

Circumstances and lawyers alter cases.

Anyway, the unwritten law seems to have a lot written about it.

We are a good deal happier because of a lot of things we don't know.

Without the shedding of blood there seems to be no way of conquering the air.

Brag about a girl to her female friends if you would discover her faults.

The Seine seems to have acquired the Ohio river habit in getting over banks.

If you can't get what you want why don't you quit wanting it? It is merely a state of mind.

When the doctor tells a man to diet, the patient proceeds to refuse all the things he dislikes.

A regular feature of the Monday morning papers is the list of dead and injured among Sunday autoists.

Laura Jean Libbey, who advocates the kissless courtship, is pushing the most unpopular propaganda on record.

It is alleged as proof of a New York man's insanity that he was no good at bridge whist. This is very Gotham-esque.

Our idea of a strong minded woman is one who insists that she would rather have her clothes comfortable than fashionable.

A new card game popular in England is called "Rabbit." It should be explained that many Englishmen have chronic colds.

A boy committed suicide because he was compelled to give up school. It is not feared that there will be many cases of this sort.

Don't blame the faithful hen for rots, spots, leaks or specks. Her part of the work was all right. The storage companies did the rest.

A scientist who recently tried to hypnotize a dog was bitten by the animal. He should have begun by making the dog believe it had no teeth.

That is very well, but the storage companies are not to be trusted.

An peer is to marry a princess. This precedent, if established, may introduce a new element in the matrimonial situation for American heiresses.

A woman refuses to pay a bill because she thinks they are taking too old. The photographer hasten to get a new retouch.

A tree trimmer who had to stop the time in his work has gotten. That ought to be a warning to those enthusiastic persons who spend most of their time on the job field.

With a string of aviators for the country like a circus, possibly won't be long before we see the spread of wings with canvas and young fellows climbing in under the wings to see the show.

A man says that he is going to start a paper in New York. It will be free from the faults of the other journals there. It ought not to hard to start one, but keeping it going is apt to be uphill work.

People ought to clean up off-ener. Now here's a New York man had an old trunk kicking out the house for five years before he opened it and found that somebody carelessly left a dead person in.

English lords who object the use of American dollars in a British campaign will have the fulmyopathy of French counts and German barons, who think American dollars should be devoted to the securing of personal pleasure only.

News from different points of the Aleutian region indicates that there have been great volcanic activity and earthquake shocks in the quarter. The disturbances continue for four days. This information abridges fresh evidence that the seismic are correct in regarding the neighborhood of Alaska as a center of remarkable seismic activity.

A big mackerel jumped aboard a schooner in Massachusetts waters and provided a good breakfast for the crew. The rivalry of the Ananias Club has apparently not hurt the vitality of the familiar fishery tellers.

The suggestion is made that a good way to conserve the forests would be to use cement and steel to build with instead of lumber. This might conserve the forests, but it would not conserve either the iron ore and coal supplies or the builders' bank accounts.

IN THE PUBLIC

WANTS STATE TO AID WIDOWS



Every widow who has children and in straitened circumstances should receive a pension from the state. Such is the declaration of Clarence O. Burns, president of the League of Women Voters of New York, who is a member of the advisory board of the National League of Women Voters. The discussion of this plan is being brought forward in all over the United States, and it is timely. The opinion of Mr. Burns is one to carry weight. She says she is to speak for the nation. If he is injured in war he receives a pension. A man carries a gun for his own protection. He feels no hum to apply to the state for it if he has not been recognized.

Now, a woman risks her life for her country so much to the world, she should not, when left in destitute or straitened circumstances, receive as much as the man who goes to war? By no means do I believe that every man is able to work. The person who deserves and should be given such a pension or money when the husband is a widow and has little children. This is a woman who has always been thrown onto the world with two or three little children. What shall she do? Where shall she turn to get bread and butter for them? Now, if this woman were supported until they attained a working age, the state for the care of these children in the home, in the community, in every possible way. This pension for the widow her can have now."

CAPTURED FAMOUS PEG LEG



Of all the innumerable relics on exhibition in the Illinois Memorial hall in the state house, none attracts more attention from tourists than the cork leg of General Santa Ana, the Mexican commander, which was captured by a company of central Illinois soldiers. The finding of the cork leg was one of the most interesting incidents of the Mexican war. An extraordinary fact, recently brought to light by investigations conducted by the McLean county historical society, is that the soldier who first caught sight of the leg took possession of it and sent it to the rear for safe keeping while a battle was in progress, is yet living, in the person of Edward Elvin Elliot, formerly of Bloomington, Ill., and now of San Rafael, Cal.

In a letter confirming the statement that he was the captor of the cork leg, Mr. Elliot relates the incident connected therewith. The story being of interest to the student of history. Mr. Elliot, who he enlisted in Company B of the Fourth Illinois Infantry when war broke out with Mexico. He left the printer's case to take up arms. The engagement of consequence for the regiment of which Mr. Elliot was a member was known as the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 18, 1847. The Mexicans retreated when their batteries were attacked and the Fourth regiment found the coach of General Santa Ana standing in the road where had been abandoned, due to the killing of one of the mules hitched to it. General Santa Ana was mounted upon the other mule and fled. His departure was so hurried that he was forced to leave behind in the coach his cork leg, a bag of gold doubloons and a basket of lunch. Elliot reached the coach first and with a soldier's curiosity jumped inside, handing out the cork leg, the chest of gold and basket of food to his companions. There was \$10,000 in the chest and this money was placed in the possession of General Twigg and eventually turned into the United States treasury as a prize of war. The Fourth regiment kept the cork leg in their possession until after the close of the war and it was later sent to the Illinois state house.

NOTED IRISHMAN REACHES 80



One of Great Britain's grand old men, Justin McCarthy, recently celebrated in London his eightieth birthday anniversary and was the recipient of congratulations from every part of the English speaking world. His career has been an active and a useful one, part of it passed in the turmoil of political strife and part of it in the quietness of his library, from which have issued many works of exceptional merit.

Mr. McCarthy, former leader of the Irish Nationalists, comes of a family devoted for many generations to the cause of Ireland. He was born in "rebel" Cork, November 22, 1829. He had literary tastes as a youth, but his chief desire was to be a barrister. Academic degrees were then denied to Roman Catholics and to Protestant dissenters. Thus debarred from entering the legal profession through the university, young McCarthy turned his attention to journalism and became a reporter on the Cork Examiner. He was a youthful sympathizer with the Nationalist movement, and was deeply impressed by the trial of Smith O'Brien and the elder Dillon and Thomas Francis Meagher, who were sentenced to death, but reprieved by Queen Victoria and transported to Van Diemen's Land. Young McCarthy was sent to report the trial. He was a patriotic youth of nineteen and received his baptism of fire as he filled his notebook in the courthouse at Ballingarry. During the succeeding years Mr. McCarthy followed journalism in Liverpool and in London and published several novels.

FROM POORHOUSE TO SENATE



The rise of a man from the lowest station to one of the highest in his state is not among the events that belong exclusively to the past, nor is it confined solely to the realm of fiction. John J. Dunnegan of Shenandoah, Iowa, who has been elected to the Iowa state senate, passed three years of his early childhood as an inmate of a North Carolina poorhouse, being left at the age of three without either father or mother.

When six years of age he was bound out to a family who treated him with the utmost cruelty. Misery and hardship gripped him from the cradle and robbed him of all the joys of childhood. From the poorhouse, without education, or aid from others, John Dunnegan has risen by his own efforts to affluence and high official position. He has worked as a section hand on a railroad at \$1.10 a day, as hired man on a farm, has dug wells and cisterns with a spade, and performed many other kinds of hard work for small pay. He was married when twenty-nine, being at that time the owner of a livery stable in Milford, Neb. Shortly afterward he lost everything in a fire, came to Shenandoah "dead broke" and grasped eagerly the first job offered him—digging a well. Later he started in the plumbing business in a small way, but his business did not long remain small. It grew rapidly until it extended into a dozen different states.

Monday's Child

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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Everybody had spoiled Grace. She had been such a pretty little girl. "But what could you expect," her silly little mother had said; "she is Monday's child, and fair of face."

It seems as if that struck the keynote of Grace's existence. Her fairness, which developed as she grew older into radiant beauty, was the excuse for everything. Bad temper, indolence, were overlooked because Grace had golden hair and brown eyes.

As she grew to womanhood, men and women bowed before her. At school boys fluttered after her like butterflies about a rose. The girls adored her while they envied her, and so Grace went on, a little queen surrounded by her subjects.

It was not until she met Jack Martin that she began to realize that beauty is not everything. It took her a long time to come to this decision. She wondered why she could not subjugate Jack. He was never among the circle of her admirers.

The climax came at a dance at the Country club. Jack Martin was the only man with an automobile in the little suburb where they both resided. Grace, as the acknowledged belle of the community, felt that it was beneath her dignity to go in a hired cab or carriage when she might have the elegance of Martin's motor. Therefore she smiled her sweetest at Jack Martin very time she met him, and was rewarded by having him take little Lillie Lane, whose straight hair and sallow skin gave her no claims to loveliness.

As the days went on Jack Martin was seen often with Lillie Lane. Grace could not understand it. She wore pale blue gowns, and lavender gowns, and pink ones, and was complacently aware that her beauty

bloomed delicately in all of them, yet Jack Martin paid no more attention to her than to the goldenrod which grew at the roadside. She concluded that she must make some effort to swing him away from his indifference. She studied, his habits, and found that he took long walks in the early morning. The object of these walks, Lillie Lane said, was the sight of the sea at dawn. He was painting a picture, and he carried his easel and canvas to a bluff that overlooked the beach.

It was not easy for Grace to get up early, but one October morning she sallied forth in the gray light. She wore a gray sweater and a gray skirt, and around her head was a veil of rosy chiffon. She was a spirit of the dawn personified. She came upon Jack Martin silently, and as he turned and saw her he gave a start of surprise.

"I wanted to see your picture," she told him confidently.

"How did you know I was painting it?" he asked.

"Lillie Lane told me."

His face brightened. "Oh, Lillie!" he said eagerly. "She paints beautifully herself; have you seen her miniatures?"

"No," Grace answered coldly.

"She is a wonder," Jack stated. "Some day she is going to be great, and we'll be proud to know her."

"I don't see anything very wonderful about Lillie," Grace remarked, "and she certainly isn't pretty."

"Oh, beauty," Jack shrugged his shoulders, "doesn't count much in these days."

Grace looked at him startled. That was a new point of view.

"What does count?" she demanded.

"Oh, brains, personality, charm," he said, picking up his brushes. "Lillie Lane has all of these. I think she is not appreciated in our town, however."

"Perhaps not," Grace admitted, dully. She felt miserably. She did not know what was the matter with her except that her world was upside down.

Jack continued to work in silence,

and presently Grace said: "Perhaps I had better go away; you're busy."

"Perhaps you had," was his discouraging statement.

She stood up disconsolately. "I see," she said somewhat timidly, "I wish that there was something I could do that was worth while."

For the first time he turned and looked at her with interest. "There are lots of things," he said, briskly. "You ought to be able to take up music or singing. It seems to me that you have some talent in that line."

Some talent! Grace had prided herself on her nice voice. It was not a big voice, but she had been able to charm her followers, and that was all she cared.

But this man demanded something more of her. She said good-by, and went away slowly, unaware that his eyes followed her, and that a little smile dawned in them.

The next day she sought out Lillie Lane.

"Lillie," she said, "you seem to make life worth living—tell me what I can do."

Lillie was enthusiastic, and while she talked of her painting Grace was forced to admit that the dark little girl had much of charm in manner and face.

"No wonder Jack Martin loves her," she thought. "She is just sweet."

Lillie was a great help to Grace. She showed the spoiled beauty that there were other things in the world besides admiration and adulation.

"It was Jack Martin who has made me see the beauty of doing my best," Lillie confided to her friend on one occasion. "I can never thank him enough."

"It was Jack Martin who made me see it," Grace faltered, "but he isn't my friend as he is yours, Lillie."

"Why, he is," Lillie said. "He thinks you are perfectly lovely."

Grace looked at her, bewildered. "I don't believe he ever thinks of me."

"Well, he talks about you a lot," Lillie stated, but Grace wouldn't be convinced. For so many months she had suffered from his indifference and criticism that she had no vanity left, and—it was Lillie he cared for. Therefore, when Lillie came to her with a ring on her third finger and said, "I have a secret to tell you," Grace felt her heart grow cold within her, but she answered calmly:

"I think I know your secret; you're going to be married."

"But how did you know?" Lillie asked. "I thought no one had heard of it but Jack Martin."

"Of course he knew it," said Grace. "Yes," said Lillie, "I told him first, he was a chum of Bob's at college."

"Bob?" Grace's voice expressed astonishment. "Why—I thought you were engaged to Jack!"

"Oh! you silly. Jack was nice to me because of Bob, and because we both paint, that's all."

It seemed to Grace that the world took on a new radiance. Perhaps, oh, perhaps, if she tried she might make him like her a little.

The next morning she saw him at dawn. His picture was almost finished, and as she came up to him, he said:

"Let me show it to you."

It was just an expanse of sea lighted up by the rosinose of the rising sun.

"How lovely it is," Grace said, softly. "How beautiful."

Then she looked up at him. "Yet you said that beauty didn't count much."

"I said in a woman," Jack corrected.

Then as he looked down at her he spoke with some hesitation. "But your beauty does count, Grace."

"Oh!" she said breathlessly, "do you really think so?"

"I know it," he said, "but there is a new quality to it of late; you seem sweeter and nearer to me."

She had nothing to answer to that, and he went on slowly. "For a long time you seemed so far away, you seemed to think of nothing but having a good time, and life to me has been a serious thing, but now, somehow, I feel that we have more in common."

They had a long talk after that, and while Jack said nothing of love, there was much in his manner of deference and of devotion.

And so it came about that in the fall there were two weddings instead of one, and the dark beauty of Lillie, which had blossomed and bloomed in those days of love's fulfillment, was a foil to the fairness of Monday's Child, but Grace, radiant and happy, had no thought of envy. She was glad to have all the world love and admire Lillie, because she herself had the great gift of the love of Jack Martin.

Law Makes Trouble.

Massachusetts' new law against the use of general drinking cups in public places has made a lot of trouble in Boston's schools. The school board has found that to install new drinking devices to take the place of the old cups will cost \$11,000, and it sees no prospect of completing the change before March 1. In the meantime pupils must provide themselves with individual vessels or go thirsty.

The ONLOOKER

Exchanging Gifts



My friend, I know you think of me now that the Christmas time draws near.

When lights will gleam upon the tree and all our world be filled with cheer. I know you think of me, for I am thinking all the while of you— Now, here's a plan that we might try With the gift-giving we would do.

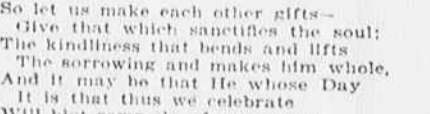
Suppose, instead of sending me the gift which even now you plan, You go and find who there may be A child, a woman or a man To whom the good Saint may not come Unless by you personified— Some one who, patient, worn and numb, Looks at the future weary-eyed.

Suppose I, too, find such a one— Some eager little girl or boy Whom poverty has robbed of fun, Who does not have a doll or top— And you give as you'd give to me To those who sit and wait and sigh And dream of pleasures that might be; Suppose you do—and so will I.

I know the gift that I might send Would fall to rouse the slightest glow Of cheer within your heart, my friend, If you knew that some one had won Some one who had no joy nor mirth Nor dancing shadows on the wall— For Christmas is of little worth Unless it comes to one and all.

So let us make each other gifts— Give that which sanctifies the soul; The kindness that bends and lifts The sorrowing and makes him whole, And it may be that He whose Day It is that thus we celebrate Will blot some sin of ours away From off the book kept at the Gate.

Errand of Charity.



"Ah," said the gallant gentleman, "are you going to hang some mistletoe on your chandelier this Christmas?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the coy damsel. "I am chairwoman of our committee on charity, you know, and I am distributing the mistletoe among those girls who have quit having birthdays."

Bonnets and Presents.

For him there is no joy in spring, Though flowers bloom and robins sing; For him there is no Christmas glee When stockings hang upon the tree— For in the museum he would miss Pearl, the marvelous, two-headed, three-legged girl.

Another Version.

Mrs. Lee was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Washington on that bright and balmy day early in the eighteenth century when little Georgie cut down the cherry tree. Looking from the window into the orchard, Mrs. Lee saw a lad hacking away at the tree, and said:

"Mrs. Washington, I do believe that is one of those Carroll boys out there cutting your cherry tree."

"The young rascal!" declared Mrs. Washington. "I'll have Mr. Washington have him thrown into jail as an example to other boys. He is the worst harum-scarum thing in the colony and—"

"Wait a moment," interposed Mrs. Lee, trying a second pair of spectacles. "I was mistaken. It isn't the Carroll boy. It's your Georgie."

"Oh, so it is! Now, isn't he just the cunningest thing! He is always imitating the things he sees the grown up men do. I shall tell his father of this and he will think it is by far the cutest thing Georgie has done since the day he shot the best cow for a deer."

The "Outlook."

"What in the world made Mr. Wallstrete turn on you and swear so terribly and shake his fists and grow so purple in the face and stamp his feet and carry on in that manner?" we ask of our friend who has made haste to leave the side of Mr. Wallstrete.

"Hanged if I understand him," replies our friend. "I was chatting with him over the political and financial situations, and when I asked him what he thought about the outlook he went into a perfectly hysterical spell."

Meber & Nesbit