Easy to Remedy.

Jones was always complaining of his wife's memory.

"She can never remember anything," said he. "It's awful!"

"My wife was just as bad," said Brown, "till I found out a capital recipe."

"What is it?" asked Jones, eagerly.

"Why," said Brown, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember I write it on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking glass."

Jones is now a contented man.

A Poor Counter.

"He's an expert accountant."

"I don't believe it. I played golf with him the other day and the score he handed in convinced me that he never studied arithmetic."

Deliberation is a good thing that has broken few records.

COSTLY CHIMES FOR CADETS

Big Set of Bells Is Being Made for Chapel at United States Military Academy at West Point.

What is said to be the most costly chime of bells in America and one of the most musical sets in existence is now being made at the foundry of the Meneely Bell company of Troy, N. Y., for the massive tower of Cadet chapel. Rev. H. P. Silver, chaplain at the United States military academy, West Point, as the gift of Mrs. James M. Lawton, in memory of her father, the late Maj. Gen. Robert Anderson, who was graduated from the academy in 1825, and whose brilliant command of Fort Sumpter at the outbreak of the Civil war has thrilled millions of readers of American history, says the Watchman-Examiner.

There will be 12 bells in the chime, the largest weighing nearly two tons and measuring 56 inches at its mouth. The cadet chapel is of stone quarried from rock found on the military grounds and cost to build about half a million dollars. Its commanding position on the hill back from the Hudson river makes an ideal place for bells, and the patriotic airs from the chime will sound throughout the beautiful highlands, in the midst of which the military academy is situated, and prove a source of inspiration to the future generals of the United States army that will always linger with them pleasantly.

A Measly Haul.

First Burglar — Hello, pard! I haven't seen ye since you cracked dat crib on Jenkins street. Git anyt'ing?

Second Burglar—Yes, but I didn't know it until about a week afterward. I got de measles.

There is no place like home—when a man is broke.

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion

About the New Blouse.

In a season when quiet colors and reserved designs prevail in suits and hats and the rule is for simplicity in dress, the new blouses appear to be quite independent of these ideas. Except for lingerie blouses and plain shirtwaists, much like those of the pioneer days in blouses, the new models enter—a brilliant and vivid company, in colors and decorations, compelling the eyes. They save the day for a season that would otherwise be too tame.

Costume blouses of georgette crepe, are made in flame red, petunia orchid, purple, gold, green (emerald) chartreuse, wine, and in pale tones as well. Bead work of American Indian inspiration and embroidery of East Indian origin—sparingly used — furnish the logical decoration for these more or less vivid flashes of color.

Lingerie blouses are of another order entirely. They are made of fine voile or batiste or organdie, with the finest voiles favored. They are not by any means inexpensive when the work of making and decorating them is all done by hand as it is in the best examples of this kind of blouse. Minute, hand-run tucks, inlays of real lace and embroidered applique, worked by hand, bring prices ranging from twelve to twenty-five dollars each. But voile is so durable and so fine that it merits the time spent in doing handwork on it.

One of the simpler new models is shown in the picture. It is of fine white voile with all seams hemstitched, and is trimmed with venetian lace. Its especially new feature appears in the wide jabot ends gathered to the sailor collar at each side. The sleeves are full and prettily finished at the hand with their fullness gathered into a band which is hemstitched to a narrow flaring cuff. The blouse fastens with small, heavy pearl buttons and a lace insertion is set at each side of the hem in the front.

Indefinable, but Unmistakable.

"I'm blest if I know what you women want with dressmakers nowadays; cut a hole for your head in a piece of stuff and tie it in around the waist and there you are!" So said a smart soldier man on leave, whose own uniform was immaculate. "I have a good mind to follow your directions and take a walk in the park with you," countered his wife. It is difficult to see where the modiste's skill comes in, for the gowns of today fit nowhere and disguise rather than improve the figure. All the same, the costume turned out by a first rate house has a style about it indefinable, but unmistakable. That is what we women cheerfully pay for.

Velvet Hats for Fall.

Although you may make your choice among hats of many different shapes the chances are that it will fall upon something made of velvet, either plain or paume—and that that something will be simply trimmed. The capeline, the casque, the toque and the turban shapes, varied and interpreted in many ways—they are all here. And they are dressed up in velvet sometimes of two kinds and often of two colors. Since the matter of trimming is easily disposed of that of making and draping the hat may take much time.

Soft crowns are everywhere. In the first hat shown in the group above, a wide brimmed shape, covered with paume velvet, has a crown that is a puff, accordion plaited; both these facts marking it a hat of the hour. Its trimming is an ornament of jet and it is a brilliant all-black triumph of millinery art.

The beautifully draped turban in petunia velvet has a very narrow drooping brim. All the draping flows upward in graceful lines from the center of the crown where a wing is posed. It is in the color of the velvet but in various shades and follows the lines of the flower-like drapery.

An odd shape not easily classified appears in the third hat. It lays claim to originality and is made of gray velvet or a shape that turns back off the face. A pair of gray wings with bright iridescent feathers at the front suggest a scarab, and they are mounted flat against the turned back brim.

In dressy hats as in afternoon and evening gowns, much more attention is given to draping materials than for many seasons and draperies that conform to beautiful lines, serve to set off rich fabrics.

Julia Bottomley

Between Us Girls.

Miss Sharpe—Some men can be led, but others must be driven.

Young Sharper—Oh, yes! But while you can drive a man to drink you can't always lead him to the altar.

"Wife a Good Sport."

W. S. Desmond, a carpenter of Huntington Lake, Cal., is above the selective draft age limit, but he wanted to join the army.

He told his wife. She objected. He offered to match pennies with her. She agreed. He suggested heads, stay at home, tails go to the front.

They matched and tails won. Desmond enlisted in the field artillery. "My wife's a good sport," he told the recruiting officer.

Love in a Cottage.

He—Their engagement is broken off, I understand.

She—Oh, yes.

He—What was the reason?

She—Why, both were satisfied that they could live on love in a cottage, but when they got to details they discovered that each of them contemplated supplying nothing but the love.

Fifty-Fifty.

Bernard was present at a dinner party, in which some of the guests brought their children. One little girl wanted to play with Bernard's toys, but he was selfish and wouldn't let her.

"Now, Bernard," said mother, "you must be a little gentleman."

"Yes," said he, "but she must be a lady."

Would Give Him the Lie.

Rounder—This gas bill is only 20 cents.

Clerk—Well, sir?

Rounder—Better make it $4.20. My wife keeps the bills, but I've been writing her that during her absence I've spent all my evenings at home.

When He Howled.

"Hubby, the maid has gone and she took my diamond tiara."

"Well, I don't like notoriety. Let it go."

"She also took a peck of potatoes."

"Send for the police!"

Soldiers and Officers.

The lieutenant was testing the squad in visional power.

"Tell me, No. 1," he said, "how many men are in the trench digging party over there?"

"Thirty men and one officer," was the reply.

"Quite right. But how do you know one was an officer at this distance?"

"Cos he's the only one not working!" —Scottish American.

Plenty of It.

"Bragley says his new house is heated with hot air."

"Then it is well heated. I've heard Bragley talk.'

In profanity it is not so much what one says as the manner in which it is uttered.

After a woman reaches a certain age she never mentions it.