POLLY'S ADVENTURE

MISS POLLY PARROT listened as she swung in her cage, for Mr. Dog and Mistress Puss were telling of their adventures. Mr. Dog told about being chased by a big bear when he was out hunting once with his master, "but in the end," said he, "we captured that bear and the big rug in the hall was made from its skin."

"I guess you were pretty scared that time," giggled Mistress Puss. "Why did you go hunting bears, anyway? You are too small for that, I would say."

"We didn't go after a bear," said Mr. Dog; "we were hunting other game and the bear must have been lost, or he would not have wandered so far from his home."

"He was pretty hungry, Master said, and I think he was, too, by the way he chased me, but I guess he was pretty sorry when he found my Master had a gun."

"Well, that is some adventure, to be sure," said Puss, "but if you ever caught your foot in a trap you would think that was far worse than being chased by a bear.

"Once when I was chasing a mouse I stepped on a trap and I nearly lost

"That Is Some Adventure," Said Puss.

my foot and I was so lame for a long time I could not run at all."

"You lost the mouse, too, I suppose," said Mr. Dog, with a laugh.

"Oh, I did not care anything about that," said Puss with a twitch of her tail. "There are plenty more mice, but if I had lost that foot where could I have found another, I should like to know?"

"You and I have had some very exciting adventures," said Mr. Dog, "and how anyone can live shut up in a cage as Polly does, I am sure I cannot understand. She never had an adventure in her whole life, poor thing."

"Bow-wow," said Polly so plainly that Mr. Dog dropped his tail and walked out of the room, for more than once Polly had fooled him and made him think there was another dog around the house.

Mistress Puss began to laugh, but Polly called, "Come puss, puss," and off ran Puss, for she, too, had been fooled many times by thinking her mistress was calling her to eat her dinner when it was Polly just foolin' her.

But the love for adventure was planted in Polly's mind and the next day when the cage door was opened and she was allowed to flit about the room, her keen eyes looked about for an open window. She did not see one in that room, but when some one opened the door, Polly, who was perched just over it, quick as a flash slipped out before she was noticed and then out she flew through the open window in the next room.

Up to the top of a tree flew Polly, while everybody called and coaxed her to fly into her cage, which was hung on the tree.

Mr. Dog barked and Mistress Puss sat on the ground looking with envious eyes at Polly as she mimicked them both and then laughed loudly.

When some one at last climbed the tree Polly flew away to the very top of a tall telegraph pole and laughed as though she enjoyed the joke she had played.

By and by, with the help of a fireman and his ladder, Polly let herself be captured and put in her cage, but after that when Mr. Dog and Mistress Puss were talking of adventures Polly did not sit quietly and listen.

"Ha, ha, ha," she would laugh, "it took the fire department to rescue me. Talk of adventures, you two do not know a thing about that word. When I had one I made every one talk about it. Bow-wow! Me-ow. Come Puss, Puss."

But Mr. Dog and Puss did not stop longer to hear what Polly had to say. "I never did care for that bird," said Mr. Dog.

"Nor I," said Puss. "I am sure she would be tough eating."

"Oh, I don't mean in that way," said Mr. Dog.

"I am sure I do not know what you mean, then," said Puss. "There is only one way to care for a bird," and before Mr. Dog could explain, Puss ran for her saucer of milk she saw under the table.

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THE FRIENDLY PATH

By WALTER I. ROBINSON

"PRIDE goeth before a fall." Everyone knows this proverb, but too many forget it. Their own happiness and the happiness of others is endangered thereby.

During the selfish period following the end of fighting in France and Belgium there was plenty of evidence that there was a wide inclination among both men and women to be proud. Not proud of anything they had done to contribute to the grand victory of the allied forces, but proud because they had been privileged for a time to handle more money, due to high wages and profits, and because they were able, in many instances, to wear better clothes and drive more attractive motorcars than they had before.

This was unfortunate for the individuals who had become afflicted. But it was even more unfortunate for the world at large, for the reason that there can be little charity emanating from proud sources, and no one needs to be told what must ultimately result when love dies down.

It is, consequently, a good thing that people as a rule no longer find pride in having much money to spend. Instead they are more generally found to be proud when they can tell of money saved, or work well done and economies effected. Pride of this character is not likely to do anyone any harm.

It is well to remember what our old philosophers thought of pride if anyone feels any regrets that he cannot find as many causes for pride as he once could.

Beecher once declared: "A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves."

Admitting this, do we need anything further to bring us to a definite conclusion that pride is a dangerous thing? It is our opinion that no other proof is required for the reason that unless one is grateful one cannot be happy.

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When Radicalism Cools.

"Adolescence is the true day for revolt. . . . but one cannot remain forever adolescent, and long before a man's arteries begin to harden he sees things more as his father and grandfather saw them. Once he becomes an ancestor he imbibes respect for ancestors and for what they thought. As young radicals grow older they marry pleasant wives, beget interesting children, and begin to build homes in the country, and their zeal cools. Life, they now think, is more than reform or revolution. There are the lilies of the field, as sweet to radicals as to conservatives. . . . Life is old and tenaciously conservative, and so is nature. . . . What is the use of these endless efforts to budge the immovable earth?"—Walter Weyl, in "Tired Radicals."

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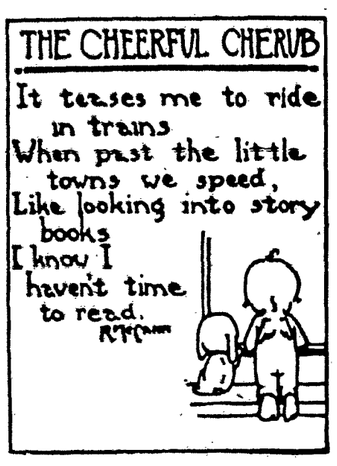
THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



Market Method.

"Dad, what's a social scale?"

"Well, generally speaking, old man, it's a place where money is weighed."

The Wrong Batch.

"I never tasted such queer batter cakes."

"Hey, you've fried my home brew."

A Surmise.

"Why isn't there more building?"

"Looks to me like the capitalists are on a strike."

Natural Question.

"He goes South for the winter and North for the summer."

"Millionaire or flivver tourist?"

In Europe.

"What is this erratic assemblage?"

"Our diet."

"What's eating them?"

At Newport.

Susan (age eight)—Do you like your new papa? Jack (age five)—"Yes." "So did we. We had him last year."

The Movable Hearthstone.

Home nowadays is where the family auto may happen to be parked.—The Pacific Legion.

Just So.

Woman's sphere is the home; man's fear is that the landlord will raise the rent on it.—Boston Transcript.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

A CRY FOR CAPTAINS

WHAT are you doing to improve your mind, to sharpen your vision and so equip yourself that you may press onward and take your place among the leaders?

The whole world keeps calling for men and women who are qualified by patience, alertness and ability, to accept responsibilities where rewards are large and opportunities are unlimited.

Everywhere the cry goes up for more captains!

The ranks of privates are filled to repletion with grumblers, who pinch their envelope on pay day and scowl enviously and malignantly upon those energetic souls who, with seemingly small effort, earn as much in a week as the grumblers earn in a month!

These privates are becalmed in the sea of life with burning hearts. They lack stamina and resolution. In nine cases out of ten they have no one to blame for their lowly estate but themselves.

They waste their leisure hours and holidays in frivolous amusements instead of giving sober thought to the future.

Everything that tends to their elevation and betterment is studiously shunned. Their aspirations, if they have any, are smothered at birth.

In moments of depression, when a steady, trustworthy, clear visioned worker at their elbow is promoted, their lamp of hope flares out and leaves them in utter darkness.

The years roll on, but the light never brightens, and they march in darkness down the hills to the valley of despair.

* * * * *

As for this innumerable army of "ne'er do wells," it is palpably absurd to offer them advice.

Perhaps, in the evolution of things, they are intended as warning signals to the thoughtful, who, seeing their delinquencies, are spurred to greater achievements.

At any rate, the world is crowded with privates; column on column in the daily newspapers bear testimony to their helpless plight, while the stentorian voice of the world rings louder and louder in its cry for captains, more captains!

(Copyright.)

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YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm.

THE HAND OF A DOCTOR

THE hand of a successful physician, or one who may become a successful physician, should be supple and smooth. The following are some of the traits of a good doctor, as indicated in the hands:

Tact, shown by a thumb that is well "waisted," that is, indented or marked at the joint.

Kindness, shown by a Mount of Venus, or ball of the thumb, which is moderate in size.

Self-confidence, the Line of Life and the Line of the Head well apart.

Trustworthiness, a Line of the Heart that is forked at the beginning.

Popularity is indicated by a Line of Fate which rises on the Mount of Luna (at the side of the hand) and runs into the Mount of Saturn, at the base of the second finger. This shows unusual popularity, but also dependence on public caprice for success.

(Copyright.)

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Her Only Chance.

Inconse—Does she dance badly?

Quential—Yes, if the chaperones aren't looking.—Pelican.

A Gay Life.

Rub—Can a girl live on love?

Dub—Yes—if she stays single.—New York Sun.

Not Appropriate Now.

"Why the term modiste?"

"I dunno. It doesn't apply to modern dressmaking."—Exchange.

She Couldn't Be Sure.

The rather flashily-dressed woman took her fourteen-year-old daughter to the domestic science teacher. "I want her to learn to cook and sew," she said, "so that she can get a husband."

For one minute the teacher stared at the woman. Then a twinkle came into her eyes. "Oh, I don't know about that being so sure a way," she laughed. "You see I teach both and I haven't yet obtained a husband."

Not He.

"Look here, sir!" ominously demanded old Festus Pester, who had been disturbed by queer noises in the night. "Do you play the saxophone?"

"No," removing his hat and exposing a very bald head, replied the man who had recently moved in next door. "I lost my hair in the natural course of events."—Kansas City Star.

Humoring a Fancy.

"What did you do with the man who rocked the boat?" inquired Dante.

"They gave him an asbestos canoe," replied Virgil, "put him on a brimstone lake and told him to rock to his heart's content."

FURS MUST BE KEPT IN STYLE

Peltry in Every Variety Follows the Fashion Dictates of the Season.

CARACUL NOTED FOR SERVICE

Popular Skin Makes Appearance in Almost All Ways; Squirrel, Baby Lamb, Monkey, Fox, Seal, Among Favorites.

Furs lasting for years without repair, so often talked about, are all very well under certain circumstances, but when one views the changes in fashion in this department of women's attire, the possibilities of variety become perfectly astounding. This year, writes a fashion authority in the New York Times, the gorgeousness of furs and fur trimmings and fur linings appear to know no limitation, and it would seem as though the American woman had decided to be as luxurious and comfortably coated as she could possibly manage to be.

Of course, all this has to be judged by what the shops are showing and by what the women are buying. But at the salons of the leading furriers there is nothing to indicate the least falling off of fur buying or a tendency to wear handsome, not to mention costly, furs.

A furrier who in the course of his business had become used to the costliness of words as well as to the value of the products which he was selling, said: "Now here is a cheap mink wrap. This is something that we are selling in quantities and which the American women are showing their preference for." "And what is the retail price of that?" said I, hopefully. It looked so much the sort of thing that would complete my dream of life. He scratched his head and pondered for a brief moment. "That," he said, "would retail for only about $8,000." So, there is the standard, if you are thinking about furs, though there are other prices lower on the scale as well as those which soar and soar until they sound like the figures in a war loan. Fifty thousand dollars paid for an evening wrap of fur has been known to happen, and not as a single occurrence either, for it has been repeated often.

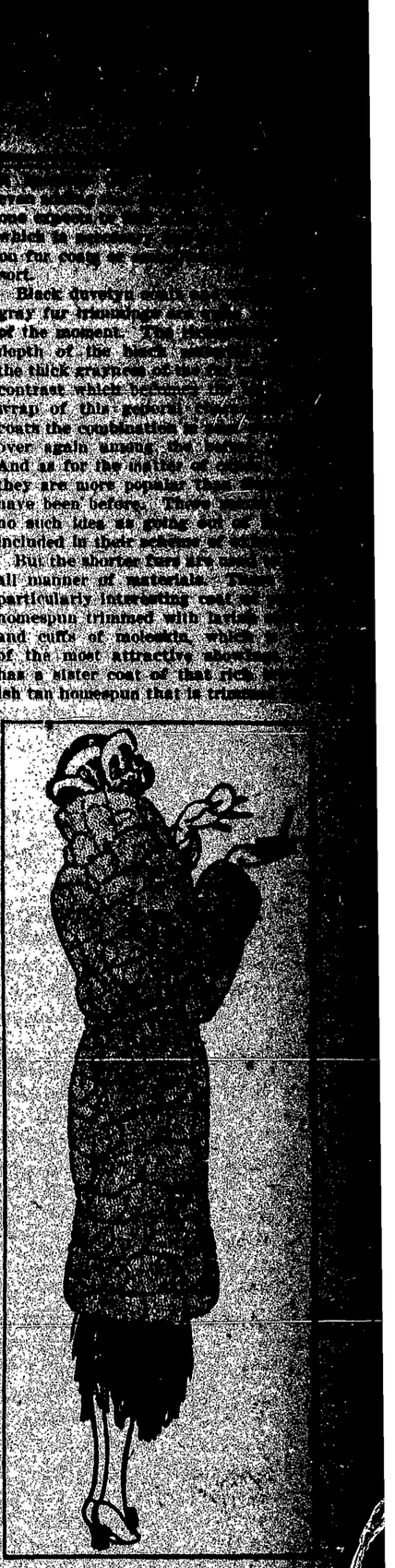
Caracul Is Popular.

For a standard in fashionable furs there is nothing with more claim to prestige than caracul. In almost all of the known ways in which fur is ever used this variety makes its appearance, and as far as its youthfulness and becomingness are concerned it has everything in its favor. Then there is another quality about caracul to be whispered among those who still acknowledge some allegiance to the ways of economy. It is that caracul wears

The Suit of American Broadtail That Appeals to Many.

wonderfully. Indeed, the furriers have a way of lapsing into the sentence, "There is no wear-out to caracul." Not only in the old standard black is it seen, but in all the lighter shades that are so fashionable just now it is plenteously distributed about the smart gowns and wraps. It is used for trimmings, and for linings, and for the makings of whole coats, and wherever it makes its appearance it is with an elegance and grace that can be envied by all of the rest of the fur families.

All of the remainder of the shorter furs, especially in the gray and taupe tones, are among those present when it comes to smart attire. There are the short coats of squirrel, and the longer wrappier ones of the same skins, and any number of trimmings of this gray and eminently becoming fur. Have you noticed that when there is enough of it laid on in many layers it assumes all of the softening quality of the taupe with much longer hairs? Yes, that is that characteristic of squirrel—that



Winsome Dress of Moleskin, with Monkey Fur Edges.

seal most interestingly shares, the widely enveloping collar and cuffs.

All in Tones of Gray.

All sorts of little baby furs have cropped up to take their places in the dressing of society. And these are in tones of gray. Sometimes the fur is very curly and sometimes it is straight, while again it is an unpressed variety so well demonstrated by the American broadtail in all of its expressions. In other words, it is to see some fur trimming or a coat of something that looks like fur, then certain that it is a manner of woolly lamb which has been pressed into the service of fashion.

The pleasantest suits that are thus trimmed are those with a distinctly Russian flavor. You see, the Russian idea springs from the Krimmer proposition, and that is the fur of the Persian coats and things in their unshorn state. And the sprightliest suits of these costumes are the high fur turbans, made entirely of fur to match the trimmings of the suits or coats. At a smart restaurant there was seen a coat dress, the waist with tight sleeves and basque lines and wide cuffs of this gray fur. It had a flaring skirt that reached to the bottom of the dress, where the band of fur was repeated all the way around the circular width of the end of the skirt. There was a high gray fur trimmed turban worn with it, and the effect of the whole thing was something to be gloried in because of its complete originality. Of course, the lamb still holds good as the favorite and by all odds the most expensive of all the lambs. For one of the alluring parts of these newer furs is the fact that they do not run into terrifying figures when prices hang in the balance.

For trimming and for a [illegible] monkey fur is among the most prominent of the animal skins used in the making of the mode. It has a [illegible] way of falling as layers, and [illegible] that constitutes itself a very important asset to the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman. A coat of monkey fur is a matter of quite a little large or small. And flattered by key fur continue to take [illegible] on many of the modish [illegible] coat of black broadcloth [illegible] tight, choker collar of [illegible] spread away under the [illegible] becoming manner. The [illegible] pened to have the softest [illegible] of white hair, and [illegible] good sense to top that with a [illegible] velvet hat that dropped [illegible] sides and framed [illegible] monkey fur balance[illegible]

There is a fur [illegible] monkey fur," which [illegible] thicker than [illegible] recognized by [illegible] be imagined. [illegible] the most [illegible] remark, [illegible] grades [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]