



THE DESIRABLE HUSBAND

"JEMIMA BINSWANGER was in luck when she captured Tobias Todmarsh," observed the druggist. "Tobe will make a perfect husband, or I miss my guess. He has no bad habits, and he is a moneymaker, without being a tightwad. She will be able to bask in the lap of luxury the rest of her days."



"Of course that ought to make her happy," commented the village patriarch, "but I doubt whether it will. I have heard a lot of people speak of the marriage of these two, and they all take the same view; Tobe is a good citizen and a moneymaker, and consequently he ought to be a first-class husband. Some of the citizens who talk this way are venerable married men, and they ought to know better."

"Of course a woman likes to have plenty of money, and unlimited credit at the stores, but the man isn't properly educated who assumes that she will be satisfied with that. I am not the official forecaster, and I haven't my goosebone with me, but I venture to predict that the marriage will be a dismal failure. Tobias, with all his excellent qualities, is the most close-mouthed man in town, and if he ever had an emotion he probably took it for a chill, and began dopping himself with quinine. There's as much sentiment in a concrete hitching post as there is in that man."

"Jemima, on the other hand, fairly slops over with sentiment. She's a languishing sort of girl, who looks upon herself as a vine, and will want her husband to be a sturdy oak, so she can wind herself around him, as it were. She will expect Tobias to tell her, four thousand times a day, how much he loves her; and every time he takes a chair she will climb on his knees and push her topknot into his face, and expect him to assure her in burning language that he simply couldn't live five minutes without her."

"When that sort of a girl gets the right husband, my friends, she is an excellent wife. She would make any sacrifice for him. She wouldn't care a pinyune about the size of his bank account. She'd be perfectly willing to live under a bridge with him, and wear a burlap gown, if he'd only keep on telling her that she is the entire solar system where he is concerned. It is a tragic fact that this sort of girl seldom does get the man she ought to have. She should splice up with a half-baked poet, or a hungry artist with long hair, but there is much irony in human lives and destinies, and so she usually marries a man who is strong on mathematics and short on sentiment."

"That's the mistake Jemima is making. Why does she marry such a hard-headed individual as Tobias? Because, like all her kind, she is a dreamer of dreams, and she has given him attributes which don't belong to him. She has framed up a character for him, and it isn't a bit like the real goods. When she has been married a little while she will see that her blueprints and specifications were all wrong, and the disappointment will make an old woman of her, and her temper will become warped and she'll be so disagreeable in every way that her husband will spend most of his time thinking up excuses for staying away from home."

"That's the way with a sentimental

girl; if she happens to marry a man who appreciates the poetry of her nature, she is the best thing that ever happened. She looks young when she is seventy years old, and her whole career is one long basket picnic. But if she marries the wrong man, which she does in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, she loses her grip as soon as she finds that her dreams were all moonshine, and then she develops into a shrew.

"Why does Tobias marry Jemima? That's the real problem. He's so clear-sighted in most things he should be able to see that she isn't the wife he needs, but men have blind staggers when they think they are in love."

No Case, but Got a Bill.

Angry Man—Here, what do you mean, sending me this bill for \$10? Didn't you say that I had no case against the railroad company?

Lawyer—My dear sir, that is what the bill is for—advice.—New York Central Magazine.

Runs Either Way.

"Are you a bull or bear in Wall street?"

"Neither," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "When I'm on the trail of a sure profit I'm a bloodhound; and when I'm scared, I'm a rabbit."

Misleading Start.

"When a man begins a sentence with 'I understand—'"

"What then?"

"He usually proceeds with an effort to discuss something of which he has no understanding whatever."

Simple Deduction.

"Now, tell me the truth," said the fussy old lady to the corner mendicant, "are you really blind?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the beggar.

"What is that I am about to give you?"

"A nickel ma'am."

"Ha! If you are blind how do you know it's a nickel?"

"Because, ma'am, I never get more than a nickel out of people like you."

Sojer Philosophy.

"How many halves are there to a man, Pete?"

"Don't be a fool, there's only two halves to anything. Why?"

"Well, when I came out of the trenches I was half-starved, half-frozen, half-blind and half-plain dead. How come?"—American Legion Weekly.



HE'S BETTER OFF

"Look at that poor motorist being towed in by a horse."

"Lucky guy, I call him. He ain't had to buy no gas since he broke down."

"The Good—" You Know—

When correcting your youngster Be it by rod or tongue, It might be well to remember That you didn't die young.

Easy Resolution.

"Jagsby insisted on carrying Bibles home last night."

"Well?"

"But Bibles insisted on carrying Jagsby home."

"How did they decide the matter?"

"They stayed in town."

True Hospitality.

"My wife thinks we run a hospitable house. What's your notion of a hospitable house?"

"Oh, for me, I feel that it's a hospitable house when in the come and go of company enough umbrellas are left to keep it supplied."

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

THE MISSING MESSENGER

IT WAS on June 14, 1904, that Kent Loomis, brother of F. B. Loomis, the assistant secretary of state, sailed from New York on board the Kaiser Wilhelm II, bearing with him the text of a treaty between the United States and Abyssinia—a treaty concerning which there had been much conjecture and speculation on the part of certain European powers.

Under ordinary circumstances Loomis would have taken his wife and child with him; on this occasion, he considered it best to leave them behind in Parkersburg, W. V., both on account of the fact that he was on a diplomatic mission and because he intended to participate in some big-game hunting after delivering the treaty to King Menelik.

Nothing unusual occurred on the trip until the morning of June 20, the day on which the steamer was due to dock at Plymouth, England. It was then noted that Loomis' seat at the captain's table was empty and a steward was dispatched to find out if he were ill. A few minutes later the steward returned with the news that Loomis' berth had not been occupied and an immediate search of the ship was ordered—but without bringing to light the slightest trace of the representative of the American government.

Several passengers volunteered the information that they had seen Loomis on deck shortly after midnight and William E. Ellis, cabin-mate and traveling companion of the missing passenger, declared that his friend's absence from the cabin had not alarmed him because of the fact that Loomis had come in at a fairly late hour on several previous evenings. British officials at Plymouth and the French officers at Cherbourg repeated the search of the steamer, but in vain. Nothing was missing from the cabin save the suit which Loomis was wearing at the time and even the flat dispatch box which contained the text of the treaty was found concealed beneath a pile of clothing in one corner of Loomis' trunk. Investigation developed the fact, however, that the State department messenger had been in the habit of carrying this box in his pocket and had laid it aside on the previous evening only because it made an unseemly bulge in the dress clothes which he had donned in honor of the captain's dinner.

During the next few weeks rumors of all kinds filled the press on both sides of the Atlantic. Loomis had gone suddenly mad and had been placed in a sanatorium. He had slipped off the steamer at Plymouth disguised as a second-class passenger. He was the victim of a clique of international spies who, balked in their attempt to secure possession of the text of the treaty, were holding him for ransom. He was still confined in the hold of the Kaiser Wilhelm—and so on to the limit of the imaginations of those who like to use fact as a basis for fiction.

But all these reports were set at rest when, on the morning of July 16—just thirty-two days after Loomis had sailed from New York—a body was washed up at Warren Point, about fifteen miles from Plymouth. Believing that the body was that of a common sailor, the local police were about to inter it without further ceremony, when, from the watch-pocket of the trousers there dropped a water-soaked bit of pasteboard, upon which was barely discernible the name, "Kent J. Loomis."

Careful examination of the body developed the fact that, under the right ear, there was a circular wound which appeared to have been inflicted before death and a post-mortem examination of the lungs of the dead man showed conclusively that death had been due to the blow which had resulted in this wound, rather than to drowning. The physicians were divided in their opinion as to whether

the blow had been delivered by an instrument similar to a blackjack or whether Loomis might have fallen and struck his head against a projecting portion of the ironwork on the steamer. Examination of the Kaiser Wilhelm's log showed, however, that the sea had been extremely calm on the night that Loomis came to his death and that there had not been enough roll to cause anyone to lose his footing. Besides, there was the evidence of the manner in which the body was clothed. The coat was missing, the collar had been torn partly away and there were other signs of rough treatment before Loomis had struck the water.

It was therefore practically certain that the messenger had been murdered. But who had killed him—and why? Had he been struck down on account of the money he was carrying or because of the treaty? Was his death a forecast of the World war which was to follow twelve years later?

These and all the other questions which surrounded the mystery remain as one of the unsolved riddles of diplomatic intrigue.

A Bit Skeptical.

"Who is the important looking stranger?"

"He styles himself advance guard of prosperity. He is here to address the business men of our town."

"The hotel proprietor doesn't seem to believe he's the advance guard of prosperity. He has just refused to cash the stranger's check."—Birmingham Age-Herald.



THE MANTLE OF CHARITY

Mrs. Primme—That woman just ahead of us is Mrs. Torso in her latest evening gown. She puts every cent she has on her back. Her Husband—Ah well, poverty is no crime.

Serious Stuff.

A humorist wrote in a lightsome way Of the price of fuel, the other day; But I don't see, to save my soul, How a fellow can joke about a ton o' coal!

Pardonable.

"What is your reason for proposing to me again after I refused you so emphatically?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

"My mistake," rejoined the young man. "Since you bobbed your hair and put on knickerbockers I didn't know you were the same girl."

A Burden Lifted.

"What's the matter with Jibway? He looks depressed."

"He has given up the struggle of trying to make both ends meet."

"Most people begin to look younger when they reach that decision."

Discretion.

"What is your favorite recreation?"

"I decline to answer," replied Senator Sorghum. "I'll take a chance on differing with a constituent on a question of serious public opinion. But if you ever intimate that you don't regard a friend's particular pastime as the greatest of sports you lose him forever."



NEEDLESS

Daughter—Pa, our domestic science professor is teaching us how to spend money.

Dad (interrupting)—Next he'll be teaching ducks how to swim.