

SYNOPSIS.

Wrandall is found murdered in house near New York, Mrs. Wranmmoned from the city and idenbody. A young woman who acied Wrandall to the inn and suby disappeared, is suspected,
randall starts back for New York,
the during a blinding snow storm,
who meets a young woman in ouring a binding show storm, and the proves to be the woman in what proves to be the woman wrandall. Feeling that the ne her a service in ridding her who though she loved him done her a service in ridding her man who though she loved him had caused her great sorrow. Vrandall determines to shield her kees her to her own home. Mra. all hears the story of Hetty Cassific except that portion that report of the word of the story of the story

CHAPTER VII .- Continued. "I say, Leslie, is she staying here?" cried Booth, lowering his voice to an excited half-whisper,

with Hetty.

Sara at her country place.

"Who?" demanded Wrandall vacantly. His mind appeared to be else-

"Why, that's the girl I saw on the road- Wake up! The one on the envelope, you ass. Is she the one you were telling me about in the club—the Miss What's-Her-Name who-"

"Oh, you mean Miss Castleton, She's just gone upstairs. You must have met her on the steps." "You know I did. So that is Miss

Castleton. "Ripping, isn't she? Didn't I tell

"She's beautiful. She is a type, just

is you said, old man-a really wonderful type. I saw her yesterday—and the "I've been wondering how you man-

aged to get a likeness of her on the back of an envelope," said Leslie sarcastically. "Must have had a good ong look at her, my boy. It isn't a map-shot, you know." Booth flushed. "It is an impression,

that's all. I drew it from memory, "She'll be immensely gratified, I'm

"For heaven's sake, Les, don't be such a fool as to show her the thing,"

never understand." "Oh, you needn't worry. She has a

fine sense of humor." Booth didn't know whether to laugh

or scowl. He compromised with himself by slipping his arm through that of his friend and saying heartily: "I wish you the best of luck, old

"Thanks," said Leslie drily,

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which Hetty is Weighed. Booth and Leslie returned to the dity on Tuesday. The artist left beaind him a "memory sketch" of Sara Wrandall, done in the solitude of his oom long after the rest of the house was wrapped in slumber on the first



de Was as Deeply Perplexed as Ever

night of his stay at Southlook. It was as sketchily drawn as the one he had the formal garden. made of Hetty, and quite as wonderful a the matter of faithfulness, but uterly without the subtle something smiled her weicome. hat made the other notable. The traftiness of the artist was there, but said, giving him her hand. he touch of inspiration was lacking. Sara was delighted. She was flatered, and made no pretense of disguisng the fact.

The discussion which followed thibition of the sketch at luncheon, as very animated. If served to exits Leslie to such a degree that he rought forth from his pocket the reasured sketch of Hetty, for the puress of comparison.

The girl who had been genuinely enhosiastic over the picture of Sara, and who had not been by way of knowng that the first sketch existed, was vered with confusion. Embarrassbent and a shy sense of gratification ere succeeded almost at once by a celling of keen annoyance. The fact hat the sketch was in Leslie's posand evidently a thing to be rished—took away all the pleasure he may have experienced during the rat few moments of interest,

Booth caught the angry flash in her yes, preceding the flush and unacatable pallor that followed almost mediately. He felt guilty, and at he same time deeply annoyed with slie. Later on he tried to explain, at the altempt was a lamentable fail-She laughed, not unkindly, in

lealle had refused to allow the sich to leave his hand. If she could head. Then she arose. are gained possession of it, even for thatant the thing would have been you again."

The Hollow \* Of Her Hand Ceorge Barr McCutcheon COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE DARK PRICUTCHEON: COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

torn to bits. But it went back into his | commodious pocketbook, and she was too proud to demand it of him.

She became oddly sensitive to Booth's persistent though inoffensive scrutiny as time wore on. More than once she had caught him looking at her with a fixedness that betrayed perplexity so plainly that she could not fail to recognize an underlying motive. He was vainly striving to refresh his memory; that was clear to her. There is no mistaking that look in a person's eyes. It cannot be disguised,

He was as deeply perplexed as ever when the time came for him to depart ried the image with him on the long with Leslie. He asked her point blank on the last evening of his stay if they had ever met before, and she frankly confessed to a short memory for faces. It was not unlikely, she said, that he had seen her in London or in Paris, but she had not the faintest recollec- fancy.) tion of having seen him before their meeting in the road.

Urged by Sara, she had reluctantly during the month of June. He put the sound like a proposition. It was not she would be doing him a great and differently. enduring favor. She imposed but one condition: The picture was never to magnanimity, by proffering the canvas to Mrs. Wrandall, as the subject's York." "next best friend," to "have and to hold so long as she might live," "free gratis," "with the artist's compliments," and so on and so forth, in airy good humor.

Leslie's aid had been solicited by both Sara and the painter in the final effort to overcome the girl's objections. He was rather bored about it, but added his voice to the general clamour. With half an eye one could see that he did not relish the idea of Hetty posing for days to the handsome, agreeable painter. Moreover, it gratify his own whime, would be obliged to spend a month or more in the neighborhood, so that he could devote himself almost entirely to the consummation of this particular undertaking. Moreover, it meant that Vivi- lie. If it is-well, he wouldn't be flatan's portrait was to be temporarily tered if he could have seen the look in disregarded. Sara Wrandall was quick to recog-

the part of her brother-in-law. The called, but he was very much in the new idol of the Wrandalls was in love. dark as to the meaning of that excried Booth in consternation. "She'd selfishly, insufferably in love as things pressive look. He only knew that she went with all the Wrandalls. They was in the telephone room for ten minhated selfishly, and so they loved. Her utes or longer, and that all trace of husband had been their king. But emotion was gone from her face when their king was dead, long live the she rejoined them with a brief apology king! Leslie had put on the family for keeping them waiting. crown-a little jauntily, perhaps--but it was there just the same, an- walked to the steps with him. loyingly plain to view.

Sara had tried to like him. He had been her friend, the only one she could | them. claim among them all. And yet, beneath his genial allegiance, she could detect the air of condescension, the bland attitude of a superior who defends another's cause for the reason that it gratifies Nero. She experienced a thrill of malicious joy in contemplating the fall of Nero. He would bring down his house about his head, and there would be no Rome to pay the fiddler. . . . . . . . .

Brandon Booth took a small cottage on the upper road, half way between horred "back gate" that swung in the to get up at all. teeth of her connections by marriage. He set up his establishment in half a day and, being settled, betook himself his household cares, like the world, in that Italian hall seat and the late ing his approach. rested snugly on the shoulders of an ones are in the studio. Bring all of Atlas named Pat, than whom there them." was no more faithful servitor in all the earth, nor in the heavens, for that thim," said Pat ruefully. matter, if we are to accept his own was a treasure. Booth's house was all luncheon, however, he had an appoint his recollection, the Studios published ways in order. Try as he would, he couldn't get it out of order. Pat's wife saw to that.

As he swung jauntily down the tree lined road that led to Sara's portals, Booth was full of the joy of living. Sara was at the bottom of the terrace, moving among the flower beds in

At the sound of his footsteps on the gravel, Sara looked up and instantly

"It is so nice to see you again," she

"'My heart's in the highlands," he quoted, waving a vague tribute to the heavens. "And it's nice of you to see me," he added gracefully. Then he

effect. That picture against the sky-" ed for him to complete it before remarking:

"Her heart is not in the highlands." "You mean—something's gone wrong-

"Oh, no," she said, still smiling; "nothing like that. Her heart is in the lowlands. You would consider

Washington square to be in the lowlands, wouldn't you?" "Oh, I see," he said slowly.

mean she's thinking of Leslie." "Who knows? It was a venture on my part, that's all. She may be think- another: "Deceased never had been ing of you, Mr. Booth."

"Or some chap in old England, that's more like it," he retorted, "She can't be thinking of me, you know. No one such as: "Kicked by a horse shod on two motor fire floats. It is now proever thinks of me when I'm out of the left kidney." "Died suddenly at posed to spend in the near future view. Out of sight, out of mind. No; the age of one hundred and three. To she's thinking of something a long this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old way off-or some one, if you choose to age." "Deceased died from blood pol-

have it that way." She smiled upon him with halfclosed, shadowy eyes, and shook her

"Let ue go in. Hetty is eager to see

They started up the terrace. His | ment to inspect Hetty's wardrobe, os | three or four years back held the key. | critical eye of the artist. As he turnface clouded.

of feeling that she doesn't just like the idea of being put on canvas." ing at him.

"Nonsense," she said, without look-

Hetty met them at the top of the just been turned on by the butler. The girl stood in the path of the light. Booth was never to forget the loveliness of her in that moment. He carwalk home through the black night. (He declined Sara's offer to send him over in the car for the very reason that he wanted the half-hour of soliimpressions she had made on his

The three of them stood there for a few minutes, awaiting the butler's announcement. Sara's arm was about consented to sit to him for a portrait | Hetty's shoulders. He was so taken up with the picture they presented request in such terms that it did not that he scarcely heard their light chatter. They were types of loveliness so surprising that he should want her for full of contrast that he marveled at a subject; in fact, he put it in such a the power of nature to create women way that she could not but feel that in the same mold and yet to model so

As they entered the vestibule, a servant came up with the word that be exhibited. He met that, with bland Miss Castleton was wanted at the telephone, "long distance from New

The girl stopped in her tracks. Booth looked at her in mild surprise, a condition which gave way an instant later to perplexity. The look of annoyance in her eyes could not be disgulsed or mistaken.

"Ask him to call me up later, Watson," she said quietly.

"This is the third time he has called, Miss Castleton," said the man. "You were dressing, if you please, ma'am, the first time-

"I will come," she interrupted sharply, with a curious glance at Sara, who meant that Booth, who could afford to for some reason avoided meeting Booth's gaze.

"Tell him we shall expect him on Friday," said Mrs. Wrandall.

"By George!" thought Booth, as she left them. "I wonder if it can be Lesher eyes.

Later on, he had no trouble in gathnize the first symptoms of jealousy on ering that it was Leslie Wrandall who

He left at ten-thirty, saying good cocked over the eye a bit, so to speak | night to them on the terrace. Sara

"Don't you think her voice is lovely?" she asked. Hetty had sung for

"I dare say," he responded absently. "Give you my word, though, I wasn't thinking of her voice. She is lovely." He walked home as if in a dream. The spell was on him.

Far in the night, he started up from the easy chair in which he had been smoking and dreaming and racking his brain by turns.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud. "I remember! I've got it! And tomorrow I'll prove it."

Then he went to bed, with the storm from the sea pounding about the the village and the home of Sara house, and slept serenely until Pat if he felt like it without receiving no-Wrandall, and not far from the ab and Mary wondered whether he meant

"Pat," said he at breakfast, "I want

tensibly for the purpose of picking out He selected the numbers and began ed to the canvas with his crayon point, "I have had a feeling all along that a gown for the picture. As a matter to run through them. He was search he remarked, with an unmistakable she'd rather not have this portrait of fact, he had decided the point to ing for a vaguely remembered article note of relief in his voice: painted, Mrs. Wrandall. A queer sort his own satisfaction the night before. on one of the lesser-known English "That explains everything. It must casion.

While they were going over the exseemed to be no appeal, he casually inquired if she had ever posed before.

He watched her closely as he put inspection, and there was a pleading smile on her lips. It must have been her favorite gown. The smile faded away. The hand that dangled the gartude in which to concentrate all the ment before his eyes suddenly be-



The Girl Stopped in Her Tracks.

the next instant, she recovered herself, and, giving the lace a quick fillip his nostrils, responded with perfect composure.

"Isn't there a distinction between posing for an artist, and sitting for one's portrait?" she asked.

He was silent. The fact that he did not respond seemed to disturb her after a moment or two. She made the common mistake of pressing the ques-

"Why do you ask?" was her inquiry. When it was too late she wished she had not uttered the words. He had caught the somewhat anxious note in her voice.

"We always ask that, I think," he said. "It's a habit."

"Oh," she said doubtfully. "And by the way, you haven't answered."

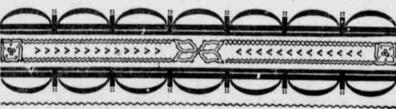
She was busy with the gown for a ime. At last she looked him full in the face.

"That's true," she agreed: "I haven't answered, have I? No, Mr. Booth, I've never posed for a portrait. It is a new experience for me. You will have to contend with a great deal of stupidity on my part. But I shall try to be plastic."

He uttered a polite protest, and pursued the question no farther. Her answer had been so palpably evasive that it struck him as bald, even awkward.

Pat, disgruntled and irritable to the point of profanity-he was a privileged character and might have sworn tice-came shambling up the cottage walk late that afternoon, bearing two large, shoulder-sagging bundles. He you to go to the city this morning and had walked from the station-a matter fetch out all of the Studios you can of half a mile-and it was hot. His off to dine with Sara and Hetty. All find about the place. The old ones are employer sat in the shady porch, view-

The young man drew a chair up to the table and began the task of work-"There's a divvil of a bunch of ing out the puzzle that now seemed more or less near to solution. He had He was not to begin sketching the a pretty clear idea as to the period he estimate of himself. In any event, he figure until the following day. After wanted to investigate. To the best of



SOME ODD DEATH REPORTS in the fact that they emanate from the

New York World Prints Humorous Returns Alleged to Be Taken From the Records.

The chief statistician of Wisconsin, in examining death certificates filed pointed up the terrace. "Isn't she a by physicians with the state board of picture? 'Gad, it's lovely-the whole health, has discovered and disclosed come of more than local interest He stopped short, and the sentence They reveal such aberrations of sense was never finished, although she wait- and science in the diagnosis of disease and the causes of death as to merit consideration from reformers who wish to put nearly every act of human life under medical supervision.

A few instances must serve to illustrate the nature of a multitude. One report is this: "Went to bed feeling well, but woke up dead." Another says: "Do not know the cause of death, but patient fully recovered from last illness." A third reported: "Last illness caused by chronic rheumatism, but was cured before death." Still fatally sick." And this: "Died suddenly; nothing serious."

Some reports are mere absurdities, son, caused by a broken ankle, which is remarkable, as the automobile struck him between the lamp and the cars, and a motor canteen van, or 249 radiator." A mother is reported to

have "died in infancy." The significance of these reports lies

members of a learned profession, dealing with the practice of that profession.-New York World.

Smile, and Others Will Smile. In an elevator of one of our large stores I saw a lady turn her head and in so doing, struck another lady's face with her feather, the lady struck was angry and scowled at the first lady, and in so doing turned her head and struck with her hat ornament another lady. This lady turned her head and struck another lady's face; this lady was annoyed, but she had seen the others, and as she looked up she saw two gentlemen with broad smiles on their faces, and she smiled, and soon the others in the car saw the humorous side, and there were smiles upon smiles in that gloomy store ele-

London's Modern Fire Brigade. The London fire brigade is rapidly becoming a completely motor-equipped fire fighting organization. Today Lon-

don possesses 97 motor appliances and \$500,000 in providing 53 motor escape vans, 43 electric escape vans, 94 petrol or petrol electric motor pumps, 27 motor turntable ladders, 11 motor lorries, 5 motor ladders, 15 motor new motor appliances. In three years horses will be unknown in the London fire brigade.

She should pose for him in the dainty | painters who had given great promise | have been Hetty Glynn who posed for white dress she had worn on that oc- at the time it was published but who all those things of Hawkright's." dropped completely out of notice soon afterward because of a mistaken notensive assortment of gowns, with tion of his own importance. If steps. The electric porch lights had Sara as the judge from whom there Booth's memory served him right, the

fellow came a cropper, so to speak, in trying to ride rough shod over public opinion, and went to the dogs. He and early with his copy of the Studio. the question. She was holding up a had been painting sensibly up to that beautiful point lace creation for his time, but suddenly went in for the her eyes. She took it from his hand most violent style of impressionism, and stared long and earnestly at the That was the end of him.

There had been reproductions of his principal canvases, with sketches and quired innocently. studies in charcoal. One of these piccame motionless, as if paralyzed. In tures had made a lasting impression with conviction. on Booth: The figure of a young woman in deep meditation standing in the lng her closely. As she looked upon shadow of a window casement from the sketches of the half-nude figure a which she looked out upon the world warm blush covered her face and apparently without a thought of it. A neck. She did not speak for a full slender young woman in vague reds minute, and he was positive that her and browns, whose shadowy face was fingers tightened their grasp on the positively illuminated by a pair of magazine. wonderful blue eyes.

He came upon it at last. For a long time he sat there gazing at the face of Hetty Castleton, a look of half-won- after a pause, without lifting her eyes. der, half-triumph in his eyes. There Her voice was low, the words not very could be no doubt as to the identity distinct. of the subject. The face was hers: the velvety, dreamy, soulful eyes that ed up quickly. What he saw in her had haunted him for years, as he now honest blue eyes convicted her. believed. In no sense could the picture be described as a portrait. It was at that moment. Hetty hastily closed a study, deliberately arranged and de the magazine and held if behind her. liberately posed for in the artist's stu- Booth had intended to show the redio." He was mystified. Why should production to Mrs. Wrandall, but the she, the daughter of Colonel Castleton. girl's behavior caused him to change the grand-niece of an earl, be engaged his mind. He felt that he possessed in posing for what evidently was a secret that could not be shared with meant to be a commercial product of Sara Wrandall, then or afterward. this whilom artist? not refer to the Hawkright pictures

Turning from a skilfully colored full page reproduction, he glanced at first again unless the girl herself brought casually over the dozen or more up the subject. All this flashed through that sent its odor of sachet leaping to sketches and studies on the succeed his mind as he stepped forward to ing pages. Many of them represented greet the newcomer. studies of women's heads and figures. When he turned again to Hetty, the with little or no attempt to obtain a magazine had disappeared. He never likeness. Some were half-draped, show- saw it afterward, and, what is more to ing in a sketchy way the long graceful the point, he never asked her to prolines of the half-nude figure, of bare duce it. shoulders and breasts, of gauze-like fabrics that but illy concealed impres- The obvious solution came to him: sive charms. Suddenly his eyes nar- She had been at one time reduced to rowed and a sharp exclamation fell the necessity of posing, a circumstance from his lips. He bent closer to the evidently known to but few and least pages and studied the drawings with of all to Sara Wrandall, from whom redoubled interest.

Then he whistled softly to himself, a truth. This conviction distressed him, token of simple amazement. The head but not in the way that might have of each of these remarkable studies been expected. He had no scruples suggested in outline the head and fea- about sharing the secret or in keeping tures of Hetty Castleton! She had it inviolate; his real distress lay in been Hawkright's model! the fear that Mrs. Wrandall might

hear of all this from other and per The next morning at ten he was at haps ungentle sources. As for her poshis asset and outhlook, arranging tall French windows afforded abun- models for pictures of his own makdant and well-distributed light for the ing, and he fully appreciated the exi- of it." enterprise in hand. Hetty had not yet gencies that had driven them to it. appeared. Sara, attired in a loose One had posed in the "altogether." morning gown, was watching him from She was a girl of absolutely frrea comfortable chair in the corner, one proachable character, who afterward shapely bare arm behind her head; the married a chap he knew very well. free hand was gracefully employed in and who was fully aware of that short managing a cigarette. He was con- phase in her life. That feature of the scious of the fact that her lazy, half- situation meant nothing to him. He alert gaze was upon him all the time, although she pretended to be entirely indifferent to the preparations. Dimly he could see the faint smile of inter-

est on her lips. Hetty came in, calm, serene and lovelier than ever in the clear morning light. She was wearing the simple white gown he had enosen the day before. If she was conscious of the rather intense scrutiny he bestowed upon her as she gave him her hand in greeting, she did not appear to be in the least disturbed.

"You may go away, Sara," she said firmly. "I shall be too dreadfully self-

conscious if you are looking on." Booth looked at her rather sharply. Sara indolently abandoned her comfortable chair and left them alone in the room.

"Shall we try a few effects, Miss Castleton?" he inquired, after a period of constraint that had its effect on

both of them. "I am in your hands," she said sim

He made suggestions. She fell into the position so easily, so naturally, so effectively, that he put aside all previous doubts and blurted out:

"You have posed before, Miss Cas tleton." She smiled frankly. "But not for it was a mysterious appeal to some a really truly portrait," de said. thing within him that had never re-

'Such as this is to be." He hesitated an instant. "I think recall a canvas by Maurice Hawkright," he said, and at once experienced a curious sense of perturbation. It take his friend Leslie Wrandall into was not unlike fear.

Instead of betraying the confusion his duty to go to him with his sordid or surprise he expected, Miss Castle- little tale? Was it right to let Wranton merely raised her eyebrows inquiringly. "What has that to do with me, Mr.

Booth?" she asked. He laughed awkwardly. "Don't you know his work?" he in-

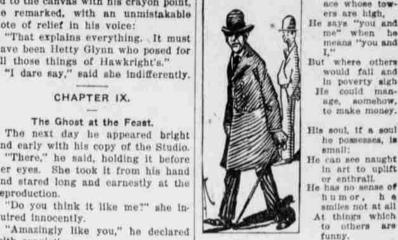
quired, with a slight twist of his lip. "Serve him right, anyway. Trust him "I may have seen his pictures," she to sift her antecedents thoroughly. replied, puckering her brow as if in He's already done it, and he is quite reflection. "Oh," she cried, with a satisfied with the result. Serve them bright smile of understanding. "I see! all right, for that matter." Yes, I have a double-a really remarkable double. Have you never seen Het- What of her? Hetty Glynn, real or ty Glynn, the actress?"

"I am sure I have not," he said, taking a long breath. It was one of re- Hetty Glynn and she was Hetty Cas-"If tleton's double, what then? lief. he remembered afterward. she is so like you as all that, I couldn't have forgotten her." "She is quite unknown, I believe

prolonged and tedlous sittings, he was obliged to confine his work to an hour she went on, ignoring the implied comand a half in the forenoon. Mrs. Wranpliment. "A chorus girl, or something dall was having a few friends in for like that. They say she is wonderfully auction-bridge immediately after lunch like me-or was, at least, a few years eon. She asked him to stay over and ago. take a hand, but he declined. He dis.

He was silent for a few minutes, not play bridge. studying her face and figure with the

HENRY HOWLAND



"I dare say," said she indifferently.

CHAPTER IX.

The Ghost at the Feast.

"There," he said, holding it before

"Do you think it like me?" she in

"Amazingly like you," he declared

She turned the page. He was watch-

"The same model," he sald quietly.

"Hetty Glynn, I am sure," she said.

Sara Wrandall came into the room

Moreover, he decided that he would

He thought hard over the situation

the girl plainly meant to keep the

He Was Watching Her Closely.

was in no doubt concerning Hetty. She

was what she appeared to be: A gen-

He admitted to himself that he was

under the spell of her. It was not

love, he was able to contend; but

vealed itself before. He couldn't

In his solitary hours at the cottage

on the upper road, he was wont to

consideration. As a friend, was it not

dall go on with his wooing when there

existed that which might make all the

difference in the world to him? He

invariably brought these deliberations

to a close by relaxing into a grim smile

of amusement, as much as to say:

But then there was Hetty Glynn.

mythical, was a disturbing factor in

his deductions. If there was a real

On the fifth day of a series of rather

quite explain what it was.

tlewoman.

She nodded her head.

reproduction.

He lives in a paiace whose towers are high, He says "you and me" when he

means "you and where others would fall and in poverty sigh He could mansomehow, to make money.

he possesses, is

He can see naught in art to uplift or enthrall. He has no sense of humor, he smiles not at all At things which others are

funny.

The flower whose beauty gives gladness to me, Whose scent makes me happy, contemp-

tuously He leaves if it merely is beautiful-he Prizes flowers for naught but their

Woman's Sad Lot.

"Weren't you awfully shocked when you heard that Mrs. Spozzum had begun suit for a divorce?

"Not a bit. Why should I have been? "Well, it seems such a pity on ac-He drew a long breath, and she look-

count of the children." "Yes, it would be kind of unfortunate if the court should decide to give them to her to take care of. But a woman always will have to assume that risk as long as we have only men for judges."

Candid Opinion. A genius is just an ordinary man with kinks in his mind.

The man who doesn't care what other people think of him would generally be very unhappy if he did. Some men think they are philap-

thropic when they give back what

Tact is deceit in its dress suit.

HIS CHANCE.



they have stolen.

"I wish I could do something that would be absolutely new-something that no man had ever done before," said the sad-faced millionaire.

"I can tell you how to do it." replied the philosopher. "How. Tell me, man, and I will

make it worth your while." "Look back over your career, find ing for Hawkright, it meant little or out just how much of your success canvas in the north end of the long nothing to him. In his own experience, was due to your own genius and how living room, where the light from the two girls of gentle birth had served as much of it resulted from sheer luck, and make a public acknowledgment

> The Cry of the Disconsolate. I wisht 'at I was big enough To go to war, fer then I'd jist enlist and never have To go to school agen.

And then the government would have To furnish me a gun, And l'd jist shoot away all day-Gee, wouldn't it be fun!

fear I wouldn't pass, And I wouldn't have to mow the lawn Nor rake away the grass. And when I got into the game

I wouldn't have to study then,

Ma couldn't come no more, And always chase me off to git Her somethin' at the store, I wisht 'at I was big enough To go to war, fer then

I wouldn't have to go to church Nor say my prayers agen. Another Notifying Committee. "Well, sir," said the fair maiden's

ushered into the private office, "what is your business with me?" "I have been appointed to serve as a committee of one to notify you that you have been nominated to become my father-in-law."

father when the young man had been

What He Had Done. "What have you ever done for me?" complained the young man whose fa-

ther had chided him for his inability to get ahead. 'Well, I kept your mother from naming you Percy or Clarence."

The Only Way. "Come now, Johnny," said the teach-

er, "tell us how Washington crossed

the Delaware." "On a pass," said Johnny, whose father was a member of the legislature.

School System at Fault Again, 'Say, pa, what's an idiom? "That's the Latin meanin' for more

than one idiot. I don't know what

you're goin' to school for if they don't

learn you them kind of things there." The Real Terror.

"Come around tomorrow evening." she said. "Father will be away." "No," he replied, "I must beg that you will excuse me. But if that butler of yours ever has a night off I wish you'd let me know."

Mr. Peck. "There's one thing," he said, "that

I'd like to know." "I'm glad to hear it," replied his wife, "although there are many things that you ought to know."

Mr. Spitcaufsky is a contractor in Kansas City. He probably has some good reason for clinging to it.

What's In a Name?

No man e'er saw his margins fade And thought well of the Hoard of Trade