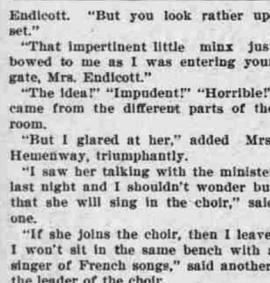


Some where in the distant southland Blooms a garden—lost to me— Warm with poppies burning fragrant, Drowsy fires I may not see.

THE LITTLE WIDOW

In the sunny room of Mrs. Endicott there was a buzz of conversation and the sound of snipping of scissors, and it was evident that the Embroidery circle of Huxbridge was in conclave.

"The impudent thing, did Mrs. Hemenway—oh, here she is, and the hostess arose to greet her guest, who with much rustling of stiff silk entered the room.



"HELEN RECEIVED A NOTE."

Endicott. "But you look rather upset." "That impudent little mix just bowed to me as I was entering your gate, Mrs. Endicott."

"But I glared at her," added Mrs. Hemenway, triumphantly. "I saw her talking with the minister last night and I shouldn't wonder but that she will sing in the choir," said one.

"If she joins the choir, then I leave. I won't sit in the same bench with a singer of French songs," said another, the leader of the choir.

"And the way she runs after the men," spoke up Mrs. Endicott. "My husband declares she is the brightest little woman in town."



"Street cars without tracks, cable, trolley, or horses and, most of all, without franchises, soon will be running regularly on the streets of Chicago. The first one of the omnibus automobiles has started on its regular route between Jackson boulevard and Lincoln Park.

From a beginning with one vehicle and one route the company promises to extend its service to carry passengers on a number of routes into the heart of the city. From the moment every seat in an omnibus is taken the vehicle will become an "express car," say the promoters, and will make no stop on the route until the first passenger reaches his destination.

arms clasped tightly about a small reproduction of herself in white muslin. The child moved in her arms and the woman's face lost its strained look.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Sartoris," said the doctor, "but I will have to isolate you until I am sure you have not caught the infection."

"The little widow looked at her enemy as she lay helpless, looked at Guy as he tried to take her from the room, and thought of Bebe.

"It would be easier for you to look after us together," she said, bravely, though her face was still white, "therefore, I shall stay with Mrs. Hemenway if you will promise to look after my little girl."

And weeks later, when Mrs. Hemenway took her first drive her son held the ribbons, while a little auburn-haired child sat at his side, and Helen, now Mrs. Hemenway, looked after the older woman's comfort.—Philadelphia Item.

When Mrs. Hemenway reached home that afternoon she was much excited over the hint she received from Mandy. "I hear Mrs. Sartoris is joining the choir," she said.

RUINED BY MOTHER.

The larger movements of the hand. It also explains the necessity of looking at a relatively fixed point in boxing, fencing, etc.

"But, land of love, Miss Percy, didn't they have the same home and training? Didn't they have the same sweet mother and upright, manly father? Weren't they surrounded by the same good influences? Didn't they have the same godly example? I don't see why the Newell boys all turned out such worthless fellows, while the girls grew into noble women.

"The mother, you know, was a weak, good-natured woman, who worshipped her husband and sons, and was content to slave and pick up for them, believing it was all unselfish devotion.

"When Harriet was a little thing Mr. Newell died, leaving his large fortune to his wife. They were living in New York then, and Lucy and Alice were young ladies beginning to enjoy life in a large city.

"First they tried manufacturing cloth. They rented a mill and hired a superintendent. Then they paid brief daily visits to their office from ten till two.

"They bought all the patent reapers and mowers advertised in the county papers; but when the time came to use them Bob wanted to go to a fair, and Frank couldn't find the hay book.

"Lucy and Alice went to New York and found employment through former friends of their father. For five years they supported their mother; then Lucy married, and soon after Alice, Mrs. Newell makes her home with Alice, you know, and Harriet supports herself.

"Well," said Mrs. Harrison, rising slowly, "I shall make my Jack hang up his cap and jacket when I go home."—Good Housekeeping.

WHEN THE EYE DOES NOT SEE. New Law of Vision Discovered that Accounts for Certain Optical Effects. Two series of investigations of far-reaching importance to physiological optics have been completed during the past year in the psychological laboratory of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., by Prof. Raymond Dodge and students of the university.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

Humorous Paragraphs from the Comic Papers. Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

An Expensive Luxury. "Yes," said the reformed man to an impecunious friend, "why don't you give up some of your expensive luxuries? Now, for instance, look at me. I gave up smoking about a year ago. I decided I could do without it. Last month I made a calculation as to how much I had saved up to date, and it amounted to a considerable sum. I then opened an account in one of the many New York savings banks, and—

The Secret Divulget. He—But you've known her all your life; how old is she? She—I'll tell you, but it's a secret, mind. She is just at the age when one doesn't look it!—Life.

His Exalted Mission. Woman of the House—You've been here half a dozen times and got nothing. You ought to have learned something by this time. What do you keep on coming for? Tuffold Knutt (with impressive dignity)—I ain't no common tramp, ma'am. I'm around studyin' conditions.—Chicago Tribune.

Emergency Ability. "Women have no originality—no inventive genius." "Nonsense; I've seen my stenographer make a memorandum with a hat pin on a cake of soap when she had no paper handy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willing to Try Solitaire. Miss Oldley—It is too bad that it takes two for a wedding!—Meggen-dorfer Blaetter.

His Pa Explains. Bobby—Pa, when does a man get too old to learn? Father—When he gets too old to marry, my son.—Puck.

Lost in the Crowd. Tess (meeting Jess on the street)—What's the matter? Jess—I've just lost something, and I can't think just what it is. Tess—It wasn't your— Jess—O! I know now. It was that little Mr. Snipp, who was walking with me. Tess—Then it was nothing, after all. —Philadelphia Press.

Why He Consented. "Keeter says his wife is doing her own cooking now." "That accounts for it. He finally let me write him up a life insurance policy this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Slow Talker, Perhaps.

He—I know I'm late, dear. You see, I was detained a couple of hours by an old friend who just got back to town after a long absence. I had to tell him all I knew. She (snappishly)—I don't see why that should have kept you so long.—Philadelphia Press.

So Sudden. "That Miss Fortysummers is subject to fainting fits." "Is she?" "I started to ask her to join me in a glass of soda water the other day, but when I got to the word 'join' she kept right over in my arms."—Ohio State Journal.

Automatic Exertion. Polly—What is it you like so much about croquet, Dolly? Dolly—Oh, it is such a lonely, restful game; the stupider one feels the better one can play.

Obbliging. "Late again, Jane! You are always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl." "I wish you would, mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us!"—Punch.

Under Control. The Count—Your daughter, madam, says she is perfectly willing to have me. The Mother—Yes. She is very dutiful.

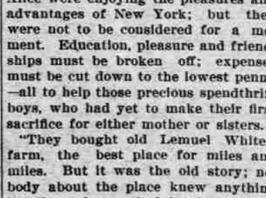
Consoling. Penelope—I'll just ruin my complexion going in bathing so much. Perdita—I wouldn't care. No one will notice it.

Hopeful. He—Do you suppose we will ever have enough to get married on? She—Surely. Why, Jack, we don't need a million. A couple of hundred thousand will do to start on.

Exasperating Amiability. "Amiable people are often so exasperating." "Yes; I wonder if that is what makes them feel so amiable."

Not Without Excitement. "You are not addicted to any kind of athletics, are you?" "Athletics? Gracious, man, I earn a good living for a family of seven."

Carried It Too Far. "Nothing that is produced in this country is ever quite good enough for Mrs. Willoughby," declared Miss Frocks. "Everything must be imported."



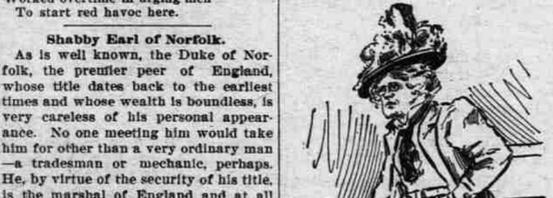
PHILIP C. SHAFER.

New Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shriners. Philip C. Shaffer, the new Imperial potentate of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, is a native of Philadelphia, and one of the best known men in that city.

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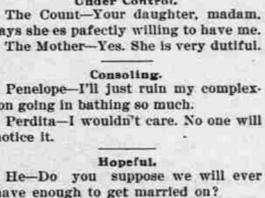
Shabby Earl of Norfolk.

As is well known, the Duke of Norfolk, the premier peer of England, whose title dates back to the earliest times and whose wealth is boundless, is very careless of his personal appearance.

"Where is he?" she asked. "Oh! he's in the hall, ma'am." Knowing the Duke's habits of activity in the country she felt some misgivings and hurried downstairs to find the Earl-marshal of England sitting quite patiently on a hall chair with his hat in his hands.

"Amateur. "Amateur is from the French aimer, to love, is it not?" "I believe it is." "The idea being, doubtless, that amateurs don't positively hate each other, as professionals do."—Detroit Journal.

Germany's Population. In the matter of population Germany (53,345,000) ranks after European Russia (106,150,000) and the United States (77,300,000).



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