By ANNIE HINRICHSEN

The second of the second

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Merle Adams had lost count of the time he said it, he made the statemarriage with him was the reasonity and environment.

"I'm not asking you to fall madly in love with me, Cecilla," he went "I ask you to quit chasing new fancies and go where your natural liberate. inclinations lead you. They will bring you straight to me. We are corelative spirits; you don't realize it, but There is a bond between us uniting our subconscious selves. You keep it suppressed below the plane of consciousness. But it's there and

it's real and strong." Recause you are a politician and my father is a politician we must necessarily be twin souls? You are totally mistaken. I am not your corelative spirit; there is no subconscious bond between us. I am not in love with you. I shall not marry

"I think you will. For awhile you will chase fancies and form other at-



"Traitor, Traitor, Where Is Morton? tachments as strong as cobwebs.

Some day you will dismiss this pretty rubbish. I shall wait." "And suppose," said Miss Morton

deliberately, " that while you are waiting I marry some one else?" That is a possibility, of course.

But I don't believe you will. You are the product of a certain atmosphere. It is not probable that you will marry out of it. If you were a man you would run the state with an honest. perfectly organized machine. Being a very beautiful, very conventional young woman this political instinct shows itself in a mental attitude. tend to be the one. But I believe you think you will marry Harry Seldon." "He is a politician and perhaps a

corelative spirit"-"Seldon a politician? Umph! He can make a racket on a stump, but

he can't deliver a precinct." "You talk like a ward heeler. Harry Seldon will be one of the greatest men of the day. I care a great deal for him and for the ideals

he represents." "Does your father share your admiration of Seldon?"

"Father is too unhappy to think of anything except his own trouble. Judge Clarkson--

"Clarkson." Adams growled, "the lowest traitor that lives. Your father gave him everything he has. He compelled the judicial convention to nominate him for the supreme bench. Your father's influence made him a famous man. But he wants to be the greatest political leader in the state. To realize his ambition he has de throned your father. Next week when the state convention meets Judge Clarkson will go as a great man and your father will not be there. Your father, the truest friend I ever

The convention met in the Hall of Representatives in the state capitol The vast room was filled with delegates, distinguished guests and rooters. They overflowed into the ante-

Cecilia Morton sat in the gallery Every since she was a child she had come to the state conventions. To this one she had come with an aching heart. For the first time in his political life ber father was not there.

"I wish you would marry me." | The Honorable William S. Morton, member of Congress, had been sideumes he had told her this. Each tracked out of his own county organization. When Brooke county selectment with the same arguments and ed its delegates to the state convenwith the same sincere conviction that tion Mr. Morton's name was not on the list. In his own county his downable and foreseen result of her here - fall had been designed. It had been accomplished quietly-a word here and there, a suggestion at the right to a disaffected one-and moment under it all a purpose, subtle and de-

> The absence of the well-known politician from the personnel of the state convention was an incident of tremendous political significance. It was the first break in his power. A politician's county is the cornerstone of his success, and without it he can have only an uncertain structure that will soon go to pieces. From end to end of the state the press commented on the incident and politicians discussed it.

> Congressman Morton's career was ended. He had lost his grip. At the first sign of weakness a hundred men were ready to spring upon him and tear from him his power. Another faction was waiting to rule the county and the opportunity had come. Without the support of his county he could not be renominated for Congress. He would drop out of the political life, and although he would always stand high in public opinion he would be that most unhappy man -a politician shorn of his power.

> The convention was called to order. The routine preliminaries were gone through. The delivery of oratorical masterpieces began. The chairman announced the name of Justice James Clarkson of the state supreme court. Justice Clarkson rose.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "ladies and gentlemen-There was a faint hiss. The judge

stopped. "It is my pleasure -- " he went on. The hiss came again. This time it was louder and seemed to come from

several parts of the room. The judge's face darkened with anger. Again he began to speak, but from one side of the room came a catcall. It was answered from the other side. Several voices took it up. The chairman pounded on his desk

for order. The catcalis grew louder. From all parts of the room came a steady hissing. A man in the rear began to yell. In a moment the convention was a wild uproar of inarticulate, derisive hootings.

The judge ghastly, furious, stood in his place. A man caught the tails of his coat and jerked him to his A dozen of his friends surseat. rounded him, pushed him upon a chair and shouted to the chairman to preserve order.

As the judge appeared above the crowd the hooting changed to a regular intonation, accompanied by a steady stamping of feet.

"Traitor. Traitor. Where is Mor-

The judge dropped from his chair nd buried his face in his arms and around him the storm of execration raged.

From the gallery Cecilia Morton watched the turmoil with passionate. wondering joy. Some one had planned this demonstration. Some one had filled the hall with trained rooters and organized the younger delegates into a jeering chorus; some one who knew that Judge Clarkson's public humiliation would restore the prestige of the friend he had be

Harry Seldon, the all but accepted lover, the politician of dreams and theories which had seemed so beau tiful to her, was running about the hall frantically imploring men to be quiet, to cease their dishonor of a judge of the supreme court. An unutterable contempt for him swept over her. Didn't the man know this was for her father's honor?

She looked at Merle Adams was standing a little apart from the crowd. On his strong, young face was an expression of quiet satisfaction. She saw him raise his hand in an almost imperceptible gesture. stantly the regular, rhythmic clacking, the base of sound on which the up roar was built, ceased. The lighter miscellaneous hootings continued for a moment and thne died away.

Merle Adams raised his eyes to the gallery. Cecilia was leaning far over the railing. He read the look on her face and the message of her suddenly outstretched hands. Across the mob of excited, gesticulating politicians he sent the answer to her message pushed his way through the crowd and ran up the gallery stairs

## MIXED MOTIVES

William Jay Schleffelin, vice-presisent of the Men's League for Wom-an's Suffrage, said at one of his striking suffrage meetings in Bar Har-

"If we studied questions with the sole desire of getting at the truth, then, no doubt, we should all be suffragists. But we can never appr a question, it seems, without taking sides, without becoming partisans, and as partisans, in our hot wish to vanquish the other party, truth becomes a little at

"Few motives, in this world, can be That is our great trouble." Schieffelin smiled and resum

clerk wept bitterly on the be

"If that boat sinks, I'll lose my

"Your Humble Servant."

Anthony Trollope was at one time ppointed a surveyor or inspector of taxes, and Mr. Worsfold's friend was one of a deputation who waited on After a very heated discussi Trollope said to them: "Look here want you to understand one thing When I write to you that I am your well nothing of the sort."-Loudon Telegraph.

Licked Wrong Boy. "The or, you liesed the wrong boy

"How was that?" asked the teacher
"Why, Johnny Hardshell had the
money to buy you a Christmas premt, and when you licked him he gave
he money back to the fallows."

memoral entrance | SHELTERING MANHOOD

> By REV. W. D. BRADFIELD Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Dallas, Texas

Text.-Behold a king shall reign in righteousness and princes rule in judg-ment. And a man shall be a hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tem-pest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land -Isaiah 22:1, 2

The text is isaiah's dream of a just government. "A king shall reign in righteousness and princes rule in judgment," It is remarkable that Isalah's loftiest conception of the Messlanic reign is a just government. A

king his Messiah should be who reigns in righteousness. Isalah's dream is the dream of the ages. History is little more than a record of a struggle for just government. A government allowing equal opportunities for all, giving every man a square deal has been the desire of all peoples Men want justice here and now. More than benevolence or charity men demand simple justice.

It is too late now to seek to com pensate men for injustice here by the promise of justice after they are dead. Shelterless people here are no longer comforted by the promise of mansions in the skies. Hungry people are no longer compensated for hunger here by the promise of eating bread In the kingdom of God. Men demand justice here, and the dream of millions of hearts is for the just government which Isaiah foresaw.

The text gives us Isaiah's conception of the fountain force of society: "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind"-a man. Society is composed of an aggregation of individuals and no scheme for social betterment is worth while which has a goal other than the improvement of the character of individual men. The fountain force of government and society is the individual. "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind"-a man. The word "masses" was not in the vocabulary of the Christ. He did not seek to reach men en masse. He aimed at the personal character of individual men and women.

His ministry was much to individuals, now to a ruined woman weary of her sin, now to a confused seeker by night. The sum total of his three years' work was the training of a half dozen or more individual men. The fountain force of society is the individual man or woman. Disseminate learning, distribute wealth, do what you will, but you have done nothing permanent for society until you have reached the bettered, the personal character of individual men and women. Exactly this is the fountain force of society as Isaiah saw it. "A man shall be"-a man.

The text is isaiah's portrait of a sheltering manhood.

"A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, a cover from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." issiah looked east of Palestine and beheld running north and south great cliffs of rock. East of these cliffs he beheld the drifting sands of the Arabian desert. The great cliffs he had seen rise in their majesty and say to the burning drifting sand: "Thus far and no farther." The drift was arrested and to the lee ward of the great rocks he beheld oases blossom as the rose. Here he had seen flocks and herds roam. Then in his vision he said: "The time is coming-the good time is comingwhen a man shall repeat the ministry of the rocks. Under his sheltering manhood the weak shall be protected and the fainting inspired. A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind . as a shadow of a great rock in

weary land," It is admitted by all that Isaiah's words are a luminous description of the inspiring and sheltering ministry of Jesus Christ. But they are more than that. They are Isaiah's ideal of what every life may be. "A man"any man, every man-may repeat the ministry of the sheltering rocks.

Life, it has been said, has aspects very desert-like. It is swept by drifts, now of cruel government, now of so cial impurity, now of commercial dis honesty. The arresting force has always been a man. The drift of Persian cruelty and social corruption was arrested by Militlades at Marathon. The drift of Mohammedan superstition was arrested by Charles Martel at Tours. The drift of mediaeval ecclesiasticism was arrested by Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms Great outstanding characters who have repeated the ministry of rocks which Isaiah saw have made history. The achievements of history are at bottom of the work of these

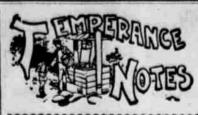
What Jesus Christ did and what the great outstanding characters of history have done you and I are called upon in ous lesser spheres to do. The manhood of each is to be a sheltering manhood. The weak are to be protected, the fainting by the shadow of our lives. Only this spirit can solve our problems. Souls must be given to our great corporations an under the shelter of their benevolence

the weak are to be proceted. Unselfish service is to be rendered by every employee and under the shell are to be safeguarded. Remember it is "a man," any man, every man, who is required to repeat the in-spiring and sheltering ministry of the eternal rocks which isainh saw.

gnvy is incipient murder; no tender teeling can dwell in the same breast with envy. It will drive every good impulse from the heart, and welcome a prood of vipers that will resort to any method to accompilsh their diabo ical purpose.-Rev. W. P. Hines, Bap tist, Louisville.

It takes god as well as soll to mak things grav

Brotherly boosting helps more than sterly sympathy.



ALCOHOL AND RACE SUICIDE

Noted Scientists Give Their Views of Strong Drink and Its Effects

In an address at Philadelphia, Dr. T. A. MacNicholl, surgeon at the Red Cross hospital, New York, presented this striking comparison in the study of two separate groups of families:

"Through a long line of successive generations I have made a study of two separate groups of families. One group, children of drinking parents; one group of children of abstaining

"In ten families of drinking habits there were 55 children. Thirty died in infancy, three of heart disease four were insane, seven were anaemic eight were tuberculous, one had diactes, three had very poor teeth, three had adenoids. Only four of the num ber were normal. Of the total, two were excellent, six were fair, and sev en were deficient in their studies. "In ten families of abstaining par

ents there were 70 children. Two died in infancy, two were neurotic and anaemic, one had rheumatism, one was tuberculous and 64 were normal In study, 56 were excellent, 10 were fair, only two were deficient.

"Of the children of total abstaining families, 90 per cent were normal; of the total of children of drinking parents, 93 per cent were abnormal.

"Eighty per cent of the children of regular drinkers have convulsions while teething. Of children dying from such diseases as measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and other in fantile disorders, a large percentage are children of drinking ancestry."

Dr. T. J. Mays, specialist in consumption, Philadelphia, in his address before the semi-annual conference of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Drug Narcotics, declared that inebriety was very closely associated with consumption. The former destroyed the vitality of the body and permitted disease germs to gather and grow in the lungs. Inebriety and consumption are twin diseases, the one following the other, The disease germs of the latter would not flourish in the lungs if the brain and nervous system were strong enough to throw them off. Alcohol not only frequently causes tuberculosis, but there are many cases where the children of drinkers develop the white plague. A consumptive patient frequently presents himself, in whom the most diligent search fails to reveal the slightest trace of family consumption. The condition is frequent ly found in the young, especially in girls, who, after careful inquiry, are found to have a father or mother, or sometimes both, who had been tip-

plers of alcohol. Children of alcohol parents are from 200 to 260 per cent more liable to consumption, and from 200 to 600 per cent more prone to nervous diseases than are children of abstemious

## DRINKING HABITS OF WOMEN

Perturbed Physical Conditions Given as Main Causes-Its Results Are Dreadful.

Inebriety from a fondness for alcohol for its own sake-victous indul gence-is far less frequent in women than in men, and it is well that it is so. Drunkenness is bad enough in a man; but in a woman it is even more pitiable, and, if it be possible, more far-reaching and more dreadful in its results. With women it would, we think, be safe to say that the origin of the drink habit lies in perturbed physical conditions-in fact, that it is n disease, and not a mere moral obli-The consequences of aicoholism in women are not so quickly evident as in men. In the earlier stages of inebriety in those cases in which there is power of volition, a peculiar shrink ing from publicity protects some wo men against the symptoms noted among men at a like period. Two causes may be given for the lapse of women into inebriety. First is the nervous condition due to lack of nutrition and the wear and worry of domestic life and the demands of society-an exhaustion for which relief is mistakenly sought in the transient aid of alcohol; secondly, the pain and unrest incident to disorders of their sex, for which solace is sought in the anaesthetic and paralyzing effects of alcohol. In the first place, the woman who files to drink must be unaware or unmindful of the fact that its taking involves a great risk of creating a morbid condition that often finds pression in constant inebriety. In the econd case, the so-called solace, with startling and sorrowful frequency, ends in confirmed alcoholism.-Health

Less Scotch Whisky Drunk. An unprecedented state of affairs prevails in the Scottish distilling in

It has just been announced that the North British distillery is to be closed down. This makes the fourth large grain distillery which has ceased oprations in Scotland during the past month or two.

At the annual meeting of the Distillrs' company, limited, the predominant producing concern, it was reported by the chairman that their stocks had increased by more than \$250,000. He oreshadowed the possibility of having o close down one or more distilleries permanently, and stated that such a contingency had already been provided for by writing down their value

Drink Cause of Accidents. on our roads?" was asked by the high authorities of an American railway system. They made an investigation and found that the losses of life, itml ing by their employees. they have rules that men who drink must stop it or their places will be filled at once with soher men. has become an old story in months all over the tand.

## **TEMPERANCE**

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 13, 1910 Specially Arranged for This Paper

Lesson Text-Matthew 24 32-51. Memory Golden Text-"Watch and Pray, that ye enter 26:41 not into temptation

The disciples had accepted Jesus as the Messiah and chosen the way which led to the establishment of the kingdom of God. But they were in the meantime to endure great temptations and difficulties; wars, famines, tribulations, hatred, prisons, death, disasters, earthquakes, pestilences, disciples waxing cold, false prophets arising, stars falling, the sun darkened, the moon turned into blood, the powers of heaven shaken, "such as had not been from the beginning of the world"-then, Christ says to his disciples, "when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption drawth nigh; it is near even at the doors." And he also adds, Watch therefore. Be ye also rendy. For ye know not on what day your Lord cometh.

The parable of the fig tree is beautiful Hlustration showing us that while we cannot know when Christ is coming, we have warnings so as to b on goard, as the first signs of spring old us prepare for the summer. This generation, that is while some who cere listening to him should still be alive, as he himself said.

The time to watch is at the bogin ning of the course that leads to these results. The day of judgment is the end of the course; the choice lies at

Those really watched who so foresaw the future and the true ideal of their lives, that from the beginning they went on toward it by the only path that led to it. They were faith ful in every duty. They served their Lord by obedience. They resisted every temptation. They were on their guard against every wile of the devil. They were wide awake, with eyes open to every opportunity, to the signs of the times, to new ways and means, and possibilities.

"Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, That he make him ruler over all his goods." To those who so watched was entrusted the kingdom of heaven, for themselves and for the world.

Those failed to watch who were so absorbed in their own selfish pleasures and gains that they neglected their duties, forgot their Master's interests, were eye-servants. This folly was intensified by beginning "to eat and drink with the drunken." They took the road that led to destruction.

Rev. S. W. Hanks, a second or third cousin of Abraham Lincoln, years ago devised a most vivid temperance lecture called "The Black Valley Railroad," which he illustrated by a large chart. It is given in a book called "The Crystal River."

The Land of the Crystal River is the land which all children enter when they come into this world. To live in the Land of the Crystal

River, the land of temperance, of selfcontrol, of good character, of highest usefulness, of prosperity, of religion, of heaven, should be the hope and the aim of everyone.

The Black Valley country is situat ed in an extensive lowland, lying between an elevated and extremely fertile and beautiful region, called Land of the Crystal River, bounding it upon its upper limits and a vast and unexplored desert forming its lower boundary. Vice and crime abound, innumerable drunkards and criminals are found there. Prisons and poor houses take the place of churches and school houses.

The man in the conning tower at the junction of the Black Valley rallread with the railroad to temperance would guide all youthful travelers to the better way. He urges all to seek the highest and best life.

We are building a house for elves, a body in which we must live, and a character in which our soul must ablide. God would have us nos sess a perfect body, and to put away everything which injures health, which brings weakness or disease. He would have us form a noble character of which we will not be ashamed, which will fit us for heaven and usefulness. and the company of the good. We can not cheat God, but we can cheat our seives. By using strong drink in any quantity whatever we are skimping. degrading, making poor and weak the house we have got to live in.

Every drunkard was once an innocent child. Every one was first a moderate drinker. No one ever yet became a drunkard who refused to touch intoxicating drink. Not all who drink moderately do become drunkards, but no one ever became a drunkard who did not first drink moderately.

It is terrible to let a habit begin in wouth which will impel us to go on doing wrong against reason, against the power to help others, against love of God, of man, and of country.

"The story is told of a rich young man who sat at a dinner table with a number of friends, and babbled drunken foolishness all the long evening One of his friends was a court stenog rapher. Seized by an idea for the elp of his friend, he stenographically reported every word that the latter attered. The next day he had these iotes transcribed and sent to the man himself. The latter, shocked, could scarcely believe that he himself had lescended to such a level of imbeellty. 'If this the way a man talks when ne is drunk, I mean to keep sober bereafter." - William T. Ellis.

Sign the pledge. Sign it now. Keep it forever.

There is no nobler trait in our American people than the big heari and the liberal hand. May God save ur country from Calnism and make s true followers of him who into a surderous world brought a new spirit he spirit of brotherly love.—Rev. Er test A. Tappert, Lutheran, New York

TEMPTATION WAS TOO GREAT

Afghan Horse Thief Gave Owner "Real" Exhibition of How Anlmal Was Stolen.

An Indian officer relates some good stories of Peshawur, which in the early "seventles," before British political influence had asserted itself beyoud the lonely little forts of "Jamrud" and "Shabkadar," was a somewhat disturbed locality, in spite of the strength of its garrison.

It was at Peshawur (he says) that the medical officer of my regiment was informed one night that a valuable and favorite Arab of his had been stolen! Over the border, gone for ever-be never expected to see his horse again, but next day, much to his surprise, there came to him a bearded ruffian, riding bare-backed the stolen steed. He confessed that he had taken the

animal, but, learning that it was the property of a hakim, (physician) had brought it back. The horse had been tethered in line with others, with men, women, and children sleeping in the open about them "How did you manage it?" asked

the doctor.

"If the sahib will give the necessary

order," he said, "I will show him." The entire scene was reproduced. even to the night watchman asleep in a corner. Noiselessly the Afghan crawled towards the Arab, threading snakelike through the prostrate forms to where it was standing at the end of the row. Softly hissing to attract the animal's attention, without causing him alarm, he gently raised himself with arm extended.

In his open palm were some lumps of goor (native sugar), beloved of horses, and while the Arab was enjoy ing these the man was caressing bim with the other hand, whence suspend ed a watering bridle taken from his wallet. Quickly this was adjusted, and then, stroking soothingly, the robber passed his hand over the animal's back and down the hindquarters. Swiftly the heel ropes were unhitched, then the headgear released, and with a bound he was astride and away his right hand backward flung shouting triumphantly as he passed: "Thus was it done!"

The joke was that he never came back! A double restitution would have been too much of a wrench.

"See, the cafe!" "Yes, a gala scene it is with its brilliant lights and rich furnishings and fashlonable women and portly

"Do you know why the men and women come to the cafe?" "I can see well what they are doing

They are eating and drinking." "Do you know why they are eating and drinking?" "I suppose it is because they are

hungry and thirsty."

"It is a natural mistake, but such is not the case." "Do you, then, O Sage, tell me why they are eating and drinking." "Because they are not bungry and

thirsty." "You talk in paradoxes."

"Not at all. You do not understand. They do not know what it is to be hungry and thirsty. If they were hun gry and thirsty they would be in the bread line or at home eating real food instead of dainties and confections and drinking real water instead of stimulants and narcotics

"But you do not explain why they eat and drink what they do not need." To show they have money and to show they have time-money to spend in overindulgence and time to spend in letting the effects wear off." "And do they perform no useful ser-

"No. To perform useful service is to produce, which is not respectable. It is respectable only to consume."-

Cat Catches Burglar.

A woman burgiar, her face heavily veiled, and accompanied by a man. was scared away from the house of John Callery, a wealthy coal dealer, living in the Clifton Park section of Weehawken, early the other morning by a servant coming downstairs to let in the cat

The burglars had entered by a front window, which they opened with jimmy, and had packed up all the silverware, table linen and cut glass ready for removal when the servant girl heard the cat crying outside the kitchen door. As she came down the stairs to let the cat in she heard the swish of a woman's silk gown. Turning up a light she found the packed bundles ready to be taken away. She ran to the front door and saw a man and woman running down the street.

Alfonso Enjoys Joke on Himself.

Alfonso of Spain has a tremendous appetite; like any boy, he is always hungry. He is far from handsome, but like any boy, again, he does not give a rap about his looks. A few months ago, while motoring near La Granfa the king's appetite plagued him and he halted at a wayside inn. where he ate with much relish while cracking jokes with the landlord and a few peasants who happened to be there, being unknown to them, of

A little girl entered to buy wine for

her father. "Tell me," said Don Alfonso to the child, "have you seen the king since he has been at La Granfa?" "Only once," answered the girl. "He had on a beautiful uniform, but

he is very ugly. The king laughed and told the story

Foor Attention to Detail.

Critic-"My dear air, your story to very much lacking in attention to detail. Here you say: 'He watched with admiration the fashionable beauty as she went up the street with free, graceful, swinging steps." Author—"Well, what's the matter with that?" "It she was a fashionable beauty, how could she walk that way today?"

Miss Gabbles-"Yes, I jayadable weigh my words" Mr Blent-"Well the a safe bet that you have pever



## Che ANNUAL PROBLEM



caned his head apon his hand And thought with deep dismay bout the things that he must get. To give an Cleistman day.
The cook," he sighed, "must have the

I know how to select, or otherwise small gull, and then Our household will be wrecked.

The second girl must have a gift That will delight her heart
It she will frown open my wife.
And say that they must part.
The man who fends the furnace—he
Must be upon the list
It cles some fright dawn the heat
That cheers us will be missed.

'My office how must have a watch.
Or a ten dollar bill-If I should fall in this I'd have A vacant place to Sil. he fauttur, the engineer. The elevator boys

Will call for tribute-and I must Add something to their joys. "The waiter at the club; the chef; The man who brings the milk; The garbage man; the faithful con, And others of that lik Must all be borne in mind, so that None may be overlooked.—"
And so the mines of each and all With what to give, he booked.

He ran his even adown the list And found it was complete.
And thought about the Christmas bills.
That would be his to meet. Alsa!" he wept. "It is too bad!" He shed a bitter tear.

I find I can afford no gifts For wife and "bildren dear"

Wind. "Did you ever get any dividends on that tunnel stock you bought of the man who was promoting a scheme to bore a shaft under the river?" asks the mildly interested friend.

"No." explains the other. "That tun-

nel never was dug." "O, then it was merely an air shaft a hot air one. I mean

Optical Delusion. "Have you ever noticed how fat women like to go about in crowds?" asks the man with the thoughtful eyes.

You're mistaken about it; that's all," explains the man with the uncertain whiskers. "When two or three of them get together it just looks like a crowd to you.

Kindly Remembrance. "Do you suppose Cook and Peary will send Christmas remembrances to each other?" asks the man who is al-

ways wondering about the most unexpected things.
"Certainly." replies the man who wants to finish his paper. 'I don't know what Peary will send Cook, but I should think Cook would send Peary a set of instructions how to play that old game of Copenhagen."

"Yes, it is a fairly good poem," says the carping critic, after a hasty perusal of one of Longfellow's offorts. "It is really of merit, but the trouble with it is that it is so great-

"Padded? Why, it doesn't appear to me to have an unnecessary word in it. I don't see where you could omit a line or a stanza without spoiling the sense of it." replies the other

"But can't you see that it is filled out with 'Excelsior?' "

The Back Fugue, "What is that you are playing?" we ask of our friend, who is pumping his nianola.

"That's a Eack fugue," he says. "It doesn't sound much like Bach." "I didn't say Bach. I said Back." "Back?"

"Yes, Back," Back," Never heard of such a-" "Of course not. It's my own idea. do it by running a porous plaster

through the planola."

To Be Envied. "Poor little Bobby Jones is ill again," said the kind mother. "Do you not feel sorry for him?"

"No'm," answered the truthful child. "I think Bobby Jones is the luckiest boy in this town."

Why, Harold! Lucky? To be in?" "Yes'm. Every Thanksgiving an' Christmas an' birthday an' everything else 'at his folks has they let him eat enough to make him sick next day."

His Memory. "Don't eat me, Mr. Crocodile! See, my wife sent me shopping for her and tied a knot in my handkerchief and one in my tail so I would remember

my errand. She will feel-"She will cherish ; our memory, Mr. Monkey."

"There is Mr. Gusher. He Lucy he would go to the end of the What did she say to that?"

"Asked him if he wouldn't retake her along on a bridal trip."

Michael Meabil