Advice.

"Never marry a man to reform him, my dear," counseled Aunt Hephzibah. "If you do reform him he'll hate you for it, and if you don't you'll always be pitying yourself for having married a man who wasn't good enough for you."

Apportioning the Year.

Now strolls the youth beside the sea,
No longer grimly thrifty,
For just two weeks' vacation he
Must save up coin for fifty.

Washington Star.

Reversal of Form.

"Scranley, have you abandoned the lecture platform for good?"

"I have, Horrocks. I married a gifted and eloquent woman and I'm the audience now."

Gen. Corbin Likes Old Clothes.

Ever see Gen. Corbin's old shoes? He had them made four years ago when he went to the Philippines, and he's wearing 'em yet. They're great. The general detests a new pair of shoes or a new suit of clothes. A young fellow came along to his place near Washington recently and said:

"Sir, I don't want to ask for money, but I would be grateful if you would give me an old suit of clothes."

"Not by a good sight," said the general, "but there is a new suit inside you can have."—New York Sun.

The Land of the Free.

"There's eight nations represinted in this ward of ours," said Mr. Halloran to his wife on his return from a political meeting. He began to count them off on his fingers.

"There's Irish, Frinch, Eyetalians, Poles, Germans, Roossians, Greeks an'——"

Mr. Halloran stopped, and began again:

"There's Irish, Frinch, Eyetalians, Poles, Germans, Roosians, Greeks—an' ain't it queer I disremimber the other wan? There's Irish, Frinch——"

"Maybe 'twas Americans," suggested Mrs. Halloran.

"Sure, that's it," said her husband. "I couldn't think."

WHEN A WOMAN WRITES A CHECK

Why is it that the average woman cannot be taught to write or indorse a bank check? It is regarded by bank officials and employes as the eighth wonder of the world and a never to be solved mystery why it cannot be done, but it is generally admitted that it is one of the impossible things comparable only to the riddle of the sphinx or squaring the circle.

The numerical amount on the date line, no date at all, the written amount where the name of the pages should be written (and the written and printed amount to disagree at least 50 cents), any signature in any place—the back of the check is just as good as anywhere else—and a sniff or a fuss if the prematurely gray paying teller dares to make a correction! That's the way the average woman banks, except that she can ring in a dozen changes in as many minutes. "And the ladies, God bless 'em," said the president of one of the big trust companies, "all love to bank and they are all at it. The generality of them would rather have a bank account and have it overdrawn 7 cents than sport a solid silver purse full of shining gold coin. 'My bank' are words that they linger over lovingly and their elation knows no bounds when a typewritten letter from the cashier requests Mrs. X. to call at the bank in regard to her account, which is overdrawn $3.33.

"Only recently a prominent Chicago woman, upon receiving one of these notices from our bank, rushed in breathlessly and confided to the cashier that she did not know any money was coming to her, for she thought she had drawn it all out, and she asked sweetly how she could get it. Should she make a check for it or would the teller give it to her if she presented the slip the bank had sent her.

"But it is not always the women who show ignorance of the forms of handling checking accounts, and at the end of a week will go over them and make them balance to a cent. But a business man with a savings account very frequently gets himself sadly tangled up. The savings bank book always seems to him to be a Chinese puzzle, and many are the breaks he will make. He will sometimes write out an order for his account on the bank book itself, and send some one to collect it."

The women have a very satisfactory way to themselves, if not to the bank officials, of adding sufficient funds to their account to meet an overdraft. Only a few days ago a lady who had been notified that her account was badly overdrawn presented herself to the cashier and asked just what she must do to rectify the mistake. He courteously explained that she must deposit enough money in the bank or a check large enough to cover the amount due. Her face brightened and she sighed as if a great load were taken off her mind, sat calmly down and wrote a check for the amount due and she drew it upon the same account and the same bank. She does not understand to this day why the bank would not accept it. Just give a woman a check book and there is no telling to what lengths she can and will go.

Many amusing tales of women's banking methods are told. An official of a Chicago banking company said a lady walked into his bank recently and requested a loan of $500. She was asked for her security—whether she owned property or land in the city. She replied in the negative, whereupon the official said that he was sorry, but they did not do business on such terms. The lady was more than indignant and insisted that he go out and look at the sign on his building and then he would very plainly see the word "trust." She guessed what that meant because her grocer trusted her and she never had to give him any security.

"New money," not the sound article, is the cry of the female financier, and woe to the bank that is not prepared to hand out fresh, crisp bills and newly minted coin in return for a mixed up, badly written, ink bedaubed check. Women object strenuously to making out their own deposit slips and cannot or will not understand that the bank requests them to do it for their own protection. A great many women require the teller to make out their checks. Not long ago a bank had an amusing experience with a new depositor. She confessed to the teller that she did not know how to make a check, and he made it out for her, explaining as he went along. Then he handed it to her, saying: "Sign, madam, lower line, please." She took the check and delivered the goods all right, for when she returned it for payment the check was signed "Lower line" in a dainty hand.

At one of the big national banks some months ago a perfumed, crested note of a depositor of the bank read: "Please stop payment on check No. 197, as I have accidentally burned the same." A depositor at the same bank was notified that her account was overdrawn, but still her checks continued to pour in. When they did not cease for four or five days an official called her up on the telephone and told her that payment would be stopped on her checks unless she made her account good. She puffed right up and said she would show him that he was wrong and that she had money in the bank. Half an hour later she came down to the bank with her check book and the explanation that "she knew she was right, for there were at least half a dozen blank checks left in the book!"

Another peculiarity is the way they make out checks to themselves. Where a man makes it out to "cash" a woman makes it to the order of Mary Brown, signs it Mary Brown, and turns it over and indorses it "Mary Brown." Thus far have women progressed in the last ten years, since it became common for them to do general banking business. It remains to be seen how much they will develop in the next ten years.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

AUTOS CHURN BUTTER.

Farmer Utilizes Hoot-Wagons While They Are Crossing Bridge.

"The road that runs from Denver out past Petersburg and on down to Littleton, Castle Rock, Larkspur, Palmer Lake, Colorado Springs and all points south" passes the home of John C. Muler and is thickly traversed by automobiles. In fact, one of those joy buggies comes sky-hootin' along about every second, or perhaps oftener, keeping peaceable residents of that community either sidling along as close to the edge of the road as the barb wire will permit, or climbing trees.

It occurred to Muler that with all those autos streaming by he might utilize them to his own advantage, and auto-churned butter is the result.

There's a small bridge, about 20 feet long, over a little ditch in front of his house. He just took up the floor of that bridge and relaid it, in corduroy fashion, with round pieces of timber set

POWER FROM PASSING AUTOS.

very closely together, but which revolve when an auto or any other vehicle strikes them. Then, under that bridge and attached to the logs, he framed up a system of cogs which work whenever the bridge floor does. He carried a piece of belting to the house and attached it to the handle of a revolving churn.

Now, every time anything passes over that bridge the floor turns, and the turning of the floor turns his churn, over and over, with marvelous rapidity. The autos and other vehicles come so closely together that Muler soon has a mess of very fine butter churned up.

MAY SAVE MANY LIVES.

Stickers on Bottle Warning It Contains Poison.

As long as people, through carelessness or otherwise, will continue to administer poison in mistake for medicine, in many cases causing death to the patient, radical measures must be adopted to prevent such accidents. A California man, in working on the problem, devised a scheme which should undoubtedly prove effective. Accordingly he patented the idea. The poison is sold only in bottles of peculiar form, the surface consisting of numerous projecting points. If a person in haste picks up the poison bottle in mistake for another potion he will be quickly apprised of the fact by the stickers on the bottle. These stickers will naturally inform him at once that he has the wrong bottle, causing him to drop it hastily and continue his search.

The Occasion for It.

"He says he never prayed in all his life."

"What a monotonous existence! Apparently he has never been in a tight place."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Items of Interest.

Chattel mortgages.
Bonds.
Promissory notes.
Pawnshops.
Loans.—Toledo Blade.

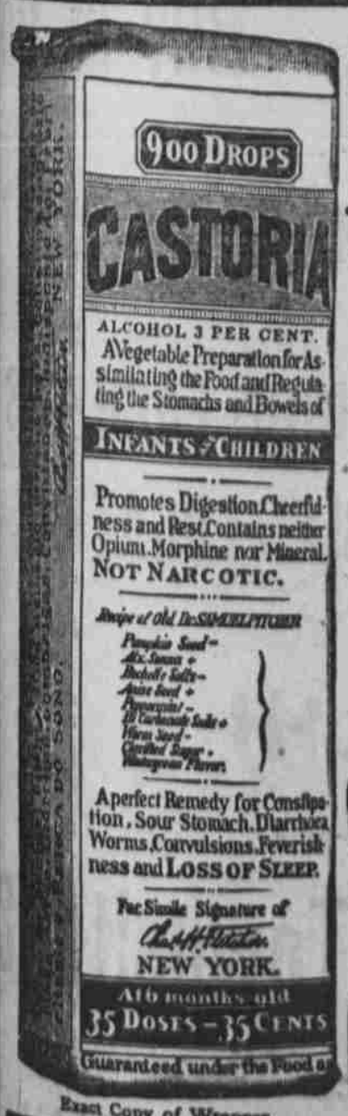
Seeking a Fitting Environment.

Mrs. Raynor—Your brother Algy is going to spend the rest of the summer in a logging camp, is he? What is his idea in doing that?

Mrs. Shyne—The poor boy has taken a notion that he wants to wear a French beard, and he's going there to try to raise the necessary foundation for it.

Its Faulty Construction.

"I was away up in front," Mrs. Lapsling was saying, "and yet I couldn't hear half the actors said. I tell you there's something wrong with the agnostic properties of that theater."—Chicago Tribune.



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