

THE MILLINER'S ART

By Ada Bracken.

No, said the young woman on theavenport in answer to the young man's solicitous question...

Then what is the matter? demanded the young man.

I've discovered, she answered, that when it comes to taking things must lie in the direction of digging...

You see I thought it would be wise to learn to trim hats...

So hurriedly interrupted the young woman I went to a milliner's school. They told me that I could pay \$12 and take twenty lessons...

I was so joyous at the prospect that I went around boasting my idocy at not having taken the course...

Well, I told all my friends about it and offered to make hats for them because I wanted to share my good luck with my friends.

I never worked so hard before in my life. All the things that one can do to a simple, innocuous hat are really remarkable.

Grace said that she was much obliged for the trouble I had taken with her white face hat, although she supposed that letting me trim it was really a favor on her part.

I couldn't much blame Belle. When she put on her hat she took one look and then burst into tears.

But, said the young man, how did your own hats turn out? Weren't they all right?

The young woman looked still sadder and shook her head.

Maybe, suggested the young man, you were in luck at that!

A FIGHT TO DEATH

The King of Beasts Falls Victim to a Snow White Bull.

Not long ago there was a tremendous excitement here over a fight between a bull and a lion.

The age of the lion was believed to be about twenty years, and it was which were well known and famous.

The lion was a magnificent specimen, and he was a real fighter.

After a little preliminary of the lion got the better of the bull.

The lion's paw struck the bull's head and he fell back.

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She Measured His Scalp.

"I suppose," remarked the man who prides himself on his winning ways...

Tale Without A Moral

By Howard Cairns.

There was a frantic ring at my doorbell, a sound of unusual excitement outside and as I hastily opened the door someone called out...

Hurry with the doctor, called somebody, and one more I flatted the phone.

Almost immediately there was a fearful click and a pleasant masculine voice said: Hello!

I answered as if hanging up the receiver in order to disconnect, though it's possible I had had my hands on that central there'd have been work for somebody.

I beg your pardon, she said, with gentle reproach and a second later there was a connecting click.

I've now got a bad Derby day and was at the point of south last Friday. I think the boys in on, so it's no work on the job, see?

There was another pause, endless it seemed to me during which I watched them carrying a limp little form into the house.

I'll give you a funeral, said the reply, with wounded dignity in every syllable, and you can make your complaints to her.

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Again I repeated it. Very well, I'll see if I can get them for you.

Private Railway Stations.

Filling An Elephants Trunk.

Muir Glacier Not on View

Steamers Unable to get Within Ten Miles of the Front.

Tourists to Alaska have been greatly disappointed in the past four seasons at the inability of excursion steamers to approach the front of the Muir glacier.

In the summer of 1900 excursion boats from Sitka had regularly steamed along the very front of this best known and most interesting of American glaciers.

In the summer of 1909, however, the ice-choked channel of Muir Inlet prevented steamers from approaching nearer than 10 miles.

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Sailors Throw Ambergris Away.

Two sailors on the Neptune were what attracted the port crew today.

The contents of the slush bucket are the greasy refuse from the galley which is used to wash down various parts of the standing rigging.

Perhaps the most scientific study that has yet been made of the laws which govern the application of the automobile to war purposes has been made by Capt. Douhet of the Italian army.

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TO THE CREDIT OF THE LAW

By Edith Austin Holton.

Dobson looked me over with a critical eye.

"You'll do now, Mr. Winton. Don't lose your sand and keep your speed down.

I watched my instructor's form disappear into the wooden station with mingled feelings.

Not before this month I hedged, bending over the lever.

What a beauty, Mr. Winton. "Finest ever," I answered, but I looked at my companion.

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I knew she was right and took a gentler rate too late.

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My pocketbook is lost.

"If I pledge you my honor to come back within an hour will you permit me to go back to Bayton for more money?

My pocketbook is lost.

"I reckon ye ain't right well posted in law, friend."

"Madge," I breathed, "you angel. Then I noticed the court was waking up.

"I lost no time. As I turned I caught the smile of the constable I stepped up to him and looked him in the eye.

HOW MANY MEALS A DAY

Some Conflicting Theories as to Eating and Drinking.

Have you ever taken time to reckon the multiplicity of the theories nowadays with regard to the number of meals that should fill out the day's fare and the hours at which they should be eaten?

For you can easily call to mind half a dozen of your acquaintances who say that their health has improved 50 per cent, since they canceled their breakfasts and took to eating a rather heavy lunch.

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"I should be pleased to have you call," I said. "There are several things I wish to say to you."

RUMORMASTER