

At this time of the year every baseball team is a pennant winner.

Ho annoying it is when the mercury practices the scale on the thermometer!

In Mongolia, women smoke and ride astride, but leave the husband's trouser pockets unmolested.

Japan's new minister of finance is Baron Korokiyō Takahashi, a very appropriate name indeed.

It has been at least a year since the government has advertised for an xylophonist. Still no response.

A Milwaukeean has failed at four attempts at suicide. He may be endowed with as many lives as a cat.

China now has a full fledged agricultural department where chop suey ingredients are given official attention.

It is not lawful to beat an umpire in Illinois, but baseball fans will give this no thought until the occasion arises.

Over \$173,000,000 worth of property changed hands in Chicago last year, not counting the cash gathered on the highways.

In the name of humanity, why not start a society to provide early worms and hot water bottles for the pre-season robins?

If a woman could have her real wish she would desire nothing more than to visit the 27,000 department stores in the United States.

But for all that, no pampered aristocrat of an effete monarchy has anything on the American ball player in his spring training.

Many baseball players would secure prettier photographs if they would lay aside their quids while looking into the camera.

China wants a good-sized air fleet with French officers. The new republic is strictly up to date with all the modern improvements.

London, always noted for curiosities, has a tramp who inflates his throat just like the mumps and spends glorious times in the infirmaries.

Now that it is established that the American eagle is a hen, some of our obstreperous neighbors to the south will begin to complain of being henpecked.

A demonstrating car in Philadelphia cost its owners over \$13,000 in accident damages. After a demonstration like that its value seems to be problematical.

Some Americans are eccentric enough to refuse to pay money at a box office for the sake of seeing an actor who has been divorced ever so many times.

To keep from snoring a specialist declares the best method is to keep one's mouth closed. Incidentally, the same method will keep one from many other afflictions.

Every time the unloaded pistol tragedy is repeated we are convinced afresh that the fool killer needs an able bodied assistant or at least a caddy to carry his tools.

Two Los Angeles chauffeurs stole thirty-one automobiles within seven months. It is sad to contemplate just what would happen if they were turned loose in an auto plant.

A Chicago judge holds that a wife should not ask for money, but that the husband should hand it over without being asked. Usually it is the husband who does the asking.

France is all excited over a device just invented which makes the capsizing of an aeroplane practically impossible. We would like to see it in operation—from the ground.

Being a grand opera song bird at \$2,500 a night is one thing; being in the grand opera chorus at \$2.50 is something else. For all singers life is not one grand, sweet song.

A suitor, seeking to impress a girl by "boldness," lost her when he claimed to be a train robber. He might have experimented progressively, beginning with petty larceny.

A movement is to be started to make the war on flies world-wide. Up to date the flies have very much the better of the exterminating crusade so the movement evidently needs more concentration than expansion just at this stage.

The minister of education of Wurttemberg inveighs against the changing of spelling of German names in American schools, but then the educator has never been inside a Yankee learning institution in his life.

A Chicago court bailiff has a scheme to attire himself in a bright green uniform, figuring that the advertisement of the victim's delinquency obtained by the public spectacle of the bailiff's squatting on the doorstep will encourage prompt payment. Or a hurry call for an ambulance.

MEMORY HELD HIM

And His Reverie Took Him Back to a Far-Away Country Home.

By RICHARD POST.

It was a full half hour after the curtain rose when Travis saw her. Even then he was doubtful. In the maze of pretty girls who weaved through the intricate and bewildering combinations of dances and marches on the stage he could not be certain that the slight, girlish figure was Cecile Raymond. Now the chorus formed in a billowy line of white and surged forward like a foam-crested wave to the footlights. The girl he watched was third from the end in the second line and the young man could not distinguish her features.

"A very common-place chorus," Miss Davis commented to her escort, as the curtain fell.

"I thought that little brunette near the end in the second row was, well—quite pretty," he ventured.

Miss Lorene Davis glanced at him sharply. "It's all a matter of opinion of course," she replied, acridly. "As for myself, I haven't seen ever a passably good-looking woman on the stage tonight."

But Ralph Davis was paying scant attention to her remarks. For a moment memory held him. Was it Cecile Raymond? Could it be she?

"Why not?" he asked himself bitterly. "Who knows where she went or how far may have fallen since she slipped away from Lancaster two years ago? Then Cecile wished to be a grand opera star." He smiled with a cynicism beyond his years. "They so often end up in the chorus—it may be after all," he concluded.

"If she—" and then his honesty of thought drove back the reproaches he started to heap upon Cecile. "No, it was my fault, just mine," he admitted. "I was too ambitious, I didn't dare ask her when I had little to offer. Cecile on her part was impatient and went away to make a name for herself. It was all my fault," he repeated, unconscious that he spoke aloud.

"What's your fault?" Miss Davis asked, turning a wondering glance upon him.

Ralph came out of his reverie suddenly. "That I didn't bring a box of candy for you," he replied with quick self-possession. He hailed a boy and bought an expensive two-pound package.

For an instant Travis' eyes rested on the woman at his side. Superbly gowned, Miss Davis possessed a regular if somewhat colorless beauty. Her good breeding showed itself in every line of her face and if there was a certain hardness in her features, too much of a steely glitter in the pale blue eyes, the amount of her father's fortune atoned for any deficiencies. Certainly, Travis, two years before a nobody and now only a rising young man, perhaps undeservedly credited with two engineering triumphs, should thank his stars of fortune that it was he who was favored to sit at Miss Davis' side.

Travis knew well that in the next box was Edgerton Green, contender for the hand of the girl who that evening favored Ralph with her smiles. To be in his place the young man doubted not that Green would have given all he possessed. "Certainly," Travis reflected, "I should consider myself lucky."

But strangely enough he was dissatisfied. The girl was probably not Cecile. Even if she were, what was she to him?

Two years on the stage, in the ballet! With his somewhat austere training he shuddered to think what her life must have been. No; if the dancer should prove to be Cecile, she held no interest for him.

Yet, when the curtain rose, he forgot the woman beside him and with an unconscious eagerness leaned forward in his seat, his eyes strained to catch the first sight of the diminutive figure, third from the end—second row.

The pretty conceit of the second act was the appearance of the "Tiger-Lilies." The ballet, a few minutes before gowned in dainty white, now appeared in flaming crimson, their heads crowned with scarlet and yellow caps, fashioned in the shape of a lily. Then it was that Travis knew the one whom his eyes sought was indeed Cecile Raymond. The gorgeousness of her costume only accentuated the pallor of her cheeks, the feverish luster of her large, brown eyes, the dead blackness of her massed hair.

Cecile knew him. He read that in the first glance. Despite stage decorum her eyes continually wandered toward his box. She executed the lively, rollicking dance mechanically, keeping time and step with the skill of long habit. But the man, leaning forward in his seat, unconscious of the stately girl at his side, of the multitude of men and women about him, knew intuitively that Cecile's thoughts were with him, as his were with her.

In his reverie fancy took him back once more on a peaceful river in the far-away country of his home—Cecile's home. They were together, hardly more than boy and girl, in a canoe drifting slowly down the stream. The month was August, the sun aglitter on the swiftly flowing water of mid-channel, but they coasted along the bank in the deep shade of the overhanging trees. And there, at the edge of the bushes, tall tiger-lilies grew, their crimson coloring resplendent against the background of green. Together they had picked the lilies—to

gether that summer afternoon of the long ago. He wondered idly if the girl on the stage remembered.

In the instant something happened. The ballet had swung far to the left almost below his box. Suddenly Cecile's white face grew even whiter, she swayed and fell in a little heap. The line of dancers swung around and passed her, away to the center of the stage. Too well trained were they to allow even for an instant anything to break the flawless mechanism of their execution. Somebody from the wings would drag out the girl who had fallen; the play must go on.

But before a stage hand could reach her Travis had climbed the railing of the box and leaped upon the stage. Bending for an instant over the unconscious girl, he quickly raised the slender form and bore her in his arms, away from the glare of lights and the blatant music to the quiet of a dressing room—any dressing room, it did not matter to the commanding young man, whose face so set and stern made men obey him.

"Cecile, Cecile," he whispered, "my dear little tiger-lily."

And the girl opening her eyes, smiling wistfully, understood that he referred not to the tawdry splendor of her garb, but to the days, so many weary weeks and months and years before when they had drifted together on the quiet river and gathered the gorgous lilies on its banks.

"I was so tired," she murmured. "And now you've come, Ralph, and it's all right."

"Starved herself, the poor little thing," the motherly wardrobe woman explained in a low voice. "She wouldn't do like many of the girls," the woman motioned toward the stage from which waves of applause rolled as the ballet scampered into the wings. "She was paid only fifteen a week and had to provide her own clothes. The chick hasn't had a square meal in a month. No wonder she fainted dead away."

"It was all a mistake, just a misunderstanding," Travis said in a low voice and the woman nodded with comprehension. "But it will be all right now, just as she said." With the tenderness of a woman the young man lifted the slight form and carried her to a couch.

Meanwhile in the theater Edgerton Green had taken Travis' place at Miss Davis' side. When Ralph thought of the woman he had left alone in the box he regretted his unavoidable rudeness. She was welcome to think of him as a cad or however else she pleased. For he had Cecile, he had found again his little girl of the tiger-lilies, and amid his happiness nothing else of this world mattered. (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WERE COMRADES AT DINNER

Rufus' Claim to Acquaintance With British General Had Actual Foundation.

After peace was declared in the War of 1812, Rufus Brown, a lank Vermont, was waiting with the United States troops at Niagara Falls for orders to return home. Anxious to try a double-barreled gun he had just bought, Rufus obtained permission to cross over into Canada for a day's shooting. But game was shy, and late in the afternoon, with his gun still untried, as he was returning disgustedly, a crow perched on a tree top not far from British headquarters, tempted him, and he brought it down with one barrel. The shot brought out a British general, who, as Rufus stooped to pick up the crow, said: "That's a fine gun; will you let me see it?"

Rufus handed him the gun, when the general, with sudden fire in his eye, said: "You scoundrel, you have shot my pet crow, and now you've got to eat it."

Rufus explained, then stormed, then begged, but the general was mad, clear through, and would not let him off until three mouthfuls of raw crow had been gulped down.

"There," he said, handing back the gun, "that will teach you a wholesome lesson."

Rufus walked away two steps, wheeled sharply around, and leveling his gun at the general's head, said: "Eat the rest of that crow."

The general, in turn, blustered and pleaded, but in vain; he had to finish the unsavory meal.

Next day Rufus was called to American headquarters. There he confronted the angry British general.

"Rufus," said his commanding officer, "this is General Forsythe; do you know him?"

"Well," drawled Rufus, with a twinkle in his eye, "we are sort of acquainted. We dined together yesterday."

Miss Helen and the Tourists.

One day Miss Helen Taft was met by two tourists as she left the White House grounds. With that charming and inexplicable gift for garrulity which tourists develop, they stopped her, and, not knowing that she was the president's daughter, asked her a lot of questions about the White House. Miss Taft submitted and pointed out all the various interesting things about the grounds, where the apartments of the president and his family were situated, and other intimate details.

"You seem to know a lot about it, my dear," said one of the women.

"Oh," replied Miss Taft laughingly, "you see, I am one of the assistants to the chief cook."

As she walked away she heard one of the tourists declare: "Quite refined looking for a domestic."—Popular Magazine.

Gown of Exquisite Design Product of American Talent



To demonstrate their ability at designing gowns excelling the importations from France, American dressmakers have given their best effort and talent to the most beautiful gowns shown in this country. The photograph demonstrates more ably than words the result of their efforts. The gown is a Grecian gown of white chiffon with rhinestone trimmings, with a Grecian key design and rhinestone girdle.

BLOUSE CUT IN ONE PIECE BLACK SATIN HAT RETAINED

One of Tulle Valenciennes Is Made With Neither Trimming Nor Fullness.

The newest cream white blouses are more plain than ever. The prettiest are tulle valenciennes, or a kind of soft point d'esprit with figures like those in the valenciennes design. One blouse of this material has not the slightest trimming or fullness except in the back, where there is a tiny bit to cover the opening and make it look like a narrow plait. The entire thing is made in one piece, the sole garnish being little button studs of black velvet in two rows at the throat, both back and front, and on the wrists. The neck is cut low and round, with cording of the lace in three rows.

A noticeable feature of this blouse, which was designed in a house in the Place Vendome and intended for the Riviera, is the sleeves made all in one piece, with no extensions whatever. It is as though the entire thing had been molded together. No doubt the styles for the coming season will adopt ideas seen in this blouse. We have arrived at a period when cuts and finishes are at their crescendo of plainness. Nothing further is possible because effects could not possibly be any more rigid or simple.

STYLISH SPRING DRESS



Spring dress of Royal blue broadcloth with draped skirt and yoke of accordion pleated silk. The waist is made almost entirely of silk with lapels and accordion pleated short sleeves.

Though White Seems to Be Coming Favorite Color, Yet This Style Is Always Smart.

While colors are to be rampant this year and spread themselves over the world like a gorgeous sunset or a rainbow, yet the tiny black satin hat is to be very smart indeed. The woman who is in doubt what to choose when she is bewildered by the sulphur, purple, bronze and red shades offered would do well to rapidly retreat toward conservatism and choose a hat of black satin that has little trimming and owes its beauty to its shape.

Such hats are not what they used to be. They are distinctly of this season. The shape is rather stiff, with a low crown and a two-inch brim which rolls slightly back at the edges; over this the satin is stretched and finished at the seams with a cord or a piping. There are no folds or bows or full crown bands; all is as smooth and demure as a man's silk hat. The trimming is placed flat on the brim and is made up of any kind of feather that has spirals and looks straggling and careless.

The best known choice is a feather called numidie and which is more or less expensive and very fashionable. The peacock feathers are on this order and that is one of the reasons why they have returned to favor. Straw and wheat are also used, and whatever does not lie flat on the brim stands insolently erect in the middle of the front or back.

Beaded Bags.

Beaded bags refuse to be ousted. The smartest are of jet oblongs; pierced and applied to the net alternately with beads of silver or gold, or set solidly together and bordered with silver, gold or white disks. Equally alluring are the bags made of steel mingling with colored beads and those which show the same curious shaded effects that distinguish shot, silks. Some of these latter are made in the fashionable pannier shape first brought out in walrus or seal bags, and all contain a change purse and card case of satin matching the lining of the chief receptacle.

To Wash Cretonne Draperies.

Boil one pound of rice in one gallon of water until rice is soft, then strain off one quart of the milky water and add a piece of gum arabic the size of an egg. Set this aside for starching. Take the remainder of the water, and rice, add enough warm water to wash the curtains. Rub on a handful of the boiled rice and souse up and down many times, then rinse in clear water.

Starch in the water as prepared above. Iron with a medium hot iron when partly dry. The cretonne will look like new.

Add Ammonia.

White frocks and blouses or underclothing that have a bad color should be first soaked in cold water to which a little ammonia has been added and then given a lemon bleach; that is, a large lemon should be cut into slices, and rind and all boiled up in the boiling pan or small copper. When at full boiling point put in the linens and muslins and boil for twenty minutes.

Garments in Turn.

A useful thing to remember in putting clean clothes away is to place the freshly laundered pieces at the bottom of their respective piles. Then, by using the topmost, you always take the garments in rotation and each garment thus has less frequent wear and its life is lengthened.

WIVES COST MORE

Natives of Omdurman Pay High Prices for Spouses.

Value of Dowry Has Increased Since the Days of the Mahdi—Huge Swamp Covers 35,000 Square Miles.

Khartoum.—The natives must be prosperous in Omdurman, for even a workingman will pay a preposterous price for his wife. The cost of getting married has gone up since the days of the Mahdi. The Mohammedan custom at marriage is that a certain sum is agreed upon as the bride's dowry, and is provided, not by her father, but by the prospective bridegroom. Half of this is handed over to her people before marriage, and is usually spent in wedding festivities; the other half can be claimed by the wife if her husband divorces her.

"Sudd" or "sadd" means literally "obstruction," and in the Sudan it is generally applied to the river weed which, massing itself together in the upper Nile, forms a vast expanse of swamp, a veritable inland Sargasso sea, a waving, lush green forest of reeds and water growth some 35,000 square miles in extent. Think of it! Thirty-five thousand square miles of hopeless swamp. Through this sudd region the White Nile travels for 300 miles, and in the rainy season large islands of sudd break away and, floating down stream, choke up the narrow channel of the river. So serious does this obstruction become that river steamers had been blocked in for weeks at a time until a way has been hewn out for them.

The steamers that go up from Khartoum to Gondokor and the Lado and back cannot use coal, for the price of transportation renders the expense prohibitive. Hence at the fueling stations placed at intervals along the White Nile you will see neatly piled stacks of wood placed on the bank, and this "wooding" is a process to which you will soon get accustomed if you journey southward. It is full of disadvantages; indeed it is chiefly disadvantageous. Wood fuel takes a long time to get on board; it occupied a great deal of space when it is on board and it eats up the timber of the country. Now it occurred to a Teutonic genius that could the mass of weed be dried and prepared for the burning, the sudd, which was useless,



Near Historic Omdurman.

might just as well provide the fuel instead of the trees, which were useful; accordingly with the grateful approval of the Sudan government, experiments were duly carried out. Some tons of the tall weeds were cut down, dried in the sun, subjected to a disintegrating process and converted into neat briquettes about six inches long, three broad and one deep; the handiest little thing imaginable.

PYTHON FIGHTS 12 KEEPERS

Twenty-two-Foot Inmate of Bronx Zoo Hasn't Eaten for Nineteen Months, but—

New York.—With a dozen strong men Curator Raymond Ditmars went into the snake house at the Bronx zoo and opened the door of a cage containing Selina, a 22-foot python. While she dozed a noose was slipped over her neck.

Selina has not eaten so much as a pound of pig for nineteen months. All that time she has lived on her fat, and she is still fat and the champion fighter in her class. Freshly killed pigs and other tempting snake bits have been put in her cage since she began her long fast, but she simply has brushed them aside with a sweep of her tail, closed her jaws and shut her eyes in snakely contempt.

But the tying of the noose about her neck aroused her to fury. She swung her tail against the bars of her cell, wriggled, writhed and fought as only Selina can fight. More nooses were got about her slippery body, and the curator gave the order: "Slowly, men. Now pull!"

Gradually Selina was dragged through the doorway. She flopped to the floor of the house and began a series of contortions. Keeper Michael O'Keefe got too close to Selina's tail and was knocked through a window. Next John Hastings was sent sprawling.

For two hours the men fought and tugged before Selina was got into another cage 150 feet away.