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O. B. Hottman, in the Palace Hotel.

::: SPICE :::

She Concentrates

Glancing around her with her appealing blue eyes, the pretty little woman smiled angelically at the others.

"You can't imagine what I'm doing," she told them triumphantly. "And I'm so-o-o interested! I'm learning to concentrate my mind!"

"Yes," she went on as every body appeared to be smitten dumb. "It isn't nearly as terrible as it sounds, either! First I heard a lecture about it and then John said he wished to goodness I'd decide what I wanted to say and then take a straight line to it instead of wandering all over the ladd of the living! He added something about life being short and he a nervous man, but I'm sure I don't know what he was talking about. John is the queerest—though nothing at all to compare with his brother out west! Why, that man was positively eccentric! He made speeches and got arrested—No, I think what he got in trouble for was something about the bank failing, though of course, he was absolutely honest himself—it was just his trust and confidence in other people that landed him in court and the family never was a bit ashamed of the affair, because he was vindicated despite the ten-year sentence he got."

"It really is quite fashionable these late years—going to jail—if it's a big concern you are with. It did interfere terribly with his daughter's wedding, come to think of it—it was to be a huge affair with dresses from Paris, and all that, and, of course, they had to call it off, and her clothes were all out of style before the trial was over and everything!"

"I don't mean, of course, that my John ever robbed a bank because his brother was connected with a similar affair—only you can see how queerness runs in the family—his wanting me to concentrate and all that!"

"Why, John," I told him "it sounds just like cod liver oil or food tablets or something! I'm sure I should think you'd lots rather have my thoughts as they flow, spontaneously, instead of docketed and ticketed and turned on so much a minute—what ever it is they do to your thoughts when they arrange them systematically."

"John said if he were on a long vacation that might be amusing because when I started telling him about my letter from Aunt Ella concerning her new house he would make bets with himself whether I'd end with reading a clipping about Ague in Argbanistan or telling him how Mrs. Jones made rice pudding—but that he did wish I'd read a booklet he had brought me on concentration."

"I always make a point of pleasing John, so I took the book along and read it every time I was a dummy at the bridge table that afternoon—but somehow I couldn't make much out of it. I think it was the fault of the dress Mrs. Bicker had on—everyone there was talkink about it! Why that woman has grandchildren—positively—and if you didn't look at her face you'd think she was a sweet girl graduate! I know for a fact she starves her family so she won't be tempted to overeat."

"It was her husband you know who was called to the witness stand in that celebrated case that all the papers were full of—you know which one I mean—where that lawyer from San Francisco—I think it was San Francisco, though possibly it was New Orleans—yes, I guess it was New Orleans, because I always like that molasses that comes from there, best for gingerbread—don't you? If you put whipped cream on cold gingerbread it makes the nicest desert, but we never can have it for John hates whipped cream. I always think it's because he lived on a farm when he was a boy and they made him milk all those awful cows. If I had to milk a cow I'd simply die! I never took any stock in these pictures of milkmaids with rosy cheeks and nice white hands."

"That reminds me, Alice wrote me that her husband has just finished a picture that some millionaire has paid thousands for—and I can't believe it! Why, I knew Alice's husband in school and he was positively the stupidest boy in the class. It's wonderful how he does it with paints and colors so high because of the war, but then you never can tell."

"However, since I've been studying the book John spoke of I can notice the most wonderful results, even though I don't understand much of the book. I suppose just the atmosphere of it helps. All I have to do is decide what I want to say and then, without any fuss or elaboration, just say it! You can't imagine how perfectly easy it is!"

"Well!" said the only listener who had recovered her tongue, "it certainly is wonderful."—Chicago Daily News.

The lawyer was arguing a complicated case and looked up authorities back to Julius Caesar. At the end of an hour and a half, in the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what looked like inattention. It was as he had feared. The Judge was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument.

"Your honor," he said, "I beg your pardon; but do you follow me?" "I have so far," answered the Judge shifting wearily about in his chair,

"but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back, I'd quit right here."

The new maid was entirely a wartime makeshift, and the mistress bore with her patiently at first. But on the third day the maid placed a soiled plate at the table, and patience broke down. Really, Mary, you might at least see that the plates are clean." "Well, mum," Mary rejoined, "I owns them thumb marks, but that dried mustard was there afore I come."

For three successive nights Newpop had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate and bought a bottle of soothing syrup. "Why James," exclaimed the wife when she saw the bottle, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like that."

"Don't worry," was her husband's reply. "I'm going to take it myself."

They were entertaining the minister at dinner, and after the desert had been eaten little Johnny said: "Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Hobb?"

The minister laughed. "Well, Johnny, I believe I will have another slice."

"Good," said Johnny. "Now, ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut into the second pie I could have another piece."

In western Georgia a jury recently met to inquire into a case of suicide.

After sitting through the evidence the twelve men retired and, after deliberating, returned with the following verdict:

"The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

Two married women were having a chat and as usual, the conversation veered around to the expense of living.

"It's really awful how the rise in prices has affected us!" said one, sadly. "Why, do you know that my bills for clothes this year are exactly double what they were last year."

"Goodness!" gasped the other, "I don't see how your husband can afford it."

"He can't," replied the other, calmly. "But, then, he couldn't afford it last year, so what's the difference?"



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- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
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- it can't parch your throat;
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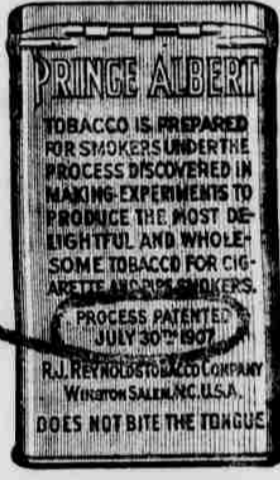
YOU'LL find a cheery howdy-do on top no matter how much of a stranger you are in the neck of the woods you drop into. For Prince Albert is right there—at the first place you pass that sells tobacco! The tippy red bag sells for a nickel and the tidy red tin for a dime, then there's the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidor and the pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such bang-up trim all the time!

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It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smokeappetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

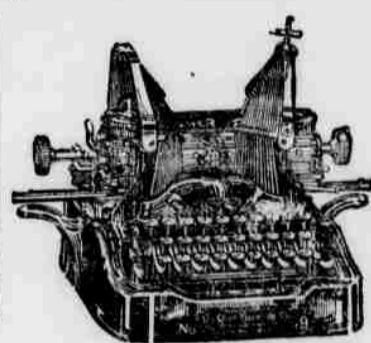
Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

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CAUTION!

The new-day advances that come alone on this machine are all controlled by Oliver. Even our own previous models—famous in their day—never had the Optional Duplex Shift.

It puts the whole control of 84 letters and characters in the little fingers of the right and left hands. And it lets you write them all with 28 keys, the least to operate of any standard typewriter made.

Thus writers of all other machines can immediately run the Oliver Number "9" with more speed and greater ease.

WARNING!

This brilliant new Oliver comes at the old-time price. It costs no more than lesser makes—now out-of-date when compared with this discovery.

For while the Oliver's splendid new features are costly—we have equalized the added expense to us by simplifying construction.

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17 CENTS A DAY! Remember this brand-new Oliver "9" is the greatest value ever given in a typewriter. It has all our previous special inventions—visible writing, automatic spacer, 6 1/2-ounce touch—plus the Optional Duplex Shift, Selective Color Attachment, and all these other new-day features.

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