, since all roosters are a nuisance in a thickly settled community, the court is right in directing the owner to either put a muffler on the chicken or send him to the country for the summer.

If the rooster crows after Mr. Tull is served with the injunction he may be held in contempt of court. Mr. Wildermuth says he will see that the papers are properly presented, and that he will back up his determination to put the rooster out of business by having a court officer take Mr. Tull into custody as soon as the injunction is violated.

Umpity Boom! Boom! Then the Turtle Let Go

NEW YORK—Any boy from the west, where creek is just plain "creek," and where turtles are as thick as June bugs, could have told Daniel Holmes that the bow end of a snapping turtle is no place to loaf around, especially when the weather's clear.



Daniel comes from Coney Island, though, and anybody'll tell you they know more about soft shell crabs down there than they do about snapping turtles, Coney Island being a snapping turtle's idea of no kind of a place to inhabit.

Be that as it may, however, there arrived at Frederick Breneck's fish market at West First street and Sheephead bay road, Coney Island, two of the biggest man-eating turtles Coney ever saw. One weighed 380 pounds and the other 266.

Boy Dresses Up as Girl "So He Can Be Good"



CHICAGO—Nobody wants Roy Wisebaum, seven years old. Even the Jewish Home for the Friendless, East Fifty-third and Ellis avenue, went back on him the other day.

The superintendent says Roy is incorrigible. Roy got to thinking over his past deeds and decided to reform. There was no use running away because everyone knew "that Roy Wisebaum."

"Say-When John" Is Sure One Lucky Fisherman

CLEVELAND, O.—Is there anybody who lost a watch in Rocky river at 12 minutes after 3 o'clock?



"Say-When John," Nelse Peterson's trusty lieutenant on the Cleveland Yacht club's island at the mouth of the river, is asking that question of everybody he meets on Billy White's corner, "up the hill."

Too Trying. "Then you don't like these afternoon teas?" "Too rough on the nerves. Here's the situation: I gotta hold a sandwich in my mouth, a plate of cake in one hand, a cup of tea in the other, and nothing to set anything on but a grand piano."

Missionary (to cannibal)—"What makes your chief so talkative today?" Cannibal—"Oh, he ate a couple of barbers this morning."—Minnesota Mine-Ha-Ha.

The SUITORS OF Mrs. MERRIWID BY KENNETH HARRIS



MELISSA INCLINES TO OCCASIONAL AGREEMENT.

Mrs. Merriwid pushed up the right sleeve of her loose dressing robe and flexed the biceps of her beautifully rounded arm after the most approved method, frowning as she did so.

"Can't you take exercises without buying a suit for it?" asked Aunt Jane, who had an idea of economy.

"You mean disgracefully, I think," said Aunt Jane. "No, I don't think it would be a nice way to enter a room."

Mrs. Merriwid puckered her lips and emitted a low, melodious whistle. "Well, it's quite evident you don't approve," she remarked. "We'll have the subject of athletics, then, I suppose. But please tell me, dear auntie, that you believe in a woman having a certain degree of freedom. You don't consider, do you, that she should be tied and trammelled by the obsolete conventions that have narrowed and cramped her for countless ages?"



Flexed the Biceps of Her Beautifully Rounded Arm.

"If you are alluding to—or to—corsets, I must say that I consider them both proper and necessary," Aunt Jane answered. "Tight lacing is one thing, and an adequate support that gives trimness to the figure and discourages the indecorous habit of lounging is another."

"Do you think a woman should smoke if she wants to?" asked Mrs. Merriwid. "Where you go again?" said Aunt Jane. "I feel sure you don't," declared her niece. "As a matter of fact, you disagree with me."

"Perhaps not so much as that cigarette did," Aunt Jane retorted. "It was my first attempt," said Mrs. Merriwid. "The next time I shall not find it so unpleasant, and after that I shall begin to derive enjoyment from the practice. You'll see."

"I won't," said Aunt Jane emphatically. "The next time it happens, I shall pack my trunk and go back to New York on the first train. There are some things, Melissa, that I will not countenance even in you."

"A good many things," said Mrs. Merriwid, pouting. "You certainly don't approve of much that I do or much that I think. You don't like my new shoes."

"The heels are positively absurd," Aunt Jane declared. "You don't like my Easter lily gown or what I said to Hilda when she burned the chops this morning?"

"Do you think, yourself, you were justified in what you said?" "I think those chops would have justified anything," said Mrs. Merriwid. "I ought to have thrown them at her. I suppose you don't approve of that."

her relative in a close embrace and waltzed her to the end of the room and back. Then she let her go and began to laugh.

"Well, I'm sure!" said Aunt Jane, setting her hair straight. "You darling! How refreshing you are!" cried Mrs. Merriwid. "You're shade in the desert and claret lemonade to the parched throat. You're the best ever. And I had such a sickly session with Mr. Jesso last night. Auntie, dear, do you suppose there's anything more awful in the world than a kindred spirit?"

"I hardly understand you, my dear," replied Aunt Jane. "Mr. Jesso opines that he and I are kindred spirits," explained Mrs. Merriwid. "He bases his opinion on his ideas and convictions that I have. He looks at everything in the same way. He would sympathize with me perfectly if I wanted to walk into a room on my hands. He would walk on his hands by my side if he had a chance—or throw some saults—or fits. He wouldn't disapprove of my smoking. He'd lend me his pipe like the gentleman in Mr. Wells' books. He has my ideas on politics and my ideas of religion and high-heeled shoes, and if we were married, our companionship would be so perfect that we would neither of us need to say a single word. We'd just think and then nod our heads at each other. No friction, no argument, no rows and no making up again."

"It would be a peaceful existence," said Aunt Jane. "It would be the very next thing to the silent tomb—if it lasted; but to get right down to brass tacks, it seldom does last," said Mrs. Merriwid. "Spirits that are too kindred for any use before marriage soon meet, like strangers, afterwards, and you can't tell beforehand what form of disagree-

ment you have to depend on to while away the dragging hours. It's as important for married people to disagree upon the right things as it is for them to agree properly. You paste that inside your best hat, dearie. The great thing is to learn to tolerate and even enjoy the stupidity, childishness, weakness, narrowness and blindness of your mate, and prefer them to the wisdom, liberality and insight of anybody else on earth. That makes the happy marriage, auntie."

"Well, I suppose you think you know, but in my opinion you are totally and willfully mistaken," said Aunt Jane. (Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Beet and Cane Sugar.

Even a chemist, surrounded with all his scientific laboratory equipment, cannot distinguish beet sugar from the cane product. Although derived from different species of plants, the refined product from the juice of the cane and beet is the same in composition, in sweetening power, in diastetic effect, in chemical reaction, in all other respects. Furthermore, if mangle sugar were reboiled and passed through the process of refining, it would lose its aroma and flavor, which are wholly in the impurities, and the white crystals would be identical with those derived from sugarcane and sugar-beets. Pure sugar, whether derived from beet or cane, is as identical as is pure gold, whether mined in the Rocky mountains or in the Transvaal.

Consistent Dentist.

The Dentist—You have very good teeth, madam. How have you preserved them so well? The Victim in the Chair—Ugh! "I say, what do you use on your teeth?" "Ugh, Ugh!" "When were they last filled?" "Ugh!" "It doesn't hurt you, does it?" "Ugh! Ugh!" "Madam, if you don't keep your mouth shut, I'll never be able to fill this tooth!"

A Young Diplomat.

"Gordon, go to bed this minute!" commanded Gordon's mother. "Now, I won't!" declared Gordon. "What? Is that the way to speak to your mother?" "I beg your pardon, mother, I meant to say, 'No, ma'am. I don't intend to'."