

RANDOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN.

AMBITION

Ambition is a slow, relentless malady which attacks people in the head and feet and never lets go until the victim is counted. This disease is responsible for more blighted hopes than the counterfeit corn eradicator, which starts out full of promise and winds up with a heavily increased acreage.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred



Ambition usually starts out in a small, weak way, like running for justice of the peace or member of the school board.

Ambition is caused by the office-hungry microbe, which has wrecked so many happy homes and flourishing law practices. This microbe began to do business in this country immediately after George Washington refused a third term in the Presidential office. Washington was the only office-holder of whom we have any record who was immune to the infectious plea of this

microbe. When it approached him he spurned it with much indignation and his left foot, preferring to retire to his farm at Mt. Vernon and thus escape the clamor of the post-office petition. Mr. Washington set a noble example for posterity, but posterity's meliorism is to hang on until shaken loose by the icy finger of death or jarred away from the trough by an embittered electorate.

Ambition usually starts out in a small, weak way, like running for justice of the peace or member of the school board. This accounts for the large number of men in Congress who would be of more use to their country in some humble pursuit, like delivering groceries or running a feed stable, but who have picked to ambition and are now trying to catch up with their except ambition, but who were unable to realize on it at the bank.

Women have just as much ambition as men, but it is better checked. It is the heart of a woman's ambition to cook a better turkey or wear a newer gown than anybody in her club, and when she does this she is satisfied. Woman always knows whether she is destined to be a home body or a social luminary, and you never see her running for some office which will not fit around the neck or anywhere else. Man should take a lesson from woman and thus improve the quality of our lawmakers.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON.

WARTIME LOAFING.

In sundry sections men have risen, and cried, in ringing tones, that idle gents should go to prison, or else bestir their bones. The scheme is good and I endorse it, for every man on deck should work until he busts his back, or dislocates his neck. Oh, every corner has its loafer, who will not earn a wage; and him the village cop should go for, and put him in a cage. The man unfit to wield a saber, or carve Teutons with a sword, should try a course of honest labor—pitch hay or saw a board. There is a place for every idler who has one leg and arm, and he can earn a bed and dinner on any moral farm. Yet lousy men are idly standing in town, forevermore, and bold as brass they are demanding a handout at your door. In times of peace they put it over, the coarsest stunts got by; but now all men should be hunting for their holes and dia. The earnest, busy lads are packing the burdens of this time; and idleness is truly slacking and slacking is a crime. There's no excuse for Weary Willies, their presence is a sin; so let the peckers take their bills, and run the loafers in.

LAUGH WITH US

FOILED.



Percy—I say, your bulldog bit me. Jane—Well, what do you expect a bulldog to do—slap you on the wrist?

A city man tells this story of a well known financier, noted alike for his perspicacity and his closefistedness.

Two company promoters once called on him to try to arouse his interest in a certain scheme of theirs. They talked to him about an hour. Then they took their leave.

"I believe we've got him," said the first promoter hopefully. "I don't know," said the other, "He seems very suspicious."

"Suspicious?" echoed the first. "What makes you think he is suspicious?"

"Didn't you notice," was the reply, "how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"

When Captain Hammond of the British Royal Flying Corps flew from Dayton to Indianapolis the other day one of the first fellows he met at the speedway was Johnny Atken, the automobile speed king. Captain Hammond decided a spin around the speedway in Johnny's car and he was accommodated.

"Did you give the captain any fancy thrills?" James Allison asked the racing man.

"I should say not," Johnny replied.

"Why not?" Allison wanted to know.

"Well you see, it's this way: The captain is going to take me for a sky ride and I don't want him to have any charges against me when he gets me about 10,000 feet northwest of you flossy cloud. No, sirree! The captain got a ride that was soothing and altogether gentle."

It was the practice of a certain dame of noble birth to drive round at intervals to pay calls upon her acquaintances. As she suffered from gout she gave her card-cases to her chauffeur and directed him to each house as to the number of cards she should leave on her behalf.

Before sailing forth on one of these expeditions, and when she was comfortably seated in her sumptuous equipage, she made a discovery.

"John," she cried to the footman, a new and rather raw specimen. "I have left the cards in the morning room. Go and get them."

It happened that she had a large number of calls to pay that afternoon. At last, when the afternoon was drawing to a close, they halted before the palatial mansion of a noble duke.

Leave three cards here, John," commanded the invalid, as her servant's head appeared at the carriage window.

John looked embarrassed. "Prad I can't, m' lady," he replied. "You can't? And why not pray?"

"Well, there's only the ace of diamonds left m' lady!"

One day an Italian was showing an American traveller Vesuvius in eruption, and fully expected him to throw all kinds of emotional sniffs. The American, of course, was greatly impressed, but he looked on with perfect calm.

"It has been in eruption some time now," said the native in a voice that was almost reverential. "What do you think of it?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the starting rejoinder of the traveller. "It isn't so much."

"It isn't so much!" responded the astonished native. "Do you really mean to say that?"

"Why yes," was the smiling reply of the American. "We have a water-fall over in our country that could put that fire out in five minutes."

"Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Foch's"

—By Webster.



Pointed Paragraphs.

When a woman is too angry to speak her husband is in luck. The boat rocker on the sea of matrimony deserves his fate. True charity consists of opening the

purse and keeping the mouth closed. A preferred creditor is one who is willing to wait until you get ready to settle.

Success is apt to come to those who count every cent and make every cent count. It's only when a piece of property is

offered for a song that a man discovers that he can't sing.

When you miss the limited express by only three seconds it might just as well be a local freight. Many an honest man might be otherwise if an opportunity word while knocked at his door.

Obtaining a Satisfactory Decision on Shots Close To the Line Is Sometimes Very Difficult in Tennis Without An Umpire.



BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES.

FIVE GLASSES A DAY.

Five glasses of water a day—as a beauty treatment! And it doesn't take a bit of time, either. Besides, it's a health treatment as much as a beauty aid.

Few people drink as much water as they should—this, in spite of doctors who claim that too much water is harmful. Possibly too much would rather blow the system, but a little—say five glasses a day—is an excellent tonic.

For one thing, it keeps the bowels regulated, doing away with many cases of constipation. It helps digest the food; it washes from the system the poisons always forming there; it assists the kidneys—clearing the skin of pimples and taking away the muddy look.

And it contains minerals needed by the body. Every woman whose skin has been irritated, broken with ugly eruptions, subject to unnatural flushes and weariness, a general puffy look, should try the water cure. It will do wonders for her, even if she never tries anything else to clear her skin.

The first glass of water should be taken before breakfast, and the second a little while after. A little salt or a little lemon juice may be added to it, if the taste of plain water is unpleasant. For either salt or lemon is good for the system. You'll be surprised how sweet and clean the

mouth and throat will feel, and how ready for breakfast you will be. The rest of the water may be taken with or between meals, but is better if drunk between meals and before bedtime.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—The trouble with most hair dyes is that they turn the hair green. Possibly, if you had continued with the use of the dye, the hair would have turned black and again might not, and in any case, the surface of the hair would have had that dead, greenish tinge in strong light. And the green would last as long as the dye wore off. No mineral dye has been really satisfactory, and since the state of the dye market has been so upset, things are worse than before.

A.—If I were you, I'd try sage and sulphur. This is a stain and it colors the hair brown, but it really is harmless. To make it, steep two ounces of sage herbs in a pint of water for half an hour; pour off and strain this dark tea, add an ounce of tincture of cantharides and one and one-half ounces of sulphur. You can tell this is harmless; cantharides is the chief ingredient of many hair tonics; sage and sulphur are both tonic, and the lotion can be used freely. Apply it with a small brush, and use daily until your hair darkens.

HOUSEKEEPING

By HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL.

FOOD ACCESSORIES.

Food that is not food, in the strict sense of the word, and yet for which the desire is constant and keen, are those seasonings that we use daily and find indispensable to health and comfort.

Salt, of course, is the first such food accessory that comes to mind. The longing for it is a healthy instinct, and the need for it is explained by the composition of the gastric juice. The most powerful digestive acid in the stomach is that called "hydrochloric" and is composed largely of chlorine of sodium (salt) and of potassium, taken with the food or naturally found in it. Yet we find persons who deny themselves salt, reasoning in some mysterious way that it is connected with original sin, or that a comfortable, healthy body is too perfect a possession for denizens of this world.

Vinegar ranks next to salt as a valuable food element. Taken in reasonable amounts, pure fruit vinegar exercises a digestive action upon the gelatinous meats of the meat cabinet. That is why cold meat creates a demand for some such solvent, and pickles and chowchow or spiced vinegar are enjoyed with gelatinous and dry meat.

Salad dressings containing oils and vinegar are food necessities, also. They assist in the digestion of the fresh vegetables. Thousands who could not tolerate green vegetables, alone, relish them in salads. The dressing is really a medicinal lubricant to the digestive system.

Mustard is a stimulant and a tonic, as well as a pungent seasoning. It is more volatile than pepper, but its best flavor is not developed unless it is first moistened with water and then mixed with other ingredients.

Peppers are of two kinds: the black, the white, and the red peppers ground from pepper pods. Red pepper is an irritant and destroys the fine appreciation, good flavors, and delicate tastes of foods, if much used.

Cooks too often over season food and lose the subtle flavor by way of the spice box. Harmony of flavor should be sought for, and no spice should predominate to the exclusion of the original taste of the food served with it.

One spice we do not use often enough is paprika. It is a rich, milk sweet flavor, a little warm but never hot tasting, and not to be confounded with pepper for a moment. It is not even a species of pepper.

The use of onion or garlic is almost unknown in many of our homes because they are used with too heavy a hand. It should always be used—lightly if it cannot be detected in the aroma of the whole.

"Kindly tell me the difference between cocoa and chocolate; they taste and look alike to me, but as the price is so varied, there must be a difference," Lucy B.

Reply.—Cocoa has the oil removed from it and is, consequently, less rich. It is more wholesome for children than the heavier beverage made with chocolate.

"What is butcher's linen, and how much does it shrink each time it is laundered?" Mrs. X.

Reply.—Butcher's linen is a coarse, heavy weave of true linen. It may be shrunk before it is made up. After it is once shrunken, it remains firm and strong.



Caught. Senior—I thought that professor was a bookworm? Junior—He was until an early bird of a co-ed came along.

WARTIME HOUSEWIFERY

By Frances Marshall.

WEARING THICKER CLOTHES

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In spite of the fact that, thanks to Federal regulations and control, coal will probably not be exorbitant in price this winter, we should remember that a war winter usually means the necessity for wearing thicker clothes. Thin clothes in winter are, after all, a luxury, and a luxury that we have known for a comparatively short time. To be able to wear flimsy underclothes and chiffon blouses in December and January means that our houses must be heated with conservatories and that our houses shall be free from draughts and cracks that let in the winds from without.

In Paris women are wearing, if not the old-fashioned woolly underwear, at least something that is quite as warm, and they learned from last year's experience, when late coming particularly ill natured in piling a very severe winter on top of a winter when coal was very high, that by wearing woolen underwear they could keep

healthy and contented at a temperature that ordinarily would prove almost fatal.

In this country we may be wise in preparing for just this sort of thing. And if we have the pluck and the spirit of the French women we will not think that we must necessarily wear red flannels, or make a step backward in daintiness of underwear. French women knit union suits for themselves out of very fine, soft plaid yarn, and they run them with pink or blue ribbons.

For the woman who wants to be fashionable and at the same time warmly clad, it comes as a pleasant piece of news that velvets, velours, corduroys and plushes are to be much worn this winter. For several seasons silks and chiffons have been the matter-of-course for evening dresses. But now one sees many velvet dresses, both in light and dark colors, and to make up both for the décolletage and arms, there are all sorts of fur or velvet or silk scarfs that could be worn even indoors to make up for a lower temperature than that to which we are accustomed.

For the average woman who does not wear elaborate evening gowns the corduroy afternoon frock is always a pleasant combination of what for lack of a better word we call "dressiness," durability and warmth. In place of the Georgia creeper or chiffon shirtwaist, we may wear colored silk shirtwaists that are almost as warm as and surely more comfortable to the skin than woolen shirtwaists.

DICKY DIPPY'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY: GOT BACK FROM MY VACATION. NEVER FELT BETTER. BROWN AS A BERRY. HARD AS NAILS. MET JIM HAYES.

HE LOOKED AT MY LUGGAGE AND SAID: "AH, DIPPY, I SEE YOU ARE GOING AWAY. WELL, OLD MAN I HOPE IT WILL DO YOU GOOD."

"YOU LOOK AS FLABBY AS A SUN FISH AND AS WEAK AS WATER. I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN CARRY THOSE CRIPS!"

"YOU SURE DO NEED A VACATION! GOO-BYE!"



—By SINNOTT.

OUT OF COURT.



Write—All that you are you owe to Tabby—True, but I cannot convince my divorce lawyer of it.