

AN AMERICAN HABIT.

A Chicago doctor counts speed in eating as the cause of many of the bodily disorders from which people suffer, particularly in the business world. Quick lunches, the hasty bolting of food chosen because it is in sight and the rushing back to work without thought for the abused digestive organs, can only result, he declares, in a physical condition that invites diseases in variety. He is unquestionably right, says the Indianapolis Star. American people really care little about what they eat—this in spite of the fact that they possess hotels and restaurants in which all the luxuries of the world are served and markets which supply a wonderful variety of products. Notwithstanding what is open to them, as a class they are not fastidious as to quality. They have their preferences in foods, of course, but if what they especially care for is not immediately available, they accept what is at hand, gulp it down, dash off and forget within ten minutes what it was they ate. "Quick lunch" places are an institution of the time in the business district in all cities and have an enormous patronage. They came in response to a demand. The managers are not to blame because their patrons insist upon eating in the shortest possible time, nor is the food they serve necessarily at fault.

Simple eating is urged by a Berlin newspaper as a reform that should be aimed at in Germany for the salvation of society. The present extravagance in dining, it is asserted, threatens financial impoverishment as well as delicate health. Why is it that Germany has such famous spas? The intimation is made that the reason lies in the circumstance that Germany has so many gluttons, who go to the watering places, penitent in the spring and summer, to make amends for the over-eating and over-drinking of which they have been guilty during the winter. The Berlin paper says: It would be a genuine public service on the part of the leading society personages if they would begin by practical examples to wage war on the sensual luxuriousness of modern entertaining as far as the culinary end of it is concerned. Only by a return to simple and sensible dinners can we avert genuine economic and physical perils. Circumspection in the same direction would not go amiss in the United States. There has been a growth of extravagance in the outlay for luxuries of the table. Many men of means have eaten themselves into evil physical condition.

Louisville is the nickel town of the country. No case is on record of a man or woman buying something costing less than \$1 and giving a larger amount than the cost of the purchase that the shopkeeper didn't include several nickels in the change. If you trip around town shopping you'll find your pockets full of 5-cent pieces until you think you are the victim of a conspiracy until a native tells you it's a habit the town can't shake.

Chicago authorities are asked to prohibit the rear seat on motorcycles on the ground that "it encourages elopements." What gifted press agent for manufacturers of tandem motorcycles invented that glorious advertisement?

A St. Louis woman testified in a divorce suit that her husband pelted her with money, compelled her to spend \$1,000 a month in clothes alone, and that she could not count all the money he gave her. And yet she was not satisfied. It may be remembered that some time ago another woman wanted a divorce because her husband was too perfect. The unrest among women of which one hears so much must have a queer twist in it.

One of Brooklyn's young men studied all the detective stories available to learn how to avoid arrest and then turned to burglary. But the policeman got him. Detective stories are at their worst when they are taken seriously.

A New York woman has bequeathed her husband \$5, to be given him at the rate of 5 cents a day. We hope he will refrain from spending it in riotous living.

One of the wonders of nature is that a trout weighing half a pound today will scale four pounds when the angler tells about it next week.

At a marriage in New York a sugar princess married a pineapple king. Such a marriage might be called a sweet fruition of romance.

Of course the bunny hug is highly demoralizing for the poor, working girl, but high jinks in a gilded ballroom is quite another matter.

Single Feather for the Midsummer Dress Hats



The single ostrich feather, uncurled and more or less heavy, is mounted very cleverly on the smartest of midsummer dress hats. Two models worth studying are shown in the pictures given here, one of them in two views. The beautiful Lohorn with upturned brim is covered on the upper brim and crown with chiffon in a color like that of the straw. Pompadour chiffon, by the way, is highly favored for this purpose and is useful where one wishes to remodel a straw hat that is soiled. A single long plume with unusual width of flue is mounted at the right side and stands almost perfectly straight until the natural bend of the rib tilts the end downward. (Some plumes are bent in the rib into curves along their entire length.) Two large muslin and chiffon roses mounted at the base of the plume finish the model, which is an excellent example of what may be done with a single plume.

One of the most beautiful hats shown this season is portrayed in the Rembrandt model with short upstanding ostrich feather. It is a double hat of the softest and finest Milan braid, and is cleverly shaped into its outlines by means of ribbon laced through slashes in the straw. Such a hat needs almost no trimming, but the single standing plume with uncurled flues is especially fitting on a hat with so much dash and style.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

NEGLIGES OF CHINA SILK

Soft, Reclining Garments for the Hours When Ceremony is for the Time Forgotten.

Pale tinted china silk kimonos embroidered in self tones are charming and soft, for they, like so many of the season's garments, are made of the thinnest of thin china silk. These have a collar which turns back flat and very short sleeves, the back of the robe is plain, and the entire garment is unlined. In pink they suggest spring blossoms.

In this very thin china silk may also be purchased dainty waists made sailor fashion, the collar, tie and pocket are of striped gray and white china silk. At about the same price come plain white china silk waists with high collars. Marquisette waists for "separate blouse" wear are still very high in price; some are made of high neck, and others Dutch neck. Much Cluny lace is to be seen in the wash shirt-waists of inexpensive mode. These also come both Dutch neck and high.

WITH THE PANIER EFFECT



One of the gowns worn by Miss Mary Moore in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," at the New theater, London. It is of plum glace, shot with heliotrope.

Small, Flat Jabots. Small and rather flat plaited jabots, which are only sufficiently large to fill in the neck opening of the coat, are being worn, and there is a fancy for flat lace bows with fan-shaped tails of lace.

THAT CONSOLING CUP OF TEA

Traveler Is Wise Who Provides Himself With Materials for Making the Cheering Beverage.

In traveling both at home and abroad, there is great comfort in your own cup of tea. On the steamer, particularly, you miss your own brand, and the well-versed traveler who is wise in the lore of creature comforts never wanders far from home without her tea caddy. It adds greatly to her popularity, too. "Oh, if I only had a good cup of tea" is the general cry on shipboard, and then this far-sighted woman produces the cheering leaves, and she becomes the center of attraction, and has her little coterie every afternoon. There are some who prefer it for the morning meal, too, instead of the usual mediocre coffee with condensed milk.

For this poignant need of the traveler, a charming little tea box of mahogany containing a small silver tea caddy and a little tea ball, reproducing in miniature a tea kettle, has been put upon the market. It is very simple in arrangement, compact, and easy to pack and makes a really practical gift.

There are many places on the continent where good tea is a real luxury, and many an unsophisticated American is astonished when she pays her bill for what she considers a very simple repast. She finds that her cup of tea costs more than a very elaborate dessert, and so it is a great economy as well as comfort to carry your own tea with you.

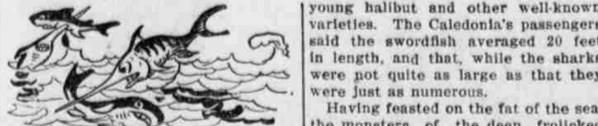
White Net and Colored Batiste. Some of the newest dresses for midsummer show combinations of white net and colored batiste. The sleeves and under-arm sections of the waist are made of net, as well as the upper portion of the skirt. Embroidered panels of light blue batiste in English eyelet pattern are used from the waist yoke to the bottom edge of the skirt.

Narrow flounces of embroidery appear in three successive rows in the sides of the skirt, and are joined to the panels. Other dresses showing a similar combination have pink embroidered batiste in solid pattern combined effectively in both waist and skirt with the white net. Another colored model is made of pink voile with embroidered patterns worked out in white linen floss.

Bureau Scarfs. The white linen embroidered scarfs with eyelet work, punch work or designs in satin stitch are always in good form and wear pretty well. For a scarf that is a little out of the ordinary one may find most attractive affairs made of bands of cluny lace and openwork scrim. These, especially when over a color or figured cretonne, are especially nice for cottage use. They are finished with an edging of the cluny.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Swordfish and Sharks Fight to Death



NEW YORK.—That hardest of hardy ship news annals, the story of the deep sea quarrel between swordfish and whale—it was a shark this time—reached port in good order the other day on board the stanch ship Caledonia.

It was a calm and beautiful Sabbath morn at sea. The Caledonia plowing her way through a bottle-green ocean, was 60 miles due east of Montauk Point. Captain F. H. Wadsworth was on the bridge. Passengers and crew laced idly on deck. All was peace and tranquillity. Suddenly some one with keen eyesight espied the perennial commotion in the water just off the ship's bows. All eyes at once peered seaward, expecting to be rewarded with a view of the usual death struggles between shark and swordfish.

To their utter amazement and delight, what should meet their wondering eyes but scores—aye, scores—of swordfish and sharks frolicking in friendly play about the ship!

It was easy to see that they were making a splendid Sunday dinner of bluefish, mackerel, porgies, flounders,

young halibut and other well-known varieties. The Caledonia's passengers said the swordfish averaged 20 feet in length, and that, while the sharks were not quite as large as that they were just as numerous.

Having feasted on the fat of the sea, the monsters of the deep frolicked some more, darting hither and yon through the salt sea waves. Playfully, the swordfish ran their swords beneath the bodies of the sharks and tossed them high in the air, then deftly caught them and repeated the performance. The sharks, in turn, took playful swipes at the swordfish and chased them all around the ship. This continued for an hour, when one of the swordfish erred in his judgment of distance and caught a shark on the point of his bony nose, piercing the shark and ending his career then and there.

With the death of their schoolmate, the sharks, becoming infuriated, turned upon the swordfish, and the battle which followed—from all accounts—was indescribably horrible.

One particular pair of fighters were watched by Purser Johnston, who said that the sword of the great fish broke off in ramming the side of the Caledonia after missing a vicious thrust at his enemy. Before the swordsman of the deep could save himself by flight the shark had killed and begun to devour him.

Sorority Girls Read Their Bibles

DETROIT, Mich.—Sorority girls have taken to reading their Bibles. The sixth verse of Solomon's eighth song is that part of the Holy Scripture, holding for them the greatest meaning.

"Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for love is as strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."

That's the verse fraught with a double meaning for each sorority coed who would peer into the future, and find the name of her husband to be.

How do they do it?

First you get a small Bible. Then you get a door key and one-half yard of red twine. You open the Bible at the eighth chapter of Solomon's songs and lay the key within the Bible so that the round part of the key comes out over the side of the Holy book, and the other end just touches the word "heart." Then you close the book and wrap it with the red twine. Then two girls support the book suspended by placing the tip of the third finger of the left hand under the round part of the key, never touching the book. A third person repeats the alphabet, A, B, C, and so on, and the key twists the



Bible around whenever the letter is reached which spells the name of the "husband who is to be." The while one must be repeating the verse quoted above.

Last Sunday in the Eta Beta Phi sorority, three maids perched on the davenport in the living room. One was grave as an owl, for it was "her" fortune that was to be told.

"A, B, C, D, E, F, G," tolled off the maid slowly, and the book hung suspended, motionless. "H" droned the maid, and, whiz, the key fairly turned itself out of the girl's hands.

"He-he-he" giggled the maids and tried it again. In turn came the rest of the name "arry," and as each letter was told off, there were more "hes, hes, hes." Then began the last name, and letter after letter it spelled it out, but by that time it had grown too serious a thing to be giggled over.

Boys Bat Revenge On Girl Teachers



ST. LOUIS.—Eight young women of the Hawthorne school in East St. Louis, who have been teaching the young idea how to shoot, attempted the other day to show how to play baseball.

There is a dispute as to whether they succeeded, the teachers maintaining they were victorious by a "perfectly awful score," and the unabashed boy pupils declaring, "aw, dem biddies don't know nuttin' about de game." The fans gave the decision to the boys.

A quiet little rumor to the effect the teachers would appear in bloomers brought out hundreds of fans. After the women appeared in skirts the crowd showed a seemingly unjustified

desire to kill the umpire the rest of the game.

Ross Crenshaw, pitcher for the boys, shocked and pained the women by throwing the ball over the plate just as hard as ever he could. The outfield lay down and rolled over when one of the women indignantly asked "How in the world could anybody hit a little round ball when you throw it real hard?"

The game lasted three innings. When one of the young women was called "out" at second base, her teammates were a unit in declaring the decision faulty, prejudiced, out of order, ungentlemanly and reversible. When the umpire gently inquired why they took that view of it, they answered "because."

He was up against it and allowed the runner to return to second. The game was called off at the end of the fourth inning because the women were afraid they would get hit with the ball—because their clothes were getting dusty—because they were tired, and—because.

How a "Dock" Waiter Served the Soup

BALTIMORE, MD.—Charles F. Murphy, during the recent convention, declined to breakfast in the main dining room of the Emerson hotel. It was usually more comfortable for convention guests (if they had pull enough to get the service) to dine in their room. But it was the quaint mood of Mr. Murphy to mingle with the masses.

Mr. Murphy is one of the most scholarly looking persons in political life these days. He looks more like a college professor than Woodrow Wilson or George Harvey of the barrel-hooped spectacles ever did in their lives.

Thus, then, he sat at one of the tables in the main dining room of the Emerson.

Waiters were scarce in Baltimore. A number of energetic, though unrefined, persons from the water front (more used to hand trucks and the bale hooks than the napkin and the menu card) had been hired to fill the emergency, and had been disguised in dress clothes.

One of these, bearing a silver tureen



of beautifully red tomato soup, bore through the aisle of the tables along which sat Mr. Murphy.

The waiter's solar plexus and the shoulder of Mr. Murphy met in a head-on collision. The beautiful red tomato soup was spilled across Mr. Murphy's coat just south of and a few inches below his right ear. It was poured out with all the accuracy of a steam dredge discharging a bucket load of mud into a dump car.

But the dock front man met the crisis like a hero. He grabbed the napkin from Mr. Murphy's lap and scrubbed the Tammany leader's shoulder with it.

"It's all right, old pal," he said soothingly. "It's all right. There's no harm done at all. I'll fix it, 'bo. I'll fix it."

TESTIMONY OF FIVE WOMEN

Proves That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Reliable.

Reedville, Ore.—"I can truly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who are passing through the Change of Life, as it made me a well woman after suffering three years."

—Mrs. MARY BOGART, Reedville, Oregon.

New Orleans, La.—"When passing through the Change of Life I was troubled with hot flashes, weak and dizzy spells and backache. I was not fit for anything until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which proved worth its weight in gold to me."

—Mrs. GASTON BLONDEAU, 1541 Polymnia St., New Orleans.

Mishawaka, Ind.—"Women passing through the Change of Life can take nothing better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am recommending it to all my friends because of what it has done for me."

—Mrs. CHAS. BAUER, 523 E. Marion St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Alton Station, Ky.—"For months I suffered from troubles in consequence of my age and thought I could not live. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and I want other suffering women to know about it."

—Mrs. EMMA BAILEY, Alton Station, Ky.

Deism, No. Dak.—"I was passing through Change of Life and felt very bad. I could not sleep and was very nervous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to perfect health and I would not be without it."

—Mrs. F. M. THORN, Deism, No. Dak.

And the Lord also helps those who help others.

Garfield Tea is invaluable for all irregularities of the liver, kidneys and bowels. It is made from pure and wholesome herbs.

Their Need. Seedy Applicant—I can bring tears to the eyes of the audience.

Theatrical Manager—Hub! We want somebody who can bring the audience—Puck.

The Usual Way. "Yes; he committed political suicide."

"How can a man commit political suicide?"

"By shooting off his mouth."

Her Ruling Passion. The woman who had chased dust and dirt all her life finally reached St. Peter.

"Come in, you poor, tired woman," he said, and held the gate ajar. But the woman hesitated. "Tell me first," she said, "how often you clean house?"

The saint smiled. "You can't shake off the ruling passion, can you?" he said. "Oh, well, step inside and they'll give you a broom and dustpan instead of a harp."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good Bail. Aunt Sarah, cook in a Richmond family, took home a dish of macaroni from her mistress' table for the edification of her own family. When her children had been assured that it was good they proceeded to eat with great gusto. The next morning Aunt Sarah discovered two of her offspring in the yard turning over stones and soil and scratching vigorously in the earth.

"Heah, yo' chillun!" called out Aunt Sarah, "what yo' all doin'?"

"We's a-huntin'," was the reply, "fo' some mo' of dem macaroni worms."

SALLOW FACES Often Caused by Tea and Coffee Drinking.

How many persons realize that tea and coffee so disturb digestion that they produce a muddy, yellow complexion?

A ten days' trial of Postum has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up a bad complexion.

A Wash. young lady tells her experience:

"All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all had stomach troubles, more or less.

"We all were slow and troubled with plumpies, bad breath, disagreeable taste in the mouth, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves.

"We didn't realize that tea and coffee caused the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that.

"Although we started to make it, we all felt sure that we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we tried Postum and were surprised to find it delicious.

"We read the statements on the pkg., got more and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We all were able to digest our food without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleared off, and nerves in fine condition. We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.