

LENNA'S COLLAR AD HERO REALLY LIVED

LENNA MAY liked Arthur Green, but laughed at him. "It's no good, Arth," she said, "you can't help it, but you just aren't snappy. Nobody is, here. That's why I'm going to get Dad to let me go to business school. I'll meet some of those wonderful fellows. Her eyes wandered over the opened magazine in front of her to an Adonis in a "Marvellous" collar ("has the appearance and even the feel of linen, but a damp-sponge cleans it").

It you, Arth? You might have told me. Arth laughed a little shamefacedly. "I'll tell you something, Lenna. When I do wear collars, I wear linen ones, not fakes made of rubber. They're for tramps, see? You didn't realize that because you were just a kid; you're a kid now, honey, see? But I have collars in my suitcase and I believe the old red sweater is doing duty now as a scarecrow. What d'you think about that?"

Lenna cuddled closer. "Good idea," she giggled.

Joaquin Miller's Joke on Famous London Club

Julian Hawthorne thus describes the "Poet of the Sierras" as he knew him in London in the early '70s: Joaquin Miller and I were, I think, the only Americans in the Savage Club at this date. Joaquin, a licensed libertine, charming, amiable, and harmless, amusing the club and himself by costuming his part as Poet of the Sierras, sombrero, red shirt open at the neck, flowing scarf and sash, trousers tucked into spurred boots, long hair down over his shoulders, and a great blond beard. "It helps sell the poems, boys!" he would say, "and it tickles the duchesses." He would tell us tall tales of "My California"; of buffalo running wild down Beacon street, Boston; of wild adventures with Walker of Nicaragua, with his big hat tipped on the back of his head and a nip of whisky at hand. When his tall figure appeared in doorway, up would go an arm with the Indian sign, and "How!" The club understood him and approved of his dramatizations and Munchausenisms, though to uncredited outsiders it was apt to be a little frigid.

The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT THE RICH BOY

STEPHEN'S father was a very rich man. Oh, he was an enormously rich man. Stephen lived the life of a very rich little boy. His father had several automobiles, and when Stephen wanted to go anywhere it was simply a question of which automobile would be used and whether the chauffeur named Tucker would take him, or whether the chauffeur named Simpson would drive the car.



He Had Climbed the Fence.

He had been told of the good time the children had. He had been told, too, of the school and of the fun they had in the different school teams. But the family never had stayed anywhere long enough for him to get to know the boys and girls in the place. Of course they had houses in these different places, but not one of them seemed just exactly like home.

Dear Editor:

HERE I am in Arkansas, where "gin" implies work and not something to drink. The waitress tonight put chopped ice in the milk. If it's that near to spoiling I'm afraid of it. On the ferry crossing the Ohio and Mississippi rivers today I met a live captain. "Want a good man to stroke for you on the trip across?" I asked. He came back with, "No, but I'll let you whitewash a ton of coal."

SMILES



A portable typewriter is one that is easily carried away by a traveling salesman, and may be set down anywhere.

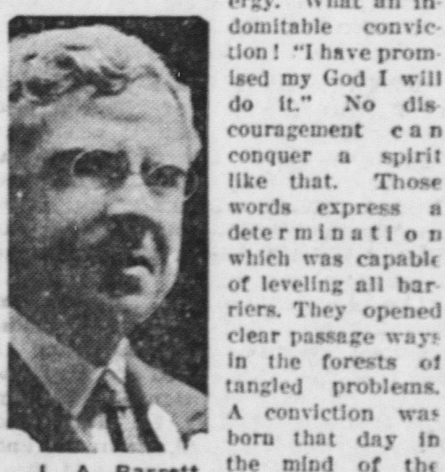
Vilma Banky



Her name is really Banky Vilma. She is a native of Nagyborod, a little town near Budapest, Hungary. Her mother was a stage star in Hungary. Vilma became ambitious for screen honors, later was discovered by a prominent producer, and soon was playing lead parts. She was first heard from in the screen in "This is Heaven" talking picture.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT LINCOLN'S PROMISE



L. A. Barrett.

ON THE 22nd day of September, 1862, Abraham Lincoln reached a grave decision—that he would sign the Emancipation Proclamation. In his diary of that day there has been found, written in his own hand writing, these words: "I have promised my God that I will do it."



In an automobile, and he had to have the governess there, too. She took him to school and came for him, and yet he was not a little boy.

Boys far younger than he went to school by themselves. More than that—they looked after sisters and brothers younger than they were.

It was just before they went South, when Stephen was spending a little time in the city home, that he had a plan.

He had hurried! He had climbed the fence and had lowered himself into the vacant lot below.

Then he had rushed up the street and around the corner. There he had taken a trolley.

As he got on the trolley he pulled a dollar bill from his pocket. "How much is it?" he asked.

"Five cents," the conductor answered, and gave Stephen a great deal of change.

Then Stephen sat down in the trolley. There were many other passengers, too. There were quite a number of children, older ones alone and younger ones with their mothers and with older brothers and sisters.

What had he been doing? And didn't he know he had worried them, when the chauffeur and the governess had found him gone when they reached his school?

Yes, he probably had been quite bad. And he was never allowed money after this—everything was paid out for him so he would not have the chance to ride in trolley cars, but he had had that ride and he was happy.

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS By H. IRVING KING

WHISTLING FOR A WIND THIS is a widespread superstition among sailors which is translated into practice somewhere on the Seven Seas every day of the year. The sailor on the deck of the coasting schooner beamed off Cape Cod whistles for a wind in the same manner as did the mariner on the Greek galley beamed off marbled Ithaca in the days when "Homer swept the lyre."

The heathen of classical times—at least in the lower orders—was always trying to deceive his gods. To "put one over" on High Olympus was considered a proper and rather clever thing to do. Now Aeolus was god of the winds which he loosed from the cavern where he had them confined to swell the lagging sail with favoring breezes or to lash the waves with the fury of a gale.

Aeolus heaves. What! Has some one usurped his functions? Or has a breeze gone out without his permission? He gets on his job at once, and though he may see that he has been tricked, releases the desired breeze—unless he should be in bad humor, when he releases a storm wind and makes the whistling sailor rue his whistling. So through the long ages the custom of whistling for a wind has come down from the sailors of Jason's fleet to the fishermen of the Grand Banks.

Bait for the Foolish A woman writer says that mischief causes dimples. The majority of men think that dimples cause mischief.—Chicago News.

Feen-a-mint

FOR CONSTIPATION effective in smaller doses SAFE SCIENTIFIC BEST MEDICINE SHE KNOWS OF

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

Didn't Foressee Growth No modern city has been designed and executed on an unoccupied site. The vision of Washington and L'Enfant for the National Capital was of a city for 800,000 people, the population at that time of London.

"Oh Promise Me"

At some time in her life Cupid pleads to every attractive woman. No matter what her features are, a woman who is sickly cannot be attractive. Sallow skin, pimples, sunken eyes, listless lips—these are repellent. DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY is just the tonic a run-down person needs. It enriches the blood, soothes the nerves and imparts tone and vivacity to the entire system.

CONSTIPATED? NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Between Lawyers "Why do you let witnesses ramble so?" "Most people will say something idiotic if you let them talk long enough."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If Kidneys Act Bad Take Salts

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water salts and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

