

Pig-Headed or Soft-Hearted?

"He says he will be miserable unless I marry him," said the positive girl. "You must decide for yourself," answered Miss Cayenne...

His Gain

"So Maude refused to marry Jack after all. I suppose he's heartbroken." "Oh, no. He says things worked out pretty well. You see, he asked for a raise in pay thinking he was about to get married and received it, so he's that much ahead of the game."

SOMETHING TO SUIT



The Cook—Should I make a nice cottage pudding for dessert? Mrs. Justwood—Certainly not. Don't you know we're not living in a cottage? Make a flat pudding instead.

Logical

"But," protested Reginald, "don't you cook much more for dinner than we can use, dearie?" "Of course," returned the young wife. "Of course, I do. Still, if I didn't, how could I economize by making left-over dishes?"

Fifty-Fifty

Dorcas—I notice you don't always use the broad 'u' in pronouncing the word half. Phillipa—I know it. But the time I saw half and half the time I say haf.

Value Received

"Here's a quarter for you," "Thanks," said the fortune teller. "You will soon inherit \$20,000." "Is that all?" "That is all I can afford to prophesy for 25 cents."

Answer Prepared

Credit Customer—I have a question I've wanted to ask you for weeks. Storekeeper—Go ahead. I've had an answer ready for months.—The Progressive Grocer.

The Sense of the Meeting

"Look-a-beeh, black boy; if you takes my girl out again I'll show you fall-guotes." "Hroohah, Ah hopes you does"—California Pelican.

Heard on the Campus

First Mail-Order Student—What's biology? Second Mail-Order Student—Must be in the selling course.

His Last Hope

Benevolent Mrs. Smithers (who has discovered a youthful dancer in her dining room)—Young man—instead of sending you to jail I've decided to give you another chance. Burglar—Thank yer, mum, thank yer. Only when yer do, mum, will yer see that them chains ain't in the way?—Saratoga Herald.

SUPPLYING THE MEANS



His Wife—I saw a lovely gown that I can get for a mere song. Mr. Tuneliff—Here's a receipt that I wrote the other day. Take it and get the dress.

Uncommon

A little stock of common sense will boost you on your way; but common sense, you'll find, is not as common as they say.

Saved!

Alf (shipwrecked)—Ow far would yer say land was, Bill? Bill—Mile an' a half. 'Ef you far can yer swim? Alf—I can only manage a mile, Bill. Bill—Then we'll just do it between us. I can swim 'arf a mile.—Goblin.

Not Particular

"I suppose," said the kindly landlady, looking through his pocket-book for a new note, "you would rather have clean money?" "Oh, that's all right, sir," said the taxi-driver. "I don't care how you made your money."

Liquid Measure

Teacher—Johnny, what is it called when four persons are singing? Johnny—A quartet. Teacher—And William, what is it when two persons are singing? Willie (after brief hesitation)—A pintet.

WHERE MOST SEEN



"America is characterized by bigness." "Yes—very noticeable in the swelled heads!"

Cultural Preponderance

The intellectuals 'mong mankind Outnumber other flaps. For every mason you will find A dozen allitists.

In Furnished Rooms

By EDITH H. OLIVER

AT FIFTEEN Adolphus Dodson became a messenger in the 17th National bank. He was promoted slowly, but steadily, until he had a good position, and in the process he met Lucy Mears and fell in love with her.

He was an earnest, upright, honest, methodical, reliable and thrifty; thrifty, indeed, that he resolved not to tell Lucy of his love until he had another promotion; but when this occurred Lucy had gone away. He had lost her and his heart ached.

Adolphus had always lived in furnished rooms; he had dreamed of a home with Lucy, but now that was dead, lost forever. He landed at the Eureka restaurant. There was a story that the engineer in the factory at the rear blew the noon whistle without looking at his watch when he saw Adolphus standing in his doorway.

His own particular peg in the corner. Adolphus came in one day prepared to go through his invariable routine. He took off his overcoat and hung it on his arm; he took off his hat and detatched the folding nickel-plated coat hanger in its neat black case out of his pocket; patted his tie; smoothed his hat.

There was a soft flurry of gray feathers, a delicate breath of perfume, a side him, a delicate breath of perfume, floated through the air, and he found himself staring at a small figure in gray that was hanging a coat with a big gray collar and a big gray hat.

His own exclusive chair tilted against the table advised the world of its high mission, but the gray figure tilted it onto its four legs, sat in it and reached composure for the menu.

Adolphus stood there, staring at his coat and hat and the folding nickel-plated coat hanger in its neat black case, when the gray figure turned toward him and in an instant all the lonely years cried out on one another.

"Lucy!" He dropped his immaculate garments upon the floor and stammered forth an inarticulate flood of love and longing.

It was indeed Lucy. They ate an ecstatic meal together and agreed to meet and eat another next day. "They met every day after that in the Eureka, progressing in the most conventional steps through the calling of first names, the almost agonizing delight of surreptitious hand-clasp, until one day Adolphus asked the waiter for a glass of champagne for so long, and he thought it just exactly what it should be when she said she would answer him in a week.

"I'll call for you—darling," he said, in a trembling voice. "We will go out to dinner and—take a taxi drive up Riverside drive afterward."

Lucy murmured something he could not hear. "I can't hear you—darling—and how fortunate I remembered that you have never told me where you live."

Lucy murmured something else that he did not hear—she was so adorable. "I can hear you, dear, when you're in my cuff." He thrilled as her soft fingers touched his hand and his own closed over them and the happy cliff. Only one week and he could hold them as often as he wished.

For the first time in his life Adolphus Dodson could not go to sleep that night. He had found Lucy again; they were engaged; they were going to be married. He lay planning and thinking of all the wonderful years ahead together, lay so long that the gray dawn peered in at him before he went to sleep. The sun had been peering at him for some time before he awoke, and he had to hurry off to the bank without any breakfast and feeling horribly disheveled. He was disturbed all through his work, too, by the remembrance that it was the landlady's day, and he had not left the things for him. That, at least, was all right, though, for his landlady had given them and made out a bill in duplicate, just as he—Suddenly the world turned to a black chaos of despair as he remembered that the address was on the cuff of the shirt that he had not had time to change. His life had gone and he had not read it. He had gone to the laundry; but it had gone to the main depot at the Bronx. His sufferings hours of ignominy in overhauling uncounted hamper of other people's shirts.

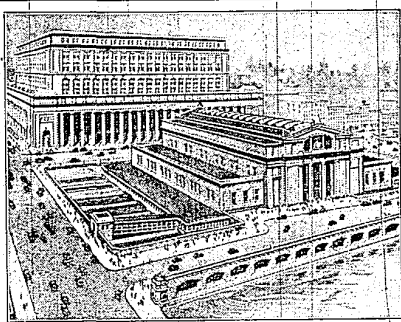
The next day he went early to the Eureka and established a costly and far-reaching system of espionage for ascertaining him instantly of Lucy's appearance, but all in vain. He managed to keep away in her adorable modesty until the week was up, and then she would wait and he would not come, and what could she think except that he had deserted her.

On the day that was to have been the happiest of his life he went mechanically through his work, and with despair in his heart sat long after the hours it was hopeless in the Eureka. Somehow the hours dragged themselves along—six o'clock came—the hour when he was to have called for her. He went to his room and sat there, staring out into the falling dusk. It was all over; he would never see her again! With no definite idea beyond escape from himself and his status. Someone was fumbling outside the door with a latch key, he tore the door impatiently open—and Lucy walked in, all sweet confusion when she saw him.

"I'm so sorry to be late," she said, "but I won't be a minute. If you don't mind I'll just run up and change my hat."

Adolphus stared at her. "Run up," he said stupidly. "Yes," said Lucy, "my room is on the top floor."

Latest Triumph in Railroad Engineering



THE completion of the new Chicago Union Station marks a noteworthy accomplishment in the history of important engineering undertakings, from which travelers from all parts of the United States will derive pleasure and benefit.

The station is without doubt one of the finest and most effectively designed railroad terminals in the world. It forms a vital link in the realization of the "Chicago City Beautiful Plan." Simplicity, accessibility and convenience for the traveling public are the essential virtues of the new terminal. Rest and recreation rooms, ticket offices, baggage shop, dining rooms, stores of various kinds, and almost every convenience known to travelers, are to be found on the one level, no steps to climb.

The main station is a low monumental type of building with a row of massive columns of classic design along the entire east front. Once inside, the traveler finds himself in a gigantic waiting room more than 100 feet high and brilliantly lighted through skylights in the great arched ceiling. Colonnades inclose the room, the walls of which are patterned after the architecture of ancient Rome. Beyond the room are the ultra-complete passenger terminal facilities. An innovation in railway terminal design is a conference room accommodating 125 people, which is available, without charge, to patrons of the Union Station lines for conferences and other meetings.

To give some idea of the immensity of the new station, it may be stated that the main building covers an area of about three acres with a concourse covering 60,000 square feet. The entire terminal facilities cover more than 35 acres and will expedite the prompt and satisfactory handling of 20,000 passengers, 400 tons of baggage and 300 trains daily with room for future expansion. Fifteen acres of glass were used in the various coverings over the train sheds, which extend more than 1,200 feet beyond the main structure. A total of 17,000 tons of concrete, 175,000 cubic feet of Indiana limestone and 10,000 cubic feet of granite were used in the station building and concourse. The foundation consists of 440 cylindrical concrete piers from four to ten feet in diameter, reaching to a depth of more than 30 feet below the level of the Chicago river.

Those who have had the privilege of inspecting the new station pronounce it a marvel in terminal construction and are urging their friends to see it on their next visit to Chicago. The station is used jointly by the Pennsylvania Railroad; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., and the Chicago & Alton R. R.

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Success in Adversity

Adversity is all right. Nobody ever became heavyweight champion by flinching little fellows.—Dutch Herald.

His Position Assured

A trapezoid never "falls" about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature and swings there just as easily as a star.—Edwin H. Chappin.

School for Public Health

A school for the teaching of public health is to be established by the London School of Tropical Medicine, at a cost of \$2,000,000.

Woman's Sight Superior

The vision of the average woman is considered to be keener than that of the average man.

SPECIAL!

Cord Tires \$9.95

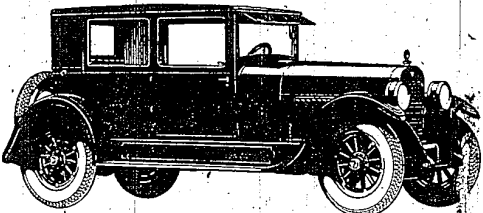
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Visit Detroit This Summer And Enjoy a Real Vacation

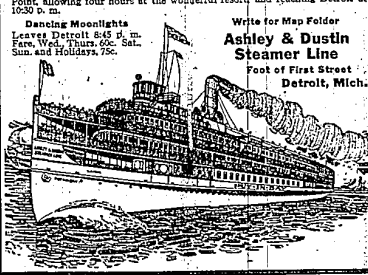
Put-In-Bay in Lake Erie

The most picturesque and delightful Summer pleasure island near Detroit. Every sport that pleases: fishing, dancing, sailing, explore the mysterious caves; see Perry's battle monument, picnic groves, athletic fields. Numerous fine hotels and cottages cater to Summer visitors and at reasonable prices. Stay a day or a week and enjoy yourself, forget your troubles and renew your health.

This beautiful island playground is reached only by the palatial and speedy day excursion steamer PUT-IN-BAY. One great deck devoted to dancing and music; artificial cabins and steam heat; electric fans; magnificent bathing beach and board walk; it is easily the Queen of the Great Lakes Summer resorts. On Fridays, after July 4, steamer Put-In-Bay gives an hour's excursion to Cedar Point, leaving four hours at the wonderful resort, and reaching Detroit at 10:30 p. m.

Cedar Point and Sandusky, Ohio

After leaving Put-In-Bay Island the steamer sails on through the narrow channels among the delightful Lake Erie Islands to Sandusky and Cedar Point, Ohio, the West. With its huge hotels, electric fans, magnificent bathing beach and board walk it is easily the Queen of the Great Lakes Summer resorts. On Fridays, after July 4, steamer Put-In-Bay gives an hour's excursion to Cedar Point, leaving four hours at the wonderful resort, and reaching Detroit at 10:30 p. m.



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