

Loafing as a steady job seems to be inculcated by this brand of weather.

It is time to teach Towner that all really fashionable dogs wear muzzles.

You will have to do your own swatting. The regular fly cops have other duties.

Here's hoping the home team can let all the goose eggs remain in cold storage.

While swatting the fly 'tis well to remember to cover the sugar and butter bowls.

In the National league they are passing the pennant hopes around for general inspection.

Monte Carlo is reported to have cleared nearly \$40,000,000 last year. So, what's the use?

One complicated way of being unhappy is envying the man who has to worry about the income tax.

New Jersey has barred the sharp-tipped hatpin. Thus it will be no joke, even if the cops see the point.

To the mind of the rough neck, there's no doubt that there is more than one simp in simplified spelling.

Yes, he's in again. The pest appeared in our office yesterday with that eternal question, "Is it hot?"

That Chicago man whose goat chewed up his \$1,000 wad, should feel at least, that there is money in goats.

That young woman who plays the piano with her feet must be able to put her whole sole into her selections.

The man who tries to hide behind a woman's skirts in this year of grace must be thinner than his own yellow streak.

A large number of our American girls have married rich men, only to find that they have poor husbands on their hands.

Automobiles have been with use for fifteen years. What means of joy riding will be provided for use fifteen years hence?

There is no sense in littering the streets in the fond expectation that the school children will clean them up some time.

It has frequently been said that the wife is the better half, but assuredly, hubby clasps the honor when the baseball season opens.

Newest skirts for women have pockets in them just like a man's. Well, anyway, they will never contain plugs of chewing tobacco.

"Shot at sunrise" continues a popular pastime in Mexico, but there's lots of regular fellows who are half shot long before midnight.

Are the high steps on street cars an argument against hobble skirts or are hobble skirts an argument against the high steps on street cars?

Virginia young man drove two miles before discovering that his best girl had fallen out of the buggy. Maybe he was driving with a rein in each hand.

Anyway those women whose babies do not win a prize at a baby show, have the satisfaction of entering a distinct opinion about the judges.

And now Chicago is censoring the modern song—and properly so, perhaps. Anyhow, they can't censor a whistle.

Some one has told us that a girl with painted cheeks is like a stale glass of beer—nice to look upon but very disagreeable to the taste.

If the neighbors keep feather minstrels in their poultry yards you will find no difficulty in waking up early every morning about daybreak.

In France lately the top fell off of a mountain, destroying gardens and orchards. This seems very careless. They should have better land laws.

Tis no wonder that Paris is regarded as a city of high flyers. It is reported there are nearly a thousand registered aviators living within its confines.

Dr. Josiah Oldfield of London is of the opinion that those incapable of falling in love should be drowned. But then there are those who fall in and swim out.

This country consumes \$37,000,000 worth of breakfast food annually, and yet some people kick at the idea of putting wood pulp on the free list.

The largest courthouse in the world is being built down in New York, and it would be difficult to think of a place where it is needed more.

"Come, live in my heart, and pay no rent," warbled the inspired poet. More easily arranged, we dare say, than meeting the monthly installments of the bungalow.

## SIMPLICITY IS CHARM

### WELL TO KEEP IN MIND WHEN ORDERING GRADUATION DRESS.

The More Girlish the Frock, the Better Will the Wearer Appear, and There Are Many Materials to Select From.

Girlish simplicity is the correct thing in graduation frocks—even the most ambitious of graduates recognizes that fact. But there are many versions of this simplicity, and it is attainable at varying prices and different degrees of elaboration.

It is easy enough to make a distinctly girlish frock of sheer lingerie or net or lace and chiffon cost \$150 or \$200, if one goes to a fashionable

A fine linon is the most satisfactory material for the lingerie frock that is to endure tubbing, and it will pay to obtain an excellent quality. Batiste, voiles and marquisettes are softer and launder well if carefully handled, but linon will outwear them every time.

The cotton marquisettes, cotton voiles and crepes are more recent arrivals and have achieved decided popularity, and a very large percentage of the cotton graduating frocks this year are being made up in these materials.

They launder well, are easily handled, are very soft and graceful, and therefore despite their sheerness and lend themselves admirably to simple forms of trimming, although they may be made very elaborate with hand embroidery.

The cotton crepes in really good quality are attractive materials and are enjoying a great vogue, both for blouses and tub frocks. It is said that they require no ironing and are very practical on that account, but laundresses insist that they are by no means easily laundered, as they require stretching and more or less careful pressing to get them into the right shape after laundering.

Embroidered cotton voiles and marquisettes make attractive graduating frocks and in all the shops where youthful dresses are shown one finds quantities of such frocks made of such material.

MARY DEAN.

### TO HOLD DAINTY NIGHTDRESS

Pretty Case of Pale Pink Satin Lined With White Silk—Strings to Match Material.

Something very pretty in the shape of a nightdress case may be seen in the accompanying sketch. It is carried out in pale pink satin and lined with soft white silk and edged with silk cord and tied together with ribbon strings of a color to match the satin.

Between the covers and the lining a double thickness of swansdown flannelette should be sewn in to give the case substance. On the front of the case a design of three white dog-roses and foliage is embroidered, but there are, of course, many other pretty designs that might take its place, and for this purpose a transfer pattern of some suitable floral design may be easily obtained at a trifling cost.

The blossoms should, however, be worked in white, as white blossoms and green foliage always look charming upon a pink background.

The case opens in front for a third of the way down, and after the night-



Shadow Lace Over Foundation of Messaline.

dressmaker for it and gives carte blanche in matters of handwork and real lace, and there are many girls in ultra smart boarding schools who have ordered frocks of this type. But the great host of girl graduates is by necessity limited to a less costly variety of frock simplicity, and after all, the indefinable charm attached to youth has more to do with the success of a graduation frock than hand tucks and real lace.

There are quantities of models and materials available for the youthful graduate. The materials most in favor are fine cotton marquisette, cotton voile, fine linen lawns, lace, net and chiffon.

The most practical of graduating frocks is, of course, the frock that will stand tubbing and look well after the ordeal. Fine lingerie frocks are nowadays more often sent to the cleaner than to the laundress, but the young girl is not as a rule over careful of her clothes and if a frock must go to the cleaner often during the summer one will have little comfort from it. Perhaps the summer is to be spent where no cleaning establishment is close at hand and inconvenience is added to the time and expense entailed.

It stands to reason, therefore, that the frock actually fitted for tubbing is the practical dress for the girl whose wardrobe is limited, and it is quite possible to take this into consideration without sacrificing too much upon the altar of utility.

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## WINNING OF SARAH

### Jonas Swift, the Hired Man, Finally Won the Farmer's Pretty Daughter.

By JUNE GAHAN.

"Jonas, let's rest our backs a few minutes," said farmer Jackson to his hired man one fall day as they dug potatoes in the field.

Jonas Swift, the hired man, had been working for farmer Jackson for four years and more, and this was the first time he had ever heard his boss suggest a moment's rest. He therefore stood leaning on his hoe and his mouth open, when the farmer continued:

"I have got that little bill made out."

"Bill? Bill?"

"Yes. Sit down. I think you will find it all right. I don't s'pose you can pay it all today, but I'm willin' to give you time. You can pay it on the installment plan, the way folks buy things in the city."

"But I don't owe you anything," said Jones as he sat down.

"Oh, yes, you do, as I shall soon show you. You came here to work about four years ago, didn't you?"

"About that."

"And three years ago you took a shine to my gal Sarah Jane?"

"Yes, I fell in love with her."

"But you haven't married her yet."

"Noap! When my grandmother dies I'm to have \$700, and that's what I'm waitin' for."

"But I've nothin' to do with that. Folks that are not ready to marry shouldn't go and fall in love."

"But Sarah Jane is so darned nice," pleaded Jonas.

"And that makes your debt all the bigger. Jonas, up to and includin' last night, you have set up and sparked Sarah 984 nights. Is there any dis-put about that?"

"I guess not."

"I think it is worth \$3 per night to spark a good-looking girl, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have figured it that way; 984 night at \$3 per night is \$2,952."

"And I'm to pay it!" almost shout-ed Jonas.

"That's only the first item. Courtin' comes high, Jonas. You have had fire, light, cider, doughnuts and mince pie. I shall put the value of these things at \$500."

"Lord save me!"

"Before you began sparkin' you always woke yourself up at 5 o'clock in the morning. Not once did I have to call you. After you got to sparkin' I had to turn out of bed to call you, and most every morning I had to threaten to discharge you to get you out by 6. I figure you have lost a thousand hours and I've put it down at \$100."

"Why, you never said anything before," wailed Jonas.

"Oh, I was just waitin'. For the 984 times I have got out of bed to call you I shall charge you \$100, and that's dog-damn cheap."

"Why, you never said anything before," wailed Jonas.

"But for you Sarah would have been married two years ago. The callers would have come around fast enough if you had been out of the way. We must value on what she's lost—about \$2,000."

"My soul, but I can't pay you in a thousand years!" exclaimed the hired man as his teeth began to chatter.

"It will take quite that—quite that. How much can you pay a week?"

"A dollar, mebbe."

"Well, I'll take that and I won't ask you to pay anything after you have reached the age of ninety. No one shall ever have cause to say that I don't use my hired men right."

"But about me'n Sarah gettin' married?" asked Jonas.

"Why, how in thunder can you get married with a debt of several thou-sand dollars hanging over you!"

"That's so—that's so. Can I go to the house and tell Sarah?"

"Why, yes, and you need not come back. You can turn in and cut wood till supper time."

Jonas went to the house and called Sarah out to the woodpile and told her what her father said.

"Why, he's meaner than pizen!" exclaimed the girl.

"But we can't do nothin'."

"Yes, we can. We can elope!"

"Gosh, but he'd foller us."

"Then we can walk over to 'Squar' Johnson's this evening."

"But what we goin' to do about that awful debt?"

"It ain't no debt. Father couldn't collect a cent if he sued you a hundred times over."

"He's a hard man, Sarah. You orter seen him sit on his 'jaw' when we was talkin'!"

"But can't you set yours? Jonas Swift, you don't seem to have no more grit than a grasshopper. I guess I don't want to marry any such man!"

With that Sarah Jane turned and bounced into the house to be asked by her mother:

"What you and Jonas all excited over?"

"Nothin'."

"Don't answer me that way! Some thin' has happened. What is it?"

"Father's a fool," snapped the girl.

"What!"

"And Jonas's a fool."

"What! What!"

"And I'm a—a—"

"And you'll call me a fool next thing!"

"Y—es!"

"Then take that! You are not too old to be licked, and when I ask a question I want it answered."

Sarah Jane whirled about and flew upstairs to her room. She was called

and called, but she made no answer. Her first impulse was to set the house afire; her next was to go down and brain Jonas; her third was to write some sad verses to be left behind to make folks feel all cut up. In the end she climbed out of her window in the dusk of the evening and slid to the ground. Her father had come up from the field, and Sarah dodged him and Jonas and took refuge in the granary of the barn.

It seemed to the girl that there were forty things to be mad about and to sulk over. She sat down on the floor in a corner of the little dark room and tried to plan. It was hard to find a way out of her troubles. She was ready to defy her father, and she didn't so much mind the box on the ear, but there was Jonas. He had been scared stiff. She felt like pounding him with a club.

It was when husband, wife and hired man sat down to supper that Sarah Jane had a crying spell all by her lonesome. Not quite, however. She had a score of rats and mice for company and sympathizers. She was still weeping when she heard the men come out after supper. Two minutes later something happened to burn up her tears. Some one entered the barn with soft footsteps.