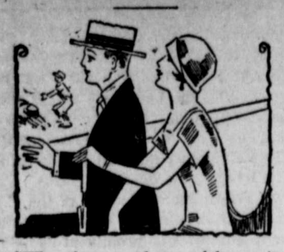
GOOD IDEA



"Why does a player pick up two bats before he goes to the plate?"

"It makes one bat seem lighter don't you see?"

"I see. It's a fine scheme. I think I'll try it on the biscuits at our boarding house."

Too Conspicuous

"For goodness sake, John! why are you going back to wearing that old suit when you have a new one?" demanded his wife.

"It makes me feel too conspicuous when I am on the streets to be sporting a new one when I see only old ones on 99 per cent of the men I pass," he replied.

Too Much So

"The maid I require must be economical."

"My last mistress discharged me for that very reason."

"What! for being economical?"

"Yes'm. I used to wear her clothes."
—Boston Transcript.

Her Only Wish

Doctor—But, madam, a woman of your age cannot expect to grow younger.

Patient—I'm not asking that, doctor. All I want you to do to keep me growing older a little bit slower.—Border Cities Star.

Flying After the Smiths

Wasey—You said your wife would not be content until you also had a three-car garage, and now that you have one I suppose she is?

Kudner—No; the neighbors now have an airplane hangar in their back yard.

WELL WORTH CATCHING



"Anything worth catching in this lake?"

"Rather. That girl in the red bathing suit is worth a million, I'm told."

Thought

"I see the mayor of New York is going to perform the marriage ceremony for a chap.

"I believe a mayor has that right."

"Um. A man could lose a lot of votes that way."

A Flank Movement

He—When Spinelli saw the enemy advancing he ran away. I call that rank cowardice.

She—No. He remembered the earth was round, and he said he was going around to attack them in the rear.

Champion

"That feller carried away a peak load of dogwood last Sunday," remarked Farmer Wiffletree.

"Champion, aye?"

"Yep. Now he's back for more laurels."

Reason

Blinks—Why don't you send that suit of yours to the cleaner and get it dolled up a bit?

Jinks—Because I can't afford to stay in bed for the two days it would be gone.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus



FORESTALLED



"George, dear, how do you like my bathing suit?"

"Well, my dear, to tell you the truth—"

"Stop right there, George; if you are going to talk that way about it I don't want to know."

WOULD BE ALL RIGHT



Publisher—Here, this won't do: "He was silently drinking in the intricate beauty of her face," Volstead law, you know.

The Author—That will be all right when the illustrator has done his work. He'll reduce the beauty to one-half of 1 per cent.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT



He—Do you remember the first time I ever put my arm around you?

She—I shall never forget it.

He—What did you think?

She—I thought you had fooled away a lot of time over the preliminaries.

A Green Gown

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"AND so you are wearing green?" remarked Ella Neilson as she looked at Kathleen's new dress for the party.

"Yes, you know it is my favorite color—perhaps I rather fancy it because my eyes are green."

"Are they green?" inquired her friend coolly. "I always thought they were grayish blue."

"No, indeed," laughed the other girl. "Mother has bought me a string of jade green beads—pretty, aren't they?"

"Lovely," murmured Ella indifferently, and presently she made some excuse and hurried on, but she did not go home then. She went to call upon several other girls of their set and there was much laughter and giggling.

As for Kathleen, while she felt hurt about Ella Neilson's indifference, she did diagnose the case correctly. "I am afraid that Ella is a little jealous about my wearing the green dress," she told her mother that evening.

"You must not mind that, my dear," smiled her mother. "I am sure that Ella will wear a pretty frock and by that time she will have forgotten her jealousy. Did she ask you anything about Frederick?"

Kathleen shook her head. "I think that she was so upset about my dress that she never thought of my escort!"

"And she will take it for granted that Frederick will take her, as usual?"

"I suppose so, mother, I hope she finds it out before Thursday, though!"

Ella Neilson did find it out on Wednesday and she was furiously angry with both Frederick and Kathleen. She had met the young man near the town hall and she made the fatal mistake of taking it for granted that Frederick would be her cavalier as he had been several times in the past.

"What time will you come for me, Fred?" she asked when they were parting, and he had not mentioned the party.

"Ella Neilson," he chided, trying to hide his embarrassment, "you know perfectly well that I am not coming to escort you to the party! Please do not tease a young man with political cares upon his shoulders!"

Ella smiled widely, nervously, and then turned away. "That's a good joke on you, Frederick!" she giggled and went on, and Frederick, guessing her chagrin, and feeling somewhat guilty, went on his way, and in the midst of an important piece of work forgot all about Ella Neilson, though he did have a minute now and then to devote to Kathleen, who had quite stolen his heart.

That afternoon Ella Neilson called up several of her masculine friends at their places of business, and after several failures at last received an invitation from George Moore. "I am going in my car," he said, "and I'd like to take you, Ella—sure that I'm not butting in on Fred—or anything like that?"

"Very sure," said Ella sweetly, "and thank you so much, George. I will be ready at eight o'clock."

"Thank you, Ella. I will be there," he assured her, and then, only then, did Ella smile. Her dress had been ready for several days, but she had not shown it to anybody.

One of the queer things about the party that night was that eight o'clock sounded and went by and very few girls arrived.

There was the usual stag line of unattached young men, and there were some girls and their escorts. Pretty girls and plain girls in pink and yellow and blue, and a few in white or black.

At a quarter after eight Ella Neilson arrived with George Moore, and she looked like a rose in a charming pink dress, and then in groups or by ones and twos came the other girls of her particular "crowd," and every girl wore green! Every shade of green silk, satin, or georgette in combination with another color was represented, and there was much laughter, while Ella was here, there, and everywhere in her rose-pink dress, like one lovely rose in a plain green garden of girls!

And then, just a little late, came Kathleen with Frederick Warner—Kathleen was in green, too, but her dress was somehow "different" from the others—it was a beautiful shade of green, jade, and she wore an odd string of jade beads.

"How odd that so many should wear green!" she confided to Fred as they danced. "Of course, it is worn a lot, but our whole crowd is wearing green, all except Ella. Doesn't she look adorable in pink?"

Frederick had keenly observed Ella Neilson, but he merely said: "Looks like a peony! Kathleen, you are like a cool green rush growing in a quiet pool."

Kathleen blushed adorably and smiled at him. "There are so many of us green rushes, Frederick—I am afraid we are like the wild flags in the creeks!"

"Never mind," he only whispered. "Among them all, Kathy, there is just one green You!"

When the evening was over, and Frederick and Kathleen walked home under the early morning pale moon, it was then that Frederick confessed to Kathleen that he did not like any other girl except her—and it came out in just the way that all happy ending love stories do! As for Ella Neilson—it was something of a tragedy for her when she fell in love and married a man by the name of Green!

ANOTHER HERO NEEDED



She (under beach umbrella)—Bill is quite a hero since he jumped in and saved that girl from drowning.

He—Yes, and now it's up to some other hero to save Bill from marrying the girl.

SHOPPING 'JEFFERSONS'

Ladies, this week I feel moved to consider the ends of existence, and that, dears, is a niftie, for being in a humorous vein I mean of course, your heads, and feet! Aha!

Well, anyhow, if you can control your laughter, let's chat about hats, good and bad, shoes new or sad. Golly, that's poetry! It must be the hats at Jefferson's I've been looking at. If you've been feeling fat, forty or fiendish, I give you my word one of these hats will cure it. For instance, take a little silky soft velours toque, with a crazy perky little cock-eyed bow, jam it down over your right eye, hold up your chin, and you're a new woman for $3.95.

Or pick up the little black one, round like a mandarin's hat, seamed and tucked and cute as a—well, as you'd like to look, tip it down and presto, a woman of the world-

But again consider. If by not infrequent chance your features and profiles are not divinely molded, then pass by these little tricks mentioned above, and fasten upon a shallow-crowned, narrow brimmed brown feet, simply tied with ribbon, and softened by a short crisp veil. It is smart, and very flattering, $2.25. Or else if your nose will stand it, look at the beautiful little black fur felt toque, turned up impudently and caught with a three eared bow, $4.95 and worth it.

Well, so much for your tops. Now three real high spots for your feet. These are street shoes, with built up leather heels that you must wear on the street. First, a perforated Calf Stroller Oxford, very good, brown or black, $6.50. Scotty Oxfords of Elkskin at $4.50, and a dream of a one-strap pump in brown suede and genuine alligator. This, girls is the cats or better, yea, it's $7.50.

Now, heads up and step out!

LYDIA LEE.

HAD HER SIZED



"Beautiful view here. Reminds me so much of Scotland, you know."

"Oh, then you went to that lecture, too?"

CAUSE OF SOURNESS



Frog—What's the matter with Bugs, that he look so sour?

Mosquito—He got too hungry last night to be particular and he bit an old maid who was at a lawn party.

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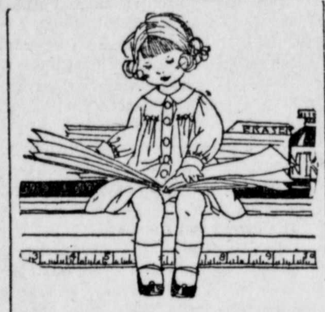
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