

## Try a New Tack.



When things are unpromising, business slack,  
Brace up and take courage; just try a new tack!  
If up in the world you would suddenly rise,  
Then here's a sharp pointer, to wit: ADVERTISE!

## Alicia's Platonics.

By BEATRICE BENNETT.

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Deep down in her own heart every woman has a pet theory. It may have been exploded a number of times to her apparent satisfaction, but secretly and with feminine inconsistency she clings to it.

Alicia had such a theory, but she did not keep it buried in so inaccessible a dungeon as the bottom of her heart. Indeed, she wore it on her sleeve. It was her favorite theme of discourse, and the more it was disproved the more persistently did she revive it and champion it.

And it must be admitted that Alicia's light in discussing her theories with her and promptly proceeding to disprove them, to that young woman's outward disgust and secret satisfaction. Her hobby was platonics—specifically, platonic love.

"It has been proved to me conclusively," argued Alicia, with delightful confidence, as flanked on one side by the ample person of Richard Corrigan and on the other by her squatty little dachshund Pretzel she strolled toward the great stone garden seat near the sundial.

"Yes," her companion replied in doubtful acquiescence, "to you. But how about the other fellow? Was he convinced?"

"Dick, how silly! Who ever heard of platonic love that wasn't platonic on both sides? How little you know of the subject!" scoffed Alicia with a mirthful little laugh.

"And yet I have known you—how long is it?"

"Seven months," promptly.

"And you ride your hobbyhorse at least every other time I see you," he said, not without marked intent.

Alicia assumed a wholly unsuccessful air of hauteur. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm very sorry I've bored you. I shall avoid the topic in future," she said distantly.

"Not at all, my dear Alicia. I assure you it rather amuses me," argued Corrigan, observing her aggrieved attitude with little discomfort to himself. "In fact, I don't know when any one subject has kept me interested for so long a time."

"Indeed!" The comment was pregnant with feeling.

It was the first time Alicia's self-styled philosophy had been so derided, and it nettled her.

"I should be apt to accept that as a compliment," ventured Corrigan. He had been watching her pull a crimson rambler to pieces and scatter it over her tiny white shoes.

Apparently she had not heard. "I say, Alicia," he persisted.

"When you are ready to open a subject that may be of more interest than any I am able to suggest I shall be glad to talk to you," she said icily.

Corrigan smiled broadly, but surreptitiously. Had Alicia seen him thus amused he would have been left with only the crimson rambler for companions.

"But, upon my word, Alicia, I am interested," he said earnestly. "I've never been so absorbed in a study in my life. Why, my dear girl, if it weren't for my—my belief in platonic love I might never have known you so well."

Alicia confronted him with a half smile that, even in its semicompletion, was most attractive.

"That's the Irish in you, Dick! You always manage to say something that will make the worst case of 'mad' turn to joy," she said, removing her big droopy hat and dangling it by the strings. "That's one reason why I love to be friends with you."

"Then it is true that God is good to the Irish," he laughed, and, subtle as it was, Alicia extracted the compliment and beamed good nature on him again.

"You see, Dick," she began as if she were commencing a fairy story to an incredulous child, "it is so—well, it is such a tremendous comfort to be just friends with a man."

"Yes," said Dick readily, "I'm friends with several."

"Silly! I mean for a girl. She can go about with him, ask him to do this and that for her and feel that she is not putting herself under obligation—if she's only friends with him, whereas, if he's in love with her, he expects her to marry him and—and it just spoils everything!"

"I'm jolly glad I'm not sentimental," said Corrigan with a smile, "but you have banished me long ago."

"You can have sentiment without being sentimental," she hastened to explain. "And for some reason or other a flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes drooped."

"It's just as clear as—mud," Corrigan laughed in spite of his efforts to be serious.

Alicia's eyes flashed.

"See here, Dick Corrigan, I believe you are making fun of me. Deep down in my own heart I know from your own actions and your whole attitude toward me that you agree with me, but just to amuse yourself you make fun of me. I'm sure you like me," she went on, "just as I like you, or you wouldn't seek me out and want to be with me day after day, as you do, and that—that very fact proves to me that you are in sympathy with my own attitude. We are friends, and you know it," she declared challengingly. Then she rose abruptly from the stone seat and walked over to the balustrade with her back toward him. "Come, Pretzel," she said imperatively, as if calling her dog from a contaminating influence.

Corrigan began to whistle very softly to himself while the small Dutch dog eyed him accusingly.

"Alicia," said Corrigan's deep voice fondly from the depths of the great stone seat. He had not moved. And right here it might be observed that Alicia always selected picturesque settings for her discourses. The old garden, shady and secluded, breathing romance and the fragrance of roses, was ideal—for platonics.

"Alicia," repeated Dick when his first effort gained no response.

With studied reluctance she turned her head.

"I'd like to ask a few questions," he said, still somewhat indifferently.

"I'll be glad to answer them."

The frigidity of her tone moved Corrigan almost to the point of turning up his coat collar, but his better judgment prevailed.

"This old guy, Plato"—he was beginning as he walked toward her.

"Dick!"

Her glance and tone froze the words.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely.

"But, Alicia, I wonder if he ever knew the most beautiful woman in the world? I wonder if he could have been with her almost daily for seven months? And yet, no, how could he? He lived B. C."

In spite of herself Alicia dimpled. "It was beauty of mind, mental excellencies, that he admired," she remarked wisely.

"Perhaps that's what I admire in you, but somehow I doubt it."

"My mental powers are not wholly to be despised," pouted Alicia.

"No. But an ordinary mortal cannot penetrate so dashing an exterior," observed Corrigan.

Alicia looked impatiently across the green. Somehow she was out of harmony with the afternoon—disappointed in—herself perhaps.

Corrigan turned to her quite suddenly. "See here, Alicia, do you like platonic friends better than anything else?"

"Yes," she said, "the syllable did not carry conviction."

"Better than—bands, for instance?"

Alicia's color deepened. Things were more interesting all the while.

"I never had one," she laughed, and her voice was a little tremulous.

"Then it's only theory?" Corrigan stepped closer.

"Of course," she replied, looking up into his now earnest eyes.

"Listen," he said softly. "Couldn't you be platonic friends with every one else but me, Alicia?"

She did not reply, but one by one the petals of her hat tumbled down her frock.

"Couldn't you?" His big voice was vibrant with emotion.

"I—I might," she admitted, "but first let me tell you I like you better than all the rest. I like you better than I could a mere friend. I—I just hoped and hoped you wouldn't agree with me, Dick."

"It's with Plato I disagree."

### No Use To Die.

"I have found out that there is no use to die of lung trouble, as long as you can get Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. J. P. White, of Rushville, Pa. "I would not be alive today but for that wonderful medicine. It loosens up a cough greater than any thing else, and cures lung disease—even after the most pronounced hopelessness." The most reliable remedy for coughs and colds, influenza, asthma, bronchitis and hoarseness, is sold under guarantee at T. E. Wannamaker drug store, 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

### Gambling With Metal.

Gambling in metals is done by means of buying and selling warrants, these being the notes for a fixed quantity of metal held in the mines. The basis of the game is to buy ahead large quantities of metal. When things are low the stocks accumulate, while as prices become more brisk the stocks are taken out of the stores.

An immense amount of gambling is done in connection with "pig," as pig iron is popularly known. Warrants for pig are made out in units of 500 tons, and payment is made for the warrants once a month. Should a man really want 500 tons of pig iron he obtains a warrant which authorizes him to take 500 tons out of store, and he will be required to pay for the metal within the month.

Supposing a man buys in the expectation that he will be able to sell the pig iron at a higher price than is ruling, he buys warrants according to his means, and he has a month for things to mature. Should the price of pig go up during the month he is able to sell his bargain to another man, and he pockets the difference, although he has never laid down any money in real coin.

Should things go wrong with him and prices go down, then he is obliged to pay the difference between the price at which he bought the pig and the price at which he is able to sell it, and so he sustains a loss.—London Answers.

### His Discovery.

A one armed man sat down to his noonday luncheon in a little restaurant the other day, and seated on the right of him was a big, sympathetic individual from the rural district. The big fellow noticed his neighbor's left sleeve and kept eying him in a sort of how-did-it-happen way. The one armed man failed to break the ice, but continued to keep busy with his one hand supplying the inner man. At last the inquisitive one on the right could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said, "I see, sir, you have lost an arm," whereupon the unfortunate man picked up the empty sleeve with his right hand, peered into it, looked up with a surprised expression and said, "By George, sir, you're right."

### The Afghans.

Native Afghan historians assert that the inhabitants of their country are the lost ten tribes of Israel. According to these chroniclers, the Afghans are descended from Afghana, the son of a certain Jeremiah, who was the son of King Saul. The eastward removal of the seed of Afghana is attributed to Nebuchadnezzar.

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### The New Footman.

Fun seems all the funnier when coming from the Quakers, because it is unlooked for and in contrast with their usual sobriety. For instance, what could be funnier than the method used by Nicholas Wain, a gifted minister of the Friends who lived in Philadelphia during the eighteenth century, to mortify the carnal pride of his wife? The story is as follows:

The wife of Nicholas Wain was an only daughter, and for those days possessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a footman behind her carriage. This wish being frequently expressed, her husband at last promised to comply with it. Accordingly the next time the carriage was ordered for the purpose of making a stylish call she was gratified to see a footman mounted. When she arrived at her place of designation the door of the carriage was opened and the steps let down in a very obsequious manner by the new footman, and great was her surprise and confusion to recognize in him her own husband.

### Blushing Animals.

Poets have for ages regarded the blush as a thing of beauty in the gentle sex; but, after all, it is only a rush of blood to the face caused by modesty or some other emotion. Animals blush, too, through fear, but the poets say nothing about them. Horses blush in their ears, especially the left one. When a horse is frightened, his left ear will be found to be very much swollen. This is also the case with rabbits. Cows and similar animals blush just above the hoof, while the dog uses his tail for this purpose. When a dog is frightened, his tail hangs limp, as he has lost all control over it. Even insects blush. They do it in their antennae or feelers.

### Best Healer in the World.

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