

KEEP HUSTLING.

You may strike a day or two When the world looks very blue, Keep hustling.

THE WOLF OF COYOTE HOLLOW.

The first time Theodore Wolf beheld Coyote Hollow was on a forenoon after he had loped the length of Kernan's Coulee, from the lower end of which the hollow spreads out like the floor of a ballroom at the foot of a throne.

As a youth of twenty-five, sent out to this northwestern corner of the desert to serve on a cattle ranch in a serious endeavor to recoup the losses of health that had followed his entrance as a rich man's son into Cornell, Theodore had one by one discovered and fallen in love with the three graces of a new country—freedom, opportunity and a woman.

As Theodore drew rein at the lower end of Kernan's Coulee and looked that first time on the shimmering flat of eight thousand desolate acres, a flat more dreary by its repulsive name, Coyote Hollow—his forgotten air castles, built in Cornell around his reading on theoretic irrigation, sprang again before him.

Theodore Wolf was filled with wonder as he felt the possibilities of the thought, not only that it seemed so undeniably real, but that some one had not seen it before him. Down yonder ran two lines of steel, where the railroad ran away till the eye lost it; why had not some follower of the railroad met this opportunity long ago?

Theodore sent his pony down to the flat and loped around the outer edge of the Coulee to the railroad station of Coyote Hollow. The station boasted of a derrick freight car, which was used as a telegraph operator's room, a water tank and a sidetrack, a cattle run and the agent's house.

Theodore went with orders for certain cases wanted by old man Dartford to ship a consignment of cattle. Then he rode back through the long Coulee and looked closely among the rocks at the upper end for a lout's notice.

Next day he posted a notice at the head of the Coulee and then went to Wenatchee to file his claim with the county recorder. By consulting the records he found that Coyote Hollow was state land, not being included in the railroad grant. The law allowed him to make a contract to buy at \$1.25 an acre, one-tenth down and the balance on or before ten years at six per cent.

Theodore remained with old man Dartford till the spring loading was complete. Then he gave notice that he was going back East to see his folks. To Miss Dartford he gave notice also; that he was going East to persuade his father to join him in constructing the ditch and reclaiming the flat; that when he was king of that new kingdom of the desert, he should ask her to be his queen.

Edna Dartford was as much moved by his plan as Theodore had been when he first looked, clear-eyed and ready, at the opportunity itself. To her mind, irrigation was the natural destiny of the desert, and she had no sympathy with her father's railings against the men who were to bring it about.

"I wish you success," she replied to her father's "well-and-gone snake hole."

lover. "But, Theo! My father will fight you day, night and Sunday. What shall I do then?"

"Help me convert him," said Theodore, and that was his farewell.

Plans which seem to be so destined for success that they become half realities to the enthusiastic plotter, become singularly cold and retiring when spread before strangers. It was with pain that Theodore found that his father smiled at his enthusiastic picture of a future for Coyote Hollow, but put the plans gently by.

The great man had, by his own efforts, built an empire in the Northwest. He admired men who did things for themselves. He admitted that the right for what he had done. Now, he entered into the conversion of Wolf, senior, as though the safety of his great railroad depended upon it.

Eight thousand acres of land can be reclaimed by a ditch twelve feet wide at the bottom, carrying a flow of water from three or four miles up the Columbia into the upper end of Kernan's Coulee. Granting that this old Coulee has a slight down grade for its entire length, a natural earthen ditch may be run in it with scrapers.

"This ditch must deliver water to the highest point of Coyote Hollow. Then the reclaiming of the whole flat becomes a mere matter of building lateral ditches here and there on the flat as needed. This big flume to the upper end of Kernan's Coulee will cost \$50,000 at least. The ditch down the Coulee will cost much less.

That was the end of the matter. You can have a contract for all that land at \$1.25 an acre, or \$10,000 all told. He has ten years in which to pay for it. He can sell every acre in two years after water runs on that flat.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the elder Wolf. "Those eight thousand acres are worth at least \$100 each if the water runs out of the lower end of the Coulee," continued the king. "My railroad has an immigration department that will help get settlers. But that's not all. Eight thousand acres will support a good-sized town, in which half-acre home lots will sell for \$500, and in the town site proper for much more.

Then the elder Wolf went home to figure on the wonders of irrigation, while Theodore went West to become a surveyor. While Theodore was in the East two, people watched for his return with eager eyes. Edna Dartford heard daily the rumors which reached Kernan City concerning Theodore's purchase of Coyote Hollow and his securing of the water rights of Kernan's Coulee.

But another heart beat warm for Theodore's return. An Indian boy from the near-by reservation came daily to the "union depot" to watch for the arrival of the west-bound overland. Little Wolf had learned much that was useful from Theodore, and had adopted himself to be the White Wolf's little red brother. The Indians on the reservation had many miles of small irrigation ditches and Theodore had taught Little Wolf to be a stick-stick man and make new ditches for the tribe.

The Indians had been grateful to Theodore Wolf for this, and had named him Digging Wolf, a title at which the irrigation-hating cattlemen laughed in derision. Now that rumors were flying about that the cattlemen were the trail of Digging Wolf, the Indians had sent Little Wolf to meet the train and warn their benefactor.

Theodore stopped in Spokane long enough to purchase surveying instruments and a camping outfit and to engage two competent assistants. With these men and accoutrements he proceeded to Coyote Hollow, where the watchful Little Wolf met him at the car steps, and delivered his warning.

Theodore listened attentively, and then sent the Indian to the Dartford ranch with a note to Edna. Then he gave his attention to pitching camp at the bottom of the Coulee to securing ponies and preparing to commence the survey.

made ready to sell their herds in the spring. A few sat down in sullen defiance and gave out that they would run Wolf off the range "come spring grass."

"All right," said Theodore. "But I expect to begin fencing Coyote Hollow next April. If you are looking for any grazing there next spring, you had better change your plans."

The old cattleman sneered. "Fence hell! You won't live to fence your own grave." "Mr. Dartford," said Theodore, looking into the sneering eyes. "I have bought Coyote Hollow from the state of Washington. It is my land. If you come on there after I say 'keep off,' then you become an outlaw, just as I would be by coming here after you had told me to keep off.

"You all call the old gentleman down so prompt," said he, "that we boys figure you makes him some sour. May be I can help some in this stick-stuck game, and kind of be a guard around camp. The boys who used to ride the range under you likes your nerve. We don't know this irrigation game, but we aims to see fair play a lot. May be if you organize your camp some warlike you scares trouble away at the jump."

Theodore was pleased to hear from his former comrades in this manner, and gladly employed the cowboy to be the fourth member of the surveying party. In another day they were ready, and began at the lower end of the Coulee. It became evident at once that the bed of the Coulee rose slightly. In three days they reached the upper end, and Theodore wired his father:

"Water will run down hill through Kernan's Coulee." To which the father replied: "Congratulations. Draw on me for what you need. Push the work."

With ample money to his credit at the Wenatchee National Bank, Theodore put three engineering parties at work above the Coulee to run the grade and plat the work up to the falls, at the crest of which he proposed to build the intake. Even in carrying the water this short distance there were difficulties to be overcome which necessitated every form of ditch construction except tunneling; namely, earth work, fluming, pipe line and bridging.

In the main house Theodore had his room, which was both sleeping-room and office. Here the figuring was done. To Little Wolf, who came frequently to ask about the progress of the work, it seemed right that a photograph of Edna, full length in white, should stand over the desk. The figures that Digging Wolf made under the guidance of the white girl's spirit must come right. Thus, one day, Little Wolf was not surprised to find Digging Wolf and his engineers in the room, and each one was placed in charge of a section of the work.

"Here, Little Wolf! Come and see your white brother's map. We will build a flume around that butte, high up—see, on my map? Then a pipe across the ravine—a pipe in which water runs down one side and up on the other. Then more flume, over this bridge and a ditch on north to the Coulee. We'll on the gully north next spring. Then a pipe to the Indian reservation. Here, Little Wolf! Come and see your white brother's map. We will build a flume around that butte, high up—see, on my map? Then a pipe across the ravine—a pipe in which water runs down one side and up on the other. Then more flume, over this bridge and a ditch on north to the Coulee. We'll on the gully north next spring. Then a pipe to the Indian reservation.

"Water, God," said the Indian. Then he thought a moment. "Water run up hill, Digging Wolf?" "Yes, in a pipe."

"What makes it?" Little Wolf looked at Edna's picture and wondered if she were a medicine snake to do this. "Then," said Theodore, "if I make a long glass tube and bend it near the middle so as to make one side shorter than the other, and set the ends straight up and pour water into the long side and you pour water into the short side till the two waters meet at the bottom in the bend of the tube, what would happen?"

"I see. The heavy water would push the light water up." "That is the way we build our pipe across the ravine. The end next the river is higher than the end at the mouth of the Coulee. The water running down the long side pushes the water up and out of the short side."

Little Wolf thought a moment, to fix this miracle in his mind. Then he smiled at the thought of the Indians on the reservation and what they would say when he told them that Digging Wolf could make water run up hill!

The completion of the surveys established Theodore as a bona fide land baron. His call for workmen to commence grading in the Coulee and the erecting of flumes, bridges and pipe lines was the signal for a boom in Kernan City. By the middle of September construction was begun, and Theodore began selling land under a guarantee to deliver water on Coyote Hollow by the tenth day of the following March. He gathered to his camp many of the men who had worked under him on the ranges. Their loyalty was unquestioned, and each one was placed in charge of a section of the work.

As the fall season wore on, the work assumed proportions that astonished even the sneering fringe of cattlemen, who hung along the edge of the wheat fields that pushed out from the western base of the Rockies and left the cattlemen sovereignty only of the semi-arid desert that lay westward to the Cascades. The progress of Wolf's enterprise was not so alarming in itself, since eight thousand acres was a mere dot on the range. But the enthusiasm of the men who were to be the merchants of Kernan City, by the in-pouring strangers and, lastly, by the railroad, was alarming. The success of this enterprise would mean the undertaking of more such, each of which would fence the cattlemen from a part of the great, free range.

The younger man had not worked in a cattle country three years to be frightened by a man's temper. He merely replied in kind. "I'll make more money out of Coyote Hollow in two years than you have in all your life. And when I've done it, I'll give you a chance to sell your cattle and come into the game."

"When I sell them cattle," said Dartford, "it won't be on your account." "All right," said Theodore. "But I expect to begin fencing Coyote Hollow next April. If you are looking for any grazing there next spring, you had better change your plans."

The intake was built substantially, and Little Wolf was set to guard it. He pitched his lodge there, and felt that he was highly honored. The half mile of plank flume that was to carry the water to the edge of the ravine was finished in time to test the pipe line, and flood the remaining flumes, before the frosts of midwinter caused a shutting off at the intake. The holidays found the woodwork completed, and only the stubborn grading in the Coulee to be finished.

January drew to a close, with the work well along and Theodore's men bent all their energies to complete the grading by the tenth day of February. But the stubborn ground grew harder, for the day's rain of a winter thaw soaked into it and the night's cold froze it. A few yards of grading remained when the sun went down over the western edge of the Coulee on the evening of February 9th.

"You have all day to-morrow to complete it," said Theodore to his subcaptains. "If you do not strike gravel or a crack in the floor of the Coulee, you will win. If you do, I may have to offer you three days of grace. I had the intake opened to-day and the flumes are filled and running over. If you do your work you will see water on the Hollow to-morrow."

The tired men were greatly cheered by that unexpected concession, and went to their weary beds mentally rehearsing every step of to-morrow's work. Theodore went to his room before the men were up—graph—her photograph—for a smoke before retiring. How often had he sat there and faced unexpected problems in the work; how much of an inspiration her counterfeited presence had been. To-morrow! He closed his eyes and dreamed of the scene.

A dog barked shrilly outside and a hand of coyotes off the Hollow answered with their shrill cry. Theodore heard the soft, rapid pounding of a pony's hoofs in the soil. Then came a cry: "Wolf! Wolf!"

Theodore recognized the voice of his Indian brother, Little Wolf, and sprang to the door. "Digging Wolf will call all his men and arm them!" cried the Indian drawing rein. "Then he will go to his wooden pipe which is buried in the ravine. The coyotes who drive the Injun from the good land—the white coyotes who snarl when the Wolf builds a great ditch—are coming to destroy it."

Theodore was frozen with horror at the red man's words. "Digging Wolf had better take the picture of the girl and run. Little Wolf will call the men and lead them to the wooden pipe. Then, when the coyotes come, Little Wolf will lead the fight."

Edna! How that thought out him. He grasped the iron and struck the great triangle which hung at the ranch door, and all Coyote Hollow resounded with its clamor. Half clad men came pouring out of the bank houses, and all the yellow coyotes for miles around wailed in fright at the noise.

"Good, Digging Wolf, good!" shouted the Indian. "Now listen to Little Wolf. It is thirty miles around the reservation to the south. Let ten men go to the wooden pipe. There is no moon, stray a cloud, Little Wolf will ride to the Injuns and bid them drive back those coyotes, who call themselves men, and make them ride around. They must pass here to reach the pipe. But they cannot reach here before daylight. Little Wolf will follow them and build signal fires of sage brush that Digging Wolf may know how fast they ride. Then let the men put the plow again to the ground. If water runs on Coyote Hollow when they come, then these coyotes who ride on horses dare not destroy the wooden pipe of my brother, the Digging Wolf."

Theodore recognized the value of the Indian's plan. Water once flowing on Coyote Hollow established his water right, and any man destroying his flume then became subject to the criminal law of the state, and Theodore could recover damages from the raiding cattlemen. If he could finish his ditch by daylight, the cattlemen would not dare attack it. Turning to Little Wolf he threw his right hand into the air, and with one word set the night's work in motion. "Go!"

The men aroused from their deep sleep by this night alarm, would have preferred to take their rifles and give battle to the raiders. But Theodore's sharp commands to harness and to push the final grading brought them to a sense of their responsibility to him. They groaned, swore and obeyed. There was no moon, stray a cloud, less sky allowed every star to lend its aid, and men could see.

Theodore sent ten men to guard the piping and intake. Three men were sent to open the end of the flume and allow water to flow into the ditch at the head of the Coulee. The remaining leaders divided the labor, and soon had the horses harnessed and clanking off toward the Coulee. Theodore roused his Chinamen and orderlies that a plenty of coffee be made and brought to the Coulee.

The work was hard on tired backs and smarting eyes. Hardly had the first sixteen horse plow marked a furrow to the end of the Coulee when Theodore saw, off to the southward, a signal fire. The clash had come, and the Indians had won. The raiders must now ride south and double the reservation. He urged his men to work carefully and not waste their strength.

A plow broke, and men dragged it to the shop to struggle with it under a poor light. A horse fell, and there was delay in getting the creature out of the tangled straps. Another plow struck the basaltic foundation of the Coulee and dislodged a crack. That meant planking. And off a bit to the south was a second signal fire.

The scrapers laid the rock floor bare, and the planks were brought to cover it. The soil was heaped up on both sides, and laid a foot deep on the planks. Then came the creeping snake of water finding its way for the first time down the long ditch into the bed of the Coulee. Theodore followed it, fearing each foot of advance that it would find a bed of gravel or a crack. The rock beneath and disappear in the thirsty earth. Dead snout now there was a third signal fire.

But the water came on and on, till it overtook the graders, and until the horses splashed in it as they dragged their empty scrapers along to follow the plows. If no more planking were needed, the water would reach the gap and pour over it by daylight. That would complete the water right. They could take their time about subditches and laterals across the Hollow. Look—a fourth signal fire! The raiders

had turned the bottom of the reservation and were riding eastward! Men and beasts settled down to a struggle that seemed broken only by the flash of each new signal fire which marked the approach of the determined raiders. Theodore paced the remaining distance at each new signal, and felt that the race would be close. Just as a signal flashed up, showing that the raiders were on the lower end of Coyote Hollow and riding north toward the ranch, Theodore ordered the horses to the stables, and sent the men to get their rifles and shovels. Slowly they scooped the soft volcanic ash away from the advancing water and led it in a small stream to the gap. Just as the first streaks of day touched Coyote Hollow, a thin stream trickled over the shelf, grew to a flashing cascade and then to a fall flow, which tumbled off the shelf to the flat in an audible, continuous roar. The tired men threw down their shovels and lay flat to rest.

Theodore, the light of victory in his eye, went from man to man with a hand clasp and a word of congratulation. Soon the dust of the approaching raiders, who were making for the lower end of the Coulee to ride along it to the upper end, could be seen, and he called his men to sit beside him. At the mouth of the Coulee, rifles across their knees, the picked shots sat in a row and waited. The less nervy men were sent behind rocks, over which they rested their rifles.

The raiders were riding slowly, for their ponies were spent. They came on steadily, passed the ranch house and halted before the waiting men at the Coulee. The leader was surprised when his horse stopped suddenly and drank from a pool at his feet. Looking up, he saw water flowing from the shelf. Looking again, he caught the glint of many rifles along the rocks. He was surprised, as he had planned to pass the camp before the men were up. Theodore was equally surprised to recognize the leader as his future father-in-law, old man Dartford.

"You don't suppose we're going to call that d— puddle runnin' water, do yer?" shouted Dartford, sullen even under Theodore's rifles.

"You accuse knows it," replied Theodore, and the men behind the rocks laughed derisively. "Well, let's see who can get to your d— pipe first," and the leader swung his cayuse around toward the river.

"Halt!" commanded Theodore. The raiders heard the cooking of rifles behind the rocks, and stopped. Little Wolf, riding hard with a small band of red men, swung up to the pool and halted, facing the raiders. Raising his rifle, he covered old man Dartford.

"Coyote! Snake! Get down—get down!" The old cattle owner glanced from Little Wolf's rifle to the gleaming muzzles in the rocks, and then slid to his feet. "Get down and drink!"

Slowly, cursing in his fury, but fearful of resistance, the cattleman knelt and drank. The voice of Little Wolf rang out clear and defiant: "What is it?"

The old man choked out something between an oath and a groan. "What's that?" cried Little Wolf again. "Water!" yelled the exasperated cattleman. Then realizing that he had publicly acknowledged Theodore Wolf's water right, he raised his clenched hands above his head and swore. But the laughter of Theodore's men rang out among the rocks, alike drowning the sound of this puny man's wrath and proclaiming that beneficent a Wolf would be master of Coyote Hollow.—Joseph Blithen in The Pittsburg for November.

Webster's Blue Suit.

Daniel Webster went to college in a home spun suit, of which probably every thread was carded, spun and woven by his mother's hand from the wool of their own sheep. It was a dyed-in-the-wool suit, and the color was indigo blue, the old New England color. In the south it is butter-yellow, but though our Yankee granddaddy knew all about what butter-nut bark would do and the subtle power for the slate color that lay in sumach berries and bark of white maple and various dyes that root and flower, bark and leaf could be made to yield, through the agency of vitriol and coppers to "set" them fast, the universal standby, was the blue potpourri excellence the "dye pot" that stood in the chimney corner of every kitchen worth naming. So Webster was fitted out in indigo blue from collar to ankle—unbecoming for his swart skin—and set off grand and sopheric. Before reaching Hanover there came one of those dreoning rains, which, like the Scottish mists, wet a man to the skin. The suit held its own (for has not indigo been "warranted fast" since first indigo was heard of), but it had parted with enough so that Daniel, too, was dyed blue from head to foot. Daniel Webster had a liberal stratum of sentiment in his make up, and for some reason this color of his young manhood became his favorite wear through life. He wore blue coats to his dying day.

Any one ever saw him in a different one the fact has not been put on record. When a lad Daniel Webster was one day called up by his teacher for punishment. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, he wet the palm of his right hand, wiping it off on the side of his pantaloons. "Give me your hand," said the teacher, very sternly. Out went the right hand, partially cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment and said: "Daniel, if you will find another hand in this room as filthy as that I will let you go for this time." Instantly came from behind his back the left hand. "Here it is," was the ready reply. "That will do," said the teacher; "for this time you can take your seat, sir!"

Daring Robbery at Altoona.

Miss Ruth Clark, the bookkeeper at Contractor John Vipond's office in Altoona, was using the telephone Wednesday, when she heard a noise behind her. Glancing around, she beheld a masked man holding a revolver at her head. He demanded to know where the money was kept. She indicated a satchel on the table, and he knocked her down, tying a towel around her head to prevent outcry.

As she fell she screamed. Fred Bankert to whom she was talking over the telephone, heard the scream, and notified the police. They found Miss Clark unconscious on the floor and the satchel, which contained \$300 in pay envelopes, gone. The robber left no clue. The office is one of the busiest thoroughfares in Altoona. This is the second time Miss Clark has been a robber's victim.

Less Expensive.

"He said he'd rather face father than elope," "And what did you say?" "I said that father would rather have his elope."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Modern Walled City.

Concrete Construction to Protect Galveston's Homes. To Ward off the Bay's Waters. A Three-Mile Barrier, Which Will Prevent any Recurrence of the Awful Disaster Experienced by that Community.

As a result of the terrible Galveston disaster of September 8th, 1900, which was attended by the destruction of thousands of lives and much property, that enterprising city to-day is building an immense sea wall, which not only should prevent the recurrence of such a calamity, but also bring confidence for the future to its commercial success. The cornerstone of the immense undertaking was laid on February 23rd of this year and the actual work begun on March 12th. When completed, the wall will present a solid concrete wall, 17 feet high, along the Gulf front, for a distance of three miles. Of this nearly 6000 feet have already been completed.

THE WALL'S CONSTRUCTION. The wall is not of the same thickness at the top and bottom, but is built more like a basin, and will offer the best resistance to the water. Thus while the top of the wall is only five feet thick, the base is 16 feet, the whole extending in a curve. Riprap occupies 27 feet in front of the wall. As the right of way adopted called for a strip 150 feet wide the entire length of the route, the balance behind the wall is to be filled to a level with the proposed new grade of the city. The mile of wall already completed has been examined by experts, who pronounce it as one of the finest projects of its kind in the world.

HOW THE WALL IS BUILT. More clearly to understand the various features of construction it may be said that the work is divided into five phases, as follows: First, driving the round piling foundation; second, driving the sheet piling; third, laying the concrete foundation; fourth, placing the riprap protection in front of the wall proper. The round piling varies in length from 40 to 44 feet. It is driven to the clay stratum, and this varies in depth below the surface along the beach. Soundings were made along the entire length of the right of way to ascertain the exact length of piling required to reach the clay. In this piling is driven in rows of four and three feet apart, the length of the wall. Upon this foundation, is placed the concrete foundation three feet thick.

The driving of the round piling is the first work; then comes the driving of the sheet piling. The latter is driven out side of the round piling, or on the Gulf side, board to board, distributes the mixture of concrete, and serves as a protection for the round piling behind it. Following behind the steam pile-driver comes the small mixing machine. This machine mixes the concrete for the base of the wall. All the material used in the concrete is loaded direct from the cars into the mixing machine, which mixes the rock, cement, sand and water, and then distributes the mixture into the mould, where it dries and hardens. The big mixing machine and the small mixing machine are operated on the same principle, the only difference being that the big machine feeds the concrete into the moulds for the wall proper, while the small machine feeds the concrete into the moulds for the base of the wall, which is three feet thick, and, of course, the same width as the wall—16 feet.

BREAKING THE FORCE OF THE WAVES. After the piling foundation and the concrete foundation or base have been finished the riprap is placed in front of the wall before the wall is put in. The riprap consists of granite rocks weighing from 200 to 1000 pounds each. They are piled three feet high for 27 feet outside the wall. This is intended as a further protection for the foundation of the wall in breaking the force of the waves. In time this apron of riprap will gradually sink and serve as a double protection for the piling foundation behind it.

After the piling and concrete foundations are finished and the riprap placed outside comes the construction of the wall itself. The big mixing machine, with a capacity of 250 cubic yards a day, is moved along on railroad tracks. From cars loaded with crushed rock and sand the big plant is fed. Cement and water are added. The revolving receptacle soon mixes these materials, and has the concrete ready for use. The concrete is dumped into skids and hoisted over to the top of the mould, and then dumped into it. These moulds are simply wooden box affairs, built in the shape of the wall. After the concrete has been tamped and dried the framework or mould, is removed and used again for the moulding of another section.

Five railroad tracks are used variously in the construction of the wall. FILLING BEHIND THE WALL. Back of the wall the right of way purchased will be filled to a level with the top of the wall. On top of this 100-foot strip a 10-foot sidewalk and 40-foot driveway will be constructed, and the remaining portion planted in Bermuda grass. It is proposed to build a railway along the outside of the concrete top of the wall and to construct a double driveway some distance on the outside of the wall.

It is expected that the whole affair, including the construction of the wall, the filling behind the wall and the sidewalk and driveway improvement, will cost \$1,500,000.

He Wanted Bare Facts. There are two members of the Alfred Moseley Commission who have ideas of their own about American children. After luncheon the other day several of the distinguished Englishmen were in the drawing room with some of their friends. In the group was a portly English gentleman whose crest bears a coronet. There was also an American child, dressed by its American mother according to her notion of the latest English style. The boy's plump little legs were bare to the knees and a kilt covered his full knickerbockers. Perched on a high chair, little Reginald had his kilt pulled far over his knees.

"Raise your kilt and let me see your pretty little limbs," remarked the portly lady, with an amiable smile. The boy, trained to obedience, stood up and did as bid. Then, still holding his kilt and eyes on the portly lady from head to foot, he retorted: "Now, let's see yours."

Don't Drive Her Home. The lady bug is man's friend and should be protected. "With their little red wrappers decorated with black polka dots, the ladybugs are gay and attractive members of the insect world," says the Scientific American. "They are always man's friend, and get most of their living by preying on the destructive soft bodied plant life, the most common of which is the green aphid, commonly found on house plants and rose bushes. The larvae of the ladybug also lives principally upon insects destructive to garden and field crops."