40 THANKS

TEACHER, I'M

BACKIN MY

TAKE MY MIMID

OF MY LESSONS!

GEOGRAPHY AND MUSHT

THE PADDED CELL

TOU MAY TAKE

THE AFTERMOON

OFF, JOHNNY.

TOUR SPELLING

WAS PERFECT!

THE BROAD HIGHWA

Tale of 19th Century England, Full of the Thrills of Adventure and Spirit of Romance

1915. Little, Brown & Co.

rake, a cousts wannes (Sico,000), atlons of his old red. Sir Richard lown The Broad ve. He plans to one. t and killed.

Taile at the Tembridge Inn he is rudely the When he resents this treatment of the sources breatening. A fight is need by the peculiar action of a third a class seems to recognize Peter. It is a dities of the denouement of the affair I Cheff. Peter continues on his journey, is he is preparing a lunch on the side as road a stranger appears.

CHAPTER XII-(Continued). GOOD evening!" said he, and lifted the hattered hat.

"Good evening!" I returned. "Pardon me," said he, "but I was salutthe bread and cheese." "Indeed," said I. "Indeed!" he rejoined, "It is the first

tible I have been on speaking terms th, se to speak, for rather more than ree days, sir." You are probably hungry?" said I. "It would be foolish to deny it, sir."

Then, if you care to eat with me in ditch here, you are heartily welcome," With all the pleasure in life!" said he, ulting very nimbly through the hedge; so shall not ask me twice or the very sore is in it! Believe me, I——" Here stopped, very suddenly, and stood

some is in it! Believe me, I——" Here stopped, very suddenly, and stood leating at me.

"Ah!" said he gently, and with a rising infection, letting the ejaculation escape in a long-drawn breath.

"Well?" I inquired. Now as I looked up at him, the whole aspect of the man, from the toos of his broken boots to the grown of the battered hat, seemed to undergo a change, as though a sudden, fire anger had leapt into life, and been controlled by a strong effort.

"On my life and soul, now!" said he, falling back a step, and eyeing me with a vaguely unpleasant smile, "this is a man unexpected—a most unlooked for pleasure; it is—I vow it is."

"You flatter me," said I.

"No, sir, no; to meet you again—some day—somewhere—alone—quite alone, sir, is a pleasure I have frequently dwelt

is a pleasure I have frequently dwelt upon but never hoped to realize. As it is sir, having, in my present condition, no chance of procuring better weapons than my fists, allow me to suggest that they are none the less, entirely at your service; do me the infinite kindness to I answered, cutting a slice from

the loaf. "you are the third person within the last 45 hours who has mistaken me for another; it really gets quite weari-

"Mistaken you," he broke in, and his mile grew auddenly bitter, "do you think I possible that I could ever mistaken

"I am sure of it!" said I. "Furthermore, pray do not disparage your fists, sir. A bout a fisticuffs never did a man any barn that I ever heard; a mun's fists are gied, honest weapons supplied by a benecent Providence-far better than your matural's words and murderous hair-riggers; at least so I think, being, I cat something of a philosopher, Still, a this instance, never having seen your are, or heard your voice before, I shall continue to sit here, and eat my bread and cheese, and if you are wise you will hasten to follow my so excellent example while the is any left, for, I warn you, I "Come come," said he, advancing upon me threateningly, "enough of this fool-

"By all means," said I, "sit down, like

sensible fellow, and tell me for whom iou mistake me

"Sir, with all the pleasure in life!" said he clenching his fists, and I saw his nostrils dilate suddenly. "I take you for the gratest rogue, the most gentlemanly rascal but one, in all England!"
"Yes," said I, "and my name?"
"Sir Maurice Vibart!" I sprang to my feet, starting at him in amazonent. "Sir

feet, staring at him in smazement. "Sir Maurice Vibart is my cousin," said I. And so we stood, for a long minute, imle and silent, eyeing each other above the bread and choese.

CHAPTER XIII.

CilR," said my companion at last, lifting his battered hat, "I tender you apology, and I shall be delighted to t with you in the ditch, if you are in mind about it?" Then you believe me?"

Indubitably, sir," he answered with a nt smile; "had you indeed been Sir either he or I, and most probab-I, would be lying flat in the road, by

out more ado, we sat down to ditch together, side by side, and be-to eat. And now I noticed that when thought my eye was upon him, my panion ate with a due deliberation nicety, and when he thought it was with a voracity that was painful witness. And after we had eaten a ness. And after we had eaten a

"This is very excellent cheese!" said The man from whom I bought it," said

"called it a noble chanse, I remember."

I never tasted one of a finer flavor!"

I my companion.

Imp companion.

Itunger is a fine sauce." said I, "and are probably hungry?"

Hungry?" he repeated, bolting a subjoi and knocking his hat over his with a slap on its dusty crown.

and Mr. Vibarti so would you be—so ald any man be who has lived on anyis he could beg, borrow or steal, with becaulonal meal of turnips—in the digg of which I have become astonishit expert—and unripe blackborries, its latter I have proved to be a very ling diet in many ways—hungry, on, ame!"

after a while, when there nothing med of loaf or cheese save a few sed crumbs, my companion leaned and gave another sigh.

said he, with an airy wave of and, "in me you beheld a highly his young gentleman ruined by a fuplacable enemy—himself, sir. In al place you must know my name stay."

ley?" I repeated. ley," he nodded, "Peregrine Bev-ry much at your service-late of Place, Surrey, now of Nowhere-

that name-fortunate or unfortu-you choose to classify him-lost land and money in a single night's am that food, sir, though you oubtless heard particulars are

By JEFFERY FARNOL

plained, "has been altogether a studious other, and has escaped the well-merited one, with the altogether unnatural result that I also am bound for Nowhere-m-Particular with just eight shillings and sixpence in my pocket."

"And mine, as I tell you," said he, "has been an altogether riotous one. Thus each of us, though by widely separate roads—you by the narrew and difficult path of Virtue, and I by the broad and easy road of Folly—have managed to find-our way into this Howling Destitution, which we will call Nowhere-in-Particular. Then how does your path of Virtue bet-ter my road of Evil?"

"The point to be considered," said I, "is not so much what we now are, but rather, what we have done, and may ultimately be and do."

"Well?" said he, turning to look at me.
"For my own achievements hitherto,"
continued, "I have won the high jump and throwing the hammer, also translated the works of Quintilian, with the Satyricon of Petronius arbiter, and the "Life, Lives and Memoirs of the Beigneur de Brantome," which last, as you are probably aware, has never before been done into the English."

done into the English."

"Ha!" excialmed Mr. Beverley, sitting up suddenly, with his ill-used hat very much over one eye, "there we have it! Who ever heard of old Quin-what's-his-name, or cared, except, perhaps, a few bald-headed bookworms and withered litterateurs? While you were dreaming of life and reading the lives of other fellows I was living it. In my career, episodically brief though it was. I have met and talked with all the wits and met and talked with all the wits and celebrated men, have drunk good wine and worshiped beautiful women, Mr. Vibart.

"And what has it all taught you?" "That there are an infernal number of rogues and rascels in the world, for one thing—and that is worth knowing."

"Yes," said I.
"That, though money can buy anything, from the love of a woman to the death

of an enemy, it can only be spent once—and that is worth knowing also."
"Yes," said I.
"And that I am a most preposterous ass!—and that last, look you, is more valuable than all the others. Solomon, I think may something about a single property of the server of the se I think, says something about a wise man being truly wise who knoweth him-self a fool, doesn't he?"

"Something of the sort."
"Then," said he, flinging his hat down upon the grass beside him, "what argument can you advance in favor of your 'Narrow and Thorny'?"
"The sum of eight shillings and six-

pence, a loaf of bread and a slice of noble cheese, now no more," said J. "Egad!" said he, looking at me from the corners of his blue eyes, "the argument is unanswerable, more especially the cheese part, against which I'd say nothing, even if I could." Having re-marked which he lay flat on his back again, staring up at the leaves and the calm serenity of the sky beyond, while paper of tobacco and forthwith began to smoke.

And presently, as I sat alternately watching the blue wreaths of my pipe and the bedragkled figure extended be-side me, he suddenly rolled over on his

arm and so lay, watching me.

"On my soul!" he exclaimed at length.
"It is positively marvelous."

"What is?" I inquired.

"The resemblance between you and your famous cousin."

"It would appear so," said I, shrugging my shoulders, "though personally I was unaware of this fact up till now."
"Do I understand that you have never seen Sir Maurice Vibart, never seen 'Buck' Vibart?"
"Never!" said I.
"Too much occurred to be seen the

"Never!" said I.

"Too much occupied in keeping to the narrow and thorny, I suppose? Your cousin's is the broad and flowery, with a vengeance."

"So I understand," said I.
"Nevertheless the resemblance between you, both in face and figure, is positively astounding! With the sole exception that he wears hair upon his face and is of a ruddy complexion, while you and is of a ruddy complexion, while you are pale and smooth-cheeked as—as a

"Or yourself!" said I. "Ah-exactly!" he answered, and passed his fingers across his chin tentatively and fell again to staring lazily up into the sky. "Do you happen to know any-thing about that most remarkable spe-cies of the 'genus homo' calling them-selves 'Bucks,' or 'Corinthians'?" he in-quired, after a while. "Very little," said I, "and that only by

"Well, up to six months ago, I was one of them, Mr. Vibart, until Fortune, and

I think now wisely, decreed it other-And herewith, lying upon his back, looking up through the quivering green of leaves, he told mad tales of a reckless Prince, of the placid Brummel, of "Dash-ing" Vibart, the brilliant Sheridan, of Pox, and Grattan, and many others, whose names are now a byword one way or the other. He recounted a story of wild prodigality, of drunken midnight orgies, of days and nights over the cards, of wine, women and horses. But, lastly and very reverently, he spoke of a women of her love, and faith, and deathless

and very reverently, he spoke of a wom-an of her love, and faith, and deathless trust. "Of course," he ended, "I might have starved very comfortably, and much quicker, in London, but when my time comes, I prefer to do my dying beneath some green hedge, or in the shelter of some friendly rick, with the cool, clan wind, wom my face. Besides. She

wind upon my face. Besides— She loved the country." "Then there are some women who can't be bought?" said I, looking at his glist-

ening eyes.

"Mr. Vibart," said he, "so far as, I know, there are two—the Lady Helen Dunstan and the 'Glorious' Sefton."

"The Lady Sophia Seffon of Cambourne?" said I.

"And—the Lady Helen Dunstan," he

repeated.

repeated.
"Do you know the Lady Sophia Sefton?"
"I have had the honor of dancing with her frequently," he answered.
"And is she so beautiful as they say?"
"She is the handsomest woman in London, one of your black-browed, deep-eyed goddesses, tall and gracious, and most nobly shaped; though, sir, for my own part, I prefer less fire and ice—a more gentle beauty."
"As, for instance, the Lady Helen Dunstan?" said I.
"Exactly!" nodded Mr. Beverley.
"Referring to the Lady Sophia Sefton," I pursued, "she is a reigning toast, I beliave?"
Gad, yes! her worshipers are legion.

I purmed, "she is a reigning toast, I beliava?"

Gad, yes! her workhipers are legion,
and chief among them his Royal Highness, and your cousin. Sir Maurice, who
has actually had the temerity to enter
the field as the Prince's avowed rival;
no one but "Buck' Vibart could be so
madly rash!"

"A most fortunate lady:" said L

"Mr. Vibart!" exclaimed my companton, cocking his battered hat and regarding me with a smouldering eye, "Mr.
Vibart, I object to your tose; the noble
Sefton's virtue is proud and high, and
above even the breath of suspicion."

"And yet my cousin would seem to be
no laggerd in love, and as to the Prince—
his glance is contamination to a woman,"

"Sir," returned Mr. Beverley very

consequences, more than once, owing to his friendship with, and the favor of fus

his friendship with, and the favor of friend—"
"George?" said I.
"Exactly!" said my companion, raising himself on his elbow, and nodding:
"George."
"Have you ever heard mention of Tom

"Have you ever heard mention of Tom Crage, the puglist" I inquired, blowing a cloud of amoke into the warm air.
"I won 10,000 guineas when he knocked out Ted Jarraway, of Swanses," yawned my companion; "a good fighter, but a regue—like all the rest of 'em, and a creature of your excellent counin's."
"I guessed as much," I nodded, and forthwith plunged into an account of my meeting with the "craggy one," the which seemed to amuse Mr. Beverley mightly, more especially when I related Cragg's mysterious disappearance.
"Oh, gad!" cried Beverley, wiping his

"Oh, gad!" cried Beverley, wiping his eyes on the tattered lapel of his coat, "the resemblance served you luckly there; your cousin gave him the thrashing of his life, and poor Tom evidently thought he was in for another. That was the last you saw of him, I'll be bound." "No, I met him afterward beneath the gibbet on River Hill, where, among other incomprehensible things, he gave me to understand that he recognized me despite

my diaguise, assumed, as he supposed, on account of his having kidnapped some one or other, and 'laid out' a certain Sir Jas-per Trent in Wych street, according to my orders, or rather, it would seem, my cousin's orders, the author of which out-rage Sir Jasper had evidently found

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Beverley, and sat up with a jerk. "And furthermore," I went on, "he informed me that the Prince himself had given him the word to leave London until the affair had blown over."

Now while I spoke, Mr. Beverley had

been regarding me with a very strange expression, his cheeks had gone even paler than before, his eyes seemed to stare through, and beyond me, and his hands were tight-clenched at his sides.

"Mr. Beverley," said I, "what alls you?" For a moment he did not speak, then answered, with the same strange look: "Sir Jasper Trent—is my cousin, sir!"
My negro-head pipe slipped suddenly,
and fell into the grass, happily without injury

"Indeed!" said L

"Indeed!" said I.

"Can you not see what this means, sir?"
he went on hurriedly. "Jasper will fight."

"Indeed," said I again, "I fear so."

"Jasper was always a bit of a fish, and
with no particular affection for his graceless kinsman, but I am his only relative;
and—and he hardly knows one end of a
ulstol from the other while your counts. pistol from the other, while your cousin is a dead shet."
"My cousin!" I exclaimed: "then it was he—to be sure I saw only his back."

"Sir Jasper is unmarried—has no rela-tions but myself," my companion repeat-ed, with the same fixed intentness of look; "can you appreciate, I wonder, what this would mean to me?" "Rank, and fortune, and London."

sald I. "No, no!" He sprang to his feet, and threw wide his ragged arms with a swift, tassionate gesture. "It means Life—and Helen. My God!" he went on, speaking almost in a whisper, "I never knew how much I wanted her—how much I had wilfully tossed aside—till now! I never realized the full misery of it all—till now! I could have starved very well in time, and the property was a most other. 'No, no!" He sprang to his feet, and and managed it as quietly as most other ruined foois. But now—to see the chance of beginning again, of coming back to of beginning again, of coming back to self-respect and—Helen, my God!" And, of a sudden, he cast himself upon his face, and so lay, tearing up the grass by handfuls. Then, almost as suddenly, he was upon his feet again, and had caught up his hat. "Sir," said he, somewhat shamefacedly, smoothing its ruffled nap with fingers that still quivered, "pray forgive that little abullition of feeling; it is over—quite over, but your tidings it is over-quite over, but your tidings affected me, and I am not quite myself at times; as I have already said, turnips and unrips blackberries are not altogether

desirable as a diet."
"Indeed." said I, "you seemed strangely perturbed."

at the battered hat, and turning it round and round, "Mr. Vibart, the devil is sur-"True," said I.

"My cousin, Sir Jasper, is a bookish fellow, and, as I have said, a fool where anything else is in question; if this meeting is allowed to take place, I feel that he will most certainty be killed and his

he will most certainly be killed, and his death would mean a new life-more than life to me."
"Yes," said I. "And for a moment, Mr. Vibart, I was tempted to sit down in the ditch again, and let things take their course. The

devil. I repeat, is remarkably strong in "Then what is your present intention?"

"Then what is your present intention?"
"I am going to London to find sir Maurice Vibart—to stop this duel."
"Impossible!" said I.
"But you see, sir, it so happens that I am possessed of certain intelligence which might make Sir Maurice's existence in England positively untenable."
"Nevertheless," said I, "it is impossible." "That remains to be seen, Mr. Vibart."

said he, and, speaking, turned upon his "One moment," said I; "was not your cousin, Sir Jasper, of the middle height, alim built and fair haired, with a habit of plucking at his lips when at all nervous or excited?"

ous or excited?"
"Exactly! you know him, sir?"
"No," I answered, "but I have seen him very lately, and I say again to stop this duel is an impossibility."
"Do you mean—" he began and paused. Now, as his eyes met mine, the battered hat examed his finery and the

paused. Now as his eyes met mine, the battered hat escaped his fingers and lay all unheeded. "Do you mean—" he began again and again stopped.

"Yes," said I. "I mean that you are too late. Sir Jasper was killed at a place called Deepdene Wood, no longer since than today at half-past 7 in the morning. It was raining at the time, I remember, but the day grew glorious later."

For a long moment Mr. Beverley stood silent with bent head, then, apparently becoming aware of the hat at his feet, he sent it flying with a sudden kick and watched it describe a wide parabola ere it disappeared into the ditch some yards away. Which done, he walked after it and returned, brushing it very carefully with his ragged cuff.

"And—you are sure—quite sure. Mr.

and returned brushing it very carefully with his ragged cuff.

"And—you are sure—quite sure, Mr. Vibart?" he inquired, smoothing the broken brim with the greatest solicitude. "I stood behind a bedge and watched it done," said I.

"Then—my God!—I am Sir Peregrine Beverley of Burnham Hall, very much at your service, Jasper—dead! A knight bannerst of Kent and Justice of the Peace! How utterly prepostedous it all sounds! But today I begin life anew, ah, yes, a new life, a new life! Today all things are possible again! The fool has learned wisdom and, I hope, become a man. But come," said he in a more natural tone, "let us get back to our ditch, and while you tell me the particulars, if you don't object, I sheuld much like to try a whiff at that pipe of yours."

Sie while I recounted the affair as briefly as I might he sat puffing at my pipe and staring away into the distance. But gradually his head aank lower and lower until his fare was quite hidden from me, and for a long moment after I had ended my narration there was allence.

"Poor Jasper!" said he at last, with-

ellence.
"Poor Jusper!" said he at last, without raising his head, "poor old Jasper!"
"I congratulate you, fir Peregrine,"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)





Confound the artist who drew me, anyway; I'm all balled up!



"Have you any idea how old your sister is?" that she always locks the door before she washes her face."

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



Following Instructions



Circus Manager-Say, what's the matter with you? You haven't got a laugh from the audience tonight. Clown-According to your orders. Circus Manager-My orders! Wha-

Clown-Well, when I asked you for a raise, you said, "Ain't he funny."

Cause for Weeping



Tragedienne-Did you notice how the were still alive.

audience wept at the close of my death scene? Manager-Yes, they realised that you

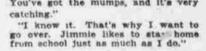
The Sick Man



excellent colleagues, that when we have introduced some of these cacheta into our illustrious patient's Bos-phorus, the cure will be immediate and



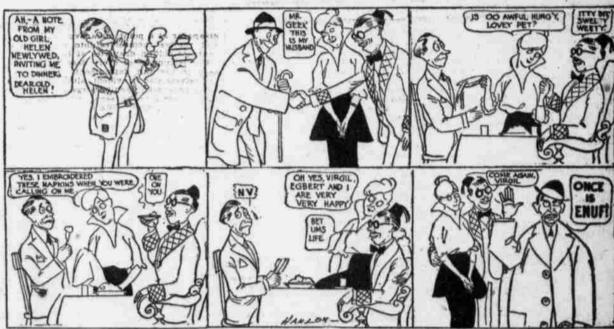
"Please, mamma, can I go over and play with Jimmie Brown?" "Why, Willie, of course you can't. You've got the mumps, and it's very





The Indignant Soldier-Ere, Bill; you know that lantern I pinchedsome 'ound of a thief's gone an' stole

ONCE IS ENUF!





collar button in this salad! Waitress-My gracious, it must have

got in with the dressing! -AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PATRIOT



Gentleman (who has insisted on helping in with luggage)—Couldn't yer make it another tuppence, lidy? I want ter git a little bit together for the war loss

Those Dear Girls