



COURIETTES.

Thieves broke into a New York editor's house. Boneheaded burglars!

C. P. R. is to build a fence for 3,500 miles along its tracks. It may keep the kids out but it won't keep the smoke in.

Dr. Pease has failed again in his attempt to prevent smoking on the open cars in New York. Pease in the soup, so to speak.

"Poor man finds \$160; gives it to policeman," reads a headline. No doubt the officer thanked him.

We note in the marriage column that a chap named Damm has married a girl named Good. That's all.

Uncle Sam is worried because the "honor system" at Sing Sing got a black eye. But what about the students at Annapolis who cheated in their exams. and thought it quite right?

Suffrage leader complains that the feminine vote will not hang together. Same thing seems to be true of the masculine.

What's the matter with Evelyn Nesbit Thaw's press agent? Haven't noticed her name in print for a week.

Mexico has an awful problem on its hands—what to do with all its ex-presidents.

Most everybody has had a chance this summer to find out something about the high cost of getting a sun-burn.

The summer schools are the fly in the ointment of the holidaying host of young folks.

Those doctors who are trying to devise a way to stave off old age are wasting their time. Haven't women been trying to do the same thing since Eve left the garden of Eden?

With all the rain that we've been having lately, has any chap the inclination to sing "A Son of the Desert Am I"?

The day of the gold brick is past. Nowadays Chicago confidence men, it seems, can sell a street car for \$2 and get 50 cents extra for the use of the tracks.

About the best thing that Woodrow Wilson could do to Mexico would be to send Bryan down there as a pacifier. He'd talk all the scrappers to death.

American submarines are being armed with 3 inch guns. Past experience goes to show that what they need most is emergency exits.

These days of hysteria and dangerous suggestion remind the average man that he should be happy in his obscurity.

An American holiday celebrator lost his life in trying to save his hat. Now, if it had been a woman—

Illness Note.—With every fresh advance of the Allies in the Gallipoli peninsula the Sick Man of Europe gets just a little bit sicker.

Just a Suggestion.—It is suggested by a citizen of the republic to the south that if that nation quarrels with Germany they might do without actual fighting and just make faces at each other. In that case we stake all our money on Col. Teddy as able to outclass any face-maker in the Hohenzollern family.

He's Human, of Course.—Henry James, the novelist, recently took the oath of allegiance as an Englishman, rather than remain an American. The only thing American that Mr. James possibly retains an affection for are his

American royalties, which may sound like a paradox.

Defined.—There seems to be some doubt as to the qualifications of a war expert, but broadly speaking we would define an expert as a man who tells others how to do things he can't do himself.

Diplomacy.—Our Uncle Sam needs a few lessons in diplomacy. Instead of sending marines and warships to turbulent Haiti, why did he not end the rebellion by sending a freighter loaded with watermelons?

The Question.—But with Georgia misbehaving as she has been, why should Uncle Sam go looking for trouble farther afield with Germany and Haiti?

WAR NOTES.

Germany assures Uncle Sam that she regrets her submarines' mistakes, but she keeps on making them.

The Russians may not be allowed to treat, but there seems to be nothing to prevent them from retreating.

The nation that refuses to prepare for danger in these days is surely playing the part of the ostrich.

The hand that hurls the torpedo is the hand that rocks at least part of the world.

It's not war—this capturing of scores of thousands of Russians by Germany—it's immigration.

The King of Italy takes orders from the general in chief in the field. It's a wise King that knows his own superior.

Not all the hyphenated citizens are to be suspected. There is Lloyd-George, for instance.

If the censorship keeps on tightening the press will soon be better known as the suppress.

The Sultan of Turkey is a sick man all right—but the Allies won't give him sick leave.

Sure He Won't Be.—A man named Muck is running for mayor of a town across the line. We'll wager he is not in favor of muck-racking if he's elected.

Not Enough.—In Indianapolis the other day a man was arrested when the authorities found that he was trying to establish a moving picture concern on a capital of 11 cents. If some kind officer had lent him a quarter and let him go he might have succeeded.

The Comparison.—They make a lot of fuss about the high cost of living, but a glance at the war bills of the nations makes the H. C. of L. look like the merest circumstance in comparison to the high cost of killing.

Regarding Georgia.—After reading of the lynching of Leo Frank in Georgia, we can only remark that whatever Sherman did to that State when his army marched across it, he didn't do half enough.

Hard to Find.—The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," said the parson as he announced that the collection would be taken up.

And after he got a glance at the plate when it had made its rounds he

muttered, "But I wonder if He ever finds one."

The Way It Was.—"My wife has made me a success," said the man who had made good.

"How's that?" queried his friend. "She wanted so many things that I had to get out and hustle to get them."

All at Once, Too.—Five sisters, who had not seen each other for 48 years, met the other day in San Diego, Cal. What a treat it would have been for the man who invented conversation?

Hard Lines.—We read in the papers the sad story of a young man sent to jail for a minor offence, who was courted while serving his term by a young woman who had been jailed for trying to kill an objectionable suitor. As soon as they got out she married him.

Oh, well, a man is not safe these days, even in jail.

A Matter of Course.—"Blinks always has trouble with his typewriter." "How is that?" "He married her."

Teddy's Advantage.—Roosevelt seems to have quite an advantage over Bryan. He likes to talk so well that he is willing to do it for nothing and pay his own board.

His Main Concern.—The old lady from the country and her small son were driving to town when a huge automobile bore down on them. The horse was badly frightened and began to prance, whereupon the old lady leaped down and waved wildly to the chauffeur, screaming at the top of her voice.

The chauffeur stopped the car and offered to help get the horse past. "That's all right," said the boy, who composedly remained in the carriage. "I can manage the horse. You just lead mother past."

THE LISTS.

Have you read the lists, the terrible lists,

The lists of the wounded and dead? Have you scanned the names in the cold black type,

With a nervous shrinking and dread?

Has your heart lain still, has your blood run chill,

As you searched with the calm of despair?

Have your pulses leaped when you found it not—

The name that you feared was there?

"Maimed for life," is the way it is told—

"Crushed and bleeding and torn!" "The lifeless forms of the mangled ones

From the places of death were borne."

Horrors of war? Who's talking of war? The lists of which we speak

Are those of the victims of Sunday fun

That are published every week.

Those German-American Plots.

The wily Dernburg has gone home—

It might be hard to find him—

But the Kaiser's envoy seems to have Left little trails behind him.

They'll All Agree.—Germany, it is now reported, is threatened with a sausage famine. The Teuton nation will now agree with Sherman's definition of war.

True Test.—In these days of extremes a wise woman is known by the freak fashions she avoids.

HERE'S MARY AGAIN.

Mary had a little lamb—
(A hard, hard heart is hers),
She slaughtered it so she could have
A set of summer furs.

Blaisdells are bought by the biggest buyers

Standard Oil Company
Ford Motor Car Company
Pennsylvania Railroad
American Tobacco Company
Carnegie Steel Company
General Electric Company

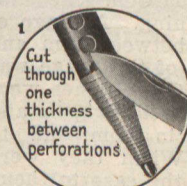
These six firms are Blaisdell customers. It goes without saying that "enlightened self-interest" is their sole guide in buying. When you are considering your pencil item could you do better than profit by their example?

These concerns, and many others of like importance, buy Blaisdells because Blaisdells do the work to the best satisfaction at the least cost. Hard-headed purchasing agents don't chase butterflies. They buy Blaisdells because Blaisdells produce.

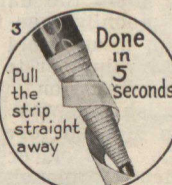
A pencil seems a small enough thing until you think of the number used and the number of people on the payroll who use them. Then they become important as an item capable of no small waste or economy. Blaisdells are built scientifically to cut waste and costs, save time, and yield the best results. The ease and rapidity with which they may be sharpened, the long-lasting quality of the leads, and their really remarkable economy (they save 1-3 to 1-2 of your wooden pencil costs), make them the ideal solution of your big-little problem of pencil buying. Write us to *prove* this.

For instance, Blaisdell 7200 (Hard or Soft) is an indelible copier so good that it will sell you the rest of the line. Order by number from your stationer.

Blaisdell is a *complete line* of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness. Sold by leading stationers everywhere.



The modern way to sharpen a pencil



Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA, PA.