IN APRIL, 1919.

By Susan L. Harlacher, Stormstown, We thought that spring was really here, There were signs along the way; The pussy willows beckoned. The birds had come to stay.

The leaves were on the apple trees, The peach trees were in bloom The dainty colored hyacinths Filled the air with sweet perfume,

Then cold winds blew from out the north, The snow began to fly, The ice was frozen at the pump,

There were gray clouds in the sky. We, shivering, sat around the fire. To warm our frosted toes, And wondered what our fate would be, If everything was froze.

"GARRISON THE BRUTE" OH, WHAT A WATERLOO WAS

It was asserted in the business house of Best and Twombly that Edof Garrison. Not everyone hated him; a few of his associates even admired him, and almost everyone admitted his unusual ability. But there is no question that the great majority of Garrison's fellow workers feared him and writhed under the swift and terrifying attacks of his ra-

pier-like tongue. Nature, in making him, had had an eye to friendship and love. He was a big, powerfully built, up-standing chap, with a fine head and a really handsome face, whose beauty was obscured by an habitual expression of

sardonic gloom. He rarely looked at individuals when he spoke to them, but, gazing inhis right cheek, however, there lurked a thing as incongruous as a bird's slight indentation which, on the very rare occasions when Garrison smiled. sometimes sees on the face of a laughing baby.

Each day fresh instances of Garrison's verbal brutality went through the great building, rolled on tongues of office boys, clerks and department managers, and often reaching even to the splendid isolation of the private room of the two members of the firm.

"The man's a bully," said Twombly, who was an old man and a gentleman the old school of business. "He talks this way because he knows he can get away with it. His men don't dare to retort, or they'd lose their jobs. He'd stop quick enough if he thought it would cost him his bread and butter. If you or I had the nerve to call him down, just once, good and

Young Best shook his head. "He'd he declared, "and we can't spare him—just now, anyway, while there's so much sickness."

The senior partner sighed. "He's a Nero, that chap," he declared, "and we're making a big mistake in giving him so much rope. Before he gets through he will destroy himself or his men, or both.'

Best considered the suggestion, moving about the office with his quick, noiseless tread, his eyebrows knitted.

his brown eyes on the floor.
"I don't know," he said at last. "I've been thinking about Garrison a good deal lately. I don't like the things I am hearing about him. If he goes on, he'll destroy himself, right enough. I admit that. But life usually takes a chap like Garrison in hand and knocks a lesson into him that's a lot better than anything we can think up. And that is what I'm waiting for. thing will work out some way," he

ended optimistically. And it did-in a very different fashion from what anyone could have

foreseen. For that day Garrison received what the office force joyously called "his first call-down!" And the person who administered it was no other than the one person who did not fear him, the quiet, well-poised and thoroughly efficient Miss Edna Hutton.

Garrison approved of Miss Hutton. She was in no sense under his authority, but the work of her department was contributory to that of his-the publicity department-and finding that he could always depend on her for swift and efficient service, he had fallen into the way of making sudden demand upon her and giving her im-perative orders. Thus far, she had obeyed him without question. On the afternoon of the explosion

he had dropped a circular on her desk and curtly commanded her to make certain additions and revisions within an hour. The order was an unreasonable one: the work really required two hours instead of one, and it meant also that Miss Hutton must drop other important work which she had been anxious to finish that afternoon. For the first time, in listening to Garrison's crisp words, she hesitated, and her teeth caught her under lip, a trick they had on the rare ocasions when Miss Hutton was undecided. But Garrison had rushed back to his desk without waiting to observe this effect, taking it for granted, as he always did, that his instructions would

be obeyed. With an uneasy crease defacing the smooth surface of her brow, Miss Hutton laid aside the work she was doing and took up Garrison's

Twice during the hour that follow ed she was interrupted: once by a conference by the sales manager, the second time by young Best himself. The result was that when Garrison strode up to her desk and silently extended his hand for the revised circular, Miss Hutton was not only un-ready but was also slightly unstrung. 'It's not finished, Mr. Garrison," she said curtly.

Garrison cast a swift look at her. "Why not?" he demanded.

"I've had interruptions." Garrison's lower jaw went forward with the quick thrust of an angry an-

"When I give you orders I want them obeyed," he barked. "Bring this circular to me, finished, in thirty min-

ing-room, he realized that everyone

That young lady, who had been seated at her desk, rose slowly, first laying down her pen with deliberation, and picking up the circular with a deliberation as great. As a rule, her voice was singularly low and soft; now, though she stepped within two feet of Garrison and faced him squarely, she addressed him, not loudbut with a penetrating distinctness which carried every word she uttered to the ends of the big silent room.

"Here is your circular, Mr. Garrison," she said. "It is not finished, and it will not be." For a second Garrison was too dazed to take the pamphlet she offered him. Then, recovering himself, he cast a burning glance at her. "What d'ye mean?" he demanded

"I mean that I shall not do any more work for you, of any kind. I am not under your orders, and"-this last clearly and icily—"I do not like

your manners. A slight but audible gasp went around the office. It was uttered by several excitable stenographers. For na Hutton was the only person in several excitable stenographers. For that great establishment who was not perhaps a quarter of a minute no other sound broke the stillness of the

> "We'll see about that," said Garri-"We'll see about that," said Garn-son at last, between his teeth.
> "We will," agreed Miss Hutton warmly. "And we will see about it right now. I am going into Mr. Best's office to offer my resignation—and to tell him why I am offering it. Will you come with me?"

Garrison had been facing her, head down, like an enraged bull. Now, suddenly, his head rose.
"You bet I will!" he snarled. "We'll have this thing settled mighty quick."

He led the way across the room, and the head of every individual there twisted itself to follow the progress differently past their profiles, dropped his few words out of the down-drawn left corner of his bitter mouth. In girl who quietly followed him. Several of the women tried to catch Miss Hutton's hand as she passed their a cannon's jaw. It was a desks, several of the men made signs of warm admiration and approval; but she saw none of these demonstraturned into the abysmal dimple one tions. Looking straight ahead of her, she made the short journey, which suddenly seemed so long, to the door

of the private office. Here Garrison did what was, for him, a strange thing. He opened the door, stepped back, and waited for her to precede him. Then he followed her into the small ante-room and stood beside her while she tapped on

the office, and both rose as the procession of two entered. The eyes of the partners were on Miss Hutton's pale but charming face. The eyes of Garrison were on it, too. All three men saw that its steadiness was threatened, that its lips were beginning to tremble, that for the moment the usually perfectly poised young person could not speak.

Mercifully the eyes of Best and Twombly turned away and fastened on the face of Garrison; and Garrison, as he felt their gaze, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stalk-The situation was his, and he knew it. In another moment the girl would burst into hysterical tears, the scene would become ridiculous, and the two partners would be annoyed at their enforced share of it. But he had not counted on the quick brain of young Best. Young Best had grasped the meaning of the visit, had beaten Garrison to its finish, and had promptly decided to change the nature of the

denouement. "Well, Garrison," he said briskly, "what's the meaning of this?"
Garrison grinned. It was not a

nice grin, and it did not show the dim-"Miss Hutton invited me in here, he said indifferently. "She thought she had something to say to you; but I think she's going to have hysterics

He looked at her as he spoke, and under his words and that smouldering glance the girl's nerves steadied. Best, too, was still alert.
"Oh, no, she isn't," he said. "Here,

Miss Hutton, take this chair." He crossed the room, drew a chair forward, facing the desks of the two partners, and seated her in it. His manner was exactly what it should have been, cooly courteous, wholly businesslike. When she was seated, he and Twombly resumed the occu-

pation of their swivel chairs.
"Sit down, Mr. Garrison," invited
Twombly, speaking for the first time; but Garrison shook his head. "Guess not," he said sardcaically.
"I'm the prisoner at the bar of justice, you know, so I'd better stand."

He turned his back to them again, and stared out of the window at the windows and roofs of the biuldings across the street, and at the network of telephone and telegraph wires directly before his eyes. An odd sensation swept over him. This was a beastly business! Then, in the little group behind him, he heard the girl's voice. It was very low, very cool and controlled.

I'm simply here to offer my resignation; and, because of others, I think I ought to tell you why I am handing it in. No one could speak who isn't going to leave. But I think you should understand."

"Go on, Miss Hutton," invited Best briskly. And Twombly added, in a different tone, "And speak as freely as you like.' In his heart, old Twombly was ex-

ultant. He foresaw a bad ten min-utes for Garrison, and rejoiced in the "Take as much time as you prospect. please," he added.
"Thank you." That was a mistake
on Twombly's part. The gentle tone

almost shook the girl's newly regained self-control. But she went on after a very slight pause.

after a very slight pause.

"I asked Mr. Garrison to come in what you mean." he said, addressing the with me," she began slowly, "because her directly. "I promise that I won't speak to you again."

The said to say certain things about speak to you again." I intend to say certain things about | him, and I want him to hear Then, if I say anything he thinks unjust, he can defend himself." Garrison had turned now to face

He had spoken as always, loudly those odd, new, highly unpleasant "I won't!" snapped Garris and harshly. Now, by the sudden sisensations swept over him. It was their glances met and held. Best, who had been wat like this-with a woman! He came to

had heard him and that, presumably, a sudden decision.
everybody was watching the little scene and listening for Miss Hutton's reply.

That young lady, who had been stand on."

Garrison grinned again as mirth-

"Are we to understand that you are apologizing, Mr. Garrison?" asked Twombly gently.

lessly as before.
"Why, yes, I suppose so," he said.
"If that's what Miss Hutton wants."

Edna Hutton spoke very quietly but also very firmly.
"My own feelings have nothing to

do with this matter, and I shouldn't have dreamed of taking up your time by talking about them," she explained to the partners. "So far as I am concerned, I could have written my resignation and left, and that would have been the end of it. I am here to speak for my associates—for the girls who can't resign and get out, for the girls who have to remain and endure each other and had no further business."

For some reason, one always obeyed Mr. Twombly. "Very well," Edna said, and left the office.

No one except the four persons concerned ever knew exactly what happened during that interview, but the members of Best and Twombly's staff drew their own inferences. Gargirls who have to remain and endure being out of work, even for a week or ferent. He gave them their orders say," she added slowly, as if she were thinking it out, "that every woman in the place who has to come in business contact with Mr. Garrison would tongue was curbed. leave if she could, and that many of the men would do so, too."

room. Garrison, to his surprise, found himself becoming a little sick, actually physical sick. He set his teeth, and again turning his back to the group, stared out of the window. This was an infernal business! It was zled. Sometimes his very soul

becoming a nightmare. "That's strong talk, Miss Hutton,

said Best. "I know it is. I'm weighing every word." Edna spoke quietly. too, quietly and rather wearily. "It is a fact that every woman in the place unkind—something brutal, something that will rankle; and he always does." The silence in the room deepened.

No one spoke. "The result," Edna continued, after a pause, "is that she is not only wretched the rest of the day, but she is almost unfit for work. I believe that Mr. Garrison's speeches and manners are destroying almost fifty per cent. of the efficiency of our women workers."

She stopped. Garrison did not turn. He was no longer angry, he was simply stunned. The impression that this experience was a bad dream the inner door.

Both Best and Twombly were in less dream! He felt as if he had aldeepened. And it was such an endways heard and always would hear the sound of that cool, implacable voice rising from the group behind him.

"Have you anything to say, Garrison?" Best asked. "It's your turn, you know."

Garrison swung round and faced them, shrugging his big shoulders with a quick, irritable movement, as if casting something unpleasant from

"No," he said indifferently. Best turned again to Miss Hutton. "There is no defense," he said, trying ed indifferently toward the window, to speak lightly. "But you know that -er-aside from his manner, which, we admit, is sometimes unfortunate, Mr. Garrison's services are very val-

uable to the firm. "Yes," agreed Miss Hutton, know that. But may I say just a word more?" "Go on, Miss Hutton," urged

Twombly. "Thank you. The question in my mind is simply this: Is Mr. Garrison's work sufficiently valuable to counteract the effects of the influence he exercises on others? I have often thought," she added simply, "that he is like a poison gas!"

Garrison actually started. This was going it a bit strong! The girl was actually trying to oust him from his job! She was putting up a good fight against him, too, a calm, dispassionate, deadly fight, without heat, almost without prejudice. With a strong effort of will, he pulled himself togeth-

"We need not continue this discussion. My resignation," he said casually, "is on the table—in plain sight "We aren't going to accept either resignation," declared young Best cooly. "We're going to straighten out this thing in another way. Have you anything to suggest, Miss Hut-

Miss Hutton reflected. "If I say what I have often thought," she said at last, "it would sound very cruel." "Better get it out." Best glanced at Garrison. "You can stand it, can't

you? ' he asked. Garrison grinned his sardonic grin.
"I gues so," he muttered. But he was conscious of a pang of apprehension. What, in heaven's name, was the girl going to bring up next?

"It seems to me," Edna continued slowly, still with the effect of carefully weighing her words, "that Mr. Garrisen has a certain amount of cruelty in his nature which he has to work off. Because we are around him, and are "I hope you will forgive me," she his obvious victims, he works it off on was saying to the partnrs. "I'm not us. I have often wondered if we could not divert it into other channels."

Twombly smiled faintly. Garrison's sardonic mouth twisted, but he said no word. He stood very quiet, looking at the gray figure in the big chair. It was an odd look for Garrison—intent, thoughtful, and with something

"I haven't done any good, she said. "I'm sorry. But, about my resigna-tion—I really must insist on your accepting that. O' course the place would be impossible for me after this. I will work until Saturday, and if you can get someone today to fill my place

I will give her all the help I can."
Garrison spoke at last. "So far as
I am concerned, you're safe, if that's
what you mean." he said, addressing Miss Hutton shook her brown head

Her charming face looked pale and tired. "You can get back at me without her. As he looked at the charming speaking," she replied, "and in' a gray figure in the chair, another of thousand ways."

"I won't!" snapped Garrison. Again

Best, who had been watching the two closely, broke in at this point. "You've had both an apology and a promise, Miss Hutton," he said cheerfully. "I think you ought to accept them and call the incident closed.'

"For myself, yes," said the girl.
"But the others—how about them?" Garrison's overstrained nerves snap-

"Good lord!" he almost shouted. "What do you want me to do or say?
That I'll kiss them good morning, and bring them candy?" Twombly put up a thin veined hand.

"Leave that to the future, Miss Hutton," he said, "and go back to your work."

"I'm from Best and Twombly's,"

girls who have to remain and endure each other, and had no further busi-Mr. Garrison because they are sup- ness relations, but Garrison's manner porting someone and dare not risk to the other women was certainy dif-I don't think it is too much to with his usual curtness. and aside

In Garrison's inner man, however, a more marked change was working. There was utter silence in the The little scene in the private office persistently haunted him. He even dreamed of it, and of other scenes in which Miss Hutton figured. At first his emotions varied. He

was by turns furious, depressed. puzscorched by the humiliation of the whole episode. Always he missed Edna Hutton's excellent service. She was far and away the most efficient too, and dependable woman in the office. He found himself thinking about the girl more and more. How she degoes to Mr. Garrison's desk with her tested him! He knew the other womheart in her mouth. She knows that en detested him as much. But that while she is there, however short the did not matter. They, like the men time may be, he will say something around him, were mere shadows in a unkind—something brutal, something shadowy world. Just how dim and shadowy his world had always been, Garrison never realized until the day when a flaming figure took the central place in it and suddenly filled it. Then, for the first time, he knew that on this earth, there was exactly one human being whose life was vital to him, and that that life was burning

> Miss Hutton had been ill three days before he heard of it. He missed her atcual presence, of course. Of late he had been surprisingly conscious of her presence in the great room when she was there. But it did not occur to him that she was absent on sick leave. "What's the matter with you?"

> snapped at his stenographer on the fourth day of Miss Hutton's absence. You're using your brains even less Miss Martin looked at him with un-

resentful, red-rimmed eves. because I'm so worried." "I feel so awful about Edna Hutton."

"Let me stay," he begged Mrs. Mer-rill a few minutes later. "Perhaps I What d'ye mean?" he demanded brusquely.

"Why she's dying!" Miss Martin ulped again. "Didn't you know gulped again. "Didn't you know that?" she added, in quick response to some change in his expression. expect her to live through the night." For an instant Garrison stared fixedly at the blotter on his desk. It was covered with crisscross pencil lines which today had an odd effect. They seemed to be running all over the

"Well, get back to work," he said briefly. Take a letter to Hendrick, Bangs and Company. . . . The dictation went on. At the end of it Garrison asked an unexpected question. "Where does Miss Hutton live?" he

demanded.

Miss Martin gave him the street and number, artlessly revealing her surprise as she did so. When she had departed, Garrison arose, and, putting on his hat and coat, left the office. For some reason he did not understand he was not breathing well. He had to get out into the open air. had to go to a certain street and number. He had to be near, as near as he could get, to Edna Hutton, who was dying-to Edna Hutton, who could not

live through the night. She lived far up town, but a subway train rushed him to her station in half an hour, and a few long strides took him to the modest apartment house where she dwelt. On the way he passed a florist's shop, and, not-withstanding his sense of haste, he rushed in and bought her an armful of pink roses.
"Dozens," he told the clerk. "All "Ever since the day I dragged you into the firm's office," she said. "I

you've got." In the hall of the apartment house he met a rebuff. "Ain't takin' no one up to the Huttons'," explained the young negro occupant of the tiny elevator. "Miss Hutton's awful sick. I'll take the flowers an' yo' card," he added generously.

Garrison had no card, but he immediately handed over the roses. "How-how is she?" he almost stammered. The boy's face sobered.

"Guess it's 'bout all over but the funeral, boss," he said gloomily.
"You don't mean—she's—dead?"
"P'raps not yit," conceded the boy. "But t'night, I guess. It's a shame, too," he added resentfully. "She was jes' fine, Miss Hutton was."

Garrison stepped into the elevator. 'I'm going up," he remarked simply. He was a big man, and the stocky tent, thoughtful, and with something else in it, a new quality. It was this quality that caught Miss Hutton's glance. For a long moment their labeled. Then the girl rose.

Stant he found himself outside of the car. The boy faced him, panting.

"If yo' start any trouble here I'll have yo' run in," he said. "I promishave yo' run in," he said. "I promishave yo' run in," he said. "I promishave yo' run in," he said. ed the doctors I'd keep things quiet, and I'm sho' goin' to!

Garrison stood dully staring at him, and something in his look killed the boy's resentment. "Her flat's jes' above, on the next floor," he explained more quietly. "These walls is thin. The docs wants her kep' quiet."

he taught in the public schools for Garrison drew a deep breath. There was nothing he could do. And yet, wasn't there? A man was often useful in a crisis. Perhaps there were several years before going to State State has brought him in contact with things to be got, mesages to send. He took a bill from his pocket and handed it to the boy.

"Let me go up," he said briefly. "I farmers in virtually every county He will have charge of a large com-300 farmers furnish milk.

represent the firm. I want to see there's anything more we can do."

"Well, that's differ'nt." The boy COULDN'T EAT PET. made way for him. "That's the door, on the right. But yo' can't ring," he explained as Garrison left the eleva-

tor on the second floor. "The bell's

There was an interval after Garri-

room at the left of it came the strang-

led sounds that pulled at the roots of Garrison's being.
"How is she?" he whispered.

The nurse hurried from the inner

room, leaving the door open behind her, and crossed to a room beyond.

Garrison, his eyes drawn by an invis-

ible force, turned them on the occupant of the bedroom. Then, blindly,

He had expected to find her uncon-

"Let me alone," he said. "I love

"Don't —say —anything —to hurt er!" gasped Edna Hutton.

And in those six words, from those lips, at that moment, Garrison had

"I won't," he said, and in some way

agreed with her.
"It's going to be a stiff job to make

with what I was, but every little

married as soon as you're well, he al-

"That's because they don't under-

first. Of course, it got to be a habit,

and when I realized that everyone

them. "The odd part of it is that you understood," he went on suddenly. "How long have you understood?"

read it all in one long look you gave

me, when the interview was over. From that moment," she added, soft-

By Elizabeth Jordan, in Woman's

Prof. Borland New Head of State

College Dairy Department.

Andrew A. Borland has been ap-

pointed professor of dairy husbandry

at The Pennsylvania State College to

succeed Frederick Rasmussen, who

was made State Secretary of Agricul-

ture by Governor Sproul. This an-

nouncement was made recently by R. L. Watts, dean of the agricultural

Professor Borland has been in charge of dairy husbandry extension

years. He came to the college from the University of Vermont, where he

was head of the dairy and animal hus-

After graduating from Penn State in 1909, Professor Borland pursued

Wisconsin where he was given the de-

gree of Master of Science in 1910.

He was engaged in research work at

He hails from Mercer county, where

nercial creamery for which more than

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

His extension work in this

advanced study at the University of

at State College for the

maining there four years.

bandry departments.

Home Companion.

"I began to know the real you!"-

There was a short silence between

His future wife smiled down at

hated me I began to run amuck.

the lesson that changed his life.

rose and bent over her. "Forgive me."

she brought it out.

got out of the room.

before.'

took out. Jes' knock."

we can do."

against

"Get well!"

her!"

"Come in."

up hope for a minute!"

Outspoken Revolt at Dinner Table Resulted in Neighbors Having Poetic Revenge and Enjoying Dainty Dish of Roast Pig.

son had knocked, and as he waited his heart stopped beating. From A well-known physician in town has within he heard a sound that tore at his consciousness—the short, agoniza family of small children who are ing gasps of a human being strug- crazy about animals, and every stray gling for breath. When the door was dog or cat is always sure of a good opened he entered softly and found home if they happen to wander near imself confronting, in the dim little the doctor's spacious residence. Inhall, an older edition of Edna Hutton, deed, the doctor calls his home the "Zoo Annex," for it harbors not only dogs and cats galore, but three canaries, two white mice, five pigeons, one he said quietly. "I came up to inquire conversational and profane parrot and —and—and to see if there is anything a brown squirrel, so an animal or two more doesn't count. She led the way into a simple.

Somebody gave the children a baby pig, a nice little pink-and-white pig pleasant little living-room. From a with funny little squinty eyes and a

cute little curl to its tail. The children were wild with joy over their new pet, and installed it in the "No better—yet. But—she says she's going to live. She hasn't given laundry, but evidently the little pig didn't adapt himself to his surroundings, and persisted in staying up late "That's good. Why, that's great!"
Garrison spoke with sudden exultation. "That's half the battle!" nights and giving voice to such lugution. "That's half the patter.
"Yes, that's what the doctors say. brious lamentations that the doctor christened him "Jeremiah." This name But—but everything else is going against her. And she's losing strength." was too long for the children to manage, so they called him Jerry and loved

him to death. Jerry grew so fat he could hardly waddle, but he was great fun and frolicked with the youngsters and had a grand time, and even his squeal had a joyous note in it by day, but once night fell Jerry seemed to grow so low in his mind that he refused to be comforted, and his tones were as shrill and pierc-

stumblingly, he passed its threshold and dropped on his knees by the bad. "Get well!" he muttered thickly. ing as a banshee's. He grew so big that he looked like a scious. But the eyes that turned and looked at him showed understanding, young mountain lion in the arms of the and the eyebrows puckered childishly. children, and occasionally he would es-He was aware that the married sister cape to the front of the house and wadwas pulling at his arm, was trying to get him out of the room. The modling up the steps, would lie down and drop into slumber, so that ment was too big for anything but visiting patients had to fall over or step over the reclining Jerry. Then to add to the general discomfort his He saw Edna's lips moving, and he squeals grew deeper, like unto the vocal efforts of a basso profundo, so the doctor, losing all patience, declared that Jerry must pass on and Her eyebrows were still knit. Her pass out. So one day when his face, already terribly changed, was twisted like a child's about to cry. She made a slight gesture, a very slight one, which he knew meant dischildren were in school Jerry took his first automobile ride, ending up at the butcher's, who had orders to return missal. But as he turned to go, she Jerry right side up with care, ready stopped him, and with a glance indifor the oven and the Sunday dinner. cated her sister. It was plain that she had something to say, and at last

The children, in ignorance of this foul deed, searched high and low for the missing pig, but he couldn't be found, and after weeping violently for the first day, grew resigned to their loss, after the manner of children, and seemed to forget him.

Sunday came and the family assembled at the dinner table. Norah, the cook, came in, bearing aloft the plump form of Jerry roasted to a turn, with can help. Anyway, I've got to watch. I've got to know how it's going. You his tail turned in a sar see, I love her," he, repeated again and he added slowly, as if to himself.

There was a momen his tail turned in a sancy ringlet and

There was a moment of absolute "and I never loved any human being silence, fraught with significance for the doctor and his wife, then one Edna Hutton did not die. She was of their eagle-eyed youngsters shrieka good fighter, and to die at twentyed: "It's our Jerry," and set up six was no part of her plan. She said dismal howl which the rest soon joined she had too much to do, and Garrison and fixing their guilty parents with uncompromising looks demanded to me over into a decent citizen," he told know why their beloved pig was beher, the third week of her convalesing served up as a burnt offering. cence, as he sat on a stool at the foot They were aided and abetted by of her big chair. "They say down-town that I'm white by comparison Norah, the cook, who, wiping a fur-

tive tear from her eye with the corner of her apron, muttered: "Shure, while I—I—forget. I'm afraid they're awfully sorry for you. When I told Best you and I were going to be 'tis mesilf thinks it a sin to murder the baste." Not one mouthful of the martyred

most dropped in his tracks. I suppose they all think my reformation won't last." Jerry would any of the mourning youngsters take, and the parents suddeply lost all desire for roast pig and decided that the late Charles Lamb's stand," said Edna. "They don't realize that we're peeling off the husk you built around the shyest nature a dissertation of that delicacy was all wrong. Jerry, the baked, was removed withman ever had. You thought rude-

ness was your only protection. You discovered it as a boy, and developed ort delay and sent to a neighbor's, who took a poetic revenge in eating the animal that had squealed them into "Yes," agreed Garrison cheerfully.
"I found that the other fellow was sure to hurt me if I didn't hurt him insomnia for weeks past.-Buffalo Courier.

A Delayed Funeral. George I. King, known by every man,

woman and child in Brown county and by all visitors who go to Nashville by way of Helmsburg, has been the stage coach driver between Nashville and Helmsburg and the hearse driver for Nashville's only undertaking establishment for ten years.

Recently there was to be a burial at the Story cemetery, twelve miles south of Nashville, and King was called on to drive the hearse. He hitched two horses to the hearse and started from Nashville at 5 a. m. After he had driven within two miles of the cemetery, he got out to walk up a steep hill and noticed that he had forgotten to put the coffin in the hearse. He turned the horses' heads toward Nashville and made the trip back in short time. He loaded the coffin and changed horses and resumed the trip. The burial was delayed four hours .-Indianapolis News.

"Only Man is Vile." The Quai d'Orsay, where the peace delegates gathered, contains soft, sumptuous carpets, gilded chairs, heavy square armchairs, artistic enarble tables, wonderful damasks. which have so often figured in former descriptions of brilliant assemblies since the early days of the third Napoleon. Some connoisseurs of these chiects demand that the sumptuous State College during the following carpet be covered or removed, in order year, and then went to Vermont, re- to allow the plenipotentiaries of those to allow the plenipotentiaries of those heroic countries to smoke cigarettes at their ease, even when absorbed by passionate debates.

Completing the Passage.

"When two egotists meet it's a case of an I for an I," says the Philadelphia Record. And when two motorists meet, it's

a toot for a toot, what!