

The young lady across the way says it's extremely important in trying times like these for every American to keep his temper, controlling his risibles and making no angry reply no matter what any one may say to him.

That's Possible

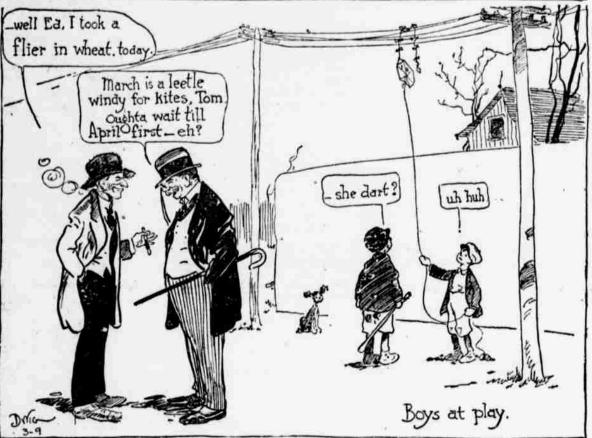
Herbert-There's a man that is bringing up a couple of dozen families and he's only getting \$50 a

Hisbert-How does he do it? Herbert-Well, you see, he's elevator boy in an apartment house .-

IN CASE OF WAR (MOLLY PITCHER STUPF)

THE PADDED CELL

SCHOOL DAYS





BOIN!

-Princeton Tiger. - Can't you think of anything more wonderful than a five-pound box of candy? She-Yes, a ten-pound box

Know Thyself

A stout, baggage-laden old English gentleman was trying to make a hurried exit from a railway carriage. At the door he stumbled on the foot of a brawny Scot.

"Hoots, toots, mon!" groaned the Highlander. "Canna ye look whaur going? Hoot, mon, hoot?"

The burdened traveler slammed the door behind him and shouted through the window:

"Hoot yourself! I am a traveler, not an automobile."-Argonaut.

More Mad-Waggery "I see that Billy Sunday has gone

to Buffalo." "Who is he going to buffalo now?" -Lampoon.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE



A Well-Bred Loafer

HAYWARD



-Cornell Widow Mirabelle-And why do you say he Myrtle—Because he gets the dough.

friend on a hotel plazza as a string of chappies went by in their flashy togs. "Passengers or freight?" smiled the friend.

"Empties," said the old man,



AFTERGLOW

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivia By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Once more on earth after their experiences in the abyas, Beatrice and Allan start for their bungalow on the Hudson. As they near Hope Villia they see that the horde of beast savages has infested the building and grounds, and that the invaders have set fire to the home. Broken-hearted, Allan guides his aeroplane toward the great Goinfe cathedral on Storm King, where records of the last pligrimage after the great disaster are hidden. Among the records is a phonograph and disea, including the wedding service. There, in the descrited ruins of the cathedral, Beatrice and Allan are married.

The two return to the edge of the abyas and prepare a cave on Settlement Cliffs, where Allan plans to bring the Folk from the underworld. The caves enable him to keep the white-halped, white-eklined people away from the bright sim during, the day. Allan guturns with two of the Merucann on his first trip, to find that a giant gorlila had stolen Heartes. The three men save the sirl, and Allan continues his work of transplanting the Folk to Settlement Cliffs.

CHAPTER XVIII-(Continued)

BESIDE her he knelt silently; he en-circled her with his right arm. Then he took up the tiny garment, smiling. For a long minute their eyes met. His brimmed with sudden tears. Hers

fell, and her head dropped down upon his breast, and—as once before, at the cathedral—an eloquent tide of crimson mounted from breast to throat, from cheek to tendrilled hair.

About his neck her arms alid, trembled.

No word was uttered there under the golden lamp-glow; but the strong kins he pressed, reverently, proudly, upon her brow, renewed with ten-time depth their sternal

CHAPTER XIX

The Master of His Race

sacrament of love.

DAYS, busy days, lengthened into weeks and these to months, happy and full of labor; and in the ever-growing colony progress and change came steadily forward. All along the cliff face and the terraces the cave dwellings now extended, and the smoke from a score of chimneys fashloned among the clefts rose on the temperate air

of that subtropic winter. At the doors, neits hung, drying. On the pool, boats were anchored at several well-built stone wharfs. The terraces had been walled with palisades on their outer edge and smooth roadways fashloned, leading to all the dwellings as well as to the river

below.

On top of the cliff and about three hundred yards back from the edge another pallsade had been built of stout timbers set firmly in the earth, interlaced with cordage and propped with strong braces.

The inclosed space, bounded to east and west by the barrier which swung toward and touched the canyon, had all been cleared,

save for a few palms and fern trees left

Beside drying frames for fish and game and a well smoothed plaza for public as-semblies and the giving of the Law, it now

contained Stern's permanent hangar. The Pauillac had been brought along the road from Newport Heights and housed there. This road passed through strong gates of hewn planks hinged with well-wrought ironwork forged by some of the Folk under the direction of Hyemba, the smith. For Hyemba, be it known, had been brought up by Stern early in December. The man was essential to progress, for

none knew so well as he the arts of smelting and of metal work. Stern still felt suspicious of him, but by no word or act did the smith now betray any rebellious spirit, any animosity, or aught but faith-

Allan, however, could not trust him yet. No telling what fires might still be smod-dering under the peaceful and industrious exterior. And the master's eye often rested keenly on the powerful figure of the black-

Across the canyon, from a point about fifty yards to eastward of Cliff Villa-as Beta and Allan had christened their home —a light bridge had been flung, connecting the northern with the southern bank and saving laborious toll in crossing via the

This bridge, of simple construction, was merely temporary. Allan counted on eventually putting up a first-class can-theyer: but for now he was content with two stout fiber cables anchored to palm-trunks, floored with rough boards lashed in place with cordage and railed with strong

This bridge opened up a whole new tract of country to northward and vastly widened the fruit and game supply. Plenty reigned at Settlement Cliffs; and a prosperity such as the Folk had never known in the Abyse, a well-being a luxurious variety of food-stuffs—fruits, meats, wild, vegetables—as well as a profusion of furs for ciothing.

Barring a little temperary decression and lassitude, due to the great alteration of environment, the Fork experiences but slight ill effects from the change.

And, once they grew acclimated, their health and vigor rapidly improved. Strang-est of all, a phenomenon most marked in the children, Allan noticed that after a few weeks under the altered conditions of food and exposure to the actinic rays of the sun as reflected by the moonlight, pigmentation began to develop. A certain clouding of the iris began to show premonitory of color-deposit. The skin lost something of its chalky hue, while at the roots of the hair, as it grew, a distinct infiltration of pigment-cells was visible. And at this sight Alian rejoiced exceedingly.

sight Alian rejoiced exceedingly.

Beatrice did not now go much abroad with him, on account of her condition. She hardly ventured farther than the top of the cliff, and many days she sat in her low chair on the terrace, resting, watching the river and the forest, thinking, dreaming, sewing for the little new colonist soon to arrive. Some of their most happy hours were spent thus, as Alian sat beside her in the sun, talking of their future. The bond between them had grown closer and ore intimate.

They two, linked by another still unseen,

"Will you be angry with me, dear, if it's a girl?" she asked one day, smiling a little wistfully.
"Angry? Have I ever been angry with you, darling? Could I ever be?"

She shook her head

"No; but you might if I disappointed "Impossible: Of course, the world's work demands a chief, a head, a leader, to come after me and take up the reins when they fall from my hands, but."
"Even if it's a girl—only a girl—you'll

ove me just the same?" his answer was a pressure of her hand, which he brought to his lips and held there a long minute. She smiled again, and in the following silence their souls spoke together though their lips were mute. But Beta had her work to do those days as well as Allan.

But Beta had her work to do those days as well as Allan.

While he planned the public works of the colony and directed their construction at night, or made his routine weekly trip into the Abyss for more and ever more of the Folk—a greatly shortened trip, now that he knew the way so well and needed to store

Folk—a greatly shortened trip, now that he knew the way so well and needed to stop below the ground only long enough to rest a bit and take on oil and fuel—she was busy with her teaching of the people.

They had carefully discussed this matter, and had decided to impose English bodily and arbitrarily upon the colonists. Every evening Beatrice gathered a class of the younger men and women, always including the children, and for an hour or two drilled them in simple words and sentences.

tenges.
She used their familiar occupations, and taught them to speak of fishing, metal-working, weaving, dyeing and the preparation of food.

And always, after they had learned a certain thing, in speaking to them she used English for that thing. The Folk, keen-witted and retentive of memory as barbar-ians often are, made astonishing strides in

this new language.

They realized fully now that it was the speech of their remote and superior ancestors, and that if far surpassed their own crude and limited tongue.

Thus they learned with enthusiasm; and

"We must teach the children, above all."
he said to her one day. "English must
come to be a secondary tongue to them,
familiar as Merucaan. The next generation
will speak English from birth and gradually
the other language will decay and perish—
save as we record it for the sake of history.
"".

"It can't be otherwise, Beatrice. The superior tongue is always bound to replace the inferior. All the science and technical work I teach these people must be explained

They have no words for all these things. Bridges, flying-machines, engines, waterpipes for the new aqueduct we're putting in to supply the colony from the big spring up back there, tools, processes, everything of importance, will enforce English. The very trend of their whole evolution will drive them to it, even if they were unwilling, which they aren't."

"Yes, of course," ahe answered. "Yet, after all, we're only two—"
"We'll be three soon."
She blushed.

"Three, then, if you say so. So few among so many—it will be a hard fight, after all."

Adams and one or two others, at the time of the muthy of the Bounty taught English to all their one or two score wives and numerous children on Pitcairn.

The Tahitan was soon forgotten, and the brown half-breeds all spoke good English right up to the time of the catastrophe, when, of course, they were all wiped out. So you see, history proves the thing can be done—and will be."

Came an evening toward the beginning of spring again—an evening of surpassing loveliness—soft, warm, perfumed with the first crimson blossoms of the season—when Bremilu ran swiftly up the path to the clifftop and sought Allan in the palisaded inclosure, working with his men on the new aqueduct. master, for they seek you now!

"The mistress and old Gesafam, the aged woman, skilled in all maladies! Come swiftly, O Kromno!" Allan started, dropped his lantern, and urned very white.

"You mean-

"You mean—"
"Yea, master! Come!"
He found Beatrics in bed, the bronze iamp shining on her face, pale as his own.
"Come, boy!" she whispered. "Let me kiss you just once before—before—"
He knelt, and on her brow his lips seemed to burn. She kissed him, then with a smile of happiness in all her pain said:
"Go, dearest! You must go now!"
And, as he lingered, old Gesafam, chattering shrilly, seized him by the arm and pushed him toward the doorway.
Dazed and in silence he submitted. But

pushed him toward the doorway.

Dazed and in silence he submitted. But when the door had closed behind him, and he stood alone there in the moonlight above the rushing river, a sudden exaltation thrilled him.

thrined him.

He knelt again by the rough sill and kinsed the doorway of the house of pain, the house of life; and his soul flamed into prayers to whatsoever Principle or Power wrought the mysteries of the ever-chang-

And for hours, keeping all far away, he held his vigil; and the stars watched above him, too, mysterious and far.

But with the coming of the dawn, hark! a cry within! The cry—the thrilling, never-to-he-forgotten, heart-wringing cry

never-to-be-forgotten, heart-wringing cry
of the first-born!
"Oh, God!" breathed Allan, while dcwn
his cheeks hot tears gushed unrestrained.
The door opened. Gesafam beckoned.
Trembling, weak as a child, the man faltered in. Still burned the lamp upon the
table. He saw the heavy masses of Beta's
hair upon the pillow of deerskin, and something in his heart yearned toward her as
never until now. never until now. "Allan!"

Choking, unable to formulate a word, shalding, he sank beside the bed, buried his face upon it, and with his hand sought "Allan, behold your son!"

Into his quivering arms he laid a tiny aundle wrapped in the finest cloth the Folk ould weave of soft palm fibers. His son

Against his face he held the child, sobbing. One hand sheltered it; the other pressed the weak and trembling hand of Beatrice.
And as the knowledge and the Joy and

pain of realization, of full achievement, of fatherhood, surged through him, the strong man's tears baptized the future master of the race!

CHAPTER XX Disaster!

THAT evening, the evening of the same day. Allan presented the man-child to his

"Listen, O folk of the Merucaans!" he cried. "I show you and I give you, now, into your keeping and protection forever, this first-born child of ours!

"This is the first American, the first of "This is the first American, the list of the ancient race that once was, the same race whence you, too, have descended, to be born in the upper world! His name shall be my name—Allan. To him shall be taught all good and useful things of body and of mind. He shall be your master, but more than master; he shall be your friend, your teacher, your strength, your guide in the days yet to come! To you his life is given. Not for himself shall he live, not for power or oppression, but for live, not for power or oppression, but for service in the good of all!

ilve, not for power or opinions.

"To you and your children is he given, to those who shall come after, to the new and better time. When we, his parents, and when you, too, shall all be gone from here, this man-child shall carry on the work with your descendants. His race shall be your race, his love and care all for your welfare, his every thought and labor for the common good.

"Thus do I consecrate and give him to you, O my Folk? And from this hour of his naming I give you, too, a name. No longer shall you be Merucaans, but now Americans again. The ancient name shall live once more. He, an American, salutes you, Americans! You are his elder brothers, and between you the bond shall never loosen till the end.

"I have spoken unto you. This is the

"I have spoken unto you. This is the

In silence they received it, in silence made obelsance; and, as Allan once more carried the child back to its mother, silently they all departed to their homes and labors.

From that moment Alian believed his rule established now by stronger bonds of love than any force could be. And through all the intoxication of success and consummated power he felt a love for Beatrice, who had rendered all this possible, such as no human words could ever say.

Alian Junior gray lustily waxed strong

Allan, Junior, grew lustily, waxed strong, and filled the colony with joy. A new spirit pervaded Settlement Cliffs. The vital fact of new life born there, an augury of strength and increase and world-dominance

once more, cemented all the social bonds.

An esprit de corps, an admirable and powerful co-operative sense developed, and the work of reconstruction, of learning, of progress went on more rapidly than ever.

Beatrice, seated at the door of Cliff Villa
with the child upon her knee, made a veritable heart and center for all thought and abor. She and Allan, Jr., became objects almost of worship for the simple folk. It was heart-touching to see the eager

interest, the love and veneration of the people, the hesitant yet fascinated way in which they contemplated this strange boy, blue-eyed and with yellow hair beginning to grow already; this, the first child they had ever seen to show them what the chil-dren of their one-time ancestors had been. The hunters, now growing very expert in the use of firearms, fairly overloaded the

larder of the villa with rare game birds and ventson. The fishers outdid themselven to catch choice fish for their master's fam-ily. And every morning fruits and flowers rere piled at the doorway for their ruler's pleasure.
Even then, when so much still remained to do, it seemed as though the Golden Age of Alian's dreams already was beginning to

take form. These were by far the happiest days Beta and he had ever lived. Love, work, hopes and plans filled their waking

Put far away were all discouragements and fears. All dangers seemed forever to have vanished. Even the portent of the have vanished. Even the portent of the signal-fires, from time to time seen on the northern or eastern horizons, were ignored. And for a while all was peace and joy. How little trey foresaw the future; how little realized the terrible, the inevitable

vents now already closing down about Allan made no further trips into the Abyss for about two months and a half

Before bringing any more of the people to he surface, he preferred to put all things n readiness for their reception. He now had a working force of fifty-four nen and twelve women. Including his

son, there were some seven children With large plans in view, he dammed the

HAT evening, the evening of the same day. Allan presented the man-child to his sisembled Folk.

Eager, silent, awed, the white barbarians rapids and set up a small mill and power-plant, the precursor of a far larger one in the future. Various short flights to the rules of neighboring towns put him in

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS What Did the Rector Say?

sister sat in a little straight-backed rocker with the dish in her lap and a bag of fat green peas at her feet.

Nannie, our colored girl, was sweltering n the kitchen, while we were enjoying the colest spot in the place.

We exclaimed over the perfectness of some of the pods. "I've eight in this one," said sister.

"Oh, really?" I replied, and then there flashed across my mind something I had read somewhere in a "dream book." So I paused, and with an air of revealing emething choice (to get sister's attention),

began:
"You know, if you can find a pod with nine in it, you must not take them out, but save it and hang it over the doorway and then read your fate by the next man who

"What are you talking about?" said sister, pretending great scorn, but really quite interested.
"Oh. I replied, lying back in the chair,

"Oh, I replied, lying back in the chair,
"If a single man enters you marry him, if
it is a married man you are fated to be an
old maid all your life."
"Pshaw!" scolded sister, "where did you
invent that?" Soon I noticed her counting rather care-

Soon I noticed her counting rather carefully.

"What have you? Nine?" I asked.

"Yes, nine," and with that she coolly stripped all nine out of the pod and added them to the nice little collection in the dish.

I was mad, but knew better than to protest. She would only laugh. Anyhow, she is older than I, and engaged, too, so what interest would she have in such proceedings? She had done it to tease me, and I wasn't going to give her the satisfaction wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of knowing I cared.

of knowing I cared.

She went into the house for something, and I quickly pulled out the longest pods left in the bag. The first had ten, the next eight, and I feit it was quite useless to hunt for a lucky nine, but the last one I had taken revived my spirits, and after counting three times from both ends of the pod, so as to be sure, I tucked it away in my blouse. When an opportunity came I pulled some thread out of sister's workbox and suspended my prise where it would dangle above the head of any "unfortunate" entering.

entering.

For the next few hours you would not have had to look far from the front door to find me.

Once I looked down the path just in time to see sister's flance approaching. I seized the telephone book and batted down the pod just in time. I hadn't hung it there for

WERE sitting on the veranda shell- | knew it wasn't secure but trusted it would hang there till I got back. The minute we returned I consulted

> Who's been?" "The rector came in for a few minutes," she answered. "Rector!" I gasped. He is married and

> has two grown-up daughters. Heavens!
> 'An old maid all my life.' "Was he the only one?"

"Was he the only one?"

No, it seemed there was some one else who came to the door and wouldn't come in. It was my dearest chum's brother, and, alack the day! I well knew he would have come in had I been there. Perhaps it would be interesting to note that I never tried the experiment again. When I went to get the pod it was gone, and I had visions of it riding out on the rector's tall slik hat. He was a good man, but it was some time before I could feel the same toward him after that visit, ward him after that visit.

I went to sleep that night with the words ringing in my ears. "An old maid all her life; all her life."

Well, all this happened a year ago. I

marry him.

"Why did you think that?" he demanded.

And so I told him the whole story, and
how sorry I had been that he didn't at least
come inside the door that afternoon, for
Nannie said that he called just before the

He listened, but before I got there he was shaking with laughter. He waited till I got to where I imagined the rector till I got to where I imagined the rector walking up the street with the pod on that shining silk hat of his, and then he burst out and laughed long and loud.

"Of all things," he ejaculated, "how

He got up abruptly and started off. "I'll be right back," was all ne said. He went home and came back soon with a little box in his hand.

a little box in his hand.
"This isn't a present," he smiled, "but it may interest you."
When I opened the box I found, to my amazement, a withered old pod with nine hard little kernels!
As I looked up for an explanation he told me that that was the same pod I had hung in the doorway. It seems that by the time he called that day the pod had dropped and was lying on the carpet. The door was

time he called that day the pod had dropped and was lying on the carpet. The door was open, as our veranda was well screened, and while he was waiting for some one to answer the bell he stepped over the threshold and picked it, intending to hand it to Nannie and tell her he was afraid some one might fall on it. However, when he found I wasn't home, he forgot all about it, and carried it back to his house.

Then, as he tells me, since anything to do with me or my house was becoming dear to him, he saved it, and had never quite felt like throwing it away.

'Then it wasn't hanging there when the rector called the same anything there when the

gathered on the terrace, all up and down the slope of it, before the door of their Kromno's house, waiting to beheld the son of him they all obeyed, of him who was their law.

Allan took the child and bore it to the doorway; and in the presence of all he held it up, and in the presence of all he held it up, and in the yellow moonlight dedicated it to their service and the service of the world.

"Listen, O folk of the Merucaans!" he cried. "I show you and I give you, now, into your keeping and protection forever,

again by which the society of the part reached its climax.

And to his ears the whirring of his bine as the waters of New Hope swirled through the penstocks, the spr of the wheels, the slapping of the see belting, made music only second to voices of Beatrice and his son.

Alian brought plecemeal and fitted small dynamo from some extensive to southeastward. He brought wiring several still intact incandescent light fore long Cliff Villa shone respirates.

"Listen, dearest," she entreated as sat by young Allan's bedside one set breathless night. "I think you've fee enough; really I do. You've got now to keep you here, even if I as Please don't go! Follow out the plan's spoke to me about yesterday, but don't yourself!"

yourself!"
"The plan?" (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Farmer Smith's Column

THAT SOMETHING

Dear Children—Do you mind my tells you about the things I do? You are forest talking about the things YOU do—why children's editor? I was asked the other day to say a s

things about music.

I am free to confess that I do not be ALL there is to know about music, or a thing else, for that matter. I am a listener, however. It is true that I lessons when I was of tender age and to part in plano recitals, where I usually may botten of what I was only in the state of th a botch of what I was playing, simply be cause I was embarrassed, being the cause I was embarrassed, being the cause I was a to boy scholar my teacher had. I was a her despair, for, no matter what she was to play, I always insisted on playing the

Let's go back When you stand up to sing without a ccompaniment, without any plane, Ho do you know you are on the right key? of up and try "Home, Sweet Home." Out of ten children who started to the this song possibly eight were on the way

key. How did the TWO who were risk KNOW that they had the right key? Isn't it something inside of them the starts them off right? What is this we derful thing? derful thing? Did you ever try to get a "I am going to sing and I am

to hit the right key-I MUST hit the Let's try to find THAT SOMETHE which starts us off right when I will help you all I can. Your loving editor,

MRS. OPOSSUM HELPS BILLY By Farmer Smith

FARMER SMITH

Jonathan Goat was so surprised to Mrs. Opensum standing there beside Bu Bumpus that he couldn't say a word a

Billy stopped crying.
"What in the wide world were perving about?" asked Mrs. Opossum Billy. "Jonathan was making fun of my wife some soup for him and now he says I

no good," whined Billy.
"I turned up my nose, that's all" fonathan. Jonathan.
Suddenly Billy had an idea. "I st. Jonathan." he began. "Have you see noticed how beautifully Mrs. Opossum exies those dear, darling children of her on her backs? By the way, Mrs. Opossum where are your children?"

"I have to leave them home once it while," she replied.

"Too bad, too bad. I wanted Jonatha

to see them.
"You must be very strong to carry the twelve babies of yours on your back. He much do you think they weigh? As made as six bricks?" And Billy looked at Mr. Opossum.
"You don't mean to tell me that in
Oposum can carry six bricks on her be
do you?" asked Joathan, becoming inter-

"I can carry seven bricks, if you we put them on my back and tell me when to take them," said Mrs. Opossum problem "I don't believe you can carry them a far as my home," suggested Billy.

"Yes, Indeed, I can," answered Mrs. Opossum

possum. "Suppose we try," ventured Billy, this ing how bright he was.
"Very good." And with that Mrs. One
sum got down near the ground and
Jonathan and Billy put the bricks on be back. Soon Billy was trotting up the hill

I went to sleep that night with the words ringing in my ears. "An old maid all her life; all her life."
Well, all this happened a year ago. I am now engaged to my chum's brother, and do not expect to be an old maid; although I told him I did the night he asked me to marry him.
"Why did you think that?" he demanded. And so I told him the whole story, and how sorry I had been that he didn't at least the last all the las

pay for them. He jumped up quickly and started after Billy Bumpus and Mrs. Opossum overtook them just as Billy was entered his home, "Wifie, I would like to introduce I to Mrs. Opossum. She has brought so bricks for our dinner and how thanks we should be," said Billy.
"Is that why you got me to carry the bricks all the way up here?" asked in

bricks all the way up here?" asked an Opersum angrily.

"I was just thanking you for your his ness," replied Billy softly.

"I don't want your thanks," assessed Mrs. Opersum. And with that she disspeared out of the door, bumping into John than as she went down the steps.

"Where are my bricks?" asked Jonaths "Ask your friend Billy Bumpus knows more about them than I do just you wait; my turn will come. Mrs. Opersum and in a few minutes had disappeared down the road laring Jonathan wondering what had happend Hang.

When Mrs. Bumpus or was Jonathan's surprise 'You long-eared, short-



Railroad Terms An old railroad man sat with