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and recall how well that suit wore we made you last season, it's only natural for you to come to us for the new one for this Spring and Summer.  
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## WITTY SALLIES

**Hard Work.**  
"What do you find your most difficult literary task?" "Getting up bright sayings of children."

**Bad Break.**  
"Tom says his heart is broken. I refused him." "Why so did L?" "Then it's a compound fracture."

**Ambiguous.**  
"Sir, I am a woman of my word."  
"Yes, but which one?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

**That All Depends.**  
Flubb—"When I married my wife we each signed an agreement." "Dubb"—"Another one of those 'scrapes of paper,' eh?"

**By Weight.**  
"She has got a lot of personality, hasn't she?" "Well, she weighs over two hundred."—Life.

**Too Low for Her.**  
He—"What do you say to a tramp in the park?" She—"I never speak to them."—Carnegie Puppets.

**Essential.**  
Newrich—"A man can get along without ancestors." Friend—"True, but his children can't."

**A Misunderstanding.**  
"Is this a second-hand store?" "Yesum."  
"Well, I want one for my watch."

**Married Life.**  
"Well, how's married life? Does your wife judge you harshly?" "I'm on probation most of the time."

**Not Such Good Luck.**  
Youngwife—"It was just by luck that I was able to get this steak." Young husband—"It was sure tough luck."

**Moving Verse.**  
"I wonder why that poem keeps running in my head." "Exercising its feet, I suppose."

**Couldn't Fill 'Em.**  
"I clothed my husband with my ideals."  
"I see, and the clothes didn't fit."—Boston Transcript.

**One for the Other.**  
"Jones says he has a hen that laid 200 eggs last year." "Some layer, eh?" "Either that or her owner is some liar."

**His Love Died.**  
We sat across from each other in school. I was sixteen and she was fifteen. I fell violently in love with her rosy complexion and beautiful blonde wavy hair.  
One day, on the pretense of returning a book, I appeared at her house and rang the doorbell. "Behold! My love died a violent death. There stood my queen with her hair done tightly up in curl papers, minus her beautiful complexion, and barefooted. I ran without returning the book and never returned."—Chicago Journal.

**Preparing for Increased Business.**  
"Rastus," said the judge sternly, "you are found guilty of having stolen two chickens from Mr. Robinson's coop last week. The fine will be five dollars."  
Smiling complacently, Rastus approached the clerk of the court and laid a \$10 bill on the desk. "So ah gives you ten bucks which will pay up to an 'incidin' nex' Sattidy night."—Lawyer and Banker.

**Worse Still.**  
"Your husband has been ill?" asked the vicar who was paying his monthly call.  
"Yes," replied the worried-looking woman. "He has been feeling very bad. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him."  
"Is his condition critical?"  
"It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh; "it's abusive."—London Tit-Bits.

**A One-inch Manu.**  
"I didn't know a hog had so many ribs," said an Englishman a few days ago.  
Inquiry by a companion who heard the remark developed the fact that the man had bought a full set of hog ribs several days before only to find that no member of the family, besides himself, would eat them, and ribs had been served him at every meal since that time.

**The Reason.**  
"I make my children mind, or know the reason why?" declared Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge to the geists assembled in the crossroads store.  
"Well, what is the 'pu'-reason why?" sarcastically inquired old man Sockery.  
"They generally don't want to; that's the confound 'em!—reason why!"—Kansas City Star.

**A Word Picture.**  
The little girl of eight had returned from school and was telling her parents about the picture they were going to get for their rooms at school. "Well," said she, "it is a picture of Washington, I think, giving up his sword and going back to be a human."  
China's New Air Mail Service.  
A number of Chinese students are undergoing a special course of training to equip them for piloting the airplanes that are used in the newly-established mail route in China between Peking, Tientsin and Shanghai. A fact it was necessary to employ for sign posts.

**Too Much Noise.**  
Clancy—"Why won't you let me know you?"  
Nancy—"Mother's asleep in the next room and it might wake her up."

## IMAGINATION

By L. A. CHILD  
(©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**JAMES AUGUSTUS MEADE**, if you don't stop flashing that buglight up and down the road, I'm going straight home! Just as if there isn't enough light with the moon shining on the road, and all! That thing makes me dizzy!" Maise's pert little head went up in the air with such force as to almost shake the gray fur turban off her curly brown locks, and she thrust her hands deep down into the pockets of her ulster as she strode on.  
"Well, gee whiz," responded her companion aggrievedly, "these roads are slippery and I don't want to break my neck. Land knows, I'd rather be sitting in your parlor, listening to you play the piano. Aw, say, Maise, this is the third time I've asked you—don't you think you could hitch up with me, and let's have a parlor of our own?"  
"Marry you! I guess not! The man I marry"—here she stamped her foot emphatically—"must be a man of imagination!"

And as if that settled it, she strode on faster than ever.  
Dick kept pace with her, feeling decidedly miserable, and not knowing, of course, that she felt the same way. She really liked Dick, and didn't mean to quarrel with him, but she was what her mother called a "sentimental little puss"—and Dick was not. And so they kept on walking, farther and farther down the road.

Suddenly, out of the stillness of the night, came the most horrible shriek either of them had ever heard. It sounded like a woman who was being strangled—wild and uncanny—  
"What's that?" cried Maise, clutching at Dick's arm in a frenzy of terror. Even Dick stood still in his tracks, and stiffened his backbone, as if for a fight.  
"It seems to come from that little bungalow over there," he said, "though there's no light in it. Lonesome spot, too," he added grimly.

"Oh—what shall we do?" wailed Maise.  
"Help—murder—ouch—he's killing me! Let go—oh! oh—" the cries ended in a long-drawn-out wail.  
"Gosh—I can't stand here and listen to that!" decided Dick. "Here, Maise, you stay right here until I come back."  
"Oh, Dick—don't go in there—you'll be killed!"  
But Dick was gone. Maise watched him leap over the low stone wall, flash his dimpled electric torch on the front wooden door, and launch himself against it—all this while those blood-curdling yells continued. Then she heard a crash of splintering wood, followed by the sound of breaking glass.

And having decided that Dick was the only man she'd ever love, and that she'd marry him, imagination or not, if only he'd come out of that awful bungalow alive, she fainted dead away.  
When she came to she found herself supported by a pair of muscular arms, belonging to a young man who grinned at her rather foolishly, and whose right temple bore a nasty gash, from which a little river of blood trickled in several directions down his face. By the light of the "bug" she recognized Dick, and although a certain twinkle in his brown eyes set her to wondering, she started in to tell him what she meant to do once, for fear her courage might desert her.

"Oh—Dick, dear, I thought you were killed! And I do love you, and I'll marry you any time you say—I don't care whether you have any imagination or not! Oh—you're hurt—you're hurt!"  
"Head's all blood—what did they do to you?" Maise struggled to her feet and began tenderly to wipe the blood from his face and straighten out his smooth black hair. At another faint shriek from the direction of the bungalow she shuddered and drew close to Dick.  
"Oh! please let's go home—why, Dick Meade! What are you laughing at?" she demanded.

Before he could answer, however, clearer came a call from the bungalow—  
"Get out of here, you fool! go home! No, I don't eat crackers—my name ain't Polly—it's Marie—Marie!" A derisive shriek of laughter followed this.  
"Whatever on earth—" gasped Maise.  
"Yes, that's just what she said to me, after I cut my head on the banging lamp and flashed my light on her," laughed Dick. "The joke sure is on us. Looks as if you'd marry a man of imagination, after all—she didn't sound like a mere parrot when I first heard her! Must belong to some quarrelsome kide—the house was empty, family away, I suppose. I'll have a swell time explaining that broken door tomorrow." Then he turned suddenly to Maise, as if he had forgotten something important—  
"When do you say you'd marry me?" he insisted.

But Maise didn't get a chance to answer, for he was making up for lost time on the kisses he had forgotten to give her.  
And as they wandered away from the bungalow, arm in arm, the derisive voice of a lonely parrot shrieked after them:  
"Go home, you fool—go home—go home—go home!"  
But they didn't even hear it.

**Too Much Noise.**  
Clancy—"Why won't you let me know you?"  
Nancy—"Mother's asleep in the next room and it might wake her up."

## SAND-COLOR CANTON CREPE



Charming in its novelty is this three-piece suit of sand-colored canton crepe, box-plaited; and the smartly cut box coat of Paisley, with Paisley fringed scarf to match; and a hat of exquisite design.

## THE KNITTED CAPE POPULAR

Sports Garment is smart for Automobile Wear or for the Transatlantic Trip.  
The knitted cape is a smart thing for automobile wear and no transatlantic trip is quite complete without several smart capes, says a fashion writer in the New York Tribune. Sports capes of yellow wool striped in black are having very large distribution.

Suits consisting of a skirt and Russian blouse are finely knitted in artificial silk with beautiful patterns introduced in opposing colors. Thus, a red suit may have a design in deep purple, a lovely shade of yellow may be relieved by flame red or again two tones of mauve may be beautifully blended.

Sometimes the length of the sweater is bloused at a low waistline by means of an elastic girdle. Among the late models are those having fancy girdles, each one showing something a little different from the ordinary style of belting a sweater.

Knitted skirts in plain colors are worn with coats of embossed wool. Frequently such jackets are made in box effect with cutaway fronts, having rounding corners. These are distinctly on the lines of the tailored suit and fasten with one button at the waistline. Collars are made so flat they can be arranged high about the neck or folded back to form revers.

## SPRING MATERIALS

Silks and silk and wool in Jacquard weaves in plain colors or combinations, black and white and gray and white being stressed.  
Many printed crepes, both in white grounds, with var-colored figures, and in paisley and oriental and Egyptian designs.  
Printed linens in pastel shades, sheer chiffon voiles in roder effects and stripes and gayly colored figures are being used for morning dresses.

Many printed voiles and chiffons in bright colors, on black, gray, blue or white grounds.  
Mistresses for frocks and separate capes with collars of summer fur is being worn, particularly in white.  
Dotted swiss is beginning to make its appearance. Gingham is seen less than usual.

Handkerchief linens in plain colors with fine needlework and entre deux fagoting and hemstitching are noted. Flat crepes, crepe roma, canton and roshanara crepe for morning and afternoon dresses.  
Roder cotton kasha with red, blue, green and yellow or black figures on ground of white, blue or yellow.

White batiste or handkerchief linen embroidered with colored tambour cotton stimulating India prints.  
Ribbon Trimmings.  
A simple and inexpensive way of making ribbon rosettes for trimmings: Cut a circle of buckram about two and a half inches across. First stitch the ribbon onto the center of the buckram circle. Then twist the ribbon away from you and stitch firmly at each twist. Keep twisting the ribbon round until all the buckram is covered.

**Styles in Gingham.**  
Gingham gowns are embellished with cross-stitch embroidery and narrow edgings and trills of organdie. The colors are as brilliant or subdued as one desires.

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