



Old Lim Jucklin, the young bridegroom, the bride and Mrs. Jucklin were gathered together discussing connubial bliss from a modern and ancient standpoint, respectively.

"The experiment of every wedding is the husband," he remarked, looking at the young man. "No matter how wise he may be, how good a judge of a boss and the weather, something altogether different arises in his life when he takes unto himself a wife. He thinks she is the simple rule of three, but before long he finds out that she is all mathematics, with a side light that dazzles but don't explain astronomy."

Mrs. Jucklin spoke up. "Limuel, what are you trying to get at? You would have it appear that a woman is something not to be understood."

"Oh, no; she is perfectly plain and so is sunshine, but nobody can't pick it up and examine it to his own satisfaction. Woman's all right. It's the

graciously been presented to her. And the sweetest of all territories is the enjoyment of the spare time of her husband. She finds her mellowest pleasure in his society, and can't very well understand why she doesn't supply his every want. He has told her time and again that she did. But there comes a time when he wants to stay out a night, to sniff the air of his former reckless freedom. It's his nature. It was her nature as an obedient daughter to stay at home on nights. And when she finds that she hasn't been strong enough to remodel his nature she grieves in her soul.

"Many a night I've sat up waitin' for you," said Mrs. Jucklin.

"Yes, but I came, didn't I?"

"Yes," she admitted, "but at what time?"

"Oh, I didn't have to keep track of the time. But I want to say to Billie that stayin' out at night is one of the worst habits a man can fall into. It



Marriage is the Time When a Mote Gets into the Eye of All Experience.

young husband that I'm gettin' at—if I can. Marriage is a time when a mote gets into the eye of all experience. Things are looked at through winks—half light and half dark; makin' a sort of twilight for the soul; and in the golden dusk everything looks different from what it really is. Marriage was made to protect woman, and havin' been cut out for her like a garment, it fits her."

"But don't it fit a man, too?" the bride timidly inquired.

"Yes, my dear, with a takin' in here and a lettin' out there," the old man replied. "The man is the one that has to be tamed. He has to be broke in and made bridewise, like a colt. With him marriage is an end; with her a beginnin'." Do you follow me?"

"No, I'm afraid not," said the bride.

"I thought not. But what do you think, Billie?" This was addressed to the bridegroom.

"Don't know exactly. All I know is I love Sallie and will always love her," and the pretty eyes of the bride with silent music sang out, "now there."

"I don't doubt that," said the old man. "But the mornin' sun is a shinin' on you now and the noontime of trial hasn't come. But it will come."

is the dark side of married life. No matter how truthful a man may have started out, it makes him more or less a liar. Midnight and the truth ain't twins. And a man hasn't reformed when he cusses himself for bein' a fool. The wisest man feels he is a fool when he stays out too late. There ain't no reproach more fetchin' than to see the moon fadin' away in the heavens. Of course, a man can't stay at home all the time. The fact is, I'll be hangin' if I know what he is to do. I'm not talkin' about the saint, but the flesh-and-blood man. You may try all you please to make a hymn of life, but the first thing you know a jig tune pops up. So, Billie, when you catch yourself inclined to whistle too many of the jigs, stop and ask yourself if they pay in the long run. I don't mean that you should be serious. Nothin' is gained by bein' solemn. David is remembered as well for havin' danced before the ark as for some of his psalms wherein he wanted the Lord to wipe out a whole lot of folks. Have all the fun you can, but recollect it ain't the healthiest fun if you have to be about it to your wife. The old idea that a man is excusable for lyin' to his wife ain't a good one. When

AUTHORITY ON BUGS

New Jersey Girl One of Uncle Sam's Youngest Scientists.

Miss Evelyn Mitchell of East Orange, Known in Europe and America as an Expert on Life of Insect World.

Washington.—Miss Evelyn Mitchell, one of the youngest women scientists in the United States, who is now doing important work for the government at the Smithsonian Institution, is preparing to write a book on gnats. Miss Mitchell has already attracted the attention of the scientific world both in America and Europe by a notable work on mosquitoes entitled, "Mosquito Life," and is concluding her collection of gnats for the purpose of embodying in book form her study of them.

Miss Mitchell, who is under thirty and one of the brightest women now doing expert work for the government, is the daughter of Marcus Mitchell, postmaster of East Orange, N. J., and is a graduate of Cornell university. She looks less like a scientist than could be imagined by any one who has always pictured experts of this kind as old and decidedly peculiar in dress and in personality. Miss Mitchell is full of life and enjoys sports that every college girl does. She never talks "bug," but in her work at the National museum here she sits side by side with men who have spent years of a long life in scientific research.

The spectacle of a woman not yet out of her twenties doing remarkable work for the government is rather unusual even at the capital, where women are engaged in many and varied branches of work. Miss Mitchell came here in 1901, and has since been engaged in scientific work. Previous



to that she had had wide experience in the field following her course of study at Cornell. The circumstances under which Miss Mitchell obtained her education at the big college in Ithaca and the determination with which she pursued her interest in insect life are more than ordinarily interesting.

When Miss Mitchell was a small youngster playing about her parents' home in East Orange, she manifested a keen interest in everything that crawled or flew. She brought something more than discomfort into the household when she introduced all sorts of things, from spiders to bats, and took delight in watching her captives. When she was ten years old she was sent to school, and shortly afterward she came across a book entitled "Ten Thousand Spiders," by Burt Green Wilbur, professor of physiology at Cornell university. This was the first intimation she had that bugs and beetles and such things were ever made a life study, and during the remaining years of her schooling in East Orange she nursed the hope that one day she could find Mr. Wilbur and study all about his "Ten Thousand Spiders" with him.

Preparations had been completed by her father for her entrance to Cornell university, when reverses came and it looked as if the young nature student would have to give up her ambition. She thought it out awhile and then took French leave of her family, going to Philadelphia, where she asked John B. Stetson to lend her the money, at interest, for her first year at Cornell. The funds were forthcoming. Miss Mitchell went to college, and after her first year she worked her way through, paid back the money to Mr. Stetson and was appointed an instructor in field zoology at the Cornell summer camp.

It was about this time that Dr. J. W. Dupree, surgeon general of Louisiana, sent to Cornell for a "first-class man" to be sent to the Louisiana State university as field and laboratory assistant in mosquito work. Miss Mitchell was selected as the "man," and she made good.

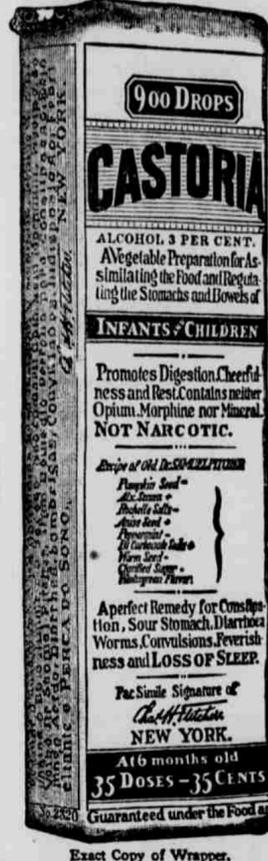
From Baton Rouge, La., Miss Mitchell came to Washington and began her work for the government at the National museum.

She was the first woman to be given a place on the faculty of George Washington university, when she was made instructor in zoology. She is a member of the Biological Society of Washington, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Entomological Society of America and the National Health League. When she came to Washington Miss Mitchell took and still holds the place at the National museum made vacant by the death of Dr. McConnell who for years made the drawings of shells for Dr. William H. Dall of the Smithsonian Institution.

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Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

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This beautiful book you now possess is shown to you only a page at a time. You can't turn over the leaves and look at the pictures of the future. The plot must come to you a line at a time. The fact is, you've got to draw your own pictures for the book. Some of them will be painted and some made with charcoal.

"I wish the wagon would come," spoke up the bridegroom, glancing through the window.

"Yes, we start out a waitin' for the wagon," replied the old man.

"And we end silently lying within its gloomy precincts," said the old minister.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jucklin, "are they goin' to preach a funeral right here?"

Old Limuel laughed. "I'm not. I'm just tryin' to give Billie, there, a little bit of advice. And as I was goin' to remark, I don't know of anything that stands more in need of common sense than marriage—the young husband, I might say. He is as raw as ungnawed cotton. He begins by yieldin' to every persuasion and after a while rebels against himself. A woman never understands why she should surrender a territory that has

you have lied, and she has caught you, I am not at all certain that a generous acknowledgment will pay. And yet if you stick to it a long time must pass before you can live it down. A woman's memory is like the sun—it rises fresh every mornin'. Sometimes a simple lie is a finger-board pointin' toward the courthouse where they keep divorcees. A woman may admire a man because he's a good dancer, but in her heart she loves truth and honor. So, be as truthful as you can, and when you find that you have exhausted your stock ask her to help you to replenish it. Make a distress of your scarcity of truth and she will be pleased to nurse it. It will do her good. Marriage may start out as a picnic, you know, but a picnic has its cold victuals. To sum the whole thing up, do the best you can. Be patient. Remember that you are a man and that the foot of a man is nearly always on the verge of slippin'. And when it has slipped put it back with as little noise as possible. Tell the truth just as often as you can, and you will find it an investment that draws compound interest in gold."

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THOSE NEW HATS.



"Come into the garden, Maud," said facetious-minded Fred. "What's the use?" said Maudie—"I have it on my head."

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In Despair; Cured by Cuticura.

"Words cannot describe the terrible eczema I suffered with. It broke out on my head and kept spreading until it covered my whole body. I was almost a solid mass of sores from head to foot. I looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. The pain and agony endured seemed more than I could bear. Blood and pus oozed from the great sore on my scalp, from under my finger nails, and nearly all over my body. My ears were so crusted and swollen I was afraid they would break off. Every hair in my head fell out. I could not sit down, for my clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out from the pain. My family doctor did all he could, but I got worse and worse. My condition was awful. I did not think I could live, and wanted death to come and end my frightful sufferings.

"In this condition my mother-in-law begged me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me the first real sleep I had had in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely. I also took Cuticura Resolvent for the blood. In a short time the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, and I knew I was to get well again. Then the hair on my head began to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. I wish I could tell everybody who has eczema to use Cuticura. It's Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1908."

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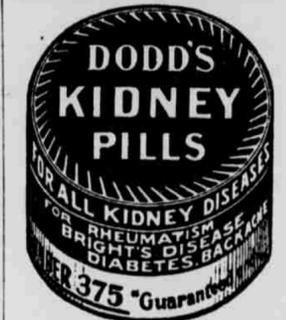
Providential. Mother—Why should we make Willie a doctor when there are so many new doctors every year? Father—But think of all the new ailments!

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