

The Ear Drop Hat Accentuates Present Mode of the Earring



Taking advantage of the present vogue of earrings, fashion milliners have produced this ear drop hat. It is made of black cloth with a pompon ostrich plume just above the left ear.

DRESS WITH MAGYAR BODICE SYSTEM IN LETTER WRITING

Using Oak-Colored Cashmere for Material, This Costume Will Make Up Handsomely.

The dress we show here is in oak-colored cashmere; down the center front is a band of brown satin with fringed ends; the left side of cashmere is cut in a slant to lie over the satin below knees. The edge is trimmed with satin-covered buttons.



The Magyar bodice is similar cut and has a band of satin down front, buttons trimming the left front, which crosses over to waist. The collar and sleeve trimmings are of brown and cream striped satin; yoke of piece lace and under-sleeves of coarse mesh set over cream plon.

DOES AWAY WITH THE CORSET

Experiment of French Modiste That Is in the Nature of a Sartorial Revolution.

A very famous French modiste has started a revolution of a sartorial order, without any kind of a corset. "But," exclaims the well-dressed woman, "it is an impossibility to wear such a gown!" The figure will appear loose and untidy, the gowns without fit, and the appearance will be ruined by such a preposterous fashion.

Laurie's Unexpected Game

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

"Well, hello!" said the big hunter clad in brown corduroy. "What if I had mistaken you for a rabbit or a deer, and shot you?"

"You might have missed me. There are lots of folks that carry a gun that can't shoot and hit a thing. Maybe you can, though. I don't mean that you couldn't, but I mean that you, pushed by the man's sudden laughter, 'That's all right. You didn't hurt my feelings. Your remark couldn't have been personal, for I have never been in these mountains before, and you don't know a thing about me. Aren't you getting out here? What that you are doing?"

"I'm getting galax leaves for Miss Anne's shrine."

"Oh, is there a Catholic about here?"

"I don't know 'bout her being a Catholic," answered Kitty. "These are for a love shrine. It's all like the most beautiful every mother says. We think Miss Anne's love died."

"Yes, women usually erect shrines after their lovers have gone," said Laurie. "I'm glad you're here. I'd rather get a few flowers while I am living than have a cemetery full after I am dead."

"Are you going up the mountain?" asked Kitty. "If you are, I wish you'd carry this little basket of hickory nuts. Miss Anne wants them for a cake."

"I'll carry them for you," answered the hunter gallantly, "but not for a hysterical woman who builds shrines to dead men."

"Well, I don't care who you think you're doing it for," said Kitty stub-



They Had Come in Sight of the Cottage.

bornly. "Just so Miss Anne gets them. She's going to stay here all winter. Mother's very glad, for it's company for us. You know, my father sells lumber, and mother and I are staying in the mountains this winter so as not to leave him alone so much."

"Can you do it with that gun and the big six-foot maul along beside the rocky road, then she stumbles and sitting down in the road calmly answered, "You go to Miss Anne's cottage—you go to before you do to the hotel where we stay—let me send somebody after me, I'm too tired to move this. "Get up out of that cold ground," demanded Laurie. "I'll carry you."

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It's difficult for a man who is broke to break into society.

"Fish Eye" is epidemic in the Spring. Try Murre for Reliable Relief.

It's easier for a man to make money if he isn't on speaking terms with his conscience.

Freddie—Say, dad, what's morbid curiosity?

Cobbinger—That's what the fellow has a brain in ahead of you and keeps you from seeing anything.

Shoemaker.

He—Well, my dear, what did the landscape gardener I sent out from town say about making the artificial grove? He wanted it?

She—He was more precise about it. He told me the site we wanted wasn't worth a dam.

Denied the Allegation.

"You are being trodden under foot," howled the campaign orator. "You are surrounded by neutrals—there is a paranoiac standing at your very elbow. —" "Stop right there," cried Pat. "I don't know where a par-pot—there's not one of 'em here tellers in the whole crowd. Me and Mike don't associate with such 'bloomin' furnurers."

Filipinos Diatribe Autos.

The reckless and insolent automobilist is hated by neutrals in the Philippines, where most of the motorists are foreigners, and where the natives have been used to loiter comfortably in the roads after the fashion of easygoing southern country. The automobiles have long been a grievance, but failing to secure effective regulation the Filipinos have adopted the practice of rolling big boulders into the roadway as a hint not to tussle against a breakneck speed.

Convenient Code.

Frank I. Cobb used to be a reporter in Detroit and knew intimately a former legislator of that State of Michigan, who was renowned among other things for his ability as a free-hand exposé.

One night Cobb was dining with the governor and his family. A message came in to tell the host that one of his pet political schemes had just been defeated through the bungling of a lieutenant. The old man ripped out a string of dark blue ones.

"Now, just," said his wife, "I promised you you would quit cursing."

"Marie," said the governor, "I'm not cursing—this is just the way I talk!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Up and Down.

Senator Davis, in an interview at Ozark decided good humoredly the aristocratic pretensions that too many Americans, as soon as they get rich, assume.

"It's hard to be aristocratic in a democracy like this," said Senator Davis. "We've got no criterion, no measure, and hence, as aristocrats, we never can tell where we stand."

"Mrs. Dash is no longer in our set," a woman once said at a tea.

"Yes, so I understand," said another woman.

"Yes, went on the first woman with a haughty sneer, "yes, she dropped out some time ago."

"That so?" said the other. "I was under the impression that she climbed out."

Something in It.

Governor Heryll Carroll of Iowa has an amusing story of a state senator whose amusing appearance might possibly lead to his being elected as a laboring man, but who is as sensitive as a woman to all unpleasant circumstances.

"This man," said Governor Carroll, "happened to be standing outside a Des Moines undertaking establishment when I was on a friendly call on political matters, but one of the employes came out of the shop and said:

"You'll give us a lift with a casket?"

"The senator shuddered and replied heartily:

"Is there—is there—anything in it?"

"Sure," came the hearty reply, "there's a couple of drinks in it!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

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DUTCH VIEW.

His Number.

He gazed tenderly into her eyes as she spoke.

"Liz," she murmured dreamily, "after all, nothing but a romance in which we are characters, moving hither and yon as the supreme author of our being directs."

"And in the novel of your life," said he, tenderly, "where do I come in?"

"You?" she answered with a smile. "Oh, you are—let me see—one, two, three—you are Chap Seventeen."—Harper's Weekly.

Out.

Years had passed, the political equality of the sexes were fait accompli, and a certain candidate for the presidency had but now been knocked, in a dignified manner, into a cocked hat.

Her humiliation was complete. But although she declined to talk for publication, her friends were less reticent.

Hats of that shape," they protested, with much feeling, "went out ages ago!"—Puck.

Very Improper.

Howell—Why is it that Harvard doesn't want to play Carlsbad again?

Powell—I believe the Cambridge boys caught the Indians doing something reprehensible.

Nothing disappoints some women more than to find that a scandal isn't after all.

Why Should a Chicken Lay a Soft-Shelled Egg?

Because, Willie, the chicken don't know how to create a hard-shelled egg unless it has some food with lime in it.

So chicken-raisers often provide limestone gravel, broken oyster shells or some other form of lime.

Let the chicken wander free and it finds its own food and behaves sensibly. Shut it up and feed stuff lacking lime and the eggs are soft-shelled. Why's step from chickens to human beings.

Let's be a child "backward" and why does a man or woman have nervous prostration or brain-lag? There may be a variety of reasons but one thing is certain.

If the food is deficient in Phosphate of Potash the gray matter in the nerve centers and brain cannot be rebuilt each day to make good the cells broken down by the activities of yesterday.

Phosphate of Potash is the most important element Nature demands to unite albumin and water to make gray matter.

Grape-Nuts food is heavy in Phosphate of Potash in a digestible form.

A chicken can't always select its own food, but a thoughtful man can select suitable food for his children, wife and himself.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan

Explore Cave in California

A cave of rare beauty and unknown length has been discovered in the mountains north of the Santa Cruz portland cement plant, California, by workmen of the quarry. They came upon the open cavity while tunneling under some loose rock which probably had been blasted. Particular attention was paid to the cave until a timekeeper at the quarry, who accompanied the explorers, gave a stout cord as a guide, the men traversed the cave for 700 feet, but made no attempt to feel their way through other passages from the main entrance. They went through the opening cut made by the tunnelmen and ventured into the first chamber of the cave. Passing through rough passages with the aid of a dim torch they entered a chamber in which there were stalactites hanging from the roof in the form of a waterfall, some of them 20 to 30 feet long and fully a foot through. The walls were covered as snow

white. Before emerging from the cave they picked out a crystal from the floor.

Couldn't Resist.

Willie and Tommy were each given a bit of snuff's wedding cake, nicely wrapped in white tissue paper, by their romantic new bride, who was to be placed under each pillow for the wedding day.

After the happy and the good night's had been duly said the mother retired to the sitting room.

Shortly afterward she heard the announcement in a clear, boyish treble:

"Mother, Willie's eaten his dream!"

"What's that?"

"Some Teacher, Probably."

"Daubley says he is wedded to his art."

"Hum!"

"What do you think?"

"He ought to thank the man who performed the ceremony."