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Reforming Him.

The girl of whom we are about to speak was engaged to marry a young man who for many years had been busy earning a reputation as what is variously described as "a rounder," a "man about town" and a "prominent clubman." That is to say, this lady was going to take an chance on a very sporty bachelor for better and for worse.

"Dear," she said to him chummily, "I know you like your nights out. I know you drink a little—you must teach me to mix cocktails. I know you smoke—I can learn to roll cigarettes. And I know you play cards a lot—but you can teach me to play cards."

"What a darling you are!" exclaimed the man. "I will teach you a game of cards now, and then you'll know all about it after we are married."

"Fine. What game are you going to teach me?"

"Solitaire."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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A Chicagoan, No Doubt.

"Tickets," said the collector as he opened the door of the car in which sat a man who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The man handed over the pasteboard, which was duly inspected. Then, looking around the collector said: "Is there another gentleman in the car?"

"No."

"Is that other portmanteau yours, then, too?"

"Other portmanteau?"

"Yes; on the floor there by the other."

"Those," said the traveler with dignity, "are my feet."—Houston Chronicle.

A Little Shy.

Purchaser—And will he scare at anything?

Farmer—M' friend, this horse is jist afraid o' two things; that he won't get enough to eat, an' that he won't hear when I say "Whoa!"—Judge.

A wizard makes a lion disappear by magic. Incidentally he makes the wolf disappear from the door by the same art.

Bill Bard, a bill board poster, owed a board bill. The board bill bored Bill until it was paid, when Bill's board bill bored Bill no longer.

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WORLD'S OLDEST BOOK

SOME FACTS CONCERNING PACK OF PLAYING CARDS.

Have Been Known as Far Back as History Reaches, and Their Significance Has Seldom Been Thoroughly Appreciated.

"The oldest book in the world," said the wise woman of the party of card players, indicating the pack of cards held in her hands. "Its leaves have been called playing cards since the fourteenth century, but they were known as far back as history reaches, by the Chinese, Persians and Egyptians, not to name the ancients of prehistoric times. A pack of cards said to be a thousand years old is preserved in the museum of the Royal Asiatic society.

"The women who play bridge all the morning and then all the afternoon, and after that go to bridge parties in the evening," said another of the party, "little think what ancient things they are playing with. But what was the purpose of this book in the time before it became a game?"

"The mystic book," answered the wise woman, "held the hidden wisdom of the ancient world. It was used by the priests in their temples when time was young. Call its origin Egyptian or what you will, it is full of astronomical symbolism, and the wisdom of numbers; such learning as men had of old was carefully concealed from the uninitiated. But to those who could read it the mystic test book was a veritable book of fate.

"The cards, for one thing, are all symbols of the astrological art. Each one is an emblem. It would tire you if I would attempt to go into the subject deeply. I can only glance along the top waves of the deep ocean. But notice a few particulars which lie upon the surface.

"The 52 emblems or pages of this book represent the 52 weeks in the year. The 12 court emblems are the 12 months, the 13 cards in each suit represent the sun and the 12 signs of the zodiac, the four suit figures the four seasons.

"Further—but this you can easily see—the heart is the emblem of spring and love, the trefoil or clover leaf—we call it club—of summer and knowledge, the diamond of autumn and wealth, and the acorn or spade, of winter, labor and death.

The pages of this book are in red and black. White was once used in place of red. These colors in the cards symbolize night and day, astronomically, and the lights and shades of life as applied to man.

"Look closely at the court cards and notice the emblems carried. These all survive from the ancient forms. The queens hold the lotus flower, supplemented in the case of the queen of spades by the distaff, emblem of industry, kept through all the long centuries. The king and queen of clubs bear symbols of wisdom, the king still plainly showing the winged globe.

"Each suit has its mystic symbolism, corresponding to the planets, in both suit and spots. Venus and Mercury rule hearts, Mars and the earth rule clubs, Jupiter and Neptune, diamonds; Saturn and Uranus, spades. But I am becoming too astronomical. I must close this fascinating book."

"No, no," the others protested. "And what about the joker?'

"Oh, the joker is a modern invention. He does not count in any serious game of life or of cards. Yet there was in the days of old always a court jester, so this new card is not really out of place among queens and kings."

Fortunes in Lace.

Several millionaire families in New York possess immense fortunes in laces alone. The laces owned by the Astor family are valued at $300,000; those of the Vanderbilts at $500,000. It is said that the New York Four Hundred buy more lace than any collectors in the world. No fewer than twenty wealthy women may be mentioned who each own lace worth $50,000. Lace is the luxury of the rich. No ordinary middle-class collector can hope to possess anything but a few choice pieces, if lucky enough to be able to have those.

There are several fine collections amongst the English aristocracy. The priceless lace of the late Queen Victoria, worth at least $375,000, was chiefly left to H. R. H. Princess Henry of Battenberg. Queen Alexandra has a magnificent collection; years ago its value was said to be $250,000.

Living-Room Hints.

In the living room, where the family is wont to gather after the day's work, let there be a number of small tables, with a good light for each, so that everyone may have a chance to read or work in comfort, or lie stretched at ease on the couch, paper magazine in hand.

Let the living room be the subject of much thought, that it may have a very definite influence on the life of each member of your household. Plan, for a big room, if possible, at least a couple of couches and numberless easy chairs, says Mother's Magazine. Many a man who now spends his time at the club or the saloon would far rather stay in his own home could he but have the chance to sit and read by a well-lighted table, where he could smoke in peace, with no fear of dropping ashes or leaving the odor of an unwelcome cigar behind.

ON THE FUNNY SIDE

WOMAN WAS POOR BUT PROUD

Mrs. Curran Tells Her Curious Neighbors That District Visitor Is Only Her Dressmaker.

A lady, who is a district visitor, became much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran living on the top floor of a great building in a slum district of her parish.

Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am and the nature of my business with you."

"They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

"Do they ask you about it?"

"Indade they do, ma am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, Oi do not."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oi just tell them," was the calm reply, "that ye are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

A Small Detail.

Enthusiastic Reporter (to city editor)—I've got a story here about a man who drank poison, cut an artery in his wrist, shot himself and jumped into the river in an attempt to commit suicide. Somebody pulled him out, sent him to a hospital, and he's going to live. It's a cracking good yarn.

City Editor—What's his name?

Reporter—I didn't bother to get that. I thought you would want just the big features for the noon edition and I could get the details afterward.

Nature.

"Behold that exquisite sunset!" he exclaimed. "Note the delicate flesh tints, the cream shades, the long lashes of vermilion and the almost living fire that leaps up from the sinking sun as from a fountain. Behold the framework of darkening skies and of deep green! Isn't it wonderful?"

His fair companion sighed heavily.

"You just bet it is!" she exclaimed. "It looks just like a great, big lobster salad!"—Lippincott's.

You Can Never Tell What They Think.

"So she has quarreled with that ugly beau of hers! He is the ugliest man I have ever seen. What did they quarrel about?"

"She thought she would make him feel good, and remarked that handsome men were never worth enough powder to blow them over the fence."

"And it didn't have the desired effect?"

"No, it made him furiously angry."

Kind Man.

"You don't know how to handle a woman," said Mr. Peck. "Keep your mouth shut and refuse to talk when she is roasting you. Why, do you argue with your wife?"

"Oh, well," replied Mr. Gabb. "The poor woman is entitled to a little pleasure once in awhile."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

POOR THING.

A very old maiden named Ann
After many years married a man;
His last name was Teek,
And great was her pique,
For as Ann Teek her trouble began.

The Final Proof.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ with you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who had great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."—Kansas City Times.

Separation and Peace.

"Their home life is ideal."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, she goes abroad in the summer and he goes South in the winter. Perfect, isn't it?"—Buffalo Express.

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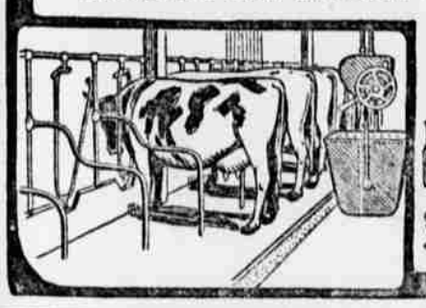

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Commercialism.

"Here is a poem that will rank with the masterpieces of literature."

"You will insist on writing masterpieces," protested the publisher. "I suppose you would expect real money for this."

"Its value could not be estimated in dollars and cents."

"Why, Milton only got $25 for 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it, have your own way. Take it along for $24.98."—Washington Star.

Late in the Day.

Orville Wright, apropos of his new safety appliance for aeroplanes, said at a dinner in Dayton:

"In a short time now there will be no more aeroplane accidents. In a short time there will be no more aeroplane jokes, either.

"I heard a new joke yesterday. A young woman rushed into a life insurance office, and cried:

"'One life policy, quick! My husband's biplane's falling.'"—Sacramento Union.

Sunlight Intensified

By Reflection from Ocean Beach and Desert Sand unrelieved by Foliage, Winds and Mineral Laden, Poisonous Dust, all bring Eye Troubles in their wake—Granulated Eyelids, Red, Itching, Burning, Tired and Watery Eyes, Impaired Vision and Eye Pain. Reliable Relief is found in Murine Eye Remedy, Mild and Harmless. If you Wear Glasses, Try Murine. Doesn't Smart. Feels Fine. Acts Quickly. Is an Eye Tonic compounded by Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold at
50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Sold by Druggists. For Books, write to Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

"My dear," said Adam as he and Eve were discussing the fall fashions in the Garden of Eden, "which system of dressmaking do you favor?"

"Well," replied Eve, thoughtfully, "they all have their merits, but the loose-leaf system is good enough for me."—Judge.

For 75 years Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have been their own recommendation in conditions of upset stomach, liver and bowels. If you have not tried them, a test now will prove their benefit to you Send for free sample to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

Making History.

The Guest—And who is the distinguished personage in oil over the mantel?

The Owner—That's my great-grandfather, Hoppinger Hinkle, painted by Kaloosky. He was one of the mob of patriots who dumped the boatload of storage eggs into the harbor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Repartee.

A perspicacious young man, passing where an old colored man was busy setting fire to the dead grass in a meadow, accosted him thus:

"Don't do that, Uncle Eb; don't do that!"

"Why so, sah; why so?"

"You will make that meadow as black as you are."

"Never mind dat, sah, never mind dat! Dat grass will all grow out an' be as green as you is!"—Judge.

Not on Exhibition.

"Tell me, dear, is it because you think me very pretty that you look at me all the time?"

"Oh no; it isn't that; but papa says you are a two-faced woman, and so I am searching for the other one!"—London Opinion.

Anybody can dye successfully with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Nunky Is Still There.

"I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business."

"Did he take it kindly?"

"He threw me out of the office."—California Pelican.

Just 1600 swam in the Nat plunge on Sunday. How would you like to have been number 1598?

Taken Alive.

An Englishman, who recently visited this country for the purpose of hunting big game in the west and in British Columbia, related a story of a fellow Britisher, who was lion-shooting in Uganda.

This sportsman had had excellent luck. Nearly every day he would pose beside a freshly killed lion or other beast and his photographer would snap him for the magazines.

One afternoon the picture man, who was taking a nap in the hut, was awakened by a loud noise. He arose and looked out. Sprinting toward him from the woods, hat gone and coat tails flying, came his chief. At a considerable distance behind, luckily for the hunter, stalked a huge lion.

"Quick; Quick! Open the door, Dick!" exclaimed the hunter. "I'm bringing one home alive!"—Outdoor Sports.

What Papa Put Up With.

No matter how smart and intelligent your little boy is, he is sure to drive you mad some evening with the following sort of thing:

"Papa!"

"Papa, didn't Adam have more than one name?"

"Of course he didn't have more than one name. Now, please don't bother me any more; I'm reading. One more silly question and you'll go to bed. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, of course. But can't I ask you something about the same question?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Was 'Adam' his first name or his last name?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Both of 'Em Wise.

"You haven't asked me if you are the only girl I have ever kissed."

"It is not necessary."

"You know you are, eh?"

"No. I know I'm not. You don't kiss like an amateur. But you have not asked me if you are the first man I have permitted to kiss me."

"No, that isn't necessary, either."—Houston Post.

Now they are investigating restaurant pies! The very bulwarks of American civilization are being assailed!

It would be much easier to follow the Mexican situation if somebody would only keep a box score on developments.

Probably the customs officers feel it a matter of duty to auction off their unclaimed accumulations.

Behold the gay picnicker,
He goes out with the bunch,
And packs along the makings
For another basket lunch!

That suit, pending for 48 years, must be pretty much out of style, like dad's wedding suit.

Socialist labor unions in Germany have a membership of 2,583,492.

Prepare for Emergencies!

It may be necessary for you to take a position tomorrow. Are you ready? Our training will fit you for business life.

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Opening for a Return.

It was the beginning of their wedding trip.

"Dear," she inquired, anxiously, "in the excitement of leaving did you say goodby to papa and mamma?"

"No," he replied. "I said au revoir."—Puck.

In the last year one aviator was killed for every 62,000 miles flown.

Good Intentions.

Mistress—Now Sarah, I want you to be careful about breaking this vase. It cost a great deal of money, and I would hate to have it carelessly broken the first thing.

Sarah (three days later)—There's your vase, ma'am, and I couldn't have broken it more carefully if I'd tried for a month.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Needn't Stand for That.

Billy, while being reprimanded by his teacher for some misdemeanor, sat down, leaving her standing.

She reminded him that no gentleman should seat himself while the lady with whom he was conversing remains standing.

"But this is a lecture," replied Billy, "and I am the audience."—Cleveland Leader.

Blood Troubles Are Often Hard to Locate

Catarrh, for Example May Be the Cause of Very Serious Illness.

A Slight Trouble Often Brings Serious Blood Disorders.

A chronic cold means something wrong constitutionally. Pimples mean bad blood. Rheumatism means faulty elimination. These and a hundred other symptoms are easily recognized, but where is the trouble. Where is it located? What is wrong with the bodily machine?

If you will go into any first class store and get a bottle of S. S. S. you are on the way to getting rid of those conditions that cause sickness and disease. But don't let anyone work off that old trick of something "just as good."

S. S. S. is taken into the blood just as naturally as the most nourishing food. It spreads its influence over every organ in the body, comes through all the veins and arteries, enables all mucous surfaces to exchange inflammatory acids and other irritating substances for arterial elements that effectually cleanse the system and thus put an end to all pollution. S. S. S. cleans out the stomach of mucous accumulations, enables only pure, blood-making materials to enter the intestines, combines with these food elements to enter the circulation, and in less than an hour is at work throughout the body in the process of purification.

You will soon realize its wonderful influence by the absence of headache, a steadily improved condition of the skin, and a sense of bodily relief that proves how completely the entire system was loaded with impurities.

You will find S. S. S. on sale at all drug stores. It is a remarkable remedy for any and all blood affections, such as eczema, rash, lupus, tetter, psoriasis, boils, and all other diseased conditions of the blood. For special advice on any blood disease write to The Swift Specific Co., 223 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Do not trifle with substitutes, imitations or any of the horde of "Just as good" Counterfeits of S. S. S.