

The Interference of Pa.

"When a fellow takes to wearing a shirt with a bosom like a skating rink and mink and with his completion, it is a sure sign he is courting; and that is what John Wilcox, Jr., is up to, as sure as I am on this chair."

John Wilcox, Sr., twisted his legs in a congratulatory embrace at his own powers of discernment.

"What makes you think so, pa?" asked his wife.

"I don't think, I know. What's more, I can lay my finger on the gal."

"Who is it?" questioned his wife, eagerly.

"Nobody in this town. Junior has run through the hull list, and there ain't none of 'em to his liking; so he has struck a new trail."

"Do tell me, pa," pleaded Mrs. Wilcox.

"Well, I'll tell you as far as I know, which to my thinking is far enough. I heard the fellows in town most and hydrophobic over a gal from the city, who is elocuting in the town hall on an evening. Since I heard it that slippery shirt bosom of Junior's popped into my head, I put it parallel with that gal in my mind and it didn't take me long to see there was bound to meet up with each other sooner or later."

"When I got that point of view I strolled down to the town hall to get another. I sneaked in and took a back seat. The first thing I knew was a stout, round, balding fellow, walking across the platform nodding her yellow head like a tassel of corn in the breeze."

"She talked like she was haunted, kind of scary and mysterious. I'll be darned if it didn't give me the creeps to listen."

"I looked to see how Junior was taking it in and, ma, that boy's heart was beating right at his ears. Any gal with a grain of sense, who sees him looking at her like that, would know he was head over heels in love with her. Now the question is what's to be done about it."

"Done about it?" repeated his wife indignantly.

"That's what I said. I ain't going to have no son of mine marry a public speaker. I've women folks in my family has always had a back seat, and I ain't going to let mine take it."

"Ma, if you had the gumption of a plucked chicken you would go to her and say we would be much obliged if she would light out again."

"Me!" gasped Mrs. Wilcox in horror. "I wouldn't do such a thing for a thousand dollars."

"Then I will! I have always noticed," declared Mr. Wilcox bitterly, "that it's the one to eat all the drum sticks and do all the talking in this family; but thank the Lord, I'm equal to it!"

"Ma," whispered Mr. Wilcox agitatedly as he thrust his head into the sitting-room a few evenings later, "where is Junior?"

"He is upstairs."

Mr. Wilcox inserted his whole body into the room and closed the door softly.

"How did he get on, ma?"

"He didn't act at all; just went quietly to his room. What do you mean?"

"His gal is dead," announced Mr. Wilcox tragically, "and I killed her!"

Mrs. Wilcox gave a suppressed scream.

"There ain't nothing left for me but to have a private hanging of the self," groaned Mr. Wilcox, mopping his forehead excitedly. "Junior don't know I had a hand in it; but he knows she's dead and he's most crazy. I'll never be able to look that boy in the face again."

"How did it happen, pa?" breathed his wife anxiously.

"Well, I went to her as I said I would, and told her in so many words that Junior was the pride of my life. I had my plans all laid for his advancement and I didn't want them upset by her."

"I didn't say much but managed to convey the impression that he considered a polio as an honorable member of society compared to me. She said she thought too much of Junior to stand in his way, and that she would leave the house, though she had intended to stop longer. The train she went on was wrecked, and she's lying this minute as dead as a mackerel."

"But, pa, it wasn't your fault," asserted his wife with visible relief.

"It hadn't been for me she would be in the town hall right now, and that poor boy upstairs would not be lying there with his heart broken. It is of no use, ma. I did it. He broke off flirtatiously as some one knocked at the door and went to see who it was."

A telegram was handed in addressed to "J. Wilcox, Jr." Mr. Wilcox wratched it from the envelope and read: "Lady in question not seriously injured. He gave a wild whoop and throwing the message at his astonished wife, dashed upstairs."

"Junior," he shouted, bursting in to the room, "what do you mean by laying there like a carved figure on a monument when your gal is needing you? She ain't much hurt, son. Go and fetch her here and let your ma nurse her up. You might kind of throw in that boy's name you."

"I'll be willing to bet my best hat," reflected Wilcox, in a moment of rational calmness, "that if I had sense enough to keep my tongue out of this affair, things would never have come to a climax."

TABLOID INFORMATION.

The Chinese produce goldfish two feet in length.

Black pearls are the most valuable, then pink, white and lastly yellow. Australia and Argentina lead the world in the number of horses and cattle.

The tobacco field of Siam embraces 6,000 acres.

The atmosphere of London's subway is now made to resemble that of the seaside by pumping ozone into them.

In Belgium a circulating library is established in connection with the postal service bureau.

As a result of the offer of the Poole (England) Council to pay a reward for every rat killed, 1,523 were accounted for during three months.

The churchyard at Plympton, Devon, is a yew tree whose age is calculated at 1,000 years and which is doubtless the oldest in the country.

The glasses used in Hungarian cafes will be numbered in the near future as a means of preventing the spread of disease by the promiscuous interchange of drinking glasses.

Acting and reciting are prescribed in the manufacture of pills as a means of curing their troubles. It is argued that this art takes them so effectively away from themselves that their ailments are gradually forgotten.

Australia has cows enough to give each man, woman and child in the island continent three apiece; while the Argentine can do even better. There are five cattle to each inhabitant in the big South American Republic.

When it was first put before the public, the filament of the Tungsten lamp was so delicate that it would be often shattered by careless handling, and it was impossible to place them where they were subject to vibration, for the life of a lamp under such circumstances was necessarily short.

The improvements made in the manufacture of filaments of this character have been very rapid, and at an electrical show all sorts of stunts were done with the tiny wire made for use in the lamp. Heavy pieces of furniture were suspended by one of these thread-like cords, and they were subjected to other tests of this character and equally severe.

It is claimed that a wire of Tungsten may now be made with the same five times the strength of that of the best steel, and has shown a strength of 500,000 pounds to the square inch.

TABLOID INFORMATION.

A pinless hat for women books around the head with hooks and eyes.

Ducks are trapped wholesale in France by means of a searchlight.

A Missouri boy made \$300 growing sweet peas on one-third of an acre.

Pacific Coast people are working up a taste for the eggs of the sea gull, and it has developed a promising industry.

The six leading states in toe nail industry are Michigan, New York, Ohio, Kansas, Louisiana and California.

Permanent magnets of cast iron are being made commercially at a saving in cost of from 25 to 50 per cent over those of steel.

There is a marked decrease in the amount of lumber cut in the district of the great lakes, owing to the decline in the sources of supply.

A year's product of the silk worm, stretched into a single thread, would stretch around the world once and a quarter million times.

The newest method of combating the domestic nuisance, the house fly, is by the combination of a garbage pail and a fly trap. The trap is a gauze bulb which fits over a hole in the top of the can, that is, the lid. This opening in the lid of the can is several inches in diameter, and the gauze is made to fit tightly over it. The other smaller opening at the side of the can through which the fly is allowed to enter. In endeavoring to leave the interior of the can the insect will invariably seek to do so through the larger opening at the side of the can, through which it is led into the trap.

TABLOID INFORMATION.

The Amsterdam diamond trade consists of seventy-five firms, employing 10,000 workmen.

The average number of Alpine fatalities during the past ten years has been 100 per cent.

Berlin's dog population has been recently decimated as a result of an increased tax on canines.

German autografts wait to abolish the use of the word "fraudulent" and propose "fraud" for general use.

The United States has a cake baking plant capable of turning out 20,000 loaves daily.

The cosmopolitan character of the Pacific Coast is being increased by an influx of Huns.

The raising of gold fish is an industry which has been conducted in China from remote times.

Oriental people are displacing native seamen on British ships over the extent which is alarming the government.

The barbers of London threaten to decline the patronage of those who have themselves and visit the barber only for a hair cut.

Nearly \$100,000,000 has been spent in a few months on new buildings in New York.

A Filipino Fairy Tale

It happened a long time ago that there dwelt on the side of the mountain Tongo, a man named Nantoneka. Now he was a famous hunter, and the strongest man in those parts, so that he was very well thought of and much respected. He could scale cliffs such as few others dared to attempt. But he was the owner of the bow that he had surpassed all others whomsoever. His bow, which was named Ulumeet, meaning the treestump, was the stiffest ever known, and no other man could make shift to bend it in the very least. But he drew it back till it looked like the new moon, the neck of the arrow touching his ear, which he then sent whistling away like the steams of a locomotive driven before the hurricane.

Nantoneka had a daughter, Koko, named for koku, the wind-bell, which grows on the mountain and blooms when the rain comes. She was the most beautiful creature for leagues around. More beautiful than tongsu can tell. Her hair was very long and fine, and her eyes like small sapphires. Her skin was so beautiful and so graceful as the young reeds waving by the pool in the moonlight. Of lovers she of course had more than enough, since no young man could come to her without straightway coming to love her past all reason. Old Nantoneka counted no less than three scores who had asked leave to pay court to her, and he declared the thing to be a great nuisance.

One day he went outside his door with Ulumeet in his hand, and an arrow with a gold tip, and taking his stand he drew the neck of the arrow to his ear, and then it whistled in the wind across a level before his house farther than any arrow had ever been shot before. Finally it came down and stuck up straight in the ground, and Nantoneka said:

"There, the man who can stand with his knee against that arrow and land another within three paces of my door shall have Koko for his wife, and none other shall."

Heavy, pieces of furniture were suspended by one of these thread-like cords, and they were subjected to other tests of this character and equally severe.

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"But I could never draw it," answered Nantoneka.

"Did you come here for my help or to tell me what I already know?" growled the bear.

So Nantoneka went off and did as the bear told him.

Now it happened that old Songo was just as much in love with Koko as any of the rest of them, but, being only a bear, he was not a demon who was no better than he should be at the worst, he knew he could never hope to win her. So what should he do? He was a famous hunter, and the strongest man in those parts, so that he was very well thought of and much respected. He could scale cliffs such as few others dared to attempt. But he was the owner of the bow that he had surpassed all others whomsoever. His bow, which was named Ulumeet, meaning the treestump, was the stiffest ever known, and no other man could make shift to bend it in the very least. But he drew it back till it looked like the new moon, the neck of the arrow touching his ear, which he then sent whistling away like the steams of a locomotive driven before the hurricane.

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REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

How duty looks depends on whether it's yours or somebody else's.

It's queer how phantasies in flat houses won't play till after midnight. Sometimes a man can learn to understand his family by trying to understand himself.

All a woman's female relatives are mad with her if she doesn't take them along when she goes to buy a gown.

It doesn't take a woman more than a second to make up her mind not to like another who is better looking than she is.

After the marriage altar begins the cure.

Contradicting the cook is about the insanest thing.

Young people can have a very good time by not following old people's advice.

A woman's part of the admiration a woman can feel for a man is because he has to shave.

Women might vote less on principles than men, but they'd be pretty sure to vote more on conscience.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A man is willing his wife should have some of the bed covers till cold nights come.

You can hate a man good and hard for liking to get up early so that he is held up to you as an example.

A girl doesn't have to fool her mother about how she isn't crazy over men; her mother fools herself about it.

If the baby never stopped yelling its mother would say it was just every that made the neighbors mention it.

It's easier for your lawyer to get money out of a law suit for you than for any other man to be left over for you to get out of him.

Anyhow a girl would rather go to school than help her mother at home.

Some people never seem satisfied with anything in life except when they are asleep.

If a man can tell the difference between coffee and muddy water he thinks he's a food expert.

A woman thinks a seven-story hat is as fat as a frying pan if the fashion is eight stories.

In the Sunday school books a boy gets the bellyache from stealing apples; in real life he only gets a whaling.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

After all, lunacy in a man is only somebody else's opinion.

A man will take a bigger risk with his soul than with his money.

The reason a man has a hobby is so he can be disgusted if he wants to talk to him about yours.

A woman thinks she eats no more than a bird just because it is less cream and cake luscious.

Being generous at your father's expense is a lot more satisfactory than having your son generous at your expense.

First we wish for rain, then we wish it would stop.

Experience gives you a look back which never seems to help you at a look forward.

A man begins to think he has a genius for politics just as soon as he is introduced to a boss.

A woman is about as happy as she can possibly be when she gets all the family in one photograph.

No matter how many more cigars a man uses day by day he can't be convinced he isn't cutting down his smoking.

You'll never catch a girl pouting when it's unbecoming to her. A whole family will have to poke an open fire, but not will offer to tend the furnace.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A girl is more surprised to get a proposal from a man when it's her own doing than when it's her mother's.

About the time a man makes a little money several thousand people come around to get it away from him.

If a woman is expecting her husband to bring her home some money and tell her to buy a new hat that she is liable instead to borrow care from her father to get to the office in the morning.

Scandal needs more care than flowers and gets less than weeds.

A man can think he's a lover of nature to know a violet from a cabbage.

A woman knows her husband is smart in business by how he thinks he ought to have more salary.

No man has a large enough hospitality not to feel cheated when somebody else is sitting in his favorite chair.

What makes a girl so nervous about passing twenty-eight without being married is pretty soon she'll want to add a she's twenty-three.

A girl's younger brother is claiming he's thirty.

A man will never lie to his wife if he hasn't one.

Reform comes as far away from a man as possible.

Tables make some families comfortable by there not being any in the house.

A girl seems to think curly hair is man's shoulder better than any other kind.

The latching always hangs out to the rich.

WOMEN SOCIETY DRUNKS WORST

Those in Social Life Who Tiptle Hopeless Because of Temptations and Swift Pace

CHAMPAGNE BILL \$100 A WEEK

Girls in Teens Indulge Publicly With Men Companions—The Abstemious, Unobtrusive Young Woman of the Past Generation Now Non-Vivante

New York—The society woman of all persons in the world, is most difficult to cure of drunkenness. Indeed, the task of getting her on the water wagon is nearly hopeless. Not of her can it be said in the words of a moral and deservedly popular melody: "She was drunk last night, dear mother."

She was drunker the night before; But if she ever gets drunk again, She'll never get drunk any more! She will, almost invariably, if she's a society house.

Such, at least, has been the experience of Dr. John Duncanson Quackenbush, who has treated more than 1,000 alcoholic patients by mental suggestion. "While I have been able to cure 75 per cent of other cases," he told the Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Narcotics the other day, "I have found that society women were almost without the pale of hope."

"In the name of logic, why?" I asked Dr. Quackenbush. "I should think that a woman of wealth and position would have quite special incentives for overcoming a disgusting vice of which she would presumably be an inadvertent victim."

"The woman drunkard of society can so rarely be cured because she can so rarely be induced to keep out of temptation," he explained. "It is nearly impossible to persuade her to give up the elaborate luncheons and dinners, the balls and theatricals, the parties and the social life. And yet on all these occasions she will meet with temptation in its most insidious form. Just one cocktail! Just a sip of punch! Just half a glass of champagne! Please like these will best her on every hand, and her yielding is practically foredoomed."

"Then you believe that women drink more copiously and more frequently than in former years?" I questioned.

"The notable increase in the consumption of stimulants, especially among the upper classes, has been estimated at 10 per cent during the last decade in the case of men. Among women the percentage is much larger and is especially alarming."

"When the American woman gives herself up to anything, she pushes her devotion to the utmost limits. She affects a habit she affects it in the superlative degree. I have treated one lady whose weekly bill for champagne alone exceeded \$100. The punch-bowl figures at all functions, and proud women dip from them 30 drinking under where one drank a dozen years ago."

"School misses and college girls are conspicuous among the throng. Debutantes, necessarily of the fast set, unobtrusively assert a right to drink wine and smoke cigarettes at luncheons and levees, to say nothing of private indulgence. Not a few of this class, as well as young married women, have been brought to my office in a state of intoxication. Such has become the vogue."

"Worse than this, girls in their teens see no impropriety in drinking publicly with men companions. Flushed with alcohol, they are likely to forget the restraints of modesty. The conversation tends to subjects which should not be named in decent society, profanity is tolerated, and when constraints of self-respect break down with the moral elements of the brain cells, gross indiscretions are a natural consequence."

"The abstemious, unobtrusive young woman of the past generation is giving room to a coarse and vicious non-vivante, controlled by unworthy impulses, and wholly unfit to fulfill her function in society as an inspirer to meritorious action, or her function in the home as a character former, a wife and a mother."

Dr. Quackenbush's indictment is particularly severe because it is leveled by a man who expressly declares that he is not a fanatic on temperance questions. He sees no reason why a woman should not drink a glass of light wine or even of champagne with her dinner if she cares to do so. It is the immoderate use of the more dangerous forms of alcohol which he deprecates.

"Why should a woman drink a cocktail?" he exclaimed indignantly. "It's a vile mixture that should be swallowed by nobody. And how many women nowadays have the highball habit! They may drink it served in a teapot at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but it's a highball just the same. In the suburban towns a common practice is for them to stop for a drink, perhaps for several, on the way home from church. They drop in for a brief call on an acquaintance and a round of cocktails is necessary before they leave."