The Man From the Clouds:

mythical papers in the pocket.

THIS STARTS THE STORY If the summer of 1914 a British mblicutenant goes adrift over the North sea in an observation balloon. He at last descends into a pasture with the aid of a parachute. At dusk e meets a mysterious man, addresses him, is warned not to speak German and fails to return a password. The man deserts him, but not before the ublicutenant discovers him to be a German spy, that he is now on a British island, one of a group consaining a British naval base. Assuming the manner and accent of a Hun. wanders until he finds the home of a coarse farmer, wife, daughter, and two sons, one who acts like a half wit Mr Rendall owner of the island, accepts his explanations of secret business," and takes him into his home. The islanders patrol the coasts against German under the direction of the British Government. One night Mr. Rendall goes on duty, and, later, when the sublientenant starts out to investigate, Jean, Mr. Rendall's daughter, arms and goes with him. On searching the beach he and Miss Rendall hear a strange noise. He goes to investigate and a murderous attack is made upon him. Next day he returns to the place to survey the ground, and while seated near a stone wall is fired upon several times from ambush. He fails to see his assailant, but on the way back meets O'Brien, a mesterious stranger who lives with Dr. Rendall. related to the owner.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES .

WHETHER in that first instant I VV was more disappointed or relieved.

I should be afraid to say, but as soon as I had had a few seconds to think, my one feeling was disgust that the fellow had given me the slip. I took to my heels and ran along the wall first in one direction and then in other, but there was not a sign of a living creature. And the sickening thing was that by this time he might have done one of several things-headed away from the shore at top speed as soon as he ceased firing in which case he would be far enough by now, or lain down in one of the several fields of corn near by, or crossed the hall further along and hidden among the rocks; and it was quite impossible to guess which.

I pondered over the problem for a few moments and then decided that as It was perfectly hopeless to search the corn or the beach I would risk it and hasten inland on the off chance of getting a clue, so I chose a grass field and set off across it at a trot.

The ground rose for about fifty yards and then fell sharply, and as I topped this rise I came right on to a familiar figure. It was my friend Jock and he seemed unusually excited; almost, in fact, intelligent. "Stranger!" he gabbled, pointing in

the direction I was going. "Jock seen I followed his dirty finger and

couple of hundred yards or so ahead 1 spied a figure strolling along a by road. ostentatiously strolling. seemed to me. "Thank you. Jock," said I, "you're

od man! Here's your half crown! I dropped to a walk now and by the

'Having a stroll along the shore." He started a little and looked at me ing over, so I lit a pipe, threw myself eyes, and then I knew that it actually "You mean well, old thing." I said.

sworn you talked like a foreigner the the rate the wickets are going down. N. whom I had last heard of two years last and first time I had the honor of the innings must be dashed near over. before the war when us was on the original transfer."

meeting you. Were we both sober, do They've found out my German accent I in turn looked at the man keenly. If his surprise was not genuine, it was a British cruiser nor a German sub-If his surprise was not genuine, it was a British cruiser nor a German submarine, and now they know that I lied the eyes brighter than ever and the lips about that coat.

as good a bit of acting as I ever saw, on or off the stage, and it was exactly about that coat.

a British cruiser nor a German submarine, and now they know that I lied the eyes brighter than ever and the lips 'em then if you like—but I don't think about that coat.

you will.'' or off the stage, and it was exactly about that coat. the most disarming thing he could pos-

sibly say. Indeed it turned the tables gad, I don't honestly think I've made on me completely and it was I who was a single run! I have no idea whether now left in the position of having some- these discoveries have been made by thing awkward to explain away. people in league with one another, who "It must have been the weather." I pool their knowledge, or whether my

said lightly, "I'm never drunk before enemies only know part of all this, and lunch."

if so which part. However, that mat-"And be damned if I get the chance ters less since they know enough to at any time of day! You've heard of shoot at sight.

my sad complaint, eh?"

"No," said I. "I'm afraid I haven't. them are my encomies, or how many there

He gave one of his unpleasant hoots them. Therefore-

"Lord, you think I'm a respectable member of society then? Good for you, keep on thinking it—but you'll have to keep away from my friends!"

At that point I fell fast asleep. My late night, the long morning in that stirring air, and the excitement of two missed-by-a-bair's breath murders, had trundled to a contract the stirring air.

"It takes me all my time to keep clear of my own," said I. His narrow eyes seemed to approve

"You're not Irish?" he inquired. "No: I've enough to answer for with-

I was awakened by a sharp click. "You ought to be," said he. "You've got some wit. Damn the English, I opened my eyes stupidly and looked and double-damn the Scotch! Well all round the room. There was ab-

we're evidently both going in the othe solutely nothing to be seen there. Then, direction, so good-by to you!"

What was I to make of this? What was to be thought of the whole morn- I suspected. I was locked in. with a strong presentiment, I jumped up My hand went to my hip pocket and

ing's adventure? Only one thing was perfectly clear to me; that I had a very found my revolver all right. They had erous, very determined, and very not ventured to try to get at that artful enemy in this island-or, almost Then I began to wonder why the key certainly, several enemies, and that in- had not been turned sooner. stead of the hunter, I had become th hunted. They might fear me, but they certainly did not fear to attack me whether by day or night. Had I sa down behind that trellis-like wall as intended, I shivered a little to think of I should have been shot at lve inches range, and that would have been the end of my spy bunt. I egan to realize that it was much longer odds on my being dead within the next forty-eight hours than on my getting traces of that oilskinned man. And then as I was walking back hinking these none too cheery thoughts, ething put the parachute into my ad. I had not thought of it before se the first night when I hid it. It me a little time to get my bearings. I found my way to the clover field last and then made for the low wall h the bed of rank grass and docken res beneath it. I bunted up that

of the parachute was there. That is how they've bowled me
I said to myself. "They have
d by this time of the missing balthen they found the parachute at the dates coincided, and spot

ad down that wall, but never a

The Key Turned HEN I got back I felt very little inclined for society. I passed the half as quietly as I could,

went straight up to my room, and heaved and thereupon I went to the window

a sigh of relief when the door was and looked out.
safely shut behind me. Perhaps my ad- My room faced right down the island. quickly on the heels of one another; of all my adventures, the sheltered south

uniform coat with the important "But what the dickens does myself. There could not be a shadow of doubt it all mean?"

"Good Lord, you of all people, Roger!"

was a fake, they've discovered the para I caught a glimpse of Jean Rendall; a bit of explanation, he suggested

little parted in tense excitement.

PHILOSOPHY

We fill and then we drain the cup;

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera

now as hot as that queer place

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

An-er-ice cream I'd love to face

'd love to turn my back on town

And shoreward make my way.

And pink and green and gray.

And shake all labor, worry, fuss.

But since I cannot have my way,

And cuss and sweat and growl

Why, like a wise old owl,

fain would be a happy cuss-

Ay, that is all I ask !-

And eke the daily task,

I'll joyously put in the day

and look on bathing dresses brown

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera

GRIF ALEXANDER.

For when it's cold we want it hot

When hot, we want it cold;

We seize, then break the pen;

This life's a round of getting up Then sitting down again:

The weather worries us a lot,

And earnestly we scold:

That war resembles much.

A tinkling glass to touch;

My cousin Jack spoke first.

There may have been others, but all I

He looked at me curiously.

"Rather! Urgent wire."

"Well," said he, "let's be off then. Don't you even want to say good-by?"

"I'll send them a Christmas card,"

"What, after all the trouble they've taken to round you up?"

"Do you mean to say they sent for

The prospect of facing my grim host

We went downstairs and out of the

front door like a couple of burglars.

The commander did not appear to rel-

ish this performance particularly, but

I went first and he had to keep pace

At the door we found the escort pro-

vided for me, and very surprised they

ooked as they followed us to see their

wall of the old mansion, gazing after us-with what sensations? I wonder-

'Somewhere round about midday.

"And what did they say?"
"They?" repeated my

When did they wire for you?"

cousin

ation obviously required some think- instant I could scarcely believe my own Roger."

are, or in fact, any dashed thing about

was down and the innings over as i

slept. The one bit of luck I did have

was not setting the bed on fire with my

It was about three o'clock when I

"Something has just nappened to make them lock the door," I thought.

"Good Lord, you of all people, that was the gist of it. Oh, the word 'urgent' I remember. "Incorrect account? That w

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

Author of "The Spy in Black," "The Lunatic at Large," etc.

ventures had been following a little too the north shore to the right—the scene of course, on the heels of one another: of all my adventures, the sheltered south "Well," said my cousin, with more upon." anyhow it was quiet which I craved at shore to the left. Craning my head to candor than politeness. "I always that moment. It was a reposeful room, scented with honeysuckle, and for a of the trawler or drifter type lying close and you've had a dashed near squeak." This sounds interesting." he said. few minutes I enjoyed an unwonted inshore. She seemed to be flying a this time, let use tell you. What new sensation of peace, and then my eyes white flag—it might have been the form of lunacy have you bust out into?" We reached a little unfrequented pier chanced to fall on the chest of drawers. white ensign at the distance. And His eye fell on my revolver. "And what stared for a moment and then bent then I got a glimpse of three or four are you doing with that thing? If it's ting in the stern I looked over my ver the lock of the upper drawer, figures walking toward the house, and going to be suicide, let me fetch in a shoulder with very mixed feeling at happy in their enjoyment of the even

"Is that your ship?" I demanded.
"She's one of 'em. I'm boss of s as to what had happened. The lock had About ten long minutes passed be- few dozen of these floating palaces at

that drawer which concealed the mythical uniform coat with the important "Now we shan't be long!" I said to found alone with a body."

Shoulder with very initial should be should

"Assuming he did, what did he

"Suspicous stranger came to Ransay -gave incorrect account of himself-

'Incorrect account? That was prob-"My dear Jack" I cried, and then ably after they had picked the lock of

fool of me, nearly murdered me; but was a household in which after all it had saved my life when the contentment and harmony. but was a household in which dwelt peace, been taken off and put in again since fore I heard voices and footsteps on the I last saw it. And now of course my staken. The lock elicited early the I last saw it. And now of course my stairs. The lock clicked again, the door I've caught you red-handed on my own four most exciting days and nights I had ever spent.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DAILY NOVELETTE THE BLUE GEORGETTE DRESS

By Bertha Herman

V as snobbish as that you can have your old ring back! So there!" Tossing a beautiful diamond ring from her. "Henry! Henry!" salled

mean, unreasonable thing!"

The difficulty was the eternal lover's eral weeks on a business trip to De- the father. troit, and had asked May to cancel the Henry, taken by surprise, tried to me!" exclaimed the father. bungalow affair that they had promised push the pot of gold out of sight in the to attend the following week.

B-r-r-r-ring! the telephone bell tinkled loudly. In an excited voice May father suspiciously. answered the phone, thinking it possibly might be Bob. If it were-she truthfully, would-no, she wouldn't-yes, she would

just hang right un! 'Hello, May! Yes, this is Ida. Ida Scholl. Did you hear what the club is doing? Didn't you? Oh! We're going to have a camp. Yes, with tents 'n everything. Yes, out Maine. Sure, all the girls will be there. You'll come Great! Will I sign up for you? For the whole month of August. That's fine. We've only one week to wait. I'm THE PROBLEM OF GETTING COMso excited. Isn't it thrilling!"

May hung up, after receiving this news, and contemplated the result. Yes, she was glad she gave Bob back his ring. She wendered if he took it. She had flung it out on the porch. He might be fool enough to walk off and leave it there. Some impulse prompted her to run out and see if the ring were four letters that Bruno Duke had to by that? she would go away to camp and have me that question. an exceedingly good time with the girls and forget him. He was a mean thing anyway. Possibly she may meet some the tried to sell the job to every fellow other here there. Ah, romance was stirring within her! Wouldn't it be one chap to give it a trial." wonderful to show Bob that she could have done?" not be trifled with!

The 1st of August found a happy station. Weren't they going out to about themselves and wouldn't have time the stranger and I met I think I looked about as cool as he did. It was looked about as cool as he did. It was uniform coat had ever lain there, and dered man in dark blue, with three gold values on his sleeve and a familiarly firm the devil are you doing on it? Not trying to elope with that little bit of luff. I hope, because I can assure you looked a trifle more serious than the looked at trifle more serious than the looked at the looked a hosts knew as well as I did that no opened and there stood a square-shoul- beat, and what I want to know is what camp, and weren't they going to have a wonderful time? One little girl in saw that they were worth while.' pink linen dress and big blue eyes I had meant to slack, but this situ. mouth and pair of steady eyes. For an she doesn't love you in the least, others, but she, too, had the delightful look of expectancy on her face.

He started a little and looked at me down on the bed, and began.

"Hullo!" said he, "I could have worn you talked like a foreigner the worn you talked like a foreigner the started than wickets are going down. I the rate the wickets are going down. I the first time I had the honor of the innings must be dashed near over. I lit a pipe, threw myself eyes, and then I knew that it actually was—of all people—my own cousin. "You mean well, old thing." I said, "You mean well, old thing." I said, better than olds say. "You mean well, old thing." I said, but you've guessed wrong as usual, lack. Take me to your ship, for the like had already slipped by to the responsible to than olds say. "You mean well, old thing." I said, but you've guessed wrong as usual, lack. Take me to your ship, for the like had already slipped by to the responsible to than olds say. "You mean well, old thing." I said, but you've guessed wrong as usual, lack. Take me to your ship, for the like had already slipped by to the responsible to the work of the root of the like had the honor of the innings must be dashed near over. The work was when use was well than olds say. "You mean well, old thing." I said, "Was—of all people—my own cousin. "Bowled out again." I thought. "At the me to your ship, for the like had already slipped by to the responsible to the work of the mean of the said." I said, "You mean well, old thing." I said, "You mean well, old t "These good people probably expect bit of explanation," he suggested.

"These good people probably expect bit of explanation," he suggested.

"These good people probably expect made of about seventy-two hours and the interview, he's not worth wasting time on. Another rule—always be boss of the interview, he's not worth wasting time on. Another rule—always be boss of the interview, he's not worth wasting time of the interview. Another rule—always be boss of the interview woodent see us comthoughts were constantly turning home-"The Rendalls? Not yet! Wait till

> and him? Did he ever think of her? Was tion. Get the name of some one he' he going out with other girls? Should worked for and write to them, or better she write to him and tell him she was still telephone for information. sorry? Oh-what was she to do?

Another week passed brimful of pleasure for Ida, Bess, Hilda and the rest. You know, the man with a hard luck but painfully dull for May. The next evening Ida laid her hand on May's cause of no fault of his. Three men no big fevver ouit. shoulder and whispered something in

her ear "Is that true?" asked May, a new

and his disdainful daughter struck me forcibly as less pleasing than ever.
"Come on!" I said. "I'm going to bolt!" any one, not even the boys, once since you left, and he feels perfectly miserable. It'll do him good, though. He with stories of sales he pulled off in the will appreciate you more when you come back, although, good old days—he's like the fellow who back, although, goodness knows, you were the one who always started the

The morning of the third week dawned bright and clear. Six o'clock they all went in for a dip. Every one was there, commander so unaccountably intimate with his captive; but fortunately there was no sign of the laird or his daughter. I looked round me and felt sure ming, they all rushed into her tent, in-I saw a well-known slip of a figure tending to awaken her and pull her standing against the weatherbeaten down to the stream. The bed was empty, but stuck up in her mirror was jackals in characteristics and they gen-a note which read:

"Girls: Don't call me a quitter. Bob is lonesome and so am I. Just had to They knew.

(The next complete novelette-The 'Why drag in the fair Miss Rendall? Call of the Mountains.)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy "RAINBOW GOLD"

(Peggy and Billy find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but Judge Owl warns them against it. While they are looking at the gold, a farmer boy drives them off and runs away with the gold.)

The Family That Was Happy THE farmer boy's family, father, I mother, Sister Sue and Sister Jane,

"I wonder what is keeping Henry!" said the mother, looking out over the fields. She didn't see Henry, for at that moment the farmer boy was behind the barn hiding the pot of gold under a pile

Peggy and Billy, hovering above me see.
Henry's head in their toy airplane,
watched every move he made. They
Henry. felt that as they had found the pot of gold it belonged to them, and they were determined to get it back. They would wait until Henry went into the house, and then they would grab it and run away. Of course they would have to field," said Henry. make themselves large again, for now CATTERY well, if you are going to be they were just the size of the birds,

ng a beautiful and when Henry didn't answer the flew up the stairs to her room. There, farmer left the supper table to look for standing before the mirror, her face him. The farmer boy didn't like to aflame and her eyes wonderfully blue, leave the pot of gold, even after he had hidden it securely, and crept back to "Well, I'm glad of it! I'm glad of it! take another look. And as he was look-To think I might have married such a ing his father came around the corner of the barn.

"There you are. Henry! Why didn't

straw.

"Nothing," answered Henry, un-



He was instantly eager to steal it

from me?" said his father, severely,

"I'll not. It is nothing,"

"What's this? You disobey And you answer me untruthfully? You've never done that before. Something is wrong here." "It's only an old pot I found in the no hat.

"I'll take a look at it," said his father. Henry tried to hold his father

back, and in the struggle the pot became overturned and coins poured out in a golden stream.

"Ah! Money! A fortune! Where did you steal this?" cried the father, dropping on his knees and scooping the coins back into the pot. "I didn't steal it. I found it in the field. I'm going out into the world with beneath the window. Instantly th

it to have a good time." "You're going to do nothing of the marrel. Bob was going away for sev- you answer me when I called?" asked kind. You are my son and you found fight the flames. That is just what

> "No, no, no! It is mine, mine!" cried Henry. But his protest was all in "What have you there?" asked the vain, for his father picked up the pot and ran to the house. "See what I have-a_pot of gold!"

he shouted. "I'm rich, and I'm going "Nothing! Then why are you hiding to become richer, for I'll buy more loses it.)

farms and make them grow wich ore

"Ah, now I can have that new he

want," exulted the mother.
"Now I can buy beautiful clother

ried Sister Sue. "Now I can go to Europe and come an artist." added Sister Jane.

"You can do nothing of the kind I'll need it all to buy more land ar still more land until I become the rich est farmer in the state." declared the father, rubbing his hands like a mise as he gazed at the potful of gold coins You can't have it; the gold belon o me!" shouted Henry rebelliously.

"I'm going to have that new house," insisted the mother. "And I all th new clothes I want," insisted Siste Sue. "And I'm going to Europe," in sisted Sister Jane. With that the who striding over to the straw stack. "Let family that a few minutes before w so peaceful and happy worked them selves up into a blind rage, makin such a row that a man, sneaking ato the hedges, crept up to the window the house and looked in. With a th of alarm, Peggy and Billy noticed the he wore a queer, striped suit and has

"An escaped convict!" whispere Billy to Peggy. The convict's eyes bulged covete

as they rested upon the pot of gold. was instantly eager to steal it as quickly planned a way. Sneaking acre the yard to the tool house he disap peared within it. In another minut there was a loud crackling and the tohouse burst into flames "Fire!" shouted the convict, hiding

family quit quarreling. Forgetting pot of gold for a moment, they ran this gold on my farm; it belongs to convict figured they would do, and they fled out of the door he crawled in "Hoot! Hoot! Beware rainbow

gold !" hooted Judge Owl.

(Tomorrow will be told how the convict steals the pot of gold and then

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

MISSION SALESMEN TO STICK

"DID you observe that those men Mr. Duke, but for all employers." who saw friend Odd about getting a job selling Glider Cars managed the interview?'

We had just finished writing some Of course he took it. Well, send to a varnish house when he asked

"Exactly, Peter, but what would you

for our being here. Feather will be "Who? me? Oh, I think I'd have group of effervescent youth at North asked them a whole lot of questions

> "Then, I'd have hired them if they'd accept the job."
> "That's better than Odd's way, but

the interview, Never allo ward, and especially to the scene on her ceived answers to yours. Here's anporch two weeks before. Could she stick it out, the four weeks away from home and him? Did he area think of the country of the

> "I'm not through yet. Another rule is-don't hire an 'unfortunate' man. one can hire are the crook, the booze and the unfortunate. "Pass up the fellow who tells ye

how shabbily he's been treated by his light suddenly aglow in her eyes.

"Yes, and he didn't even have to go to Detroit. He hasn't gone out with the follow who need to be a wonderful the fellow who used to be a wonderfu salesman and who wants to regale yo but wants to live on his past reputation instead of his present deeds. "The man who never stays long in

one place won't stay long with you He's got wanderlust, and you can't af ford to spend time and money on drift ers. "Sometimes you find specialty sales

men that hunt in pairs for a job. ware of them-they are too much like erally 'trim' the man foolish enough "Never hire the chap who by

questions is interested in the salary and letter nothing else. He's not boking for a paper job-he's looking for easy money on hiring people."

Copyright, 1919, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

"They certainly are. Why, it seems to me, but I cannot undertake to create to me that if everybody followed out those rules, there would be a much lower labor turnover, not just for salesmen,

of suggestions could be extended. But I've told you enough for present needs." "Present needs? What do you mean Duke laughed boyishly-he is quite so happy as when puzzling folks. "Nothing, Peter—yet!" was all the

answer he would give. "By the bye, Peter, we have lunch tomorrow with Mr. Brainard, the general manager of the Gilder Auto Company-he is the man who is responsible

with him. "Humph, I wish Mr. Brainard could leave his plumage at home." I grumbled. "Talking of plumage, here's a note from Mamie-she's making good with the Mammoth Soap Company passed me the following letter:

"Mister Duke.

Dear Sir-I thert I ort to tell you as I gott a raise. I get twenty bucks per now an I have five (5) girls to boss, an believe me it ain't no cinch to bossum. "I sed as how we girls ortent ter-work

sellin' cause they

orl except I bot me a new hat wif a "Mamie Cleff."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a "Drawer" Answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION A "Draft" is:

1. An order to pay money. 2. A rough copy of a writing

3. A deduction from gross weigh . The number of feet which boat sinks in the water.

In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employ

Please inform me if you would write me a form letter. I do not expect you to do it, for nothing, or if you are not allowed to do it, please tell me who I can set to do it for me at a reasonable prican set to do Please send me the names and addresses of advertising agencies who write the kind of ads you refer to in your answers to several letters that have been published in your paper.

There's a few hints for you, Peter, through the columns of the Evening PUBLIC LEDGER any letter you submit

By Chas. McManus

letters for you. If you were to write to Professor Roy Davis, who is the head of department of English at the College of Business Ad-

"That's so, Peter, although that list ministration of Boston University, he suggestions could be extended. But may undertake to do this for you for small fee. When you write to him be sure to give him as full particulars as you can. You will understand, I am sure, that if

is impossible for me to undertake any work except through the Evening Pun-LIC LEDGER, and whatever help I can be to you in constructive criticism through the columns of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, I shall be glad to de it as a service which the EVENING PUR-LIC LEDGER has agreed to render to it

All the large advertising agents thoroughly reliable. I suggest that you buy a copy of Printers' Ink or Ad vertising and Selling. In them you advertising concerns.

I trust this will help you.

Sir-Will you kindly inform me in row columns what is the best procedure, with the view of getting the best price and most aristactory service. In the state of th sellin' cause they woodent see us comin' erlong like peddlers.

"Miss Alterbury, she larf and the girls
they allarf, but she say not so bum an
I to try it out wich I do an which it
sell more sope, than wen we call on
every house. Now we go up calin on
every house an cum bak callin
on where we didn't.

"So I made a krew manager en that's
orl except I bot me a new hat wif a

Unquestionably your house will sell better if it were clean and well painted. This is especially true as regards the outside of the building. You can easily have the front painted, even if the ten-

The only real wise course for you to adopt in selling this house is to go to a reliable agent and let him handle it for

It is impossible for me to com on the house or its rental value, for the assessed value is not an index to actual value. And even then its rent is affected by location. Selling real estate is a job of

specialist, and unless you are a special ist in selling real estate, you will prob-ably get your fingers burned if you sell

His Memory Good A widely known humorist was being shaved by a very talkative barber and was forced to listen to many of his anec-

The barber had to strop his re and, when he was ready, brush in hand, to commence again, he asked: "Shall I go over it again?"
"No. thanks," drawled his custom-

"It's hardly necessary. I think I can remember every word."-Boston

Then Came the Current Jam

Colored Patient (in hospital)-Boss, ow do you all do yoh cookin' in that? Orderly-Well, Sam, you know we have the latest fandangled methods over here; we do our cooking by electricity. Colored Patient—Hum, by e-lectric-

ity, huh? Well, boss, you sho' ought to have given dem beans anotha shock, -Truth.

The Makin's

Small Boy-Sir, please, have ye got an old little cigarette 'older yer dou't, Golfer—And what do you want a cigarette holder for, my lad?
Small Boy—'Cos father says I can moke when I get a little older,-

Of Course This Happened in Boston "What is the meaning of ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin. "It means the 'other I," " respon

pupil. . "Give me a sentence containing the

DOROTHY DARNIT-Perhaps He Used to Be an Acrobat and Could Walk on His Hands







