

MONTE CRISPEN A TALE OF PHILADELPHIA

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE EVENING LEDGER BY ARNOLD GARRY COLM

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued
FOR a full five minutes he stood over the prostrate form, which did not move.

It was a man of the professor type, with silver locks, gold-rimmed spectacles and pointed gray beard, who came forth for a farewell glimpse at the Countess Zeda.

In a harsh voice, but excellent English, slightly guttural, he said: "I am going out. Put your mistress to bed."

"Zeda," he called. "He is gone; I saw him pass down the rear walk."

"No answer came from the large drawing room, only groans. The newcomer hurried there, and found a colored maid kneeling before a prone figure, bathing the woman's bruises with cold water.

"It is not the first time, Louis! some cognac, Phyllis," she whispered, feebly, as he helped her place her upon a lounge.

"After sipping the brandy she dismissed the maid."

"Has he found out? The black port-manteau, I mean, how I passed it out the open window of the subway train to you on the platform," asked Louis Murger, anxiously; his instincts were first for himself.

"No," she answered. Murger breathed easy. She went on: "I don't think I am much hurt. A few sore spots. Leeches will make me presentable, and the aches don't mind. I rounded on him on general principles, and he beat me."

"The brute," said Murger, as he looked at her, for what is more heart-rending than a beautiful woman in distress. "If we do as well with the rest of the documents, we will soon be independent of him. I have two yellow American newspapers bidding against each other for the remaining contents of the black port-manteau. Zeda, I am worried about this man Lumley."

"Why?"
"Your father says he must be put out of the way. No, 63 balks; says he won't do it. He refuses a price, and he's an ex-convict and one of our most dependable men. We have used him on the other side, but there is a damned spirit of independence in this country that gets into our men. They are becoming unmanageable."

A New Edgar Rice Burroughs story begins Saturday

Read this thrilling narrative by the author of "Tarzan and the Earth's Core." It is called "Under the Moons of Mars"

CHAPTER XIX A Victim of Fear

THURSDAY, at 2 p. m., a fat man with bloodshot eyes and tremulous lips walked into the office of Harrison & Co., stock and investment brokers, in Walnut street, "Members of the Philadelphia, New York and Chicago Stock Exchanges."

Lemuel Birdseye, resources exhausted, was sinking for the last time. A few words meant Harrison & Co. Although an old Philadelphia house, and obviously conservative, it always kept an open ear close to the ground.

No moss grew, figuratively speaking, in the crevices of its large blackboard, where quotations were daily posted, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., red hot from the ticker, and there was no armada of human chair-warmers in the snug little customers' room, such as decorates the furniture in Henry Clews & Co's famous New York rendezvous.

It was a clean, quiet business at Harrison & Co's, with no home favorites and no nonsense. Only waterproofed information was spilled for the benefit of patrons. The house never joined speculative groups in gunning a stock, balloon, or crooked manipulation with wash sales, "I hear" and "I understand," the established practices of the American rumber foundry, were tabooed expressions among its employees, and the expert, non-emotional way the house did its trading had built up an extensive out-of-town wire business, much originating within the sacred precincts of Wall street itself.

"Carry me until tomorrow," harshly begged Birdseye of the senior member of Harrison & Co.

Before the broker in his private office was an open ledger, lugged in and left by an assistant bookkeeper. The index line of the page was "B-V," the initials indicating the names of the individuals having the account.

"Sorry, indeed, Mr. Birdseye, but Harrison & Co. does not encourage speculation," was the steadfast reply of the broker. "This ledger account shows a succession of unfortunate investments in the most speculative of war securities. We have repeatedly suggested that you change your position on the market or switch to a solid line of stocks. Our margin requirements of 10 per cent. of the par value of standard railroad and 20 per cent. for conservative industrials have not advanced, but we cannot supply any such terms for the so-called 'war brides.'"

"You refuse!" he exclaimed, in fiercer anger.

"No, not exactly; we will wait a little longer. Save Lumley from my father."

"Lumley, indeed! What do you care for Lumley? A broken reed. I tell you it's the American, Crispin. You love him," hissed Murger. She glanced up at him with genuine fright in her eyes.

"How foolish, my splendid Lewis," she quickly said. "Don't be mad. Did I not assist you relieve this American of \$5000? Think! Take those wrinkles off your brow."

With a swift, silent feline movement the Countess Zeda raised her hands to Louis Murger's well-shaped head, drew down his face and pressed her lips to his. "Now go," she said, imperiously, "I must be alone."

What has Lumley done? plaintively asked the woman.

"He has tied up with the enemy. Your father has had him watched by an American detective agency in such a way that none of his movements go unobserved. Lumley is a dead man, and I must report on him in the morning."

"Poor fellow! He will die soon enough from the white plague. Where can he do us harm? He knows only father and me; thinks us uncle and niece. He has never been here. You never met him. Oh! this is terrible."

"The danger is not what he knows," said the black-bearded Louis, "but lies in his ability to identify the Great Commander. Your father has to keep away from public places, where people congregate, as long as Lumley lives. Then, Lumley knows the secret of The Black Forest, your father's bar sinister."

"I know it, but save him, Louis," she sobbed, brokenly. "He has done nothing to deserve death."

"I'll try," he answered. "Only one good turn deserves another, pretty cousin."

"Name your price. It is the curse of the blood to always barter."

"You must come with me to Japan," he proposed. "Oh! I have waited patiently. Zeda, I adore you; ah, it is not new for you to hear it from me." The tone of his voice was almost tender.

She said: "Always I must give, give, give."

"You fear to leave your father," he jeered.

"They are nothing to me—my uncles, father and his faithful pilots. But do you offer me anything different? No! It is the same sort of life I would lead with you. Lies! Tricks! Thefts! Perhaps a little less cruel; blackmail instead of murder. I helped you get \$5000 from young Crispin. You want me for other schemes. I know you, Louis. To go with you would only be to change masters."

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You will have to deposit a 100-point margin for these inflated speculative stocks or this account is immediately closed.

"Surely my personal connections justify better treatment," pleaded Birdseye. "Look! My associate and I have had a \$100,000 net loss on the whole series of investments."

"Your losses do not concern us," snapped the broker. "To get it back you must be right on market, and the past does not justify such a prediction for the future. This is no place to run a show-into a tannery. As for your associate, whom we have never seen, it might be to your profit to look him up. I fear you have been imposed upon."

Birdseye evidenced no desire to discuss Senor Velasquez, and the broker desisted further from comment on the supposed South American banker. Taking a new tack the fat man said, "I have good American friends, powerful men."

"Then, let them take care of you," said the broker. "Margin requirements in an honest stock exchange house are based upon the fluctuations of the stocks traded, and not upon personal considerations. The securities you have fancied have fluctuated from 10 to 30 points in a single day. We have given you reasonable notice, and the time limit expires today. We must protect ourselves, and in so doing we protect other customers who deal with us, also keep our credit good with the banks that lend us money to keep going."

Birdseye fumbled at an inside pocket and drew forth some papers. He said: "Here is \$100,000 worth of life insurance policies. Take them, and carry me another day."

The broker drew back against a piling look came into his face.

"So you are really down to the bottom of the safety deposit box," he said kindly. "I am pained to tell you I can do nothing for you. Keep the policies. I see the beneficiary is your wife. We are a house that has never yet robbed a widow."

Birdseye arose. He felt completely fagged by the labor of making his final appeal. So he was at the end of his tether. No use to say more. Brokers are always like that. Heartless. He bowed and made his way into the customers' room adjoining. Harrison was right, he thought; it would never do to rob a widow. He recalled distinctly that the broker used the word widow. He wondered if the broker suspected.

The fat man dropped into a mahogany chair of wide, comfortable arms, directly in front of the board, with his vertical rows of figures slowly climbing downward and filling the black spaces. For a full half hour he remained quiet and inert. He felt he was a bit of a coward after all. Then he felt to thinking. He recalled his first meeting with Velasquez at a Washington club. Strange man! Astounding magnetism! Then he began to recount the steps in his weakness before he finally fell under the complete influence of the foreigner. Velasquez was a black magician.

Birdseye started. A man had taken the chair beside him. He wondered if he was a detective. No. His feet were small, and he wore tailored clothes. The fat man breathed easy again. He somehow felt muddled and distressed. They would find him short in his accounts with the estate of John Montgomery on Monday. This was Thursday. He might live four days. Why not wait? No! His chance to win back what he had lost was gone.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Church Jealousy Grinds Pastors, Says Minister

Rev. A. C. Schenk, Lenten Speaker, Assails "Vipers" of Church

Jealousy, existing in some of the churches today, has caused many a pastor to be "ground to death" and congregations to suffer severely, according to the Rev. A. C. Schenk, pastor of the Bethlehem Church, 30th and Diamond streets, who preached the noonday Lenten sermon at Old St. John's Church, Race street, below 6th, today. His sermon was on "The Church as a Battlefield."

"Are we using the position that we hold in the church to push ourselves forward or to push forward the cause of Christ?" the speaker pointedly asked his hearers.

In the church, the Rev. Mr. Schenk declared, there are still existing "some vipers with stings unreMOVED," as well as "thorns" which might be removed before they pull up growing weak nearby.

Religious Meeting Tonight

All Creeds Will Be Represented at Metropolitan Opera House

Former friendship between the various religious denominations of this city is hoped for as a result of a meeting that will take place tonight in the Metropolitan Opera House, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, and many prominent citizens have promised to attend.

The meeting will be presided over by Judge Mayer Sulzberger. George Wharton Pepper, Charlemagne Tower, Hampton L. Carson, Judge C. Willis Martin, Joseph R. McCull, John C. Bell, Dr. James M. Anders, Abraham M. Bettler, the Rev. J. Gray Bolton, F. L. Breittinger, Judge Morris Dallett, A. A. Hirst, J. Percy Keating, Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, Judge Joseph P. Laurelle, Samuel D. Lee, David H. Provan, Dr. Arthur Hobson Quinn, Dr. J. Thompson Schell, Walter George Smith and James M. Wilcox are some of those who have consented to act as vice-presidents of the meeting. The meeting was arranged by the National Commission on Religious Prejudices. The principle speaker will be Joseph Scott, a California lawyer and a member of the Knights of Columbus.

Students in Exhibition

Temple Men and Girls to Dance and Fence Tonight

A hundred young men and women, all undergraduates of Temple University, Broad and Berks streets, will participate in the annual exhibition of the normal physical training department of the institution tonight, at Le La Temple, Broad and Spring Garden streets.

The young women will give exhibitions in fencing, folk and esthetic dancing and in drill work, and the men will box, wrestle, march and engage in various athletic contests. The event is being arranged by William Nicoll, physical director of the University, and Miss Anita Freston.



LOUIS ROSEN President of senior class of Southern High School, which holds graduating exercises tonight.

SOUTHERN HIGH SCHOOL TO GRADUATE 81 BOYS

Tenth Class Will Receive Diplomas at Commencement Exercises Tonight

Eighty-one diplomas will be awarded tonight to the tenth class to graduate from the South Philadelphia High School for Boys. The exercises will be held in the school auditorium at Broad - 4th Jackson streets. The school orchestra will render several selections, as will the glee club. The salutatory address will be made by Ruben N. Bergendoff and the valedictory by G. Carl Lieb. There will also be an oration by Morris Lerschevitz. The three orators are the honor men of the class and will receive medals.

The graduates are:

- MANUAL TRAINING COURSE: Alphonse Arbaciaucchi, William B. Krump, Alex. Backler, William J. Lelovitz, William C. Becher, John D. Morgan, Samuel J. Pizar, Robert Rosenfeld, John L. Rice, Samuel A. Romanoff, William H. Eddels, Harry H. Rosen, Bernard H. Sarzen, J. Larry Shoen, George V. Sobel, Samuel N. Gerson, Fred S. Thomas, Jr., Earl Henderson.

- COMMERCIAL COURSE: Joseph A. Gumerman, Christian Hildebrand, William Hoffman, Harry S. Hunt, Philip Hymes, Alexander Levy, Harry W. Jones, Bernard Maras, J. Larry Shoen, George V. Sobel, Benjamin Silverman, Joseph Tullis.

- ACADEMIC COURSE: Wilbur L. Archer, Jr., Ernest J. Harty, Nathan Koff, Benjamin J. Clement, Morris C. Glone, Jr., Maurice M. Deasen, William J. Friedman, Sylvian Fish, Joseph Frank, William Fletcher, Morris H. Friedman, Harry W. Jones, Edward Grabosky, Joseph H. Gorman, Frank Hunter, Jr.

- MORAL SIGNS POINT WAY TO UPRIGHT LIFE, SAYS PASTOR

Rev. M. A. Brownson, in Lenten Sermon, Mentions Two Species

"I have always been greatly interested in signs," said the Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D. D., at the First Presbyterian Church, Washington Square, at the noonday Lenten service today. "Our lives are largely taken up with following signs," he said. "We reach the point or desire we have by following signs. Just as we find our way in physical life by means of signs, so may we find our way in moral and spiritual words by means of posted signs."

"In your own hands you hold the Rock of Signs," he continued. "They are drawn from the life of Christ. The first is the sign of the manger. Christ was born into this world for you. Next is the sign of the wonderful words. He never put foot to paper, but he spoke as never man spoke. The sign of His wonderful life, whose fullness and loveliness we are to follow. A patient thief found the Saviour at the sign of the cross, and the women found their Christ at the sign of the tomb. The Bible is the sign that shows the way and marks the place where Christ may be found."

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GIRL IN EVENING GOWN WILL MAKE BUTTER IN HOTEL WHILE YOU WAIT

"It's Just 20 Minutes From the Cow to the Package," Says Billy Van, Former Comedian, Now in the Separator Business

A beautiful girl in an evening gown, making butter before your eyes while you dine, will be one of the sights in the dining room in a Chestnut street hotel within the next few days.

The fair buttermaker will show that the manufacture of this necessary article is just as pleasant a task as plucking the piano. She will dispense little spheres of butter to the waiters, and the guests will see the fresh cream thus transformed without coloring or sleight of hand.

This great transformation in the art of butter making is due to the machine or separator now being exhibited here by Billy Van, the comedian, who has forsaken the stage for the dairy. He demonstrated the ability of the separator yesterday before Director Krusen, of the Department of Health and Charities. In addition to making butter from cream in 1 minute and 16 seconds, Billy showed that the operation was the cleanest yet

discovered in butter making. Human hands did not touch the food in the entire process. The exhibitor then took the separator apart and showed that it could be sterilized, just like a surgical instrument, which is not true of the big separators, it is said, used by the great creameries.

"It's the best I have ever seen," said Director Krusen, who cleaned the separator and the time in which the butter is made are also big factors."

A hotel proprietor was among those present. He did some quick figuring, and discovered that one of the separators would save him \$12 a day, and that he could have the butter made in the presence of his guests. He bought one of the separators, and it will be in action just as soon as the dairy maid of the dining room is taught how to handle the magic contrivance.

"It's just 20 minutes from the cow to the package," said Billy, "for we have tried this right at my dairy farm in New Hampshire."

TRIES TO BRING HER SON BACK TO RACIAL FAITH

Runaway Drops Jewish Belief and Becomes Presbyterian. She Asks Cops' Aid

NEW YORK, April 6.—Far more distressed by the fact that her runaway son, Charles Long, 14, has left the Jewish faith and become a Protestant than that he refuses to come home from Schenectady, N. Y., and support her, Mrs. Mary Goldstein, of 59 Henry street, in seeking aid in bringing her boy back to his racial religion.

Charles is one of seven children and a son of Mrs. Goldstein and a former husband, who is dead. He ran away January 7, 1915, to join the navy, but his youth would not permit his enlistment. He roamed around the country, and during this time his mother made many futile efforts to find him.

At her request a newspaper printed Charles' picture last March, with a story of his disappearance. The following day Chief of Police Ryan, of Schenectady, identifying the lad by the photograph, arrested Charles and incarcerated him on a charge of vagrancy.

Detective Callahan, of the First Branch Detective Bureau, went to Schenectady last Friday afternoon. The following day, when he sought to serve the warrant, Judge McMillin, of Schenectady, ruled that the warrant was not operative outside of this city and refused to honor it.

Furthermore, he told Callahan that the boy was to go to work last Monday for the General Electric Company at \$12 a week and that it was his opinion Charles was better where he was.

Several other persons have been asked by Mrs. Goldstein to see what can be done to have Charles brought back here that he may resume the religion to which he was born.

Merion Station Enlarged

The population of Merion has grown so swiftly in the last few years that the baggage station on the north side of the railroad has become inadequate, and work was begun yesterday to enlarge the building to twice its present size.

SUFFRAGISTS' "GOLDEN FLYER" BEGINS ITS TRIP

New York Beauties Passengers in Auto—Will Stop Here

NEW YORK, April 6.—A low, racing automobile, painted yellow, draped with orange-colored ribbons and occupied by two of the prettiest suffragists that ever demanded the ballot, left New York today for San Francisco to carry arguments for suffrage all the way across the continent.

Mrs. Alice Burke, of New York, will drive the car. Her companion is Miss Nell Richardson, of Winchester, Va.

The "golden flyer," as the car was christened by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, was escorted part of the way by a procession of automobiles bearing suffragists, who cheered, waved banners and threw kisses at the departing campaigners.

Mrs. Burke and her companion, on the way to and from San Francisco, expect to make speeches or otherwise work for suffrage in the following cities: Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Detroit and many others.

WATCH SET TODAY AT SALE FOR JEFFERSON HOSPITAL

Society Women Will Prevent Repetition of Yesterday's Thefts

Society women acting as salesladies the rummage sale being held in the V per Building for the benefit of the Jefferson Hospital kept close watch on booths today to prevent a loss similar to that of yesterday, when shoppers at sale calmly walked away with several hundred dollars' worth of clothing other articles.

Men will be stationed at the exits make sure that bundles and the such purchased and not stolen. These measures were decided necessary as the fact that the amount of the first day's sale, which were \$1300, according to an announcement made this morning by Miss Bessie Dobson Altman, chairman of the affair, would have been boosted nearer \$2000 mark had there been no thefts.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

The Toys of Today Are the Tools of Tomorrow

Dearest Children—Isn't it perfectly wonderful the way the grown-ups are getting interested in our great club? I am going to publish the number of members we have now and not wait for the great surprise for you May 1, when ye hope to come out in BIG TYPE and say:

"Wonder of wonders! We now have 50,000 members."

I want you all to write and tell me what you are interested in; and if you are making wonderful things, send me photographs of them. Why, I bought a photograph camera the other day for 75 cents and two rolls of films for 10 cents each. I had a lot of fun for a whole day for 95 cents and still have the camera.

If you have made something wonderful with your TOOLS, send me a picture of it, or, if you have made something wonderful with your mechanical toys, send me a picture of it. Above all, if you are one of our members who has made a dress for her doll which is pretty, send me a photograph so that we may show our other members just what you are doing and, above all, show the parents and grown-ups what wonderful things the children of today can do.

There are lots and lots of people who are always saying the children of today are not this or that, when they are the most wonderful children the world has ever known, and YOU ARE ONE OF THEM.

Find out what you like to do and DO IT WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND SOUL.

Our Postoffice Box

Francis Donovan is the honored guest this evening at our postoffice party. He hails from South 52d street and traveled all that way one bonny morning to pay a "happy day" visit to your editor, Mary Wright and Catherine Roseberger, Spring City, and W. H. H. Haney, of Germantown avenue, are other names that appeared on the Rainbow Register that very same day. How many "spruce callers" is your editor going to have next Saturday morning?

Little Baby Ruth Viola Thompson, of New Brunswick, N. J., cried the other night when her mother took her Rainbow button off when she put her to bed. So now she wears it all night long! Two sets of "brees" joined us this morning—Helen, Rose and Paul Zepf, of Camden, and Edith, Rose and Dorothy Goldberg, of Pine street, West Philadelphia.

News comes from Woodbine, N. J., in the way of a bright word from Estelle Estabrook, head of the Rainbow Carnationists. She writes: "We have decided to make candy twice a month and sew three times a month. Perhaps we will sell the candy in order to raise funds to maintain our club nicely." Diana Behrman, one of the members, wrote a private little note herself. She said: "Maybe I didn't jump when I saw the postman with a Farmer Smith envelope"—well—maybe I didn't jump when we saw the postman with the Diana Behrman envelope!

Margaret McClanaghan, North 10th street, and John Harp, North 25th street, are thoroughly trained in the art of letter writing. We wish we had sufficient space to let you see just how well trained they are.

The Rainbow art critic is considering for publication drawings from the following members: Marie Louise Tracy, Chestnut street; Clarence and Herman Schenker and Maurice Lang, of Bay Harbor, N. J.; Bernard Skazgor, West York street, and F. McArthur, S. Spruce street.

Things to Know and Do

1. What do these words spell: teard, collage and redelf? (Sent in by David Metzner.)

2. Spell handy with two letters.

FARMER SMITH'S GOAT BOOK

Billy Bumpus Gets Spring Fever

Billy Bumpus was in the sitting room one afternoon looking at his beautiful whiskers in the looking glass, when his good wife caught him in the act.

"You vain thing!" she exclaimed. "The idea of your looking at yourself in that glass! You are worse than I am."

"I was just trying to see what that scratch was, mother," said Billy, who always called his wife "mother."

"If there is any scratch on that mirror, your horns made it," replied Mrs. Goat, turning and walking out of the room. Billy hastily looked at himself again and then walked into the kitchen and sat down.

"Here, here, you lazy thing, wash those dishes!" said Mrs. Goat, in a harsh voice. "I feel sick," began Billy, and—

"You ought to get sick, looking at yourself in the looking glass. It's a wonder I don't get nervous perspiration myself, looking at YOU."

"You mean nervous prostration," corrected Billy Bumpus.

"Well, whatever it is, you will never get it from overwork. I guess you have spring fever. Look! Your head is so hot now that your whiskers are smoking."

Billy scooted into the sitting room and peeked at himself in the glass; then he came back and his good wife said: "You will look at yourself in that tub of water it will cool your fever."

Billy Bumpus did as he was told and, when he got to the tub, his wife said: "Now that you are there you might wash the dishes for me."

Billy did as he was told, and in a little while his wife said, "How is your spring fever now?"

"It has disappeared in the soapuds," said his husband, meekly.

I guess you had an aggravated case of lameness and then had a relapse," answered Mrs. Goat.

"What do 'aggravated' and 'relapse' mean?" asked Billy.

"Ask the soapuds!" replied Mrs. Goat, savagely.

A Brave Little Rainbow

By BRUCE WYMAN, N. 9th street.

There was once a little girl named Elise. One day while in the city she followed her organ grinder and was soon miles away from the hotel where she was staying. Night was fast approaching, and the organ grinder had disappeared. She sat down on the doorstep of a house and a policeman found her, took her to the police station and gave her to the matron.

By this time, the mother was growing anxious, so she phoned to many station houses. "My little