Social Forms and Entertainments



Celebrating the Tin Wedding.

An author who was about to celebrate the tenth anniversary of her marriage describes her plans in this way:

"For refreshments, will serve coffee in tin cup, with tin spoons, and dainty sandwiches on tin plates; will pass water in a tin pail, using a tin dipper. All refreshments will be passed in tin pans, the waiters will use tin coffee pots to refill the coffee cups. For a centerpiece for the table, will use a large tin cake pan, with an opening in the center, in which a small fish horn can be placed, the cake pan and fish horn both being filled with flowers. Shall decorate the rooms with tin as far as possible. In one archway shall use tin plates tied together with ribbon, a small hole being punched in the plates for the purpose. This will form a curtain for one archway. In another archway shall use tin cups for the same purpose. Tin candlesticks can be used if one is fortunate enough to have them. Wire toasters tied with ribbon can be hung on the walls to hold photographs. Small tin spoons tied with ribbons can be given as souvenirs, being passed around by the waiters, in a tin dust pan."

A few more suggestions would be that the bride carry her bouquet in a tin funnel and the bridegroom could have a very small tin horn in his buttonhole containing a small bouquet. Potted plants and flowers may be set in tin pails for jardinieres and vases, and small tin basins can be passed instead of finger bowls. Tin foil may be put to various decorative uses, not forgetting to wrap the bonbons in it.

A Bluebird Party.

Cut the cards on which to write the questions from blue water color board or from heavy blue paper and they should be bird shaped. The answers are all birds and children will love this game. As a reward a "bluebird" pin might be a suggestion: 1. A child's plaything. (Kite). 2. What you do at every meal. (Swallow). 3. Nothing, twice yourself and fifty. (Owl). Less than the whole and the top of a house. (Partridge). Equality and decay. (Parrot). A celebrated English architect. (Wren.) A tailor's implement. (Goose). Part of an ancient fireplace. (Crane). A girl's nickname and a baked dish. (Magpie). A turbulent country. (Turkey). To spoil and half a score. (Marten). Popular in baseball season. (Bat). A bit of wood and a disturbance. (Sparrow).

A Novel Sewing Shower.

There were 12 neighborhood girls who had grown up together and when the first one announced her engagement and approaching marriage, the others decided to give her a sewing shower. Each one brought a yard of dainty figured lawn and the hostess supplied patterns for the following articles which were useful and easily made in the afternoon. There was lace, beading, ribbon, embroidery cotton, needles and thread on hand and the girls worked merrily. Here is what the happy little bride-elect took home: Small aprons, a sunbonnet, a slumber-pillow cover, a hair-combing jacket, a corset bag and a set of bureau drawer sachets.

The refreshments were: Lettuce sandwiches, lemonade, green-and-white frosted cakes and pistachio ice cream. They were served on little tables covered with white dollies.

Menu for a Spinster Tea.

Several weeks ago I had several requests for ideas for "spinster" affairs, of bachelor maids' parties. I just found this clever menu that would be just the thing to use at such a party, and hope it will not be too late to help out.

1. Always in pair.
2. Would they were here.
3. Front curls.
4. Objects of envy.
5. Warranted to pop.
6. A solace.
7. Sadly missed.
8. High backed comb.
9. Cause of woe.
10. Courtship.
11. A lover.
12. Our tears.
13. Left over.

KEY TO THE MENU.

1. Cup and saucer.
2. Jolly boys.
3. Curled molasses chips.
4. Pressed pears (pairs).
5. Bottle of ginger ale.
6. Tea.
7. Kisses.
8. Honey in comb.
9. Spiced tongue.
10. Mush.
11. A spoon.
12. Salt.
13. Heart (baked).

A Good Thing to Know.

To increase the lasting capacity of candles, kep them in the ice box for 24 hours before using. They will burn much slower, and to the up-to-date hostess who uses candles constantly this is quite an item. It is quite customary to light the dining room almost entirely with candles placed around the room or the plate rail, mantel and sideboard. These are not shaded, and it is a very pretty idea to have individual candles at each plate. These are usually shaded to protect the eyes.

A Jack Horner Pie "Shower."

This is a pretty way to present the gifts to a bride at a shower if the articles are small like hosiery or handkerchiefs. Make a Jack Horner pie in the colors the hostess wishes to have and when dessert time comes (if the occasion is a luncheon) ask each guest to pull her ribbon and as the package is forthcoming, each one has some excuse to find like "This piece of pie is too large, please hand it to Miss B—, (the honored guest). And the next one says: "My piece is very much too small, just pass it to Miss B—." This makes loads of fun and opening the parcels adds zest to the occasion. It is well to have an appropriate sentiment written on the donor's card to be read aloud. Handkerchiefs and stockings may be rolled and concealed in tissue paper with fringed ends and so look like the snapping motto favors so popular at all social functions. The ribbons tied around each one and all put within the pie.

MADAME MERRI.

Wedding Invitations.

An invitation to a wedding should be printed on heavy white paper, folded once, and inclosed in an envelope of the same size, and this placed in the address envelope. The address should never be typewritten, no matter how many invitations are issued. Special written invitations are often sent, and these should be immediately acknowledged in a few words of acceptance or a note of regret if unable to attend. An invited guest need not necessarily send a present, but it is a pretty courtesy to do so, even though the offering be but a bouquet of flowers, as a token of cordiality and congartulations.

Double Purses.

Purses something on the order of the well-known shepherd purses, made of green suede and lined with white satin, have fairly sizable pockets. These purses are provided with two rings, on for pushing well over either pocket and a third central ring on which is a smaller ring to slip over the finger.

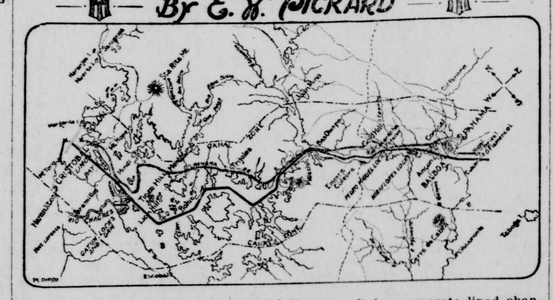
Three Dainty and Charming Frocks for Indoor Wear



The black charmeuse frock is made with a front drapery of "blonde" lace opening onto a fischu of white ninon. A soft silk crepe in flesh pink forms the second design and is worn with a deep fichu in a paler shade of pink. The effect is enhanced by the front butterfly bow, which is in black silk, flowered with deep crimson. The last sketch shows a delightful little ... the bodice and panier of which is in gray and blue flowered ... a pale gray cashmere.

FIRST THROUGH the PANAMA CANAL

By E. V. PICKARD



Colon, C. Z.—I am going to take you through the completed Panama canal on the first vessel to pass across the isthmus from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific. True, the canal is not yet completed, and will not be for a year or so, but that shall not prevent our making the trip now—on paper.

Let us imagine ourselves, then, on an ocean liner approaching the Atlantic or northern entrance of the great canal, prepared to enjoy this initial trip and to wonder at the sights in store for us. In that word "northern" lies the first surprise for many of the passengers who did not know that the canal runs not from east to west, but from northwest to southeast. This seeming anomaly is due to the fact that the Isthmus of Panama here trends almost east and west.

It is still early morning when a watchful passenger shouts "Land," and all who are up rush to the port rail to gaze upon the hilly, jungly coast of the isthmus between Porto Bello and Colon. As the steamship plows swiftly through the waters as blue as ever were those of the Mediterranean a cheer goes up from the deck, for we have caught a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes fluttering above a fringe of cocoanut palms. That marks the location of one of the big forts built to protect the canal in time of war and is on Margarita island, virtually a part of the mainland. Colon, flat and unpicturesque, now comes into view, and directly ahead of us an immense breakwater stretches a mile out from the shore on the right. At its land end, on Toro point, is another fort whose great guns are masked by the tropical foliage.

Now we have virtually entered the canal, for the 500-foot channel extends far out from the shore line. At reduced speed we enter Colon harbor and the Bay of Limon and steam past the pretentious Washington hotel, Uncle Sam, proprietor; the docks of Colon, crowded with shipping from the United States, Europe and many a port of Latin America, and the American town of Cristobal on whose water front stands the statue of Columbus sent over long years ago by the Empress Eugenie. Skipping about the bay, looking like long, black water beetles, are the cayukas or native dug outs, and moving lazily before the sea breeze are the little sailing craft in which the queer San Blas Indians are bringing their products to market.

On the immense concrete piers of Cristobal, built by the canal commission, are throngs of cheering people, white, black and of all intermediate shades. But we do not stop, for the ten-hour passage must be made in daylight and already the sun is high over Mount Hope, once Monkey Hill, the scene of many a bloody fight in the old insurrectionary days, now the last resting place of hundreds who laid down their lives in the work of digging the canal under both the French and the American regimes.

Four miles and a half we steam through Limon bay and the shores narrow in on our 500-foot channel, still at tide level. Now look ahead three miles and get a glimpse of the Gatun locks, that tremendous flight of three water steps up which we are to be lifted. In a few minutes we reach the towering dividing wall of concrete, our own power is shut off and the electric locomotives on the lock walls take us in tow. Four of these powerful machines attach their hawsers to our ship, two in front to pull it and two astern to keep it steady and to bring it to a stop when entirely within the lock chamber. The immense gates close silently behind us and at once the water begins to flow into the chamber through culverts that have their openings in the concrete floor. Slowly the vessel rises until it is on a level with the second chamber, 28 1-3 feet above sea level, when the gate ahead is opened and the electric mules move forward, this time up a heavy grade by means of the center racks in the tracks. Twice this operation is repeated, and now we are at the summit, 85 feet above the sea. The last gate opens and the locomotives pull us into Gatun lake.

As our propellers begin to turn again and we steam out into this immense artificial lake, a marvelously beautiful landscape is spread before us. The surface of the lake is dotted with islets, once the summits of Tiger hill, Lion hill and a dozen other eminences; on both sides are steep promontories, lovely little peninsulas and deep bays and inlets where the water has spread into the once jungle-filled valleys.

Before we get too far from the locks, let us step to the starboard rail and have a look at the Gatun dam, enormous stretch of rock, sand and clay that has formed Gatun lake by impounding the waters of the Chagres river. It is in reality a low ridge, one and a half miles long, built across the valley, and when we are told that it is nearly half a mile wide at its base, 400 feet wide at the water surface and 100 feet wide at its crest, which is twenty feet above the level of the lake, how utterly ridiculous seem the fears of those alarmists who predicted the dam would be pushed over by the Chagres in time of flood!

Nearly in the center of the dam we can see the famous spillway through which pazs the surplus waters of the Chagres. It is a concrete lined channel 285 feet wide cut through a hill of rock and across it is built a curved dam of concrete on top of which is a row of regulating gates. Just below the spillway, out of our sight, is the hydroelectric station which supplies power for the operation of the entire canal and the lighting of the whole zone.

Our channel through the lake—for we still must follow a path indicated by range towers on the shores—is now a thousand feet wide and leads us somewhat tortuously through a maze of islands. Look down as we near some of them and you will see below the surface the tops of giant trees. For we are sailing over what but a few months ago was the valley of the Chagres, dense with tropic vegetation and dotted with native villages surrounded by banana and cocoanut plantations. Close to the shores the stoutest of the trees still stretch their naked, dead limbs above the water, but before long these, too, will have rotted and fallen, leaving the luxuriant landscape unmarred.

Passing over the sites of Bohio, Frijoles and Chagresito, we now come to the place where Tabernilla once stood, and here both lake and channel narrow down, the latter being first 800, then 700 and finally 500 feet wide. On the hillsides to the right stand a few abandoned houses, all that remains of Mamei, Juan Grande, Gorgona and Matachin, busy places while the canal was building, now covered by the spreading waters. Along the left shore of the channel runs the relocated Panama railway and here at Gamboa it crosses the Chagres river, which our vessel now leaves to enter the far famed Culebra cut. This great gash through the spine of the continent is 300 feet wide at the bottom, but, because of the tremendous earth slides which cost Uncle Sam so much money and time, its width at the top is astonishing, being half a mile just here opposite the town of Culebra. Beyond, on our left, towers Gold hill, 495 feet above the bottom of the canal. Far up on its rocky slope we discern a streak of white paint which marks the level to which the French company carried its excavations. Nearly opposite is Contractor's hill, 364 feet high. As we move between these, the loftiest hills along the route, and pass the location of that notorious "cockroach," the Cucaracha slide, the Pedro Miguel lock stands before us, white in the noonday sun. This, a single flight lock, is 30 feet high, the highest on the canal. Again we are taken in tow by electric mules and in less than half an hour we have been lowered those 30 feet and steam into another artificial body of water, Miraflores lake, only a mile long. At its southern end we pass the town of Miraflores and enter the locks of the same name, a double flight that lets us down once more to sea level.

The exciting part of the passage is over, but there is yet much of interest to see. Down the broad channel we look clear out onto the glittering waters of the Pacific ocean. Nearer at hand, on the left, Ancon hill raises its verdure-clad summit, and clustered on its slopes we see the many structures of the big hospital, the new administration buildings of the canal and the barracks of the marines. And now, steaming between filled-in swamp lands, we come to Balboa, which the government has made into a fine naval station, with an immense dry dock and extensive machine shops.

Stretching out from Balboa into the Pacific is a breakwater, two miles long, which protects the harbor from storms. At its outer end is a cluster of little islands, Naos, Perico, Culebra and Flamenco, and here we pass under the powerful guns that guard the Pacific end of the canal. They are mounted high up on the summits of these rock islets, rifled cannon, one shot from which would sink a battleship, and huge mortars whose shells can be dropped behind Tobago island 12 miles away in the direction of Japan.

In ten hours we have crossed through the continent and now float on the broad Pacific. As we look back the picturesque city of Panama lies bathed in the light of the westering sun and on the side of Ancon hill shines the big white Tivoli hotel. The sudden night of the tropics is soon to fall, and already, as far back as we can see along our route and beside the ocean channel, are twinkling the lights that Uncle Sam has set up to guide the world's commerce through this most wonderful of canals which he has built.

Reassuring.

A woman hired a taxicab. The door of the cab was hardly closed before the engine started with a jerk, and the cab began to race madly along, narrowly missing lamp-posts, tram-cars, policemen, etc. Becoming frightened, the woman rapped on the window of the cab and said:

"Please be careful. This is the first time I ever rode in a taxi."

The chauffeur reassured the passenger as follows:

"That's all right, ma'am. This is the first time I ever drove one!"

In twenty years London, England, has lost 806,000 of its population to outside districts.

GREAT REUNION OF BLUE AND GRAY OVER

Closing of the Camp of the Civil War Veterans.

WAS WELL WORTH THE COST

Congress Will Be Asked To Appropriate $1,000,000 For a Bigger Peace Monument.

Gettysburg, Pa.—The Gettysburg peace camp is history. Fifty-five thousand Union and Confederate veterans have camped, perhaps, for the last time on the old battlefield.

The camp will have a big niche in history, for it marked an official effort, supplemented by the presence of the President and the Vice-President of the United States, by the United States government and by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and by several States to bring the North and South into complete reconciliation and to cement stronger bonds of union.

This camp, just closed, was essentially the reunion of privates—of men who dug the trenches, who curried the horses, who performed the most menial duties. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Gen. Wade Hampton, Gen. Butler, Gen. Joe Wheeler, Gen. John B. Gordon and other Confederates of distinction had abundant opportunities to meet and mingle with Northern men against whom they were arrayed during the Civil War and they availed themselves of these opportunities. Not so with the humble privates who wore the blue and who wore the gray. They had no opportunities to meet and mingle. Their hard struggles for livelihood kept them at home during these long 50 years.

Northern veterans of the more humble class have not visited the South. The Southern veteran of the same type has stayed at home. North and South these veterans have kept alive within their own breasts the feelings engendered by the war. Those feelings exist no more, for here the Northern and Southern veterans met shoulder to shoulder, grasped each other's hands, agreed to forget the past and to be loyal to one flag. And the 55,000 veterans who gathered here will tell veterans who stayed at home and their neighbors what was done here and how the Blue and the Gray blended into an harmonious color.

This camp cost over $1,000,000. This enormous figure represents appropriations by the national Congress, by the legislature of Pennsylvania and by the several States, which paid the transportation expenses of veterans unable to pay their own expenses by public subscriptions in States in which no appropriations were made and by veterans who paid their own expenses.

Was the camp worth this outlay? Yes; and ten times one million dollars, for a sentiment has been created, not by the money spent, but by the commingling of men who faced each other in battle array 50 years ago. Patriotism has been rekindled, heightened, and if the dollar be considered, how can it be more profitable spent than in arousing a greater love of country, in rallying a once severed nation under one flag?

EVERYBODY GETTING RICHER.

Per Capita Circulation Has Increased Ten Cents.

Washington.—The total amount of money in the United States at the beginning of the new fiscal year amounted to $3,718,379,000, an increase of $12,456,000 over a month ago, according to a statement from the treasury. Of this $3,371,326,000 was in circulation and $347,054,000 was held in the treasury as assets of the government. Estimating the population of the country as 97,337,000, the treasury announced that the per capita circulation was $34.64, or an increase of 10 cents within a month.

TWO BANDITS HOLD UP TRAIN.

Blow Express Car Safe and Carry Off Between $500 and $3,500.

Memphis, Tenn.—Two bandits held up southbound passenger train No. 1 on the Illinois Central Railroad south of Batesville, Miss., awed the train and locomotive crews with weapons; blew open the safe in the express car and ransacked the mail packages; then escaped. None of the passengers were molested, because the bandits compelled the locomotive crew to detach the mail, express and baggage cars and run them some distance from the passenger coaches.

PROPOSES RADICAL CHANGE.

Senator Works Would Take Appointments From President.

Washington.—A bill to take part of the appointive power from the President and lodge it in a commission of three men was introduced by Senator Works. It is designed to prevent public offices from being used as political rewards, and the chief effect would be to take from senators, representatives and party leaders their present power of recommending candidates.

THREE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Bolt Struck Tree Under Which They Had Sought Shelter.

Medina, Ohio.—Harry Sauers, a Civil War veteran, and John Garr, 50 both of Medina, and Lawrence Gayer 12, of Harveyville, were killed by a bolt of lightning which struck the tree under which they had sought shelter from a storm. Another man was revived after half an hour's work. The rest of the 10,000 people in the fair grounds ran for the grandstand and witnessed the death of the three.

ORIGIN OF THE SHIP SCREW

Dismantled Bark Was Propelled to Port by Entangled Whale, According to Story.

Johann van den Broeck, who arrived the other day from Java on his way home to Zaandam, Holland, to see his family, said that his grandfather, Cornelius van den Broeck, was the first man to have the idea of screw propellers for steamships instead of side wheels.

"It was in 1838, I have been told," said Mr. van den Broeck at the Waldorf-Astoria, the New York Times says, "that my grandfather commanded a stout old Dutch bark of 900 tons, sailing from Amsterdam to the East Indies. The Groote Marie she was called. In trying to weather the Cape of Good Hope the bark was dismasted, and, like the Flying Dutchman of Vanderdecken, it looked as if the Groote Marie would spend her days to the crack of doom trying to get around to the Indian ocean on her way to Java. One stormy afternoon the bark was suddenly rocked by a crashing blow on her high square wooden stern.

"The captain and his officers, with the crew on deck, rushed and saw that the Groote Marie had been hit by a whale which had stuck fast in the timbers and was slashing the sea with its tail to get free.

"The water began pouring into the after hold and Capt. van den Broeck ordered the after hatch to be taken off to see how much water was coming in. Directly the hatch covers were removed, the enormous head of the whale could be seen in the gloom of the hold, and he started to blow the water out through the open hatch as fast as it poured in, so my grandfather said, and in his struggle to release himself the whale propelled the bark ahead at seven knots an hour into Cape Town harbor."

Mr. van den Broeck added that his grandfather tried to get some of the Dutch merchants in Cape Town to take an interest in patenting a propeller for use on steamers instead of paddle wheels, as the Cunard line then had on the Atlantic, but they shook their heads and said they had little faith in steam and prophesied that canvas would still be the motive power for ships.

When Capt. van den Broeck returned to Amsterdam his brother skippers, who assembled daily in the old cafe in the Prins Hendrik Gracht, laughed at his yarn and said that the captain had taken too much Schiedam one night and dreamed the whale story.

Irish Fluency.

Educated persons find it hard to believe that an Irish peasant speaks always with a compelling sense of style. That it is so, Mr. Padraic Colum declares in "My Irish Year." He tells of a man saying that "he was offered gallons of gold in Caron jail to betray the country." He used "gallons" with "gold" for the alliteration. Another man said, "I could have made monuments of money, if I had stayed in America."

It is said that the English peasant has a vocabulary of from 300 to 500 words. Doctor Pedersen took down 2,500 words used by the Irish peasantry of the Aran islands. Dr. Douglas Hyde wrote down a vocabulary of 3,000 words from the mouths of Roscommon peasants who could neither read nor write, and he thinks he fell short by 1,000 words of the vocabulary in actual use! He believes that in Munster, especially in Kerry, the average vocabulary in use among Irish speakers is probably between 5,000 and 6,000 words.

Behind this abundant vocabulary there is a highly developed social sense. In peasant Ireland, satire is current, and has noticeable effect. An old man ate a meal in his son's house one day, and afterward he spoke of his daughter-in-law's housekeeping. "God made meat," says he, "and somebody else made cooks." The Gael has always been marked for his abundant and vivid speech, and for his conspicuous martial qualities. "Born soldiers of fortune," says the German historian. "Very great scorners of death," says the Elizabethan observers.—Youth's Companion.

Lazy Husbands Pull Stumps.

Preparing to enforce the lazy husbands law and to provide work for county prisoners, Sheriff Cudihee and the board of commissioners are arranging for the construction of a stockade on 65 acres of county land north of Seattle.

A delegation of club women and others urged the board to provide outdoor work for the moral and physical welfare of the prisoners. The new system will mean the employment of four or five guards and a cook and the construction of a stockade and fence. A stump puller and donkey engine will be put into commission.

The lazy husbands law is expected to increase the number of county prisoners, as the prosecuting attorney was bombarded with inquiries from anxious wives as to when the law will take effect.

It provides for imprisonment, trial and punishment of husbands who neglect or refuse to work and support their families.—New York Sun.

Where Bismarck Failed.

In view of the marriage of the crown princess of Germany to the son of the duke of Cumberland, it is interesting to recall that an attempt to unite these two royal families of Prussia and Hanover was made as long ago as 1866, only a few months before the beginning of the war with Austria. In "Bismarck's Autobiography" he tells how no other than himself tried to bring about a marriage between the Princess Frederica of Hanover with Prince Albrecht of Prussia in order to keep the neutrality of the former kingdom.

Silver Lining Query.

Robert Perks, British M. P., having declared that in the eastern part of the United States Christianity exists only in name, while the organist and choirmaster are more important than the clergymen, what "knocker" will have the hardihood hereafter to raise the question, "Are we a musical people?"

Great Defense.

The great advocate—let us call him Mr. McSweeney—was defending a man in a murder case. The case looked hopeless, and McSweeney submitted no evidence for the defense. So the public prosecutor, believing that conviction was assured, ended with just a few perfunctory remarks.

Then, in a quiet, conversational tone, the famous McSweeney began to talk to the jury. He made no mention of the murder. He just described in vivid colors a pretty country cottage rung with honeysuckle, a young wife preparing supper, and the rosy youngsters waiting at the gate to greet their father on his return home for the evening meal. Suddenly McSweeney stopped. He drew himself up to his full height. Then, striking the table with his fist, he cried in a voice that thrilled every bosom:

"Gentlemen, you must send him back home to them!"

A red-faced juror choked and blurted out: "By George, sir, we'll do it."—London Opinion.

For SUMMER HEADACHES
Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Tourists in the Desert.

"What is that smoke?" "Indians signaling." "I wish we could reply to them; but we have no wood." "Call Algy. I think we can make a smudge with one of his Turkish cigarettes."

IF YOU ARE A TRIFLE SENSITIVE
about the size of your shoes, you can wear a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties and for Breaking in New Shoes. Gives instant relief to Tired, Aching, Swollen, Tender Feet, and takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Samples FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

Oh, You Husbands!

Governor Sulzer of New York said recently of a notorious politician:

"This man deems himself honest, but his idea of honesty is a good deal like some husbands' idea of devotion.

"Two husbands were talking about a third.

"'Blanc,' said the first, 'is a very devoted, conscientious and considerate husband, I understand.'

"'Yes,' said the second; 'whenever he is going to be home to dinner he always notifies his wife beforehand.'"

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Had Not Disobeyed.

Robbie is a Washington boy, and many degrees removed from an angel. Not long ago his father bought him a bicycle, on a solemn promise that he would be good for at least a year.

One week later he was detected in some particularly flagrant act, and his father, to punish him, forbade him to ride his bicycle for a whole week.

Robbie promised, but as his father neared home next day he saw his son whirling along on his wheel.

"Robbie," said he, more in sorrow than in anger, "didn't I tell you not to ride your bicycle for a week?"

"Yes, sir," said Robbie, cheerfully, "and I'm not going to disobey you. This isn't my wheel. It's one I borrowed."

"Dour" Scotsmen.

Counsel, in the course of further observations, referred to the "dour" Scotsmen concerned in the election.

His Lordship—What is the meaning of "dour?"

Mr. Duke—It means "dark." A secondary meaning is "stubborn."

His Lordship—I wanted to know, because I am a Scotsman myself. (Laughter.)—London Telegraph.

Blamed It on Dad.

Tom, the piper's son, had stolen the pig and was running away with it.

"I wouldn't have to do this," he blubbered, "if dad could make a livin' fur the fam'ly."

For in all ages of the world there have been musicians to whom music was an art rather than a livelihood.

Stunts With Big River.

One Mississippi river scheme proposed to prevent the recurring floods on that stream contemplates a job of excavating 500 times larger than the Panama canal.

One way to keep boys on the farm is to install a motor to turn the grindstone.

BANISHED
Coffee Finally Had to Go.

The way some persons cling to coffee, even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzler. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum is properly made and used instead. A girl writes:

"Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept on drinking coffee.

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee, as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But Mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up.

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish, I asked for a taste.

"That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum (must be boiled.)

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

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