KEEN'S DSF MUSTARD gives food a delicious appetizing savor —

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The Pirate Party.

Why not a pirate party for a late summer frolic? Two bells, five o'clock, is a good time to start out. Who could fancy a pirate party without a blazing fire and dark mystery to add to the fun?

Write your invitations on coarse paper torn unevenly, and signed with name and finger print. You might say:

Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!
Pirate treasure! Yo ho there, mate!
We've got the map, come bring a spade.
For we're pirates all, and who's afraid?
Come full of daring, dash and song.
Come, Captain Kidd, yourself along.

(Time and Place.)

(Each pirate must bring his own spade.)

Of course, boats and water give the chance to fly the "Jolly Roger," but a land pirate party is quite as nice. When the pirates have assembled, give them turkey-red sashes and kerchiefs of cheesecloth or crepe paper, and let each one choose a buccaneerish name. Then tell them to shoulder their spades, and lead them by a circuitous route to the place chosen for the fun.

Once there, divide the pirates into groups of five, and give to each group a copy of the treasure map. These you have prepared beforehand, marking on them trees, stones, and other identifying marks to guide the searchers to the treasure itself. Old bones strewn here and there and crossed suggestively will add to the fun. Hunting the treasure, if you have not made the maps too easy, should take about a half-hour. Some time before, you will have buried an old chest or bread box filled with potatoes, sealed with red sealing wax, and decorated with skull and crossbones.

Announce that the pirate securing the greatest number of the potatoes will receive a real treasure. The scramble for potatoes will cause a few head bumps and much merriment, and when all are out give the pirate who has the most potatoes the prize (a box of chocolates) and tell the pirate having the fewest to gather all the potatoes and put them back in the chest to be roasted later on.

Next line up the pirates for a boat-bailing contest. For this put two buckets full of water at the head of each line. Each person with a ladle must ladle out some water, pass the ladle to the pirate back of him, and so on till one or the other bucket is empty.

For captives and pirates divide the company into two parts, each having its base. Stand them facing each other in the centre between the bases, and toss up a circular cardboard, red on one side and white on the other. If the white side turns up, the captives must try to catch the pirates before they reach their base; and if the red side turns up, the pirates must chase the captives. At the blow of the whistle the side having most prisoners wins.

When it is dark and a good fire going, give each pirate a tin cup and plate. Roast the potatoes in the ashes and let the pirates cook their bacon on forked sticks. Have hot coffee, marshmallows for toasting, and plenty of sandwiches and cookies. Pirates are sure to be hungry.

When the red belted and kerchiefed company around the fire, it will not be hard to start a good pirate story going, the wilder the better. You should have a volunteer pirate ready to appear at the right minute. If your picnic is near the water, you could have one of your shipmates come running up to the fire with the news that a bottle has been washed ashore. Running down to the water's edge, he will discover an old cider bottle full of funny messages. If your picnic is dry—that is, not near water—you might serve up your messages in a big pirate pie. Toy skeleton coins, boxes of beads, old coins, toy knives and forks, and tiny black flags would be appropriate also, if you wanted favors.

Elbows and Arms.

Never before has it occurred to the girl to think what kind of an elbow she has, but the popularity of short and transparent sleeves is responsible for more interest in this part of her anatomy. To be pretty, elbows should be rounded, dimpled, soft and white, but too often the habit of leaning the head upon the hand and the elbow upon a table has caused it to roughen, redden and harden.

This can be remedied. A stiff brush should be used every day, with a mild soap. This is best used at night and in connection with hot water. After using, dry quickly and rub in almond-oil or olive-oil. Put the oil in the palm of the hand and rest the elbow in it until the oil has soaked in, then with the palm rub around and around gently for several minutes. Take five minutes for each arm.

If the elbow is very rough and coarse, try binding on it a small wad of absorbent cotton, soaked in oil. Fasten in place with a moderately wide bandage, pin it firmly and leave on all night.

Often the skin on the back of the arms becomes rough. This is very disfiguring, and is due, as a rule, to lack of surface circulation. The daily use of a flesh-brush is one of the quickest and most logical cures. The bristles stimulate circulation of dead skin. Sometimes ten days or two weeks' use of the flesh-brush will bring the arms into a state of softness and smoothness. With the present style of dress the arms are almost as conspicuous as the face.

Very thin arms can be filled out by washing them in hot water and, after drying, working in olive-oil or sweet almond-oil. Dry the flesh thoroughly then work the oil in gently with a circular kneading motion. After five minutes of this work wipe off the remaining oil and wash the arms in very cold water to close the pores and retain the oil that has been absorbed. Red arms are the result of insufficient exercise.

If the arms are very much disfigured by hair, apply peroxide of hydrogen. The peroxide should be applied daily until the hairs have bleached and become brittle, when they can usually be rubbed off. Repeat the applications when necessary.

If there are but a few hairs on the arms, let them alone. A downy growth will be made darker and coarser through this or other treatment for the removal of hair. "Let well enough alone" is an old proverb which it is well to recall occasionally, but the proverb need not be taken seriously by the girl whose arms are covered with a vigorous growth of dark, coarse hair.

For Better Babies.

It seems that through the rapid progress of the past few generations, we have given attention to everything but ourselves. Wonderful mechanical developments and great progress in live stock improvement have been evident but when it comes to better folks the matter has been allowed to take care of itself.

Undoubtedly many have noticed prize live stock lead into the ring by their caretakers and have been caused to comment, "What a superb looking animal but what a poor specimen of man." The contrast is great indeed and is an indication that a concerted effort toward better folks would undoubtedly bring results.

It is a world-wide truth that we look to everything else but ourselves for contentment and better living. But now that we have tried everything else we are coming back home to ourselves for a fuller and better life.

One great indication of this is the popularity of Better Baby Contests. In these we enter the pride of our heart in competition with other sources of family happiness and in our great anxiety to win out we bring into practice all the methods which will make our baby a better baby.

These contests are valuable because they create a certain interest in baby improvement.

Music Has Tendency to Soothe Wild Animals.

That animals are susceptible to the influences of this trait is that of the a long time. One of the most common instances fo this trait is that of the Hindoo charming the serpent with the flute. Some time ago various kinds of music were tried out on the animals in the New York Central Zoo. Scientists from Columbia University, the American Museum of Natural History, and the New York Zoological Park were present at the demonstration. The general conclusion reached was that music has a tendency to soothe wild animals, jazz by no means included. Whenever jazz was played considerable excitement was apparent among the beasts. "Lead Kindly Light," however, softly played, served to quiet somewhat one of the most ferocious black leopards. Animal trainers might find the phonograph an asset in training animals, particularly the incorrigible ones.

Man's Slow Progress.

Man learns slowly; sometimes it seems that he does not learn at all. Six centuries ago the famous traveler, Marco Polo, among other proofs of the wisdom and the experience of the Chinesee, brought back to Europe this quotation from an ancient Chinese sage: "In olden times the emperors of China began to issue paper money. One of the great ministers got a great revenue by this scheme. But it soon came about that for ten thousand bills you could scarcely buy a bowl of rice. The people were in misery, and the government was ruined." How many rulers of the nations—not to speak of the less instructed peoples themselves—have not yet learned the lesson that this old Chinaman knew hundreds of years ago!

Merely knowing things is not doing them.

Fresh water rises from a spring at the bottom of the sea about 100 yards from the shore in Torbay, Devonshire.

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socalist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction Dave's education thrives apace. He becomes a reporter on The Call.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

As his acquaintance with the work of the police force increased Dave found his attitude toward moral principles in need of frequent readjustment. By no means a Puritan, he had, nevertheless, two sterling qualities which so far had saved him from any very serious misstep. He practiced absolute honesty in all his relationships. His father, drunken although he was in his later years, had never quite lost his sense of commercial uprightness, and Dave had inherited the quality in full degree. And Reenie Hardy had come into his life just when he needed a girl like Reenie Hardy to come into his life. . . . He often thought of Reenie Hardy, and of her compact with him, and wondered what the end would be. And meanwhile he found the need of frequent readjustments. He became aware of the fact that in every community there are two communities; one on the surface, respectable, discreet, conventional; and one beneath the surface, to which these terms would not apply. He found that the province of the police was not to enforce morality, but to prevent immorality becoming obnoxious. Anything, almost, might go on so long as its effects were confined to the voluntary participants. Under the sham of good behaviour was a world, known to the police and the newspaper men and a few others, which refused to accept standard conventions and lived according to its own impulse. And this world included so-called best citizens, of both sexes. And they were good citizens. It seemed the community had two natures—a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde on a community basis. Splendid qualities, large-heartedness, generosity, were mingled and streaked through degrees of selfishness and lust running down into positive crime. . . . And the wonder was not what the papers printed, but what they left untold. . . . And he was glad he had met Reenie Hardy. She was an anchor about his soul. . . . And Edith Duncan.

One morning, as he sat with Carson of The Times at the reporters' table in the police court, listening absently to the clerk calling a list of names, his companion, with a grimace, intimated that there was something beneath the surface. "Pure fiction," he whispered, as the list was completed. "It would do you good to know who they are. Shining lights, every one of them. And when they are lit up they can't be kept under a bushel. The police just had to do something. They won't be here—not one of them. Their lawyer will plead guilty, and pay the fines, and everyone will be sorry—they were caught. Even his nibs on the bench isn't twice as happy. It was by good luck he wasn't with the bunch himself."

It turned out as Carson predicted. One of the leading lawyers of the city addressed the court, expressing the regret of his clients that their behaviour had necessitated interference by the police. He was full of suave assurances that no disrespect to the law, nor annoyance to any member of the community, was intended, and he pleaded feelingly for as great leniency as the court might consider consistent with the offence. The minimum fine was imposed, and the lawyer withdrew, bearing with him the double happiness of having earned a good fee and having saved a number of his personal friends from a public exposure which would have been, at least, embarrassing. As the lawyer passed the reporters' table Dave felt something pressed into his hand, and heard the whispered words, "Split it."

In his hand was a ten-dollar bill. "What's the idea?" said Dave to Carson, when the session was over.

"The idea is that I get five," said Carson, "and both of us forget it. Cheap skate; he might have made it twenty. Of course the names were bogus, but they couldn't risk mention, even with that precaution. Easy picking, isn't it?"

"It doesn't look quite right," Dave faltered. "I'm here to get the news—"

"Oh, can that. You know we don't publish all the news. Why, man, we'd wreck Society, or the ship of state, or whatever it is we are all floating on, if we did that. We'd have every lawyer in this burg busy in a week, and they're making too much money already. What the world doesn't know the world doesn't grieve over. And the joke of it is, everybody thinks he's putting it over somebody else, and while he's busy thniking that somebody else is putting it over him. So they're about even in the finish. Besides, if you talk about principle, doesn't the Bible say to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you? How would you feel in their position?

"I tell you," said Carson, warming up to his subject, "this is an intricate game, this life business. Pretty seedy in spots, but, after all, most people are merely victims of circumstances. And if circumstances place a five-spot in your hand to-day, accept what the gods bring you. To-morrow they will take it away.

"See this suit," he continued, indicating his attire, which greatly outclassed Dave's. "A friend gave me that. I get all my suits that way. When a scrap occurs in a bar-room, a booze riot, or knifing, or something goes wrong upstairs, I just mention that it took place in 'a down-town hotel.' Then I order myself a suit, or something of that kind, and have the tailor send his bill to the proprietor of the joint. He pays. If he doesn't, next time I name his tavern, right in the story."

"Don't you call that graft?" asked Dave.

"Graft? Nonsense! Merely an exchange of courtesies. . . . There are others, too. You'll get wise to them in time."

But Dave was by no means satisfied with Carson's philosophy. He went to his editor with the five-dollar bill and the police-court incident. "What shall I do about it?" he demanded.

He fancied there was a note of impatience in the editor's reply. "Give the money to the Salvation Army," he said, "and forget about the rest. Isn't it Kipling who says, 'There comes a night when the best gets tight,' and so on? We could tell the story, but what good would it do? And let me tell you, Elden, there are mighty few men or women who have gone halfway through life without something they'd like to forget. Why not let them forget it? You're young yet, and perhaps you don't see it that way, but you'll be older. There's a verse by somebody runs like this:

"'Don't take the defensive by saying
"I told only just what was true,"
For there's more at that game might be playing
If the truth were all told about you.'

"That may be bad poetry, but it's good journalistic ethics."

But after Dave had gone the editor called his business manger. "I guess we'll have to raise Elden to thirty dollars a week," said he. "He's so honest he embarrasses me, and I guess I need that kind of embarrassment, or I wouldn't be embarrassed."

CHAPTER IX.

While the gradually deepening current of Dave's life flowed through the channels of coal-heaver, freight-hustler, shipping-clerk, and reporter, its waters were sweetened by the intimate relationship which developed between him and the members of the Duncan household. He continued his studies under Mr. Duncan's directions; two, three, or even four nights in the week found him at work in the comfortable den, or during the warm weather, on the screened porch that overlooked the family garden. His duties as reporter frequently called for attendance at public meetings devoted to all conceivable purposes, and he was at first disposed to feel unkindly toward these interruptions in his regular studies. He raised the point with Mr. Duncan.

"One thing I have been trying to drill into you," said his tutor; "is that education is not a thing of books or studies or formulae of any kind. It is the whole world; particularly the world of thought, feeling, and expression. It is not a flower in the garden of life; it is the garden itself, with its flowers, and its perfumes, and its sunshine and rain. Yes, and its weeds, and droughts, and insects, and worms. There is a phase of education in the public meeting, whether its purpose be to discuss the municipal tax rate or the flora of the Rockies. You can't afford to miss any subject. They are deeper than any book. There are all kinds of audiences. There is the violent audience, and the sentimental audience, and the destructive audience, and the whimsical audience, and the hysterical audience—and every other kind. And the funny thing is that they are all made up of much the same people. Take a sentimental audience, for instance; a few passes, and you have an hysterical audience. It is a difference of moods. We don't think enough about moods. We are all subject to moods, and yet we judge a new acquaintance by the mood he happens to be in—and the mood we happen to be in—at the time of making the acquaintanceship. Another day, in other moods, he would make a quite different impression—if the impression already made could be effaced. I have a theory that the world's sorrow is largely a matter of moods. I don't deny the sorrow, nor the need for sorrow, nor the reality of it, but I do believe there is a mood of happiness which even the deepest sorrows cannot suppress. And the more you study people the more you will understand moods, and, perhaps, be master of your own. And the man who can, by force of his own will, determine the mood in which he will live is master of the world."

So Dave came to realize that every incident in the reportorial round was to be assimilated for its educational value, and this lent a zest to his work which it could not otherwise have had. But the attraction of the Duncan household grew upon him, and many an hour he spent under its hospitable roof. Mrs. Duncan, motherly, and yet not too motherly—she might almost have been an older sister—appealed to the young man as an ideal of womanhood. Her soft, well-modulated voice seemed to him to express the perfect harmony of the perfect home, and underneath its even tones he caught glimpses of a reserve of power and judgment not easily unbalanced. She was a woman to whom men might carry their ambitions, and women their hopes, and little children their wonderings, and all be assured of sympathetic audience and wise counsel. And as Dave's eyes would follow her healthy, handsome figure as it moved noiselessly about in her domestic duties, or as he caught the flush of beauty that still bloomed in her thoughtful face, or as at rarer intervals he plunged into the honest depths of her frank grey eyes, the tragedy of his own orphaned life bore down upon him, and he rebelled that he had been denied the start which such a mother could have given him.

"I am twenty years behind myself," he would reflect, with a grim smile. "Never mind. I will do three men's work for the next ten, and then we will be even."

And there was Edith—Edith, who had held him rapture-bound on that first Sunday in church—Edith who had burst so unexpectedly upon his life that first evening in her father's home. He had not allowed himself any foolishness about Edith. It was evident that Edith was pre-empted, just as he was pre-empted, and the part of honor in his friend's house was to recognize the status quo. . . . Still, Mr. Allan Forsyth was unnecessarily self-assured. He might have made it less evident that he was within the enchanted circle, while Dave remained outside. His complacence irritated Dave almost into rivalry. But the boon camaraderie of Edith herself checked any adventure of that kind. She checked it in two ways—by her own frank acceptance of him much as she would have accepted a brother in the household, and by her uncanny and unconscious knack of reminding him in almost every word and gesture of Reenie Hardy. She was of about the same figure as Reenie Hardy; a little slighter, perhaps; and about the same age; and she had the same quick, frank eyes. And she sang wonderfully. He had never heard Reenie sing, but in some strange way he had formed a deep conviction that she would sing much as Edith sang. He was not yet psychologist enough to know that his admiration for Edith was the reflex action to his love for the girl who had so wonderfully invaded his foothill life and so wonderfully changed the current of his destinies. In love, as in religion, man is for ever setting up idols to represent his ideals. . . . And for ever finding feet of clay.

(To be continued.)

Slaves to Sweets.

The consumption of chocolate is constantly rising, and it is an interesting point that it is the favorite sweet of our Royal Family.

Queen Victoria was the first British monarch to take to chocolate. She both ate and drank it, and the only one of her children who did not share this taste was her eldest son, King Edward VII. But he did not care for sweets of any kind, and would only drink the driest of wines.

If people begin to eat chocolate, the habit grows upon them; but since chocolate is a valuable food and contains nothing injurious, the habit is a perfectly harmless one. It is an interesting fact that the young men of to-day, as well as the girls, are not ashamed of a fondness for chocolate. American cowboys who come in from ranches to the towns spend as much money on chocolate as on tobacco, and exactly the same thing is noticed in Australia and in South Africa.

The colored races are taking tremendously to sweets of all descriptions, and in Eas Africa and Nigeria scantily clad blacks will visit the country stores to buy boxes of British chocolates or tins of toffee. Even in the South Sea Islands a very large trade is now done in imported sweets.

Americans and Canadians have for thirty years past been the greatest "candy" eaters in the world. Next come the British, and third the Germans. The Portuguese, too, are passionately fond of sweets of all descriptions.

As compared with alcohol, chocolate has a distinctly soothing effect. It is particularly good for people who are nervous or irritable. Cheap chocolates have more sugar in them than the more expensive brands, and too much sugar is not good either for the digestion or the teeth; but doctors have nothing but praise for the better grades of chocolate.

When the Sleeper Wakes.

"I once had in employ, as foreman of a construction gang," says a Philadelphia contractor, "an amusing Irishman by the name of Michael Cooney.

"One day Michael was walking along his section, when he came upon a laborer fast asleep in the shade of a fence. Eyeing the man with a stern smile, he observed:

"'S'ape on, you bating, slape on! So long as ye slape ye've got a job, but when ye wake up, ye get a warrk!'"

Sun-heat has been used for cooking, by means of a special apparatus.

SMOKE
OLD CHUM
The Tobacco of Quality
½ LB. TINS
and in packages

Stories of Famous People

From messenger boy to Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath is a big step, but such is the record of Sir William Hoy, the general manager of railways and harbors of the Union of South Africa. In his youth he assisted his father on his farm in Scotland, driving the milk to market every morning. Then he became message boy at Tay Bridge Station, Dundee.

Then, when the railway companies in this country were asked to send a number of promising young men out to South Africa, William Hoy was among them. The choice was amply justified, for in a comparatively short time he rose to his present position. Besides being a railway magnate he has been a shorthand teacher in Dundee.

Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the women go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country. One lovely cool morning at Simla, Rudyard Kipling was presented to a "grass widow" whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains. She was very, very pretty and charming, and, as they talked together in the pleasant coolness, Kipling said: "I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down there?"

The lady gave him a strange look, and it was not until afterwards he learned that she was really a widow!

Many are the stories told about the physical proportions of Chief Justice Taft, ex-president of the United States. Among the best of them is one concerning his government work in the Philippine Islands, where he often had to make long journeys on horseback over mountain trails. One day he telegraphed to the Secretary for War in Washington: "Have just completed trip of three hundred miles on horseback in the mountainous province of Benguet. Am feeling great." To which the Secretary replied: "Much interested to hear of your good health. But how is the horse?"

Mr. Taft has a large number of stories which he tells himself. One of his favorites is about an old Negro who earned a living in a small town as a carrier. He owned the most ancient cart and the most feeble horse for miles around. One day a white man asked him why he did not sell these and buy a small truck. "You know, Sam," he said, "you could do twice as much work if you did." "Ah knows it, boss," said the Negro. "Ah' Call's jes' de reason Ah don't git no truck."

By Their Fruits.

In the grape arbor at the old home there were two vines that grew side by side. One of them bore luscious Concord grapes; the other was a wild seedling that had started perhaps from a seed dropped by accident. The vines were so much alike that the children could not distinguish them, especially after the leaves had fallen. They were only three or four inches apart at the ground, and they came together and wrapped round and round each other as they climbed the arbor. Then when they spread out the branches were so entwined that you could hardly tell to which vine a branch belonged—indeed you never could be sure.

The children called the vines their "riddle," and in autumn after the leaves had fallen they had many a contest; one of them would choose a certain twig, and the rest would try to tell which vine it belonged to. Sometimes the twig would be fifteen or twenty feet from the spot where the vines grew from the ground, and they might spend half an hour in following it back.

But when the grapes began to ripen it was easy enough to tell the twigs apart. The Concord grapes were large and deep purple; the wild grapes were small and sour and full of large seeds.

Now that the children of those days have grown up they look back on their childhood, and the vines seem like lives to them. As they think of school and college days, it seems to them that their lives were so intertwined that persons who looked at them could hardly distinguish the good from the bad. But now the summer of life is here for those who were young folks then, and the ripened fruit of life hangs free so that all may see it. You do not know how to trace the twig back to see what it is; you can see at a glance whether life and character are the fruit of a good vine or of a wild seedling.

One of the great riddles of the world is to know the man or woman who can be trusted. Sometimes a person can learn if he is able to read character. Jesus knew all that was in man merely by looking in his face. But we must wait to see the fruits.

There may be satisfaction in deceiving the world for a few short years, but, oh, what sorrow there is when the fruit of life ripens and tells its story. "Character is not an institution, but an achievement."

Canada's Hardwood.

The yellow birch (Betula lutea) is the most important hardwood in Canada. It is found from the Maritime Provinces to the west end of Lake Superior and to points along the International Boundary from the west end of Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods. It is found on good sites throughout the Lower Laurentian type of forest. It is used extensively for flooring, cabinet work, vehicle stock, and handles, being hard, stiff, strong, and taking a fine polish. It is often stained to imitate most valuable cabinet woods.

A SCENIC LARIAT

A new circular motor tour, 6,500 miles long, will offer perhaps the greatest variety of natural scenery accessible by any motor route in the world, will be open for travel it is expected by the end of the coming summer. This great loop, which American motorists on the Pacific Coast are advertising as the Scenic Lariat, will touch fifteen National Parks and thirty-two national monuments, including three Canadian Parks in the Rockies, Waterton Lakes, Banff and Kootenay. Only one last link in the chain, a few miles now in length, remains to be completed. This is the unfinished section from the Vermilion summit down to the Columbia Valley on which the engineering force of the Canadian National Parks are now busily engaged.

The new road will swing across the Rocky mountain range by way of the Vermilion Summit, passing through Banff, with a detour to Lake Louise en route, thence down through Kootenay Park to the Columbia valley, and following the Columbia to the International Boundary and by good motor roads to Spokane. At Portland it links up with the Columbia Highway from Portland, Oregon, and thence down past the western entrance of Crater Lake National Park to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Travelling westward from Los Angeles the motorist can visit the Yosemite, Grant and Sequoia Parks, pass on to the Grand Canyon of Colorado and proceed north to the Yellowstone and thence to the United States Glacier National Park and the International boundary. Following the road to Carlston he may make a jaunt to four to Waterton Lakes in southern Alberta and thence via Lethbridge and the Macleod trail return to Calgary.

Thousands of motorists are expected, will follow this scenic highway. American motorists will wend their way to the glories of the Rockies, Canadian motorists will wend to see beautiful California and the wonders of the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite. This will [illegible] national exchange of motorists than as many as made the trip last year. It is expected [illegible] and spends on an average of [illegible] that means an extra [illegible] over $2,000,000 brought to the Pacific Coast each year.

No Respect.

Food Mother: "Have you seen Algernon Clarence Fitzpatrick, little boy?"

Little Boy: "Yes, ma'am. Hi, Ginger, yer mother wants yer!"

To Clean a Chamois Skin.

Chamois skin may be cleaned by soaking in soda and water, and then in soapsuds.

THE SPARTAN.

The Spartan, sorely smitten, kicked up no angry coil, but murmured, "It was written that I should have a boil; and now said boil is growing, its throbbings never stilled, to all the people showing a prophecy fulfilled. I mew not like a kitten, nor whinney like a mare; things come as they are written, and man must grin and bear." I have a boil that's throbbing with zeal beyond compare, and you may hear me sobbing around a city square. I have no Spartan training to cope with such a plight, and, bitterly complaining, I walk the floor all night. And neighbors come and chide me, and protests wildly make; they hate to live beside me—I keep their cows awake. And peelers come and tell me I'll have to can my wail, or with their clubs they'll quell me and run me off to jail. I'm civilized so vastly, in cotton wool so reared, that every ache seems ghastly and makes me rend my beard. And so I view the Spartan with something like disdain, though nothing can dishearten that martyr in his pain. Oh, he is sorely smitten, with boils upon his brow, but says he, "It was written, so why kick up a row?"