

RANDOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN.

ECONOMY. The missionary collection. More exact, painstaking economy is practiced in our churches than in any other avenue of life, which accounts for the great-fallen look on the ministerial countenance.

On the whole, however, considerable more economy could be used than is now being manufactured. It is getting so that the man who lives within his income is regarded with suspicion and denied admittance to the country club. Thousands of men are burning the midnight kilowatt in the effort to keep step with the income of some neighbor who inherited nineteen farms and a bushel-basket full of bank stock. If we would all economize a little more, we would live longer and our creditors would be better represented at the funeral.

Economy is a beautiful sight in any home, but it can be overdone. Why is it that so many men will buy adding machines, cash registers, electric fans and gold-lined humidors for their offices, and yet compel their wives to put up with the man-killing corn-broom? The kind of economy which spends \$4,000 on an electric linotype and \$40 on kitchen utensils is making it almost impossible to secure a hired girl who will stay long enough during the offertory, we are moving to ask: Why economize for the benefit of people who will not use any of their own?

When exercised regularly for a long period of years, economy becomes a fixed habit and prevents a man from enjoying a picture show except as an invited guest. That is the trouble with economy. It never knows when to loosen up and become cheerful and gay. When a man and his wife have saved and scrimped and starved for thirty years, in order to retire on 7 per cent, economy steps in and keeps them away from church for fear of running into



COME HE GLADLY MEET
I CAN BUILD NO HOME
THAT DOES NOT HAVE
NOTHING BUT A KETTLE
AND A CAN OPENER

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LAUGH WITH US

Phyllis had been caught redhanded and her aunt was lecturing her. "You surely knew you were doing wrong! Don't your conscience tell you that?" said the aunt. "Will my conscience tell me when I'm doing naughty, then, auntie?" "Yes, dear," Phyllis thought a moment, then remarked: "Well, I don't mind its telling me, as long as it doesn't tell you."

Two colored waiters in a local hotel were lately overheard deep in a discussion of the various phases of dumbness. Finally, after a number of illustrations had been cited one captured the climatic by observing with great seriousness: "Yes, suh, dat nigga, dat when he died and dey opened his brain hadn't never been used."

Mr. Jimson was at the Watsons' party and he kept fidgeting with his serviette, when at length he addressed his hostess: "I trust you will not think me unpatriotic?" "Certainly not," "Or pro-German?" "No, no, I have never thought of you as such. But why?" "Oh that I would, you do anything to give aid and comfort to the enemy?" went on Mr. Jimson, unheeding. "Of course not."

PEPPER TALKS

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

MOTHER. Never, in all the history of the world, has a time arrived when a nobler tribute to Motherhood should be paid, than now. Never has Motherhood been more blessed, more heroic.

Upon battlefields and in new graves are the hearts of a million Mothers. When Democracy triumphs against brutality and injustice, the world may well turn with its gratitude to the Mothers of the boys who stood fast, while civilization trembled.

There can never be anyone quite like a beautiful Mother. She who always understood. She who always forgave and forgot. She whose smiles, and struggles and sacrifices always came in such even and equal measure.

Tomorrow will be Mother's Day. Whether she lives or whether she has gone, still will she be with you. If she is far away, her thoughts and prayers will be near. If she has gone, her sweet memory will gladden you day.

The world can never pay its debt to its Mothers. The combined debts of all the great nations at war, at its close, could not begin to repay what the Mothers of

the world had already given before the terrible conflict began. I had a wonderful Mother. The best that I am, I owe to her. When the days have been long and full of problems, I have eased them into a new happiness by thinking of her.

I believe Mothers know—even they long since went away. Remember this, that nothing too good can ever be rendered to a great Mother.

A Mere Trifle. Patient—Oh, doctor, I have terrible pains all over my body, and it's almost impossible to breathe. I can't sleep and I haven't a particle of appetite! Doctor—But otherwise you feel all right don't you?

When she came back to New York her parents had decided to make a

territory to Paris. He began his courtship on board the ship, and he was both persistent and ardent. He won. A civil ceremony was performed in Paris, and then they went to the beautiful Lake Como country, in Italy, where hundreds of persons have gone to find rest and comfort from the very atmosphere. There the civil ceremony was supplemented by the religious rites, and thus thoroughly harnessed the young people started on their way in life.

Even a double bit in the hands of a man who was not skilled in the use of the reins was only to prove more of an annoyance than a restraint to the girl. The Leishmans had made quite a splurge abroad. Martha Leishman had married the Count de Gontaut Biron, and Nancy Leishman was later to marry the Duke of Sutherland.

But the Leishman course in Europe was by no means smooth. In 1912 the Ambassador made a bad guess concerning the probable action of certain stocks in Wall Street, and a Wall Street firm came along with a suit to collect \$78,000 from him, which was embellished by sundry supplementary proceedings designed to locate sufficient property in or about New York to settle the claim. There were also several rows with more tradesmen who wanted to sell anything from a red-hot stove to a Persian rug to an American millionaire and then take chances on subsequent satisfaction with the bargain.

Likewise the path of the courier led to Berlin, whither Mr. Leishman was transferred to represent America at the court of the Kaiser. He astonished and delighted the European continent by arraying himself and his secretarial staff in uniforms that rivalled the best efforts of itinerant dentists to buy the entrances to their places of torture.

It was a lively trail that the Pittsburgher cut across the Old World, and in the wake was the irrepressible daughter-in-law, still holding those ideas of her own and getting the expense of all modern courts as to manners, manners, kingdoms and countries.

Two Gentle men Caught In a Spring Shower.



HOW THE NEWEST AMERICAN PEERESS FOUND HER HEART

The Interesting Romance of Beautiful Mrs. Helene Demarest Leishman Who Discovered True Love At Last on the Battlefield and May Become the Duchess of Sutherland.

Like the story of some enchanted princess in an old fairy tale is that of Helene Demarest, the romantic and original New York beauty.

She has travelled all over the world and known many adventures. Her next day he sought his sister, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, a splendid young war organizer. Another day he found time to discuss his own affairs, and so it was that the wedding occurred in Paris with the speed that has become usual in war times.

The romance, which has progressed so interestingly, began when Helene G. Demarest, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren G. Demarest, of New York, made her debut in 1910.

She had completed her school life in a convent in Paris, and pink tones and debonair dances held but small allurements for her. She won the consent of her parents to tour the Orient, and the elderly aunt and Miss Agnes LeRoy Edgar, who is now Mrs. Stuart Davis, she set out on the trail that has beckoned to conquerors on all times. Out to Cairo and Alexandria, where the fashion of the world sooner or later comes to sit on the broad verandas and contemplate the busy landscape and the lazier passers, she went, and then followed a tour of the continent. There were British officers in uniforms that had not then known the trenches to be found around the Egyptian field.

They were more familiar in those days with the amenities of the drawing room, than with the grim necessities of the trench. The hour for tea was better known than the hour for going over the top. They courted the fair American in all times. Out to Cairo and Alexandria, where the fashion of the world sooner or later comes to sit on the broad verandas and contemplate the busy landscape and the lazier passers, she went, and then followed a tour of the continent. There were British officers in uniforms that had not then known the trenches to be found around the Egyptian field.

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RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON.

MAN POWER.

They're talking now of drafting men whose years have numbered fifty; and hope springs in my breast again, the prospects now seem fifty. Before this beastly war is done, fool rules will go seeking, and boys just who weigh a ton may go and do some fighting. They've barred me out because I'm fat and deaf and broken-winded; and rules responsible for that I hope will be rescinded. When first we broke into the game, Apollons were demanded: "We do not want the old or lame"—the officers New I'm coddling "No man is fit to chase the Hun unless he's like Narcissus." And so I dropped my sword and gun, and went home to the missus. "They're mighty choice,"

LITTLE STORIES FOR BEDTIME

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

SAMMY AND MRS. SAMMY MAKE UP.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

There's nothing quite so sweet in life as making up, and ending strife.

Strife, you know, means fighting and quarrelling. It is too bad that there is such a thing as strife, but as long as there is, it is a blessed thing that folks can make up. Whether Sammy Jay and Mrs. Sammy ever would have made up, if things hadn't happened just as they did, no one knows. Of course they might have done just what she said she was going to do, gone far, far, far away.

But, as you remember, Broadwing the Hawk came along, and Sammy warned Mrs. Sammy just in the nick of time. Just as soon as Broadwing had disappeared Mrs. Sammy flew straight over to the tree in which Sammy was hiding. "Sammy Jay," said she, "I didn't intend to ever speak to you again, but you have saved my life, and I've just got to thank you for doing that. I'm going far, far, far away, so we won't ever quarrel any more."

When Mrs. Sammy first appeared Sammy looked very sheepish and uncomfortable, but when she said she was going far, far away, he looked decidedly alarmed. "What—what—are you going away for?" he stammered.

"So that you won't see any thing more of me," replied Mrs. Sammy. "But—but—but I want to see you. I don't want you to go away. I—I—I'm sorry about those eggs. I'm sorry I found fault about that nest. Can't we build another nest and begin all over again?" There was a note of pleading in Sammy's voice which was hard to resist. Mrs. Sammy shook her head. "I don't believe it would be a bit of use," said she.

"Yes it would," replied Sammy eagerly. "I'll promise not to find the least bit of fault. Couldn't we use the old nest again?" Mrs. Sammy shook her head. "No," said she most decidedly. "No indeed! I don't want ever to see that nest again. I think, Sammy, it would be better for us both if we never see each other any more."

A fly in the ointment came also when O. E. Bodington, a Paris lawyer, came along with a suit against Leishman. It was his claim that it was his gentle efforts that made the course run smoothly for the marriage of Miss Martha Leishman to the Count de Gontaut Biron. For this bit of matrimonial brokerage the lawyer wanted \$5,000, and sought to attach the Leishman bank account in the Union Trust Company, of Pittsburgh, to make sure that a first aid to young love did not lose his percentage.

All of the while we heard nothing from Helene Demarest and young Leishman.

If they had troubles they did not appear on the surface of events.

But in the meantime Martha Leishman and the Count de Gontaut Biron fell out. She had attracted much attention while in Paris, and was known far and wide as a friend of the French people. Her ready wit and reader tongue more than once figured in the social events of the time. One of her quick retorts is entitled to a place in history, because it shows as thoroughly as any Red, White, Blue, or Green book in diplomatic archives the trend of events before the war.

It was in Berlin, in 1913, when Martha Leishman was at a dinner where the guest list held no less a person than the Crown Prince. He said during the dinner, with more emphasis than tact, that one day his forces would break through the defenses of the French.

"On vous attendra," quickly replied the American girl.

"We will await you," was the translation.

Maybe, when the same young man, at the head of his great legions, broke his forces against those same French defenses at Verdun and only won a death roll for his pains, he recalled the remark:

"On vous attendra."

For surely they were waiting, and in the wake was the irrepressible daughter-in-law, still holding those ideas of her own and getting the expense of all modern courts as to manners, manners, kingdoms and countries.

—By SINNOTT.

DICKY DIPPY'S DIARY.

TUESDAY: WAS OUT EXPLORING IN THE WOODS AND GOT LOST. I WAS GETTING VERY HUNGRY. SEEING A CAMP I WENT TO IT. THE ONLY ONE IN WAS A CHINESE COOK.

"JOHN," SAID I, "I'M HUNGRY. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO EAT?" "YOU LIKE FISH?" HE ASKED. "YES," SAID I, "I LOVE IT."

"YOU LIKE NICE FLESH FISH?" "YES, YES!"

"YOU LIKE NICE FLESH FISH FLIED?" "SURE! I LOVE IT FRIED!"

"ALL RIGHT. YOU COMEE FLIDAY."

Illustration of a man in a hat and coat, looking at a piece of paper.

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