

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry on the Lovelorn

SAY! have you ever noticed that when a gink with an aluminum headpiece is handed the "This-Way-Out" signal by his adored one, he either hikes for a pickle parlor and begins to festoon his system with hops, or he stands in front of a hardware store and gazes gloomily at the guns? You haven't noticed it? Why, you astonish me!

Friend wife met me by appointment to take dinner at the Saint Astormore the other evening, and with her was her little brother, Stephen, aged nine.

"I brought Stevie with me because I had some shopping to do, and he's so much company," Peaches explained as we sat down in the restaurant.

"Stevie is always pleasant company," I agreed, politely, but with a watchful eye on my youthful brother-in-law all the while.

That kid was born with an abnormal bump of mischief, and by painstaking endeavor he has won the world's championship as an organizer of impromptu riots.

"Oh, John!" said Peaches, when I began to make faces at the menu card. "I didn't notice until now how pale you look. Have you had a busy day?"

"Busy!" I repeated. "Well, rather. I've been giving imitations of a bull-fight. Everybody I met was the bull and I was the fight. Nominate your eats! What'll it be, Stevie?"

"Sponge cake," said Stephen promptly.

"What else?" asked Peaches.

"More sponge cake," the youth replied, and just then the smiling and sympathetic waiter stooped down to pick up a fork which Stephen had dropped.

In his anxiety not to miss anything Stevie rubbed acrobatically, with the result that he upset a glass of ice water down the waiter's neck, and three seconds later the trayrotter had issued an extra and was saying things in French that would sound scandalous if translated.

It cost me a dollar to bring the dish-dragger back to earth, and Stevie said I could break his bank open when we got home and take all the money if I'd let him do it again.

Just then I got a flash of Dike Lawrence bearing down in our direction under a full head of benzine.

Dike was escorting a three days' jag, and whispering words of encouragement to it.

A good fellow, Dike, but he shouldn't permit a distillery to use his thirst as a testing station—he's too temperamental.

"Hurry, Mrs. John!" he gurgled as the waiter pushed an extra chair under. "Howdy, John? How do do, little man? Scuse me for interrupting a perfectly splendid family party—my mistake!—I'm all in—that's it—I'm all in, and it's your fault, John; all your fault!"

"What's wrong, Dike?" I inquired.

"Er'ing!" he martinned; "ev'ring!

erful gray hair and golden eyes, perfectly bewful, girl. I told your husband all about her—I made confession that I was madly in love with this bewful girl and your husband told me to go and propose to her and drag her off to a minister and I did propose—my mistake. After I made my speech she said to me, this bewful girl said to me: That's all right; no doubt you do love me, but are you eugenic?" And I said, "No, I'm Presbyterian."

Dike paused to let the horror of the scene sink in and then he fell overboard again with a moist splash.

"That bewful girl jus' glanced at me coldly—ju' merely indicated the door, that bewful girl, and I passed over of her life f'rever. Two days later I found out jus' what eugenic meant and b'lieve me, from my heart, my sincere regret is that I was not college bred before I met that bewful girl."

Saying this he grabbed a wineglass from the table and held it close to his heart in order to illustrate the intensity of his feeling.

The next instant a thick, reddish liquid began to flow sluggishly over the bosom of his immaculate white shirt and was lost in the region of his equator, seeing which Dike gave vent to a yell that brought the waiters on the hot foot.

"I'm stabbed, stabbed!" groaned the startled jag-carpenter, clutching wildly at his shirt front as the plate-passers bore him away to a haven of rest.

"It's my clam cocktail," whispered Stephen to me; "I poured it in his wineglass 'cause they was too much tobasum sauce in it for me!"

"Brave boy!" I answered. "It was a kindly deed."

Then we finished our dinners in all the refined silence of Saint Astormore so carefully furnishes.

Dike's sad story of misplaced affection and an unused dictionary puts us wise to the fact that in these changeable days even the old-fashioned idea of courtship has been chased to the woods.

It used to be that on a Saturday evening the Young Gent would draw down six dollars worth of salary and chase himself to the barber shop, where the Bolivian lawn trimmer would put a crimp in his mustache and plaster his forehead with three cents worth of hair and a dollar's worth of axle grease.

Then the Young Gent would go out and spread 40 cents around among the tradesmen for a mess of lilies of the valley and a bag of peanut brittle.

The lilies of the valley were to put on the dining table so mother would be pleased, and with the peanut brittle he intended to fill in the weary moments when he and his little geisha girl were not making goo-goo eyes at each other.

But nowadays it is different. What with eugenics and the high speed of living Dan Cupid spends

Then Lena would giggle. Not once, but seven giggles, something like those used in a spasm.

Then she would reply: "No, Simpson; it cannot be. Fate wills it otherwise."

Then Simpson would bite his finger nails, pick his hat up out of the coal-scuttle and say to Lena: "False one! You Love Conrad, the floorwalker in the butcher shop. Curses on Conrad, and see what you have missed, Lena. I have tickets for a swell chowder party next Tuesday. Ah! Farewell forever!"

Then Simpson would walk out and hunt up one of those places that can't get an all-night license and there, with one arm glued around the bar rail, he would fasten his system to a jag which would last a week.

Despair would grab him and, like Dike, he'd be Simpson with the sousie thing for sure.

When he would recover strength enough to walk downtown without attracting the attention of the other side of the street, he would call on Lena and say: "Lena, forgive me for what I done, but love is blind—and, besides, I mixed my drinks, Lena, I was on the downward path and I nearly went to Helgoland."

Then Lena would say, "Oh, Simpsey, I wanted you to prove your love, but I thought you'd prove it with beer and not red-eye. Forgive me, darling!"

Then they would kiss and make up, and the wedding bells would ring just as soon as Simp's salary grew large enough to tease a pocketbook.

But these days the idea is altogether different.

Children are hardly out of the cradle before they are arrested for butting



"I'm Stabbed!" Groaned the Startled Jag-Carpenter.

into the speed limit with a smoke wagon.

Even when they go courting they have to play to the gallery.

Nowadays Gonsalvo H. Puffenlotz walks into the parlor to see Miss Imogene Hoffbrew.

"Wie gehts, Imogene!" says Gonsalvo.

"Simlich!" says Imogene, standing at right angles near the piano because she thinks she is a Gibson girl.

"Imogene, dearest," Gonsalvo continues, "I called on your papa in Wall street yesterday to find out how much money you have, but he refused to name the sum, therefore you have untold wealth!"

Gonsalvo pauses to let the Parisian clock on the mantle tick, tick, tick! He is making the bluff of his life, you see, and he has to do even that on tick.

Besides, this furnishes the local color.

Then Gonsalvo bursts forth again: "Imogene! Oh! Imogene! Will you be mine and I will be thine without money and without the price?"

Gonsalvo pauses to let this idea get noised about a little.

Then he goes on: "Be mine, Imogene! You will be minus the money while I will have the price!"

Gonsalvo trembles with the passion which is consuming his pocketbook, and then Imogene turns languidly from a right angle triangle into more of a straight front and hands Gonsalvo a bitter look of scorn.

Then Gonsalvo grabs his revolver, and aiming it at her marble brow, exclaims, "Marry me this minute or I will shoot you in the topknot, because I love you."

Then papa rushes into the room and Gonsalvo politely requests the old gentleman to hold two or three bullets for him for a few moments.

Gonsalvo then bites deeply into a bottle of carbolic acid and just as the coroner climbs into the house the pictures of the modern lover and lovelorn appear in the newspapers and fashionable society receives a jolt.

This is the new up-to-date way of making love.

However, I think the old style of courting is the best, because you can generally stop a jag before it gets to the undertaker.

What do you think?

Made a Difference.

Little Willie became slightly indisposed, and when the family doctor was called he prescribed some medicine in powder form.

"Come, Willie," said the fond mother, preparing one of the powders as soon as the medicine arrived from the drug store, "you must take this right away so that you will be well."

"No, I don't want to take it," whined Willie, backing away from the dose. "I don't need no medicine."

"Why, Willie," pleaded mother, gently drawing the boy toward her, "you never heard me complain about a little powder, did you?"

"No, an' neither would I," was the startling rejoinder of Willie, "if I could just put it on my face like you do, but I have to swallow it."

STYLES IN PARASOLS

ARE OF ALL SORTS OF PRETTY MATERIALS AND SHAPES.

Japanese Designs Are as Well Liked as Any Offered—Many Made to Match the Flounced Gown of 1860 Type.

Never, not even in their early oriental days of stately pageantry, have parasols been so alluring. An oriental race, the Japanese, has given us one of the most charming shapes for sunshades, and this year it is reproduced for us in the prettiest materials. In a striped year, many striped parasols, of course, are seen, often in black and white, which the French call peline.

While everything under the sun is made of cretonne, it is natural that this material should not be selected for sunshades. Some of the prettiest are in the Japanese, so-called Chin-chin shape, of printed linen or pongee, with long camphor-wood handles. One of yellow tussore had a small eastern design of ovals of tan and clear green. Each rib was tipped with a Chinese jade head, and a jade ball was poised on the top of the slender handle. Another of the same flat, many-ribbed shape was of pale cream silk and all around the center point was a cluster of yellow cherries on green silk stems of various lengths, while another bunch decorated the handle.

Beside the oriental shape the deep tulip-shaped bell is shown as a contrast in dark, rich colors or in the season's latest fancy—white net. A dome-shaped specimen was made of finely shirred white net, and all around the edge ran a patriotic combination of a blue moire ribbon with a line of red beads on each side of it.

With your flounced 1860 gowns you may carry an 1860 parasol, small in size, of conventional shape, with green silk fringe dripping from its edge. Or you may choose a pink taffeta affair with its points connected by a garland of pink rosebuds, or another of white shirred silk with loops of black jet beads. If you like ruffles,



One of the Season's Prettiest.

you will find sunshades made up of rows and rows of them, sometimes of taffeta, sometimes of satin ribbon or of frills of lace on a net or silk foundation. Occasionally the shape is varied by turning back the points all around like a rolled over lip and tipping each one with a bead.

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HAIR BANDS ARE IN DEMAND

Worn With the Popular Buster Brown Coiffure, and Also With the High Psyche Knot.

Now that the mammas are wearing the Buster Brown coiffure, which is not a bowl cut at all, but an imitation, marcel waved, with long ends concealed, the hair bands are having a splendid sale. These bands are also worn with the high Psyche knot, which does not stand upright, but rather stands backward from the crown of the head, giving a long line from the tip of one's nose to the tip of one's coiffure.

While these bands, coming directly across the forehead, were designed for the Castle clip, they have been adopted by women who yearn for something new. A one-inch band of black velvet ribbon is used, either plain or jeweled, the latter studded with tiny flowers or designs in brilliants. Others, considerably wider, are of silver filigree and give an oriental effect that is very good with the high Turkish girdle and the skirt that is so turned in at the hem and attached to an underlining that it gives the effect of baggy trousers.

Grosgrain ribbon is used of any color one fancies and is set with colored stones.

If you have an old Spanish necklace with pendant it will come in nicely for a hair band. Because of its weight it is best to attach it to a ribbon.

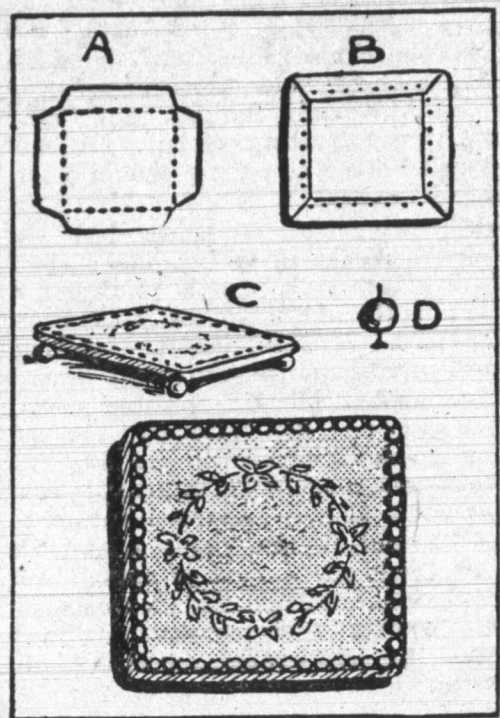
There is a threat of puffs returning, worn across the back of the head, from ear to ear and very low. The front of the hair is worn plain after the "bare face" style which prevails.

SAVES THE TABLE OR TRAY

Practical Teapot Stand That is Decorative as Well as Useful for Its Purpose.

To be of practical use, a teapot stand must be thick enough to prevent the heat from penetrating to the table or tray, and the accompanying sketch and diagrams illustrate the way in which a very decorative and pretty little stand for this purpose can be made.

Get a piece of wood measuring six inches square and three-fourths inch in thickness. The corners are slightly



Teapot Stand.

rounded and the wood is smoothly covered with corded silk of any pretty color. Diagram A shows the shape in which the material should be cut out, the space inclosed in the dotted line corresponding in size to the surface of the wood. The four flaps are turned over the edges of the wood and fastened on at the back with tiny tacks.

Diagram B, which illustrates the under side of the stand, shows this accomplished. The design which appears upon the silk must, of course, be worked upon the material prior to covering the wood and consists of a wreath of tiny leaves embroidered in various shades of green. The stand is outlined with small brass-headed nails of a fancy pattern driven in close together.

The "legs" of the stand are made of large glass beads fastened on with nails run through them in the manner shown in diagram D, and diagram C gives the appearance of the stand as it should look when complete.

A stand for the hot water jug can be made to match but in rather a smaller size.

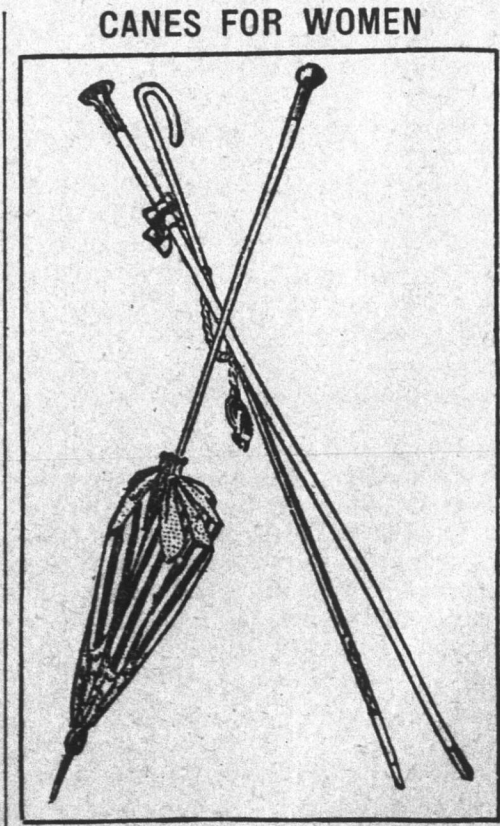
WRAPS FOR SUMMER WEAR

Combinations of Gay Colors Mark These Beautiful, if Superfluous, Hot Weather Garments.

The summer dress-up wraps are as frothy and superfluous as a dream. Fancy a coat of tulle, a bit of lace and a few pearl beads. Yet it is "done." A beautiful imported wrap has a cape of rose-colored silk from which fall tiers upon tiers of lace, mounted over rose chiffon. By the way, do you know that chiffon is a good wearable fabric and is used now for linings of silk coats—aye, and for cloth ones, too!

Time was when dressy wraps were only for evening, but the afternoon dances permit more elaborate costumes. Hence the appearance of the expensive cloak of lace.

One of Callot's loveliest models is a long coat of batiste, embroidered to the guards and beautiful beyond words and type and printer's ink. It was to be worn with a beige-colored taffeta with sleeves of ecru lace. Tres splendide, yes? We hazard the opinion that it was and is.



Parasols of red, white and blue, and canes for both men and women, with red, white and blue cords or ribbons, make acceptable favors.

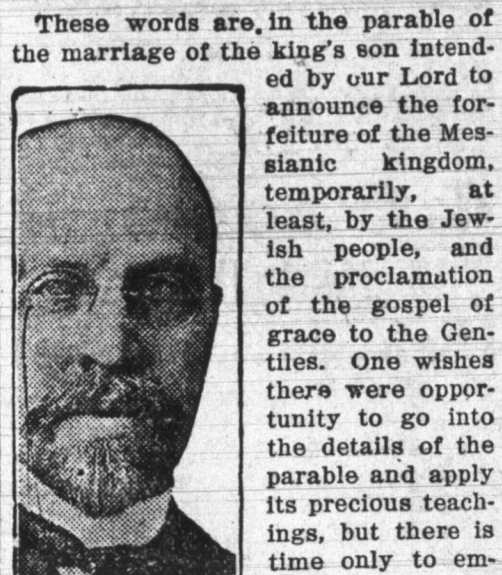
Bright Shades.

For brightening a large living room with a dark wall covering one might select window shades with gorgeous redbirds perched on greenish brown branches, or just large, conventionalized red or mulberry flowers, with ample foliage. For a brown room shades with long sprays of the rich golden glow as a decoration would be successful.

Highway Gathering

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of Moody Bible Institute
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TEXT—So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good.—Matthew 22:10.



These words are in the parable of the marriage of the king's son intended by our Lord to announce the forfeiture of the Messianic kingdom, temporarily, at least, by the Jewish people, and the proclamation of the gospel of grace to the Gentiles. One wishes there were opportunity to go into the details of the parable and apply its precious teachings, but there is time only to emphasize one point,

and that is the duty and privilege of "highway gathering." By this is meant the preaching of the gospel, not merely by the ordained ministry, but by laymen as well, who know by experience the redemption which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

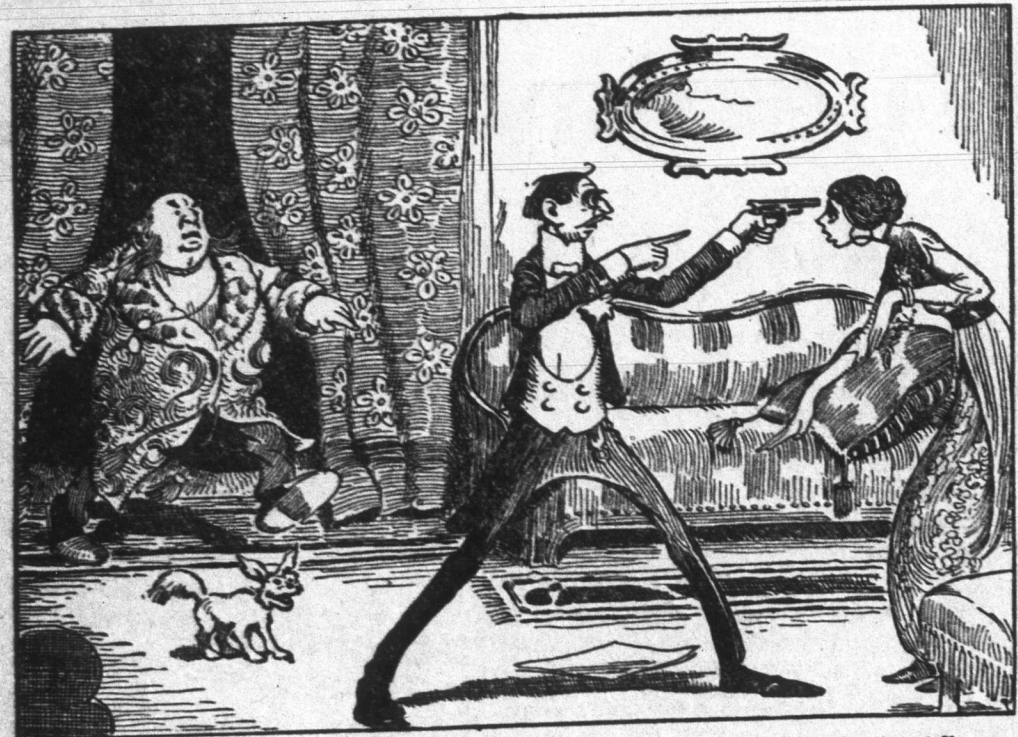
These beautiful summer days and evenings afford unusual opportunity for this in the utilizing of our parks, and vacant lots, and church steps and street corners for reaching multitudes with the bread of life. The prophets of the Old Testament were open-air preachers. Jesus Christ and his apostles were open-air preachers. Some of the greatest evangelists in all the days were open-air preachers. How could Whitefield and the Wesleys have reached the masses when church doors were closed against them, unless they had taken to the open air? What an open-air preacher was Gen. William Booth! Today many of the ablest Christian laymen of Great Britain, as well as the clergy, are found standing on improvised platforms at the street corners telling out the gospel of salvation, and urging their fellow men to accept the offer of atonement through Jesus Christ.

1. This is enjoined upon you, Christian Brethren, as a duty to God and to your neighbor. Remember the words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Ye shall be witnesses unto me." These commands are not to ecclesiastics merely but to all the disciples of Christ. And then what shall we say of the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?" Have we ever felt, or shown, that love until we have actively interested ourselves in the salvation of our neighbor? To feed him when he is hungry, or clothe him when he is naked, or visit him in sickness, or comfort him in his affliction is not enough, except as we try to save him for eternity.

2. It is enjoined upon you as a personal advantage in the sense of development and in sense of reward. If we want to grow in the spiritual life we want to exercise ourselves in its ministry. If we would know more of the love and the power of God towards ourselves, we must experiment with what we now have in dealing with others. In this, as in that which is more material, the principle holds good, "Give and it shall be given unto you." And then what about our reward in the future as well as in the present? At the final reckoning of redeemed souls the same rank and glory will not be given to the indolent and unfruitful as to the earnest and self-denying. The same Scripture which says in one place, "Look unto me and be ye saved," says in another, "Look unto yourselves that ye receive a full reward!" "They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

3. It is enjoined upon you as a political necessity. This may be regarded as the weakest and most selfish of the arguments, and for that reason should have come first rather than last, but there are special reasons for stating it at the last. What political and social problems are pressing upon the attention of thoughtful citizens, and especially Christian citizens, at this time? In all our great cities the needy classes are multiplying every year, and with them those who represent the ignorance, immorality and crime of all great populations. The conflict between capital and labor, and employers and employees, is losing none of its intensity, "now rumbling ominously like some far-off earthquake, and now breaking out into the volcanic eruption of the disastrous strike." At the other extremity look at the luxury and extravagance, the heartless worldliness and the grasping selfishness of many of the so-called "upper classes."

These things threaten the life of our nation, the peace and prosperity of our homes, and are a startling challenge to the Christian church. We must go forth on a new crusade. We must go out into the highways and gather together all, as many as we find both bad and good. We must give ourselves enthusiastically to the work by prayer, by money, by personal endeavor.



"Marry Me This Minute or I Will Shoot You in the Topknot."

all wrong—lesh have drink—my mistake—didn't think of it before. Your little son growing to be a splendid boy, Mrs. John!"

"This is Stephen, my little brother, not my little son," Peaches explained. "We haven't any children," she added nervously.

Dike carefully closed one eye and focused the other on her. "Haven't any little son—my mistake!" Then he turned the open gig lamp on me and began again. "Sprised at you John; little son is the most wonderful thing any father and mother could possess with the possible 'ception of a 141 daughter—ain't that so, Mrs. John? Little brother is all right, but don't compare with little son. Look at me, Mrs. John; can't ever have little son—when I think about it I could bust right out crying! Grief has made me almost hysterical, hysterical, hysterical—I mean I'm nervous—lesh have drink!"

"What's gone wrong, Dike?" I asked. "Each minute you look more and more like Mona Lisa without the smile. What's the trouble?"

"All your fault, John," he plunged on again. "Most bewful girl she was, Mrs. John; partly bewful, with won-

most of his time on the hot foot between the coroner's office and the divorce court.

Nowadays when a clever young man goes to visit his sweetheart he hikes over the streets in a benzine buggy, and when he pulls the bellrope at the front door he has a rapid fire revolver in one pocket and a bottle of carbolic acid in the other.

His intentions are honorable and he wishes to prove them so by shooting his lady love if she renigs when he makes a play for her hand.

I think the old style was the best, because when young people quarreled they didn't need an ambulance and a hospital surgeon to help them make up.

In the old days Simpson Green would draw the stove brush cheerfully across his dogskin shoes and rush with eager feet to see Lena Jones, the girl he wished to make the wife of his bosom.

"Darling," Simpson would say, "I am sure to the bad for love of you. Pipe the downcast droop in this eye of mine and notice the way my heart is bubbling over like a bottle of sarsaparilla on a hot day! Be mine, Lena! Be mine!"