

SMILES



WOULD HOLD OFF.



"Would you marry a man to reform him?"
"Not before I was at least thirty-five years old."

The Simple Life.

If you are drawing nine per week,
It is up to you to scrimp;
But you can live the simple life,
Because your pay is simp.

Handing Down a Feud.

"Son," said the father of a husky sophomore,
"Yes, dad."

"Isn't old Dan Breshner's boy a freshman at Gaddins this year?"
"Sure he is. I've walloped him dozens of times."

"Keep it up, son; old Dan Breshner made things pretty warm for me when I was a freshman at Gaddins."

Extra Precautions.

The Debutante—A young man wants me to send him my picture. Would that be proper?
The Older One—Why not?

The Debutante—Perhaps, to be on the safe side, I'd better inclose one of my chapman as well.—Puck.

Their Way.

"In the West formerly they had quite a telephonic way of handling men who dealt in stolen horses."

"How was it telephonic?"
"They hung up the receiver."

Not the Same.

"Are you going to have any osculatory entertainment at the party?"
"Oh, nothin' so grand as all that. Just a few old-fashioned kissing games."

Sure Thing.

"I am going to name my yacht Rumor."

"Why?"
"Because if there's anything in a name she's sure to keep afloat."

Love's Progress.

Knicker—How can you tell how long they have been married?
Bocker—By whether she wants him to stop smoking to save his health, his money or the curtains.

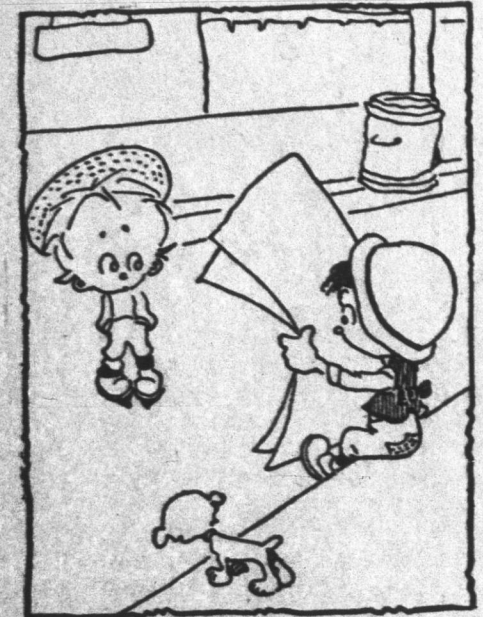
A Living.

Smythe—He made a living by going from 'bad to worse.
Smithe—How could he do that?
Smythe—He was a doctor.—Gar-goyle.

His Reprisal.

Doctor—Why have you deducted a quarter from my bill?
Patient—That is for the six cigars you broke when you thumped my chest.

OVERLOOKED.



"Wot you readin', Willy?"
"The sassiest news; an' dere ain't a word about my engagement yet!"

Yea, Verily!

"Men and measures," is a term That drops from many a lip;
But the wily waiter measures A man from tip to tip.

Spoke Too Plainly.

Ned—Do you believe in the language of flowers?

Ted—To be sure. The last ones I sent Miss Charmie tell me I'll have to do without smoking for a month.—Town Topics.

He Had No More to Say.

Griggs—That new neighbor of ours must be a very happy woman. She goes about the house singing all day long.

Mrs. Griggs—Well, why shouldn't she be happy? She's a widow.

VERY CAREFUL.

"Did you break anything today, Norah?" asked the lady of the house.
"No, ma'am," was the reply.

"Nothing?"
"No, ma'am."

"Are you sure you didn't break a single thing?"
"Yes, ma'am."

"Not even one of the commandments, Norah?"
"Oh, well, ma'am, I wouldn't be wicked enough to call a commandment a thing, ma'am."

Lost by Winning.

"I made the mistake of my life when I married for money," admitted the sad-eyed man, as he let out a deep sigh.

"But you knew there was a woman attached to the coin before you faced the parson," protested the cynical bachelor.

"Yes," admitted the party of the prelude, "but I had no idea she was so firmly attached to it that she wouldn't let go of a cent."

Proof Positive.

The liquor dealer had just filed a bill against the estate.

"What is it for?" asked the executor.

"For whisky furnished the deceased," replied the dealer. "Will it be necessary for me to swear to the account?"

"Oh, no," answered the executor. "The fact that he is dead is sufficient proof that he got the whisky all right."

SECOND-STORY MAN.



Scribbler—Why, that novelist makes a habit of rewriting stories and passing them off as his own. He's a literary crook.

Quibbler—A sort of "second-story man," eh?

More Truth Oozes Out.

Now here's another mighty truth—
Though it's a shame to say it;
Your temper you must lose, forsooth,
Before you can display it.

Letting in Files.

"Your husband is rather stout."
"Weights over 300 pounds. He's a pest in summertime."

"How so?"
"Takes him too long to get through a screen door."

Quintessence of Self-Adoration.
"She is terribly conceited."
"How so?"

"Why she believes what her press agent says of her."

Not a Bit Artificial at That.
The Girl—Oh, I do love nature so!
The Farmer—Yes, miss; she's just as natural around here as any place I know of.

Only Fair.

"Do I understand you to say," asked the judge, "that his remarks were acrimonious?"

"No, judge, your honor, I didn't say that. I said he just swore at me. I ain't agoin' to claim that he done what he didn't do."

Wall of a Dyspeptic.

"I used to think how I'd wine and dine to my heart's content when I got rich."

"And do you, now that you are rich?"
"Alas, no! I can only dine and whine."

Of Course Paw Knew.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, why does the camel have a hump?
Paw—The camel has a hump, son, so he—er—won't be mistaken for a mule.

In the Hospital.
"That policeman who has just come in has a professional affliction."

"What might it be?"
"He has a couple of felons on his hands."

In the Early Morn.

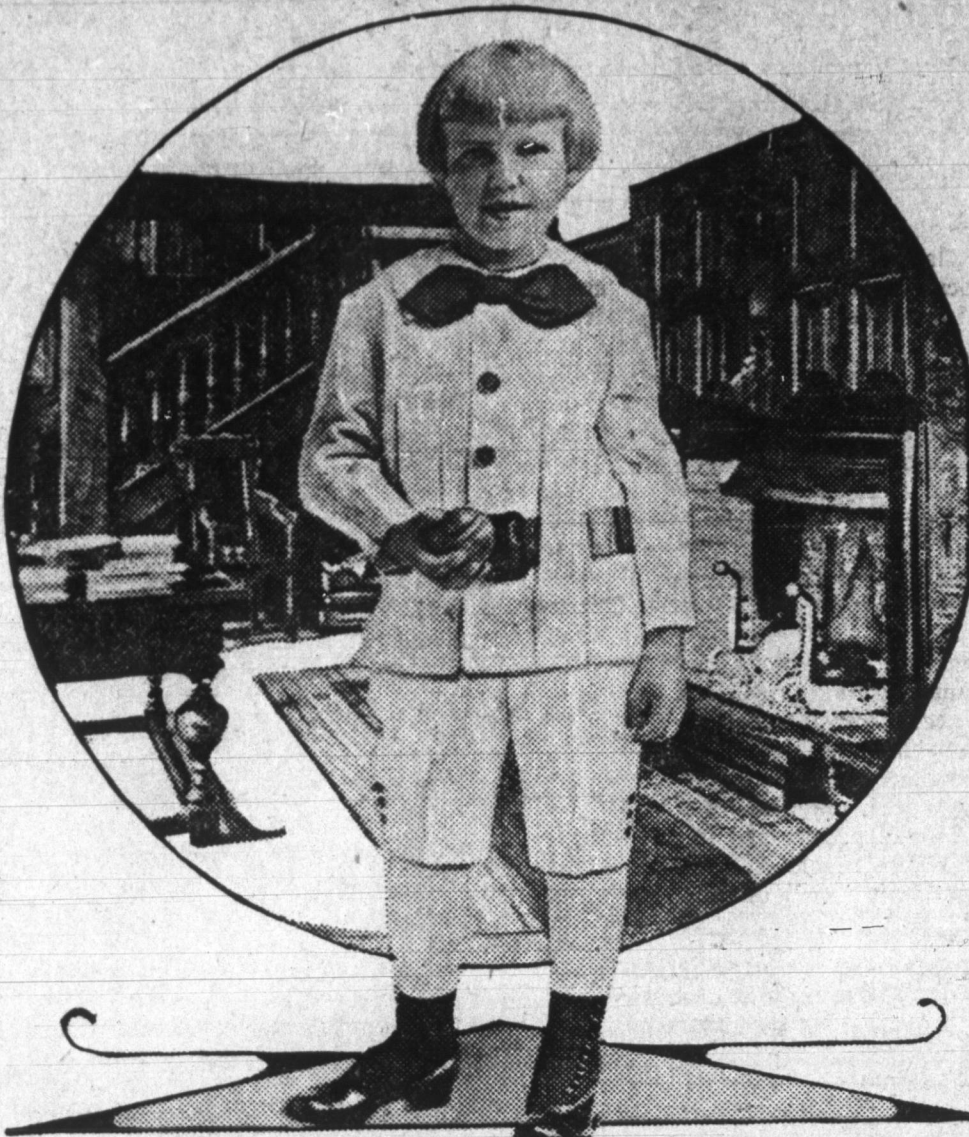
Singleton—That baby of yours is getting to be quite a big chap.

Wederly—Well, I guess yes. When I have to walk the floor with him nights he gains about two pounds a minute.

The Ninety and Nine Per Cent.
"You used to refer to your wife as your better half."

"I have revised my fractions," replied Mr. Meekton. "I don't feel as if I represented more than one per cent of the combination."

Good Designs in Small Boys' Clothes



The little boy of five or thereabout spends his waking hours in suits made of heavy linen or cotton materials made up in light or dark colors, or in white. He is "dressed up" in white, but for play his suits are made of the various brown or blue shades or of striped brown and white or blue and white. Black belts of suede or patent leather, and black silk ties, look well with any of these. Plain and striped materials are combined in the same suit. The trousers, for example, are made of plain dark brown linen, and the blouse of brown and white stripe, with collar and cuffs of the plain linen. Or both blouse and trousers are made of a plain color, with striped collar and cuffs.

The suit shown in the picture is one of many good designs in small boys' clothes, all of them made of washable fabrics. Besides these, the little lad may be fitted out with garments of dark blue serge and, for the most formal occasions, a suit of velvet is a little extravagance which excuses itself because it is so pleasing and refined.

All the trousers in the wash suits are straight and plain and are either knee length or a little longer. Some of them button on to a short blouse or shirtwaist. Others are buttoned to an underwaist and in others they are sewn to the underwaist.

In blouses the "middy" is a favorite.

It is long-waisted and opens at the front, where, like many others, it is laced with a cord. A wide band at the bottom takes the place of a belt and is prettily finished with buttons set on at each side. This is a simple garment that slips over the head, and is very good style.

Quite like the middy suit in appearance, there is a one-piece design with short trousers set on to a plain blouse with the waist a little lengthened. It opens at the throat with a lacing and has a belt made of the material that fastens at the front with a single button. It is supported by straps sewed to the blouse. This is made of a dark linen with lighter collar and cuffs, and is furnished with a small handkerchief pocket. The youngster slips into it feet first and is well equipped for romping.

There are good designs in short coats and Eton jackets to be worn over the short blouse, to which the trousers are buttoned. Besides these, there are the long Russian blouse suits, and in these the blouse reaches almost to the bottom of the pants. In these the belt is of patent leather or suede and is worn low. The opening is at the front and is fastened with buttons and buttonholes. Good-looking little coats of serge are much like the Russian blouse, but are open from neck to belt and fasten with buttons down the front.

Best Footwear Styles for Out-of-Doors



No one can fail to be impressed with the trimness and neatness of the fall and winter styles in footwear. They are somewhat plainer than those of the past summer. Shoe men seem to have concentrated attention on novelty in the manner of cutting the new footwear and to consider perfection of finish the most important of items in its construction.

Here are three of the all-leather styles that are presented for milady's consideration this fall. Her attention falls first upon the shoes in which she is to walk when out of doors. Any one of these styles is to be commended for the promenade.

A graceful boot of kid is shown in which the tip is narrowed and extended up the front to the top. This gives a long, shapely line calculated to make the foot look slender. Perfect machine stitching outlines all the edges of leather, and even in the stay at the back lines have been carefully considered. The heel is both sensible and graceful, and the buttons—with eyes—contribute to the fine finish of this model.

A similar boot is shown which fastens with a front lace. This necessitates a little change in shaping the

extension of the tip, and this model goes even farther than the buttoned boot in adding to the appearance of slenderness in the foot.

The younger women are showing a preference for walking shoes that resemble the boots which men wore a generation or so ago. This resemblance doesn't go much farther than appearances as the shoes lace on the inside, the lacing being made as inconspicuous as possible. These pretty make-believe boots are worn in light tans, in tan and brown, in gray, and in black. A pair of them is glimpsed here.

A real boot, called the Cossack boot, shows promise of developing into a fad with the younger women. It has a short leg, turning back at the top in a band, usually finished with a decorative pattern in cut-out work. It is a jaunty, saucy bit of footwear which looks well with the Russian styles in gowns or the snappy military modes that mingle their dashing style with others of the new season.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Don't hurrah for anybody. There is too much noise as it is.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Grand Rapids Man Studies Fishing in Parlor

GRAND RAPIDS.—Several years ago, when the outcome of a fishing trip to him was entirely a matter of conjecture, Leo F. Troy, better known among his piscatorial associates as "Hard Luck" Troy, because of the frequency with which he returned from angling excursions without results, conceived an idea which has since made him quite famous.

In the parlor of his residence he installed a glass tank 2 by 2 by 5 feet. The installation was made in the fall of the year. In the tank he placed several large and small mouth bass of medium size and members of other fish families common in the north temperate zone. All winter long during the day and at night he cultivated the acquaintance of the fish. Once firmly established in their good graces, Troy took steps to solve a problem which had perplexed him for years and which is the cause of disappointment for the average unsuccessful angler. He wanted to know the most expeditious way to bait a hook with a minnow in order to catch bass. With this idea in mind he dropped several chub minnows in the tank.

In a moment they had disappeared. Several more were dropped, and Troy was surprised a moment later to see one of the number, minus its tail and badly cut, belly up toward the surface. A second later it disappeared in the maw of one of the bass.

Observations were continued, and Troy eventually learned that the bass would never take the minnow tail first. So on his next excursion, instead of thrusting his barb through the head or nose of the minnow, he caught it about the middle and just under the back fin, thus giving a bass a chance at the head. The difference in hooking soon showed results, and when Troy finished the trip he had succeeded in catching more and better bass than he had on any other trip of his career.

Wonder of Golden West Is Found in Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES.—One wonder of the Golden West was discovered in Los Angeles one morning recently by Arthur J. Reed, a tripper from Denver, as he was enjoying his first night's sleep in California. Reed went to a movie show on Sunday night. He saw a jungle film. Giraffes, tigers, lions and elephants flisked across the screen, charged, slew and gobbled their prey. His back hair bristled as he later pulled the covers up to his nose and sank back into his pillow.

Horrible dreams outdid the movie's flickering films. Reed was being pursued by countless "denizens of the impenetrable jungle fastnesses." The climax came at last. A huge African elephant cornered Reed. On one side was a cliff a mile high, on the other a bottomless cave. The G. O. P. trade-mark came steaming up to Reed. He felt its hot breath as its prehensile proboscis probed his person. The elephant stepped in to deliver the coup-de-grace. Raising its trunk until it touched Reed's hands it forced down his guard and, leaning over—

Bit him on the left shoulder! ! ! !
In frightful agony Reed woke, threw on his clothes and charged out on to Main street. There was a policeman, so he felt sure of protection.

"Where's the nearest hospital?" begged Reed. "I've just been bitten on the shoulder by an elephant."

At the receiving hospital Dr. Louis M. Kane heard Reed's story in all its awing details. On Reed's left shoulder was a red spot the size of a fitney bus fare.

"Are you a stranger here?" asked the surgeon.

"Yessir," moaned Reed.

"That explains it," concluded the doctor. "You were bitten not by an elephant, but—

"By a ferocious flea!"

Kansas City Goat Proves to Be Good Farm Hand

KANSAS CITY.—The business ability of Oliver Hopps was in question. Oliver, eight years old, traded his bicycle, which was known to have a cash value of \$12, for a goat, harness and wagon of unknown worth. Crosby Hopps, who had just motored home to the summer place of the Hopps family, at Seventy-fifth street and Santa Fe avenue, looked askance at his son's bargain.

But a trade is a trade, and there was the goat, and a nice new tan harness. Also there was the lawn mower and a good start of grass waiting his immediate attention. He declared now that it was an inspiration which prompted him to put them together. The trial was more than successful.

William, though just a plain scrub goat, is of stock design, and it was fun for him to drag the lawn mower along, and a large area of their five-acre tract that is in grass ceased to be a cause of dread.

The garden cultivator?

Why not?

Here again William loomed more important as an investment. A hand cultivator is hard for a person to push, but for the goat it was easy to pull, and one and one-fourth acres of garden are kept in splendid shape, through the efforts of Mr. Hopps and the goat after business hours.

It is fun for Oliver to drive the goat, but Mr. Hopps can manage him alone if Oliver is not available, and the goat walks along about as fast as is essential to careful cultivation; and he never balks nor stalls unless a solid obstruction is encountered by the cultivator.

"William is becoming too fat; he does not have enough to do," observed Mr. Hopps, letting his eye rove over the little farm. "Next year I will have to plan a little more garden for his benefit."

Now You Can Pawn Your Pet Animals in New York

NEW YORK.—Among the curious industries or sources of livelihood in New York city is an animal pawnshop. As you take a watch to an ordinary pawnshop to raise money on it, so you may take a watchdog to the animal pawnshop. Recently a man did this, getting \$20 on a dog that was easily worth \$50, the pawnbroker said. But he was a trick dog which had been taught to open doors. So in due time he opened a door and let himself out while letting the pawnbroker in. D. Potter, who is the trainer for the New York Hippodrome, owns the shop. He takes camels, lions, elephants, any animals. There are no charges for interest on the loan, the only charge being for the keep of the animals, among which at almost any time are dogs, monkeys, bears, goats, cats, coons, foxes, parrots, canaries. At one time he had 40 trick donkeys in pawn. The profits arising from the charges for feed and care are enough to make the institution pay. Once he had a lion in pawn which broke his chain in the stable and went roaring around trying to get out. The employees were nearly scared to death, and it was only after heroic efforts that they mustered courage to capture him. As a matter of fact, the animal was a decrepit beast that had served his time in side shows and was anxious to get away from them. The proprietor trains animals of all kinds and deals in them, so his line of pawnshop for them is a part of his other business, and he has thus come to have the only pawnshop of the kind in the world.

