SYNOPSIS

Congressman Standish and the Woman, believing themselves in love, spend a trial week as man and wife in a hotel in morthern New York under assumed names. The Woman awakens to the fact that she does not love Standish and calls their engagement off. Standish protests undying devotion. Wanda Kelly, telephone girl at the Hotel Keswick, Washington, is loved by Tom Blake, son of the political boss of the house. He proposes marriage and is refused. She gives as one of the reasons her determination to get revenge on Jim Blake for ruining her father. Congressman Frank E. Kelly. Congressman Standish, turned insurgent, is fighting the Mullins bill, a measure in the interests of the rallroads. The machine is seeking means to discredit Standish in the hope of pushing the bill through. Robertson, son-in-law of Jim Blake and the latteg's candidate for speaker of the house, tries to win Standish over, and failing, threatens to dig into his past. Jim Blake finds out about the episode of five years back at the northern New York hotel. He secures all the facts except the name of the Woman and proposes to use the story as a club to force Standish to allow the Mullins bill

CHAPTER VI.-Continued.

of a face had not changed. But the why don't you go over to them?" pupils of the half-shut eyes had sudonly contracted as though a blinding light had been flashed before them. Yet, a second later, when Blake spoke again, there was no trace of pain or

"How about the way Standish dragged up that franchise affair of mine last year? What was that but blackmail?" "Well," demanded Tom, in the stark stealing the franchise, weren't you.

"Yes," asserted Blake with a de lightful absence of all false modesty, "I sure was. And I was doing it neatly, too. Not a ripple, not a kick, till Standish butted in with his measly reformers and queered the whole job Son, every time I think of that, I want supposed to be. to chase some one with an ax. I don't lie awake nights thinking how cunning our friend Standish would look seaweed in his hair and sand unmy heart to have a chance now of getting back at him."

But," persisted Tom, "that was a public matter. It doesn't justify you in dragging his private life into the

"The deuce it doesn't? Who told

'No, dad, if you want truth, it

doesn't. It isn't-clean!" "Clean? Say, son, this is

Not a prayer-meeting. You've got in the wrong pew."

"If the right pew justifies dirty work like that," flashed the boy, "I'm elad I have. And I want to stay there. This business of making political cap-ital of a man's dead-and-buried sins is enough to turn the stomach of a to talking politics at dinner-" camel. A thousand times more so

when one considers the Woman." Well," queried Blake, in high good could stir up a quarrel between his red only son and himself. "What

"Everything. She made a fool of Presumably when she was She has probably repented bitterly, ten thousand times. She and children. And, just to pass a rot- a minor matter like his wife out of his en railroad bill, you are going to drag thoughts." her out into the glare of the newspa-

children's name. You are-" "Excuse me, son," interrupted Blake. "But I'm not doing a single one of old Mark. Grace is the one thing that those terribly dramatic things. Standish is doing it-or, rather, he order for me." has done it. Not I. Catch the idea? ish took the lady on that little lefthanded wedding trip, five years ago kindly connect me with the hotel of-in March, he rendered her liable to all fice?" that and worse. A man doesn't think He sprawled into a vacant seat at of such things at the time. Neither her side, caught up the extra receiver does a woman, I guess. This one and called: sure didn't, or she'd never have thrown over her one hope of safety

"Listen, dad," returned Tom, choking back a hot answer. "Ever since

ed hard for the party, because I felt Then he said: I was working for you. But-wellthis time I'd rather be working for the other side. Because I believe they're right and we are wrong." "Well, then," blazed his father, in dry gust of unwonted wrath, "why don't you work for the other side? Go ahead! It's no great loss to us." "You know perfectly well why

about politics. But I've stood with

don't. It's because you are on this side-the wrong side just now." "Go over to them!" snapped Blake,

his rare anger still unspent. "They'd be glad enough to get you. Not that you'd be worth a hoot in hell to them in actual value. But the fact that you're the worthy son of your unworthy blackmailing father would make you welcome. Go ahead! Lord. but I wonder what I ever did in the old days to be punished by having a Then he paused. The rugged mask canting reformer for a son! Well

"Just as you say," answered Tom with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders. "Good night."

"Where are you off to, now?" grunted Blake indifferently, albeit resentment in his dry drawling voice. there was a glint of wistfulness in the "Blacknafi?" he said once more, half-shut, steely old eyes. "To the club. To dinner." said Tom moving away.

"To the club, hey?" growled Blake detaining him. "Huh! Afraid it'll mercilessness of youth, "you were hurt your spotless reputation to be seen dining here with a 'blackmailer?"

"You have a positive genius for choosing the rottenest, most disagreeable thing to say," remarked Tom; and there was a note of hurt in his voice that somehow reached the farhidden and tortuous recesses where and cost us a half million dollars. Jim Blake's battered old heart was

"Well," vouchsafed the father grumpily, "maybe that was just a trifle swift. Look here, lad," he went on, a soft, almost tender tone creeping into der his nails. But I keep that franchise memory and a few others fresh on the ice. And it sure doesn't break on the ice. And it sure doesn't break on the ice. And you may as well you've got. And you may as well make the best of it."

"You're the only father I want, dad But-"

"There! There!" hastily admonish ed Blake. "Don't go spoiling it with buts!' You know what you are to me, boy. I guess I don't need to get mush headed and try to tell you. And-and," "My self-respect."

"Oh! I thought maybe you might tenderness under a cloud of made-tohave got the tip from some reliable order impatience, "that's why I hate source. Go ahead, son. Doesn't justi- to see you loading up your alleged brain with these fool ideas about-" "Let it go at that, dad," laughed

"Oh, all right. I will, if you like, And you'll stay to dinner?" "Why, of course," quickly assented

"That's better," approved Blake. "Now, run in and start with Mark. I'll be with you in a minute or two. And-say-if Mark and I should get

"Don't worry," returned Tom, smiling. "I'm getting quite used to my muzzle. But Mark won't be as likely humof, as he always was when he to be wrapped up in politics as he usually is. Grace is coming down."

"No!" cried Blake, his face alight with pleasure, "Good for her! When?" "At eight o'clock. But she didn't bother to mention whether it was eight this evening or eight tomorrow morning. Mark was just gomay have atoned for what she did. ing to call her up on long distance to She may even be a wife and mother, find out, when we happened to meet Respected, loved. All the world Standish. And I suppose the prospect and Heaven, besides, to her husband of a clash with Standish quite drove

"You're wrong there," dissented per world and crucify her! You are Blake. "There's nothing on earth coing to strip from her her husband's can drive Grace out of Mark Robertlove; you are going to make her son's head. He's as crazy in love with friends shun her as an outcast; you're her as he was the day he married throwing black shame on her innocent her. If he didn't telephone her before he went in to dinner it's a chinch he'll do it the minute he comes out. Queer makes him human. Chase on in, and

Dismissing his son with a slap on the If Standish committed a murder and shoulder, Blake strode across to the I found the body, would you call me telephone alcove. Wanda Kelly looka murderer? Hey? Well, that's what ed up inquiringly from the novel she has happened this time. When Stand- was reading between telephone calls. "Miss Kelly," said Jim, "will you

"That the office? Perry? Hello. Perry. This is Blake. Jim Blake Yes. In two minutes I want you to send word to Mr. Standish that he's wanted on the phone here. Yes. Here. you brought me here into the thick of Not in his room. Here at the phone

He hung up the receiver, rose and he won't dare to go to her in person stood lounging against the rail, look with his warning or send her a letter. ing down at Wanda from between his He's got too much sense for that, And a telegram would be too risky. So half-closed lids nothing's left but the phone. He'll "Now, then, Miss Kelly," he began

abruptly. "Yes," Mr. Blake?" she interrogated as he paused.

CHAPTER VII.

For a moment Blake did not answer. Nor could Wanda read anything you, through and through. I've work- from his utterly expressionless face:

"Do you know why I did that?" "Probably," replied Wanda gravely, "because you wanted Mr. Standish to come here.

He eyed her searchingly. But her face gave no sign that her reply had been intended as impertinence, "H'm!" he vouchsafed. "You're a

bright girl." "Thank you, sir," she replied de-

Again he glanced at her moveless features in quick doubt. Then, evidently making up his mind, he went

"You heard the story I was telling those men over there? The story about Standish and the Woman?" "I-I happened to catch part of it."

"You happened to catch every word of it," he corrected. "And now, why do you suppose I told such an all-important secret loud enough for a telephone girl to hear it?"

"That's just what I've been wondering," she said frankly. "But I can't ber!" figure it out."

"Then I'll tell you." retorted Blake, nodding approval at her unembarrassed candor. "What's the one thing we sed to turn that story from a windy piece of campaign gossip into the deadliest weapon ever forged in Washington?

"The Woman's name," replied Wanda, at once. "Good!" applauded Blake. "You've

got a real brain under that metal receiver you wear. You seem to have this situation worked out as clear as I have. Maybe, now, you can guess what that Woman's name is worth to lieve me when I warn you that there us. How about it?"

Wanda rolled her big eyes ceilingward after the manner of a stupid child who seeks in space the answer to a teacher's question. "Maybe-maybe a-a million dol-

I'd better put them straight. Do you want to make a hundred dollars?" Saint Cecelia at her best could not possibly have equaled. "A whole hundred dollars? Why, how could a poor

telephone operator like me make so He's coming." much money? a hatpin, and coming straight to the saw a most unru pith of the matter. "I've sent for absorbed in a novel. Jim Blake was Standish to come here because I want leaning negligently against the switchto have a talk with him. When I'm board rail, looking with dreamy half-



'Miss Kelly," Sald-Jim, "Will You Kindly Connect Me With the Hotel

some one's' number I want." "Oh!" exclaimed Wanda, smiling mentioning, hey?"

brightly at her own comprehension. 'And that's worth a hundred dollars?" says on the phone I'll make it two Standien. Yet he had missed not one

For an instant the innocent wondering smile again illumined Wanda's up- be read in that expression. Standish's turned face. Then, like Blake, she heavy face was mask-like, blank, save evidently wearled of futile word-fenc- for a faint tinge of polite bewilder ing, for she said, incisively:

"I see. I've got the idea. You'll spring this story of the Woman on of men to go by the sign in a face. He

and all about her. The full storynames and all—can be circulated on zies me. That's what it does. the floor as soon as the house sits, to- zies me." night. And good-by then to Mr. Standish." "Say!" drawled Blake in genuine ad miration. "You've sure got a brain. We'll have to get you in the secret service. Or, if you want a job in my office at double what you're getting here-but we can talk about all that afterward. Will-?"

And then it'll be a cinch for your men

to find the Woman's name in no time.

"You're sure the number will give you the clue to the Woman?" "Absolutely."

"And don't you think one little hundred dollars is a pretty cheap price to pay for information that will bring you millions?" Sheer innocence had reached its

towering acme-the summit whereon rests pure wisdom. Blake regarded the girl from under his bushy brows. "Well?" he demanded, "if a 'whole hundred dollars' has shrunk so quickly into a 'little hundred dollars,' what

price strikes you as fair?" "Let's see!" pondered innocence's fair apostle, "how about ten thousand dollars ?"

"Ten thousand dollars!" repeated Blake. "Rot! Ten thousand dollars for-for one measly telephone num-

"No!" contradicted Wanda, and her voice and face were like chilled steel, "for a victory that saves your leadership of the machine, that puts your son-in-law in the speaker's chair, that smashes your enemy and that means millions of dollars to you! That's what the telephone number means to you, Mr. Blake. That and a man's career—a woman's shame—a giri's self-respect. Throw all that into the balance and the price won't look so fancy."

"My dear young lady," counseled Blake with his most fatherly air, "beis such a thing as being just a trifle too ambitious. Still, there's no time to argue. Standish ought to be here by now. Shall we say a thousand dollars?"

"I-I"ll have to think it over," said lars," she hazarded timidly, at length. Wanda confusedly. "And, anyway," Blake grinned appreciation of the she added, "there's no use making a bit of acting, and was not in the very price till I've got what you want, is least deceived by it-as Wanda had there? Besides," with an easy lapse perfectly well known he would not be. Into sweet innocence, "Mr. Standish "Nothing stingy about your ideas, seems to be such a nice man. It's a young lady!" he commented. "Maybe pity to-

"Oh, he's a nice man," laughed Blake. "Hell's full of 'nice men.' But "A hundred dollars?" she echoed in there's no time, now, to haggle about a wide-eyed wonder of innocence that prices. You get that number for me. and you won't lose by it. And every word you can overhear is worth a three-carat diamond. Steady there!

Standish came toward the switch-"Here's the idea," replied Blake, board, from the dining-room whither through, I'll go away. And the chances shut eyes along the nearly deserted are that he'll go straight to the tele- corridor. Standish hurried across to Wanda.

"Some one wants me on the phone?" he asked.

girl could reply. "Some one wants that." you over there in the amen corner for a minute or two, if you can spare the time. I took the liberty of sending that message about your being wanted we haven't found her?" on the phone, because," leading the way to the amen corner, "I have a matter of private business to talk over with you."

"Private business?" echoed the puzzled Standish, instinctively following with her as all that? Mark's detectives Blake to the corner. "Private busi- must be foolish-house graduates. Well, ness? Between you and me?"

pity, then shook his head. The whole show is over. We've found a man who has something to hide. out all about that pretty little affair He'll lock and double-bar nine doors of five years ago."

"What affair?" asked Standish, un-

politics, it is. It ends tonight. There! dead sure of getting her, would I be There! Don't get huffy. You've got such a fool as to tell you all this? And nerve all right. I grant you that, whatever else Jim Blake's been called, What affair, hey? Why, the affair no one's yet tied 'fool' to his name. I with the Woman whom you registered tell you once more, we'll have her as your wife, under the name of name by midnight at the very latest. phone and call up some one. It's that Fowler, at a country hotel up in New Of course she doesn't know we're

his gaze wander over the ceiling, the "Yes. And if you can hear what be walls-anywhere except at Matthew the easier. She doesn't know. And detail of the younger man's expression There was nothing, however, to ment.

But Blake was far too wise a reader him. You'll make him think you've let his mildly wandering glance shift,

booths. Fix it any way you like, Only almost got her in your net. You'll try as if by accident, to Standish's hands. get him here inside of five minutes. to scare him into hustling to the near. They were tight-clenched. So tight No, no! Do as I say, I tell you. Good- est telephone and warning her. He'll that the knuckles showed white from know you're having him watched. So the convulsive pressure.

"Another campaign yarn," smiled Standish, and his voice was as inex-pressive as his face. "Isn't it rather old-fashioned to spring lies of that sort? The public doesn't stand for call her up. You'll get the number. them nowadays. Proofs are needed."

"Really?" drawled Blake. "Why, Standish, sometimes your knowledge of up-to-date conditions simply daz-

"And now-" pursued Standish, turning to go.

"And now," echoed Blake, "we've got you with the goods. Don't bluff, man. No bluff ever won a penny after the cards were laid face upward. And they're face upward now. You know what I mean. And you know we've got you dead to rights. Five years ago you spent a week with a woman at a hotel whose proprietor can and will Congress was still in session. But you gave out word that you'd gone to the mountains to rest. We've got the dates. We've got ever fact proved. Man, can't you see I'm trying to help you? Give me a chance to."

Standish, his face still a mask, was staring at the floor. At last he raised



"You're Sure the Number Will Give You the Clue to the Woman?"

his eyes-the dark tired eyes in whose depths Self and Love and Happiness had so long ago burned out. And turning to Blake, he said evenly:

"So you have dug all that up, have ed it. But it hasn't worried me. Because you can't harm me with such a story."

"No?" asked Blake, with real interest. "Why not?"

"You know perfectly well why not," answered Standish, "the story won't amount to the paper you would print it on unless you can supply the name "No," drawled Blake, before the of the Woman. And you can't do

"What makes you think we can't supply the Woman's name?" demanded Blake. "What makes you think

"Because," began Standish; then he checked himself and said somewhat lamely, "because-I have good reasons for knowing you haven't." "H'm! Still keep as close in touch

I'll admit we haven't found her-yet. Blake looked at him with gentle But we will before midnight. You left some pretty easy clues and they're be-"My boy," said he, "the game is up. ing followed. That's the trouble with to discovery; and leave the tenth wide open with a 'Welcome' sign over it. moved. "Please explain. My time is And that's just what you did. Why. son," he went on, noting Standish's "If you're referring to your time in half-smile of incredulity, "if I wasn't York state. That's all. Hardly worth tracking her," he continued, chuckling as at his own shrewdness. "I've seen As he had talked, Blake had let to it that she hasn't the slightest susthere's no one to warn her. It's a

> His voice trailed off into a self-satisfied laugh. Nor was the laugh wholly assumed. For he saw Standish's hands slowly clench again. And a few beads of sweat were beginning to show themselves upon the insurgent's (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIMPLE LIFE FOR THE YOUNG ing during an entertainment planned for their pleasure is a discourtesy to the hostess and her other guests.

cinch!

ments and to refrain from having parties for their children on school nights." An Irishman made his way to county jail and asked to be allowed to see the governor. On being ushered

"That we instruct our boys to end

"The members also pledged them

a social call at ten or 10:30 o'clock.

selves to frown on Sunday entertain-

into that functionary's presence he begged for the favor of an interview with a prisoner who was to suffer the extreme penalty of the law course of the morning.
"No, my man," said the governor, on

being appealed to, "you cannot see the prisoner. He is to be executed in half an hour's time, and it is not allowed for visitors to see a prisoner on the

MIGHT LEARN FROM EUROPE General Cultivation of Flowers in Cities There Well Worthy of Being Copied Here. Traveling through Europe to participate in eight great conferences, we

have been everywhere impressed with the general use of flowers for window gardens of homes and hotels, and even of shops and public buildings. We have heard that the German emperor, who admires both strength and beauidentify you. Any expert can swear ty, has stimulated this beautiful custhat the registered name, 'Fowler,' is tom by prizes. Scotch and English in your handwriting. It was in March. people need no prizes, for they are so passionately fond of flowers that with space for a flower garden in front of their homes and a vegetable garden in the rear they often devote both to flowers and their windows besides. And window gardens abound also in Holland and Switzerland. It makes our American homes seem bare, and suggests that we are too busy for

beauty. Another custom of some European cities, notably Berlin and Paris, which eliminates one of the most hideous disfigurements of American cities, the billboards, is the nest concentration of street advertising in round klosks at the outer edge of the sidewalk, one to every two or three blocks, to which all bill posters must be attached, and they must be of limited size, and of modest and quiet character-apparently in the interest of art and beauty, not of morals, for street morals are by no means exemplary. The streets are also kept remarkably clean in all the great European cities. The police, the soldiers, the conductors of the city owned trolleys are all scrupulously dressed and cordially courteous.

I hope that the many Americans traveling in Europe may reinforce the American society which is promoting home flower gardens in the United States. Especially should Washington add to the beauty of its public buildings and statues the more "homey" beauty of window gardens in greater profusion.-Wilbur F. Crafts, in Wash-Ington Star.

WORKING ALONG GOOD LINES

New York Suburb Encourages In Every Way the Cultivation of Gardens Around Homes.

That hilltop of the world, Montelair, is always a leap in advance of other suburbs. What the rest of us are dimly imagining for a remote future has usually been among the village ordinances of Montclair for several years-and very likely already discarded for new and more authentic tidings of Utopia.

Every suburbanite everywhere is wearying of matching a cudgel against a page had at last tracked him. He you? I might have expected it. In struggling with his garden these days they receive her with coldness and had a page had at last tracked him. He you? I might have expected it. In struggling with his garden these days they receive her with coldness and had a page had at last tracked him. He you? for weeding and hoeing it, we mean, it and endeavoring to bring it somewhat nearer to the artistic principles Montclair these artistic struggles have a noble one, and like all other arts now been standardized. Prizes are it can, to a considerable extent, be offered, and each year a committee taught.-Leslie's Weekly. of experts picks out the best gardens of the town.

The experts give not only praise but criticism as well. In the contest just ended most of the gardens were voted "too fussy." There was too much disregard of the truth that a garden should be "an outdoor home rather than a show place." The scattered flower bed and the wriggly flower bed also come in for unkind words. Thus is the Montclair garden taught how to grow.

It is a pleasure to applaud whole movement. Who knows but that some day our gardens generally will be as beautiful as a natural hedgerow or a field of wild flowers.

Long Life in "Trot."

John Philip Sousa, whose band opened an engagement at the exposition here, declared his belief that the turkey trot was conducive to longevity. while admitting that he did not himself indulge in any kind of a dance and that some of his marches were excellent dance tunes.

"A positive aid to longevity is the turkey trot, when danced as it should be," said the "March King." "It is so simple and natural in form that any one can dance it. I never saw anything like the way this dance has been taken up by the middle-aged and even elderly people. Really, it is a cheerful sight when gray-haired men and women do the trot."-Pittsburgh Dispatch to the New York Tribune.

Small Brother Again. Small Willie was entertaining his big sister's beau in the parlor. "Mr. Green," he asked, "how many pennies have you got?" "I haven't got any at present, Willie.

I'm sorroy to say," he replied. "Then mamma was right," continued the little fellow. "She told sister last night that you didn't have any more sense than a rabbit."

Beauty vs. Utility. A Pennsylvania town has refused to cut down' a beautiful tree, which it values at \$1,000, to make room for an improved pavement. It is refreshing to the esthetic mind to know there is yet a lingering disposition in this practical age to make beauty at some few intervals superior to mere utility.

"Is young Mrs. Mudge very jeal-"I should say so. She will hardly let her husband use the telephone be-

sounds so off hand and familiar." In the Day's Work. "That's a bad-looking thumb you have, waiter," said the diner. "Does

cause she thinks 'Hello, centrall'

"No, sir," replied the waiter. "It is parboiled. It gets that way from

TELLS ANECDOTE OF POMBO

How Great South American Poet Told Distinguished Lady to Kise

Mr. Phanor J. Eder tells this ancodote of Pombo, the great South American poet, who died in 1902.

It happened in a New York literary salon presided over by a distinguished Argentine lady. Pombo had been pre-sented to her, and she asked him, with much enthusiasm, who was the anonymous poetess, the famous Edda, the Bogotana. "Do you really find these verses

worth reading?" asked Pombo.
"Worth reading! Verses vibrating with the deepest passions of a woman's soul, so essentially feminine verses too, exhaling the mysticism, the adoration of a Santa Teresa! Oh, you men! Who among you could write such verses?"

"Well," said Pombo, "Edda is now in New York, and if you want to

make her acquaintance-"Speak, man!" cried his hostess. impetuously. "Where does she live? What's her name? I'll see her tomorrow. I will cover her with kisses!" "Then begin, senora!" said the ugly little Pombo. "I—I am Edda."

ECZEMA ON BACK AND CHEST

Pierson, N. Dakota .- "The eczema started on my scalp. It finally went on to the back of my neck, then on to my back, arms and chest. It broke out in pimples first and then seemed to run together in some places, making a sore about the size of a dime. At times the itching and burning were so intense that it seemed unbearable. The more I scratched it the worse it became, and there would be a slight discharge from it, especially on my scalp, so as to make my bair matted and sticky close to the scalp. The hair was dry, lifeless and thin. My hair was falling so terribly that I had begun to despair of ever finding relief. My clothing irritated the eruption on my back. The affected parts were almost a solid scab.

"I had been bothered with eczema for about a year and a half. Then I began using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used them daily for two months and I was cured." (Signed)

Miss Mildred Dennis, Apr. 30, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Hint for the Newly-Weds. How many mothers instruct their daughters that they must try to love their husband's relatives just as well as they love their own? Very fewand many will assert that no such instruction should be given; but some of us think that it ought. It is a safe thing to do-for the chances are 10,-000 to one that no girl could ever go so far as that, try as faithfully as she might. But she can surely learn to love her husband's family, and she will add immensely to his comfort by so doing. Their "ways" are doubtless very different from hers. Sometimes so much as reforming and recasting ness and loving attentions she can usually win them. It is her mother's part to teach her this patience and laid down in that hardiest of all per- kindness before she is married. The ennials, the garden magazine. In art of being a good daughter-in-law is

> Once Upon a Time. Once upon a time there lived and flourished in a small city a worthy man. He was devoted to his native place; he loved its streets and stones, its strange odors, its smoke, its high rates, its indifferent water supply, its clubs and cafes and everything about it. Nothing could induce him to leave it even for the briefest period. In vain did the railway companies spread their holiday arrangements before his eyes; he returned with the more satisfaction to his favorite seat overlooking the central square. And, then, one day, the king of that country, who was full of capricious impulses, issued a

decree that no one in this little city

should ever leave it again, under pain

of fearful penalties. And immediate-

ly our friend began to be consumed

with a longing for travel.-Punch. Women and Ugly Men. What chance has a homely man win a prize in the baffling game (matrimony. A good one-in Berlinwhere Fraulein Derben has just organized "The League Against Beauty." The members-all pretty girls, of course-have pledged themselves to marry only ugly men because of the theory that handsome mates are unreliable. The moods of My Lady Fair these days are oftener grave than gay, but love will continue to be "blind. The fat or baldheaded rival of Apollo Balvedere at least is to have an even break, a fair start and no favors, but the same old winners will forge ahead just the same in this new race of

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Bignature of Chart Hitchire
In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Nothing to Retail. De Garry-Won't you give h kiss-just one? Madge-Or, pshaw! I like a man who makes love on a large scale!-Judge.

Quaint Description. Admiral Dewey described quaintly in Washington a man who was a borrower and sponger. "He is one of those chaps," the admiral said, "who use all their friends

as coaling stations." Quite Safe. "You say she trusts her husband?"
"Oh, yes. He can't afford to hire a tenographer.'

break up that cough A single dose Desa's Mantholated Cough Drops br present relief—to at all Drug Stores.

en it comes to crowing, a rooster ng on the overess man

ad it is, or once was, in Europe ne years ago, according to an according to the condition of the time, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, visiting Paris,

ed to dine in the company of Rosa Bonheur, the great animal "They got on every well nd at dessert they are a philophenes ogether; that is to say, they shared double almond. But the prince opt to say 'philopena' and lost the He asked the artist what presgly replied: 'Any pretty little ani-

Custom of "Philopena" at One Time been enten by two persons of oppos-General Throughout Europe-Stories Concerning It. ite sex each should wish a wish, which infallibly comes to pass. Whyte-Melville, in his story, "Sister There is a story about the "Philo-Louise," refers to a similar superstition about a double strawberry. He makes one of the characters, Athenee, say to Louise, the mistress of Louis XIV.: "Have you eaten your philopena? Then make up your mind. Wish and you shall have." Why Clocks Get Out of Order.

The reason why mantelpiece clocks often get out of order is so obvious that it is strange that attention to it has not been drawn before. A London clockmaker said:

"It is because mantelpleces are rarely level. If a clock meant for a nantelpiece is not placed in an exactly orizontal position it is sure to go wrong. When the clock gains or loses because of its stianting position, people regularly move the hands forward or backward, as the case may be, in order to adjust it. Eventually the clock's hands are moved about so

ONCE A WIDESPREAD FANCY cording to one lady, a native of much that the mechanism gets out of Kent, when the double kernels have order and the clock refuses even to

telpiece clock."

ple a thing as sharpening a lead In the first place, he says, knife should not be over sharp, but should be a little dull, as if too sharp midnight, or earlier, and that it be so it will cut quickly through the wood

and cut away the lead.

the end to be sharpened pointing away from you and to cut away with

"Watches and traveling clocks are

constructed differently from the stationary clock, and they will go in any position. That is why they are relied upon more than the ornamental man-

a pushing cut, rather than toward you with a drawing cut, as then the point of the pencil is rested against the side of the thumb, and is sharpened by a draw cut stroke of the knife blade.—Eclentific American.

Sharpening a Pencil. An expert manual training man talked with the writer about so sim-

Then again, he says, it is best to hold the pencil in the left hand with in our homes and to our children. dress distinguish our girls.
"That we teach our sons that am

Washington Children Are Brought Up Amid the Strictest Surroundings.

> "Washington children ,at least those whose mothers are members of the local branch of the National Congress of Mothers, are preparing to return to the social 'simple life.' The rules were adopted at a meeting in which the housekeepers' alliance also participated, and, in part, contain the following commands: "That all entertainments

"That the 'nameless' dances, not only be discouraged, but be forbidden "When objectionable dancing is commenced, that the music cease at once. The orchestra leader may announce that he has been so instruct-

"That simplicity and mo

homes, including dances, stop at 12

announced on the cards of invitation.

day of execution. But what might be your business with him?" "Shure, sorr," answered Pat, "it's his birthday, and I was afther wishing him birthday, and I was afther wishing him many happy returns av the dan"