

# Concerning Consuella

By STACY E. BAKER

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Keating felt a furious tug at his line. He made a wild grab at the set pole, and, like the novice that he was, he hauled the long line—fishless—out of the water and flung it back over his shoulder. A frightened bleat punctuated the movement.

As Keating turned the rod was jerked rudely from his hands, and the amazed angler saw an indignant sheep scudding across the sea with the hook of his tackle firmly embedded in its wool, and his expensive rod hillock jumping behind at the end of the unreeled silk.

"What!" growled Keating, too worried about the future of his split bamboo to find the ludicrousness in the situation. "Damn that butt-in sheep! Why didn't she keep her inquisitive nose out of my business anyway?"

The sheep showed no inclination to stop, and Keating hastily arose from his grassy seat on the banks of the stream and gave strenuous chase. He grimly set his jaw and settled down to fancy sod dusting.

The youth made his hurdle with ease. The sheep was now some distance ahead on an open road packed



He Sped Grimly Across Fields.

hard, thanks to the rain of the morning, and perfectly adapted to the handicap race. They passed a farmhouse with the youth gaining. A surprised yokel yelled loudly as Keating passed him, and fell in behind, waving a rusty pitchfork.

On and on ran the trio. Another house sprung into view beside the road, and an aged tiller of the soil, wrinkled and seamed with the years that had fallen heavy upon him, ambled rheumatically out of the yard and joined the gallop.

Keating, after the first brief gain, could not lessen the distance between himself and the animal. From behind came the stentorian breathing of the last one to join the run, and the raspy whoops of the other, who was now just behind.

Keating's cap blew off on the wings of a breeze engendered by his fast sprint, and his heavy dark hair, usually worn slicked to his head, was now flying here and there. The four-legged leader showed signs of weakening. Keating did not stop for his cap.

"You quit that," blared the rustic just behind, who seemed, despite the college records of his pacemaker, to be holding his own remarkably well. "You quit pesterin' that poor sheep!"

Keating had no mind—nor wind—to enter into a controversy. He kept still. The sheep was wavering. It carried too much wool to keep up the sprint. The fishing-rod bobbed awkwardly behind.

Another house loomed up ahead. The ewe dodged madly through the gateway leading up to this, and as the youth put his remaining strength to a final jump, fell panting on its side. With an exultant yell Keating dropped on his knees beside the winded animal, and made ready to extract the hook.

The protesting bleat of the sheep was answered by an angry whoop from the road, and 165 pounds of farmer hurled itself through space and landed on the back of the unsuspecting Keating.

"You fool!" yelled the angry angler.

"Get off. What the deuce do you mean?"

"Pick on a poor sheep, will you?" rasped the other. "I'll learn you city fellows that property is to be respected."

"Keating spent no time in argument. His fists found the face of the other, and a beautiful battle was precipitated thereby. The fight was all in favor of the excited fisherman until the arrival of the long-whiskered one who had been distanced in the race. The third man jumped into the battle with a raucous shout. His hands were as hard as boulders and a fluke blow from one of these deprived the fisherman of his senses.

When Keating recovered consciousness he found himself neatly trussed up, and two red and perspiring farmers standing by and eyeing him with little favor.

"You darned city bug," growled the younger. "What kind o' rowdyin' is that you are up to? Chasin' a poor defenseless critter until she falls down winded!"

"You're crazy," snarled Keating. "Couldn't you see that she had my fishhook stuck in her silly wool?"

"Fine thing for you to be doin'," added the other rustic. "Stickin' your hook in other people's sheep."

"If other people's sheep would quit stickin' their noses in my affairs they would not be hooked."

"But you did hook her," came from the younger one.

"Certainly I hooked her," snapped Keating. "And now tell me what you are going to do with me. Burn me at the stake?"

An angry snort issued from the whiskers of the ancient. "We're going to hold you until Mrs. Griggs comes home."

"And who, if I may ask, is Mrs. Griggs?"

"She's the owner of that poor persecuted lamb—she's also the local representative of the S. P. C. A.," answered the youthful granger. "She'll fix you for havin' been cruel to Consuella."

"Consuella!" cried Keating. "Do you mean to tell me that that old sheep is named Consuella?"

"Uh, huh, an' the more names you call her the harder it'll go with you."

Keating, in the city, was Charles Keating, Esq., managing an agency for a well-known cash register concern. He bore the respect of his fellows.

In his bonds before these countrymen, fuming and fretting, and with a perspiration running down his forehead, his dignity was conspicuously absent.

The mind of the youth was on the austere Miss Decker, his fiancée.

He mentally thanks fortune that this little misadventure was a thing of the country.

Pad, pad, pad, pad!

Keating, his back to the driveway, heard the approaching rig before it had come to a stop beside him.

"What is this?" asked a chilly voice—a woman's voice.

"This man was a chasin' of Consuella," explained the farmer. "He had a fishhook in her wool, and his pole and line hangin' to it, and he was runnin' her to beat time. We knew—Hiram and I—what store you set by that sheep, Mrs. Griggs, an' we kept 'im, thinkin' as how you'd like to sick the law on 'im."

A musical laugh rang out, and the marrow in the bones of the prisoner congealed as he heard it. He knew that laugh.

"Turn 'im over," came in a soft contralto. "You don't care if I look upon the classic profile of your prisoner, do you, aunt?"

Hiram's foot prodded the youth face about—and a beet-red face it was!

The girl in the carriage broke into a hysterical scream.

"Oh, aunt!" she gasped when she had recovered her breath. "This is too much. Your sheep chaser is—is my fiancée."

Following the orders of Mrs. Griggs Keating was speedily liberated. Explanations followed. Mrs. Griggs laughed. Miss Marion Denton screamed again. Keating, whose sense of humor would not spread to cover the situation, frowned ominously at the two embarrassed ones who were responsible for his predicament. With awkward apologies the two made a hasty departure.

"That is the first time I ever saw you give indications of being real flesh and blood," growled Keating, townbound, and with the girl by his side.

"Now that I find you something besides a business automaton and a creature of conditions, like the rest of us, we may understand each other better," laughed the girl.

# SELF-HELP OF THE DUTCH

Thrift and Frugality of the Holland Farmer Are Impressive to the Stranger.

"Help u' Zelf," which caught my eye one day in a tram car, is the motto of the man on the land in the Netherlands. Nothing is more refreshing to me in Holland than the independent, hands-off attitude of the farmer to the state.

The impressive thrift and frugality of Holland, which is quite another thing from parsimony, gives her agriculturists and horticulturists not only an equal mind, but a commercial advantage. Nor does the best of rural Holland put on its back what it has the wisdom to refrain from forcing upon its stomach.

"Even if a farmer is rich," said a close observer, "you do not see that he is rich." One finds well-to-do farmers in blouses and "blompen." There is small regard for appearances. Two legs in their shirt sleeves planting

shrubs at a nursery were, I learned, travelers of the farm who spoke three languages, having returned from their German and Italian rounds, they were filling up their time in the open.

"Yes," said a man who knows England and Holland well, "we work harder, we are more economical, and we try more than you do, I think, to meet the market. I don't see that conditions are different in your country from ours, but, yes, the people are different."—Correspondent London Daily Chronicle.

All in the Game.

The maid—Mr. DeBorems is at the door, ma'am. Shall I tell him you are engaged?

Miss Wisegirl—No. Show him into the parlor, Jane.

The maid—Yes'm.

Miss Wisegirl—And, Jane—after he lays his box of candy on the piano tell him I am out.

# Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

**An Amusing Contest.**

After a card game, while the hostess was busy preparing to serve her refreshments, the following interesting contest took place. Before leaving the room the hostess passed little six-leaved booklets, the front of which was a representation of a slate bought at the doll's department. The first page had this word "Alphabet" with the questions:

What letter is a Vegetable?—F.  
What letter is a Cheese?—Q.  
What letter is a Bird?—J.  
What letter is a Beverage?—T.  
What letter is a direction to Oxen?—G.  
What letter is a part of a house?—L.

The second page said "Geography" with the questions:

What State is a Father?—Pa.  
What State is a Number?—Tenn.  
What State is the most Eccentric?—Mass.  
What State is a Church Service?—Mass.  
What State do Tramps shunt?—Wash.

The third page had "Arithmetic" with the questions:

500 plus a large boat divided without aught?—Light.  
1000 plus hold divided by an unmarried woman?—Maid.  
500 plus uncooked divided to poultry?—D-rail.  
100 plus competent divided by a heavy rope?—Cable.

**Fourth Page—Physiology.**

Questions. Answers.  
Of the human body what are two established measures?—Feet and Hands.  
What are two musical instruments?—Drums.  
What are two dedicated buildings?—Temples.  
What are two graceful trees?—Palms.  
What are two small articles used by carpenters?—Nails.  
What are two instruments of torture?—(Eye) Lashes.

**Fifth Page—Literature.**

Questions. Answers.  
What author is: A river in Italy?—Poe.  
A native of the British Isles?—Scott.  
A dark mineral, and a low line of hills?—Colorado.  
An English hedge row?—Hawthorne.  
A domestic animal and noise of another?—Cocker.  
A very tall man?—Longfellow.  
Not high and part of a house?—Lowell.

Of course the prizes were awarded to the best scholars in "Reading," "Rithmetic" and "Rithmetic." Then the hostess announced recess and the refreshments were forthcoming.

**A Book Auction.**

A crowd of young people known as the Recreation club had this for their entertainment at one of their last meetings: Over the living room door the word "Auction" was made in perfectly huge letters and below it was a red flag and the sign of three gold balls.

There were placards around the walls saying "Please do not put your feet on the seats," "No Smoking," etc. Then the guests were given wee purses containing fake money. The books were neatly wrapped in manilla paper, tied with cord and deposited in a pile beside the auctioneer's platform. The gents were all seated in a semi-circle and the bidding began. No packages could be opened

until all the books were sold. A clerk seated beside the auctioneer wrote down the name of the book and the name of the purchaser as the sales were made. After the auction closed the parcels were all placed in the middle of the room and a chair for the purchaser who paid for her books as the name was called off; each one undid the package and held up the contents so that all could see what had been purchased. The following list show the titles of some of the books and the articles representing them. Any one may add indefinitely according to the size of her party.

"The Foreigner"—a little Japanese doll.  
"Pick-Wick Papers"—A toothpick, a lamp wick, and some paper, wrapped up in a shoe box.  
"Along the line"—two clothes pins, in a candy box.  
"When Knighthood Was in Flower"—a nightcap, wrapped in a flowered paper napkin.  
"A Pleasant Reflection"—a small looking glass in a pill box.

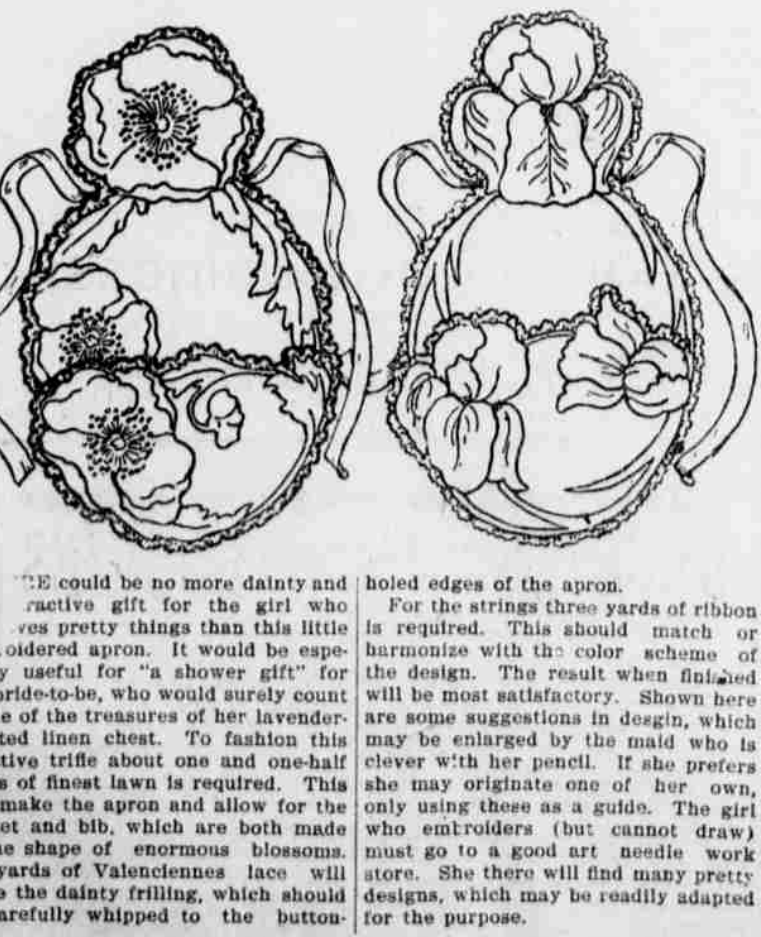
The way the refreshments were served caused much merriment. There was a paper bag for each one which contained two sandwiches, a cookie, and a sugared doughnut done up in waxed paper, and a banana, coffee was passed on a tray in tin cups.

**A Good Luck Party.**

A mother of three gave this pretty party: The invitations were on green cardboard, cut in shape of four-leaved clovers of cardboard, hidden in the downstairs rooms, for which the little guests hunted merrily. The prizes were clover candy boxes filled with peppermints, ice cream and cakes were in form of clovers. Kindergarten games were played to music and all had a "perfectly splendid time."

MADAME MERRIL.

# Dainty Apron



They could be no more dainty and attractive gift for the girl who loves pretty things than this little dainty apron. It would be especially useful for "a shower gift" for the bride-to-be, who would surely count it one of the treasures of her lavender-scented linen chest. To fashion this effective trifle about one and one-half yards of finest lawn is required. This will make the apron and allow for the pocket and bib, which are both made in the shape of enormous blossoms. Six yards of Valenciennes lace will make the dainty frilling, which should be carefully whipped to the buttoned edges of the apron.

For the strings three yards of ribbon is required. This should match or harmonize with the color scheme of the design. The result when finished will be most satisfactory. Shown here are some suggestions in design, which may be enlarged by the maid who is clever with her pencil. If she prefers she may originate one of her own, only using these as a guide. The girl who embroiders (but cannot draw) must go to a good art needle work store. She there will find many pretty designs, which may be readily adapted for the purpose.

**Be Affable.**

Many girls think they are demeaning themselves if they are approachable. They cultivate an icy manner as a hallmark of respectability. Don't be afraid of being pleasant. It cannot hurt you, and will be good as a tonic for all you meet. What though you do think yourself superior to most of your acquaintances, is it good taste to placard your belief by a freezing countenance?

There is nothing like affability to conceal one's family skeletons. A haughty manner is a direct bid for the rest of the world to rake up ancestral secrets that you thought buried under a mound of gold.

The secret of many a homely girl's success is an affable manner that makes everyone she meets feel welcome.

Be affable. If you are not pleasant because it comes natural, be so because it is the only manner that is well bred.

The shrewdest person can cultivate affability. She will be surprised to find that the effect not only helps her own

# THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 2, 1910 Specially Arranged for This Paper

**LESSON TEXT—Matthew 25: 1-13. Memory verses 10, 12.**

**GOLDEN TEXT—**"Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—Luke 12: 40.

**TIME—**Tuesday afternoon, April 4, A. D. 30.

**PLACE—**On the Mount of Olives overlooking Jerusalem, on his way to Bethany.

**Suggestion and Practical Thought.**

This is one of the most beautiful and touching of the parables. Poetry, painting and the drama have combined to give it an exceptional hold on the Christian imagination. The weird pathos of the story is unspendable. The occasion is so happy, the agents so interesting, the issue so tragic. The story is a picture of an oriental wedding. Among those friends of the bride who waited to join the procession were ten virgins. While they were waiting, the time of the procession being ever unknown, they became drowsy and slept in peace, knowing that the shouts and cries of the coming crowd would awaken them in time. They had no anxiety; the wise, because they had faith and were prepared; the foolish, by false security and by ignoring the future.

The ten virgins had to wait till about midnight, when through the still air came shrill and clear "those peculiar shrill, quavering cries of joy, called Zurgit, which are heard throughout the east on occasions of special rejoicing. (See Rev. 19: 6-9.)" And they heard the cry: Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

The wise virgins trimmed and replenished their lamps with the oil which they had the forethought to bring with them.

The foolish found their lamps burned out, but they had been too careless to bring extra oil with them. They begged oil of the wise, but they had none left; and advised the foolish to go to the source of supply where they should have gone earlier. While they were gone, the procession reached its destination; those who were ready went in to the marriage festival, and the door was shut. Like Esau the foolish virgins came too late for the blessing. They had thrown away their opportunity.

The Lord was soon to depart by the way of the cross. But he promised to return. He came back in the resurrection. He came in the coming of the Spirit of the day of Pentecost. He came at the destruction of Jerusalem. He is coming in glory at the last day, when his kingdom shall come and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven. The same principles apply to all whatever may be our understanding of the promise.

Every crisis of our lives, every opening of opportunity, every crisis of the world or the church may be called in its degree a coming of the Lord whose providence is over all. (1) The coming is something of the greatest value and blessing. It is like the wedding festival, full of the best of life. Even in our lives, there is always a door, an invitation, to something better than we have had. Even death is a gate to heaven. (2) The time of the coming is always unknown, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

In What Way Are We to Watch? The company of watchers was divided into two classes, the wise and the foolish. The equality of numbers has no bearing on the proportion of persons in real life who are wise or foolish.

The lamps signify the outward profession, and the possibilities. All had some light, they had religious feelings, they were moved by the influences of the Holy Spirit.

The oil is the spiritual life, the heart, which is the source of the flame, the visible manifestations of the Christian spirit. "But this significance was shown only by the burning lamp.

Those who took vessels of oil, a permanent supply, were those who had the living reality of that which they professed, who put into practice, into character, that which shone forth from their lamps.

Those who took no supply of oil had a surface feeling, like the seed sown on rocky soil, which sprang up quickly and endured till persecution or trouble arose (Matt. 13: 5, 6, 20, 21). They had no deep religious feelings, nothing wrought into their character, no abiding principles which led them to live up to their professions and hopes.

Watchfulness consists in being prepared for every emergency, and every duty, as the wise virgins watched by having their lamps continually burning, and a full supply of oil to keep them burning.

Reader Harris, leader of the Pentecostal league, and an eminent lawyer, got his first lift in life significantly. Employed in a drawing office of the Great Western Railway company's engineering shops, he found young men were occasionally sent down the line on responsible commissions. Receiving instructions in the morning, they spent the day preparing to start. Shocked at the waste of time, he filled a bag with traveling conveniences, and took it to the office, to be ready to start at short notice. His companions ridiculed the idea. But one day the chief engineer came in and asked about the bag. The owner said: "I determined, if I had a chance to go, to be ready. 'You did?' You see that train?" "Yes," "Jump in; I'll telegraph instructions." From that time Mr. Harris made rapid progress. They who wait for Christ in readiness shall not wait in vain.

And the Door Was Shut.—The opportunity came, and the gift in its hand was gained or lost. There came a time when it was too late to change. This is a fact of nature, as well as a truth of the Word. There is a tendency to fix the character, so that one will "not" change. In the misuse of the body there comes a time when it is impossible to ward off disease. We shut the door against ourselves. No one but ourselves is to blame for our not entering. We shut the door by negligence to be prepared to enter.



# EVIL OF MODERATE DRINKING

Alcohol is Useful in Arts and Sciences, But Very Injurious to Human System.

Life insurance companies are doing good work in spreading information calculated to promote the health of the people. Pamphlets and letters contain valuable information. These should be read and considered. They are not the vapourings of sentimentalists, but experience of people who make calculation based upon reliable statistics. It is the opinion of insurance authorities that use of alcohol, even moderately, is injurious. Alcohol is a poison, and effects are those of poison. Chemically it is a combination of two parts of carbon, six of hydrogen and one of oxygen.

One leaflet says: "Alcohol is useful in science and in the arts. It is a good fuel and can be burned in a certain kind of stove without formation of clinkers and without injury to the stove. If the stove had a brain, nervous system, kidneys and liver, the results would be different.

"Alcohol can be burned in the human body, and will temporarily produce energy, and also clinkers, but it exacts a heavy toll for this service.

"The man who thinks he can compete with the stove in burning alcohol makes a very great mistake. He is outclassed."

To great extent the "moderate" is discriminated against. The "toper" was always disgusting, but the "moderate drinker" (3) was received. He is not regarded as a man of good capacities and reliable. Railroads condemn the moderate drinker. Insurance companies deny him. Great business concerns do not want him. In every field he is discounted. He is incapable of good work, and people know this too well to be imposed upon.

Socially the moderate drinker is tolerated in some circles. His wit is of alcoholic flavor, his eloquence is without intelligence. After he "smells" of what he has smelled. His conversation has the flavor of stale alcohol, weakened by carbon clinkers, and he has become a useless member of society—tolerated because he must be tolerated.

A distressing part of it is that the "moderate" drinker imagines himself entertaining and delightful company, and will not recognize his standing.

Some large companies have collected statistics to determine effects of alcohol on their business. They send bulletins to policy holders and statements which should be arguments for temperance to those not willing to die to win.

Because of loss to them they are enemies to the traffic, and enmity is placed on business principles. No appeals are made to sentiment. Facts speak so strongly that they should be considered.

One company declares alcohol an enemy, and that it is the duty of the companies to combat it. Says another: "Alcohol, by reason of its poisonous effects, is an enemy of life insurance companies. Directly and indirectly, it is responsible for no small portion of the mortality rate."

The effect upon the mortality rate is stated: "The companies, guided by business experience, medical opinion and lay common sense, have always discriminated against the steady tippler, and periodical free drinker. Published statements relating to mortality among immoderates are meager, but the effect of alcohol has, in a broad way, been measured by the experience of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, covering a period from 1866 to 1905. This company aimed to take none but total abstainers and temperate drinkers.

On analyzing the experience it was found that for every 100 deaths among total abstainers there were 131 deaths among the temperate drinkers, showing a difference of 31 per cent. in favor of total abstainers.

For a period of 61 years prior to 1861 the mortality was 83 per cent. greater among moderate drinkers. The Scepter of Life finds that for every 100 deaths among total abstainers there were 146 among the moderate drinkers. These facts speak so strongly that they force attention.

The man who weakens vitality by moderate drinking dies from some other cause—at least so the certificate states. A man who is "burnt out" contracts some disease and dies. The certificate shows consideration for his family and states only part of the truth. The death certificate should read: "This man weakened his vitality and easily became a prey to the disease which directly caused death. Alcohol was one cause of death."

# The Treasure and the Pearl

By REV. E. SINCLAIR SMITH, Pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Houston, Texas

**THE TREASURE AND THE PEARL.**—Text: "What is the summum bonum—the chief good?—Matt. 13: 44-46. Again the kingdom of Heaven is like unto a treasure hid in a field, the which when a man hath found he hideth and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field.

Again the kingdom of Heaven is like a merchant man seeking goodly pearls, who when he hath found one pearl of great price went and sold all that he had and bought it.

Prof. A. B. Bruce characterizes these two parables as the "Treasure and the Pearl" (or the kingdom of God as the summum bonum or chief good).

These two parables constitute but one text and teach the same general lesson, the incomparable worth of the kingdom of God. They show how the kingdom of God ought to be esteemed in whatever esteem it may in fact be held.

Something that it is worth while giving up everything else in order to attain it. What is this supreme good of human life? We are all looking for hidden treasure. We are all seeking goodly pearls. The only question is what treasure is worth the most? What pearl has the greatest value? What is best worth living for? What is the summum bonum? What, according to Jesus Christ, is the chief good? The treasure it is worth while to barter everything else for? The priceless pearl whose value is greater than all else? Is it not the kingdom of God set up in a man's heart? To have God's kingdom set up in a man's own heart, to be in touch and sympathy with the great interests of Christ's eternal kingdom; this is worth while, worth living for; this is dying for.

This is the only interest deep enough, high enough, comprehensive enough to absorb a man's affection; arouse his energies, develop the best and broadest life. There is only one thing worth living for—the kingdom of God. Christ teaches and experience proves the truth of his teaching that only the kingdom of God set up in a man's heart can satisfy him. He may have everything else under the sun, but unless he has entered into living, loving fellowship with God his soul will thirst for the living God and will never be satisfied until satisfied in God.

Man's chief good is God. The living, loving God as recalled in Christ enthroned in the heart, the source of life eternal; this is man's chief good.

"This is life eternal that they might know this the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Another term our Savior uses in describing the chief good is "eternal life." If men only knew the significance of those two words—eternal life—they would give up everything they had on earth rather than not possess it.

Like the man who found the hidden treasure, they would sell all that they had to possess that field. Like the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, when they found this pearl of great price they would give up everything they had rather than to give up this priceless pearl.

Let us study these parables a little more closely. They represent two different classes of men. The parable of the man who found the treasure hid in the field represents a man going about his daily business, living a surface life, unaware that just below the surface, if he would dig a little deeper, he would find a rich treasure, not knowing that there is a richer, better life in store for him, until accidentally, as it were, he stumbles upon "the Christian secret of a happy life" and goes on through life rejoicing in his newfound happiness.

The parable of the merchantman seeking goodly pearls represents a different type of a man, one of high ideals and expectations, always reaching out after something better than he possessed, until at last, in his seeking, he comes across the pearl of great price revealed in the peerless one, and he gladly parts with all that he has gained that he may possess it. Such a choice soul was Paul, who said: "What things were gain to me these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I suffered the loss of all things and do count them but refuse that I may gain him."

Another choice soul was Justin, martyr, one of the early Christians, who tells us in his writings how he had traveled through the whole circle of Greek philosophy, seeking everywhere for that which would satisfy the deepest needs of his heart's soul, and ever seeking in vain, till he found it at length in the gospel of Christ.

This parable represents an earnest, seeking soul finding at the end of its weary quest Christ, God's answer to the heart's need.

We show our appreciation of the value of this treasure, this pearl, by the earnestness with which we seek to possess it. The man that found this hidden treasure sold all that he had that he might possess this treasure.

If the kingdom of God set up in the heart is the chief good then our only rational course is to give up everything that hinders our possessing it. It is irrational to go through life without possessing ourselves of it.

Requirements of Religion.

Religion requires first a person who is right and righteous in his soul, and then an outward life of goodness and service in harmony with that right state within.—Rev. John W. Rowlett, Ustaitan, Atlanta.

Sympathize Now.

Don't wait until a man is gone to express your sympathy and eulogies. The flowers and kind words will not to him any good then. The world now has too much sympathy, and too little pity.—Rev. Thomas Uzzell, Independent, Denver.

**What and When to Drink.**

Cold water at all times.  
Cocoa, chocolate or hot milk if nervous.  
Coffee for a slight stimulant once a day.  
Lime juice and lemonade as blood purifiers.  
No wine, spirits nor beer; alcohol is a depressant, its stimulating effects being quite temporary.

Between meals is the best time to take liquids, an hour before and an hour after; this dispels the desire for much with meals.

# Fichu Effects.

Fichu effects that are tucked into high belts are one of the favorite bed-dressings. Quite often one sees three deep folds across the shoulders and either end in the wide back panel just above the waist line or, as in this case, under the princess and very slender waist line of the wearer and is finished at this point with a wide folded girde of black satin.

Such a girde, however, outlining one of the most trying points of a bad figure, is only possible for a very small waist.

# Rather Tough.

"Women may be weakly," boasted the landlady, "but there is certainly no weakness in my poultry raising."

"I should say not," commented the staid boarder, as he picked a section of bathed chicken wing, "you are there with the bone and sinew."

# Be Affable.

Many girls think they are demeaning themselves if they are approachable. They cultivate an icy manner as a hallmark of respectability. Don't be afraid of being pleasant. It cannot hurt you, and will be good as a tonic for all you meet. What though you do think yourself superior to most of your acquaintances, is it good taste to placard your belief by a freezing countenance?

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