

"GIVE US LIBERTY OR GIVE US DEATH!"



Chicago Journal.

SIGNS OF AGE.

Oh, I am growing old, you say; I walk in a decrepit way; My hair is absolutely gray...

Her Independence

"If I was a woman an I had a man like that I'd quit him cold," remarked Jim Holliday, as the farmer who had just assisted his wife in her choice of a calico dress left the store...

trous. An' then if he'd have let her she'd have had fresh butcher meat twice or three times a week. Good sweetly an' taters an' corn bread an' merlasses wasn't good enough for her, weseed like. She ev'ry'did need watchin'.



and hated the idee o' makin' out with the old one. Efinerly, one day a neighbor woman came in an' Mrs. Strode told her all about it.

"Sold some stock, did she?" chuckled Jim Holliday. "Well, she had figgered on sellin' some," said Hancock. "She allowed she'd sell enough to buy a \$30 stove an' a new machine an' a silk dress an' a sash an' a dozen cans o' California peaches an' a rubber plant for the settin' room winder an' lace curtains for the same an' a pair o' kid shoes. But when she got to thinkin' it over she sort o' compromised an' bought four yards o' crash towelin', a 10-cent egg beater, a Mother Hubbard wrapper for 75 cents an' a pair o' stockin's and 5 cents worth o' stick candy for the kid."

A BRAVE DEED HONORED.

Five recalls the Deed of a Heroine Whose Memory Was Revered. The exciting scene occurred at the burning of an hotel at Aberavon, England, the other day, when a domestic servant risked her own life and met with severe injuries in saving a babe from a terrible death, recalls a similar but far more tragic case which stirred all England to pity and admiration some twenty-three years ago, says a London newspaper.

The heroine of this latter episode was one Alice Ayres. She was employed as servant to a Mr. Chandler, who kept an oil and color shop in the borough.

After death the hospital authorities refused to allow her body to be placed in the ordinary mortuary, but set aside a special room for it, which was soon nearly filled with floral emblems from all parts of the kingdom, estimated to be worth fully \$5,000. Twelve firemen bore her to her grave and more than 10,000 people attended the funeral in Islesworth cemetery, where is a magnificent obelisk erected by public subscription in memory of "the bravest deed that was ever done."

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HE HAD AN ABSURD FAIR.

Recruited Glad to Start Toward Stage Glory as "Carlos, the Fiddler." "The son of a wealthy old friend of mine, being stage struck, joined with a 10-20-30 opera company. I met him loafing and strutting about a hotel in Duluth, Minn.," said the veteran actor to a representative of the New York Telegraph.



Fool—I woke up last night with a start. I dreamed that my watch was gone. Druol—Well, was it? Fool—No, but it was going.

An English lecturer on chemistry said, "One drop of poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man."

"And does your husband still think you're an angel?" "Oh, yes! At least he seems to think I don't need any new clothes."—Pick Me Up.

"I can't tell a lie," declared the eminent magnate. "You don't have to," urged his eminent counsel. "Just say that your mind is a blank on that subject."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What are the names of that young couple next door?" "We won't be able to find out for several weeks. They're just been married, and he calls her Birdie and she calls him Pettie."

"So you have named your little girl 'Investigation'?" "Yes," "Isn't that a queer name?" "Well, we read every day of some rich man courting investigation and we shall want our daughter to marry well."

The Artist's Wife (in a whisper)—There's someone knocking Jack. Shall I open the door? The Artist—No; it's Jabber's knock. It's a special knock I gave him, so I wouldn't let him in by mistake.—Life.

"All writers are not impractical, are they?" "Oh, no. One man will write a joke and sell it for fifty cents. Another will write a comic opera around it and draw \$20,000 in royalties."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What She Wanted to See. English Clergyman—And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Fair American—You bet, I'll rattle those off sure; but what I've been hankering to see, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, is the Church of England.

The HOME

AN ART OF SMILING. What charm there is in a smile, yet what a rarity these days! Many of us, especially women, have lost the art. We have smiled so much and so often to order, from a sense of duty, that now the charming spontaneity of the act has entirely disappeared.

There are features which do not lend themselves readily to smiles, yet a plain face at a momentary lighting up may become irresistible. Expression can change the countenance almost beyond recognition. Nothing is more difficult to paint than a smile. A grin may be photographed, but rarely a smile; for instead there appears a smug expression which irritates while it amuses.

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There is no charge that a New Yorker or any other American for that matter—dresses quite so much as that of provincialism. Attack our ethics and our morals; call us cold, heartless, pleasure loving, vain—and we will smile complacently, but even whisper that we are the country cousins of the Londoner or the Parisienne—and you would us at our most vulnerable point. There is no sneer that hits home quite so unerringly as the "We-do-these-things-so-much-better-on-the-other-side, don't-younow" with which foreign visitors sometimes meet our most strenuous efforts toward cosmopolitanism.

A single visit to one of our restaurants or theaters will convince you that the conventions of evening dress are either shockingly misunderstood or deliberately defied by the average woman of means and position. She wears a hat and a high-necked dinner gown—a costume as inappropriate for an evening affair as a bright red frock at a funeral.

Of course, I am speaking primarily of city life and of women who frequent restaurants and theaters, and on them I cannot urge too strongly the value and importance of the demitoid for semi-formal wear.

No, the true reason is that the American woman is not accustomed to seeing the decollete gown in public places. She has not been brought up to it. She feels self-conscious and ill at ease in evening dress at any but certain recognized functions. She ought to feel ill at ease and provincial in anything else. I hope the time will soon come that she will feel so. Not until she does will we outgrow the last of our gaudier—the high-necked evening frock—Delineator.

In Paris, the rat-tail variety is no longer being made in Paris, save by special order. It is quite the style here. The new mode shown in Paris has the trains gracefully full, and, indeed, the skirts of nearly every one of the evening gowns now shown are of the skimpiest of the pure Delineator model.

It must also be admitted that the majority of the evening gown models show a marked division, or apparent division, between bodice and skirt. The robe may be in a one-piece garment, or a skirt and corsege joined by hooks, but in many instances the corsege shows a swathed effect around the figure to the point where the skirt is attached, while the latter hangs in lengthwise folds. Often, however, the corsege is without the swathing folds, but is

WORTH QUOTING

Silent men never have occasion to set their words, observe the Boston Post.

The New York Press thinks the more money a man can make the more other people can get it.

The man with health, friends and self-respect needs never say he is not worth living, believes the American Cultivator.

A Chicago Judge says a stolen kiss is worth \$10. It would have been more gallant to have said "its weight in gold."

Scientists disagree as to the exact cause of earthquakes, confesses the Washington Star. And as a matter of fact the cause seems to be so far out of control that it does not make much practical difference.

The Chinese are given credit for wonderful honesty in money matters. The custom of expecting a man to commit suicide if he weiches, declares the Washington Star, has its commercial advantages.

An Ohio boy of 17 has been sent to prison for life for killing and robbing his indulgent mother. His age saved him from hanging, notes the Philadelphia Ledger, and doubtless will serve in due time as basis for a petition for commutation.

About as near as we ever get to a practical demonstration of the immovable mass and irresistible force problem is on an occasion when a taxicab disputes the right of way with a heavily loaded brick wagon, proclaims the Washington Star.

Judge Milliken of New Bedford, Mass., rebuked a policeman for calling a woman he was arresting a drunken trollop. "I admit I have been to jail," said the woman in court, "and I admit to being drunk, but I am not a trollop and I won't stand for being called that by any man."

Dean S. S. Marquett of St. Paul's Cathedral, Detroit, has been talking personalities to a gathering of insurance men. "If Harriman had lived in the time of Caesar and had set out to overthrow that monarch, it would have been nip and tuck between them," he said. "If Roosevelt had taken up religious work, Martin Luther and his little reformation would not have been in it for a minute. If John D. Rockefeller had bent his energies to the priesthood, I have not the slightest doubt that he would be occupying the Vatican today."

For a book to remain any longer on the shelves it must have some of the same qualities that are looked for in an old friend—a unflinching adaptability to one's moods, a perennial freshness, the reflection of a brave and cheerful spirit, the power to awaken a train of meditation and direct it along pleasant channels, notes the New York Mail. Some of the greatest books and some of the greatest men may not have these qualities.

A baby feels badly enough about it, anyway, and that is the real reason why a baby cries, declares the Philadelphia Ledger referring to baldness. It does not want the moon, as is popularly supposed. It is not as a rule the victim of a malicious and prying pin that is pricking it somewhere. It is not usually suffering from indigestion. It is simply crying because it is bald, and it sees no hope of ever getting any hair. Now to be told in addition that it is a degenerate makes a baby's lot in life harder than ever to bear.

A Baltimore grand jury has recommended that the Legislature take action to limit the loan shark abuse. Last year, relates the Indianapolis News, Massachusetts—prompt in good works—dealt the business a hard blow by a law making validity of an assignment of wages depend, first, on the written consent of the employer, and, in the case of married men, on the consent of the wife. The acceptance must then be filed and recorded. Adding this law to his tendency to reduce the practice, the general policy of large corporations in the State is against assignment of wages, some of them making it cause for dismissal. The Massachusetts law, while it does not cope with all of the evils of the situation, goes away with some of the worst ones.

In at the Finish. The preacher was eloquent, the congregation patient and the afternoon very long. A stranger entered and took a seat in a back pew. Presently he whispered to the man at his side, evidently one of the old members: "How long has he been preaching?" "Thirty or forty years, I think," answered the elderly man. "I don't know exactly." "I'll stay then," said the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

Peas Bring Luck. N. C. Burriss said large numbers of negroes came into his store this morning and bought peas, the ordinary table peas, and usually in small quantities. The large number of such peas excited his curiosity and he asked one of the negroes what it meant. He was told that the negroes believed that if they ate peas on the first day of the year they would have money all the rest of the year. Many negroes believe in it, and all of them had peas for dinner, Anderson Mail.

For morning wear about the house, nothing is more attractive than the freshly laundered shirtwaist dress of linen or lawn.