

# CAP and BELLS



SUMMER GIRL HAD VISIONS.

She Was Thinking of Matrimony. While He Could Imagine Nothing but Mosquitoes.

It was not leap year, but she had visions of becoming a summer bride and she was not backward by any means.

"George," she whispered, nestling closer on the moss-grown log, "this is summer."

"What of it?" asked George, somewhat mystified.

"Well, er—what does summer bring that begins with an M?"

Now, she was thinking of matrimony, but George was not. He sat in puzzled silence for a long while and then his face brightened.

"Oh, I know what summer brings that begins with an M."

Ab, at last! Her heart throbbled with expectancy.

"I knew you would catch on, dear. Now, what is it summer brings that begins with an M?"

"Why, mosquitoes! Ha, ha!"

And the look she gave him would have frozen radium.

Always Praises.

Gyer—That fellow Merriam reminds me of a tombstone.

Myer—Because he is dead set in his ways, eh?

Gyer—No; because he always has a good word for a man when he's down.

The Scapgoat.

Limpby Bill—I had to split up twice as much wood as usual afore th' old lady would gimme a hand-out.

Blinky Bob—What's th' cause of it, Limpy?

Limpby—Th' increased cost of livin', I s'pose.

A Man of Sense.

Mrs. Naggs—My husband is a man of sense, anyway.

Mrs. Wagg—Is he?

Mrs. Naggs—Yes. Every time I let him have his own way he sees afterward how he could have improved upon it.

Domestic.

Hubby—We must be economical.

Wife—Why?

Hubby—If I should die I wouldn't be able to leave you much.

Wife—That's right. Whereas, while you're alive you leave me most of the time.

HE KNEW HER.



Hix—We are in love with the same girl.

Nix—How shall we end the matter?

Hix—Suppose you propose to her.

A Sense of Superiority.

"How many times have you been arrested?" asked the court.

"A good many," replied Plodding Pete, "but only for small offenses. I never got pinched for violatin' the speed laws or fadin' to blow a horn."

The Sageville Sage.

"What is the secret of happiness?" asked the young person.

"The secret of happiness," replied the sage of Sageville, "consists of being perfectly satisfied with what you haven't got."

Picked Her Part.

"What? My father proposed to you? Gee whiz! What did you say, dear?"

"I said I'd be a daughter to him."

Can They Display the Givers?

At a class dinner fifteen graduates of a woman's college exhibited engagement rings, thus proving that a higher education is no bar against a quick start toward the matrimonial goal.

Dry Cleaned Them.

"Why is your grandpa's face bano aged?" asks the lady next door.

"He was sleeping in his big chair," explains the little girl, "and Willie turned the nozzle of the vacuum cleaner against his whiskers."

At the Opera.

Usher—Ladies, the audience wishes you to keep still during the performance.

Ladies—Heaven! Is it possible that the audience hasn't heard this old opera before?

A Come-Back.

"Hello, old man!"

"Pardon me, sir; I don't know you. You have the advantage of me."

"Not at all. I know you. The disadvantage is all mine."

## Cousin Daisy's Advice

By HONORE SISSON

Aloysia had always believed that Aries was the most important place in the world, because it was the only place she had ever known anything about. She had been born there, and had lived there every one of her twenty-six years of her uneventful life. Her mother felt just as she did. Her mother was a widow—a timid retiring little soul, who constantly hid herself in her home. She had made a few friends and acquaintances, with whom she was not very intimate, but they sufficed her. She went to church regularly, and sat very humbly in an unserved corner. And Aloysia sat

and reflected her mother's attitude toward the world in general. She trembled if she so much as touched elbows with Aries great ones. Sometimes as she sat downcast, apparently attentive to the preacher's every word, she was in reality observing the people about her. There was Mrs. Forbes in her stylish rustling black, who came late and walked up the aisle as if she owned the whole church edifice; and there was Miss Corbin, very haughty and very correctly gowned, who had gone to school with Aloysia, and had since forgotten her very existence; there was old Mrs. Blackeney and Anna Morray and Miss Bush, the popular milliner, who advertised her wares by wearing a new hat every Sunday—all these were Aries best persons, to be beheld with awe by such



DICK CHURCHILL SITTING OPPOSITE HER.

as Aloysia and her mother, who were distinctly insignificant and unworthy of notice, who went nowhere and wore clothes fashioned badly from those which were passed on to them by a certain invisible cousin Daisy. In their simplicity, attributed great wealth, because she was able to have a new hat and gown each season. Besides sending them her castoff clothes cousin Daisy, whose husband was a lawyer in New York did not notice them. But their little claim upon her was their one pride and pretension. Aloysia was conscious that she dressed badly and the people looked down on her for doing so. She and her mother owned their tiny house and had a bit of money in the bank. But they were never asked out or had any company. They read continually books from the public library, and there was an old piano upon which Aloysia had learned to play. She sang a little too, old fashioned songs, which were suited to her light untrained voice. But what she and her mother really did was to make lace and they did this that they might live. They did exquisite work at absurdly low prices.

If Aloysia had but known, her life was sunless enough. As it was, she made the best of it, and turned to her music and her books for her diversion. Sometimes as she played or read, vague, sweet dreams haunted her. For she had not come to twenty-six years without finding that she had a heart and a hero.

Her hero was Dick Churchill. Big, blonde, good, hearted, good-natured Dick who liked everybody and whom everybody liked, but who was as far beyond her reach as the farthest star. She always saw him at church and occasionally during the week, but he never saw her. There were too many pretty, well dressed girls within close range of his vision. Yet somehow he did not tarry. It was said that he was waiting to get money enough to build a house before taking a wife.

The girl smiled at him in vain and Dick smiled back, aware of their wiles and knowing very well that whenever he got ready he could take his pick of the lot. Aloysia knew that too, but so long as he was unattached it was sufficient delight for her to admire the poise of his head and the clear brown of his cheek and the fine line of his chin as he sat sideways to her in church.

But Dick never knew. Nor would he have cared if he had. After all she was just a pale little young thing of a girl who wore abominable black hats that might have done for old Mrs. Jessup, who was 70 years old and dependent for the charity of the church. Thus Aloysia lived, and it seemed likely she was to live thus for the rest of her remaining years, when suddenly her mother was stricken with a sharp little pain in her left side and within an hour was dead.

Aloysia's first thought was of her Cousin Daisy. The stress of necessity lent her boldness. She had a telegram sent telling Daisy what had happened and asking her to come. Then she waited in the blackness of awful grief and uncertainty. Next day Cousin Daisy came. She was a big, florid woman, full of energy and worldly wisdom.

"You did right to send for me dear," she said, for the sight of Aloysia's stricken face touched her heart, however deeply it was buried under folds of silk and lace. "You knew I'd come."

I said to my husband: 'Ed, that chile needs me and I'm going.' And I came. Now, you leave everything to me." Aloysia was only too glad. She did not question Cousin Daisy's judgment and ability, and, when after the funeral, cousin Daisy asked the girl to accompany her home, Aloysia went.

New York was a revelation to Aloysia. For the first few days she lived in a whirl of swiftly changing impressions and startling discoveries. She was terrified, distracted, astonished, at what she saw. The change from quite Aries had come so suddenly that it was as if she had been swept from one world to another. Yet it was a good thing for her. It dulled her sorrow and kept her from thinking. Cousin Daisy was disposed to be very kind to her in much the same way that she would have been to a half-dressed, half-starved kitten which she had rescued from the street. For the moment Aloysia interested her.

"Now, you know," she said, "you can't go out until you have some clothes. Those you have might do for Aries, but you must remember you are in New York now."

Aloysia had some money and she gave it to Daisy to spend for her. "No black on you, my dear," said that lady. "Why you're wearing mourning all your life; it is time you had a change. I wear black because I'm stout and highly colored and it's becoming to me, and you've worn it because I sent it to you and you had to. Black is the worst thing you could put on. What you want is red—rich, dark red, and plenty of it."

So Cousin Daisy bought her a long red coat with a big fur collar, and a big red hat and a veil, and a red dress. Lastly came shoes and gloves that came out of Cousin Daisy's money, for Aloysia's was quite gone.

"And to think you've been wearing my shoes, with feet like that," Daisy said, laughing. She dressed Aloysia up very much as she would have dressed a doll and admired the effect she had produced. "And now," she concluded, "you want to do your hair over a rat, and use powder on your nose, and a little—a very little—rouge on your cheeks to relieve their pallor. 'Rouge isn't wicked,' she added firmly, as Aloysia opened wide her eyes. "Neither is powder or anything else that helps nature out a little with a woman's looks."

But in spite of all Cousin Daisy's kindness and all the bewildering charm of her new clothes, Aloysia began after a time to get very homesick. She endured the feeling as long as she could in silence and then she spoke.

"I want to go home," she said. Cousin Daisy had become a little tired of Aloysia as a diversion. Warm weather was coming and the flat was small. Besides, she considered that she had done her whole duty by Aloysia.

"Well," she said, "you can go of course, my dear, but what are you going to do when you get there?"

"I shall go on making lace, I suppose," Aloysia said sighing.

"And get old and blind before your time, and lose any chance of marrying you might have here? Now see here, Aloysia, said Cousin Daisy impressively, "if I were you I'd rent that house and take a room somewhere and board. Don't you know enough to sell things over a counter, my dear?"

"I don't know," faltered Aloysia. "Then we'll see," said Daisy. "I'm going home with you."

In two days Cousin Daisy had accomplished all that she had set herself to accomplish. She had the house rented and Aloysia established in a nice family. Moreover, she had secured for Aloysia a place in one of the stores as saleswoman.

"Now," she said to the girl, "there's six dollars a week for you from the store, and two from the house, and you're only paying out four. You'll get along I guess."

Aloysia had no time to be lonely after Daisy departed, for her time was fully occupied with her new interests. She got through her first day at the store creditably. She was beginning to have confidence in herself.

New York and Cousin Daisy had done wonders for her. When she looked in the glass she hardly knew the stylish young woman she saw there.

At the dinner table the first night at her boarding place she looked up, startled, to see Dick Churchill sitting down opposite her. Presently the landlady introduced them.

"We're a small family here," she said comfortably, and we've got to get along.

Dick looked across at Aloysia and for the first time in his life he really saw her. He smiled and she smiled back. They were friends at once.

A week later he had moved to a place beside hers, where they could talk in lower tones. That summer he began to build a house, with a veranda and balcony and many windows.

And that fall by the time the first leaves were falling all Aries knew that the house was being built for Aloysia. Dick had at last made his choice of a girl.

Criticizes Women's Clothes.

Dr. Haig Ferguson in a lecture at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary the other day had some severe things to say about the clothing of the adult woman. It was hampered by fashion and superstition and nothing could be a greater tribute to the strong nerves and powerful muscles of women than the fact that their health had survived for centuries their habits of clothing. A woman's clothing was the despair of the hygienist. Children and girls were more sensibly clad, but when girls grew up they were often clothed in a way which made them unable to walk, run or breathe. Weighty skirts, low-necked gowns, "pneumonia blouses," the modern hat, the big-beeled shoe with its pointed toe, were all condemned. But then women will have it so, and so it will remain.—Westminster Gazette.

The Rubber Plantation Fakir.

One of our consuls in Mexico estimates that while American shareholders in rubber plantation schemes in that country have invested not less than \$10,000,000, a twentieth of that sum would represent the money employed in actual rubber tree planting and cultivation.

## Their New Chauffeur

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

"James, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"You are driving very recklessly this morning. We are not in a hurry and don't want speed."

An auto containing two ladies was speeding along the country highway towards Lynnhurst, where they were to take the train for the city, and the chauffeur, who had started out steadily enough, had seemed to grow suddenly reckless. The ladies were Miss Annette Chalmers and her mother, wife and daughter of a broker, who had a home in the country.

"I do believe he has been drinking," whispered the mother as, in turning out to pass a wagon, the auto was almost ditched.

"James, I tell you to be more careful!" commanded the young woman. It was still a mile to Lynnhurst. The chauffeur growled something in reply and then put on full speed and paid no further heed to screams or commands. As the village was reached he went circling around the public square, shouting and whooping, and those who watched the machine expected to see a tragedy every moment.

Mrs. Chalmers was too terrified even to scream, and Miss Annette dared not move for fear of bringing about the thing she dreaded. The ladies simply looked on. It was not in their power to halt the machine.

It had circled the square a dozen times in a cloud of dust of its own making when a young man who had been sitting on the veranda of the village inn with his after-breakfast cigar performed a feat that will be long remembered by the chaps who sit around with their hands in pockets.

He threw away his cigar, rushed down the steps, and poised himself for a spring when the auto should reach him in making its circles. Men yelled at him, but he gave them no heed. At just the right moment he made a spring for the passing car, and those who looked to find him being rolled under the wheels saw him in the seat beside the chauffeur. It took him a few seconds to straighten up, and then things happened.

A blow from an iron fist settled the

chauffeur, and ten seconds later the machine was at rest. As it came to a stop the fellow was hauled from his seat and slammed on the ground three or four times and then thrown aside.

"Thank you, sir—thank you!" called Miss Annette to the stranger as he turned to face her and lifted his hat. "Don't mention it. Your mother appears to be badly shaken. Wouldn't it be well for you to go into the inn for a few minutes while I look the machine over and see if anything is out of repair?"

For fifteen minutes, while the stranger examined and investigated in a manner to show that he was thoroughly familiar with the machine, the ladies asked each other who he was without becoming any wiser. He was congratulated on his pluck and luck, but he merely smiled in reply. In the inn, while the mother was getting her nerve back, Miss Annette was asking the landlady numerous questions, and he was replying:

"He arrived yesterday and gave the name of Morrison. Hasn't much baggage, and I can't exactly make him out. Isn't a tramp and I don't think he's rich. Site and smoke and thinks a good deal. Wrote three letters yesterday afternoon, but tore them up before they were finished."

"James shall never drive the auto again!"

"I guess he's taken a skip."

"Mother is too nervous to take the train, and we'll go back home. We'll have to get a carriage."

"Why not let Morrison take you back in the auto? He surely knows how to run one. Say, wasn't that a great performance of his? Just one chance in a hundred that he'd make good. I'll ask him if he'll drive you out."

Mr. Morrison was brought into the parlor and he said he'd be only too happy. When the ladies were seated he took his place and all went well. There was considerable whispering behind his back en route, and what it was all about he learned when the auto came to a halt at the door of the manor house.

"Of course," Miss Annette said, "James can't come back. Father will get a new chauffeur in town, but it may be a couple of weeks first, as he is away on a yachting trip. Meanwhile—"

"You have no one to drive?"

"That's it. Mother is not very well, and the doctor says she must be out in the air a good deal. If you are a chauffeur out of a place—"

"I could come, but I have no recommendations. I did not ask for one when I left my last place."

"I see," mused the girl. "You should have a letter, but as mother thinks you are a safe driver you might take the place until father comes. The gardener has a cottage, and you can board and lodge with him. As to the salary, you can settle that with father. He will be liberal with you. By what name shall I call you?"

"Charles, if you please."

"Well, Charles, you can put the machine away. You will be notified when wanted."

There was a 20-mile trip through the country next day, and the ladies were delighted with Charles' driving. He was deferential and modest and won praise all around. Day followed day, and trip followed trip, and at the end of ten days Miss Annette asked of the gardener:

"Well, Thomas, how do you like the new chauffeur?"

"Fine young man, Miss—very fine, but the wife can't exactly make him out."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he reads poetry a great deal when he is by himself and sometimes we can't exactly make out his big words. He can't be a duke in disguise, can he?"

Miss Annette had noticed a few strange things herself, and she would have given more heed to the gardener's words had she not that morning received a letter from her girl friend, Miss Tempest, one paragraph of which read:

"Will and I were foolish enough to quarrel, and it's all over between us. I am coming to see you to get sympathy. I won't admit to anyone but you that I love him and am heart-broken. I shall look for you to meet me at the ten o'clock train Wednesday forenoon. For mercy's sake, be prepared to call me a foolish girl and then cheer me up."

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Charles was notified that his services would be required at a certain hour, and he was on hand with the auto. Ten minutes before train time Miss Annette was at the depot prepared to take her friend in her arms and pat her cheek and call her a little goose. As for Charles, he was left in ignorance of who was expected. As he waited with the auto he gave it an inspection, and had just finished when two young ladies approached him. One of them handed him a traveling bag and a trunk check and said:

"As soon as you can bring out the trunk will be off."

The other took one look at the chauffeur, started back and then exclaimed:

"Why, Will Henderson!"

"Miss Tempest," was the reply as he raised his cap.

"Oh, Will, I'm sorry that I got angry. I wanted to write to you, but they said you had disappeared. Now—now that I've found you—"

"Here, what's all this about?" demanded Miss Annette as she came forward. "Grace, is it possible that you know Charles?"

"Charles? Why, it's Will! I wrote you that we had quarreled. It's Will, and what is he doing here?"

The auto proceeded to the manor house at a fast clip. It had to. The girls were just dying to get somewhere where explanations could be made and the chauffeur was anxious to pack up his belongings and be off. Three or four times during the rapid trip the visitor reiterated that she was sorry, but a chauffeur driving at 40 miles an hour must keep his eyes on the road ahead and maintain an unyielding attitude.

It was after the girls had talked and "Oh-ed" for an hour that Charles was sent for. He found Miss Tempest to receive him and give him orders. He saluted for a little time and then obeyed. A trifle later on, Miss Annette remarked to her friend:

"I think you are the meanest girl I know of."

"But why?"

"Why, if you hadn't come poking along I'd have fallen in love with him myself."

MAN WANTED REFERENCES

Lacking Introduction to His Would Be Rescuer, He Refused to Be Saved From Drowning.

The man who refused to be saved from drowning because he had never been introduced to his would-be rescuer was an incorrigible bohemian compared with the liverman the commercial traveler met on his last trip west, says an exchange.

One night the livery stable caught fire. The stable was old, the fire had made considerable headway before the alarm was turned in, and it seemed inevitable that most of the horses must perish. To the liverman who stood in the street cursing and wringing his hands an athletic stranger rushed up and said:

"Tell me in what part of the building your best horses are stabled and I will save some of them."

The liverman ceased lamenting and eyed the stranger suspiciously.

"Sir," said he, "can you produce proof that you are square in your horse deals?"

"Square hell," said the stranger, and dashed into the stable. With the assistance of a fireman he saved five horses, but not until they were safely stabled elsewhere did the liverman cease to suspect the stranger of horse-stealing.

Now the Divorce Ring.

The latest jewelry novelty in Germany is a special type of ring for divorced and widowed persons. The claim set forth for these curious innovations in rings is that they save the wearers, especially the feminine sex, from embarrassing or painful explanations, and delicately inform other interested persons of their circumstances.

The designs are but slightly different from the ordinary ring, and the difference is not so marked but that they can be displayed or concealed at will. The divorcee's ring is of gold with a broad strip of platinum or silver set in, so that the ring shows a white stripe, indicating that the marriage has been annulled and the ring divided. Still another ring for the divorcee has two opposing half moons, and looks very much like an ordinary signet ring. The ring for widows has a half covered full moon.

Flattery generally has an ax to grind.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

### OHIO REPUBLICANS HAVE AN EDITOR CANDIDATE



WARREN G. HARDING

Marion, who has been nominated by the Republicans for governor of Ohio, is a politician, lecturer and newspaper publisher. He is a Republican of the "standpat" variety, and is not a progressive. While a standpatter in theory, believing in the general policies and methods of the old-line Republicans, he has progressive views of his own on certain subjects. Hence he styles himself a stalwart.

Harding is what is popularly styled a self-made man. The Marion Star, the paper he has controlled since 1884, has helped him in his career. In 1882 Harding came to Marion with his father, a physician. Harding Jr. had an ambition to make Harding Jr. a lawyer. But money was scarce. So the son had to earn some. He taught school for two terms. But teaching school didn't promise anything very brilliant, so insurance was taken up. Then the Marion Star was for sale. The price asked was small and Harding's father scratched up the money and put his son in charge.

"When I came into possession of the Star I also took over a railroad mileage book. In those days the property of every country newspaper," Harding said the other day. "The Blaine-Logan convention was on in Chicago, so I bought one of those high Blaine hats, took the mileage book, a clean shirt, and started for Chicago. I guess I was the worst Blaine lunatic in Chicago. Anyhow, I got back in Marion. In the course of events, almost 'broke.' The Star was, too, for a constable was in charge. Eventually I regained control. It was pretty rough sledding, and constables with executions were thicker than advertisements for a while, but the tide turned and things have been running more smoothly since."

Harding is a big man physically, with iron gray hair. He has a reputation as an orator and has displayed his ability both on the stump and on the Chautauque lecture platform. Mr. Harding likes Marion and his big home there. He not only likes his home, but pets as well. Dogs are his hobby. He always has one. "If Mrs. Harding didn't raise such a kick