

What is a hero, in this modern age? No longer crowned autocrats are kings; The mighty warriors that old Homer sings...

READING ALOUD

The Ittie Bittie Ting Went to Teep When Ha Yeard to Her.

"I grieve to think it," he mused, "but she sure hasn't got much of a hunch for starchy atmosphere and things." It was with reference to the wife of his bosom that the man gave mental expression to this little hunk of musing.

The gag went with a whirl that same night, and for about two weeks of nights thereafter. He'd read to her for about half an hour or so, and then he'd say to her, "Now, here, my dear, is a dreamy, sleepy old part, and you just want to close your eyes while I read it and go drifting off to the little wittle land of nod."

"Never caught on at all," said the brute, in laying bare his infamy to one of his pals the other day, "until last Wednesday night. Then she nailed me on the home plate. I thought she had me out at first, but she didn't finish the play. Y'see, after reading her to sleep I was sneaking over to turn down the light when she shifted a bit, and her eyes half opened, and she asked me why I wasn't in bed. Told her I was just about to come to bed. Then I fooled and fiddled about a bit, and she turned over and I thought she went to sleep again, dogged if I didn't! But she didn't go to sleep then at all."

The Bundle of Sticks.

By ELLIS O. JONES.

The old man called his son to him to explain the mysteries of business. "My son," said he, "you have finished college and you must now make a show at least of getting busy. Let me explain to you a few fundamentals. Here I have a bundle of sticks. See if you can break them."

"See how easy it is," said the old man, taking the sticks, cutting the cord and breaking them one by one. "Gee, that's a bum joke," said the young man, as he puffed his cigarette and tried to look interested. "It's no joke," said the old man. It is a parable. The bundle of sticks taken together represent organization, which is very desirable in the case of capital. If, however, we look upon the sticks as representing labor, it is criminal and immoral for them to be tied together. They would then represent a union. Always keep your capital sticks tied together and your labor sticks separate.

Dependence on England.

Old-time American journalism occasionally makes better reading than the new. Witness the first issue of the Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette, published in 1829. "We have little news of consequence, the English prints being stuffed with robberies, cheats, murders, bankruptcies, promotion of some and hanging of others; nor can we expect much better till vessels arrive in the spring, when we hope to inform our readers what has been doing in the court and cabinet in the Parliament house, as well as the sessions house. In the meantime we hope our readers will be content with what we can give 'em, which, if it does 'em no good, shall do 'em no hurt."—London Chronicle.

Oddities of New York.

One family in New York City has 142 telephones. It is the Smith family.

New York City is growing in buildings at the rate of one and a half each hour.

Inhabitants of New York City are using quite a river of water, for they are now consuming 500,000,000 gallons daily.

No gold land in the world of the area of Manhattan Island is of such great money value, acre for acre, and its output of profit is practically without end.—New York Herald.

The Baffling Egg.

They who uphold the doctrine of utility in all natural phenomena may well take pause at the color variations of the cuckoo's eggs. It is difficult to suggest any purpose in them. Resemblance of the egg to those of the bird dupe can serve no protective purpose. The diet theory, if ever seriously entertained, has been dismissed as untenable, and the mystery still remains.—The Field.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City.—Never has there a prettier style been in vogue than that of the over blouse and it suits



the young girls so peculiarly well that it is a special favorite among the younger contingent. Here is one



that is charmingly graceful and attractive and which can be utilized either separately or joined to the skirt, making a semi-princess dress as liked. In the illustration the material is pongee with bands of taffeta, while the centre front is made of all-over embroidery, but almost all materials that are used for girls' dresses are appropriate and it will be found equally satisfactory for the thin materials of the present and for the slightly heavier ones of the near future. The centre-front portion is a feature and can be made of anything in contrast. Bandings can be utilized, and some of the Oriental effects are exceedingly handsome, while again, the bands on the blouse itself can be cut from any contrasting material or could be of the same embroidered or braided with soutache, or banding could be applied over them.

Embroidered Net.

An exceedingly pretty touch is given the hand-embroidered waist by basing a fine net under certain figures before embroidering them, cutting out the material afterward so that the figures appear to be of embroidered net.

Hair Worn Plain.

On occasions when hats are discarded the hair is worn plain, or adorned with beads or paillettes, the braids being quite abandoned.

one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide with one-half yard eight-inch wide for the centre front, three-quarter yard thirty-two inches wide for the centre front, three-quarter yard thirty-two inches wide for the trimming to make as illustrated.

Velvet Trimming.

An acceptable trimming for tailored and semi-tailored costumes is a thin weave of chiffon velvet.

Child's Reefer.

There is no coat worn by the small girl that quite takes the place of the reefer. It is very generally becoming, it is simple yet absolutely smart in effect and it can be slipped on and off with the greatest possible ease. This one is made of white serge with collar and cuffs of Copenhagen blue, but the model can be utilized for every material that is in vogue for little girls' coats. White is always pretty and attractive, but dark red, dark and medium blues and mixtures are all in vogue, while for the real warm weather linen, plique and pongee all are liked.

The little coat is made simply with the loose fronts and back and with the big sailor collar. The shield when worn is buttoned into place be-



TO CLEANSE THE HAIR.

The hair needs frequent washing during the summer weather because one lives out of doors and gets all the dust and soil blowing through the air. The simplest shampoo, which is always available and which will take out any accumulation of atmospheric dirt, is a cake of white castile soap melted in a quart of boiling water. It makes a mild jelly and can be kept in a wide-mouthed jar. When using it wet the hair first with warm water, then take two tablespoons of it with a saltspoonful of soda and rub this thoroughly over the hair. Be sure to reach the scalp. Gather the long ends of hair up on the crown so they can be well lathered. Massage the roots of the hair with the fingers. Then rinse off the soap with water as hot as the head can stand, then cooler water and lastly a spray of cold water to close the pores.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE EPICUREAN'S CORNER.

Lemon Pudding -- To one-half pound of stale bread crumbs add the same weight of finely chopped suet, the juice and grated rind of two lemons and four ounces of sugar; mix well, beat three eggs and add them; boil for an hour in a mold. Serve with lemon sauce. Sardine Salad—Remove skin and bone from six large sardines, cut into tiny pieces, place in a salad bowl with six cold boiled eggs cut into strips and three cold boiled potatoes cut into dice. If you like the flavor add one-half teaspoon finely chopped chives, then four tablespoons French dressing. Serve cold.

MOVING BY CURIOSITY.

"What are you going out before the curtain again for?" demanded the stage manager, clutching the arm of the new vaudeville artist, who had just made a dismal failure.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

"You can't buy happiness," exclaimed the sentimentalist. "No," answered the man who is sternly practical. "You can't buy happiness. And at the same time that fact doesn't imply that your comfort is enhanced by being broke."—Washington Star.

DUBIOUS PRAISE.

"Grey, the art critic, came along just as I was looking at your new painting."

HE GOT IT.

"James," said Mr. Rakeley, "I believe you saw me—er—saluting the nursemaid."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

GARDEN SOUNDS. I love to hear the bluebells chime, And little cowslips moo. Of tiger lilies roaring I'm A constant lover, too. But best of all the garden sounds To which I love to hark, Is when at eve I go my rounds The Johnny-jum-puss bark. —Carlyle Smith, in Harper's Weekly.

A PRELIMINARY REQUIREMENT.

Tom—"Why don't you get a new spring suit?" Dick—"I can't find a new tailor." —Somerville Journal.

A SPORTING EVENT.

Mrs. Peck—"Henry, do you see anything in the paper about Blinker running over his mother-in-law?" Mr. Peck—"Not yet. I haven't come to the sporting news." —Puck.

THE SPRING DELUGE.

"I had a delightful talk with the Governor of the State." "Enjoyed it, eh?" "Yes; he didn't want to sell me a ticket for anything." —Washington Herald.

NOT UP TO DATE.

"Wasn't their divorce a shocking affair?" said Mrs. Featherglit. "Inexcusable," answered Mrs. Smartsett. "They both had the most unfashionable lawyers they could find." —Philadelphia Press.

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING.

"I have often marvelled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your—"

"If it's more than \$5, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself." —Houston Post.

CHUMS.



The Tall One—"When I was your size I was just sweetly pretty." The Short One—"What a pity you grew up!" —In the New York Telegram.

THE WILY AGENT.

"How do you succeed in insuring so many people?" "I look them over, and then I look doubtful, and offer to bet them a dollar that in their present state their application for insurance would be rejected." —Houston Post.

NOTHING DOING.

"I tell you I must have some money!" roared the King of Marlans, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up."

"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly court jester, "all our coffers are empty." —Judge.

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"Somebody's clapped," blurted the actor, "and I want to find out who it was." —The Circle.

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WHY, YES, SIR.

"Why, yes, sir," replied the butler. "Well, it's best to keep quiet about it. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir," replied James, with upturned palm; "silence is golden, sir."